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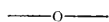
BY DAVID NUTT, 270, STRAND.

1891.

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VOL. II.]

MARCH, 1891.

[No. I.

ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE FOLK- LORE SOCIETY, Nov. 26, 1890.

THE twelfth session of the Society was marked by some very useful contributions—contributions which compel us to look back, but which also enable us to look forward. They appear to me to be properly classified as follows, and I will point out that the value of such classification lies in the fact that we may readily understand whether, and how far, our science has advanced by the work of the past session. We have, then—

1. *Descriptive Folk-lore :*

- Legends from Torres Straits, by Prof. Haddon.
- Legends of the Island Frisians, by W. G. Black.
- Marriage Customs of the Mordvins, by the Hon. J. Abercromby.
- An Inedited English Folk-tale, by J. Jacobs.

2. *Collective Folk-lore :*

- Notes on the Folk-lore of Beetles, by W. F. Kirby.

3. *Contributive Folk-lore :*

- Legend of the Lady Godiva, by E. S. Hartland.
- The Grail and Local Palestinian Legends, by Dr. Gaster.
- The Collection of English Folk-lore, by Miss Burne.

Recent Theories on the Nibelungenlied, by A. Nutt.

A Highland Tale and its Foundation in Usage, by G. L. Gomme.

I think that, looked at in this way, it will be generally conceded that last session's papers were all of them highly interesting and important to our science.

Well, we are now entering upon our thirteenth session, and with these papers—typical of the most recent research—as an immediate guide, we may indeed ask ourselves what stage have we reached?

My reply to this will take me into some discursive topics; but I want, if possible, to unify the results of my observation of the year's work so as to bring out some clear issues for the Society's consideration.

At first sight we certainly seem to be divided into two camps—the anthropological and the literary: just those two camps which existed at the beginning of the Society, when Mr. Thoms simply followed the footsteps of John Aubrey, some two hundred years earlier, and considered that what was recorded chronologically earlier must be the parent of that which was recorded later, the record being the central point of importance, not the thing recorded. What I shall venture to say upon this subject to-night will, I hope, emphasise the fact that folk-lore, however and wherever recorded, so long as the record is of itself good, is one of the elements which must be taken into account before the last word has been said on the connection between the prehistoric races and those of history.

I must confess to a feeling of rather acrimonious jealousy when I see how persistently folk-lore is ignored by authorities in reckoning up the factors which contribute towards the history of prehistoric man. Philology for a long time usurped the whole place to herself. She attempted to tell us all about our primitive ancestors—the noble Aryans—and in doing so she appropriated a whole

section of folk-lore—namely, folk-tales—and coolly put an interpretation upon them which folk-lorists could never find in the tales themselves. But Philology has now to retire almost into the background, while Archæology and Craniology attempt to settle the matter. It is a gain to science that it has at last been recognised that we cannot penetrate far back into man's history without appealing to more than one element in that history. Some day it will be recognised that we must appeal to *all* elements in that history. In the meantime, the conjunction of philology, archæology, and craniology has brought about a revolution in scientific thought as to the prehistoric races in Europe; and my belief is, before anything like good order is again restored after this revolution, folk-lore must be taken into account. I do not suppose we can any more restore order in the "Aryan household"; but at least we may discover something definite about the relationship between Teuton, Celt, and their non-Aryan-speaking contemporaries.

What, for instance, have Philology and Archæology to say to Mr. Frazer's folk-lore researches into agricultural customs and rites? It is declared now that the primitive Aryan knew nothing about agriculture—knew of only one grain, and cultivated, if at all, on that sporadic system of burning a piece of forest land as occasion required, cultivating it for a year or two, and then going elsewhere, which is characteristic of many barbarous tribes in India. But Mr. Frazer proves that the agriculturists of Europe possessed a ritual and ceremonial attached to their occupation which, savage as it is in conception, is also part of a system of no recent or sudden growth. Such an accumulation of evidence must have a place allotted to it. I myself am not inclined, as Mr. Frazer seems to be, to allot it to the culture history of the primitive Aryans—*agriculturæ non student* was the classical summing-up of the historical Aryan, and it is the scientific summing-up of the prehistoric Aryan. Studying agriculture from its institutional side, I have concluded that it is of non-Aryan origin and of primitive development.

And though this conclusion is to some extent met by Canon Taylor's ingenious summary of the evidence in favour of neolithic Aryans and of an unbroken development from neolithic to historic times, it appears to me that the evidence of folk-lore supports the evidence of institutions and introduces us to an agricultural system which, in the savage nature of its ceremonial festivals, in the primitive characteristics of the institutions it fostered and supported, indicates a considerable amount of prehistoric culture which is represented by nothing that is at present known in Aryan history. But we cannot go further into such questions here. I only draw attention to them and their profound significance, to drive home my contention that folk-lore is one of the factors which inquirers into the prehistoric races must no longer pass by with pedantic contempt or with wilful neglect.

After all, however, I am inclined to think this halting recognition of folk-lore as an element, and an important one, in prehistoric research is very much the fault of folk-lorists themselves. We have been eclectic rather than syncretic. We have not often enough insisted upon the absolute necessity of precision in the arrangement of our material when collected, and we have not insisted upon correct and complete collection. We are, for instance, content with the general remark of a collector that this or that custom or superstition is prevalent all over England, or even all over Europe. There are few, if any, examples of this general prevalence, and the topographical as well as the geographical distribution of custom and belief, and also of folk-tale and legend, is an important necessity in the study of folk-lore. The result of these faults in method is, that careful studies like that which Mr. Hartland has given us during the last year on the legend of Lady Godiva are almost ignored in the general evidence they afford on the whole question of legend and tradition. It is only one small fragment, and I am willing to admit, nay, to advocate, the doctrine that this explanation of the Godiva

legend, if it stood alone, might be called into question. But, besides other studies of Mr. Hartland's, which I am happy to think will soon be published in a collected form, this Godiva study stands alongside of Mr. Clodd's Rumpelstiltskin, Mr. Lang's interpretation of Grimm's stories, Mr. Nutt's discussion of the Holy Grail legend. But all these can be true only if all the branches of folk-lore tend towards the same direction. Folk-tale, legend, and saga cannot point one way, while folk-custom and belief point another way; and I would go further, and say that one section of either of these groups cannot point one way if all other sections point in the opposite direction. In a word, I believe that the results of folk-lore are scientific results.

If, therefore, practical agreement about the elements of folk-lore, or on the vital question of origins, does not in general obtain, either of two results must happen. We must amend our definition of the object and scope of our science, or we must go in for a delimitation of boundaries (rather a popular thing to do just now), and surrender to other branches of research some important material, hitherto reckoned as belonging to folk-lore. Of the two alternatives, I personally would prefer delimitation, as being by far the most scientific; but I shall not consider these "hateful" alternatives any further, because I believe that in the bulk of the phenomena sanctioned by tradition we have along with the uniformity of the sanction practical uniformity of origin.

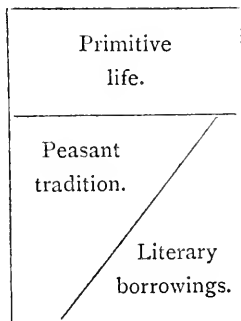
This brings me very near to a dangerous topic, which cannot be altogether ignored. Does literature produce folk-lore? or, rather, has it produced folk-lore? I do not mean to say that absolutely no *modern* traditional tales are literary in origin; I only deny that any great group of genuine peasant tradition is literary in origin. And I further qualify this denial by saying that it does not apply so much to the present age, which is the age of literature, not of tradition.

Unfortunately, Dr. Gaster's paper on the Holy Grail legend has not yet been published, so I do not know with precision what the exact effect his theory has upon the general theory of folk-lore. But I think it comes to this—that folk-lore is modern, or rather historical in origin, and represents the culture of the few when at last it has penetrated to the masses. I shall leave Mr. Nutt to do battle on his own ground, and turn to Professor Crane's valuable book which he has just edited for the Society. He there points out how the mediæval clergy used "exempla" in their sermons, and that these exempla, in the shape of fables, apologues, and stories, have an important bearing upon the question of the diffusion of popular tales. So they have. But then we must ask what class of tales? Certainly not the kind of tales we find in Campbell's *Highland Tales*, nor Grimm's German stories, nor Kennedy's Irish stories. But because Jacques de Vitry, Etienne de Bourbon, and others were shrewd enough to use *fabliaux vulgares* to push home their religious teaching to the "vulgares", it does not prove a literary origin for the *fabliaux*—rather to me it proves the reverse.

We have an almost parallel state of things going on now. My friend, Mr. Jacobs, wishes to put into the hands of *reading* English children a collection of English traditional tales. He finds them too incomplete or too rude in their traditional form, so he "eliminates a malodorous and un-English skunk" from one tale, "removes the incident of the Giant dragging the lady along by her hair" from another tale, "reduces" the dialect of such a tale as Tom Tit Tot, "inserts incidents in the flight, and expands the conclusion" in another tale, turns ballads into prose, and tells us of all these gay doings in his notes. I am sure my friend, Mr. Jacobs, will forgive me for using his production as a literary artist to push home my argument as a folklorist. These tales will be read, not told; read by the children who are brought up on bright and well-pictured

books, not by the peasant children from whom the tales are originally taken ; and the appeal with those who use them will always be from book to book, not from tradition to tradition. Literature such as this may, and does, *kill* tradition, but it does not create it.

It seems to me we have two areas within which folk-tales are found—two areas sharply defined, in this as in other things, and always distinct and separate. The one area is occupied by literary influences, and has been insensibly increasing from the times of Jacques de Vitry to the times of Madame D'Aulnoy and the modern fairy-tale books ; the second area is occupied by tradition, and has been insensibly decreasing from its origin in primitive times to its survival in modern times. I can conceive of little or no overlapping here. Tales that are told in the literary area are a group by themselves, literary in form, and dependent upon literature for their life. Occasionally it may happen, and has happened, that some story more popular than ordinary has become known orally, and perhaps may have been transmitted through a generation by tradition. But the tradition soon dies out unless it is constantly refreshed by literature. I represent this area to myself as a triangle whose apex just touches primitive life, and whose base extends to modern times, and is ever widening.



The traditional area is sharply marked off from this ;

and to continue my figure, it seems to me that it may be represented by an inverted triangle, with its base resting on the primitive life of long past ages, and its apex extending to modern times. The tales here are dependent upon tradition, and never upon literature. The people who know these tales are the peasantry, unlettered and untravelled, and who have lived a life of unchanging routine, surrounded by unchanging custom and belief, the antiquity of which is attested in every way. The tales themselves are loved and treasured of the folk, jealously guarded by them lest they should be captured by the cultured, are known to people whose capacity for tradition takes the place of capacity for literature. They never had "Blue Fairy Tale" books, or "English Fairy Tale" books; they could not have read them, they would not have academically learnt them. A folk-tale of the Veys, a North African people, explains this view most graphically in its opening sentences. The narrator begins his tale by saying: "I speak of the long time past; hear! It is written in our old-time-palaver-books—I do not say *then*; in old time the Vey people had no books, but the old men told it to their children and they kept it; afterwards it was written" (*Journ. Ethnol. Soc.*, N.S., vi, 354). Yes, *afterwards* it was written; that is the entire question, and it is answered by this savage folk-lorist.

That this dual division is, therefore, supported by the data of popular tradition in modern times, may now, I think, be granted. It is confirmed by what is known of popular tradition in classical times. The subject is too long to enter upon now, but let any one consider for a moment how such a division helps to explain much of the phenomena of classical myth. No one supposes that the whole of classical myth is contained in Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, or Ovid. If they do, let me refer them to Mr. Frazer's admirable paper in FOLK-LORE on some popular superstitions of the ancients, published during the present year. Scattered up and down the extant

works of the poets, historians, philosophers, and particularly the lesser writers of classical times, are innumerable notices of myth, tradition, and superstition, which when put together show clearly enough a sub-stratum of folk-lore residing among the people which no poet had worked up into the lore of the cultured. The Apollo of the cultured and of the poets was different from the Apollo of the people: it is true we know both from literary sources; but the literature which tells us of the one is the greatest epic ever woven by man, the literature which tells us of the other, putting on one side purely historical works like those of Pausanias, is contained in the epigrams and sneers, or in the accidental notings of the satirist, in the haphazard allusions of the poets and dramatists, and in the discussions of the philosophers when philosophy was just beginning to throw off the spell of poetry and art. This is not a literary origin, therefore—it is the unintentional mention by literature of folk-lore. The way that literature treats folk-lore is thus clearly shown. It poetises it into a system, or it treats it with derision; neither of which processes are operative in the traditional treatment of folk-lore, where details are attended to with scrupulous exactness, and formulæ are repeated in the accepted manner, because variation would be a fatal blemish.

I have said that the anthropological method of studying folk-lore must be proved by its results in showing that all branches tend in the same direction. This direction, so far as we have gone at present, is that folk-lore contains the survivals of the oldest and rudest culture of man. An example of the manner in which one branch of folk-lore complements or supplements another—an example conspicuous by its lucid reasoning—is Mr. Hartland's *Lady Godiva* study given to us last session. This really adds a chapter to Mr. Frazer's *Agricultural Myth and Custom*. It is an additional brick in the building-up of the unrecorded history of the past from folk-lore. And when one

recognises that two great authorities like Mr. Frazer and Mr. Hartland, each in their own line of study, practically bring their respective studies to a converging point, the time has come to lay stress upon the fact as an argument for the interpretation they give to folk-lore.

Before passing away from Mr. Hartland's subject, I want to add one word on the detail of the legend itself. I am perfectly aware that in this I am adding not one syllable to Mr. Hartland's knowledge; and, as he is present, I most heartily apologise for my intrusion into his preserves. But my reason for thus poaching is, that I quite well remember, during the discussion that took place on this paper, great and very proper stress was laid upon the absence of the Peeping Tom incident in the earliest versions of the story. This was held to be an argument against Mr. Hartland's views. Well, I am of a different opinion. I believe it helps Mr. Hartland's views, and, in my own way, I put the case as follows.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hartland pointed out that the earliest form of this legend appears in the thirteenth-century chronicle of Roger of Wendover, and that an undoubted parallel to the Coventry ceremony is recorded at St. Briavel's, in Somersetshire. Here, then, we have as starting points—

- (a) The Coventry legend and ceremony kept up as municipal custom, and mentioned as early as the thirteenth century.
- (b) The St. Briavel's legend, the ceremony fallen into disuse, and no literary mention of it at all.

Mr. Hartland rightly considers the record of Roger of Wendover as one of those pleasing accidents which shows that our early chroniclers were sometimes ready to note folk-lore, and he does not suggest that the literary record started the legend. The fact of it obtaining in two places, in two different counties, is to me of great importance for the interpretation of the story. But it is to be observed

that, both in the oldest version of the Coventry legend and in the St. Briavel's legend, no mention is made of the Peeping Tom incident. Mr. Hartland looks upon this as an *essential* part of the legend ; I am, however, inclined to think it is only an *accidental* part of the legend. The reasons for this opinion are sufficiently illustrative of the points I have chosen for discussion to-night to warrant my setting them forth somewhat fully, and the subject is attractive as one of the few genuine English traditions extant.

The ride of Lady Godiva is, according to Mr. Hartland, a survival of a pagan belief and worship concerned with a being awful and mysterious as Hertha. Pliny mentions just such a festival as Mr. Hartland notes in India as occurring actually in Britain, and the passage is interesting enough to quote. The ceremonial described by Pliny would doubtless be an annual one, and in its primitive form the incident of Peeping Tom would certainly not be a recognised part of it :—

“Both matrons and girls among the people of Britain are in the habit of staining their body all over with glastum when taking part in the performance of certain sacred rites ; rivalling thereby the swarthy hue of the Ethiopians, they go in a state of nature.”

We are not told what these sacred rites were ; but there is little reason to doubt their general assimilation to such rites among savage and barbarous people. For instance, among the Tshi-speaking people, according to Ellis, in time of war “the wives of the men who are with the army paint themselves white, and make a daily procession through the town. . . . The ceremony is generally performed in a complete state of nudity, and any man, except the aged and infirm, who may be discovered is at once assailed with torrents of abuse, assaulted with stones, and driven out of the town.” Thus, amongst these African tribes the incident suggested by Peeping Tom would occur over and over again, but it is not an essential part of the ceremonial itself.

This ancient ceremony in Britain, then, survived at St. Briavel's in *legend*, at Coventry in *custom*. Let us note in passing the intimate connection that is here afforded between legend and custom. At Coventry the ancient rites stamped themselves upon the memory of the people with such force that they converted, in course of time, the heathen goddess ceremony into a municipal and, consequently, secular ceremony. To account for the existence of the municipal ceremony a municipal legend was necessary, and thus the old heathen legend was converted into a municipal legend. In process of time, where the legend and the ceremony kept alive, accretion would take place in the incidents, either from some actual local occurrence or for the purpose of adding point to the original legend, whose *real point* had of course been lost. Add to this the fact that the ancient prohibition against the presence of men at the ceremony, which Mr. Hartland shows is part of the primitive ceremony, might certainly introduce such an idea as the Peeping Tom incident, quite natural in itself, and we should have the late introduction of Peeping Tom properly accounted for. This would leave the ride and its heathen purpose free from all intrusion of foreign or late elements—leave it, in point of fact, in its simple primitive form as the ride of a rain goddess or an earth goddess.

I should have liked to say something about two very valuable papers which have appeared in the Society's Journal during this last year—namely, Mr. Abercromby's "Magic Songs of the Finns" and Professor Haddon's "Tales of the Torres Straits People". At this time, when the Finns are being brought into such close contact with the prehistoric Aryan-speaking people, it is particularly fortunate that we have one scholar in the Society who will give us such important material as Mr. Abercromby has done. But I am anxious to pass on to some rather dry details, with which I think it necessary to trouble the Society to-night, and so do

not propose to touch upon these enticing subjects. I must, however, just point out that the Society is entitled to congratulate itself upon a veritable capture it has achieved during the present year. Professor Haddon went out to the Torres Straits on an expedition on behalf of natural science; he returned an ardent folk-lorist, and immediately joined us. As a scientific man, he knows the value of precision in recording facts, and I do not know a more perfect model of genuine story-collecting than his. He is now pursuing his folk-lore work in Ireland, and I, for one, expect great things from him.

I must now pass on to what I want to say about the methods of classifying, docketing, and analysing the materials of folk-lore. I will suggest that the only way of studying folk-lore is by syncretic analysis, if the expression is not almost paradoxical. The Society is helping towards this object by its forms of analysis and tabulation which have been adopted for folk-tales, and custom and belief. And it is only fair to point out to members that several ladies are now busy upon the tabulation of folk-tales, one group of which—the Cinderella group—will be analysed and examined by Miss Roalfe Cox, and the results placed before the members. The tabulations are the first step, not the final one, in the study of folk-tales. Having got all folk-tales grouped together, either in story-types or in geographical order, the next step is analysis.

It would be premature to speculate as to the result of this analysis, but, as an example of its value to the anthropological method of interpretation, let us take Grimm's collection of folk-tales. They have been already largely tabulated upon the Society's plan, and if we proceed to analyse the first twelve of them, say, what is the result?

Dividing each tale so as to bring out the features which mark—

- (1) The story radicals or essential plot ;
 (2) The story accidentals or illustrative points ;
 (3) Modern gloss upon the events in the story—

we get the following results with regard to seven out of the twelve :—

I.—FROG PRINCE.

	Story radicals.	Story accidentals.	Added features.	Modern gloss.
1. Savage elements ..	Youngest daughter. Fountain or well the locality of leading incident Frog-prince = totem. Frog-prince stays at the house of his future wife. Exogamous marriage, the prince coming from a foreign country.	—	—	—
2. Fantastic element	—	—	Faithful servant whose heart is bound by iron bands.	
3. Rank and splendour	—	—	—	Kingly state and its trappings—the princess wears a crown on ordinary occasions, and yet opens the door to a visitor while at dinner.

III.—OUR LADY'S CHILD.

	Story radicals.	Story accidentals.	Added features.	Modern gloss.
1. Savage elements ..	—	Naked forest woman captured for wife. Suspicion that she is a cannibal	—	—
3. Rank and splendour	—	—	—	Virgin Mary and heaven the central features of the heroine's adventures.
4. Moral characteristics..	Punishment for curiosity.	—	—	—

IV.—THE YOUTH WHO WANTS TO LEARN TO SHUDDER.

	Story radicals.	Story accidentals.	Added features.	Modern gloss.
1. Savage elements ..	Winning of wife by service. Succession to kingship through wife—female kinship. Treasure guarded by spirits.	—	—	—
2. Fantastic element	—	The adventures in the haunted castle.	—	—
3. Rank and splendour	—	—	—	Kingly state.
4. Moral characteristics..	Bravery.	—	—	—

V.—THE WOLF AND SEVEN LITTLE KIDS.

	Story radicals.	Story accidentals.	Added features.	Modern gloss.
1. Savage elements ..	Talking animals. Cutting open of the animal to free the swallowed kids, and re-filling the stomach with stones.	Criticism upon men as compared with animals, "truly men are like that."	—	—

VI.—FAITHFUL JOHN.

	Story radicals.	Story accidentals	Added features.	Modern gloss.
1. Savage elements ..	Capture of bride. Talking of animals. Three taboos—horse garment sucking of breasts Sacrifice of children and sprinkling their blood on a stone. Human origin of stone pillar.	—	—	—
3. Rank and splendour	—	—	—	Kingly state and great wealth in gold and riches.
4. Moral characteristics..	—	Punishment for curiosity.	—	—

IX.—THE TWELVE BROTHERS.

	Story radicals.	Story accidentals.	Added features.	Modern gloss.
1. Savage elements ..	Going [causing to go] away of sons so that the inheritance should fall to the daughter. Change of brothers into ravens. Life dependent on an outside object.	Forest life.		
2. Rank and splendour	—	—	—	Kingly state.
Moral characteristics ..	—	—	—	—

XI.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

	Story radicals.	Story accidentals.	Added features.	Modern gloss.
1. Savage elements ..	Transformation of hero into roebuck after drinking at steam.	—	—	—

There is no time to do more than to give these few examples of story analysis, but they are sufficient, I think, to show the value and interest of it. It brings out the statistical side of folk-lore methods, and in folk-lore we need statistics, if we would be exact and scientific.

I pass from analysis of tales to that of custom and belief. Nothing of this has, so far as I am aware, yet been done. Some five years or so ago I began the task of compiling a dictionary of the folk-lore of the British Isles, and when, about a year ago, I began to arrange my collections, the need of a proper analytical system at once occurred to me. The plan for analysing custom and belief prepared for the Society was the result of my experience of what was necessary, and I have been working upon it ever since.

We have no right to discuss custom and belief in folk-

lore until we know something of its place in folk-lore analysis. Working this out in some examples chosen almost at random from my collections, let me first note some customs of considerable significance which allow us at once to penetrate beneath the stratum of Christianity into the paganism beneath.

Remember, I am trying to show the importance of analysing the component elements of folk-lore. Baptism, an essentially Christian ceremony, might off-hand be supposed to contain nothing but evidence for Christianity. It might at most be expected that the details of the ceremony would contain relics of adapted pagan rites, and this we know is the case. But my point is, that we can go beyond even this, and discover in the popular conception of the rite very clear indications of the early antagonism between Christianity and paganism—an antagonism which is certainly some eighteen hundred years old—in this country, and though so old is still contained in the evidence of folk-lore.

An analysis of baptismal folk-lore shows us that its most important section is contained under the group which deals with the effect of non-baptism.

In England we have it prevailing in the border counties, in Cornwall, Devonshire, Durham, Lancashire, Middlesex, Northumberland, and Yorkshire, and in north-east Scotland, that children joined the ranks of the fairies if they died unchristened, or that their souls wandered about in the air, restless and unhappy, until Judgment Day. Various penalties attended the condition of non-baptism, but perhaps the most significant is the Northumberland custom of burying an unbaptised babe at the feet of an adult Christian corpse—surely a relic of the old sacrifice at a burial which is indicated so frequently in the graves of prehistoric times, particularly of the long-barrow period. In Ireland we have the effect of non-baptism in a still more grim form. In the sixteenth century the rude Irish used to leave the right arms of their male children un-

christened, to the intent that they might give a more ungracious and deadly blow.

These, and their allied and variant customs, are relics, not so much of the absorption by Christian baptism of rites belonging to early paganism as of the struggle between Christianity and paganism for the mastery, of the anathemas of Christians against pagans, and of the terrible answer of the pagan. And what are we to say to it? Is it that the struggle itself has lasted all these centuries, or only its memory? My belief is that the struggle itself has lasted in reality though not in name.

But if we have been able to look through the very portals of Christianity to the regions of paganism behind, can we not boldly pass through altogether and recover from folk-lore much of the lost evidence of our prehistoric ancestors? I put the question in this way purposely, because it is the way which is indicated by the methods and data of folk-lore, and it is a question which has much to do with the different views held of the province of folk-lore.

Let us first note the pre-baptismal rites of washing. In Northumberland we meet with the analogue of the sixteenth century Irish practice, for there the child's right hand is left unwashed that it may gather riches better—the golden coin being the modern weapon in this as in other features of civilisation. Not only is the water used for this purpose heated in the old-fashioned way by placing red-hot irons in it (*i.e.*, the modern equivalent for stone-boiling); but in Yorkshire we have the custom that the new-born infant must be placed in the arms of a maiden before anyone else touches it, two practices represented exactly in the customs of the Canary Islanders, who were in the stone age of culture and are considered to be the last remnants of a race which once included Britain among its lands of occupation.

Of course we cannot, on the present occasion, deal exhaustively with any of these subjects. I can only indicate

the results. But I should next like to draw attention to the clavie burning at Burchhead. It has been described over and over again with but little additional information until the ceremony of 1889, which was described in greater minuteness than usual in our FOLK-LORE JOURNAL. I will not, however, describe the whole ceremony, which is very well known, but draw attention to the additional features which are not so well known.

At the making of the clavie no stranger may join the band of workers but as an onlooker only. The sons of the original inhabitants only handle the primitive tools that make the clavie. Unwritten, but invariable, laws regulate all their actions, and every article required is borrowed, not bought.

The barrel having been sawn in two, the lower half is nailed into a long spoke of firewood, which serves for a handle. *This nail must not be struck by a hammer*, but driven in by a stone. The half-barrel is then filled with dry wood saturated with tar, and built up like a pyramid, leaving only a hollow to receive a burning peat, *for no lucifer-match must be applied*. Should the bearer stumble or fall, the consequences would be unlucky to the town and to himself. The clavie is thrown down the western side of the hill, and a desperate scramble ensues for the burning brands, possession of which is accounted to bring good luck, and the embers are carried home and carefully preserved till the following year as a safeguard against all manner of evil. In bygone times it was thought necessary that one man should carry it right round the town, so the strongest was selected for the purpose. It was also customary to carry the clavie round every ship in the harbour, a part of the ceremony which has lately been discontinued.

The analysis of the whole custom gives us the following important details :—

- (1) The limitation of the ceremonial to members of the community by blood descent.

- (2) The construction of the clavie with stone implements.
- (3) The lighting of the clavie with a burning peat, and the taboo against a lucifer.
- (4) The honour received by being the bearer of the clavie.
- (5) The want of pity shown if an accident happen to the bearer and the unluck caused to the town by such accident.
- (6) The circuit of the burning clavie round the old boundaries and round the ships.
- (7) The final placing of the clavie on the circular heap of stones.
- (8) The hurling of the blazing pile down the hill.
- (9) The struggle for the lighted brand by members of the community.
- (10) The lighting of the house-fire with the lighted brand.
- (11) The perpetuation of the house-fire throughout the year until the next clavie day.
- (12) The sacredness attributed to the possession of a brand.

This custom is comparable with others of equal significance, and its more ancient features preserved to us from the early seventeenth century supply us with further details; but the comparison is not needed, because the custom contains within itself a perfect record of the pre-historic original.

At Whitsuntide, in the parish of King's Teignton, Devonshire, a custom is thus described. A lamb is drawn about the parish on Whitsun Monday in a cart covered with garlands of lilac, laburnum, and other flowers, when persons are requested to give something towards the animal and attendant expenses; on Tuesday it is then killed and roasted whole in the middle of the village. The lamb is then sold in slices to the poor at a cheap rate. The origin of the custom is forgotten, but a tradition, supposed to

trace back to heathen days, is to this effect: The village suffered from a dearth of water, when the inhabitants were advised by their priests to pray to the gods for water, whereupon the water sprang up spontaneously in a meadow about a third of a mile above the river, in an estate now called Rydon, amply sufficient to supply the wants of the place, and at present adequate, even in a dry summer, to work three mills. A lamb, it is said, has ever since that time been sacrificed as a votive thankoffering at Whitsuntide in the manner before mentioned. The said water appears like a large pond, from which in rainy weather may be seen jets of water springing up some inches above the surface in many parts. It has ever had the name of "Fair Water".

Analysing this, we get the following results:—

- (1) The decoration of the victim lamb with garlands.
- (2) The killing and roasting of the victim by villagers.
- (3) The place of the ceremony in the middle of the village.
- (4) The selling of the roasted flesh to the poor.
- (5) —
- (6) —
- (7) —
- (8) The traditional origin of the custom as a sacrifice for water.

Now, let us turn to a parallel custom in the same county. At the village of Holne, situated on one of the spurs of Dartmoor, is a field of about two acres, the property of the parish, and called the Ploy Field. In the centre of this field stands a granite pillar (Menhir) six or seven feet high. On May-morning before daybreak the young men of the village used to assemble there, and then proceed to the moor, where they selected a ram lamb, and after running it down, brought it in triumph to the Ploy Field, fastened it to the pillar, cut its throat, and then roasted it whole, skin, wool, etc. At midday a struggle

took place, at the risk of cut hands, for a slice, it being supposed to confer luck for the ensuing year on the fortunate devourer. As an act of gallantry the young men sometimes fought their way through the crowd to get a slice for the chosen amongst the young women, all of whom, in their best dresses, attended the Ram Feast, as it was called. Dancing, wrestling, and other games, assisted by copious libations of cider during the afternoon, prolonged the festivity till midnight.

Analysing this example, we have the following results :—

- (1) —
- (2) The killing and roasting of the victim ram by villagers.
- (3) The place of the ceremony at a stone pillar in a field which is common property.
- (4) The struggle for pieces of raw flesh “at the risk of cut hands”.
- (5) The time of the ceremony before daybreak.
- (6) The luck conferred by the possession of a slice of the flesh.
- (7) The festivities attending the ceremony.
- (8) —

Thus, of the five elements in the King’s Teignton custom, three are retained in the Holne custom, and three additional ones of importance are added.

I think we may conclude, first, that the Holne custom is a more primitive form of a common original from which both have descended ; secondly, that we may strike out the “roasting” as an entirely civilised element due to modern influences. The final form of the analysis might then be restored from the two fragmentary ones as follows :—

- (1) The decoration of the victim with garlands.
- (2) The killing of the victim by the community.
- (3) The place of the ceremony on lands belonging to the community, and at a stone pillar.

- (4) The struggle for pieces of flesh by members of the community.
- (5) The time of the ceremony before daybreak.
- (6) The sacred power of the piece of flesh.
- (7) The festivities attending the ceremony.
- (8) The origin of the ceremony as a sacrifice to the god of waters.

Need I go further than this, with Mr. Frazer's book quite fresh in our minds? At least, I will mention the nearest parallel to this custom from another famous book. Professor Robertson Smith thus quotes from an early book on Arab custom (*Religion of Semites*, p. 320):—

“A camel is chosen as the victim, and is bound upon a rude altar of stones piled together. When the leader of the band has thrice led the worshippers round the altar in a solemn procession, accompanied with chants, he inflicts the first wound while the last words of the hymn are still upon the lips of the congregation, and, in all haste, drinks of the blood that gushes forth. Forthwith the whole company fall on the victim with their swords, hacking off pieces of the quivering flesh and devouring them raw with such wild haste that, in the short interval between the rise of the day star, which marked the hour for the service to begin, and the disappearance of its rays before the rising sun, the entire camel, body and bones, skin, blood, and entrails, is wholly devoured.”

Now, what would an analysis of this give us? Just those points which have been produced from two Devonshire customs, and which help, therefore, to stamp the latter as survivals from savagery which, if borrowed, must have been borrowed in savage times by savage people.

Witchcraft in killing an enemy by causing his image to be made, and inflicting injury upon the image, which injury will be transferred to the individual represented, is well known. But it is not so well known that in Scotland the method of thus producing vicarious injury upon an enemy takes us back to the stone age. On July 22, 1590,

Katherine Ross, Lady Fowlis, was tried for witchcraft in Scotland, and the articles of accusation set forth that on All Hallowmas in 1577 she, with others, made "twa pictouris of clay, the ane maid for the distructioun and consumptioun of the young Laird of Fowlis and the vthir for the young Ladie Balnagowne . . . quhilkis twa pictouris being sett on the north syd of the chalmer, the said Loskie Loncart tuik twa elf arrow heides and del-yuerit ane to ye, Katherene, and the vther the said Cristian Rois Malcumsonne held in her awin hand; and thow schott twa schottis with the said arrow heid att the said Lady Bulnagowne and Loskie Loncart schott thrie schottis at the said young Laird of Fowlis." Putting this extraordinary narrative by the side of what we know already about witchcraft—and I cannot now go further with details—is it not clear that we are taken back to the culture of the stone age for the first step in our analysis?

Well, I fear to weary you with too much dry analysis, but the conclusions to be drawn from these examples—and they are but specimens of many others—appear to me clear enough. They indicate, at the very least, pre-Christian origins in folk-lore. The unchristened arm of the Elizabethan Irishman; the old sacrificial rites of the Victorian Devonshire men; the stone-hammered clavic and the stone-arrowed Scottish witch, the one Victorian, the other Elizabethan: each and all represent the oldest untouched detail of early life in the forms which have survived in folk-lore, and it is these untouched oldest fragments, not their modern additions or developments, which must be accentuated by the student in his analysis of custom and belief—they clearly must be the starting-point of any explanation which may be given of the customs to which they belong. To the anthropological school they are the starting-point of research into origins which are thus shown to be primitive. To the literary school they must also be the starting-point of research, because their presence must be explained in some way or other.

Anthropological methods are laborious and lengthy. Each item must be carefully collated with its surroundings, its parallels and its originals. We are gradually doing this. Mr. Campbell, years ago, set us on the right lines; Mr. Lang has shown us some of the results that may be expected. And yearly, in our own transactions, in studies like those of Mr. Hartland, Mr. Clodd, Mr. Nutt, and outside our own circle, but assisted by us as I firmly believe, studies like Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* and Professor Robertson Smith's *Religion of the Semites*, the evidence for the anthropological school of folk-lore is gradually but surely accumulating. It is the production of evidence all along the line that is so much needed. As this is accomplished we shall see that such an example, for instance, as the use of stone celts in witchcraft is not isolated or peculiar. Such stone implements in the British Isles, as among savage people, are called lightning stones, and they are, as Mr. Hickson says, but one example out of many which help to support the view that the fundamental ideas of primitive man are the same all the world over. "Just as the little black baby of the negro, the brown baby of the Malay, the yellow baby of the Chinaman, are in face and form, in gestures and habits, as well as in the first articulate sound they mutter, very much alike, so the mind of man, whether he be Aryan or Malay, Mongolian or Negrito, has, in the course of its evolution, passed through stages which are practically identical. In the intellectual childhood of mankind natural phenomena, or some other causes, of which we are at present ignorant, have induced thoughts, stories, legends, and myths, that in their essentials are identical among all the races of the world with which we are acquainted." (Hickson's *North Celebes*, 240.)

There is no room for the borrowing theory if this be the true way of looking at folk-lore. But there is another point to notice. Mr. Jacobs has, in the third number of our Journal, very ingeniously and suggestively introduced us to

what I would venture to call an anthropological borrowing theory. He has suggested the application of the latest theories of comparative philology to explain the phenomena of folk-lore. Comparative philology has before now had "new" theories, which were readily accepted in years gone by, and now they are rejected, not without some show of petulant scorn, by those who have learnt the new ways. At least it seems to me to be premature to accept the latest "new" theories of comparative philology as a guide to folk-lorists. Why should folk-lore be perpetually asked to lean upon philology? I altogether reject an alliance upon such a basis. I believe that folk-lore has methods of its own quite as exact as those of philology, and that the true course to pursue is to keep to those methods. They are to be determined by folk-lore data, and not by the data of other sciences, however closely allied; they depend upon the inter-relationship of the various component parts of folk-lore, and must be ascertained and set forth in scientific order and precision—an order and precision attainable, as I believe, to a much greater degree of perfection than most of us have any idea of. It may well be that by its own methods folk-lore will be in a position to teach something to philology and the other allied sciences.

Thus, then, it seems that our work in the future must lie more and more in the direction of analysis and classification. To do this properly we want first of all absolutely exhaustive collection. Collection is twofold: (1) among the people for those items which are even yet unrecorded, as, for instance, such an item as Professor Haddon a week or two ago told me he had noted in Ireland—the custom of loosening the nails of a coffin just before consignment to the grave, so that the spirit may have less trouble in getting to the spirit world; (2) among the scattered literature not specially devoted to folk-lore. This last need has been noted in the *Handbook*, but I will recall to the members the admirable paper which Miss Burne sent up to the

Society, and which contained so many important suggestions.

Recognising, therefore, as we do, the needs of folk-lore, there is not much doubt as to what the duty of the Society is in the future. Folk-lore of late years has become popular, and is becoming more so; and, this being the case, we find there is much that can now be accomplished by the private student through publishers, which in the past could only have been accomplished by the Society. Such a state of things is one of the surest indications of the Society's success in the past. And it points to a defining line for its work in the future. In the admirable bibliography given in our Journal, we are made acquainted with the folk-lore that does not pass through our own hands. Whatever work publishers will now undertake, therefore, the Society should gladly leave to their care. But there is a large balance of very necessary work which can only be taken up by the Society, and which, in my humble judgment, should be taken up at once in a comprehensive manner. We want to get at the statistics of folk-lore. We want definite plans laid down upon every branch of work which needs to be done, the order in which it is required, the form which it is to take, the methods of obtaining the co-operation of all our working members. Some of this has been begun, some of it has been neglected, some of it has not been attempted. The organisation of County Committees is still an unfinished plan of the Council. Complete and exhaustive bibliography is another subject which needs almost immediate attention at our hands. The English portion of it was begun by myself soon after the Society started; another department of it has been taken in hand by Mr. Kirby. My ideal of the work of the Society in the future is, I am afraid, not a very exhilarating one, and is certainly devoid of the fascination and enchantment which our distinguished President has given to folk-lore study generally, and to his utterances from this chair. But I am earnest in my contention that

it is essential to accomplish a certain amount of dry work before we can get folk-lore fully recognised, as it should be, in the historical sciences. Folk-lore has suffered by being studied in piecemeal, because all attacks upon it have been directed against one or two of its regiments, which have been mistaken for its main army. Only the Society, in its collective capacity, can prepare for the student what he requires all along the line; the Society should always be scientific, let its individual members work as they may. Scientific methods may not be popular methods, but popularity is quite a secondary consideration. This has been the policy I have advocated ever since the Society has been in existence, and, while I have not lost one scrap of faith in the wisdom of such a policy, I have lost faith in my own capacity for successfully advocating it.

This brings me to speak here of our new Journal. I think the Society is to be congratulated upon the completion of the first volume of FOLK-LORE with such conspicuous success, and I think it owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Nutt and Mr. Jacobs. But, in my opinion, the new Journal lacks something from the Society's point of view, and I only found what this something was in looking over the pages of the old FOLK-LORE JOURNAL. In an early volume of that work is a letter from Mr. Kinahan, which suggests the need of a place of record for the trifles which may come under the notice of an observer at all times and places, when but for a printed record it might be lost. *Notes and Queries* has long held this place; our Journal should now hold it. And for this to be accomplished we want a section of FOLK-LORE exclusively devoted to collection. I know there are pages devoted to notes, but we want, I think, a *Collectors' Note-Book* section definitely set out for those of our members who come across stray bits of folk-lore, whether printed in a non-folk-lore book or in tradition among the folk. With this properly organised, we might get members to search among the newspapers

and journals, and maybe discover another Tom Tit Tot—to search, I mean, systematically for the Society, and, having finished any particular section, to record the fact in our Journal, even if the results are *nil* so far as folk-lore is concerned. At least, this will secure work not being done twice over.

One other matter of organisation is of somewhat more importance to the Society and to folk-lore, and it lies outside the Society's immediate control. I mean the establishment of a folk-lore section of the British Association. I think the time has come for this. Anthropology has long since been recognised there; folk-lore should also now be recognised, and independently. I think, until this is done, it would be well if the Council of the Society sent a representative to the meetings of the Association, who should draw up a report of folk-lore matters dealt with there, and their relationship to other subjects. The Society, in my humble judgment, should assert itself, and put itself into communication with such other societies as take up any branch of its work, or illustrate any important feature of the science. It would thereby spread its usefulness, and would, I am convinced, increase its members.

Taking the work done, and noting the work to be done, it occurs to me that the record of the past session has been substantial and good. Such of it as I have been able to note indicates that we are proceeding slowly, no doubt, but systematically. We are urging forward collection, and our handbook for collectors is the best evidence of our action under this branch of work. We are urging forward analysis and scientific arrangement, and our tabulation work, under the superintendence of Miss Roalfe Cox, will show this. We are formulating our interpretation of certain phenomena in folk-tales, our materials, perhaps, in all cases not being quite perfect. We are discussing and taking careful note of our methods of work. We are watching the progress of other scientific work which bears upon our own. We already find that philology has beaten

a retreat, while archæology and craniology are bringing themselves to the front in the interpretation of man's pre-historic past. We await the time for folk-lore to range itself alongside of these great studies, fully recognised and fully used in the sense that Edmund Spenser wrote three centuries ago: "By these old customes the descent of nations can only be proved, where other monuments of writings are not remayning."

G. L. GOMME.

MAGIC SONGS OF THE FINNS.

III.

XXV.--THE ORIGIN OF IRON.

(a.)

The aerial God himself, *Ukko*¹ the Creator up above,
Rubbed together both his palms upon the end of his left knee.
From that originated three maidens—all the three *Luonotars*,
To be mothers of iron ore (F. rust), to be generators of “blue
mouth”.²

The maidens walk with swinging gait, the girls advance along
the atmospheric rim

With swollen breasts, with smarting teats.

They milked their milk upon the ground—caused their breasts
to discharge,

Milked over lands, milked over swamps, milked over still
waters.

One, the eldest of the girls, milked out black milk,

The second, the middle one, jetted forth red milk,

The third, the youngest of the girls, poured forth white milk.

One had milked black milk, from hers originated soft iron.

One had jetted forth red milk, from hers brittle iron is obtained.

One had poured forth white milk, from hers things of steel are
made.

There was a short interval of time.

Iron desired to meet his elder brother, to make acquaintance
with fire.

Fire became insolent—grew exceeding terrible,

Burnt swamps, burnt lands, burnt great wooded wildernesses,

¹ The Thunder God.

² *I.e.*, blue-edged steel.

Was on the point of burning poor iron, his wretched brother.
 Iron manages to take to flight, to take to flight, to hide himself
 In dark *Pohjola*, in Lapland's wide and furthest bounds,
 Upon the greatest reach of swamp, on a wild mountain-top,
 Where swans lay their eggs—a goose hatches its young.
 Iron lies stretched upon a swamp—lies idly in a watery place,
 Hid a whole year, hid for a second, forthwith hid for a third.
 He did not manage certainly to escape the raging hands of
 fire.

A second time he had to go—to enter rooms of fire
 When being made into a weapon, when being forged into a
 sword.

A wolf was running o'er a swamp, a bear was hurrying o'er a
 sandy heath.

The swamp rose under the wolf's feet—the sandy heath under
 the bear's paws,

Iron bars, balls of steel grew up

On the tracks of the wolf, on the dints of the bear's heel.

{ The smith *Ilmarinen*, the very skilful hammerer

{ v. Good old *Väinämöinen*, the time-old soothsayer (*tietäjä*)

(Who) was wending his way, was pursuing his course,

Came by chance on the wolf's tracks—on the dints of the
 bear's heel,

Saw the iron sprouts, the balls of steel,

On the wolf's huge tracks, on the dints of the bear's heel,

(And) to this speech gives utterance :

“ Alas for thee, unlucky iron,

For thou art in a wretched plight—in a lowly situation,

In a wolf's footmarks on a swamp, quite in the footsteps of a
 bear.

Wouldst thou not grow beautiful—increase in loveliness,

If I extricated thee from the swamp—conveyed thee to a
 smithy,

Forced thee into a fireplace, set thee down in a forge?”

Poor iron gave a sudden start, gave a sudden start, took sudden
 fright,

When he heard fire mentioned, when he heard speak of raging
 fire.

Smith *Ilmarinen* said :

“Thou art not, wretched iron, produced,
Thy kindred are not formed, thy relatives will not grow up
Without violent fire, without being taken to a smithy,
Without being put into a forge, without being blown upon by
bellows.

But heed it not, pray do not pay the least regard.
Fire will not burn his acquaintance—will not burn a relative.
When thou enterest rooms of fire—the receptacle of coals,
Thou wilt grow beautiful—wilt become extremely fair,
(Wilt be made) into trusty swords for men—into terminals for
women’s belts.”

Ever since that day iron has been kneaded out of swamps,
Been trampled out of watery spots, been obtained from clay.
The smith himself stood in the swamp, up to his knees in black
mire,

While digging iron from the swamp, while extracting ore
(F. earth) from the mire.

He seized the iron sprouts—the balls of steel,
From the huge footprints of the wolf, from the dints of the
bear’s paws.

The smith *Ilmarinen*
Set up his bellows there, established his forge there,
On the huge tracks of the wolf, on the scratches of the bear’s
heel.

He plunged the iron into the fire,
Blew the bellows all night without resting—all day without
stopping,

Blew the bellows a whole day, blew them a second, blew them
forthwith a third day too.

The iron expands like pap—bubbles like slag,
Expanded like wheaten dough—like rye-meal dough,
In the smith’s huge fire, when in the hands of glowing heat
Then smith *Ilmarinen* looked at the bottom of the forge,
What the forge perchance may yield—what his bellows can
squeeze out.

First he obtained brittle iron, then he got slag,
Then let white (iron) trickle from the bellows below.

Then wretched iron shouted out : “ Oho ! smith *Ilmarinen*,

Take me away from here, from the torments of malignant fire.”

Smith *Ilmarinen* said: “If I took thee from the fire Perhaps thou wilt grow terrible—wilt begin to grow extremely mad,

Wilt also cut thy brother,¹ wilt lacerate thy mother’s child.”

Then miserable iron swore—swore his solemn oath Upon the forge, upon the anvil, upon the hammers, upon the sledge-hammers.

“I shall not touch flesh, I shall not cause blood to flow.

There is wood for me to bite—a fallen tree for me to munch,

A young fir for me to nip, a stone’s heart for me to eat,

So that I shall not cut my brother—shan’t lacerate my mother’s child.

’Tis better for me to be—more pleasant for me to live

As comrade to a traveller, as a weapon in a wayfarer’s hand,

Than touch a kinsman with my ‘mouth’, than injure my own kith and kin.”

Then smith *Ilmarinen*, the time-old hammerer,

Snatched the iron from the fire, set it on the anvil

To make it malleable, to hammer it into sharp implements,

Into axes, into spears, into every sort of implement.

He hammers with repeated blows, cling, clang resounds repeatedly,

But iron will not take a point, an edge of steel is not produced.

‡The iron does not harden, the iron edge is not durable.

‡v. Iron does not take an edge without being dipt in water.

Smith *Ilmarinen* accordingly keeps pondering in his mind

What could be procured, what could be brought

To form a toughening-fluid² for steel—a hardening-water for iron.

He prepared a little ashes, he dissolved some lye,

Tried it with his tongue, tasted it with intelligence,

Expressed himself in words: “These are not food for me

¹ *I.e.*, a human being, as man also owed his origin to the *Luonnotars*.

² F. “manufacture-fluid”.

As toughening-fluid for steel, as a substance for preparing iron."

A bee rose from the ground, a "blue-wing" from a knoll,
Keeps flying round, keeps hovering around the smithy of the smith.

Smith *Ilmarinen* ordered it to *Metsola*,¹

To bring honey from *Metsola*, virgin honey from a virgin honey wood,

For the steel about to be made, for the iron about to be prepared.

A hornet, "*Hiisi's* bird", a "bird of *Hiisi*", "*Lempo's* cat",
Was flying round the smithy, offering for sale its sicknesses,²
Keeps flying round, keeps listening to the smith's clear words

Concerning the steel about to be made, the iron about to be prepared.

It was nimble of wing, it was very swift on its pinions,

It managed to get on in front,

It caught up *Hiisi's* horrors, bore off a snake's poison,

The black venom of a "worm", the itch-causing fluid of an ant,

The hidden poison of a frog,

} As toughening-fluid for steel, as hardening water for iron.

{ v. To the door of the smith's forge, and upset it into the hardening water.

Smith *Ilmarinen* himself, the incessant hammerer,

Believes, keeps supposing that the bee has returned,

That it has brought honey—has fetched virgin honey.

He uttered a speech, and spake thus: "Lo! these are good for me

As toughening-fluid for steel, as a substance for preparing iron."

He dipt the poor iron into it, into it plunged the steel

When he had extracted it from the fire—had taken it from the forge.

Therefore steel became evil—iron began to go raging mad,

¹ The forest home.

² Or "pains".

Cut his wretched brother, touched with his "mouth" his
relative,
Caused blood to flow, caused foaming blood to bubble forth.

(*b.*)

Certainly I know the genesis of iron, I guess the origin of
steel.

Formerly the winds blew otherwise, formerly storms whistled
otherwise,

The heads of birches tore up the ground, young shoots of pine
(tore up) the fields.

Then it blew for six years, stormed for seven summers.

The wind broke off the heads of oaks—smashed branching¹
sallows (*raita*),

Knocked off a hillock from the ground, conveyed it to the sea.
From it an isle was formed by spells upon the clear and open
sea.

A lovely wood (*is*) on the island, a smooth meadow in the
wood,

v. a young girl near the wood,

On this two girls grew up, all three brides.

Well, the maidens walk along to a nameless mead,

Sat with their breasts to the east, with their heads to the
south.

They milked their milk upon the ground, their paps' contents
upon the mead.

The milk began to flow, flowed over swamps, flowed over
lands,

Flowed over sandy fields run wild, flowed into a hillock on a
swamp,

Into a honeyed knoll, into the golden turf.

Hence poor iron originated, hence originated and appeared

Within a swamp, on a knoll of earth, on ground of medium
height,

Sprouts of iron grew up, the height of a human being's thumb.

Good old *Viinämöinen*, a soothsayer as old as time,

¹ *Ruheva* [*v. ruteva*], see FOLK-LORE, II (xxii, *a*, "*rutimon raita*").

Was wending his way, was pursuing his course,
Found the sprouts of iron—the steely shoots of growing corn.
He looks about, turns here and there, uttered a speech, spake
thus :

“What sort of growing corn is this, and what these budding
shoots ?

Something would come from them at a dexterous hammerer’s.”
He gathered them into his pouch, he carried them into a
smith’s hands.

Smith *Ilmarinen* seeks for a place for his forge,
Found a tiny bit of ground—an extremely small dell,
Where he set up his bellows, where he established his forge.
But wretched iron does not grow, the genus steel is not
produced

In a doorless smithy, on a fireless forge.
The iron-smith had lack of wood, the iron-hammerer of fire.
He gets wood, he fetches fire, but still iron is not produced
Unless there be a bellows-man—a man to press the bellows.
He took a servant to blow—a hireling to press them,
Looked underneath the forge—at the edge of the bellows.
Already the production (F. birth) of iron had taken place, the
Genus steel had appeared.

(c.)

The genesis of steel is known, the origin of iron is guessed.

Water is the eldest of the brothers, iron the youngest.

Paltry fire the middle one.

Water is the outcome of a mountain, fire’s genesis is from the
sky,

Iron’s origin from iron-ore (F. rust).

Fire became violent, worked itself into a fury.

Evil fire burnt much land, much land, much swamp,

Burnt sandy fields run wild, burnt sandy heaths.

Wretched iron lay concealed from his malignant brother’s
face.

Where did poor iron hide, where did he hide and save
himself

In that prodigious year of drought, that summer bad for forest
fires ?

Poor iron did not hide in old *Väinämöinen's* belt,

In his tripartite scabbard—not there certainly.

Poor iron did not hide

Inside a youthful maiden's paps, under a growing maiden's
arm,

Upon a long bank of cloud, upon an oak tree's level head.

Iron did not hide there, nor yet in yonder place

Inside a blue ewe, in the belly of a copper sheep,

In the bosom of a blue [*v.* red] pig.

It certainly did not hide in the sea, under deep billows,

Inside a blue guiniad,¹ in the bosom of a red salmon,

Nor yet exactly in the sky, above six speckled firmaments,

{ Inside a blue fox, inside a golden tall-crowned hat,

{ *v.* in the belly of a golden cock.

There, then, iron hid, both hid and saved itself,

In the interval between two stumps, under a birch tree's triple
root,

{ On a land devoid of knolls, on a land wholly unknown,

{ *v.* In dark *Pohjola*, in Lapland's widely reaching bounds,

Where a hazel grouse keeps her nest—a hen rears her young.

A wolf raised mould from a swamp, a bear dug some from a
heath.

Iron-ore (F. rust) sprang up there, a bar of steel grew

From where the wolf has raised its foot, from the dint of the
bear's heel.

It may have been brought to a smithy—may have been cast
into a forge fire.

Then iron was produced from it—steel was undoubtedly
obtained.

(*d.*)

Formerly much land was burnt, much land, much swamp,

In a summer bad for forest fires, in a hapless conflagration
year.

A little bit remained unburnt

On a wild mountain top, on the greatest reach of swamp.

One wretched man remained upon the spot unburnt.

Already a little of him was burnt.

¹ Salmo l. *Corregonus lavaretus*.

His knees were burning, the flesh of his thighs was scorched,
The narrow portions of the heels, the toes of the left foot.
The tip of his toes were badly burnt, the nails had burnt into
soot.

He ran to a pool in his distress,
Scraped off the soot, scratched off the scabby crust
Into an unfrozen pool.
Hence iron ore (F. rust) originated—ordinary black mire,
In an unfrozen pool, in a bubbling spring.

(e.)

Whence originated wretched iron, whence originated and was
produced ?

Hence originated wretched iron, hence originated and was
produced.

A golden fish spawns, a salmon plunges close at hand
In an unfrozen pool, in a bubbling spring.

Four maidens were engendered—all three brides,

6 From the spawn of the golden fish, from the natural aperture
of the salmon,

To be mothers of iron ore (F. rust), to be generators of “blue
mouth”.

The maidens stood in a dell, the “tin-breasts” lay powerless
On a little bank of land, on a narrow piece of ground.

There they made (F. built) iron, and by degrees formed steel,
Pulverised iron seeds, pounded lumps of steel.

God happens to arrive at the place where the iron seeds were,
Found the pounded bits of iron, the manufactured lumps of
steel,

Carries them to the smithy of a smith—under the forge of
Ilmarinen.

Then smith *Ilmarinen*

Thrust them into the fire, shoves them under his forge.

From the forge (they are taken) to the anvil.

He hammers with repeated blows, keeps striking with incessant
clang.

Sweat trickled from the Creator’s head—dew from the face of
God

While forging iron, while making steel.

Hence originated wretched iron, wretched iron, useless slag.
It originated in the smithy of a smith—under the forge of
Ilmarinen.

Variants.

- 1-6 Jesus has two hands, both uniform.
He rubbed together both his palms—ground together his two hands.
Hence originated two maidens—all the three *Luonnotars*.

(f.)

- Ho ! thou wretched iron, wretched iron, useless slag.
Certainly I know thy stock, thy stock and thine origin.
Thou are *Vuolankoinen's*¹ [v. *Vuolahainen's*]¹ son—wast brought forth by *Vuolahatar*.¹
- 4 Thy father is from the knolls (*napa*) of *Vuojala*,² thy mother from the well of *Lempi*.³
Thine origin is from swamp knolls, from swamp knolls, from earth knolls in a swamp.
Thy father is from a swamp, thy mother from a swamp,
All thy other relatives are from a swamp.
A rust-coloured sedge⁴ grew on a swamp—in a pool purple melic grass,⁵
Rocked by *Tuuletär*, swung to and fro by *Lännetär*⁶ [v. *Lemmetär*⁷].

¹ All these three names are mentioned by Ganander (p. 109).
Vuolahatar = Mrs. *Vuolahainen*.

² Also written *Vuojela*. Among the variants in the *Old Kalevala* (6,5) *vuojela* is substituted for *luotola*; also written *luotela*, an *alias* of *Pohjola*, and both have *väänölä* (*Väänämöinen's* home) as a parallel word in the following line.

³ The Being that excited love. Elsewhere in the *Loitsurunvoja* p. 46^a) this well seems to be called the "maidens'" (*impi*) well.

⁴ *Ruoste-heinä*. This word is applied to purple melic, mat grass, and various sedges.

⁵ *Teräs-heinä* translates the Swedish *staal-gräs*, steel grass purple melic grass.

⁶ West Wind's daughter.

⁷ The goddess of love.

*Hölmä*¹ comes from *Tuonela*—*Manala*'s son from under the ground,
 Found the rust-coloured sedge on the swamp—in the pool the purple melic grass,
 Carries it to the smithy of a smith—under *Ilmarinen*'s forge
 To be forged into iron, to be made into steel.

Variants.

- 4 Mother iron is *Ruopahatar*,²
 4 Thy mother is from *Aijö*'s pen.

The greater part of (*a*) will be found in the *Kalevala*, ix, 39-266, with occasional differences.

XXVI.—THE ORIGIN OF ARROWS.

(*a.*)

A tall fir grew upon a heath, on the summit of the Hill of Pain
 (*Kipu-zuori*).
 From it a sorcerer (*noita*) formed arrows—an “archer” evil instruments.
 He made a single-feathered³ arrow out of the lowest boughs,
 Made a double-feathered arrow of boughs from the middle of the tree,
 Made a triple-feathered arrow out of the highest boughs.
 The sorcerer shot his arrows—angrily launched his pointed shafts
 Anywhere, wherever he could.
 For a sorcerer cares nothing at all
 Whether they enter a human skin or the body (F. hair) of a beast (*kave*).

¹ Mentioned by Ganander (p. 18), who quotes this and the following lines. The word means “stupid fool, simpleton”.

² From *ruopa*, “mud, bog earth”. She seems to be the same as Ganander's *Ruojuatar*.

³ An arrow feathered on one side only.

(b.)

Annikki, the Island maiden, went to the war of *Istero*¹

A tin plug fell down, a silver terminal slipt off

Into the space between two rocks.

A sorcerer seized it in his hands

Before it had time to reach the ground, before its contact with
the earth.

He took it to a forge of smiths—a smith formed out of it a
tool,

Forged from it a sorcerer's arrows—an "archer's" evil instru-
ments.

The sorcerer shot his arrows—shot an arrow at the sky.

The sky was like (F. wished) to split—the aerial vaults to
break,

Portions of the air to rend, the aerial canopy to slant

From the torment of the "fiery" arrow, from the pointed shaft
of *Aijö's* son.

The arrow receded thither where nought was ever heard of it
again.

Then he shot another arrow into the earth under his feet.

14 The earth was like to go to *Mana*²—the hills to break up
into mould,

Sandy ridges to split, sandy heaths to break in two

From the torment of the "fiery" arrow, from the burning pain
(F. sparks) of the red wood.

The arrow constantly receded thither where nought was ever
heard of it again.

Forthwith he shot a third, a final and malignant arrow,

Through lands, through swamps, through deep gloomy forest
tracts,

Against a steel [*v.* silver] mountain, against an iron [*v.* stony]
rock.

The arrow rebounded from the stone—recoiled against the
rock,

¹ Elsewhere this man's name appears in the form *Istversko*, which Lönnrot derives from the Russian *izverg*, "a monster," an untimely birth.

² Was like to die.

Entered a human skin—the body of a wretched man.
The shaft may be extricated, the arrow can be drawn out
By virtue of the word of God, through the mercy of the Lord
always.

Variants.

14 The earth was about to ignite—to sparkle with fiery sparks.

XXVII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE BOAT.

Good old *Väinämöinen*, the soothsayer as old as time,
Made a boat by (magic) knowledge, prepared a skiff by means
of song
From the fragments of a single oak, from the breakage of a
brittle tree.
He cut the boat upon a mountain—caused a loud clatter on a
rock.
He sang a song, he fixed the keel ; he sang another, he joined
a plank.
Immediately he sang a third while setting in its place the prow,
While ending off a timber knee, while he was clinching end to
end,
While setting up the gunwale boards, while he was cutting at
the tholes.
A boat was completely finished that could bowl along with
speed,
Both stiff when sailing with the wind and safe when sailing
against the wind.

XXVIII.—THE ORIGIN OF THE NET.

(a.)

At night flax was sown—by moonlight was ploughed,
Was cleansed, was heckled, was plucked, was rippled,
Was sharply tugged, was violently teased.
The flax was taken to steep, soon it was steeped,
Quickly was lifted out, hastily was dried.
Then it was brought home—was soon freed from husks,
Was noisily broken on flax-brakes, was diligently swingled,

Was combed out with avidity, was brushed in the hours of dusk.

Immediately it was put on a distaff—in a trice upon a spinning-staff.

Sisters¹ spin it, sisters-in law put it on the netting-needle,
Brothers net it into a net, fathers-in-law attach lines.

The netting-needle turned—the mesh-stick moved backwards
and forwards

Before the seine was completed—the yarn lines were attached
During a single summer night, in the middle between two
days.

The net was finished, the yarn lines were attached,
A hundred fathoms at the far end, seven hundred fathoms at
the sides.

(*b.*)

At night the flax was sown, at night was heckled,
At night was rippled, at night was steeped in water,
At night was removed from the water, at night the flax was
broken in flax-brakes,

At night the threads were spun, at night the nets were woven.
The nets were completely finished, the seine was fitted with
lines

During a single summer night, in half another one besides.
The nets were woven by brothers, were spun by sisters,
Were netted by sisters-in-law, were fitted with lines by a
father,
They neatly fitted it with sinks, they attached the floats
properly.

(*c.*)

Tuoni's three-fingered girl, Lapland's three-toothed crone
Spun a hundred (fathom) seine during a single summer night.
Lapland's three-fingered old man was the weaver of nets,
The mesh-stick turned in his hand, a knot was formed on the
net.

¹ The sisters that helped *Väinämöinen* to make a net (*Kalevala*, xlvii, 322). The whole of (*a*) is in the *Kalevala* (xlvi, 35-68).

He wove a hundred (fathom) seine—stitched one of a thousand
(fathoms)
During a single summer night, in the interval between two
days.

XXIX.—THE ORIGIN OF AGUE.

I well know ague's genesis, I guess the villain's origin.
Ague was rocked by wind—was put to sleep by chilly air,
Brought by wind, by water drawn, brought forward by hard
weather,
Came in the whirlwind of a storm—in the sleigh-tracks of a
cold wind
Against us wretched sufferers, against poor unfortunates.

XXX.—THE ORIGIN OF CANCER.

A furious [*v.* iron-toothed] old woman,
That moves along with the wind, with the water, with all the
fish,
Carried a heavy womb—a belly full of suffering
For thirty summers, for the same number of winters.
Finally she got a malignant boy, an eater of flesh, a biter of
bones.
She fashioned him into a cancer.
She reared her boy, she protected her offspring
In bloody clothing, in gory garments.
Then she sent him away to devour, to gnaw,
To lacerate a Christian, to destroy a baptised one,
To cause his flesh to rot, and to gnaw his bones.

XXXI.—THE ORIGIN OF COLIC (GRIPES).

(*u.*)

Colic a groaning boy, a second an aggravating boy,
2 A third like a pole,
Are not made of what is good—not of anything exactly
valuable.
They are made of swamp—made out of earth,

Composed of coarse sail needle-points, wound up from woman's
 spinning-whorls,
 Scratched up from heaps of twigs,
 Broken off from heather, stript off from grasses,
 Collected from a rapid's foam, poured out from the sea's froth,
 Roughly botched out of feathers,
 From the inward parts of *Syöjälär*, from under the liver of
Mammotar.¹

Variants.

2 A third has a fist [*v.* throat, *v.* skin] like a pole.

(b.)

Gripes, the panting, moaning, insolent, stupid boy,
 A stay-at-home and good for nothing,
 Certainly I know thy stock.
 Thou wast made from nothing good, from nothing good, from
 something bad.
 Thou wast gathered from hard wood—made from tar wood
 Fashioned out of aspen's fungus, twisted out of birch agaric.

(c.)

A lean Lapp boy
 Was making his way beneath the path, travels along beneath
 the ground,
 With a bloody axe on his shoulder.
 He struck a man against the heart—cut him sharply on the
 breast.
 From that colic originated—the groaning (boy) was stirred to
 ire.

XXXII.—THE ORIGIN OF RICKETS, ATROPHY (*Riisi*).

A maiden rose from a dell [*v.* water]—a “soft skirts” from a
 clump of grass,
 Who was beautiful to behold—the delight of those living in the
 world.
 She pays no regard to suitors—has no fancy for the good men.

¹ See FOLK-LORE, i, 45, *note*.

There came a giant (*turilas*) man—a shirt-wearing monster
(*tursas*) of the sea.

The wretch, indeed, had planned a scheme—had thought upon
a fine affair.

He sent a nightmare upon her.

He caused the unwilling one to sleep—brought her at last to
seek repose

Upon a honey-dropping sward, upon the liver-coloured earth.

He lay there with the girl,

Made the girl parturient, quickened her into pregnancy ;

He himself takes his departure.

The miscreant began to move away—the wretch to wander
forth.

The girl becomes oppressed with pain, her womb becomes
heavy.

In her sufferings she laments :

“Whither shall I, poor wretch, whither shall I, most luckless,
go,

In these my days of great distress, with cruel torments in the
womb?”

The Creator [*v.* Jesus] uttered from the sky : “To be confined,
O harlot, go,

Into a deep forest, into a wooded wilderness recess.

There other harlots were confined—strumpets [*v.* mares] dropt
their young.”

She went thence in another direction—walked ahead with rapid
steps,

Strides from stone to stone, sprang from fallen tree to fallen
tree,

Into the homes of those “dogs”,¹ as far as (the abodes) of
“woolly whelps”.

There she discharged her womb—gave birth to her progeny,

Produced a son of evil sort—the boy Ricketts that causes
pining away,

That gnaws the roots of the navel—keeps cutting into the
backbone.

¹ *I.e.*, harlots.

They sought for one to christen him—one to baptise the
gnawing boy

At the well of *Kaleva's* son, upon the props¹ of a little hand-
sleigh.

But no place was found there,

Not in ten villages, not at seven door-hinges.

However, Rickets was baptised, the ill-omened boy was
christened

31 { On a beach, on a water-girt stone,
 { *v.* On a stone upon the open sea,

32 Passed over by a wave, lightly touched by a wave.

Was the water clean with which Rickets was baptised?

The water was not clean, that water was commixed with blood.

Harlots had washed (in it) their linen caps—bad women their
shirts,

Their jackets ragged at the edge, their smelling petticoats.

Therein Rickets was baptised—the ill-omened boy was
christened,

A name was given to the evil boy—the name of Rickets to the
wretch.

Variants.

31, 32 In the bloody house of *Hiitola*, while swine were being
slaughtered.

32 On the water-lily leaf of a pond,

In a doorless room, entirely windowless.

(*b.*)

How was Rickets possessed—the “evil snail” sent,

The “bloody dog” (sent) to eat—“*Hiisi's* cur” to lacerate?

Thus was Rickets possessed—the “evil snail” sent

To devour, to gnaw, to bite, to irritate.

A raven fluttered in the sky, blood spirted from its beak

Down on the end of a small pine (bench), down on the end of
an iron bench.

From that filthy Rickets originated—the evil offspring set
itself

¹ Short wooden props fitted into runners to support the bottom of
the sleigh.

To derange the veins,¹ to lap up blood-broth,
To eat the substance of the heart,
To burrow into the navel, to bore into the navel's root,
To rack with pain the spinal bone,
To bore through the sides, to lacerate the grom,
To cause the eyes to run with tears, to nip the organs of sight,
To swell beneath the temples
Either of a girl or of a boy.

XXXIII.—THE ORIGIN OF SCABS.

A brown, scabby crone [*v.* girl, *v.* lord], the evil mother [*v.*
housefather] of boils,²
Gave birth to a scabby son, screeched over an ill-tempered
one
With one foot (F. root), with eight heads, upon a scabby bed,
(A son) begotten of a scabby sire
Out of a scabby dam—a mother covered with boils.³
She flung her malignant son
Against a human being's skin, at the body (F. body hairs) of a
woman's (*kaפו*) son.

¹ Or sinews.

² Or tumours.

³ Or abscesses.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

THE LEGEND OF THE GRAIL.

I N the history of mediæval romances there is none so complicated as that of the romance of the Holy Grail. Many a scholar has tried to solve the problem of its origin, and yet a final solution is still wanting.

No one who has ever trodden the enchanted land on which the castle which contained the Holy Grail stood could entirely escape the charm that overhangs it. Just as difficult as was the ancient quest in romance, is the modern quest after the origin and sources of this remarkable and weird tale.

This romance now exists in various forms, more or less akin to one another. These have been subdivided into groups, according to the affinity in which the incidents narrated therein stand to one another, and also in how far one tale is developed more than the other: a work which has been successfully carried out by Mr. Nutt, who, in his admirable *Studies on the Grail*, has endeavoured to disentangle the skein of this complicated problem, and to make some order in the mass of versions, texts, and alterations in which this legend has been preserved. Mr. Nutt rightly distinguishes between an *Early history* of the Grail and *the Quest*; the former containing the origin and source of the Grail, and the *Quest*, on the other hand, consisting of the description of the adventures the expected hero had to undergo until he finally reached his goal. Stripped of all the embellishments which made out of these simple facts the most renowned of mediæval romances, the numerous versions of it are practically one. The differences begin with the detailed accounts given in the *Early history*, and still more with the peculiarities of the Grail, of the hero and his achievements. The frame-

work is the same, but the contents vary almost in every version.

At the head of the whole literature stands Chrestien de Troyes, the famous minstrel, who, as far as our present knowledge goes, was the first to sing the praise of the Grail, and of the hero in search of it. Next in point of time, and, as I may at once add, first in importance, is the German follower of Chrestien, Wolfram von Eschenbach. In spite of the likeness, there is also a very great diversity in the treatment of the Grail by both these writers. Besides, Wolfram claims an independent source for his poetical composition, ridiculing Chrestien for not following the original closely.

Everything tends to make us believe that there must have existed a common primary source whence both Chrestien and Wolfram drew their tale. Of what kind was this primary source, and how much did it contain? Were both those parts which we find afterwards united, or was only one of them contained in the original? Did Chrestien and Wolfram know the Early history of the Grail or not? I entirely agree with Mr. Nutt that they, or even the original they followed, did not know much of it, the origin and properties of the Grail being only vaguely indicated. It is chiefly the *Quest* which plays the most important part in their poems. Whence did they take it from? It is round this question that a literary battle has now been fought for over fifty years. I do not flatter myself that I shall be able to bring the battle to an end, but I intend attacking this question from a different point of view altogether.

It is a futile attempt to reduce every incident of these poems to one and the same source. Every work of art, every poetical production is, to some extent, a kind of mosaic, a kind of blending in one of a mass of different, sometimes widely divergent, elements. Composite as our modern knowledge is, so must also have been that of the ancient or mediæval author who drew the elements of the

romance, not from one source alone, but from many, sometimes quite different ones.

Two main sources of inspiration have been suggested by the various writers on this subject. To some, the legend in its *entirety* owes its origin to Christian lore; others have divided the matter, assigning the Early history to the Christian source, whilst the other—Quest—would be of *Celtic* (Welsh) origin. It is remarkable, however, that both sections have totally ignored another main source of mediæval poetry and of modern civilisation; I mean the old classical literature of Greece and Rome. But before proceeding further, I must first make clear my standpoint.

The Celtic origin does not rest upon documentary proof, upon older texts and MSS. than Chrestien's poem, but on parallels to be found in Celtic folk-lore, and some later versions. I still hold to the theory that these versions are, in fact, only variations of Chrestien's poem of later origin, and that, through the instrumentality of such versions and adaptations, these romances entered into the possession of the people, and became its unwritten lore, the modern folk-lore.

Far, therefore, from being the primitive source for Chrestien or his predecessor, modern tales are merely the reflex of that written literature, and are by no means anterior to it. Parallels adduced from modern tales do not therefore prove that these tales were the direct sources whence Chrestien drew the elements of his poem, but, as I contend, they are the outcome of that literature.

We must look for older parallels than the time of Chrestien, older than the second half of the twelfth century. We must study first the surroundings in which Chrestien grew up, what amount of knowledge was accessible to him, what great events stirred the nations of Europe, and what kind of literary currents swayed the people at that time. It is only by answering such questions that we can come to a more positive result, and

then draw our inference also for Wolfram, and for the host of Chrestien's continuators. These also must have had access to some store of similar learning, to be able to tread in his footsteps, and to take up the thread where his dying hand let it fall. A few lays cannot, and could not, suffice for the explanation of the great mass of incidents embodied in these romances.

It must also first be proved how such Celtic tales, if they existed at all, could come to the knowledge of a French poet, living as he did in France, of whose sojourn in England not a trace has been found. One has only to compare the widely different parallels adduced from Celtic lore, to be convinced that Chrestien, or the author of the original which he adopted, must have had a herculean task to perform, to alter and change, to blend and to assimilate, an immense mass of tales, mythical and heroical, and mould them together into one tale, which, after all, does not appear in a coherent form in any of its modern parallels. For it must be borne in mind that such a Celtic tale, containing most of the striking incidents, and older than the time of Chrestien, has not yet been discovered. What we have instead is a number of lays, or other tales, where either the one or the other incident is said to occur, the similarity not being absolutely identical, and in very many cases only the result of skilful interpretation.

If one would follow the same line of argumentation, one could easily adduce parallels to those Celtic lays and tales from various quarters of the globe, which would thus destroy the claim of the Celtic origin. The moment the same incident could be proved to exist elsewhere, we might just as well consider it to have originated there also, and not be limited to Celtic lore alone. We would have then one source more for the supposed origin of the legend: the folk-lore of Europe.

The natural way, however, is to look for *one* central tale, containing a sufficient number of incidents complete in itself; and round that tale, other minor incidents

drawn from various quarters, could have been added *afterwards* by the continuator and amplifier of the tale.

But that primary one must already contain the most important incidents, and at the same time this primitive tale must contain that of the *Grail* as one of its incidents, but only in a vague, indefinite form, so as to afford the possibility for the double interpretation of the Grail as presented on one side by Chrestien, and on the other by Wolfram.

The problem, therefore, is to find a tale containing some of the principal elements of the Quest, the Grail or something akin to it being an important one; this Grail, or whatever would be standing for it, must be conceived in a vague, indefinite form, so as to be able to be filled with any kind of interpretation—religious, material, metaphysical, according to the poetical bent and the intentions of the poets. It is, further, an absolute necessity that such a tale should be of an older date than the time of Chrestien, and also it will have to be shown that it was, or could have been, accessible to him.

Before I proceed further, let us first examine the state of things as they existed in Europe at the end of the twelfth century, the psychological condition, in the midst of which Chrestien lived, and moved, and wrote.

It is in the twelfth century that the great French epical poetry flourished. Through patient investigation it has been proved that the history of the old Merovingian period was changed by the *trouveur* in some of these epopees into the history of Charlemagne. A battle at Roncevalles became the theme of one of the most celebrated old French romances, the *chanson de Roland*, and this was soon followed by a stately line of *Chansons de Geste*. Once started on the line of changing old history into modern, poets took a bolder course, and changed heroes of antiquity into national ones. Very well known is the tendency of the age to connect their own national history with that of the Greeks and Romans. The *Roman de Brut* of Wace, the old chronicles of Geoffrey and others,

are examples of this tendency. Homer, *i.e.*, Dictys and Dares, Virgil, and other writers of classical antiquity, furnished the materials for the writers of the middle ages, who drew upon them largely, only altering them, so that from Greek and Latin they became French and English.

The crusades had furnished further new themes for the fancy of the *trouvreur* of the time. The whole world was stirred to its innermost depth by that general upheaving; the exploits of the first and second crusade had already begun to belong to the history of the past, when Chrestien began his poem. How many oriental legends were brought home and circulated by various pilgrims, especially such as were in Jerusalem, now once again in the hands of the infidels? The highest aim of the Christian world of that epoch was to regain possession of those sacred places; and the Order of the Templars represented the most ideal aspirations of the time—to live a chaste life, and to be found worthy to keep watch over the Lord's sanctuary.

Rumours of a great Christian kingdom in the far East, the kingdom of Prester John, reached Europe at the time, and like lightning these tidings spread from country to country, reviving the hopes of the crusaders by announcing help from an unexpected quarter in the deadly fight against the Mahomedan power.

At the same time a great dogmatic change was taking place in the teachings of the Church. The theory of Paschasius Radbertus found many adversaries, but no less adherents, and the twelfth century is the time when that dispute reached its climax, and the dogma of *Transubstantiation* was finally settled. The mystery of the sacrament, and the more than symbolic meaning of the Eucharist, was the central point of this dogma which has profoundly altered the Catholic Church, and was in later times one of the principal elements of discord between the Reformed church and the Church of Rome.

In naming these factors, classical literature, so to say

modernised in an epical form, the French Chansons de Geste, the Crusades and the legends of Palestine, and, finally, the question of transubstantiation and the pseudo-epigraphic literature of the mystery of the sacrament, I have pointed out the chief sources to which the romance of the Holy Grail owes its origin, without any further admixture of Celtic tales or lays, or Celtic mythology. The life that is described in the romances is that of the authors' time. Knightly deeds, adventures, miracles, and spells all belong to the machinery of the romantic literature of the time, and though important for determining the exact character of the surroundings, vary, as is natural, in every version, and if more MSS. had been preserved the number of variations might have increased.

I shall now proceed to prove my case as far as possible in the order indicated.

Classical Influence.—Working the romance backwards to its primitive form, we shall find that the main feature of the Quest may be summarised as follows :

A young man starts on an unheard of adventure, which no human being has ever achieved before him. It is by mere chance that he alights at the very spot where he had determined to go, although nothing definite is said as to the nature of that adventure. What he has to do, or to see, or to accomplish, is by no means clear. He himself does not know what to do, and fails thus in his first attempt.

According to Chrestien,¹ he comes to a river, upon which there is a boat, wherein are two men fishing. One of them, in reply to his questions, directs him for a night's shelter to his own castle hard by. Perceval starts for it, and at first, unable to find it, reproaches the fisher. Suddenly he perceives the castle before him, enters therein, is disarmed, clad in a scarlet mantle, and led into a great hall. Therein is a couch, upon which lies an old man ; near him is a

¹ Nutt, p. 11, Incid. 7.

fire, around which some four hundred men are sitting. Perceval tells his host that he has come from Beau-Repaire. A squire enters, bearing a sword, and on it is written that it will never break, save in one peril, and that known only to the maker of it. 'Tis a present from the host's niece, to be bestowed where it will be well employed. The host gives it to Perceval, "to whom it was adjudged and destined." Hereupon enters another squire, bearing in his hand a lance, from the head of which a drop of blood runs down on the squire's hand. Perceval would have asked concerning this wonder, but he minds him of Goneman's counsel not to speak or inquire too much. Two more squires enter, holding each a ten-branched candlestick, and with them a damsel, a "Graal" in her hands. The Graal shines so that it puts out the light of the candles, as the sun does that of the stars. Thereafter follows a damsel holding a (silver) plate. All defile past between the fire and the couch, but Perceval does not venture to ask wherefore the Grail is used. Supper follows, and the Grail is again brought, and Perceval knowing not its use, had fain asked, but always refrains when he thinks of Gonemans, and finally puts off his questions till the morrow. After supper the guest is led to his chamber, and on the morrow, awakening, finds the castle deserted. Issuing forth, he finds his horse saddled, and the drawbridge down. Thinking to find the castle dwellers in the forest, he rides forth, but the drawbridge closes so suddenly behind him, that had not the horse leapt quickly forward, it had gone hard with steed and rider. In vain Perceval calls: none answer.

More elaborate is the version of Heinrich von dem Türlin.¹ "After monthlong wanderings, he meets with Lancelot and Calocreat, and all three come to the Grail castle. They are led into a hall, which passes in splendour aught earthly eye ever saw. The floor is strewn with roses; on a bed lies an old man in gold-embroidered gar-

¹ Nutt, 27.

ments, and watches two youths playing at chess. Towards night the hall fills with knights and dames; a youth enters, bearing a sword, which he lays before the old man. . . . Then enter two damsels, bearing lights, followed by two knights, with a spear, and two more damsels, with a toblier of gold and jewels. After them comes the fairest woman ever God created, and with her a maiden weeping. The spear is laid on the table, by it the 'toblier', wherein are three drops of blood. In the box borne by the fair lady is a piece of bread, one-third part of which she breaks off and gives to the old man. Gawain, recognising in her Gansguoter's sister, stays no longer, but asks what these wonders mean. Straightway knights and dames, all with mighty shout, leap from table, and great joy arises. The old man says what he has seen is the Grail; none saw it before save Parzival, and he asked not. By his question Gawain has delivered from long waiting and suffering both those which are dead and those which live. The old man himself and his companions are really dead, though they seem it not, but the lady and her damsels are living; for their unstained womanhood God has granted them to have the Grail, and therewith yearly to feed the old man."

So in all the versions it is a magnificent castle, wherein the one constantly-recurring figure is that of an old, sick or dead man, surrounded by jewels, plates or dishes of gold, and a mysterious thing, a cup with blood, or a box with bread, and a bloody lance. Only in Wolfram is it a mysterious rock or a jewel upon which a dove lays once a year a holy wafer. The hero asks, or omits to ask, and upon that action the whole tale turns. It is not, however, clear from the beginning what kind of task the hero has to achieve, nor is it more clear afterwards when he has achieved it. This portion seems not to be in the original, as not one version can clearly account for it. The original tale must have been also quite obscure on this point, thus affording free scope to the poet to interpret and to use it according to his own fancy. The less definite the task

was the easier it was for the subsequent author to introduce into it what was nearest to him, and to give to it either a material or a spiritual meaning ; the whole history of the legend points to such a kind of development as that which it really did undergo.

But whence comes that fundamental motive, an adventurous knight endowed with superior gifts, striving after an undertaking quite unique, never attempted before and never afterwards ?

A glance over the literary activity in France at the time will give us the answer.

It was in the middle of the twelfth century that the Trojan war had been made the theme of an elaborate epos of 30,000 verses by Benoit de St. More, who, basing his work upon that of Dares Phrygius, Paulus Orosius, Ovid, etc., wrote his *Roman de Troie*. At about the same time the fabulous history of *Alexander the Great* was changed into a national epos by Alberic de Besançon, Alexander de Bernay (c. 1150), and very much amplified by Lambert li Tort (c. 1190-1200), the contemporary of Chrestien. One has only to see how they dealt with their originals, how they transferred the whole scenery from hoary antiquity to their own time, and to their own courts, to understand the liberty a poet of those times could take with his originals.

Seeing the manner in which the old kings and heroes were changed into knights and squires, the old gods into magicians and fairies, I do not think that I shall be considered very bold if I say that the legend of the Quest is nothing else but also a transformation of the most interesting episodes of that very legend of Alexander ; the hero of the Grail romance is none else but Alexander, the Quest the counterpart of his attempt to force the Gates of Paradise, and the wonderful castle or temple, the one that Alexander saw in his marvellous expedition.

There is not one old version in which that journey—the *Iter ad Paradisum*—is not contained either in an

amply developed form, or in an abridged one; but all contain the description of that marvellous castle. As we shall see presently, not only is it contained in the Greek text known under the name of Callisthenes (book iii, ch. 28), but also in the Latin version of Julius Valerius, and in that of the Archipresbyter Leo. The oldest French versions and the German of Lamprecht, which is based upon these French poems, contain it also. Thus, there is no difficulty from a historical and literary point of view; this legend was earlier than Chrestien, this legend was then not only accessible, but surely *well known to Chrestien*.

Starting from the oldest version, I will give here an accurate translation of the "Pseudo-Callisthenes'" version:

"We sailed away from that river, and came to a large island, 150 furlongs distant from the mainland, and there we found the city of the sun. This city had twelve towers, built of gold and emerald. The walls, the circumference of which was about 150 furlongs, were made of Indian stones. In the middle of the town there was an altar built, like the towers, of gold and emerald. Seven steps led up to the altar, at the top there stood a chariot with horses and driver, made likewise of gold and emerald. But all these things were partly invisible on account of the fog. The priest of the sun, Aeteops, was clothed in real Cyssus. He spoke to us in a savage tongue and ordered us to leave that city. After we had left we wandered about for seven days. Everywhere was darkness; not even fire lit up those parts. So we turned back, and came to the fields of Nysa, and there we saw a high mountain. We climbed to the top, and there beautiful houses, full of gold and silver, met our view; and these were enclosed by a wall of sapphire, with 150 steps cut into it, and upon the top stood a round temple, with seven pillars of sapphire and 100 steps. Inside and outside were images of demi-gods, bacchantes, satyrs, and of others, initiated in the sacred mysteries, but old Maron sat on a beast of burden. A couch was placed in the middle of the temple; on

this couch lay a man clothed in silk. I could not see his face, for it was veiled; but I saw strength and greatness. In the middle of the temple there was a golden chain weighing a hundred pounds, and suspended from it was a transparent wreath; a precious stone which illumined the whole temple, took the place of fire. From the ceiling hung also a gold cage, in which was a bird about the size of a dove. This bird called out to me in the voice resembling man's, the following, in Greek :—‘Alexander, cease now to oppose (the) god; return to your home, and hasten not through thoughtlessness (recklessness) your transit to the celestial regions.’ And as I was about to take down the bird and the lamp, which I intended to send to you, it seemed to me as if he who was resting on the couch moved. Then my friends said to me, ‘Forbear, for it is holy.’ And as I was going out into the grounds of the temple, I saw two amphoras of gold which were capable of holding sixty metretes; we measured them at table. I commanded the soldiers to encamp there, and to enjoy themselves.

“A house also stood there, and it contained many beautiful and valuable goblets of precious stones. But just as we and the army were on the point of sitting down to the repast, there was heard suddenly a heavy thunder of flutes and cymbals, and pipes and trumpets, and kettledrums and zitters; and the whole mountain was covered with smoke, as if a heavy storm had broken down on us. Seized with fear, we hastened away, and wandered on until we came to the castle of Cyrus; and we came across many deserted towns, and one beautiful city, in which there was a house, in which the king himself received. I was told that there was a bird that spoke with human voice. I went into the house, and saw many wonderful sights, for the whole house was of gold. From the middle of the ceiling hung suspended a golden cage, like the one which I have mentioned before. In it was a bird like a dove, of gold colour; it was told to me that this bird prophesied to the king through

its different tones, and that it was holy. I also saw an amphora capable of holding sixty metretes. The gold-work was marvellous, for all round it were figures, and above these a sea-battle, and in the middle was an inscription; everything was made and finished with gold. This amphora was said to be Egyptian, having been brought from the city of Memphis at the time when the Persians conquered Egypt. There was a house there, built in Greek style, in which the king had held his receptions, and in which there was a picture of the sea-fight of Xerxes. In this house there stood also a golden throne, inlaid with precious stones; and there was also a sweet-sounding zitter, whose strings moved of their own accord. Around it there stood a golden sideboard sixteen ells wide, and next to it another twenty ells wide; six steps led the way to it, and on the top of these stood an eagle with his wings spread out over the whole sideboard. There was also of gold a wild vine, with seven branches all worked in gold." So far Pseudo-Callisthenes. The text of Valerius has some variations, which I think essential, and I therefore mention them here. In fact, we have here two accounts, one of the temple of the sun, and the other of the palace of Cyrus and Xerxes. Being very much like one another, these two have been blended into one tale, some of the first description being left out by ignorant copyists, who took the former to be a mere narration of the latter (*Zacher*, pp. 170, 171).

The text of Valerius has now the following very remarkable detail in the description as he says of the palace, whilst, in fact, the *temple* is meant, as will be seen from the very wording, which runs as follows:

"In the temple hung from the ceiling a tropheum aureum (*Cod. Mediolan.*: stropæum aureum), from that 'trophæum' hung a ball in the form of 'vertiginis cœlitis' (the heavenly). Upon that ball sat the image of a dove, which prophesied to the king. And as I was about to take down that 'trophæum' which I intended to send to you, those present counselled me not to do it, as it was a

sacred place, and that I should not expose myself to the dangers awaiting the intruder.”

It is obvious that this passage here belongs to the description of the temple, as it has nothing whatsoever to do with the palace of Xerxes; and so we find it also afterwards in the Latin and French versions of the Alexander legend.

Substituting Perceval for Alexander, we have in this chapter the central *motives* of the Grail legend: the marvellous castle or temple Alexander had been the only mortal who could reach after long and severe hardship; the mysterious old man on the couch, who appears in the romances as the maimed, sick king; the marvellous stone or cage, with the mysterious dove endowed with supernatural gifts—what could be more welcome for a poet than such a figure as that of the unknown powerful and yet half-concealed man lying on a couch? Fancy was quite free to picture in him either an ideal or a physical sufferer, tortured by a wound, inflicted either by a shaft, or by the dart of sin. Nothing could therefore adapt itself better to another cycle of tales and legends than the things seen in the temple; the jewel, or the dove, the huge amphoras and cauldrons, the numerous demi-gods and mystics, they could afterwards be substituted by Christian emblems or by other conceptions, drawn from different sources. The vagueness of the objects beheld in the temple, which can be seen already in the Latin versions of Valerius, whose words (almost unintelligible) I have retained, is the same which clings to the Grail, to the castle, its inmates, and the task of the hero.

It is, therefore, neither a feud-quest nor an unspelling-quest, to which two formulas Mr. Nutt has reduced the legend (p. 181), but simply the journey to the earthly Paradise, and the marvellous castle or temple of the sun, which form the primitive nucleus of the romance.

Following up that clue we shall be able to explain many an incident in the romance through the legend of Alexander. There is in the romance the chief fisher standing by

the river, who directs Perceval to the castle. In the legend it is not a fisher, but a *fish*, which is quickened to life by being dipped into the water of the river, which attracts the attention of Alexander and arouses his curiosity. He follows up the river, and is thus led to Paradise. Out of that fish there grew the fisher-king. I need not further insist upon the almost identical legend of the dove sitting on the ball (or jewel) and prophesying to the king in a human voice—*i.e.*, to the man lying on the couch—and the dove which lays a holy wafer upon the stone in Wolfram's, and the bread by which the sick king is kept alive in Heinrich's poem. Perceval is led by lights to the magic castle, which are almost identical with the lights that go before Alexander in the version of Valerius.

We shall see presently how deeply these elements taken from the legend of Alexander, have been modified through the agency of Christian ideas and Christian conceptions. This episode with the lights, and especially that of the tree full of lights whereupon one child (two children) sits, will find its explanation later on.

M. GASTER.

(To be continued.)

SLAVA.

THE Servian national custom called "*Slava*" (literally, "Glory and Celebration"), and sometimes "*Krono ime*" (or Baptism), is one which distinguishes the Servian people not only from races of Latin and Germanic origin, but also from all other Slavonians.

During their pagan period each Servian household had a particular deity as its patron and protector. Annually, on an appointed day, the family offered to its especial deity special sacrifices. Of all religious rites in those early days this annual celebration was the most important, and was always accompanied by much feasting and varied entertainments.

This act of household worship was a deeply-rooted custom with the Servians. When baptised Christians, in the seventh century, they would not surrender this cherished usage, so the Byzantine missionaries, in the spirit of compromise then prevalent, instead of abolishing all heathen ceremonies, substituted the worship of saints for that of pagan deities. So the *Slava* custom remained, only, on receiving Christian baptism, each Servian family chose a saint of the Eastern Church as its special guardian. And to the ancient appellation of the household festival "*Slava*" was added, as a synonyme, the new name "*Krono ime*", or baptism.

The favourite family patron-saints of Servia are St. Nicholas, St. John, and St. George. The archangel Michael is also very popular. Households having the same patron-saint consider themselves in a holy relationship to each other, so much that in some districts they do not intermarry. The *Slava* aids in deciding to which

family a Servian belongs—the son inheriting with the father's name his father's patron-saint, the daughters likewise until married, when they change to the patrons of their husbands and keep to the same even if widowed.

Slava is probably the only ancient national custom that is still zealously preserved by all classes of Servians, city and country, the unlettered peasant and the most highly-educated scholar, alike cherishing it. Formerly, each Servian kept especially two annual feasts, Slava-day and the birthday anniversary. The latter festival is now in the towns frequently forgotten; but very few Servian households fail to celebrate their Slava-day to the utmost of their means.

As my present object, however, is to describe the country customs of Servia, I will speak of Slava as yet kept in a well-to-do peasant household.

Several days prior to the Slava-day the parish priest comes to the house to read prayers and sprinkle the walls with holy water. All the family are busy cleaning and decorating the home, that on their great fête-day it may appear bright and gladsome. The day preceding the fête is particularly bustling. The house-mother's first duty is to make two immense cakes, each divided on its surface by a cross into four equal parts. On each division is a circle inscribed "Jesus, the Victor", and surrounded by a wreath made with her utmost skill. In the middle of the cakes is put a small bunch of besitikum. These details are essential to a Slava-cake. It must also be made with yeast, and of the whitest wheat flour.

With equal pleasure, and even more devotion, she prepares what is called "Kollivo". A quantity (according to the number of expected guests) of the finest wheat is first baked thoroughly, and then boiled until it is soft and readily digestible. This is afterwards thoroughly mixed with sugar or honey, and walnuts, and moulded into a pyramid, the sides covered with small crosses and other figures made from different coloured sugars. It is intended

as a *sacrifice* to the patron-saints, its name implying what in olden times such annual sacrifice must have been. "Kollivo", meaning literally something which is cut with a knife while alive. The verb "Klats, Kollyim", signifying in all Slavonian dialects to kill with a knife.

While the mother is busy making these cakes and kollivo, the house-father is roasting as much mutton or pork, and procuring as large a stock of wine, as his means permit. The younger members of the household go through the neighbourhood inviting friends to the fête. The invitation runs, in a stereotyped form, thus: "God's house be yours! Our father (or uncle) sends greeting, and invites you this evening to a glass of wine, that we may talk a little and shorten thus the night. What our Saint — has brought will not be hidden from you: do not hesitate, but comè!" The answer being, "Thanks, we well know where to come, and what we shall meet."

At the time of Vesper service the master of the household carries, as a present, to the nearest church or cloister a large wax candle, a bottle of wine, and some olive oil. The house-mother meanwhile, with a short, improvised prayer, placing a lighted oil-lamp before the picture of their patron-saint, usually hung in a corner of the principal room.

At evening the guests arrive, each one stepping into the house with this greeting: "Good evening; happy be the day of your saint! God grant you may celebrate it yet many years in joy and health!"

The master of the house (who, from this time to the end of the Slava feast, is called "Joechat", or the Celebrator) answers, "God grant it. Thou art welcome: happy be thy soul!"

Each guest kisses and embraces the host, and brings an apple or citron as a present to the house-mother.

They sit in the spacious kitchen drinking coffee and brandy until all arrive, when the master leads them into the best room, which on this occasion is spread with carpets

made in the house. There the young women of the family approach the guests, hand them sandals, and, as a mark of utmost respect, wash their feet. The guests then wash their faces and hands, and ranging themselves, with the master in the centre, before the picture of the saint, pray together.

After this the guests choose a president of the feast, who must be a man thoroughly conversant with the Slava routine, and ready at the proper intervals with the appropriate and traditional toasts. In placing themselves around the liberally-loaded table, the oldest take the higher seats.

The master does not sit down, it being essential that he should personally serve the wine to his guests. When handing the first cup around, he gives the first toast of the evening, which is a prayer that, by God's grace, to-morrow, the day of his patron-saint, may auspiciously dawn upon all present, and that every one may be his Slava-guest again next year, and many other years to come.

The president, rising, crosses himself, repeats the toast, with the wish that the patron-saint may increase and strengthen the friends and confound the enemies of the family.

As the cup goes round, each guest adds a word or two; the last one asking God to forgive all improper requests and change them to good ones.

A second toast goes alike around; and when the cup again reaches the president, turning to the master, who fills it, he says: "Thou givest us a third cup, may God give thee joy, health, and love to the end." Then to the guests he says: "My brethren, to your feet. This toast is to the Name of God, and to His exalted Glory, strong and able to help us."

All arise; the master brings in a pan of lighted coals, and, while someone reads a long church-prayer, burns incense before the illuminated picture of the patron-saint. This invocation ended, the president continues the third toast, thus: "This toast is to the One and Undivided

Triune God! May He grant that His beautiful Glory may ever dawn upon this and all Christian homes until the end of Time! May He help and guide us now and for ever! and especially help all those who do, or (if they could) would, keep Slava to-day, enabling them to keep it in all coming years, until we, altogether, celebrate the anniversary in the celestial Kingdom."

Turning again to the master of the house, he adds: "Brother, drink to the honour of your Saint! May he aid thee and thine to-day and for evermore." They embrace and kiss each other. The master, replying, desires that all Slava good wishes "uttered now on Earth may be registered and granted in Heaven."

The cup goes round again, each guest giving a short toast and kissing his neighbour. The cup then circulates throughout the entire household, every member having to drink from it and embrace the next one to him; this, considered the chief act of the evening, is called "the toast of Slava".

The orthodox usage includes seven toasts. The fifth being very long; commencing with mentioning "The Church of Jerusalem lying precisely at the central point of the *White* world like a lovely flower", a vestige of the mediæval geography. It includes all priests, monks, cloisters, churches, and, by name, every one of the household of which they are the guests on "this ever-memorable day".

After the seventh toast, designated "honourable", the party quit the table and repair, if in winter, to the kitchen fire, or, in summer, to the gardens, where they listen to the recital of patriotic ballads and others like "The Slava of Czar Dushan", or "The Dream of St. Nicholas". A very popular recitation is "The Archangel's Slava", which I may translate hereafter, as it gives a lively version of the commingled pagan and Christian views of Paradise prevalent in Oriental lands during the Middle Ages.

In what is now the kingdom of Servia, the guests wend

their way homeward at midnight. But in other parts of the old Servian lands, as Bosnia, they remain to sleep in the house whose Slava they are celebrating.

Next morning the master carries the Kollivo and Slava-cakes to the nearest church, placing them, with a lighted wax-taper, before the altar. After matins the priest reads a prayer over the Kollivo and Slava-cakes, cuts the cakes *underneath* into four equal parts, pours a little red wine over the cross-cuttings, lifting the cakes in his hands, intones a chant, commencing "Great be your joy", and then, assisted by the master, breaks the portions, retaining half of each for himself. The other halves and the Kollivo the master takes home.

In wealthier households this visit to the church is dispensed with, the parish priest being invited to the family festival, where the cakes are cut and broken with similar ceremony.

By this time the friends have again gathered together, and with new congratulations, the master, bareheaded, serves them with wine and food, the guests remaining with covered heads.

About midday all rise "to the Glory of God". The Kollivo and pieces of Slava-cakes are brought into the best room, where wax tapers are lighted and incense burnt. All remove their hats, and the master himself drinks to "God's Glory", giving a toast filled with good wishes, to which all answer, "Amen, God grant it." While the cup passes around the party, some of the younger guests sing a popular song, beginning :

"Whoever drinks to the Glory of God,
May God and His Glory help him."

After which come toasts "To the Memory of THE Baptism" and to the Trinity. The Kollivo is then served around by the master, the eating, drinking, singing, talking, and merriment continuing some hours, broken by occasional toasts to the family, the saints, the king, and nation.

Should the weather permit, the young people gather in the yard or street with bagpipes and flutes, and dance until nightfall. From time to time guns are fired, as the Servians consider no celebration complete without the noisy explosion of powder.

In territories under Turkish rule, the use of firearms is sometimes forbidden; and, in years gone by, the Servian Slava celebrations in districts under Turkish authority had usually to be held privately and at midnight.

It is to be remarked that however lengthy and profuse the Slava-toasts, though many and reiterated good wishes for the members of the household are expressed by the visitors, a woman's name is never mentioned; the Servian etiquette preventing the peasant speaking before men of his wife or daughter by name. But with happy delicacy, while none can name the modest and almost invisible mistress of the home, the president, in proposing the toast of the Slava-cakes, in reality gives the health of the housewife, thus: "Let us now drink to the honour of these Slava-cakes! God give that where they have now been broken, such may be broken many years, and that the hands which made them may continue handsome and distinguished amongst all other hands, as the Morning Star outshines all other stars."

When alluding to his help-mate in company, the Servian peasant usually says: "My wife, I beg pardon for mentioning her, said (or did) so-and-so."

The Slava festivals formerly continued three days. Even now, and in large cities, the household must be prepared to receive and regale guests at least two days. Slava was consequently a heavy draft upon the family income. In the kingdom of Servia the advice of the priests and other authorities against too costly feasting is having a good effect. But with the Servians in Bosnia and Herzegovina the end of the Slava fête is still the last drop of wine: the guests remaining until they see the casks and wine-skins are empty. They then reluctantly leave, with effusive hopes

to meet again the next year and many successive years. A standard farewell wish is that their host may long live to celebrate his "Slava, the day of the baptism of his forefathers, twelve hundred years ago."

Perhaps one of the best of the stereotyped Servian Slava parting-phrases is :

" May God teach us to know what true
Friendship is, and how to appreciate it."

GRANT MAXWELL.

THE SCOTCH FISHER CHILD.

IT may be safely said that children's amusements, as distinguished from children's games, have not engaged the attention of the students of man to the extent they merit. Many of these amusements are imitations of the work of men, and thus become a training for the work of life. Others, again, are in all likelihood the survivals of what were once customs followed by men. For example, can it be that the amusement of imitating burying alive in the sand is the survival of any sacrificial custom, or of the custom of burying a victim below the foundation stone of any large building?

Another question of much weight is: Do these amusements shew the mental development of the children? If so, it becomes a matter of much moment to collect not merely civilised children's amusements to as wide an extent as possible, but the amusements of uncivilised tribes and nations, so as to form a comparison between the mental development of the uncivilised man and that of the civilised child.

Another point worthy of comparison is the amusements followed by different classes of children, *e.g.*, those of the fisher-folks' children with those of the children of the rural population. Such a comparison would probably bring out modes of thought, and traits of character, peculiar to each class, as it would assuredly set in clear light the differences of their occupations.

An attempt has been made to set forth some account of the child-life of the fisher-folks of the north-east coast of Scotland. My information has come from only a few of the villages, so that one must not judge that, because only

one or two villages are mentioned as the home of an amusement or game, it may not be found in the same, or in a somewhat different form in other villages.

M. Sébillot has devoted much attention to this subject, and has given the fruits of his labours in *L'Homme*, 2^e Année, No. 16, 25 Aout 1885, pp. 481-90, and in *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, 1^{re} Année, No. 1, 1886, pp. 5-12, in which he formulates a series of questions for the investigators of this branch of the knowledge of man.

There is a very striking agreement of the amusements of the children of the fisher-folks on the coast of France with those of the same class of children on the north-east coast of Scotland. Is it because both have sprung from the same home in the north? A collection of the amusements of the fisher-folks' children on the coasts of Denmark and the Scandinavian Peninsula would no doubt give results of considerable value. My wish is that others more competent for this interesting task may enter upon it, and work it out to a good end. Much remains to be done with regard to the manners, customs, work, and beliefs of a most useful, worthy, and interesting portion of the inhabitants of the British islands—the fisher-folks.

I have arranged the paper as follows:—

- I. The baby and the cradle.
- II. Amusements of imitation.
- III. Amusements with living creatures.
- IV. Amusements with shells and seaweed.
- V. Amusements with tide and waves.
- VI. Amusements with the sand on the beach.
- VII. Dances and games.

I.—THE BABY AND THE CRADLE.

A. *The Baby.*

(a) The “twalt oor” (twelfth hour), whether midday or midnight, is accounted an unlucky hour for the birth of a child (Pennan, Roschearty)

(b) If a child is born during the time the tide is "flowwin" (rising), the saying is, that "the warlde (world) flowws on't" (Pennan).

(c) When a new-born child is being washed, if a boy, he is rubbed gently to make him good-tempered. A girl is rubbed more roughly to make her firm (Portessie). If the child cries much when born, its wrist is at times scratched to draw blood, so that the "ill-natured" blood might escape. This was done not many years ago by a midwife in Roseheart, and she said that unless she did so, the child would be ill-tempered.

(d) In nursing their babies, the mothers or nurses often dandle them in a way to imitate the rocking of a boat on the sea (Portessie, Macduff, Roseheart). Here is a nursing rhyme—

"Reekie, reekie, rairig,
Rin t' the fairy,
An ye'll get a pease-meal bannock,
Fin he comes back."

This rhyme was repeated to the child, as the mother or nurse sat in front of a fire, from which a good deal of smoke was rising.

Does the rhyme refer to the custom of the trial by fire? When a child was "dwinin", it was suspected that the real child had been stolen by the fairies, and one of their own left in its room. It was tried by fire. A large fire of peat was heaped on the hearth, the child put into a basket, which was hung in the "crook" over the fire. If the "dwinin" child was one of fairy origin, it made its escape by the "lum" (chimney), and the true child was restored.

(e) A necklace of amber beads ("lamer") was worn round the child's neck to keep off ill-luck (Roseheart).

(f) The belief in the influence of the planets on human life was at one time not uncommon. An old woman, that lately lived in Pennan, had an expression she used when she was nursing a child much given to crying: "Ye've been born aneth an ill planet", or "an unlucky planet".

(g) Shells form common playthings for little children. When the infant's teeth begin to cause trouble, a piece of "casle tangle"—the stem of *Laminaria digitata* is given, instead of a teething ring.

(h) On market-days, and at Christmas, many had the custom of giving a penny or half-penny to each child of the family. This coin went by the name of "the market bawbee", and "the Yeel bawbee". It was sometimes given by the grandfather, or grandmother, or aunt; and the children regularly, as the occasion came round, went to get the "bawbee" from the kind donor (Macduff).

(i) To frighten the children from going to the sea, they are told that a sea-otter or water-kelpie (Macduff), or otters or "selchs" (seals) (Portessic, Roseheartly) will come and take them.

B. *The Cradle.*

(a) If a cradle was borrowed, a fiery peat was thrown into it at the door by the borrower (Pennan).

(b) A cradle, if borrowed, was never sent empty, neither was it returned empty.

(c) The cradle is always carried with its head foremost, that is, the opposite way a coffin is carried (Roseheartly, etc.)

(d) In Buckie and Portessie a small wooden bowl,— "a cap"—lay constantly in the cradle. It was called "the cradle cap". My informant told me that her mother made her a present of one, and told her to keep it always in the cradle when in use. She did so, and when there was no baby the "cap" was laid up carefully till the next baby came.

(e) The cradle was sometimes called by old folks (Pennan) "the life-boat", and they spoke of putting the child into the life-boat when they laid it in the cradle.

(f) It is a common notion that if a mother meets a boy as her "first fit", the first time she goes out after having a

baby, she will have a son as her next child, and if she meets a girl, she will bear a girl (Portessie, Roseheartly).

II.—AMUSEMENTS OF IMITATION.

(*a*) Boys and young men construct boats and ships, commonly fashioning them with a knife. They rig them with much neatness. They are named and launched with due ceremony, and it is a source of much amusement to sail these boats and ships (generally round the coast). In many of the villages (Macduff, Pennan, Roseheartly) sailing matches or regattas were common, and betting was rife (Macduff). At the village of Pennan, not many years ago, there was a regatta on New Year's Day for some years in succession on the mill-pond of the farm of Clenterty, when many from the village, as well as many from the neighbouring farms, met to witness the race. Prizes were awarded for the victors. In Roseheartly, New Year's Day was specially devoted to the sailing of their ships by the boys.

(*b*) In sailing their ships they at times put small stones or shells on them to represent sailors. When the ships came to land they were carefully examined to see whether the men had been swept overboard. At times, two or more were launched in such a way as to run into each other, and so run one of them down. Great is the exultation of the owner of the stouter ship (Macduff).

(*c*) But almost anything that will float, a piece of cork, or wood, with a feather stuck into it, the carapace of a crab, a shell, etc., is used as a boat. Rock-pools, pools left by the tide, pools near streams, mill-ponds, if at hand and of convenient form.

(*d*) A favourite pastime is the making of canals and harbours in the sand. The children dig little ditches, allow the water to run into them, and then place in them as ships and boats small pieces of cork, wood, shells, the carapaces of crabs, paper boats. The water is confined,

and, when everything is ready, the sluice is removed, and the water flows away, carrying with it all the little craft. A wide space is often made at one end in imitation of a harbour, and at other times a harbour is made at each end. The children of Roseheartly used to make "bridges", that is, locks in their canals, in imitation of the Caledonian Canal. The boys of Macduff built harbours, filled them with water, and at times put pieces of wood across their mouths in imitation of booms. In Portessie such structures are called "shories". This name arises, likely, from the fact that there were in many of the fishing villages no built harbours, but only natural creeks, or well-sheltered pieces of shore, commonly called "the shore".

(*e*) The catching of fish is often imitated. So many of the players act as fish, and so many as fishermen. The lines are thrown, and the children that represent fish seize the line, sometimes in their teeth, and sometimes the line is thrown round them. They are pulled ashore, and then the whole process of cleaning the fish is gone through, the first step always being to imitate the cutting of the throat. After being dressed, sand is sprinkled over them for salt (Portessie, Macduff, Roschearty).

(*f*) The boys and girls often imitate the arrival of the boats from the fishing ground. The fish, for which small stones are used, are divided in the usual way, and then carried up and dressed, and the "skulls", or baskets with the lines, are brought ashore with all formality (Portessie, Macduff, Roseheartly).

(*g*) A common amusement is the making of "houses" and gardens on the beach or smooth grassy spots convenient. This is done by laying stones in a line on the sand or grass in the form of a house. Porches are sometimes added, as well as other houses for other purposes. Furniture, in the shape of small stones, pieces of wood, limpets, or the bones of the larger fish are put into them. There are always two pieces of furniture, "the bench", a kind of open cupboard for holding stoneware, of which

fisher-folks are commonly very fond, and "the dresser", which in the fisherman's, as well as in the country kitchens, stands underneath the "bench". Shells of various kinds, broken pieces of stone and earthenware, often called "lehms", are used for dishes. The fisher-girl seats herself inside the house, and busies herself with the arrangement of her furniture and crockery.

(*h*) Gardens or "yards" are enclosed with a row of stones, or with a line of sand thrown up by the hand, and planted with pieces of seaweed for flowers and trees (Portessie, Macduff, Pennan, Roseheartly). The children of the country do the same. Only they plant their gardens or "yards" with flowers.

(*i*) Keeping a shop, or acting the merchant, and buying and selling, are favourite pastimes. A house is made as a shop, and the various kinds of goods are put into it. Shells, chiefly, but often pieces of broken stone and earthenware are used for money. The penny is represented by a large shell, or piece of stone or earthenware, the halfpenny by a less piece or shell. Silver coins are represented by the smallest shells, or fragments of ware (Portessie, Macduff, Pennan, Roseheartly).

(*j*) In bathing, boys pretend to be salmon, eels, or any other fish; and in Roseheartly the boys have in bathing a leap called the salmon-leap. The boys of Macduff use the expression "to dive like an eel". They also use the expression "to dive like a scrath", and they speak of "scrathian" to indicate clever diving.

III.—AMUSEMENTS WITH LIVING CREATURES.

(*a*) A great amusement is to catch eels and transfer them to other ponds, repeating the words :

"Eelie, eelie, cast a knot,
An ye'll win into the salmon-pot."

(Roseheartly.)

A variant of the last line is :

“ An ye'll win into the water-pot.”
(Portessie.)

The formula in Macduff is :

“ Eelie, eelie, cast yir knottie,
An ye'll get in o' yir water-pottie.”

(*b*) The children amuse themselves by catching the green shore-crab (*Carcinus Mænas*), called “the craib” in Macduff, and the eatable crab, or “parten” (*Cancer pagurus*), and using them as horses. They tie pieces of cork, wood, or any other light substance behind him, in imitation of carts and coaches, and then set them off to pull them. They at times take a few of them, hold them in line, and then let them go, as if in a race, on a given signal (Macduff, Roseheart, Portessie). They also use them as cows and horses, and tether them in imitation of the agricultural population.

(*c*) The boys and girls at times amuse themselves by catching fish among the rocks and pools, cooking them on fires they kindle on the beach, and then feasting on them (Roseheart).

IV.—AMUSEMENTS WITH SHELLS AND SEAWEED.

(*a*) The children of Macduff have a custom of taking limpet shells, boring out the centre of them, and then sticking them on their eyes under the name of spectacles. They carry them in this way for a considerable time when amusing themselves.

(*b*) The girls often gather shells, bore them, and make necklaces of them (Roseheart).

(*c*) They deck themselves in seaweed. Some of them, as “belly-waar” (*Fucus nodosus*, and *F. vesiculosus*), they use as curls for their hair. The larger ponds of “batherlyocks” (*Lanunavia digitata*) are used as waistbands, whilst the smaller ones are formed into bands for the brow and

the neck. Sometimes chaplets are woven and placed round the head.

The girls of Pennan make thimbles of the air-vessels of "belly-waar".

(*d*) The children amuse themselves with "carle tangles", the stems of *Lanunacia digitata*, in the following way. Each player selects a few; one holds up one, the others strike it crosswise. If it breaks, the player holds up the one that broke it, whilst it is in turn struck till it is broken. This is playing at "sodgers". Instead of tangle, "carle doddies" (*Plantago lanceolata*) are used. Country children, and sometimes grown-up folks, amuse themselves with playing at "sodgers" with "carle doddies".

V.—AMUSEMENTS WITH THE TIDE AND THE WAVES.

(*a*) An amusement is to gather stones and build a little hillock, or to heap up one of sand, when the tide is rising, and then to take their stand upon it, and cry out :

"Willie, Willie Weet-feet
Winna get me." (Pennan.)

Or .

"Willie, Willie Weet-feet,
Dinna weet me,
An a'll gee ye a Scots bawbee." (Macduff.)

They wait till they are nearly surrounded by the rising tide, and then jump. Such a little mound is called a "lockie-on" (Macduff).

(*b*) In Rosehearty this hillock is called "a prop", and the formula is :

"Knockie, knockie, nocean wash me awa',
Ten mile, ten mile, ten mile jaw."

When the sea struck it, the player jumped and roared. Girls, in doing this, often took off their shoes and stockings, and tucked up their clothes to keep them dry.

(c) A similar amusement is for the children to run up to meet the rising tide, and then to run back out of the way of the wave, shouting the same words. In doing this, the girls often kilt up their clothes to keep them dry (Rosehearty).

During a storm the children run up to meet the wave, shouting :

“ The nineteent jaw,
Come, an wash me awa’
Ower the sea an far awa’.” (Rosehearty.)

(d) They plunge into the masses of foam that are thrown up during a storm, and shout and dance in face of the gale (Macduff).

(e) When the tide is rising, the children cast up dykes or ridges of sand to stem the water, and then watch their overthrow. They proceed to build another to meet the same fate, and so on for any length of time.

VI.—AMUSEMENTS WITH THE SAND ON THE BEACH.

(a) It is a great amusement to lie down on the soft sand and leave an impression of the body on it. The same thing is done when there is snow.

(b) Another amusement is for one to lie down on the sand, when it is damp or hard, and stretch out every limb to the widest, and for another to take a sharp-pointed stone or piece of stick and draw the outline of the figure. Sometimes it is an imprint of only a hand with the fingers fully spread out, or of a foot, that is taken. The same thing is done in snow.

(c) The children amuse themselves by imprinting their footsteps on the sand, and after a time returning to see if the impression still remains.

(d) Another amusement is to make drawings of houses, men, or of anything that strikes the fancy, on the firm sand. A boat is a very common object to be drawn. It

is done in profile, and its name written on it. At times it is drawn bird's-eye-wise, and the boys then go within it, sit down, and act as if fishing.

(*e*) Writing their names on the sand is a favourite amusement, and a boy's and a girl's name are often written together. They are called "the man and the wife" (Roseheartly).

(*f*) It is an amusement to make or build up of wet sand the image of a man, then to run past it and strike with the hand to break it. This amusement is called "Vullin' the Rooshians" (Roseheartly).

(*g*) One goes along the beach making as long paces as possible. The other players follow, and their aim is to place their feet in the footsteps of the leader. The one that fails to do so is beaten (Roseheartly). The same thing is done in snow.

(*h*) A not uncommon amusement is to dig a hole and allow the water to fill it. The water is then carefully covered, often by sprinkling fine dry sand over the water. The one on whom the trick is to be played is enticed to walk along in the direction of it, so as to stumble into it and have his foot made wet or get a fall (Macduff). In Macduff this amusement is called "Maskin' a trap". In other villages (Portessie, Roseheartly) the hole is not filled with water, but covered over with anything found convenient, so as to conceal it.

(*i*) As an amusement, burying in the sand is not uncommon. At Macduff the boys dig graves in the sand or shingle, put stones or pieces of wood into them, cover them up, and then set up stones at the head of the grave. A not unfrequent amusement is burying one of the players. A grave is dug, and one stone is placed at the top and another at the bottom. After it is finished, the one to be buried is laid flat on his back in the hole—if a girl, with her clothes tightly tucked round her—and all covered up with small sand or shingle, according to the nature of the

beach, except the face. After lying a time an exit is made in the best way the buried one can (Portessie, Macduff, Penan, Roschearty).

VII.—DANCES AND GAMES.

(a) The boys and girls at times amuse themselves by dancing on the sands any of the ordinary dances. One, however, used to be danced called "Sea-brackin". The players take their stand behind each other, and, on a given signal, the first one in the line stoops, then suddenly rises and throws up the arms, and then sets off at a run, stooping and rising and throwing up the arms. The others do the same. Thus they run on, imitating the rising and falling of the waves or roll of the sea. If one falls it is called a "shipwreck", and the unfortunate one must lie and allow the players behind to leap over (Roschearty).¹

(b) A game, called "Beat the Bear", is played by the children of Portessie in the following way. One is chosen as the bear and another as the guard. A circle is drawn, and a stone is placed in the centre of the circle. On this stone the bear seats himself, and gets into his hand a piece of string by one end. His guard takes hold of the other end of the string, and sets himself in a position to defend the bear. He holds in his other hand his cap, or handkerchief plaited. The other players all stand round ready to fall on the bear and pelt him with their caps or plaited handkerchiefs. The one the guard strikes first becomes in his turn the bear, and the former bear becomes the guard. The game continues as long as the players wish.

The same game was played at Keith when I was a boy, with this difference, that the bear crouched on his hands and knees with his head stuck down between his hands as

¹ I think Miss Gordon Cumming somewhere gives a description of a similar dance in one of the South Sea Islands, but I cannot find the exact reference.

far as possible to save it from the blows inflicted by the players. The game is played in the island of Samos, under the name of *γλυκὸ κρασί*, or "sweet wine".¹

(c) At Portessie there is a rock called the "Scatt Craigs", which is left dry by the retiring tide. The children take their stand on it, when the tide is ebb, and shout :

"I warn you once,
I warn you twice,
I warn you three times over.
Take up your wings
And flee awa', for fear o' Johnnie Rover."

They then jump from the rock, and run as fast as they can back to the top of the rock, to repeat the words and the action till they become tired.

(d) A round stone, called the "tamie", is placed upon another. The players then take their stand at any considerable distance agreed on and throw stones to displace the "tamie". The first who knocks it off a certain number of times previously agreed on wins the game (Portessie).

(e) A stone is thrown a certain distance. The one that throws it leaps the distance. The other players try to do the same. Those that fall short of the distance lose. When all have leaped, the stone is again thrown, and the leaping proceeded with as before. This goes on for any length of time (Roschearty).

(f) A great source of amusement was to place a stone, or, best of all, a bottle, at a considerable distance, and throw stones to break the bottle or knock down the stone.

(g) "Corking the bottle" is a common pastime both by girls and boys. A longish, somewhat tapering stone is selected, and the boy or girl goes to a deep pool and drops the stone with the sharp end down into the water, and then watches for the air-bubbles rising when the bottle is corked.

(h) "Skiffin" is another amusement with a stone. This

¹ *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii, p. 58.

is done only when the sea is smooth. A flat stone is taken and thrown along the surface of the water. The aim of the player is to make it rebound the greatest number of times on the surface before it. The children inland, that live near streams, lochs, or ponds, have the same pastime. It is called "skippin'" (Keith), and the first stroke on the water used to be called "the drake", the second "the deuk", and the rest "the young deuks" (Personal).

(*i*) Another pastime among boys inland was "cuttin' the water". A thin, sharp-edged stone was chosen, and the boy took his stand beside the pool or pond (if a little above the level of the water so much the better), and tried to strike the water without dashing it up. To do so with neatness requires a good deal of practice.

WALTER GREGOR.

*AN EARLY IRISH VERSION OF THE
JEALOUS STEPMOTHER AND
EXPOSED CHILD.*

THE *Togail Bruidne Daderga* (Destruction of Brudin Daderga), an Irish hero-tale, belonging to the oldest stratum of heroic legend, contains the following incident. Cormac mac Airt, King of Ulster, wedded to the daughter of Eochaid Feidlech, High King of Ireland, puts her away "because she was unfruitful, save that she bore a daughter to Cormac". He then weds Etain, a dame from faery, who had been the lady-love of his father-in-law, Eochaid. "Her demand was that the daughter of the woman who had been abandoned before her should be killed. Cormac would not give her (the child) to her mother to be nursed. His two servants took her afterwards to a pit, and she laughed a love laugh at them when being put into the pit. Their courage left them. They placed her subsequently in the calf-shed of the cowherds of Etirsceal, great-grandson of Iar, King of Tara, and these nurtured her till she was a good embroideress; and there was not in Ireland a king's daughter more beautiful than she." She is afterwards possessed by one of the fairy folk, who comes in to her as a bird and then assumes human shape, and he tells her that the king, report to whom of her beauty has been made, will send for her, "she will be fruitful from him (the bird-man), and will bear a son, and that son shall not kill birds." This happens, and the son (Conaire Mor) afterwards becomes High King of Ireland, and is the hero of the tale.

The Destruction of Daderga's fort (the tale is so called because, when resting there for the night, Conaire is attacked by pirates, slain with most of his following, and the

house destroyed), is found in the oldest Irish MS., *Leabhar n-a h'Uidhre* (copied at the end of the eleventh century from MSS. of the early eleventh century) in a fragmentary form. It is also found in a more complete form in the well-known fourteenth century MS., the *Book of Lecan* (II. 2.16), from which it has been edited and translated by the late W. H. Hennessy, who died before he had completed his edition. The above cited passages are from a copy of the proof-sheets I purchased at the sale of his library. They are only to be found now in the *Book of Lecan* and in younger MSS., as L.n.H. is imperfect just at the beginning of the tale. It is, therefore, impossible to be absolutely certain that they were in the eleventh century MS. But this is almost certain, as the L.n.H. and B. L. versions are very similar in the passages they have in common. Moreover, Prof. Zimmer (*Z.V.S.*, 1887, p. 583) has shown strong reasons for believing that the B. L. version was copied from the *Book of Druim Snechta*, a now lost MS. of the tenth or early eleventh century, and that it was one of those used by the compiler of L.n.H. for making up his version, which is obviously badly pieced together from at least two older, and at times contradictory, versions. We may, therefore, be almost certain that the episode of the jealous stepmother and of the exposed child was current in Ireland in the early eleventh century at the latest. I need not point out that the form of the other folk-tale incident, the bird-lover, is also considerably older than that which has hitherto been looked upon as its earliest appearance in European literature, the *Yonce* of Marie de France (late twelfth century).

The incident of the exposed child occurs in the *Vita Meriadoci*, an as yet unpublished text, the MS. of which (*Faust*, B. 6) is in the British Museum. Meriadoc is son of Caradoc, king of the district around "Snaudone". Caradoc is slain by his brother, who sends his nephew and niece into the wood of Arglud to be slain. The king's huntsman takes pity on them and hides them; they are seen

by Urien as he is riding through the wood and brought up by Urien and Arthur, who avenges Caradoc's death. The MS. is early fourteenth century (cf. *Y Cymmrodor*, xi, p. 75), but the text must be old, as it has preserved the original northern *locale* of the legend, Arglud = Arecluta—*i.e.*, the district about the Clyde—although the last transcriber most probably thought of Caradoc as a Welsh prince.¹ It would be unsafe, however, to argue from this fact that the theme of the Babes in the Wood was known to the Welsh of the ninth or tenth century, the period during which the transference to South-west Britain of North Cumbrian legend probably took place; but it may be safely asserted that it was current in Wales in the twelfth century.

It should be noticed that both incidents occur quite casually in the tale, little insistence is laid upon them, and I do not think it possible for one moment that such chance and passing references can have *originated* the folk-tales current to this day. On the contrary, it seems evident to me that we have here folk-tale incidents which must have been perfectly familiar to the author and hearers of our stories—which were, in fact, *commonplaces*. If this is so, it shows that at least two well-known types of folk-tale were popular in Ireland in the tenth century, and one in Wales in the twelfth century

¹ The "Snaudone" is almost certainly Stirling and not the Welsh mountain, though the last transcriber probably had Snowdon in his mind.

ALFRED NUTT.

BHURIDATTA.

IN FOLK-LORE, i, p. 278, there is an extract regarding the Cherokees' belief relative to the connection between serpents and precious stones, and, at page 209 of the same issue, there is a passage on *Dracs* in the Rhone, that are so similar to incidents in the Bhuridatta Játaka of the Buddhist literature, that I venture to think that a *sketch* of that legend, as taken from the Burmo-Pali version, would be of interest to the readers of FOLK-LORE, and, without further preface, proceed to give it.

Once upon a time, there reigned in Benares a king who was afraid that his eldest son was becoming too powerful, so he ordered him to leave the country until the time should come for him to ascend the throne. The prince accordingly went into the forest on the banks of the Jumna, and lived there in a hut as an ascetic. Just at that time a Nágí (serpent-lady), who had lost her husband, came wandering in search of another, and, seeing the empty hut, wondered whether the owner was a real hermit or an ordinary man ; and, in order to find it out, covered the couch with flowers and fairy scents, and went away. In the cool of the evening the prince returned from the forest, where he had been searching for fruits and roots. He wondered who had been decorating his bed with flowers, and then went to sleep on it ; a hermit would have first thrown them all away. Next day the serpent-lady came back, and, seeing he had slept on the flowers, knew he was not a real hermit, and redecorated the bed. As she was going away, however, the prince, who had been on the watch, came up and asked her who she was. She told him, and, as she was very beautiful, he married her. She

created a fairy palace in the forest, in which they dwelt, and bore him a son named Ságara,¹ and, two or three years afterwards, a daughter named Samuddajá.² The prince is then discovered by a hunter and informed of his father's death. The nobles come out from the city and insist on his returning to the kingdom. The serpent-lady says she cannot accompany him, because she is afraid that in her anger she may destroy some of his people, seeing that the serpent-people are very irritable and unable to restrain their poison. She says, "Though my duty and inclination are to follow my husband, yet, if I were to see anything to anger me, the person who caused my anger to arise would be reduced to ashes." Next morning she hands over the children to him, and begs him to take the greatest care of them, and be careful to let them have plenty of water to play in, as they are half serpent by nature. When he got to Benares he had some tanks made for the children to play in. One day, when the prince and princess were swimming in the pond, a fresh-water tortoise put its head up and looked at them, which so frightened the children that they fled to their father and told him there was a devil in the pond. The king had the pond dragged, and the tortoise was caught and brought before the king. His nobles advised that it should be put to death in various ways ; but one of them, who was very much afraid of water, thought that it ought to be punished by being hurled into the river. On hearing this, the tortoise put his head out, and said: "My Lord King, I have done no harm, but I am nevertheless willing to undergo any punishment rather than that."

The king at once ordered him to be thrown into the whirlpool in the Jumna. Now, this whirlpool was the direct road to Serpent-land, and the tortoise fell close to a Nága, who was the son of Dhatarattha, the Nága king. He was immediately arrested, and, to save himself from punishment, cried out that he was an ambassador from the

¹ Ságara means "The Ocean".

² Samuddajá means "Sea-born".

King of Benares, sent to offer his daughter in marriage to King Dhatarattha. At first he was not believed, but, after some argument, he prevailed on the Serpent king to send some young Nágas back with him to Benares. On the road the tortoise got away and hid himself, and the Nágas arrived at the palace alone. The King of Benares asked what they had come for, and on being informed, got angry, and declared that he could not give the lady Samuddajá in marriage to such a creature as a serpent. The Nágas at this were highly incensed, but, being ambassadors, could not destroy Benares, so went back to make their report. King Dhatarattha thereupon summoned his hosts, and ordered them to spread themselves all over the city of Benares, but not to hurt anyone. At this the people of Benares were so terrified that they cried out to know why they were so plagued by serpents; and on being informed, they begged the Nága king to allow them to go to their own king to entreat him. The people cried out to the king to give the Princess Samuddajá in marriage to Dhatarattha. The king was so terrified at the noise made by his people, and the hissing of the Nágas, that he consented to give his daughter to the Nága king. After the wedding they went back to Nága land, and the King Dhatarattha gave an order that no one was to show himself to Queen Samuddajá in serpent form.¹

Samuddajá bore four sons, viz., Sudassana (good-looking), Datta (given?), Subhoga (wealth), and Arittha. Datta was the Bodhisat (*i.e.*, one who is on the road to the Buddhahship), and he grew so wise that Indra gave him the name of Bhuri-datta. Bhuridatta was filled with a desire to progress in wisdom, and on his return to Nága land from the kingdom of Indra, informed his parents that he intended to fast regularly on the proper days. They acquiesced in his proposal, but told him he had better not do so on the surface of the world, as he would be exposed to many dangers.

¹ The offspring of man and Nága could not change into a serpent, but had only some of the Nága characteristics.

However he found that whilst he was fasting in Serpent-land the distractions were too many for him, so he determined to go up to the land of men, and calling his wives and ladies, he informed them that he should keep his fasts coiled on the top of an ant-hill at the foot of a banyan-tree near the bank of the Jumna, and on the morning after the fast they were to come and fetch him.

Now there dwelt in a village near the gate of Benares a Brahman hunter, and one day he was following a deer with his son Somadatta, and being belated, climbed up into the tree at whose foot Bhuridatta was coiled. In the early morning the Brahman was aroused by the sound of music, and looking, saw Bhuridatta sitting surrounded by his queens, dressed in all their fairy jewels. He went up to Bhuridatta, and said :

“ Who art thou with eyes so red,
Gleaming in thy noble head,
Strong of limb and broad of chest,
Girt with fair ones proudly dressed ?”

To which Bhuridatta made reply :

“ Brahman, I am Bhuridatta,
Son of Raja Dhataratha,
When my eye in anger flashes,
Human realms are burnt to ashes.”

As Bhuridatta could see that this Brahman was a wicked old fellow, likely to betray him to others who would come and injure him whilst fasting (when he would be powerless), he determined to carry him off to Nága land, and endow him with great wealth. He took Somadatta there too, after reciting several stanzas descriptive of the beauties of Serpent-land. The Brahman dwelt there for a long time in great luxury, and Bhuridatta gave him all that he wanted ; but at last a desire to return home and see his wife made him discontented, and he determined to go, notwithstanding Bhuridatta's offer of further wealth. The old Brahman declared all he wanted was to see his wife, and

then turn ascetic ; so Bhuridatta allowed them to depart, telling them that if they changed their minds and came back, he would give them further riches.

The Brahman and his son return home, and on the road see a pond, in which they bathe ; and as soon as they do so all their fancy garments fall off and disappear, and their old clothes are restored to them. Seeing this, Somadatta wept, but his father consoled him by pointing out the pleasure of hunting.

When they got to the house, the Brahman's wife came out to welcome them ; and they told her where they had been, but, on hearing they had brought back none of the splendid things that were given them, and that the old Brahman had even refused a *splendid ruby that would give everything that one wished for*, she flew into a passion, abused her husband, and drove him out of the house.

About that time a Garula¹ (fabulous eagle) was looking out for Nágas (their hereditary enemies), and having seized one, carried it off towards the Himavanta forest. The serpent, in its struggle, caught hold of a banyan-tree in the country of Benares, at the foot of which a hermit was sitting. The Garula carried off both serpent and tree to Himavanta, and, after eating the fat of the serpent, discovered he had brought the tree too. Recognising the tree, he was terrified lest the hermit should lay a curse on him. So he went to the hermit and questioned him as to whether the Garula who carried off the tree was to be blamed. Finding that the hermit was not angry with the Garula, he admitted that it was he who had unwittingly done it, and taught the hermit the charm for subduing serpents.

Not long afterwards, a poor Brahman came to this hermit and served him, and in return the hermit taught him the snake charm. The Brahman then went off, and as he was travelling along one morning, he came across a number of

¹ The Garulas, or Galunas, when they wish to catch a Nága, divide the waters of the sea by flapping their wings over it.

serpent-ladies dancing on the river-bank round the great wishing-ruby. The Nágas, hearing the Brahman reciting the charm, thought it was a Garula, and dived into the earth in a fright, leaving the ruby, which the Brahman at once seized with delight.

Shortly after, he met Nesáda, the hunter, and his son Somadatta, and Nesáda, recognising the ruby which had been offered to him, was seized with a desire to get it from the snake charmer.

He proposes to get it by artifice, but Somadatta will have nothing to say to the matter, rebukes his father for his wickedness in trying to take what he had already refused when it was offered to him, and forsakes his father to become a hermit. Nesáda then goes up to the snake charmer, and asks him what he will take for his ruby; the snake charmer refuses, at first, to part with it, saying:—

“Ne'er will I my ruby barter
For earth's treasures, or for silver;
'Tis a stone of wondrous power,
Such a ruby none can purchase.”¹

On being again pressed by Nesáda to name a price for the ruby, he agrees to give it to the man who can point out to him the King of Serpents. Nesáda, after some further conversation, takes the Brahman to the place where Bhuridatta lies coiled round the ant-hill,² and pointing him out, says:

“Seize, then, the Serpent king,
Give me that jewel:
Like fireflies sparkling
Of that one 's the red head:
Like well-carded cotton,
His body behold there;
He sleeps on the ant-hill.
Fast seize him, O Brahman.”

Bhuridatta opens his eyes, and seeing the two Brahmans,

¹ The conversation is carried on mostly in short verses.

² White-ant hills are a favourite resort of serpents.

immediately takes in the situation, and, after some reflection on the wickedness and treachery of Nesáda, elects to permit himself to be captured rather than give way to passion. The snake-charmer hands over the ruby to Nesáda, when it slips through his fingers and disappears.

The snake-charmer then smears himself with some unguent, and, seizing Bhuridatta by the tail, draws him quickly through the other hand until he grips him by the throat, and then opening his jaws, spits some chewed drugs into his mouth. When the drugs have taken effect he holds him up by the tail and makes him vomit all his food, and then laying him on the ground, kneads him with his feet from the tail towards the head ; he then bangs him on the ground till he is quite limp and almost lifeless, crams him into a small wicker-basket, and goes off to make him perform at the various villages.

The scene now changes back to Serpent-land, where Bhuridatta's mother and wives are alarmed at his not returning home. His brothers come at the usual time to pay their respects to their mother, and, after considerable talking and weeping, his brothers agree to go in search of Bhuridatta.

Sudassana directs Arittha to go to Deva-land, Subhoga to Himavanta, and says he himself will go to the land of men.

A cousin of Bhuridatta, named Ajamukhi, says she will accompany Sudassana, and, as Sudassana is going in the form of a hermit, she changes herself into a frog, and hides in his top knot of hair. Bhuridatta's wives take him to the ant-hill, and there they find the shavings and cuttings of twigs where the snake charmer had made the basket, and feel sure that he has been caught. Sudassana, therefore, goes to the nearest village, and hears that a snake charmer had been there holding a performance, and he follows on from village to village until he gets to the king's city. The snake charmer had just made himself ready to give a performance before the king.

Sudassana mixes in the crowd, and follows. The snake charmer spreads his carpet, puts down his cages, and calls on the great serpent to come forth. Bhuridatta, recognising his brother, came out and made straight towards him. The people ran away, but Sudassana stood firm, and the serpent, having rested his head on Sudassana's instep, returned to his cage.

The snake charmer asked Sudassana if he was bitten, and told him not to be afraid, for he could at once cure him.

Sudassana answered, "Fear not, O snake charmer, thy serpent dared not bite me, for I am a very powerful snake charmer."

The snake charmer gets angry, and wants to know who he is; whereupon Sudassana offers to fight the serpent with his frog for 5,000 pieces of silver.

The snake charmer asks him to put down the money, or get a surety, whereupon Sudassana walks into the palace and gets the king to stand security. Seeing the king come out with Sudassana, the snake charmer tries to frighten Sudassana, but Sudassana tells him his serpent has no poison in his fangs, and cannot hurt.

At this the snake charmer gets more angry, and, after some further talk, Sudassana calls to Ajamukhi, and she hops down into his hand, where she lets fall three drops of poison. Then Sudassana, with a loud voice, cries out, "Now shall this kingdom of Benares be destroyed."

The king asks him to explain himself, and he says he cannot see anywhere that he can throw away the poison so as to prevent its doing harm. If he were to throw it on the earth, all the herbs and trees would be burnt up; if he were to throw it in the water, everything in the water would be killed. On begging him not to destroy the country, Sudassana tells the king to have three holes dug in a row. The first he filled with drugs, the second with cow-dung, and the third with some unknown charm; and, on his casting the three drops of poison into the first hole,

flames burst forth, which passed on to the second hole, and were extinguished in the third. The snake charmer was so terrified that he cried out, "I release the great serpent," and his whole body became a leper as white as snow. Bhuridatta then came forth in his proper form, and Sudasana explains to the king that they are the children of Samuddajá. The king is much pleased, and entertains them, and they all return to Nága land.

Subhoga, in the meantime, had searched the Himavanta forest, and all the seas and rivers, and at last came back to the river Jumna. Nesáda also went down to the Jumna to cleanse himself from the effects of his sin in betraying Bhuridatta, and got to the bathing-place just as Subhoga returned there. Hearing Nesáda's lamentations, he thought, "This is the wretch who caused all the trouble to my brother; I will slay him." So, *circling his tail round Nesáda's legs, he dragged him under the water.* The Brahman, however, got his head above water, and a conversation ensues between them, the result of which is that Subhoga is not clear as to whether it would be right to slay a Brahman, so he takes him away to Nága land, and brings him before Bhuridatta, to see what he says about the matter. Arittha takes the part of the Brahman, and quotes the stanzas which explain how Brahm, the creator, divided men into four classes, viz. : The Brahmans, to teach; the Kshatriyas, to rule; the Vesyas, for cultivating; and the Sudras, to be the slaves of the other three classes. He also adduces other proofs of their value and holiness.

The Bodhisat Bhuridatta then refutes Arittha in a number of stanzas, proving that Brahm is a very poor ruler of the universe if he cannot make everyone happy and eliminate misery altogether.

R. F. ST. ANDREW ST. JOHN.

REPORT ON FOLK-TALE RESEARCH
IN 1889-1890.

1. *Korean Tales* : being a collection of stories translated from the Korean Folk-lore, by H. N. Allen, M.D. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889.
2. *Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales*, by George Bird Grinnell. New York, Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 1889.
3. *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions as told by her Ancient Chroniclers, her Poets and Journalists*, by the Rev. Thomas Parkinson, F.R.Hist.S. 2nd series. London, Elliot Stock, 1889.
4. *Les Contes Moraalisés de Nicole Bozon Frère Mineur*, publiés pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits de Londres et de Cheltenham, par Lucy Toulmin Smith et Paul Meyer. Paris, Firmin Didot et Cie., 1889.
5. *Folk-lore and Legends*, 6 vols., viz. : German, Oriental, Scotland, Ireland, England, Scandinavian. London, W. W. Gibbings, 1889-90.
6. *Myths and Folk-lore of Ireland*, by Jeremiah Curtin. London, Sampson Low and Co., 1890.
7. *English Fairy and other Folk Tales*. Selected and edited, with an Introduction, by Edwin Sidney Hartland. London, Walter Scott, n.d. [1890].
8. *Tales and Legends from the Land of the Tzar* : a collection of Russian Stories. Translated from the original Russian by Edith M. S. Hodgetts. London, Griffith, Farran and Co., 1890.
9. *Tales of the Sun ; or, Folk-lore of Southern India*. Collected by Mrs. Howard Kingscote and Pandit Natèsá Sástri. London, W. H. Allen and Co., 1890.
10. *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition. Argyllshire Series, No. II. Folk and Hero Tales*. Collected, edited, and translated by the Rev. D. MacInnes. With Notes by the Editor and Alfred Nutt. London, Folk-Lore Society, 1890.
11. *The Exempla, or Illustrative Stories from the Sermones Vulgares of Jacques de Vitry*. Edited, with introduction, analysis, and notes, by Thomas Frederick Crane, M.A. London, Folk-Lore Society, 1890.

12. *English Fairy Tales*. Collected by Joseph Jacobs. London, D. Nutt, 1890.
13. *Shadowland in Ellan Vannin; or, Folk-tales of the Isle of Man*, by J. H. Leney (Mrs. J. W. Russell). London, E. Stock, 1890.
14. *The Red Fairy Book*. Edited by Andrew Lang. London, Longmans, Green and Co., 1890.
15. *Kurdische Sammlungen. Zweite Abteilung. Erzählungen und Lieder im Dialekte von Bohtan*. Gesammelt, herausgegeben und übersetzt von Albert Socin. St. Pétersbourg, Commissionnaires de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences, 1890.
16. *Les Chants et les Traditions Populaires des Annamites*, recueillis et traduits par G. Dumontier. Paris, E. Leroux, 1890.
17. *Folk-lore of East Yorkshire*, by John Nicholson. London, Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 1890.
18. *The Women of Turkey and their Folk-lore*, by Lucy M. J. Garnett. *The Christian Women*. London, D. Nutt, 1890.
19. *Volksglaube und religiöser Brauch der Südslaven*. Vorwiegend nach eigenen Ermittlungen von Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss. Münster-i.-W., 1890.
20. *The Testimony of Tradition*, by David MacRitchie. London, Kegan Paul and Co. Limited, 1890.
21. *John Lane's Continuation of Chaucer's "Squire's Tale"*. Edited by Fredk. J. Furnivall, M.A., Hon. Dr. Phil., with Notes on the Magical Elements in Chaucer's "Squire's Tale", and Analogues, by W. A. Clouston. Chaucer Society, 1888, 1890.
22. *Griechische Märchen von dankbaren Tieren und verwandtes*, von August Marx. Stuttgart, W. Kohlhammer, 1889.
23. *Novelline Popolari Sarde*, raccolte e annotate dal Dott. Francesco Mango. Palermo, Carlo Clausen, 1890.
24. *Mamma's Black Nurse Stories*. West Indian Folk-lore, by Mary Pamela Milne-Home. Edinburgh and London, W. Blackwood and Sons, 1890.
25. *The Doyle Fairy Book*; consisting of twenty-nine Fairy Tales, translated from various languages by Anthony R. Montalba, with thirty illustrations by Richard Doyle. London, Dean and Son, 1890.
26. *Beside the Fire*: a collection of Irish Gaelic Folk Stories. Edited, translated, and annotated by Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A., with additional notes by Alfred Nutt. London, David Nutt, 1890.

TO students of folk-tales, the most important event of the year 1890 has been the definite formulation, in the columns of *Milusine*, of the charges against Dr.

Edmund Veckenstedt. In the year 1883, Dr. Veckenstedt published, at Heidelberg, what purported to be a collection of folk-tales of the Zhamaites, a Lithuanian people on the shores of the Baltic, identified with the Samogitians. Doubts had long been hinted by M. Gaidoz as to the real character of this collection ; but there the matter remained. Last year, however, a severe article in *Mélusine* on a subsequent essay by Dr. Veckenstedt called forth from him a retort, which it must be admitted was mere abuse of his distinguished critic. By way of answer to this, in the September-October number of *Mélusine* appeared an article of twenty-four columns by M. J. Carlowicz, a Polish *savant*, containing the following definite charges against Dr. Veckenstedt, which were then for the first time published in a tongue accessible to Western students. M. Carlowicz declares Dr. Veckenstedt to be absolutely ignorant alike of the Zhamaitic speech, and of Polish and Russian. His philologies are pronounced mistaken ; the names of the Zhamaitic deities whom he brings upon the scene are sometimes impossible, sometimes mere blunders, sometimes names of common objects ennobled by capital letters. As often as not the gods and their names are taken from a work by John Lasicki, written in 1580 and printed in 1615, entitled *De diis Samagitarum*, which, under the guise of a Zhamaitic mythology, was a satire upon the superstitions of the Roman Catholic Church. A large portion of Dr. Veckenstedt's work deals with the legends of a mythical king. In 1880 the Doctor had published a volume of Wendish sagas from Lusatia, of which a considerable number were occupied with a mythical king of the Wends. M. Carlowicz gives a long list of identical particulars relating to both these kings, such as the age (fourteen years) of his first manifestation, his curing men and cattle, his reception by his people with scorn and anger, dogs are silenced at the sight of him, he is invulnerable, his boat, his flying chariot, his leathern bridge which twists together at his will, his sword adorned with a serpent, his military manœuvres, his soldiers made of

chopped straw, his cloud-chariot, his death and burial, etc. On these and other similarities of detail it is remarked that "they are something more than the simple parallels with which the comparative mythology of the Aryan peoples deals, and it is especially the great number of these details concentrated on a single theme which can but weaken our faith in the authenticity of the one book or the other, or of both. There exists, indeed, a special relationship between the Slaves and Lithuanians; it is reflected in their languages and also in their myths. But it is the degree of this relationship which here plays the principal part. We willingly admit the existence of features common to the stories of Slaves and Lithuanians, as, for example, in that of the three brothers of whom one is stupid, in that of the man without fear, of Cinderella, etc.; but a legend of a character entirely national supposes a colouring quite different and distinctive—in fact, a national colouring. If we had been told similar tales concerning the kings of the Lithuanians and of the Letts resembling one another as strongly as the Lusatian and Samogitian legends with which Dr. Veckenstedt regales us, we should have expressed doubts; much more, then, when we are asked to believe that the political legends of two peoples, as far apart ethnographically and geographically as the Lithuanians and Lusatians, have a mass of identical details gathered round the single figure of a king. No, it is impossible. Even an elementary knowledge of the things, the places, the men, and the circumstances is enough to enable us to understand that we have here nothing but a mystification, an invention, an imposture." M. Carlowicz, in pressing home this accusation, does not fail to insist upon Dr. Veckenstedt's admission, already seized upon by M. Gaidoz, that he had put these legends into literary shape. While pointing out a number of resemblances, which he contends cannot be fortuitous, to Lasicki's account of the Zhamaite gods, he regrets that the Doctor should have neglected the works of Afanasieff on the Slave

mythology and other learned works which he enumerates, but which are, unfortunately, written in languages unknown to the author of the Zhamaite and Wendish myths. Dr. Veckenstedt boasts that he has unveiled to science more than a hundred figures, before unknown, of Zhamaite mythology and tradition; but an acquaintance with the works referred to would have relieved him from the necessity of so large a creation, for he would there have found more than forty mythical figures undoubtedly known to the modern Lithuanians, and more or less exactly described by different authors.

If it should be asked, how could a man, wholly ignorant of the language of the people whose traditions he professes to have gathered, invent these traditions? M. Carlowicz has his theory ready. He quotes the Abbé Bielenstein, a member of the Society of Lettish Literature at Mitau, to the effect that Dr. Veckenstedt's assistants in the work were his scholars at the *Gymnasium* at Libau, who themselves were very often not proficient in the Lithuanian tongue, and certainly had not sufficient experience; whence too often, without any ill intent, they furnished suspicious materials. It was even said, we are told, that some of these pupils made up the "popular traditions" for their master in the class itself, and during the lesson; and it is positively asserted that Dr. Veckenstedt fixed the number of tales, traditions, etc., which was required by every scholar when he went away for his holidays. If the youth was unable to collect the number allotted to him, he furnished the rest out of his own head. This allegation is supported by extracts from letters from former pupils and others, testifying to Dr. Veckenstedt's ignorance of Lithuanian, and to the fact that the stories were the inventions of his pupils, "especially", says one letter, "of the Jews, who did it to be received into his good graces"; while another letter states that he caused his pupils to relate Lithuanian stories, which he "verified" by comparing them with the writings of Strijkowski and of Narbutt, which were translated for him.

The Abbé Bielenstein is not the only learned man, we are assured, who has denied the authenticity of these tales. Other Slavonic scholars—Bezenberger, Professor Brückner, and Wolter—have expressed more than doubts; and the last-named has publicly called on Dr. Veckenstedt to produce the Lithuanian texts, and to answer twenty-seven questions framed with a view to test their value.

In summarising these grave charges, I have endeavoured to give their substance faithfully, while avoiding, as far as possible, both the philological details, which it would not be possible to give without running to too great a length, and also the tone of sarcasm employed by M. Carlowicz. Whether this tone be justified depends on the accuracy of the accusation. What answer has Dr. Veckenstedt made to it? In the November number of the *Zeitschrift für Volkskunde*, which he edits, he has inserted two pages of small type, wherein he refers to M. Carlowicz's article, not naming him, but describing him as M. Gaidoz's Polish assistant. Dr. Veckenstedt declares at the outset that he is not going to analyse every detail of his article, but only to exhibit enough to prove the slipshod knowledge, untruth, and slanderousness of "the Polish gentleman"; for it is not his custom to reply to every attack, as nobody knows better than "the Polish gentleman", whose article was really written years ago. Coming after awhile to the substance of the charges, he states that no defence is possible to the accusations by his former scholars against their fellow-pupils, since the latter are not named. M. Carlowicz, he says, impugns the credibility of Jews as such; but, talking of credibility, he will give some examples of the credibility of "the Polish gentleman's" friends, Gaidoz, Jahn, and Krauss. The instance given of M. Gaidoz is one concerning an alleged error in the date of the publication of *Mélusine*; and the others are equally important and relevant. He further complains that M. Carlowicz denies the existence of his (Dr. Veckenstedt's) former pupil and present friend, Herr

Fiedorowicz-Weber, because he has failed to trace him, and that he represents the historical connections and the nature of the country of the Zhamaites in a false light in order to discredit his statements. In regard to the charge that he has overlooked a number of genuine mythical figures on which he offers no sagas nor myths, "the Polish gentleman" indirectly admits that he must have taken the figures mentioned in his book from the people rather than from books, since it would have been impossible for him to discover even the names of the figures he has omitted if he did not know a single word of Lithuanian.

He then turns to discuss whether the word Zhamaitite should be written with an *e* or an *a* in the first syllable, and invokes Professor Bezenberger against "the Polish gentleman" on this point, as well as on the existence in popular belief of Pijokas, the demon of the culture-drink, which M. Carlowicz had denied. On the etymology of *Perdoytus* he has a word to say also, arraying on this point Hartknoch, Frenzel, and Schwenck against "the Polish gentleman", who, after all, had no need to prove by this etymology the meanness of his intellect and culture.

This is practically the whole of Dr. Veckenstedt's answer: a defence he himself does not call it. Of the extraordinary parallelisms alleged between his Wendish and his Zhamaitite sagas, of Lasicki, of Wolter's twenty-seven interrogatories, not a syllable! He treats as a charge against nameless pupils one of the most serious charges against himself, and calls it a calumny which the slandered persons cannot answer because no names are mentioned. He plays with the etymology of Zhamaitite and *Perdoytus* when he should be vindicating his own good faith and the authenticity of his books. But Dr. Veckenstedt should understand that a heavy indictment has been laid against him, and that he has been brought to the bar of scientific opinion on the question whether he is an honest man, a distinguished contributor to the sum of anthropological knowledge, or an

ignorant impostor of the type of George Psalmanazar. It is no affair of vulgar abuse, or reckless slander, but distinct and specific charges supported by evidence that must be dealt with. I earnestly hope, I would fain believe, that he has a full and complete refutation to give to these charges. If so, he owes it to science even more than to himself to give it, and to give it quickly. He is the president of a new German Folk-Lore Society, the editor of the *Zeitschrift für Volkskunde*, and he holds a public and responsible position in Germany as a teacher of youth. Trifling with an accusation like the one before us is hardly calculated to inspire confidence in him in either of these capacities.

It is needless for me to disclaim any personal or national feeling; if I had any it would be in Dr. Veckenstedt's favour, as the person attacked. Indeed, were the question a personal one, or even a national one, it would find no place in these pages. But it is far more than personal or national. Folk-lore is a science dealing with phenomena, the evidence of which—especially in the department of Folk-tales—is more liable to distortion, conscious or unconscious, and presents greater opportunities for imposture, especially in this age of literary activity on every side, than many others. It is, therefore, of supreme importance to ensure the good faith, the competence, and the accuracy of collectors; for on these depend the entire conclusions of the science. Dr. Veckenstedt claims to be a collector who has rendered signal service to science. He has, he tells us, discovered for science more than a hundred figures of Lithuanian deities previously unknown. Results so amazing naturally challenge scepticism; and it is but reasonable that they should be submitted to the most searching scrutiny. Truth can only shine the clearer for such a scrutiny; and to refuse, or parry, inquiry is to take up the weapons and resort to the tactics of error, if not of imposture. Far be it from me to suggest that Dr. Veckenstedt is guilty of imposture: I only desire to point out that the scientific public has a right to know every detail of

the facts connected with the collection and record of these, and all other, items of folk-lore, and that the more remarkable, the more unusual, the phenomenon recorded, the more careful must the collector be, not only to record it accurately, but also to preserve and present to the world every possible means of verification. When Mr. Campbell, Dr. Pitré, M. Luzel, or M. Sébillot obtains a folk-tale, he sets down when, where, to whom and by whom it was told, the age, occupation, and culture of the teller, and so far as is possible similar particulars concerning the person from whom the teller professes to have heard it; and the two former collectors give all their important stories in the language or dialect in which they were told, with a view to preserving the very words uttered. It is thus open to anyone who desires, and is able to do so, to verify the phenomena for himself. This course inspires confidence; and since it is not the method adopted by Dr. Veckenstedt, and since, moreover, he admits a certain amount of literary manipulation, he must not be surprised or offended at doubts concerning his alleged discoveries. He has done nothing in seven years to remove those doubts, and they have grown into charges. Unless he hasten fully and completely to answer the charges, they will stiffen into certainties, which will not only overwhelm Dr. Veckenstedt, but (a much greater thing) be in danger of throwing discredit upon the science of folk-lore itself.

The long list of books at the head of this paper shows that, during the twelve or eighteen months ended in December last, the business of folk-tale collection and publication went briskly on. The collections may be divided into four classes, namely:—

- I. Stories for the first time taken down from oral tradition, consisting of Nos. 2, 6, 10, 16, 23, and 24 of the list.
- II. Stories all previously on record, consisting of Nos. 1, 4, 5, 7, 11, 14, and 25.
- III. Stories, some of which are taken down for the first

time, and the remainder of which are republished, consisting of Nos. 8, 9, 12, 15, and 26.

IV. Stories wrought up for literary purposes, consisting of Nos. 3 and 13.

To these four classes must be added a fifth, in which stories are included among general collections of folk-lore, comprising Nos. 17, 18, and 19.

Of the collections containing stories direct from oral traditions, it must be confessed that not more than two or three of them reach the high standard of Campbell, Pitré, Luzel, and Sébillot, in the precision with which their authorities are recorded. Mr. MacInnes' *Folk and Hero Tales* is one of these. It is in the hands of every member of the Society, and has doubtless by this time received the study it so well deserves. From the mode of presentation, as well as the substance of the stories, this book is probably the most valuable contribution of the year 1890 to folk-tale research, and its worth has been greatly enhanced by the notes contributed by Mr. Alfred Nutt. These notes deal with the separate story incidents, and with details of manner, like the "runs", which are a little apt to be overlooked in our preoccupation with the incidents, but which are important elements to be taken into account in estimating the authenticity and age of a document offered as a folk-tale. Mr. Nutt's timely note, or rather essay, on the "Development of the Fenian or Ossianic Saga", will repay careful study as a piece of scientific reasoning and a keen, though moderate, criticism of Dr. Skene's position with regard to the Irish texts, and Mr. MacRitchie's crude and unscientific, but ably advocated, theory on the Fairy Mythology.

So complete an account of Mr. Curtin's *Myths and Folk-lore of Ireland* has recently been given by Mr. Nutt in these pages that it is unnecessary for me to do more than express the hope that a second edition will soon be called for, and that Mr. Curtin will then give the information

as to the narrators which ought to have been affixed to every tale.

The *Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-tales*, published by Mr. Grinnell, are very valuable, as giving us an authentic glimpse of the traditions and mode of life (for the author has added a number of interesting anthropological notes) of a North-American tribe, of which only too little is known. In my report last year I drew attention to the importance of the historical, as well as the mythical, traditions of the Maoris. One section of Mr. Grinnell's book is devoted to corresponding Pawnee traditions, called by him "Hero Stories". The mythical traditions deal chiefly with the relations conceived to exist between men and the lower animals. Two of them narrate the origin of the bear and deer dances. Others are legends of persons who have died and been restored to life. None can safely be overlooked by students of savage thought.

M. Dumontier has included a dozen stories in his Annamite collection, which is of much inferior interest to those of Landes and Des Michels, and, indeed, if tales only be considered, to his own previous *Légendes Historiques de l'Annam et du Tonkin*. The tradition of the first man is curious, the human race, according to it, being derived from a man who was hatched from a square egg dropped by a bird, one of a pair produced from a tree. Three of the stories are comic; one turning on the effect of a mirror on persons who had never seen such a thing before, another an analogue of the barber's blind brother in the *Arabian Nights*, and the third a well-known variant of "The Three Wishes". We have also a Travelling Deity story, a story of a brother and sister who married without being aware of their kinship, and two stories turning on the superstition that he who succeeded in placing his father's bones inside the mouth of a subaqueous dragon would become a king. The remainder are beast tales, one of which—"The Opium-smoker and the Tiger"—is obviously of quite modern origin.

New ground, or almost new ground, has been broken by Dr. Francesco Mango in his *Sardinian Folk-tales*. Twelve or fourteen folk-tales from the island of Sardinia at most had previously appeared in black and white, of which eleven were published in early volumes of the *Archivio*, and one is practically inaccessible to English students, having been printed in a limited edition on the occasion of Prof. Guarnerio's wedding. Dr. Mango mentions also two others by Prof. Bariola, but where and when they were published he does not say. It is to us a curious custom, that of printing a tale in a dainty little pamphlet as a wedding compliment; but it is common among folk-lore students in Italy, and quite a number have thus appeared. Only a few of these have been translated by Prof. Crane in his *Italian Popular Tales*. He seems to have access, in that wonderful library at Harvard, to them all. Could he not be induced by the Council of the Folk-Lore Society to add to our heavy debt to him by translating the rest for the pages of FOLK-LORE? This is by the way. The book before us consists of twenty-six tales in their original dialect, followed by literal translations. Dr. Mango only names one of the peasants from whom he and his two fair assistants obtained them. The difficulties of collection, he says, were so great that he would have abandoned the enterprise but for the help and encouragement of Dr. Pitré, under whose editorship the volume appeared. The stories are obviously genuine, and they present some interesting variants of well-known themes.

A portion of Mrs. Milne-Home's little book consists of a reprint of the Ananci stories somewhat incongruously appended to Sir G. W. Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*. The remainder is new, and comprises fourteen stories, chiefly variants of Uncle Remus' collection, where the part of Brer Rabbit is played by the Anansi. Brother Death, however, is a new character in such a company. The introduction deserves to be read for the writer's observations on the negro customs and superstitions in Jamaica,

and on the modifications undergone by the stories to adapt them to West Indian surroundings. Here, again, no particulars of the mode of collection are given.

Mr. Allen's *Korean Tales*, though placed before Western readers for the first time, are translated from a literary original. There can be little doubt, however, as to their being at bottom traditional. The series opens with a few beast tales, whence we pass to "The Enchanted Wine-jug", in which an old man is befriended by a Travelling Deity, to whom he had shown kindness, and who in return gifts him with an amulet that causes his wine-jug never to be empty. The story concerns the loss of the amulet, and its recovery by his two faithful servants, his cat and dog, at the expense, however, of perpetual enmity between cats and dogs ever since. Among the other stories is one of two brothers, one rich and covetous, the other poor and virtuous; and another illustrating the power of fate, in which we read of the son of a nobleman's concubine who is cast out and joins a band of robbers, but ultimately makes his peace with the king, and, by supernatural aid, conquers an island for himself, rescuing a fair maiden with the usual result. The stories are preceded by an interesting account of Korea.

It is not easy to know for what purpose the collection entitled *Folk-lore and Legends* has been published, beyond that of producing pleasant little books good in print and paper, and suitable for whiling away an idle hour. At all events, it contains little or nothing that the student will not easily find elsewhere. It only purports to be "a selection", and no hint is afforded as to the source of any of the tales, except in the Scandinavian volume, where half-a-dozen purport to be taken from the Prose Edda. This precludes all scientific use of the volumes. And yet the author is evidently impressed with a genuine love of folk-tales, and has some knowledge of the subject. He might do good work, if he would go about it in the right way.

Prof. Crane's edition of *The Exempla of Jacques de Vitry*,

on the other hand, is one of the most valuable books issued by the Folk-Lore Society. It forms an admirable companion-volume to the *Contes Moralisés* of Nicholas Bozon, put forth a few months earlier by the Société des Anciens Textes Français, under the editorship of Miss Toulmin Smith and M. Paul Meyer. The introduction to the latter work, written by M. Paul Meyer, is learned and judicial; and it would have been still more complete had he been able to refer to Mr. Jacobs' edition of *The Fables of Æsop*, reported on last year. The notes to both the *Exempla* and the *Contes Moralisés* greatly enhance their usefulness. Those of Prof. Crane display wider research in the literary history of the fable, and his whole book is a model of editing. I may note, incidentally, that the thirteenth example, that of the mouse in the dish, has survived in England as a traditional apologue until the present day. I remember my own nurse, a Cambridgeshire woman, often repeating it to me as a child. Prof. Crane notices its survival in Italy, but he refers to no case in England, nor to any English writer who has mentioned it beside Swift.

Miss Hodgetts leaves us to find out which of the items included in her *Tales and Legends from the Land of the Tsar* are translations from existing collections. Some of them are easily recognised from Mr. Ralston's versions, and it was hardly necessary to present them afresh to English readers. Much more real service would have been done had she taken the trouble to give us chapter and verse for all that she has obtained from Afanasief and other writers, and stated concerning the rest when, where, and from whom she heard them. Thus much said, however, let me hasten to add that thirty of the eight-and-thirty stories here brought together are new, in their Russian form, to English readers; and there are few English men or women who have the opportunity of obtaining Russian folk-tales at first hand. To those who have the opportunity and use it, we may well be grateful.

In *Tales of the Sun*, Mrs Howard Kingscote has com-

mitted the same fault as Miss Hodgetts. Indeed, she admits that she only obtained the stories which are her contribution to the volume from the old women in the bazaars, through her native servants—of what town she carefully refrains from telling us. It is evident that the collection would have been of little value had it not been for Pandit Natêsa Sástri's help; and Mrs. Kingscote has done wisely in retaining Mr. Clouston's long and important note on "The King and his Four Ministers" (here given under the name of "The Lost Camel and other Tales"), as well as the smaller notes by Mr. Clouston and Captain Temple to Pandit Sástri's tales. The remaining notes are presumably to be attributed to Mrs. Kingscote herself. They are short and to the point. Altogether, folk-lore students will not regret to have this supplement to the folk-lore of Southern India already published by Pandit Sástri, though it is much to be regretted that we are not even told to which of the numerous populations of that land we are indebted for the various tales.

English Fairy Tales is the first form of the first instalment of Mr. Jacobs' promised collection of English folk-tales, and the most delightful book of fairy tales, taking form and contents together, ever presented to children. Of its abundant popularity among the public to which it is specially addressed, nobody who has made the experiment will doubt. Treating it from a scientific point of view, it may be said to consist of forty-three tales, roughly divisible into twenty *märchen*, four sagas, seven drolls, three cumulative tales, two beast tales, and seven nonsense tales, tales working up to a climax of comic grimace, and so forth, classes for which specific names have yet to be found. One of these, "The Three Bears," Mr. Jacobs says, is of literary origin, having been invented by Southey. This statement requires some qualification. The likeness of the plot to a portion of the tale of "Little Snow-white", and the identity of some of the phrases, render it probable that the most that can be attributed to Southey is the giving of

a new turn to a well-known *märchen*. I must also make a protest on another point. Glad as I shall be to find that the opinion I ventured to express in the introduction to *English Fairy and other Folk Tales*, that the *märchen* recorded in England are very few, is unfounded, still I must, in all fairness, object to the inclusion among English fairy tales of some that Mr. Jacobs has added to his list. It may be probable—nay, I think we may assume as certain—that the stories of “Nicht Nought Nothing”, “Childe Rowland”, “The Red Etin”, and others, were in substance told in England generations ago. This is, however, a mere inference; and we do not know in what precise form they were repeated to our forefathers. It may have been that in which they are here presented: it is equally likely not to have been. Again, Mr. Jacobs has paraphrased ballads in order to obtain some of his stories, like “Binnorie”, “The Laidly Worm”, “Earl Mar’s Daughter”. Here, again, there can be little doubt that the stories once existed in other forms than verse; nor would it be reasonable to complain of their being put into prose for the purpose of the present volume. But it must not be forgotten that these prose versions are not themselves genuine folk-tales, but only literary reconstructions which may be more or less accurate. The careful and scholarly notes appended to the book display with frankness the alterations Mr. Jacobs has deemed proper to make for the little ones of the present day, and give us a slight foretaste of the banquet he is preparing “for students only”.

Of *The Red Fairy Book* I need only say that it is a worthy companion to *The Blue Fairy Book*, published last year. The stories are, except “Jack and the Beanstalk”, from foreign, and some of them from unfamiliar, sources, and so will be the more welcome to the audience to whom they are addressed—the same audience as that to which *English Fairy Tales* is intended to appeal. May both editors succeed in making many youthful disciples, to

become in future years enthusiastic recruits for the Folk-Lore Society!

The second part of the *Kurdish Collections* of MM. Prym and Socin consists of tales and songs in the dialect of Bohtan translated by M. Socin. Nearly all of these are from written originals, and most of them are tribal or religious sagas. Literary influences have been at work on them for many a year; but they are by no means without interest for students of the problems of the diffusion of folk-tales. The wild exaggerations of oriental fancy, still more marked perhaps in the Siberian collection published by M. Radloff, in whose footsteps the present editor walks, are here abundantly exemplified. The poetical provenance of the tales is evidenced by the sad catastrophes which close them, as well as by the verbiage wherein they are clad. The first tale is noticeable as repeating the incident which opens the immortal story of "Camaralzaman and Badoura".

A book half the size of Mr. Parkinson's *Yorkshire Legends and Traditions*, omitting all the verses and rhetorical clap-trap, might be made of some scientific value if care were taken to specify the source of each tradition, and, where possible, to obtain it direct from the mouths of the natives. Many of the traditions are still living, as Mr. Nicholson has shown in his *Folk-lore of East Yorkshire*—a better book in every way, though one that still leaves much to be desired as to exactness of record. Some of the narratives Mr. Nicholson gives are very interesting: among these may be mentioned the legend of Willey How, which is told, first of all, by William of Newbridge. In Willey How the fairies had their dwelling; but I may state, for the information of Mr. MacRitchie, that the How in question was never in fact inhabited either by the living or the dead. Lord Londesborough caused it to be opened in the year 1857, but found nothing. Thirty years later Canon Greenwell reopened it, and ascertained that, in spite of its size and the enormous care evidently bestowed upon

its construction, it was merely a cenotaph. A grave there was, sunk more than twelve feet deep in the chalk rock; but no corporeal tenant had ever occupied it. Picts and Finns were alike foreign to it; yet here is a legend just like some of those Mr. MacRitchie relies on, of a fairy festival within its earthen walls, which has persisted to our certain knowledge for seven hundred years. I have dealt elsewhere with Mr. MacRitchie's book, and have no intention of discussing it again. It is an argument to prove a thesis quite untenable, namely, that the fairies of tradition were the prehistoric, dwarfish, races of Northern Europe driven out by the ancestors of the present peoples. In Scotland and Ireland, the author tells us, these races were called Picts and Finns, and they inhabited barrows, such as are still known in Scotland as Picts' Houses. Many of these barrows seem, in fact, to have been used as residences: to some of them fairy traditions yet cling, and they are quoted by Mr. MacRitchie in proof of his position. The legend of Willey How is an instance of a tradition of this kind, attaching with great persistency to a barrow that never was a place of human abode; and it is not an unfair test of the value of the evidence Mr. MacRitchie brings forward to support this branch of his argument.

Of Miss Garnett's book on *The Christian Women of Turkey*, it will be enough to say here that the folk-tales it contains were all, or nearly all, previously in print, though scarcely any of them were known to English readers. They are all interesting, and their importance is enhanced by the full and vivid account of native life and superstitions in which they are embedded. Dr. Krauss has included a number of sagas illustrative of South Slavonic superstitions in his work on that subject. The narratives have been gathered at first hand, and the particulars relative to them are carefully recorded.

The Doyle Fairy Book and (except for the last chapter) *Shadowland in Ellan Vannin* hardly fall within the limits

of this report. The chief point of the former is the illustrations by the late Richard Doyle, repeatedly recalling the same artist's design for the cover of *Punch*. The latter book causes me to regret that with Mrs. Russell's abilities, opportunities, and enthusiasm, she has not given us a collection of the genuine and unadorned folk-lore, all duly ticketed and pigeon-holed, of the island she loves so well. It is not too late to hope that she may be induced to make so desirable a contribution to science. Waldron's is the only book on the subject, for the chapters given by Train are somewhat grudgingly devoted to it in a larger work; and Waldron labours under the difficulty of having written in a pre-scientific age. From *The Decmster* we learned what wealth lay buried in the mountain recesses of the Isle of Man; and Mrs. Russell's little book confirms the knowledge. But in neither case is the store, by its form, available for students, save in Mrs. Russell's last chapter, however, where she gives an account of a few superstitions, and relates some stories not hitherto recorded; but they, alas! only whet the appetite.

I have left but little space to deal with Mr. Clouston's treatise (for this it is) on Chaucer's "Squire's Tale", and Herr Marx's work on *Greek Folk-tales of Grateful Beasts*. The importance of the former will be understood when I say that Mr. Clouston has filled more than two hundred pages with abstracts of analogues of the tale and of the various magical instruments—horses, chariots, mirrors, images, rings, gems, swords, and spears—with which it is concerned. He has ransacked literature and tradition, with a result that every one who knows his writings would have anticipated. The reader is presented with a cyclopædia of information; and the pity is that it is intended only for the members of the Chaucer Society, for it is worthy of a wider audience. Incidentally Mr. Clouston administers a rebuke to the late Sir R. F. Burton for his "explanation" of the ebony horse in the Arabian tale as simply Pegasus, "which", Sir Richard lucidly declares, "is a Greek

travesty of an Egyptian myth developed in India"! In emphatically repudiating this "explanation", Mr. Clouston, as most readers of this review will be glad to learn, states his belief that the identities found in savage folk-lore with the mythologies of ancient nations and the folk-lore of modern Europe and Asia, are impossible to explain by any theory of transmission, and therefore "have been independently developed by widely different and widely separated races in similar conditions of life, and having more or less similar modes of thought".

Herr Marx has studied with great care and acuteness the literary history of ancient Greek folk-tales concerning Grateful Beasts. The chief animals dealt with are the dolphin, eagle, stork, lion, dog, horse, elephant, and snake. The last-named is studied with special fulness, and should not be overlooked by any one interested in the relations of snakes with the spirits of the dead. The author is by no means a partisan of the Buddhist origin of the Grateful Beast; on the contrary, he maintains, in opposition even to Benfey, that the fable of the Lion and the Mouse originated in Greece, and migrated to India, where the lion's part is played by an elephant.

The preceding paragraphs had all been written when Mr. Douglas Hyde's *Beside the Fire* was issued. The key-note of Dr. Hyde's work is struck in one of his opening-pages. "The folk-lore of Ireland", he says, "remains practically unexploited and ungathered. Attempts have been made from time to time during the present century to collect Irish folk-lore, but these attempts, though interesting from a literary point of view, are not always successes from a scientific one." The attempt before us is on scientific lines. It consists of fifteen stories, six of which are given in their native Irish, with translations opposite, according to the plan adopted by Campbell and MacInnes; and the remainder are from an Irish work by the same author previously published. All of them are chosen "on account of their dissimilarity to any published Highland tales, for, as

a general rule, the main body of tales in Ireland and Scotland bear a very near relation to each other". This principle of selection adds to the importance of the book, which thus gives us a better notion of the vast wealth of Celtic tradition. Some of the illustrations it affords of the fairy superstitions, like that of "Leeam O'Rooney's Burial", are especially valuable. Dr. Hyde's Preface, and Mr. Alfred Nutt's Postscript, contain a discussion deserving of careful consideration concerning the relations of bardic stories, and of heroic sagas in general, to folk-tales. It is to be regretted that Mr. Nutt was unable to comment on the stories themselves so fully as he intended. Perhaps we may hope for a further instalment of tales from Dr. Hyde. So able and conscientious a collector is wanted to gather the folk-lore of Ireland and give it to the world before it vanishes away with the language.

Let me, in conclusion, quote two sentences from an article in the first volume of the FOLK-LORE RECORD, by the late Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, whose loss we have so much cause continually to regret. "It is impossible", he says, "to impress too strongly on collectors the absolute necessity of accurately recording the stories they hear, and of accompanying them by ample references for the sake of verification. The temptation to alter, to piece together, and to improve, is one which many minds find extremely seductive, but yielding to it deprives the result of any value, except for purposes of mere amusement." Would that these golden words could be written on the conscience of every one who goes about to publish a book of folk-tales! Thirteen years have passed since they were first penned, but, if we may judge by the works mentioned in this report, how few have yet taken them to heart!

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE next number of FOLK-LORE, for June, will contain the conclusion of Dr. Gaster's paper on the Holy Grail; Mr. Jacobs's paper on "Childe Rowland"; Rev. F. Sibree on "The Folk-lore of Malagasy Birds"; and Mr. Cecil Smith's Report on Greek Archæology.

THE date of the Folk-lore Congress has been slightly advanced. The meetings will be held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, which have been kindly placed at the disposal of the Congress by the Society. The first meeting will be held on Thursday, 1st October.

A NUMBER of foreign folk-lorists have expressed their intention of attending the Congress, some coming from as far as Russia and Finland.

DR. WESTERMARCK, the Finnish scholar, will shortly publish a work on Primitive Marriage. The learned Doctor writes in English, and publishes with Messrs. Macmillan. Dr. E. Tylor has been for some time engaged on a somewhat similar topic, and is also approaching a stage of his inquiries at which publication will be possible.

THE *Handbook of Folk-lore* has nearly run out of print. Preparations are being made for a second edition. Copies are placed at the disposal of travellers to unexplored regions by the Royal Geographical Society.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for closer relations being established between the Folk-Lore Society and the local antiquarian societies throughout the kingdom.

A CONFERENCE will shortly be held between representative members of the Folk-Lore Society and of the Anthropological Institute, to settle certain questions of common interest to the two Societies.

MEETINGS have been held on January 16th, when a paper was read by Rev. F. Sibree on "The Folk-lore of Malagasy Birds", and on February 18th, when Mr. Alfred Nutt discussed "Recent Theories on the Arthurian Romances". Members of the Cymmrodorion Society were also invited to attend Mr. Nutt's lecture.

IT is proposed in future to read short papers before the paper of the evening at the meetings of the Society. Members desiring to put queries on subjects they are studying may also adopt this method of making known their wants to the Society.

THE first number of the new journal of the new German Folk-lore Society, *Zeitschrift der Vereins für Volkskunde*, is now before us. It is practically a continuation of the *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie* of Profs. Steinthal and Lazarus, but its scope has been widened till it includes all folk-lore, and more also. Thus, costume, philology, dialects, will receive attention in its pages, as well as customs, tales, institutions, and myths. The programme is wide, the workers are able, may the result be commensurate with their skill and lofty aims.

THE list of members of the new German *Verein für Volkskunde* reminds us that they do some things better in Germany. The list is crowded with names of professors, some of them, like Grimm (Hermann), Lazarus, Möbins, Steinthal, Virchow, of European reputation. Among the 150 names already enrolled, at least two-thirds are of Academic standing. Would that the English Universities would follow suit!

THE appearance of another part of Prof. Child's exhaustive work on English and Scotch Ballads deserves additional record to the bare mention of the Bibliography. No other country of Europe has so complete a record of its ballad store so adequately commented upon.

THE *Panjab Notes and Queries*, which did such good work under Captain (now Major) Temple, but was discontinued in 1887, is to be revived under the title *North Indian Notes and Queries*.

COMMUNICATIONS for the next (June) number should reach the Office of FOLK-LORE, 270, Strand, W.C., before May 1st.

REVIEW.

THE SCIENCE OF FAIRY TALES: an Inquiry into Fairy Mythology. By E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A. (W. Scott.)

MR. HARTLAND'S volume would deserve notice, if for nothing else, as the work of the most learned English student of the Folk-tale. He has at command the whole literature of a subject which nowadays ranges over all languages, and makes its appearance in the most unexpected quarters. One consequence of this is, that, in his study of any particular tale or group of tales, Mr. Hartland deals with the whole mass of ascertainable facts; his inductions are of the widest, and consequently his inferences, according to the logician, should be of the soundest. Another point, too, which should be noticed in his method, is the constant criticism to which he submits his materials. No tale is allowed to rank as a genuine folk-tale that cannot give date and place for its existence among the folk. We poor caterers for the depraved taste of the juvenile public, who write at home at ease, are warned off from the very threshold of the inquiry. This is indeed as it should be: this is in truth a science of folk-tales.

It is, however, only with one department of that science that Mr. Hartland deals on the present occasion. When he speaks of fairy tales, he, strange to say, means what he says, and does not use the term in that vague and unscientific way that the aforesaid popular caterers indulge in. By fairy tales our writer means tales *about* fairies, and his work treats of five groups of tales that deal with the manners and ways of the fairy people as conceived by the folk. Fairies love their lords, and require the assistance of

human Mrs. Gamps. Fairies take fancies to human infants, and exchange their own brats for the babies. Humans obtain various gifts from Fairyland by stealth or gift. Humans can enter the land of Faerie, but find time passes only too pleasantly and swiftly within its confines. Human lovers can get fairy wives by robbing them of their fairy robes or "husks." These five *Topica*—Fairy Births and Human Midwives, Changelings, Robberies from Fairyland, the Supernatural Lapse of Time in Fairyland, and Swan-maidens—these form Mr. Hartland's themes. What has his science to say of them? This leads on to another question: What does he seek to find in them? What, in other words, is his problem?

Mr. Hartland seeks origins; we are all on the scent for origins nowadays. How did these curious ideas about a fairy world, where things are other than they seem, where no Newton has discovered a law of gravitation, where time has wings and clocks spell years for minutes, where human beings lose their sense of time, and fairy maidens doff their quaint garbs—how did mankind come to think such things? Mr. Hartland answers in short: men have been savages, and savages regard all these things as natural, just as much a part of the normal course of things as marrying many wives or eating human beings for food. Civilised men have grown out of all these things, but—here is the important point—civilised mankind has passed through them all. The fairy world is a survival of savage imagination, and the science of fairy tales consists in tracing these survivals.

So far, Mr. Hartland is only applying to a well-defined group of tales the method first suggested, as far as I know, by Mr. J. H. Farrer in his "Savage Life", but developed and made popular by the keen insight and literary skill of Mr. Andrew Lang. So far as this theory professes to explain the origin of ideas occurring in folk-tales that are manifestly absurd, yet equally manifestly believed in, it has won the battle all down the line. Men changed to beasts, beasts

turned to men, dead men resuscitated, human beings sleeping for centuries—these things never were on sea or land, and belief in them must be due to a state of mind which no longer exists among civilised folk—they are savage in origin. So far so good ; so far we are all, or nearly all, agreed. But when the further question is asked—Does the modern existence of tales embodying these ideas necessarily involve the existence of those beliefs among the nations where the tales are now found?—here we reach a point where we must distinguish. To invent such stories *au sérieux* requires no doubt a belief in the ideas underlying them. But merely to take them and hand them on as stories when once invented, does not necessarily involve such an active belief in metamorphosis, totemism, and the rest. The stories cannot, therefore, be used as archæological evidence of the beliefs in the countries where they are found, unless we can be certain that they originated there. In other words, the problem of diffusion is of prior urgency to that of origin.

Mr. Hartland does not think so. He does not consider it necessary to take into account the possibility of a story having been diffused from a single centre before discussing what it means. If stories are found alike, whether in adjacent or distant countries, it was the similarity of the human minds producing them that produced the similarity. Against this is the fact that adjacent countries do as a matter of fact have a larger common store of tales than distant ones. There are more tales in common between Denmark and Scotland, say, than between Scotland and Russia. Again, while single incidents may have arisen independently in different countries, the weaving of them into a connected story, with incident following incident in the same order, this cannot have happened casually, as Mr. Lang and Mr. Hartland would contend. And if they point to a few cases where such series of incidents—*e.g.*, the Jason and Medea type—occur in widely remote districts where diffusion by borrowing seems impossible, I would turn the tables,

and produce the same as proofs of the insidiousness of diffusion. Thus, to take an example from Mr. Hartland's book, if the celebrated test for the fairy changeling—laughter at water boiled in egg-shells—were found in Japan I should not be content to say that the similarity of the Japanese mind had produced a similar story. I should try and trace where the story first arose. That test, one may safely say, was never invented twice.

On the important subject of method—and it is a sign of youth and vigour in a science for its methods to be still undetermined—I venture therefore to disagree with Mr. Hartland. But this by no means causes me to overlook the grasp of material and skill of arrangement shown in his book. His choice of subject, too, argues great judgment. Fairy tales, properly so called, *i.e.*, tales about fairies, are not so much stories as incidents. Hence the Casual Method, as I would venture to call it, can deal with these anecdotes without raising the inconvenient question of diffusion. It would have been impossible, I should fancy, to deal with even any one of the types of story—*e.g.*, Puss-in-Boots—with anything like the same detail as is shown here, without raising the question of diffusion. Mr. Lang's sketches in his *Perrault* were only sketches after all, and scarcely touched the crucial problems of the subject.

Mr. Hartland dismisses rather cavalierly Mr. MacRitchie's "realistic" theory of the origin of fairies, rather too cavalierly, I think. His chief argument against it is, that where you find stories of fairies, you ought to find traces of Finns. To that there is a twofold answer. First, the stories may have been brought from places where there had been Finns. Secondly, in nearly all places where such stories are told the present inhabitants have been preceded by a shorter race, whom they have exterminated. Tradition about these autochthones might give rise to fairy tales in Mr. Hartland's sense of the word.

I have only touched on Mr. Hartland's main topics; to

go into detail on his many interesting suggestions, notably that on Lady Godiva, which is somewhat dragged into the book, would be beyond the purpose of this notice. I desire to welcome, in as warm terms as possible, the first serious attempt in English to deal with fairy mythology in a sufficiently wide induction of the facts. Mr. Hartland's conclusions are, I think, only part of the truth; but his facts and his arrangement of them must form the basis of future investigation into the subject for a good while to come.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MODERN GREEK FOLK-LORE.

To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.

SIR,—I may mention, with regard to Mr. Frazer's note on "May Day in Greece" (vol. i, p. 519), a curious custom which exists in Calymnos, and possibly elsewhere. Everyone must eat figs on the 1st of May, otherwise they will be bitten by a donkey. Why a donkey, I cannot tell.

The custom of jumping over fires on St. John's Eve alluded to by Mr. Frazer, is universal in Greece. The reason for so doing is the same as that given in many other countries: it is to protect oneself from fleas.

With regard to the same writer's remarks on "Pythagorean Maxims" (vol. i, p. 148), is it certain that the precept, *μη̄ ἐσθίειν ἀπὸ δίφρου* (this is the MS. reading in *Plutarch*, p. 290c, ἐπὶ in the other passage, p. 354b), means, "Do not eat in a chariot"? I should suppose that it means, "Do not eat of food placed on a stool": it would thus be closely connected with the other precept, "Do not sit on a bushel," with which Plutarch twice couples it.

W. R. PATON.

Grandhome, Aberdeen.

SIR,—The Greek May-day song, contributed by Mr. Frazer to the last number of FOLK-LORE, is almost identical with one sung in Epirus, and included in my translations of *Greek Folk-songs*, edited by Mr. Stuart-Glennie (1885 and 1888). The last ten lines of the Corfu song are not given by Aravaudinos, whose version I followed, simply because they are a common form appended

to all festival-songs which are sung for *largesse* before the doors of wealthy houses. I venture to think, however, that Mr. Frazer's informant is wrong in saying that "the festival of the First of May originated in Corcyra during the time of the Venetian domination". For May-day is celebrated with songs and floral rites similar to those he describes, not only in the Greek kingdom generally, but throughout Turkey, and the custom is evidently an extremely ancient one, dating back to pagan times.

The St. John's Eve customs alluded to by Mr. Frazer may be found fully described in *The Women of Turkey* (p. 120); as also what he terms the "rain-charm" (*Perperià* or *Perperóima*), with the invocation sung on the occasion (p. 123), both observances being common throughout the East.

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

STORY OF THE GIRL WHO PLUCKED OUT HER OWN EYES.

To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.

SIR,—The Zanzibarí parallel to the story in the *Exempla* of Jacques de Vitry—which Etienne de Bourbon took into his *Liber de Donis*, etc.—of the devout girl who plucked out her eyes, which had caused a man to become enamoured of her, given by Miss Barclay in the last number of FOLK-LORE (vol. i, p. 515), is very interesting. The same legend is told of St. Bridget, for which see *Three Middle-Irish Homilies*, by Mr. Whitley Stokes (p. 65), and it is probably of Buddhist extraction. With a royal ascetic in place of a girl, a similar story is told in the famous Hindú collection, *Kathá Sarit Ságara* (Ocean of the Streams of Narrative), to this effect :

A prince, who had abandoned his kingdom and become a wandering ascetic, entered the house of a merchant one

day to ask alms, and the young wife of the merchant, on seeing him, exclaimed, "How came such a handsome man as you to undertake such a severe vow as this? Happy is the woman who is gazed upon with such eyes as yours!" Upon this the begging ascetic tore out one eye and asked her what there was in it to be so attractive. He then told the lady a story of a hermit who conquered his anger, after which she bowed before him; and he, being regardless of his body, lovely though it was, passed on to perfection.

It is well known that Christian hagiology is largely indebted to Indian, and especially to Buddhist, writings. Even before the commencement of our era the mild and benevolent doctrines of the illustrious Siddhartha had found their way into Europe.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

P.S.—In my paper on "The Frog Prince", in the last number of FOLK-LORE (vol. i), I find two errors which may as well be corrected:

Page 497, top line, *for* "William of Malmesbury" *read* "Sir John Mandeville"—the reference to the 1725 ed. is all right.

Page 503, last line, *for* "German" *read* "Scotch".

IRISH TALES AMONG THE REDSKINS.

To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.

DEAR SIR.—The following extracts from letters recently received may be of interest. Dr. Douglas Hyde writes from Fredericton, New Brunswick, where he has been passing the winter:—

"You will be interested to hear that I got many curious parallels to my Irish stories from the Indians. I was out hunting cariboo with three of them for a fortnight at Christmas, and though I could not get a story, good or bad, from them in their own houses, yet I got a number round the camp fire every evening, and told them in return every story in my *répertoire*, to their great

delight. Many of their stories were certainly derived from Gaelic or French sources, from the Hudson Bay *voyageurs*, probably, most of whom were Scotch. The purely Indian stories, they said, they could not tell properly in English; and though I learned a lot of their language, I could not understand them."

A propos of Dr. Hyde's own book (*Beside the Fire*), the Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver writes to me:—

"Dr. Hyde's *Leabhar Sgeulaighteachta* caused a great stir last summer in Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Galway, etc., and the school-boys who had copies were sent for to read it to the men in the fields during the dinner-hour, and all over the country at night.

"Hyde is somewhat of a pessimist about the future of the Irish language. The language and the folk-lore will live on for another half century in any case."

These facts are of considerable importance in discussing the vexed question of the transmission of tales. Dr. Hyde's statement should be carefully considered by all students of modern collections of Indian legends. I confess it confirms suspicions I have long had with regard to Mr. Leland's Algonquin collection. It may be said that Dr. Hyde, an experienced and enthusiastic folk-lorist, is by no means in the position of an ordinary Hudson's Bay *voyageur*, but it is quite possible that a professional Gaelic story-teller, with a *répertoire* as large as, if not larger than Dr. Hyde's, may have got over to New Brunswick in the last century or the beginning of this. The distinction made by the Indians between the English tales and their own should be noted.

ALFRED NUTT.

MISCELLANEA.

Tom-Tit-Tot.—I remember the following verses, which clearly refer to some form of this story (see *Folk-Lore Journal*, vii, 138-143) :

“Merrily my course I take,
To-day I brew, to-morrow bake ;
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring.
Little does my lady wot
That my name is Trit-a-trot.”

I do not remember the source, but am nearly sure it was in print.

W. F. KIRBY.

A Basque Superstition.—Can any reader of FOLK-LORE throw any light on a superstition prevalent apparently among the Basques of Navarre and the Aragonese of the Pyrenees, to the effect that the bear acts as a sort of watch-dog to St. Peter at the gate of Heaven. My informants are two Navarese Basques, a man and woman, whom I saw exhibiting a bear in Biarritz. I have no doubt that, if I could have spoken Basque, I could have extracted much more information than I did, but it was difficult for them to speak Spanish, the only language except their own with which they were at all acquainted, and also they were shy and reticent, and it required a good deal of persuasion to win their confidence in the slightest degree. They told me that their bear, when they were not travelling about, lived with them in their hut in the mountains, and that they were always careful to treat him kindly and feed him well. For example, if they had not enough of fish (which they looked upon as a luxury) for themselves and the bear, the latter must be fed and satisfied first. They declared that the animal understands all that is said about him, and observes and comprehends any household work, trade or occupation which may be going on ; “and that is the reason that a bear who has lived with men should never be allowed to return to the forest and mountains, for he will tell the other bears of what he has seen and learnt, and they, being very cunning, will come down into the valleys, and by means of their great strength, added to the knowledge they have thus gained, will be able to rule men *as they did*

before!" I endeavoured to learn when this sad state of affairs existed, but could only ascertain that it was *antes*—before, in other times. "El Orso," said his keepers, "is el perso de Dios, el perso de San Pedro; he is very wise and thoughtful; he sits beside the blessed saint at the gate of Heaven, and if those who seek to enter have been cruel and unkind to the bears in this world, the saint will turn them away, and they will have to go and live in hell, with the devils and the *wolves*." "Que ay mas per deoir!" concluded the woman, "el orso es el perso de Dios." The bear's name was *Belis*; I spell it as it was pronounced. Throughout the conversation the peasants would constantly interrupt themselves to speak to the animal, assuring me that he perfectly understood all that was said.

What is the origin of the custom which prevails in Hyères, and which I have also seen in Bagnères de Bigorre, of driving two oxen decorated with collars and green wreaths or branches through the town on one or more of the days of Holy Week? The oxen are accompanied by men and boys beating a drum or blowing horns.

TH. HOLLINGSWORTH.

"Making Weather" in Denmark.—A most curious custom is still observed in some parts of Denmark. During the months of February and March, the farmer, housewives, thereafter their husbands, and at last their servants, female and male, "make weather". Commonly, the parsonage being No. 1 on the list, the parson's wife "makes weather" on the first of February. Is the weather that day good, Mrs. N. N. is said to be a very benevolent lady, in good humour, and neighbours go visiting her, congratulating on the fair weather, and are friendly received, treated to coffee and cakes. Is the weather on the contrary foul, Mrs. N. N. is in bad humour; we will go to punish her or to divert her. Maybe she is pulled out into the yard and tied to the waterpump, that she may herself try her own weather. Her neighbours come wrapped up in large cloaks and shawls, whereas they come summerclad when the weather is fair. Otherwise a neighbour may creep cautiously along the housewall and tie some hards on the doorlatch. It is instantly understood, and everything ends with a cup of coffee, given by the person who "makes" the foul weather, some jokes, and everybody goes home again. For further particulars see Feilberg's *Bondeliv*, p. 255. I possess but one quotation pointing indistinctly to a similar custom: Kuhn, *Sagen aus Westphalen*, ii, 91, 284: "Die Frauen sind im Februar wetterregentinnen." Is this custom known anywhere else? Wherefrom may this "making weather" be derived? Why in the months of February and March?

H. T. FEILBERG.

“Liver-rhyme” in Denmark.—A century or so ago it has been customary in Denmark, for instance at the marriage table, and certainly on other festivals, that a liver taken from a hen or another fowl or animal was passed from hand to hand on a plate. The person to whom the liver was handed had to pronounce a rhyme—“liver-rhyme”. Most part of those were senseless—for instance, “This liver is not from a fish; may God give us all His Holy Ghost!” Many of them are still remembered by old people. In Norway and Sweden a spoonful of boiled rice was passed; on the Faroë islands a cowtail trimmed up with coloured ribbons, quite for the same purpose. I take the liberty of asking, May any such custom be recorded from Brittany? From North Germany I know the same, but from nowhere else.

H. T. FEILBERG.

Italian Peeping Toms.—Bearing on the facts given in the article, “Peeping Tom and Lady Godiva”, in *FOLK-LORE*, vol. i, p. 207, *seq.*, seems to be the following from *Roma Antiqua et Recens; or, The Conformity of Ancient and Modern Ceremonies*, a republication by Elliot Stock of a last-century book:—

“I will, moreover, affirm this, that as, in the procession of the sacrament, the streets through which that is to pass are hung with tapestry, pursuant to an order of the Roman ritual, so did the pagans also. ‘All the places through which the pomp was to pass were hung as is practised by us,’ says Blondus and Polidore Virgil. This last acquaints us that in Italy boys and girls are forbidden to see the procession from windows—that is, from on high downwards. The pagans forbade the same, for which Verrius Flaccus assigns this reason: That when the plague was at Rome, the oracles answered that it was because the gods were gazed at from on high downwards. The Latin word *despicere*, made use of in the oracle, having a double meaning, and signifying ‘to look down’, as well as to contemn or despise, the whole city was uneasy to know the true meaning of the oracle; whereupon it happened that, on the day of the procession of Diana, a lad, who had seen the show from the highest story of the house, and told his mother that he had seen in what order the mysteries, which were carried in a chariot, were disposed; the Senate being informed of this, it was ordered that all places hereafter through which the procession was to pass should be blinded with tapestry. The lad having cleared up the ambiguity of the oracle, the plague presently ceased. And thus it was discovered that the gods complained they were gazed at from on high, which was a matter, it seems, that polluted the sacred ceremonies. ‘From thence,’ saith Polidore Virgil, ‘it is that boys and girls are forbidden to look upon the procession from windows.’” (P. 63.)

L. KENNEDY.

St. John's Eve Custom.—The Stromberg, with Druidical remains and traditions, is a noted place for worship of the sun. Until recently, perhaps at the present day, every Midsummer night saw the historic *cérémonie de la roue enflammée* observed on its summit. On St. John's Eve a colossal sheaf was manufactured of straw, contributed from neighbouring farms, and fixed on a big pole as on a pivot, that it might turn round and round. After the sounding of the Angelus, some hundreds of men marched up to the mountain-top carrying lighted torches. No women were allowed to take part. When quite dark, the sheaf was set on fire and turned rapidly round so as to present the appearance of a huge fiery wheel—symbol of the sun. Similar customs, not unlike the old Celtic *beltan* or *belstein*, survive likewise in Alsace and the Black Forest. (Notes from article in *National Review*, Dec. 1890, p. 536, *Château Malbrouk*, by Henry W. Wolff.)

MARIAN ROALFE COX.

An Irish Variant of "Master of all Masters."—A scholar called one evening at the house of a farmer and asked for a night's lodging. The farmer, to test his progress in his studies, asked him the names of various things in Irish.

Farmer. Now, what do you call me?

Scholar. Fear an Tighe—"Man of the house."

F. No. Rígh 'n tighé—"King of the house." What do you call that—the dog?

S. Madadh no cu no gadhair.

F. No. Soclair—"Trotting." A dog trots. What do you call these—shoes?

S. Bróga.

F. No. Socair boinn—"Comfort of the soles." What do you call that—the fire?

S. Teinne no lasair.

F. No. Glóir—"Glory": a fire sparkles and shines like glory. What do you call that—the end of the house?

S. Beam tighé—"Peaked end of the house."

F. No. Zóin an tighé—"Buttock of the house." What do you call that—water?

S. Uisce—"Water."

F. No. Iomadamhlacht—"Abundance": because water is so abundant. What do you call this—house?

S. Teach—"House."

F. No. Sómás—"Comfort": a house is comfortable.

After they had gone to bed, the scholar rose, greased the farmer's

shoes, which the dog then began to eat. The scholar went out and set fire to the end of the house, and spoke the following lines :

“Rígh `n tighé biodh do shuidhe,
Dúadh sodar socair boinn,
Tá colladh trom air Aillín,
Tá an glóire id-tóin sómás,
Mar a sábhálfhadh an iomadamlacht,
Béidh do rioghacht dóite.”

Translation.

“King of the house, be sitting (getting) up,
The trotting (dog) has eaten the comfort of the soles (shoes),
There is heavy sleep on Aillín (the housekeep. ‘the fair one’),
The glory is in the buttock of the comfort (end of the house),
If the plenty (water) will not save (it)
Thy kingdom will be burned.”

This queer pedagoguish puzzle I got from a Fr. Moran, born about fifty years ago in Fermanagh ; he heard it from his mother.

St. Louis.

JAMES KEEGAN.

Folk-names of British Birds.—Mr. Swainson’s *Folk-lore of British Birds* is an interesting and useful work ; yet, like every other book of folk-lore, it may be supplemented. He seems to have omitted to consult Gray’s *Birds of the West of Scotland*, Glasgow, 1871, 520 pp., from which I take the following notes :—

Kestrel.—“I find, from Don’s *Fauna of Forfarshire*, that this bird in his day was, not inappropriately, called *Willie Whip the Wind*,” p. 36.

Kite, “or *salmon-tailed gled*, as it is called,” p. 42.

Golden Oriole.—“A recent contributor to *Chambers’s Journal* remarks that ‘the song of this splendid bird—a flute-like whistle, with a cadence not unlike speech—sounds ominous to the Low German short of coin ; for Hans, drinking before the ale-house door, hears the Oriole sing from the lindens, *Hast du gesopen ? so betahl du* (Hast thou quaffed ? then pay),’” p. 81.

Common Whitethroat, “or *Whiskey whey beard*, as it is called in many parts of Scotland,” p. 95.

Great Tit.—Its note “has obtained for it the name of *Jacksaw* in many parts of the country,” p. 102.

Pied Wagtail.—“The Gaelic name of the bird—*Breac-an-Ì-sil*—signifies a *plaid*, and has probably been applied to this wagtail from a resemblance which the contrasting colours of its plumage on the breast bears to that article of apparel when wrapped closely round

the upper part of the body, as many Highlanders are in the habit of wearing it," p. 111.

Snow Bunting.—"Numbers are taken at this season [end of April] to the bird-stuffers of Brechin and Kerriemuir, and are called in these towns *mountain finches*," p. 128.

Yellow Hammer.—"The familiar *Yellow Yite* or *Yeldrin*, as it is called in Scotland," p. 130. [Mr. Swainson gives *Yellow Yale*, but not the second form.]

Flooded Crow.—

"The Guil, the Gordon, and the Hooded Crow,
Were the three worst things Murray ever saw.

The gule is a well-known weed infecting growing crops, and Lord Lewis Gordon, who made plundering excursions into Morayshire from the Castle of Rothes, is referred to as the second 'worst thing' in the county." [A variant of lines and explanation as given by Swainson, pp. 178, 179.] "The Gaelic name of this bird is *Feannag*, which means *to skin*, or *play*," p. 178.

Jackdaw, called *Kay*, p. 183.

Magpie.—"Not more than thirty years ago a worthy Dunbar bailie, whose residence was about two miles distant from the town, was in the habit of turning back if he happened to encounter a pair of magpies on his way either to administer justice or attend divine service," p. 187.

Ringdove.—"Throughout western Scotland the Ring Dove is best known by the name of *Cushat*," p. 219. [Mr. Swainson gives "*Cushat* (Berks; Bucks; Craven; Westmoreland). *Cruchet* (North.)," p. 165; yet certainly *Cushat*, and not *Cruchet*, is the usual Scottish name. Cf. Burns—

"On lofty aiks the *cushats* wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays."

Bessie and Her Spinning-wheel.

By-the-way, Mr. Swainson attributes, p. 65, *lintwhite* for *linnet* only to "Orkney Isles." "'Wood-pigeons should be kept down, they are so destructive.' 'Very true,' rejoined my friend; 'but that's not the name we gi'e the bird here.' 'And what name do you give it?' I inquired. 'Oh,' said he, apparently unconscious of any parody, 'we just ca' them *Timmer doos!*'" p. 219. [Timmer = wood. Cf. Burns—

“Except for breaking o’ their *timmer*,
Or speaking lightly o’ their *limmer*,
Or shootin’ o’ a hare or moor-cock,
The ne’er-a-bit they’re ill to poor folk.”

The Two Dogs.]

Virginian Colin.—“This beautiful quail, which is so well known in North America under the name of *Bob White*, was introduced into East Lothian in 1857,” p. 244.

Common Sandpiper.—“In some places it is called *killilcepie*, a name evidently derived from its oft-repeated cry,” p. 297. [Killie-leepsie in Swainson, p. 196.]

Dunlin.—“The Gaelic name of *Pollaireun*, given to the Dunlin in the Long Island, signifying *bird of the mud-pits*, expresses in a single word its habits better than any English or Scottish synonym,” p. 322.

Slavonian Grebe.—“The suggestive names of *Water Witch* and *Hell Diver*, applied to this bird in various parts of America, would lead us to suppose that collectors have had some difficulty in securing specimens for their cabinets,” p. 407.

Black-throated Diver.—Its cry in dry weather. “The natives of Benbecula and North Uist compare it to *Deoch! deoch! deoch! tha’n loch a traoghadh*, which may be interpreted by the words ‘Drink! drink! drink! the lake is nearly dried up!’” p. 415.

Common Guillemot, as the Gaelic *Eun an t’ a Sgadan* “implies, is the *Herring-bird* of the Hebrides,” p. 420.

Ringed Guillemot.—“*Weeping guillemot*, *silver-eyed scout*, and *bridled marrot*, are instances of local distinction among the fishermen; but these names have evidently been acquired through intercourse with collectors,” p. 425.

Little Auk.—Seafaring people on the shores of East Lothian and Fifeshire “call it the *rotchie* or sea-dove,” p. 432. [They are “thought to indicate rough weather out at sea,” says Dr. Wm. Anderson, writing from Brigus, Newfoundland, to Mr. Gray, on 8th Nov. 1869, p. 433.]

Fulmar.—“The oil which this bird yields by vomiting when caught is highly valued by the natives of St. Kilda as a cure for all diseases,” p. 502. [A chemical analysis of the oil is given: “It is certainly a fish-oil, and it possesses nearly all the properties of cod-liver oil,” etc.]

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

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[No. II.

LEGENDS OF THE CARS.

I FANCY that many people still picture Lincolnshire to themselves as a region of bogs and swamps, of fever-haunted marshes, and ague-infested lowlands. I know that I, personally, expected something of the sort, when I first entered the county, and in speaking about it to strangers, their first remark is apt to be, that we must have suffered much in those "dreadful fens". Now this is an entirely mistaken idea of the shire.

Even in the South, the true fen district, the drainage system has been so widely carried out, that I am told the great marshes have been almost entirely reclaimed, and many hundreds of useless acres are now turned into fertile farm-lands. If this be true of the South, it is much more so of the Northern Division, which, to begin with, has in general a higher average level, and is more uneven in its surface, being also traversed by two long low hill ranges from N.W. to S.E. In the parts of Lindsey, there are no fens, their place being taken by the Cars, which were once wide swamps, bordering the course of a small stream or river. These have been drained, and I do not think that any now exist in their old barren condition, so great is the change that has taken place during the last half century. Broad dykes now intersect the fertile fields, and run beside the roads, on their way to join a central canal which

carries the waters of the district to the sea, the original river meandering now on one side now on the other, a mere brook of but a few feet wide, often dried up in summer. Drained cars like these lie along the wide shallow valley of the Ancholme, between the parallel ranges of the Wolds and the Cliffs ; the original Ancholme, a tiny twisted stream, being replaced, both in name and use, by a broad canal, which runs northwards for some thirty miles, as straight as an arrow, to join at last the wide Estuary of the Humber.

Were this the place, I might speak of the elaborate system for regulating the outlet of the water ; of the yawning dykes that border or cross the roads, making them by no means safe on dark nights, holding, as they do, from two to ten feet of water and many more of shiny treacherous mud ; or of the lonely dwellings along the Ancholme banks, only to be reached by a narrow bridle-path, with bewildering lanes of water on either hand, where a horse must be blindfolded before it will cross the frail wooden bridges over the noisy water gates at the joining of the dykes with the main Canal ; but I am more concerned at present with memories of the Cars as they once were, a wild desolate dreary marsh, full of strange sights and sounds, than as they now exist.

Nevertheless they are still worth seeing, and have a beauty, or rather an attraction of their own. Stunted willows mark the dyke-sides, and in winter there are wide stretches of black glistening peat-lands and damp pastures ; here and there great black snags work their way up from submerged forests below. When the mists rise at dusk in shifting wreaths, and the bleak wind from the North Sea moans and whistles across the valley, it is not difficult to people the Cars once more with all the uncanny dwellers, whose memory is preserved in the old stories. Then in summer, with its charm of wide vision, and something of the amplitude and serenity of the sea, in its stretching levels and far-off horizon, it seems to hold the brightness

and reflect the gloom of the great arch of heaven overhead, in plots of vivid greenery and waving corn, and a maze of glittering dancing lanes of water. At all times, it seems a fit resting-place for the last days of a dying mythology.

With the barren Cars of the older times is connected a peasantry that is changing as the soil itself has changed, only more gradually, for the sluggish current of their life and habit is but slowly beaten back by the impetus of modern innovations. Still, in time, the running water carries away the stagnant, and so already, it is only here and there that one can find traces of the poor ague-shaken, opium-eating creatures of earlier times. Many an old woman eats opium openly, and I fear all the men who can get it—will drink gin. But the days are gone by when the one or the other was in constant and daily need, to still the shaking or deaden the misery born of the fever-mists and stagnant pools. Nevertheless, whether it be due to the climate, or the scarcity of railways, or the character of the people themselves, civilization seems a long way behindhand in North Lincolnshire, when compared with other parts of England.

It seems as if it were off the high-road, so to speak, of busy modern English life. Lindsey is entirely agricultural, and in these days of depression amongst farmers, and of absentee landlords, it is visited by few strangers; and the only resident upper class is represented by the clergy, and a very mixed set of tenant-farmers, who, in trouble themselves, generally care little for the people under them, except as regards their work and pay.

This is, I dare say, unavoidable; but it throws the people back on themselves, and accounts, no doubt, for the survival of much amongst them which has decayed elsewhere. Even their speech sounds strange to a modern English ear, for it is almost pure Saxon, and keeps many of the original inflexions which we have lost. Certainly it bears signs of the many races that have dwelt in Lincolnshire, and surely no county in England has known more

varied masters ; there are many Norse and Danish words, and some Roman and Norman names ; but in the common speech, French and Latin derivatives are conspicuous by their absence.

The people themselves are not easy to make friends with, for they are strongly suspicious of strangers ; but once won over, are said to be staunch and faithful. They are grave, long-featured, and rather melancholy in face, touchy and reserved in disposition, and intensely averse to change or innovation of any sort ; many of them live and die within the limits of a narrow parish, outside of which they never set foot. The younger generations are changing ; but they show less disbelief in the old legends than indifference to them ; they seem growing, not so much less superstitious, as less impressionable. But in some of the old people, there is still a simple serious faith that is delightful, and I do not think that elsewhere in England one could nowadays find such a childlike certainty of unseen things or such an unquestioning belief in supernatural powers.

I have given this slight outline of the district and some of its inhabitants, in order to show amid what surroundings linger these wild tales of witchcraft, and the spirit-world, in this little isolated home of folk-lore. Here, in this bleak and lonely tract, scarcely yet won over to civilization, has dwelt for ages a people, ignorant, poverty-stricken, weakened by malaria, and strongly affected by their wild home ; and here still, amongst a few elders, who remember the traditions of their youth, and the beliefs of their fathers, linger tales that tell of the old pagan customs, that have perhaps existed in these parts since the very dawn of history.

I have gathered together a number of these stories—some of them were told me by devout believers, mostly aged folk, who dated from the days of universal credulity ; some were repeated as “my grandad used to tell”—by younger people, and some were pieced together by scraps

gained from several sources. One, which I call "The Dead Moon", I first heard of in a sort of nursery rhyme some children were singing. I have listened to awesome tales of "boggarts" and "todlowries" that have still local habitations as well as names; and to weird stories of witches, and woe-women and their spells, till I nearly believed in them myself; and to strange, rambling histories that seemed like peeps into a bygone world, where the fantastic spirits were more real than the trembling, fearing, conciliating people they alternately helped and oppressed. I fear I cannot preserve the rude poetry and grace of the vernacular; but I tell these stories of the Cars of the Anholme Valley exactly as told to me, lest in altering I might spoil them. I heard the first from an aged woman, a life-long dweller in these Cars, who in her young days herself observed the rite she describes, though she would not confess to it within the hearing of her grand-children, whose indifference and disbelief shocked her greatly. To her, "Tiddy Mun" was a perfect reality, and one to be loved as well as feared. She is now dead, and I doubt whether anyone else knows the legend, which she said had been forgotten for many, many years, by all but herself and one or two old friends, all gone before her.

I think the legend is, if not so poetical as some, at least a curious one; and particularly so, as showing the innately heathen idea of propitiation by offerings. There is an inconsequence and an incompleteness about it for which I am not responsible; I tell it as it was told to me, and I have tried to keep to the old woman's words as closely as possible, only changing them where they would certainly not be "understood of the people" without an intimate knowledge of the dialect.

"TIDDY MUN."

Whiles syne, afore tha dykes wor made, an' tha river-bed changed, whan tha Cars wor nobbut bog-lands, an' full o' watter-holes; tha wor teemin, as thou mayst a' heerd wi'

Boggarts and Will-o'-tha-Wykes, an' sich loike ; voices o' deed folks, an' hands wi'outen airms, that came i' tha darklins, moanin' an' cryin an' beckonin' all night thruff ; todlowries dancin' on tha tussocks, an' witches ridin' on tha great black snags, that turned to snakes, an' raced about wi' 'em i' tha watter ; my word ! 'twor a stra-ange an' ill place to be in, come evens.

Folk wor gey skeered on un nat'rally, an' wouldna goo nigh un wi'outen a charm o' some sort, just a witches pink or a Bible-ball, or the loike o' that. A'll tell thee 'bout them another toime. Tha shook wi' froight, a tell thee, whan tha found their sels i' tha Cars at darklins. For sartain, tha wor mostly shakin i' they toimes ; for tha agur an' fever were terrible bad, an' thar wor poor weak crysoms, fit for nout but to soop gin an' eat op'um. In ma young days, we'd all tha agur ; tha women ower tha fire, tha men out i' tha garth, even tha bairns had tha shakes reg'lar. Ay mebbe, tha's better off noo, but a don't know, a don't know, tha's lost Tiddy Mun. Weel, weel. Tha kenned foine that tha fever an' agur comed fra tha bogs, but so come as tha heerd tell, that tha ma-ashes mun be drained as tha ca' it, tha wor sore discontented, for tha wor used to un, an' ther feythers afore em', an' tha thowt, as tha sayin' is, bad's bad, but meddlins wuss.

Tha tell't un fine tales, 'at tha mists 'ud lift, an' tha bogs 'ud come i' tha molds, an' th'ud be no'on agur ; but tha misliked tha chagement, an' wor main fratched wi' tha Dutchies, who comed across tha seas for tha delvin.

Tha folk would na give tha Duchies vittles, or beddin', or fair words ; no'on let 'em cross tha door-sill ; an' tha said to each ither, tha said, as t'ud be ill days for the Cars, an' tha poor Car-folk, so-be tha bog-holes wor meddled wi', an' " Tiddy Mun " wor unhapped.

For thee know'st, Tiddy Mun dwelt in tha watter-holes doun deep i' tha green still watter, an' a comed out nobbut of evens, whan tha mists rose. Than a comed crappelin out i' tha darklins, limpelty lobelty, like a dearie wee au'd

gran'ther, wi' lang white hair, an' a lang white beardie, all cotted an' tangled together; limpelty-lobelty, an' a gowned i' gray, while tha could scarce see un thruff the mist, an' a come wi' a sound o' rinnin' watter, an' a sough o' wind, an' laughin' like the pyewipe screech. Tha wor none so skeered on Tiddy Mun like the boggarts an' such hawiver. A worn't wicked an' tantrummy like the watter-wives; an' a worn't white an' creepy like the Dead Hands. But natheless, 'twor sort o' shivery like when tha set round the fire, to hear the screechin' laugh out by the door, passin' in a skirl o' wind an' watter; still tha only pulled in a bit nigher together, an' lispit wi' a keek ower the shouther, "'Arken to Tiddy Mun!"

Mind ye, tha au'd Mun hurted none, nay, a wor real good to un at times. Whan tha year wor geyan wet, and the watter rose i' the marshes, while it creepit up to the doer-sill, an' covered the pads, come the fust New Moon, the feyther an' mither, an' a' the brats, ud go out i' the darklins, an' lookin' ower the bog, called out together, thoff mappen a bit skeered an' quavery like:

"Tiddy Mun, wi'-out a name,
the watters thruff!"

an' all holdin' on together an' tremblin', a'd stan' shakin' an' shiverin', while tha heerd the pyewipe screech 'cross the swamp; 'twor the au'd Mun's holla! an' i' the morn, sure 'nough, the watter ud be doun, an' the pads dry. Tiddy Mun a done the job for un.

What's that? Ay' a called 'un Tiddy Mun, for a wor none bigger 'n a three year's bairn, but a hadn't rightly no sort of a name—a niver had none. Someday a'll tell thee how that comed.

So's a wor sayin'. Tiddy Mun dwelt i' the watter-holes, an' noo the Dutchies wor a emptyin' 'em out, while a wor dry as a two year au'd Motherin cake—an' thou'll no take much o' that. Hast heard the au'd rhyme, as says:

“Tiddy Mun, wi-out a name
 White heed, walkin’ lame ;
 While tha watter teems tha fen
 Tiddy Mun ’ll harm nane.”

An’ this wor tha pother ! for tha watter-holes wor most dry, an’ tha watter wor drawd off into big dykes, so that tha soppo, quiverin’ bog wor turnin’ in firm molds, an’ wheer’d Tiddy Mun be than ? Iverybody said, as ill times wor comin’ for tha Cars.

But, however, tha wor no help for ’t ; tha Dutchies delved, an’ tha’ Dutchies drawd tha watter off, an’ tha dykes gotten ever langer an’ langer, an’ deeper an’ deeper ; tha watter runned away, an’ runned away down to tha river, an’ tha black soft bog-lands ’ud soon be turned to green closin’s.

But thoff tha work gotten done, it wor no’on wi’ out trouble. At the Inn o’ nights, on tha great settle, an’ i’ tha garths, an’ i’ tha kitchens to home, tha lispit strange an’ queer tales, ay dearie me, stra’ange an’ queer, but ’true’s death ! an’ tha au’d folk wagged ther heads, an’ tha young uns wagged ther tongues, an’ tha anes thowt, an’ tha ithers said :

“Ay, an’ for sure, it’s ill comes o’ crossin’ Tiddy Mun !”
 For mark ma words ! ’twar first ane, syne anither o’tha Dutchies wor gone, clean sperrited away ! not a sight o’un anywheres ! tha sowt for un, an’ sowt for un, but no’on a shadow of un wor iver seen more, an’ tha Car-folk kenned fine, that a’d niver find un, nay, not if a sowt till tha gowden Beasts o’ Judgement come a-roarin’ an’ a rampin’ over tha land, for to fett tha sinners.

Tiddy Mun a’d fetted un away, an’ drooned un i’ tha mud holes, wheer tha hadn’t drawed off all tha watter !

An’ tha Car-folk nodded an’ said :

“Ay, that comed o’ crossin’ Tiddy Mun !”

But tha browt more Dutchies for tha work, an’ thoff Tiddy Mun fetted un, an’ fetted un, tha work gotten on natheless an’ tha wor no help for ’t.

An' soon tha poor Car-folk kennt that tha au'd Mun wor sore fratched wi iverybody.

For soon a sneepit all i' turn: tha coos pined, tha pigs starved, an' tha pownies went lame; tha brats took sick, tha lambs dwined, tha creed meal brunt 'issen, an' tha new milk craddled; tha thatch fell in, an' tha walls burst out, an' all an' anders went arsy-varsy.

At first tha Car-folk couldna think 'at tha au'd Mun 'ud worritt 's ain people sich an' away; an' a thought mayhap 'twor tha witches or tha tod-lowries, as done it. So tha lads stoned tha wall-eyed witch up to Gorby out o' tha Market-Place, an' Sally to Wadham wi' tha Evil Eye, she as charmed the dead men out o' ther graves, i' tha kirk garths; tha ducked *she* in tha horse-pond while a wor most dead; an' tha all said "our father" back'ards an' spat to the east to keep tha tod-lowries' pranks of; but 'twor no'on helping; for Tiddy Mun 'isself wor angered, an' a wor visitin' it on 's poor Car-folks. An' what could tha do?

The bairns sickened i' ther mothers' airms; an' ther poor white faces niver brightened oop; an' tha feythurs sat an' smoked, while tha mothers grat, ower tha tiddy innocent babbies lyin' theer so white an' smilin' an' peaceful. 'Twor like a frost 'at comes an' kills the bonniest flowers. But tha hearts wor sore, an' ther stomachs empty, wi' all this sickness an' bad harvest an' what not; an' somethin' mun be done, or the Car-folk 'ud soon be a' deed an' gone.

Endlins, some 'un minded how, whan tha watters rose i' tha marshes, afore tha delvin'; an' tha folk ca'ed out to Tiddy Mun, come New Moon i' tha darklins; a heerd un an' did as a wor axed. An' tha thowt, mappen if tha ca'd un age'an, so's to show un like, as tha Car-folk wished un well, an' that a'd give un tha watter back if tha only could—maybe a'd take tha bad spell undone, and forgive 'un again.

So tha fixed 'at tha should a' meet together come tha next New Moon down by tha cross dyke, ly tha au'd stope nigh on to John Ratton's garth.

Weel, 'twor a reg'lar gath'rin', there wor au'd Tom o' tha Hatch an' Willem, his sister's son, from Priestrigg; an' crooked Fred Lidgitt, an' Brock o' Hell-gate, an' Ted Badley, as wor feyther's brothers to me; an' lots more on 'em, wi' women-folk an' bairns. A'll no say a warna their masel, just mappen, thee knawst!

Tha comed i' threes an' fowers, joompin' at ivery sough o' wind, an' screechin' at ivery snag, but tha didn't need, for tha poor au'd Boggarts an' Jack o' Lanterns wor clean delved away. Mebbe ther's boggarts an' bogles still, an' witches an' things, a dunnot say; but they good au'd times is gone i' tha marshes, an' tha poor swamp-bogles mun flit wi' tha watter an' a seen 'em go, mysel.

But, hawiver, as a wor sayin, tha comed, every one wi' a stoup o' fresh watter in 's hand; an' whiles it darkened, tha stood a' togithur, lispin' an' flusterin', keekin' i' tha shades ower tha shouthers, an' 'arkenin' oneasy-like to tha skirlin' o' tha wind, an' tha lip-lap o' tha rinnin' watter.

Come tha darklins at long last, an' tha stood all on 'em at tha dyke-edge, an' lookin ower to tha new River, tha ca'd out a' togither, stra'ange an' loud,

“Tiddy Mun, wi-out a name,
Here's watter for thee, tak' tha spell undone!”

an' tha teemed tha watter out o' tha stoups in tha dyke splash sploppert!

'Twor geyan skeerful, stannin' holdin' on togither, i tha stillness. Tha 'arkened wi' all ther might, to hear if Tiddy Mun answered 'em; but ther wor nothing but on-natral stillness. An' then, just whan tha thowt 'twor no'on good, ther broke out tha awfulest wailin' an' whimperin' all round about 'em; it comed back'ards an' for'ards, for all tha world like a lot o' little cryin' babbies greetin' as if to break ther hearts, an' none to comfort 'em: a sobbed an' sobbed thersels most quiet, an' then began again louder 'n ever, wailin' an moanin' till a made uns heart ache to hear 'em.

An' all to wanst the mothers cried out as 'twor ther dead bairns, callin' on Tiddy Mun to tak tha spell undone, an' let tha childer live an' grow strong ; an' tha pore innocents, fleein' above us i' tha darklins, moaned an' whimpered soft-like, as if thea kenned ther mothers' voices an' wor tryin' to reach ther bosom. An' tha wor women as said 'at tiddy hands 'ad touched 'em, an' cold lips kissed 'em, an' soft wings fluttered round 'em that night, as tha stood waitin' an' arkenin' to tha woful greetin'. Then all at once, tha wor stillness agean, an' tha could hear tha watter lappin' at ther feet, an' tha dog ye'ppin' i' tha garth. But then comed soft an' fond-like from tha river hissen, th' aud pyewipe screech, once an' again a comed, an' fortrue, 'twor tha aud man's holler. An' tha kenned a'd tak tha spell undone, for 'twor so kind an' broodlin' an' sorry-like as never was.

Ay dearie day! how tha laughed an' grat together, runnin' an' jumpin' about, like a pack o' brats comin' out o' school, as tha set off home, wi' light hearts, an' never a thought on tha boggarts. Only tha mothers thought o' ther dead babies an' ther arms felt empty an' ther hearts lonesome an' wearyin' for tha cold kiss an' tha flutterin' o' tha tiddy fingers, an' tha grat wi' thinkin' on ther poor wee bodies, driftin' about i' tha soughin' o' tha night win'.

But fro' that day, mark ma words! 'twor strange an' thrivin' i' tha Cars. Tha sick bairns gotten well, an' tha cattle throve, an' tha bacon-pigs fattened ; tha men folk addled good wages, an' bread wor plenty ; fur Tiddy Mun had taken tha bad spell undone. But every New Moon as was, out tha went in tha darklins, to tha gainest dyke-edge, feyther an' mither an' brats ; an' tha teemed tha watter i' tha dyke cryin',

“Tiddy Mun wi-out a name
Here's watter for thee !”

An' tha pyewipe screech 'ud come back, soft and tender an' pleased. But for certain-sure, if wan o' un didna go out,

c'ep a wor sick, Tiddy Mun missed un, an wor angered wi' un, an' laid tha spell on 'un 'arder nor ever ; while a went wi' tha others, come next New Moon, to ax tha spell undone. An' whan tha bairns wor bad, a tellt un as Tiddy Mun 'ud fett 'em away ; an' a wor good as gold to once, for tha kenned as a'd do it.

But thae days is gone by, an' folk now ken nowt about un. Ay, faix, is it true for a' that ; a've seen un mysel, limpin' by i' tha fog, all grey an' white an' screechin' like tha pyewipe, but 'tis lang syne a's ben by, an' a've teemed tha watter out o' tha stoup too, but a'm too aud now, thou seest, an' a cannot walk, since years gone. But a guess Tiddy Mun 's bin' frightened away wi' a' tha new ways an' gear, for folk dinna ken un no more, an' a niver hear say now, as we used to say when a wor young, an' annybody had a mort o'trouble an' mischance, an' wry luck, us said,

“ Ah, thou arnt bin out i' tha New Moon lately, an' for certain-sure, it's ill to cross Tiddy Mun wi-out a name ! ”

The next legend was obtained from a young girl of nine, a cripple, who stated that she had heard it from her “ gran.” But I think it was tinged by her own fancy, which seemed to lean to eerie things, and she certainly revelled in the gruesome descriptions, fairly making my flesh creep with her words and gestures. I have kept not only to the outline of her story, but in great part to her very words, which I think I could not have made more effective even if I had wished to do so.

THE DEAD MOON.

Long ago, i' ma gran's toime, th' Car-lan's down by wor a' in bogs, as thee's heerd tell, mebbe : gra'at pools o' black watter, an' creepin' trickles o' green watter, an' squishy mools as'd soock owt in, as stept on un.

Weel, my gran' used to sa'ay, how, long afwore her toime, tha moon's sel' wor towanst de'ad an' buried i' tha ma-ashes ; an' if thee will, a'll tell thee aboot it as she used for to tell me.

Tha moon up yond', shone an' shone to than, jest as she do now, thoff thou moightn't ha' thowt it; an' whan she shone, she loighted oop a' tha bog-pads so's a body cu'd wa'alk about, most 's safe as o'days. But when she didna shine, then oot cam' a tha Things 'at dool i' tha Darkness, an' want aboot seekin' to do evil an' harm to all as worna safe beside ther ain he'arths. Harm an' mischance an' mischief : Bogles, an' de'ad Things, an' crawlin' Horrors : tha a' coomed oot o' noights when the moon didna shine.

Weel, it comed so, 'at tha Moon heerd tell on a' this; an' bein' kin' an' good—as she be, sure'y, a-shoinin' fur us a' noights, 'stead o' takin' her nat'ral rest; she wor main troubled to think o' what went on ahint her back, loike ; an' says she : “ A'll see fur mysel, a wull ; it mebbe, 'at its none so bad 's fo'ak mak' oot.”

So sewer 'nuff, come tha month end, doun she stept hapt oop wi' a black cloak, an' a black hood o'wer her yaller shinin' hair ; an' straight she went to tha Bog edge, an' looked aboot her. Watter here, an' watter there ; wavin' tussocks, an' trem'lin' mools, an' gra'at black snags a' twisted and bent ; an' afwore her, a' dark—dark, but the glimmer o' tha stars on tha pools, an' tha loight as comed fro' 's 'ain white feet, stealin' oot o' s black clo'ak. On a went, fair into the mid' o' tha bogs ; an' aye lookin' about

her; an' 'twor a mortal quare soight as 'a looked on. Tha witches girned as tha rode past on ther gra'at black cats; an' tha evil Eye glowered fro' tha da'arkest corners—an' tha will-o'-tha-wykes danced a' about wi'ther lanterns swingin' o' ther backs. Than tha de'ad fo'ak rose i' tha watter, an' lookit roon' 'em in white twisted fa'aces an' hell fire i' ther empty een-holes; an' tha slimy drippin' De'ad Han's slithered about, beckonin' an' p'intin', and makin' yer skin crawl wi' ther cowld wet feel.

Tha moon drew 's clo'ak faster about her, an' tremmelt; but a wouldna gaw back, wi'oot seein' a' ther wor to be seen, so on she went, steppin' light as tha win' in summer fro' tuft to tuft, atween tha greedy gurglin' watter ho'als; an' jest as she comed nigh a big black pool, 's fut slipt, and a wor nigh toomlin' in—an' a grabbed wi' bo'oth han's at a snag near by, to steady 'asel' wi'; but so cum as she touched it, a twined itsel' round her wrists loike a pa'ir o' han'cuffs, an' gript her so 's she culdna move. She pulled, an' twisted, an' fowt, but twor no'on good: a wor fast, an' a mo'ost sta'ay fast; so a' lookit aboot, an' wunnerd if help 'd coom by; but a saw nowt but shiftin' flurryin' evil Things, comin' an' goin' here an' there busy wi' ther ain ill wark.

But presently, as a stood trem'lin' i' tha da'ark a heerd summat ca'allin' i' tha distance—a voice 'at ca'alled an' ca'all'd, an' than de'ed away wi' a sob; an' then began agean wi' a screech o' pain or fear, an' ca'd an' ca'd, till tha ma-ashes weer full on tha pitiful cryin' voice; an' than a heerd steps floonderin' along, squishin' i' tha muck, an' slippin' on' tha tufts; an' throff tha darkness, a saw han's catchin' at the snags an' tha tussocks, an' a white face wi' gre'at feared eyen.

'Twor a man strayed i' tha bogs; an' a' roon' about un tha girnin' bogles, an' tha de'ad fo'ak, an' tha creepin' Horrors crawled an' crooded; tha voices mocked un, an' the De'ad Han's ploocked at un, an' ahead, tha will o' tha wykes dangelt ther lanterns, an' shuk wi' evil glee as a led un furder 'n furder fro' tha reet track. Ma-azed wi' fear

an' loathin' for tha Things about un, a stroogled on t'ords tha flick'rin' loights 'at looked loike he'p an' sa'afety.

"Thou yonder," a'd shriek, "Thou!—a'm catched i' tha bog-lan's!—dost hear?—God an' Mary save 's fro' the Horrors—he'p, thou yonder!" An' then a'd stop an' sob an' moan an' ca' on a' tha saints an' wise women an' God 'issel to fetch un oot.

An' than 'a 'd break oot in a shriek age'an, as tha slimy slithery things crawled round un, till a couldna even see the fause lights afwore un. An' than, 's if 'tworna bad aneugh a'ready, the horrors 'd tak a' sorts o' shapes; an' rampin' lasses 'd keek at un wi' bright eyes, an' stretch oot soft he'pin' han's; but when a'd try to catch hol' on un, a'd cha'ange in 's grip to slimy things an' shapeless worms, an' tha wicked voices 'd mock un wi' foul glee. An' a' tha evil thoughts an' deeds o's life cam' an' whispet in 's ears, an' da'anced about an' shooted oot tha secret things o's ain heart, till a shrieked an' sobbed wi' pain an' shame, an' the Horrors crawled an' gibbered roon' about an' mocked un. An' when tha poor Moon saw 'at he wor coomin' nigher an' nigher to the deep holes an' tha deadly quicks, an' furder 'n furder fro' the pad, a wor so mad an' so sorry, 'at she stroogled an' fowt an' pulled, harder nor iver. An' thoff a couldna get loose, wi' a' her twistin' an' toogin', the black hood fell ba'ack off 'a shoinin' yaller hair, an' tha beautiful light as coomed fro't druv away tha darkness.

Ooh! but tha man grat wi' joy to see God's ain light age'an; an' towanst tha evil things fled ba'ack into tha da'ark corners; fur tha canna boide tha light. So tha left un, an' fled; an' a could see whur a wor, and whur tha pad wor, an' hoo a'd hev to gaw fur to get oot o' tha ma'ash. An' a wor in sich a ha-aste to get awa-ay fro' tha quicks an' tha boglan's, an' tha things 'at doolt thur, 'at a sca'arce lookit at tha bra'ave light 'at coomed fro' tha beautiful shinin' yaller hair streamin' oot o'er the black cloak, an' fallin' to the watter at's feet. An' tha Moon's sel wor so tuk oop wi' sa'avin' he, an' wi' rejoicin' 'at a wor ba'ack on

tha reet pad, 'at a cle'an furgot 'at a needed he'p 'asel', an' 'at a wor held fast by the Black Snag.

So off a went ; spent an' gaspin' an' stumblin', an' sobbin' wi' joy, fleein' fur's life oot o' tha tur'ble Bogs. Than it coom ower the Moon, 'at 'ad loike main to gaw wi' un ; an' a gra'at fear coom to 'a ; an' a pulled an' fowt 'sif a wor mad, till a fell on's knees, spent wi' toogin', at tha fut o' tha snag. An' as a la'ay thur, gaspin' fur bre'ath, tha bla'ack hood fell for'ard ower her he'ad ; an' thoff she tried to throw un ba'ack, 'twor caught in her hair, an' wudna gaw. So oot want tha blessed light, an' back coomed tha darkness wi' a' its evil things, wi' a screech an' a howl. They cam croodin' round her, mockin' an' snatchin' an' beatin' ; shriekin' wi' rage an' spite, an' swearin' wi' foul tongues, spittin' an' snarlin', fur tha kenned her fur ther au'd enemy, tha' bra'ave bright Moon, as druv 'em ba'ack into tha corners, an' kep'em fro' warkin' their wicked wills. My—what a clapperdatch 'twor—an' tha poor Moon crooched tremblin' an' sick i'tha mid, an' won'erd when tha'd make an en' o't, an' o' she.

“Dom' tha !” yelled tha witch-bodies, “thou'st spiled oor spells this year agone !”

“An' thou keeps us in wer straight coffins o'noights !” mo'aned tha de'id Fo'ak.

“An' us thou sen's to brood i' tha corners !” howled tha Bogles.

An' a' tha Things joined in wi' a gra'at “Ho, ho !” till tha varry tussocks shuk, and tha watter gurgled. An' tha began age'an.

“Us'll poison her—poison her !” shrieked the witches.

An' “Ho, ho !” howled the Things age'an.

“Us'll smother her—smother her !” whispered the crawlin' Horrors, an' twined thersel's roon' her knees.

An' “Ho, ho !” mocked the rest o'un.

“Us'll strangle her—strangle her !” screeched tha De'ad Han's, an' ploocked at 'a throat wi' could fingers.

An' “Ho, ho !” they yelled age'an.

But tha dead Fo'ak writhed an' girmed about 'a, an' chuckled to thersel's.

"We'se bury thee, bury thee, doun wi' us i' tha black mools!"

An' age'an tha a' shouted wi' spite an' ill-will. An' tha poor Moon crooched doun, an' wished a wor de'ad, an' done wi'.

An' tha fowt an' squabbled what tha should do wi' her, till a pale gray light began to coom i' tha sky; an' it drew nigh the dawning. An' when tha saw that, tha wor feared lest tha shouldna hev toime to work ther wull; an' tha catched hol' on her, wi' horrid bony fingers, an' laid her deep i' tha watter at fut o' tha snag. An' tha dead fo'ak held her doun, while tha bogles fo't a stra'ange big sto'an an' rowled it o'top o' her, to keep her fro' rising. An' tha towld twae o' tha will o' tha wykes to ta'ake turns i' watchin', on tha black snag, to see 'at a lay safe an' still, an' couldna get oot to spoil ther sport wi' her loight, nor to he'p tha poor car-fo'ak to keep oot o' tha quicks an' ho'als o'nights. An' then, as tha grey light comed brighter i' tha sky, tha shapeless Things fled away to seek tha da'ark corners, an' tha dead fo'ak crept ba'ack into tha watter, or crammed thersel's into ther coffins, and tha witches went ho'am to ther ill-do'ins. An' tha green slimy watter shone i' tha dawnin' 'sif nae ill thing 'd aye coom nigh it.

An' thur lay tha poor moon, de'ad an' buried i' tha bog till sum 'un 'd set her loose; an' who'd ken whur to look fur a?

* * * * *

Weel, tha days pa'assed, an' 'twor tha toime fur tha new moon's coomin'; an' tha fo'ak put pennies i' ther pockets, and straws i' ther caps so's to be ready fur a, an' lookit about onquietly, fur tha moon wor a good frien' to tha ma'ash fo'ak, an' tha wor main glad when tha da'ark toime wor ga'an, an' tha pads wor safe age'an, an' tha Evil Things wor druv back by the blessed Light into the darkness an' tha watter ho'als.

But days an' da'ays passed, an' tha new moon niver ca'ame, an' tha nights wor aye da'ark, an' th' Evil Things wor badder nor iver. Ther wor no 'on a loaning safe to travel, an' tha boggarts crept an' wailed roon' tha hooses an' keekit in at the winders, an' sneepit at tha latches, till tha poor bodies mun ke'p lights a' night, else tha horrors 'd a coomed over tha varry doorsils.

Aye so, tha bogles o' a' sorts seemed to ha' lost a' fearin'. Tha howled an' lafft an' screecht aroon', fit to wa'ake tha de'id thersel's, an' tha Car-fo'ak mun sit tremmlin' an' shakin' by tha foire, an' could nor sleep nor rast, nor pit fit across tha sil', a' thae da'ark an' dreary nights.

An' still tha da'ays went on, an' tha new moon niver comed.

Nat'rally tha poor fo'ak were stra'ange feared and mazed, an' a lot o' un went to the wise woman wha doolt i' th' 'owd mill, an' axed ef so be 's tha could fin' oot wheer tha moon wor ga'an.

"Weel," said she, arter lookin' i' tha brewpot, and i' tha mirror, an' i' tha Bock, "it be main quare, but a canna reetly tell ye what's hapt wi' her. It be dark, dark, an' a canna see nowt i' tha spells. Go'a slow, childer, a 'll think on it, an' mappen a 'll can he'p ye yet. If ye hear o' a'wthing, coom by 'n tell ma; 'n annyways pit a pinch o' salt, a stra'aw, an' a button on the door sil' o' nights, an' tha Horrors 'll no can coom ower it, light or no light."

So tha want ther wa'ays; an' as da'ays want by, an' niver a moon come, nat'rally tha talked—ma word! a reckon tha *did* ta'alk! ther tongues wagged like kenna what, at ho'am, an' at th' inn, an' i' tha garth. But so come one da'ay, as tha sat on tha gra'at settle i' th' Inn, a man fro' tha fa'ar en' o' th' boglan's was smokin' an' listenin', when all to wanst, a sat oop 'n slapt 's knee. "Ma faicks!" sa'ays 'e, "A 'd clean furgot, but a reckon a kens wheer tha moon be!" an' he tellt 'em hoo a wor lost i' tha bogs, an' hoo when a wor nigh de'ad wi' fright, tha loight shone oot, an' a' tha Evil Things fled awa'ay, an' a fund tha pad 'n got ho'am safe.

“An’ a wor so mazed wi’ fear, loike,” says he, “a didn’t reetly look wheer the light comed fro’; but a mind fine ’twor saft an’ white like tha moon’s sel’. An’ t’ comed fro’ suthin’ da’ark stannin’ nigh a black snag i’ tha watter. An’ a didn’t reetly look,” says he age’an, “but a seem to mind a shinin’ fa’ace an’ yaller hair i’ the mid’ o’ the dazzle, an’ ’t’ad a sort o’ kin’ look, loike th’ aud moon ’asel aboon tha Cars o’ nights.

So aff tha a’ want to tha wise woman, an’ tellt un aboot it, an’ a looked lang i’ the pot an’ tha Book age’an, an’ than a nodded ’s he’ad.

“Its da’ark still, childer, da’ark!” says she, “an’ a canna reetly see owt, but do ’s a tell ye, an’ ye’ll fin’ out for yersel’s. Go’a all on ye, just afwore the night gathers, pit a sto’on i’ yer gobs, an’ tak’ a hazel twig i’ yer han’s, an’ say ne’er a word till yer safe ho’am age’an. Than wa’alk on an’ fear nowt, fair into tha mid’ o’ tha ma’ash, till ye fin’ a coffin, a can’lle, an’ a cross. Than ye ’ll no be far frae yer moon; look, and mappen ye ’ll fin’.

Tha lookit each at ither, an’ scratched the’r heads.

“But wheer ’ll us fin’ her, mother?” says ane.

“An’ hoo ’ll us goa?” says t’other.

“An wull na’ tha bogles fett us?” says another, an’ so on.

“Houts!” said she, fratched loike. “Passel o’ fools! A can tell ye nae more; do as a tellt ee ’n fear nowt; ’n’ ef ye don’t loike, than sta’ay by tha hoose, an’ do wi’ outen yer moon ef ye wull.”

So cum tha nex’ night i’ tha darklin’s, oot tha want a’ thegether, ivery man wi’ a sto’on in’s moath, an’ a hazel-twig in’s han’, an’ feelin’, thou mayst reckon, main feared an’ creepy. An’ tha stummelt an’ stottered along tha pads into the mid’ o’ tha bogs; tha seed nowt, mirover, thoff tha heerd sighin’s an’ flust’rin’s i’ ther ears, an’ felt cowld wet fingers techin’ ’em; but on tha want, lookin’ aroon’ for tha coffin, tha can’le, an’ tha cross, while tha comed nigh to the pool a side o’ tha great snag, wheer the moon lay buried. An’ a’ towanst tha stopt, quakin’ an’ mazed an’ skeery, fur theer wor tha gra’at sto’an, half in, half oot, o’ tha watter,

fur a' th' warl' loike a stra'ange big coffin ; an' at tha he'ad wor tha black snag, stretchin' oot's twae arms in a dark grewsome cross ; an' on it a tiddy light flickered, like a deecin' can'le. An' tha a' knelt down i' tha muck, an' crossed thersel's, an' said, "Our Lord", fu'st for'ard 'cause o' tha cross, an' then back'ard, to ke'p off tha Bogles ; but wi'oot sp'akin' out, fur tha kenned as tha Evil Things 'd catch 'em, ef tha didna do as tha wise woman tellt 'em.

Than tha want nigher, an' tha took hol' on tha big sto'an, an' shoved un oop, an' arterwards tha said 'at fur wan tiddy minute, tha seed a stra'ange an' beautiful fa'ace lookin' oop at 'em glad loike oot o' tha black watter ; but tha light coomed so quick 'an so white an' shinin', 'at tha stept ba'ack mazed wi' it, an' wi' tha gre'at angry wail as coomed fro' tha fleecin' Horrors ; an' tha varry nex' minute, when they could see age'an, theer wor tha full moon i' tha sky, bright an' beautiful an' kin' 's 'iver, shinin' an' smilin' doun at 'em, an' makin' tha bogs an' tha pads as clear as da'ay, an' stealin' into tha varry corners, as thoff she'd ha' druv tha darkness an' tha Bogles clean awa'ay ef a could.

So ho'am tha Car-fo'ak want, gladly and wi' light hearts ; an' iver sence tha moon shines brighter 'n clearer ower tha Bogs than ither wheers ; fur a mind's fine, 'at tha Horrors coom wi' tha da'ark, an' mischance an' mischief an' a' evil things, an' 'at tha Car-fo'ak sowt her an' found her, whan a wor de'ad an' buried i' tha Bog, an' ma'rk my wo'ds, it be a' true, fur ma gran 'asel a seed the snag wi' its twae arms, fur a' tha warl' loike a gre'at cross, an' tha green slimy watter at 's fut, wheer tha poor moon wor buried, an' the sto'an near by 'at kep' a doun, while tha wise woman sent 's Car-fo'ak to set a loose, an' pit a in's sky age'an.

The following story is of a different character, more of what is known among folk-lorists as a Droll. It seems to be a continuation of the story *Coat o' Clay*, which I sent to Mr. Lang some time ago, and which was printed by him in *Longman's Magazine*, and afterwards in *FOLK-LORE*. It was told me by the same person.

A POTTLE O' BRAINS.

Once i' these parts, an' not so long gone nayther, there was a fool as wanted to buy a pottle o' brains, for he was iver gettin' into scrapes through his foolishness, an' bein' laughed at by iveryone. Fo'ak tellt him as he could get everything a liked from tha wise woman as lived on the top o' the hill, an' dealt in potions an' herbs an' spells an' things, an' could tell thee all as 'd come to thee or thy folk. So he tellt 's mother, 'n axed her if a should seek tha wise woman 'n' buy a pottle o' brains.

"That ye should," says she: "thou'st sore need o' them, my son; an' ef a should dee, who'd take care o' a poor fool such 's thou, no more fit to look arter thyself than an unborn babby? but min' thy manners, an' speak her pretty, my lad; fur they wise fo'ak are gey'an light displeased."

So off he went after 's tea, an' there she was, sittin' by tha fire, an' stirrin' a big pot.

"Good c'en, missis," says he, "its a fine night."

"Aye," says she, an' went on stirring.

"It'll mebbe rain," says he, an' fidgetted from one foot to t'other.

"Mebbe," says she.

"An' mappen 't 'ull no," says he, an' looked out o' the window.

"Mappen," says she.

An' he scratched 's head, an' twisted 's hat.

"Weel," says he, "a can't min' nuthin' else about tha weather, but lemme see; the crops is gittin' on fine."

"Fine," says she.

"An'—an'—tha beasts is fattenin'," says he.

"They are," says she.

"An'—an'—" says he, 'n comes to a stop—"a reckon we'll tackle business noo, hevin' done tha perlite like. Hev' ye ony brains fur to sell?"

"That depen's," says she, "ef thou wants king's brains, or sodger's brains, or schoolme'aster's brains, a dinna keep 'em."

"Hout no," says he, "jist ord'nar brains—fit fur any fool—same 's every one has 'bout here; suthin' clean common-like."

"Aye so," says tha wise woman, "a' might manage that, ef so be thou'll help thysel'."

"Hoo 's that fur, missis?" says he.

"Jest so," says she, lookin' in 's pot; "bring me the heart o' tha thing thou likes best o' all, an' a'll tell thee where to get thy pottle o' brains."

"But," says he, scratching his head, "hoo can a do that?"

"That 's no 'on fur me to say," says she, "fin' oot fur thysel', my lad! ef thou disna want to be a fool a' thy days. But thou 'll hev' to read me a riddle so 's a can see thou 'st brought the reet thing, an' ef thy brains is 'boot thee. An' a 've suthin' else to see to," says she, "so gode'en to 'ee," and she carried the pot away wi' her into tha back place.

So off goes the fool to 's mother, an' tellt her what tha wise woman said.

"An' a reckon a 'll hev to kill that pig," says he, "fur a like fat bacon better nor iverythin'."

"Then do 't, my lad," said 's mother, "fur sartain 't 'ull be a stra'ange an' good thing fur 'ee, ef thou canst buy a pottle o' brains, an' be able to look arter thy ain sel'."

So he killed 's pig, an' nex' day off a went to tha wise woman's cottage, an' there she sat, readin' in a great book.

"Gode'en, missis," say he, "a 've brought thee tha heart o' tha thing a likes best o' all; an' a put it hapt j' paper on tha table."

"Aye so?" says she, an' looked at him through her spec'itals. "Tell me this then, what rins wi'oot feet?"

He scratched 's head, an' thowt, an' thowt, but a couldn't tell.

"Go thy ways," says she, "thou'st no fo't me the reet thing yet. I'se no'on brains fur 'ee to-day". An' she clapt the book together, an' t'orned 's back.

So off tha fool went to tell 's mother.

But as a got nigh the hoose, oot came fo'ak runnin' to tell un 'at 's mother was decin'.

An' when he got in, 's mother ony looked at un, an' smiled, 's if to say she could leave un wi' a quiet min, sence a'd got brains 'nuff noo to look arter 's sel'—an' then she dee'd.

So doun a sat, an' the more a thowt aboot it the badder a feeled. He minded hoo she'd nuss't un when a wor a tiddy brat, an' he'ped un wi' 's lessons, an' cooked 's dinners, an' mended 's clouts, an' born wi' 's foolishness; an' a felt sorrier 'n' sorrier, while a began to sob an' greet.

"Oh, mother, mother!" says he, "who'll tak' care on me noo! Thou shouldn't hev' lef' me alo'an, fur a liked thee better nor iverything!"

An' as he said that, he thowt of the words o' the wise woman. "Hi, yi!" says he, "must a cut oot mother's heart an' tak' it to her? A disna like the job," an' he took oot a knife an' felt 's edge.

"No! a can't do 't," says he. "What'll a do! what'll a do to get that pottle o' brains, noo a'm alone i' the worl'?" So a thowt an' thowt, an' next day a went an' borrowed a sack, an' bundelt 's mother in, an' carried it on 's showther up to th' wise woman's cottage.

"Gode'en, missis," says he, "a reckon a 've fo't 'ee the reet thing this time, sure'y," an' he plumped the sack down kerflap! in the doorsil.

"Mebbe," says the wise woman, "but read me this, noo, what's yaller an' shinin' but isna goold?"

An' he scratched 's head, an' thowt, an' thowt, but a couldna tell.

"Thou'st no hit the reet thing, my lad," says she. "I

doubt thou's a bigger fool nor a thought!" an' shut the door in 's face.

"See there!" says he, an' sets down by tha road side an' greets.

"A've lost tha on'y twae things as a cared for, an' what else can a fin' to buy a pottle o' brains wi'!" an' he fair howled, till tha tears ran down into 's mooth. An' oop came a lass as lived gainhand, an' looked at un.

"What's oop wi' thee, fool?" says she.

"Oo a's killed ma pig, 'n lost my mother, an' a'm nobbut a fool mysel'," says he, sobbin'.

"That's bad," says she; "an' hevna thee anybody to look arter thee?"

"Naw," says he, "an' a canna buy my pottle o' brains fur thurs nuthin' a like best lef'!"

"What art ta'alkin' about"! says she.

An' down she sets by him, an' he tellt her all aboot the wise woman an' the pig, an' 's mother an' the riddles, an' 'at he was alo'an i' the warld.

"Weel," says she, "a wouldn't min' lookin' arter thee mysel'."

"Could thee do 't?" says he.

"Ou, ay!" says she, "fo'ak says as fools mak' good husban's, an' a reckon a'll hev thee, ef thou'st willin'."

"Can'st cook?" says he.

"Ay, a can," says she.

"An' scrub?" says he.

"Surely," says she.

"An' men' ma clouts?" says he.

"A can that," says she.

"A reckon thou'lt do then 's weel 's anybody," says he; "but what 'll a do 'bout this wise woman?"

"Oh, wait a bit," says she, "suthin' mowt turn up, an' it 'll no matter ef thou 'rt a fool, s' long 's thou'st got me to look arter thee."

"That's true," says he, an' off tha went and got married.

An' she kept 's house so clean an' neat, an' cooked 's dinner so fine, 'at one night a says to her :

“Lass, a 'm thinkin' a like thee best o' iverything, arter all.”

“That's good hearin',” says she, “an' what then?”

“Hev 'a got to kill thee, dost think, an' take thy heart oop to the wise woman for that pottle o' brains?”

“Laws, no !” says she, lookin' skeered, “a winna hev' that. But see here ; thou didn't cut oot thy mother's heart, did tha?”

“Naw ; but if a had, mebbe a'd a got my pottle o' brains,” says he.

“Not a bit o't,” says she ; “jist thou take me 's a be, heart 'n all, 'n a wager a 'll help thee read the riddles.”

“Can thee so?” says he, doubtful like ; “a reckon thon 's too hard for wimmen fo'ak.”

“Weel,” says she, “let 's see noo. Tell 's the first 'un.”

“What rins wi' oot feet?” says he.

“Why, watter !” says she.

“It do,” says he, an' scratched 's head.

“An' what 's yellor an' shinin', but isna goold?”

“Why, the sun !” says she.

“Faix, it be !” says he. “Coom, us 'll go oop to the wise woman towanst,” and off they went. An' as they comed oop the pad, she wor sittin' at the door, twinin' straws.

“Gode'en, missis,” says he.

“Gode'en, fool,” says she.

“A reckon a 's fo't 'e the reet thing to last,” says he, “thoff a hev'n't azac'ly cut th' heart oot, it be so moocky wark.”

The wise woman looked at 'em both, an' wiped her spec'itals.

“Canst tell me what that be, as has first nae legs, an' then twae legs, an' en's wi' fower legs?”

An' the fool scratched 's head, an' thowt, an' thowt ; but a couldna tell.

An' the lass whispered in 's ear :

"It be a tadpole."

"Mappen," says he then, "it mout be a tadpole, missis."

The wise woman nodded 's head.

"That 's reet," says she, "an' thou'st got thy pottle o' brains a'ready."

"Wheer be they?" says he, lookin' about, an' feelin' in 's pockets.

"In thy wife's head," says she. "The on'y cure fur a fool 's a good wife to look arter 'n, an' that thou'st got; so gode'en to 'ee!" An' wi' that she nodded to 'em, an' up and into the hoose.

So they went ho'am together, an' a niver wanted to buy a pottle o' brains age'an, fur 's wife 'ad enuff fur both.

M. C. BALFOUR.

AN AMAZONIAN CUSTOM IN THE CAUCASUS.

ONE of the best known legends of classical authors relates to a fabled nation of warlike women, deprived of the use of one breast by a process of cauterisation and known as Amazons. According to a well-authenticated custom, still current among the Cherkes or Adighé, the Abkhas, and to some extent among the Osets,¹ the growth of both breasts during maidenhood is artificially repressed by means of a leather corset. The object of this paper is to offer an explanation for the origin of the modern custom, and to show reason for believing it to be lineally descended from an older one anterior to the time of Herodotus, and having, therefore, a possible ancestry of twenty-five centuries.

In Asia, which at that period was separated from Europe by the river Don, the ancient Greeks knew of Amazons in two localities: on the banks of the Thermodon near Sinope, and on the isthmus north of the great chain of the Caucasus. It is probable they first became acquainted with those that lay nearest them, and accounted for those they heard of afterwards in the neighbourhood of the Caucasus by an imaginary migration, such as Herodotus relates. Some of the reports that may have been true of

¹ According to Klaproth, this custom is confined to the Osetan nobility, and it, together with the dress and other fashions, seems to have been adopted from the dominant Adighé race. The Osets are a comparatively small, not very important people, located in nearly equal numbers on both sides of the Great Chain. Nothing is known for certain when this Aryan-speaking population entered the Caucasus. To judge from various peculiarities in their language, it is probable that they migrated from the south-east, and that their earliest settlements were on the south side of the mountains.

the Amazons of the Thermodon were very likely transferred without sufficient ground to the Amazons of the Caucasus. Whether there existed any nearer connection between the two groups than that both performed some operation upon the right breast, and had some customs in common, does not concern us here. We may, therefore, dismiss the legends referring to the westerly Amazons, and confine our attention to the easterly variety.

First, we have to establish as nearly as possible their actual geographical position. According to Herodotus, Amazons were found among the Sauromatai, who lived between four and five days' journey north-east of the upper end of the Sea of Azov. Hippocrates places the Sauromatai in Europe, that is to say, west of the Don and of the Sea of Azov. But Scylax, in his *Periplus* of the Euxine, locates them much in the same position as Herodotus, on the left bank of the Don and contiguous to the Maiotai. Scymnus of Chios and the second anonymous author of the *Periplus*, place them in Europe, and identify the Maiotai with the Sauromatai, who were themselves a tribe of the Sarmatai. Strabo gives us three versions, which do not greatly differ. According to one, the Amazons were believed to live among the mountains above Albania (the lower valley of the Kur), but separated from the Albanians by the Scythian tribes of Gēlai and Lēgai,¹ and by the Mermadalis river² (Terek?). Others maintained that the Amazons bordered upon the Gargarenses, who lived at the northern foot of the Caucasian mountains, called Ceraunia, by which Strabo meant the south-eastern end of the range. According to a third report, the country of the Amazons and of the Siraccene³ was traversed by a rapid

¹ Perhaps the Galgai, a Chechents tribe on the northern slope of the main Chain and the Lesgians, in Georgian Leki.

² A tributary of the Terek still bears the name of Mervedik.

³ According to Strabo, they nomadised along the Akhardeus, which had its source in the Caucasus and emptied into the Sea of Azov.

torrent called the Mermodas, which descended from the mountains and discharged into the Sea of Azov.

From these accounts it may be assumed that certain customs, summarised under the term Amazon, prevailed among tribes that occupied an area bounded on the south by the northern slopes of the Caucasus, though, perhaps, only as far south as the Terek from the point where this river bends eastwards ; on the east by the Caspian Sea ; on the west by the Black Sea, the Sea of Azov and the Don, perhaps even by an undefined line to the west of that river ; on the north the limits were undetermined by any natural feature, but extended for a distance of three or of fifteen days' march—Herodotus gives both distances in different passages—north of the mouth of the Don.

Having localised the area within which Amazonian customs were disseminated, the next step is to identify, if possible, the Sauromatai, a tribe, as we have seen, of the Sarmatai, with some of the existing nations of the Caucasus. As ethnic names, both of these are undoubtedly lost, though it is alleged by a native Cherkes author that the word *Sharmat* is still remembered, and that some Cherkes families claim to be descended from the ancient Sarmatians.¹ Herodotus distinguishes between the Scythians west of the Don and the non-Scythians to the east of the river, though at the same time he supposes the Sauromatai to be a mixed race of Scythian men and Amazon women from the banks of the Thermodon. His theory that the people were half-breeds seems to have been framed by himself or his informants to account for two facts, or supposed facts: the prevalence of certain customs known to exist in another part of Asia, which could only be explained, so far as he or his informant could see, by a migration—in reality fictitious—from there to the Don region ; the fact, probably quite erroneous, that the Sauromatai spoke broken Scythian, as the women

¹ Schora Bektursin Nogmow, *Sagen u. Lieder des Tscherkessen Volks*, p. 8.

descended from the Amazons of the Thermodon had never learnt perfectly the language of their husbands. Here I take it the word Scythian is used in a wider and looser sense than in that generally employed by Herodotus, for he gained the information through hearsay, and may therefore be taken to include a Caucasian language. If there is a grain of truth in the statement, it is that the men and women did not always speak the same dialect: that the Sauromatai were, in fact, like the Cherkes, exogamous. Hippocrates, who wrote a little later than Herodotus, though he places the Sauromatai west of the Don, is very positive in his assertion that they were different from other nations, and therefore from the Scyths. Strabo, writing shortly before the beginning of the Christian era, says of seventy nations, all speaking different languages, that used to assemble at the Colchidian mart of Dioscurias, that they were chiefly Sarmatians, but all of them Caucasian tribes. Talking of the Iberians, the modern Imeretians and Georgians, he mentions that those of them inhabiting the mountains lived like the Sarmatians and Scythians, on whose country they bordered and with whom they were connected by affinity of race. The Scythians here referred to are no doubt the Gēlai and Lēgai tribes, belonging to the Caucasus. He places the Albanians in the lower valley of the Kur, east of the Alazan, and makes the Caucasus their northern boundary, apparently confining them to the plain. But as they were reported to speak twenty-six languages, and could bring a larger force into the field than the Iberians, it is evident that many hill tribes must be included in their number, and this people is now doubtless represented by the Lesgians. Of the nationalities occupying the northern slopes of the main Chain, the Lesgians, therefore, and perhaps the Chechents, if the Gēlai are represented by the Galgai, are to be excluded from the Sarmatai, and then we are left with the Cherkes and the Abkhas. A few centuries ago, the Adighé occupied a great part of the area previously inhabited

by the Sauromatai, Maiotai, and other Sarmatian tribes. When Georgio Interiano visited them in the middle of the 15th century the Cherkes extended from the Don along the Sea of Azov as far south as Abkhasia, which thus gave them, according to his estimation, a coast line of five hundred miles. Before his time, till driven out by the Tartars, they had settlements in the Crimea. Until recently they peopled the country between Taman and the confines of the Abkhas country, as well as the great and little Kabardá. There is, therefore, considerable ground for assuming that the Sarmatai, including the Sauromatai, Maiotai, and the many other tribes into which they were sub-divided, whom ancient writers aver to have been Caucasians, to have had racial affinity with the Iberians, to have been different from Scythians, in Herodotus' narrow sense of the word, and to have had Amazons among them, are now represented by the Cherkes and Abkhas, or Absne, who occupy, or have occupied, much of the same geographical area, who are Caucasians, who are certainly more nearly related to the Georgians than to any non-Caucasian people, who are anaryan and allophyl as regards Tatars, Mongols, and Finno-ugrians, and who retain the custom of flattening the breasts during maidenhood.¹

It now remains to compare what is reported of the Amazons with existing customs of the Cherkes and

¹ This proposed identification of the Sarmatai with Caucasian races runs counter to the general opinion that they were an Aryan-speaking people now represented by some of the Slav nationalities. For undoubtedly in later times Roman writers apply the term Sarmatian to tribes dwelling as far west as the Dniester and the Vistula; but this may be explained. They were dubbed Sarmatians from possessing certain test customs and from living in Sarmatia, a geographical expression of elastic nature which gradually expanded from a small area north of the Caucasus till it covered the whole of Eastern Europe; just as Siberia, which once meant a small territory east of the Ural Mountains, now serves to designate the whole of Northern Asia, and includes several distinct races, each of which may loosely be spoken of as Siberian.

Abkhas. According to Herodotus, the women of the Sauromatai did not form a distinct nation like the Amazons of the Thermodon, from whom they were imagined to descend. Though they wore the same dress as men, and fought and hunted on horseback, this was not always or necessarily by themselves, for they also did so in company with their husbands. Girls, however, could not marry till they had killed a man in battle, from which custom they received from their Scythian neighbours the epithet of "manslayers". Hippocrates, discoursing on the Sauromatai, mentions that the women, armed with bow and javelin, fought their enemies on horseback, but only so long as they were in an unmarried state. They might not enter matrimony till they had slain three enemies, and did not live with their husbands till they had offered the sacrifice prescribed by law. After marriage women ceased to ride, save on a special emergency. During infancy mothers cauterised the right breast of their female children, by applying a heated metal instrument made for the purpose. Strabo enters into rather fuller particulars, but refers to tribes dwelling south of the Sauromatai on the counterforts of the main Chain. From infancy the Amazons had the right breast cauterised to allow of the arm being used with greater ease, especially when throwing the javelin. When at home they ploughed, planted, pastured cattle, and trained horses. The strongest spent much time in hunting on horseback, and in practising warlike exercises. In spring, they passed two months on a neighbouring mountain, the boundary between them and the Gargarenses. The latter also ascended the mountain, in conformity with ancient custom, to perform common sacrifices, and to have intercourse with the women in secret and darkness, for the purpose of obtaining offspring, each man taking the first woman he met. When the women became pregnant they were sent away. The female children were retained by the Amazons, the males were taken by the Gargarenses to be brought up. The children were distributed among families

in which the master treated them entirely as his own. This evidently implies a system of fosterage.

Interweaving the substance of the above reports, after making due allowance for the evident tincture of the fabulous they contain, with what is known of existing customs among the Cherkes and Abkhas, a slight summary may be constructed of manners and customs that may, I think, with more or less reason be attributed to the Sarmatians about the sixth century B.C., though, of course, their origin must be much older. It may not be amiss to mention here that rich traces of a very considerable degree of civilisation, to which archæologists like Virchow and E. Chantre assign a date of about 1000 B.C., but culminating about 700 B.C., have been found in the sepulchres of Kobán, near the northern entrance of the Pass of Dariel. Though most of the metallic objects are of bronze, iron was known, and they belong to the early iron period.

The Sarmatians, though without fixed habitations, were possessed of a certain social organisation, being divided, at any rate, into nobles and vassals, many of whom were only slaves. They were also separated into exogamous tribes, for marriage within the tribe was regarded as incest, and punishable with death, perhaps by drowning, as was recently the case. Children of both sexes were not brought up at home, but were transferred to the care of foster-parents, and only returned to the parental hearth when they had attained the age of manhood or womanhood. Though the women were ferocious enough towards tribal enemies their status at home was very low, little better than that of a slave, at any rate after marriage. All outdoor labour, such as ploughing and reaping, tending sheep, cattle, and horses, was performed entirely by them, and in defence of their charge, when attacked, they fought as savagely as the men. Unmarried women—for the care of herding fell chiefly on them—dressed like men, and by reason of their duties were armed with bows and javelins. Perhaps the belief that a woman could not bear courageous children, and was un-

worthy of becoming a mother, unless she herself had given proof of her own courage by slaying at least one tribal enemy, gave rise to the usage that a girl might not marry till she had killed one, perhaps three individuals. And reciprocally it is far from improbable that among a race of warriors a man might not take a wife till he had shown his bravery in battle by bringing home at least one head. The whole duty of man lay in fighting, robbing, avenging the death of relatives, man stealing, and, for those that lived on the coast, in piracy. Still, the wild, untutored instinct that glorified acts like these was tempered by a sentiment that made a virtue of generosity and hospitality on the part of the nobles, and demanded respect towards old age from all ranks of society. Largely on account of their vocations, but partly from a superstitious dislike of the men, with their manly instincts, to be seen much in company with women, the sexes lived on the whole rather separate lives, and intercourse between married couples was of a clandestine nature. At certain annual festivals in honour of some divinity celebrated in sacred groves, where sacrifice was made, accompanied by games and athletic sports, promiscuous intercourse was carried on after dark. It may be the worship in spring of certain deities demanded it as a necessary rite. To obtain a wife a man had to pay a price for her in sheep, cattle, horses, or other valuables. But concurrent with this usage women were sometimes carried off, and sometimes they simply consented to live with a man, without further ceremony, though unions of this nature were chiefly prevalent in the lowest class. After marriage a woman lost much of her maidenly freedom, no longer roved after her flocks and herds in society with other girls, but had to follow her husband for the purpose of performing the necessary menial duties he would have disdained to do for himself. At an early age, perhaps between the ages of seven and ten as nowadays, mothers began to flatten the breasts of their female children by compressing them with a broad leather belt

or corset, which was sewn round the chest, and was only cut open by the bridegroom on the wedding day by means of a dagger. Such at least is the modern practice.

In the above reconstruction of facts stated or hinted by Greek writers I have suggested how it happened that the Amazons were thought to be almost a race by themselves. It arose in a great measure from their occupation. It was women's work to pasture the flocks and herds, and therefore to defend them if attacked. To do this they must be armed. It need not be supposed that the men never protected the herds themselves. They probably did so when actual danger was anticipated, but under ordinary circumstances it was left to the unmarried women to shield the sheep and cattle from the assaults of casual marauders. That cauterisation of the right breast was ever practised in the Caucasus seems to me highly improbable, though it may have been done elsewhere. Some writers, Professor Sayce among them, maintain that the Amazons that overran Asia Minor, and left traces of themselves at Ephesus, Smyrna, Cyme, and other places were priestesses of the Great Goddess. And it is conceivable these may have sacrificed their right breasts to her by searing them with a hot iron in such a way as to destroy their development. Even Greek and Latin writers were sceptical on this point, and the reason alleged for the custom, to allow greater freedom in casting a javelin or drawing a bow, seems unnecessary from a physiological point of view. Yet, undoubtedly, some operation was performed, or the Greek legend would have had no foundation. If the reason for flattening the breasts about to be proposed is the true one, there is nothing improbable in believing that the existing custom has a long row of centuries behind it, quite enough to throw it back in time beyond the sixth century B.C.

The great desire of women, more especially during a period of warlike barbarism, is to bear male children. Turning our attention to the result of flattening a girl's breasts and letting her wear male attire, it is obvious that

a sex distinction has been obliterated, and she has become externally assimilated to a male youth. Moreover, the object has evidently been intentional. It would be no outrage to the reasoning powers of the Sarmatians to suppose that they believed a woman's chances of bearing male children were vastly enhanced by her wearing a man's dress, and by being conformed in some degree to the male type by forcible compression of the breasts during maidenhood. They would argue thus: a woman wants to bear male children, therefore she ought to be made as much like a man as possible. A conviction of this kind is gained by a process identical with the immature reasoning that underlies what is called sympathetic magic. Here a postulant by a symbolical act expresses the longings of his heart in the mute language of signs, under the vague hope that his wish will be granted either by the spirit or deity in whose power it lies to bestow such a desire, or by virtue of an irresistible necessity, the exact nature of which he cannot fathom, but in which he has, nevertheless, the profoundest belief. In applying this statement to the reasoning of the Sarmatians there seems to be a hiatus. For how is a spirit or an all-compelling necessity to understand what a girl means by dressing like a man and repressing the growth of the breasts? That every Amazon was expected to marry and bear children, and had herself the wish to do so, was regarded as so natural as to be implicit, and to be understood by anybody. All she had to do, therefore, to be fully comprehended by the powers that grant such desires was to hoist, as it were, a signal to indicate the sex of the child she desired to conceive, and this she did naturally enough by donning male attire and exhibiting her flattened bosom. It may be asked why this was done only in maidenhood, and not during the married state, when it would seem more appropriate? It is obvious repression of the breasts could not be maintained when a woman became a mother, and for all we know she may have continued to wear

men's clothing all her life ; but the act was performed before marriage to ensure the first child being, if possible, a boy. A similar explanation would account for the false beards worn by Argive brides when they slept with their husbands,¹ and for the widespread custom, alluded to by Mr. J. G. Frazer,² of men dressing as women and women as men at marriage, if it could be assumed that the older custom was for women alone to dress in that way, and when the meaning of the ceremony was forgotten that bridegrooms also dressed like women ; a change which might arise from a growing spirit of buffoonery and frolic such as is never absent from rustic weddings.

¹ J. G. Frazer, *Totemism*, p. 79.

² *Totemism*, p. 79.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

CHILDE ROWLAND.

AMONG the English folk-tales that I have lately been collecting and investigating, by far the most interesting is that of "Childe Rowland". I have already called attention to some of the points of interest in my notes on the version of it that I published in my volume on *English Fairy Tales*, pp. 238-45. But it was impossible in such a way to deal at all adequately with the folk-lore aspects of the tale, and I am glad of the present opportunity to do so at more length. Especially I desire to make accessible the actual form in which the tale was published by Jamieson in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, 1814, pp. 397 *seq.* For the purposes of my book I had to deviate from the pristine form in various ways. I proceed at once to give it in its original form.

ROSMER HAF-MAND, OR THE MER-MAN ROSMER.

When on a former occasion, in "Popular Ballads and Songs", vol. ii, p. 22, the present writer laid before the public a translation of the first ballad of "Rosmer", he expressed an opinion that this was the identical romance quoted by Edgar in *King Lear*, which, in Shakespeare's time, was well known in England, and is still preserved, in however mutilated a state, in Scotland. Having the outline of the story so happily sketched to his hand, it would have required no very great exertion of talents or industry, for one exercised in these studies, to have presented this romance in a poetical dress, far more correct and generally engaging than that in which it can be expected to be found; but as he accounts an original, however imperfect, which bears the genuine marks of the age which produced it, and of the taste of those who have preserved it, much more interesting to the historian or antiquary

than any mere modern tale of the same kind, however artfully constructed, he has preferred subjoining the Scottish legend *in puris naturalibus*, in the hope that the publication of it may be the means of exciting curiosity and procuring a more perfect copy of this singular relic :

“ King Arthur’s sons o’ merry Carlisle
 Were playing at the ba’;
 And there was their sister Burd Ellen,
 I’ the mids amang them a’.

“ Child Rowland kick’d it wi’ his foot,
 And keppit it in his knee ;
 And ay, as he play’d out o’er them a’,
 O’er the kirk he gar’d it flee.

“ Burd Ellen round about the isle
 To seek the ba’ is gane ;
 But they bade lang and ay langer,
 And she camena back again.

“ They sought her east, they sought her west,
 They sought her up and down ;
 And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle],
 For she was nae gait found !”

At last her elder brother went to the Warluck Merlin (*Myrddin Wylât*), and asked if he knew where his sister, the fair burd Ellen, was. “The fair burd Ellen,” said the Warluck Merlin, “is carried away by the fairies, and is now in the castle of the King of Elfland; and it were too bold an undertaking for the stoutest knight in Christendom to bring her back.” “Is it possible to bring her back?” said her brother, “and I will do it, or perish in the attempt.” “Possible? indeed it is,” said the Warluck Merlin; “but woe to the man or mother’s son who attempts it, if he is not well instructed beforehand of what he is to do.”

Inflamed no less by the glory of such an enterprise than by the desire of rescuing his sister, the brother of the fair burd Ellen resolved to undertake the adventure; and, after proper instructions from Merlin (which he failed in observing), he set out on his perilous expedition.

“ But they bade lang and ay langer,
 Wi’ dout and mickle maen :
 And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle],
 For he camena back again.”

The second brother, in like manner, set out, but failed in observing the instructions of the Warluck Merlin, and—

“ They bade lang and ay langer,
 Wi’ mickle dout and maen ;
 And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle],
 For he camena back again.”

Child Rowland, the youngest brother of the fair burd Ellen, then resolved to go, but was strenuously opposed by the good queen [Gwenevra], who was afraid of losing all her children.

At last the good queen [Gwenevra] gave him her consent and her blessing. He girt on (in great form, and with all due solemnity of sacerdotal consecration) his father’s good *claymore* [Excalibar], that never struck in vain, and repaired to the cave of the Warluck Merlin.

The Warluck Merlin gave him all necessary instructions for his journey and conduct, the most important of which were that he should kill every person he met with after entering the land of Fairy, and should neither eat nor drink of what was offered him in that country, whatever his hunger or thirst might be, for if he tasted or touched in Elfland, he must remain in the power of the Elves, and never see *middle card* again.

So Child Rowland set out on his journey, and travelled “on and ay farther on”, till he came to where (as he had been forewarned by the Warluck Merlin) he found the King of Elfland’s horse-herd feeding his horses. “Canst thou tell me”, said Rowland to the horse-herd, “where the King of Elfland’s castle is?” “I cannot tell thee”, said the horse-herd, “but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the cow-herd, and he, perhaps, may tell thee.” So Child Rowland drew the good claymore [Excalibar] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the horse-herd. Child Rowland then went on a little farther, till he came to the King of Elfland’s cow-herd, who was feeding his cows. “Canst thou tell me”, said Child Rowland to the cow-herd, “where the King of Elfland’s castle is?” “I

cannot tell thee", said the cow-herd, "but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the sheep-herd, and he, perhaps, may tell thee." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore [Excalibar], that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the cow-herd. He then went a little farther, till he came to the sheep-herd. . . .

[*The sheep-herd, goat-herd, and swine-herd are all, each in his turn, served in the same manner; and lastly, he is referred to the hen-wife.*]

"Go on yet a little farther", said the hen-wife, "till thou come to a round green hill surrounded with rings (*terraces*) from the bottom to the top; go round it three times *widershins*, and every time say: 'Open, door! open, door! and let me come in'; and the third time the door will open, and you may go in." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore [Excalibar], that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the hen-wife. Then went he three times *widershins* round the green hill, crying: "Open, door! open, door! and let me come in"; and the third time the door opened, and he went in. It immediately closed behind him, and he proceeded through a long passage, where the air was soft and agreeably warm, like a May evening, as is all the air of Elfland. The light was a sort of twilight or gloaming, but there were neither windows nor candles, and he knew not whence it came, if it was not from the walls and roof, which were rough and arched like a grotto, and composed of a clear and transparent rock, incrustated with *sheep's-silver* and spar, and various bright stones. At last he came to two wide and lofty folding-doors, which stood ajar. He opened them, and entered a large and spacious hall, whose richness and brilliance no tongue can tell. It seemed to extend the whole length and height of the hill. The superb Gothic pillars, by which the roof was supported, were so large and so lofty (said my scannachy) that the pillars of the Chanry Kirk, or of Pluscardin Abbey, are no more to be compared to them than the Knock of Alves is to be compared to Balrinnies or Ben-a-chi. They were of gold and silver, and were fretted, like the west window of the Chanry Kirk,¹ with wreaths of flowers composed of diamonds and precious stones of all manner of beautiful colours. The key-stones of the arch above, instead

¹ The Cathedral of Elgin, naturally enough, furnished similes to a man who had never in his life been twenty miles distant from it.—JAM.

of coats of arms and other devices, were ornamented with clusters of diamonds in the same manner. And from the middle of the roof, where the principal arches met, was hung, by a gold chain, an immense lamp of one hollowed pearl, perfectly transparent, in the midst of which was suspended a large carbuncle that, by the power of magic, continually turned round, and shed over all the hall a clear and mild light like the setting sun ; but the hall was so large, and these dazzling objects so far removed, that their blended radiance cast no more than a pleasing lustre, and excited no other than agreeable sensations in the eyes of Child Rowland.

The furniture of the hall was suitable to its architecture ; and at the farther end, under a splendid canopy, seated on a gorgeous sofa of velvet, silk, and gold, and—

“ Kemming her yellow hair wi’ a silver kemb,
There was his sister burd Ellen ;
She stood up him before.”

Says—

“ ‘ God rue thee, poor luckless fode,¹
What hast thou to do here ?’

“ And hear ye this, my youngest brither,
Why badena ye at hame ?
Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,
Ye canno brook ane o’ them.

“ And sit thou down ; and wae, O wae,
That ever thou was born ;
For come the King o’ Elfland in,
Thy leccam² is forlorn !”

A long conversation then takes place. Child Rowland tells her the news [of merry Carlisle] and of his own expedition, and concludes with the observation that, after his long and fatiguing journey to the castle of the King of Elfland, he is *very hungry*.

Burd Ellen looked wistfully and mournfully at him, and shook her head, but said nothing. Acting under the influence of a magic which she could not resist, she arose, and brought him a golden bowl full of bread and milk, which she presented to him with the same timid, tender, and anxious expression of solicitude.

¹ Fode—*man*.

² Leccam—*body*.

Remembering the instructions of the Warluck Merlin. “Burd Ellen”, said Child Rowland, “I will neither taste nor touch till I have set thee free!” Immediately the folding-doors burst open with tremendous violence, and in came the King of Elfland :

“With *fi, fi, fo*, and *fum!*

I smell the blood of a Christian man !

Be he dead, be he living, wi’ my brand

I’ll clash his harns frae his harn-pan !”

“Strike, then, Bogle of Hell, if thou darest!” exclaimed the undaunted Child Rowland, starting up, and drawing the good claymore [Excalibar], that never struck in vain.

A furious combat ensued, and the King of Elfland was felled to the ground, but Child Rowland spared him, on condition that he should restore him his two brothers, who lay in a trance in a corner of the hall, and his sister, the fair burd Ellen. The King of Elfland then produced a small crystal phial, containing a bright red liquor, with which he anointed the lips, nostrils, eyelids, ears, and finger-ends¹ of the two young men, who immediately awoke, as from a profound sleep, during which their souls had quitted their bodies, and they had seen, etc., etc., etc. So they all four returned in triumph to [merry Carlisle].

Such was the rude outline of the Romance of Child Rowland, as it was told to me when I was about seven or eight years old, by a country tailor then at work in my father’s house. He was an ignorant and dull, good sort of honest man, who seemed never to have questioned the truth of what he related. Where the *et cæteras* are put down, many curious particulars have been omitted, because I was afraid of being deceived by my memory, and substituting one thing for another. It is right also to admonish the reader that “The Warluck Merlin, Child Rowland, and

¹ This anointing the seats of the five senses seems borrowed from the sacrament of *extreme unction* in the Catholic Church ; but *extreme unction* (with blood), *lustration by water*, *the sign of the cross*, *breaking of bread*, and *drinking of wine*, etc., were in use among the Goths long before the introduction of Christianity ; and the *Mitres* of our bishops are lineally descended from the radiated turbans of the priests of *Mithra*, the Persian *God of the Sun*. The *Rosary* is used by the followers of *Lama*, among the Kalmucks, etc.—JAMIESON.

Burd Ellen" were the only *names* introduced in *his* recitation, and that the others inclosed within brackets are assumed upon the authority of the locality given to the story by the mention of *Merlin*. In every other respect I have been as faithful as possible.

It was recited in a sort of formal, drowsy, measured, monotonous recitative, mixing prose and verse, in the manner of the Icelandic Sagas, and as is still the manner of reciting tales and *fabulas aniles* in the winter evenings, not only among the Islanders, Norwegians, and Swedes, but also among the Lowlanders in the north of Scotland, and among the Highlanders and Irish. This peculiarity, so far as my memory could serve me, I have endeavoured to preserve; but of the *verses* which have been introduced, I cannot answer for the exactness of any, except the stanza put into the mouth of the King of Elfland, which was indelibly impressed upon my memory, long before I knew anything of Shakespeare, by the odd and whimsical manner in which the tailor curled up his nose, and sniffed all about, to imitate the action which "fi, fi, fo, fum!" is intended to represent.

Jamieson's reference to Shakespeare may lead us to direct our attention in the first place to the very distinguished literary history of our story, at least according to my opinion. Browning found in *King Lear* a line of dark import—

"Childe Rowland to the Dark Tower came,"

and made out of it a mystical poem. He little thought he was dealing with a fragment of a fairy tale. Yet there can be little doubt that Edgar, in his mad scene in *King Lear*, is alluding to our tale, which indeed has some faint analogy with its plot, when he breaks into the lines :

"Childe Rowland to the Dark Tower came

His word was still : 'Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British¹ man."

King Lear, act iii, sc. 4, *ad fin.*

¹ "British" for "English". This is one of the points that settles

The latter reference is to the cry of the King of Eliland. That some such story was current in England in Shakespeare's time, is proved by that curious *mélange* of nursery tales, Peele's *The Old Wives' Tale*. The main plot of this is the search of two brothers, Calopha and Thelea, for a lost sister, Delia, who has been bespelled by a sorcerer, Sacrapant (the names are taken from the *Orlando Furioso*). They are instructed by an old man (like Merlin in "Childe Rowland") how to rescue their sister, and ultimately succeed. The play has besides this the themes of the Thankful Dead, the Three Heads of the Well (which see), the Life Index, and a transformation; so that it is not to be wondered at if some of the traits of "Childe Rowland" are observed in it, especially as the name implies that it was made up of folk-tales.

But a still closer parallel is afforded by Milton's *Comus*. Here again we have two brothers in search of a sister, who has got into the power of an enchanter. But besides this, there is the refusal of the heroine to touch the enchanted food, just as Childe Rowland finally refuses. And ultimately the bespelled heroine is liberated by a liquid, which is applied to her *lips and finger-tips*, just as Childe Rowland's brothers are unspelled by applying a liquid to their eyelids, nostrils, lips, and finger-tips. Such a minute resemblance as this cannot be accidental, and it is therefore probable that Milton used the original form of "Childe Rowland", or some variant of it, as heard in his youth, and adapted it to the purposes of the masque at Ludlow Castle, and of his allegory. Certainly no other folk-tale in the world can claim so distinguished an offspring.

Whether this be so or no, these literary parallels prove at least that our tale has been told in these islands for at least 250 years, from Shakespeare's youth till Motherwell's date of the play; James I was declared King of Great Britain, October 1604. I may add that Motherwell, in his *Minstrelsy*, p. xiv, *note*, testifies that the story was still extant in the nursery at the time he wrote (1828).

well's time, who declares (*supra*, p. 189, *u.*) that it was recited in his day, 1828, in Scotch nurseries. This independent testimony saves us the trouble of investigating very closely the authenticity of Jamieson's version, even if his accompanying remarks did not prove, on the face of them, his obvious *bona fides*.

Here, then, we have happening in our own land what we folk-lorists so often assume to happen elsewhere. The story existed before Shakespeare, yet does not get written down till 200 years after his death. The mere fact that it is ultimately written down in the Lowlands of Scotland need not, I think, disturb us from the conclusion that it existed in Elizabethan England, for I have been able to trace every one of the folk-stories which are preserved in Lowland Scotch either to England or to the Highlands. The story of "Childe Rowland" does not, therefore, arise in Lowland Scotland, and as it is known by Shakespeare's quotation to have been in England in the sixteenth century, it is, notwithstanding all *Saturday Reviewers* may say, an English fairy tale. But it bears within it marks of still higher antiquity than the sixteenth century. Here we reach those points of contrast between Folk-tale and Customary Archæology with which Messrs. Gomme, Hartland, and Lang have familiarised us. We may profitably, I think, devote some attention to the "survivals" of archaic life, which are, I believe, to be found in unusual profusion in "Childe Rowland".

I. *Uction of Extremities.*—We may dismiss rather curtly the youngest antiquity. Jamieson has already noticed that the way in which Burd Ellen's elder brothers are restored to life by anointment of the seats of the five senses—"unction of the extremities" we might call it—is derived from the extreme unction of the Roman Catholic Church. This involves that the tale received its final form while England was still Roman Catholic, *i.e.*, before the sixteenth century. It does not necessarily follow that this touch was a part of the original when first composed.

We shall soon see, I think, that its atmosphere was not within the Christian fold. Jamieson remarks, in an off-hand manner, that extreme unction with blood was in use among the Goths long before the introduction of Christianity, but I have failed to find any authentic justification for this statement. It will be observed, however, that it was with "a bright red liquor" that the unction of the extremities was performed in our tale.

II. We may next take the notion contained in the curious word *widershins*. In my book I adopted a friend's suggestion that this word is derived from the words *wider*, against, and *shine*, "the course of the sun". For this I have been taken to task by my friend Mr. J. Gollonez in the *Academy*, who informs us, with an appalling array of Teutonic learning, that it is rather from *wider*, and a word *sinn*, equivalent to "sense", but the very existence of which in English has to be assumed *ad hoc*; so that the word simply means "contrariwise". On my pointing out that this does not explain the *sh* in "widershins", nor the special sense "opposite to the sun's course", Mr. Gollonez allows that "shine" had some influence on the word as a folk-etymology. "'Twas Tweedledum," I said. "No," says Mr. Gollonez, "'tis Tweedledee, with only an infusion of Tweedledum." But that etymology is so exact a science, one would feel tempted to smile.

But whether "contrariwise" or "counterclockwise", as the mathematicians say, the idea attached to *widershins* is ancient, though not archaic. It points to a time of opposition between Christendom and paganism. To do things in a way opposite to the Church way was to league oneself with the enemies of the Church. Hence the door of the Dark Tower opens to him that has gone round it three times *widershins*, just as the Devil appeared to those who said the Paternoster backwards. This element in the story points, then, to a time when Christianity was introduced into these islands, and had the upperhand.

III. Yet there are, seemingly, elements in it which must

trace back long before that time for their origin. Our hero is the youngest of three brothers, yet he is called the *childe* or heir. Have we here a trace of the time when the youngest son was the heir?¹ That custom has left traces even upon English land, where it is known as "Borough English", and exists still, I believe, in some few English manors. Yet it most probably traces from the very earliest times when Englishmen were still wandering, and had not settled into *tuns*.

IV. The taboo against taking food in the enemy's land has something savage and archaic about it, as is the case with all taboos. It is an incident tolerably frequent in folk-tales or fairy tales, and there is a classical example of it in the myth of Persephone. Mr. Hartland, who has recently studied the matter, comes to the conclusion that there is some relation between the taboo against taking food in Elfland and that against eating the food of the dead. If we carried out this explanation in the present instance, it would follow that the Dark Tower—if we may so call the hilly palace of the Erlkönig of our tale—is the Underworld peopled by the dead, and the King of Elfland is a variant of Pluto. Our story would thus be another instance of the well-known theme of the Descent to Hell. This involves, of course, that Fairies are Ghosts, which needs an explanation why people should believe both in fairies and ghosts.

V. Against this there are certain indications in our story that tell for a recent theory of fairies that is more substantial in so far as it supposes them to have really existed. I refer to the recently published work of Mr. D. MacRitchie, *The Testimony of Tradition* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.) *i.e.*, of tradition about the fairies and the rest. Briefly put, Mr. MacRitchie's view is that the elves, trolls, and fairies represented in popular tradition are really the mound-dwellers, whose remains have been discovered in some abundance in the form of

¹ Not too much stress need be laid upon this, however, owing to the conventional use of "Childe" in the Romances.

green hillocks, which have been artificially raised over a long and low passage leading to a central chamber open to the sky. Mr. MacRitchie shows that in several instances traditions about trolls or "good people" have attached themselves to mounds, which have afterwards on investigation turned out to be evidently the former residence of men of smaller build than the mortals of to-day. He goes on further to identify these with the Picts—fairies are called "Pechs" in Scotland—and other early races, but with these ethnological equations we need not much concern ourselves. It is otherwise with the mound-traditions and their relation, if not to fairy tales in general, to tales *about* fairies, trolls, elves, etc. These are very few in number, and generally bear the character of anecdotes. The fairies, etc., steal a child, they help a wanderer to a drink, and then disappear into a green hill; they help cottagers with their work at night, but disappear if their presence is noticed; human midwives are asked to help fairy mothers, fairy maidens marry ordinary men, or girls marry and live with fairy husbands. All such things may have happened, and bear no such *à priori* marks of impossibility as speaking animals, flying through the air, and similar incidents of the folk-tale pure and simple. If, as archaeologists tell us, there was once a race of men in Northern Europe, very short and hairy, that dwelt in underground chambers artificially concealed by green hillocks, it does not seem unlikely that odd survivors of the race should have lived on after they had been conquered and nearly exterminated by Aryan invaders, and should occasionally have performed something like the pranks told of fairies and trolls.

VI. Certainly the description of the Dark Tower of the King of Elfland in "Childe Rowland" has a remarkable resemblance to the dwellings of the "good folk" which recent excavations have revealed. Mr. MacRitchie gives illustrations of one of the most interesting of these, the Maes How of Orkney; by his kindness I was enabled

to reproduce this in my *English Fairy Tales*, page 243. This is a green mound some 100 feet in length and 35 in breadth at its broadest part. Tradition had long located a goblin in its centre, but it was not till 1861 that it was discovered to be pierced by a long passage 53 feet in length, and only two feet four inches high, for half of its length. This led into a central chamber 15 feet square and open to the sky.

Now it is remarkable how accurately all this corresponds to the Dark Tower of "Childe Rowland", allowing for a little idealisation on the part of the narrator. We have the long dark passage leading into the well-lit central chamber, and all enclosed in a green hill or mound. Mr. MacRitchie in a private communication points out that the brilliant decorations of the interior may have some connection with the brightly decorated mats hung on the walls of Esquimaux huts. This is perhaps going a little too much into minutiae.

VII. Even such a minute touch as the terraces on the hill in our story have their bearing, I believe, on Mr. MacRitchie's "realistic" views of Faerie. For in quite another connection Mr. G. L. Gomme, in his recent *Village Community* (W. Scott), pp. 75-98, has given reasons and examples¹ for believing that terrace cultivation along the sides of hills was a practice of the non-Aryan and pre-Aryan inhabitants of these isles. Here, then, from a quarter quite unexpected by Mr. MacRitchie, we have evidence of the association of the King of Elfland with a non-Aryan mode of cultivation of the soil. By Mr. Gomme's kindness I was enabled to give an illustration of this in my *English Fairy Tales*, p. 244.

If there is anything in these points, our story may have a certain amount of historic basis, and give a record which history fails to give of the very earliest conflict of races in these isles. I do not wish to press the point unduly, but it certainly seems to me that it would be worth while

¹ To these may be added Iona (cf. Duke of Argyll, *Iona*, p. 109).

seeing if there are any sufficient number of terraced hills with enclosed chambers that are associated in the popular mind with the fairies, elfs, pixies, "good folk", and the thousand-and-one other names the people give to these enigmatic beings. I have myself collected a list of the local names which are thus associated with fairies, and the near future may perhaps lead to something more tangible about the fairies than might be expected.

VIII. I have left to the last a trait that certainly seems archaic and savage, though I have no theory to account for it. It is the curious "off with their head" method by which Childe Rowland rewards the service of the herds and the hen-wife for telling him his way. Why this should be done on any folk-lore principles I am at a loss to understand.

The story of Childe Rowland would thus be an idealised account of a marriage by capture—another savage trait—by one of the pre-Aryan dwellers, with an Aryan maiden, and her recapture by her brothers, an incident which was probably not uncommon when the two races dwelt side by side, but in a state of permanent hostility. That is the conclusion that some of the above indications would lead us to if we study the tale merely with the view of tracing "survivals".

But there is another way of looking at it, that of the Science of Fairy Tales properly so-called, which deals with tales as tales, and without reference to their archæological references. This has first to do with the origin of the tale in the sense of asking when and where it was first told as a tale. Luckily here our problem is simple. There is nothing exactly parallel to the whole story outside England, so England was its original home.¹ The nearest parallel is the story of the Red Ettin, where we have the

¹ The formula "Fee fi fo fum" is essentially English, though analogous ones occur almost everywhere, and can be traced as far back as Æschylus.

enchanted castle and the successful youngest brother. The latter trait is of course one of the most frequent of folk-tale formulæ; I have drawn out a list extending to some hundreds of tales in which the youngest son or daughter is successful after the elder ones had failed, but I am convinced that the choice of the youngest son as a hero is due to artistic, not archæological causes. But there is one contribution that the science of the folk-tale may make to the problem of antiquity which we have been hitherto discussing, and that is by directing our first attention to the *form* of "Childe Rowland".

This begins with verse, then turns to prose, and throughout drops again at intervals into poetry in a friendly way, like Mr. Wegg. Now this is a form of writing not unknown in other branches of literature, the *cante-fable*, of which "Aucassin et Nicolette" is the most distinguished example. Nor is the *cante-fable* confined to France. Many of the heroic verses of the Arabs contained in the *Hamâsa* would be unintelligible without accompanying narrative, which is nowadays preserved in the commentary. The verses imbedded in the *Arabian Nights* give them something of the character of a *cante-fable*, and the same may be said of the Indian and Persian story-books, though the verse is usually of a sententious and moral kind, as in the *gâthas* of the Buddhist Jatakas. The contemporary Hindoo storytellers, Mr. Hartland remarks, also commingle verse and prose. Even as remote as Zanzibar, Mr. Lang notes, the folk-tales are told as *cante-fables*. There are even traces in the Old Testament of such screeds of verse amid the prose narrative, as in the story of Lamech or that of Balaam. All this suggests that this is a very early and common form of narrative.

Among folk-tales there are still many traces of the *cante-fable*. Thus, in Grimm's collection, verses occur in Nos. 1, 5, 11, 12, 13, 15, 19, 21, 24, 28, 30, 36, 38a, b, 39a, 40, 45, 46, 47, out of the first fifty tales, 36 per cent. Of Chambers' twenty-one folk-tales, in the *Popular Rhymes of*

Scotland, only five are without interspersed verses. Of the forty tales contained in my volume, thirteen contain rhymed lines, while four contain "survivals" of rhymes, and two others are rhythmical if not rhyming. As most of the remainder are drolls, which have probably a different origin, there seems to be great probability that originally all folk-tales of a serious character were interspersed with rhyme, and took therefore the form of the *cante-fable*. It is indeed unlikely that the ballad itself began as continuous verse, and the *cante-fable* is probably the protoplasm out of which both ballad and folk-tale have been differentiated, the ballad by omitting the narrative prose, the folk-tale by expanding it. In "Childe Rowland" we have the nearest example to such protoplasm, and it is not difficult to see how it could have been shortened into a ballad or reduced to a prose folk-tale pure and simple.

Thus a consideration of its form confirms our impression of the antiquity of our story even in its present form, and combines with our folk-lore discussion of the archaic elements of the tale to prove that in "Childe Rowland" we have the oldest of extant English fairy tales. That it is connected with such names as Shakespeare, Milton and Browning enables me to contend as I did at the beginning of this paper that "Childe Rowland" is the most interesting of our native fairy tales.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

THE LEGEND OF THE GRAIL.

II.

THERE is, further, that peculiar country *Sarras*, mentioned as the land whence the *Saracens* came. The nomenclature in these romances, both that of persons and that of places, is one which deserves a careful investigation. If we could succeed in fixing some of the most important localities, much will be won for the date, age, and probable origin of the sources. I cannot linger over that important question here, nor even touch it more than I have done. It opens a wide prospect where fancy would display itself in etymological plays, riddles and solutions. The country of *Sarras* is one of these. As far as I have been able to investigate there is no trace of a country bearing such a name in the East. Looking to the legend of Alexander, I think the mystery will be solved. After leaving the Temple of the Sun, Alexander went to the country of Xerxes and delivered decisive battles (so in Valerius). In the French version (*v. G. Paris*, i, p. 189-190) of Thomas of Kent, we have there (chap. ccxxx) substituted for Xerxes and his army: "de gens touz nuz sunt apellez *serres*," and in ch. ccxxxii, ccxxxiii, "del pople qu'est apellés *Serres* et de lur dreiture", "coment les *Serres* guierent Alix." The gymnosophists take the place of the Persians and are called the people of Xerxes. Out of this *Serres-Xerxes* grew the *Sarras* of the Grail cycle. These few examples suffice to establish a close connection also between minor details in the *Alexandreid* and in the Grail. The central portion has been taken over bodily and forms the central portion of the Grail, with all the pecu-

liarities which tend to explain the further development this legend went through, until it reached that stage in which we find it.

By being connected with Alexander's journey to Paradise the legend of the Quest, which in its primitive form must also have been a search after it, is brought into close alliance with the numerous tales of saints journeying to Paradise: the legend of the three monks, that of St. Macarius in the desert¹ (in itself only a modification of Alexander's), and St. Brendan, not to mention ever so many more.

The description of the palace or castle is revived and amplified in the famous letter of Prester John, which became known at that time, and is *directly quoted* by Wolfram. Here the Christian element begins to creep in and leads the way to the other profound modifications which the legend underwent. We can see the transition from the heathen temple to a Christian palace (church) with a king (priest); coming thus nearer to certain forms of the Grail legend. In another place I intend studying the letter of Prester John, and of showing the sources whence it was derived. It will be shown there that it owes its origin, to some extent, to Jewish tales and Jewish descriptions of travels; and some light may be thrown on Flegetanis the Jew, to whom, according to Wolfram, Kyot owed the original of the Grail legend.

I must incidentally mention that a careful comparison of Chrestiens poem with the French "Chansons de Geste" will reveal the great dependence of the former upon the latter. Many an incident, many a description is undoubtedly taken over. I limit myself here to one, because Mr. Nutt gives it such prominence; I mean the *Stag hunt*. Instead of having anything to do with the "lay of the fool", the connection with it being far from clear, or convincing, the true explanation is given in incident 70 of the *Queste* (Nutt, p. 49). there we read: "On the morrow they meet

¹ Graf, *Paradiso terrestre*, Torino, 1878.

a white stag led by four lions; these come to a hermitage, and hear mass, the stag becomes a man and sits on the altar; the lions become a man, an eagle, a lion, and an ox, all winged." There is not the slightest doubt as to who is represented here under the guise of a stag: it is Christ with the four Apostles, each in that form in which they have been represented by art.

This symbolism is not the author of the *Queste's* own invention. We meet it more than once in the "*Chansons de Geste*" (V. P. Rajna. *Le origini dell' epopea francese*, Florence, 1884, p. 252 and p. 706 ff). It can be traced even to a much older source, viz., the famous life of St. Eustachius Placida, so closely resembling the frame work of a romance, that it has indeed become a popular tale, and it has been incorporated into the *Gesta Romanorum*, ed. Oesterley (ch. 110), and *Legenda aurea* of Jacobus à Voragine. This hero-saint is drawn away from his companions by the appearance of a stag, whom he pursues, and which turns out afterwards to be Christ himself. The stag has thus a symbolical meaning, and is of purely Christian origin.

The greatest modification in the tale, however, is that wrought in the character and attributes of the Holy Grail. I proceed, therefore, to investigate this second most important element of the legend.

There is, first, the question whence the name? What is the meaning of it? This question is the more necessary, as the oldest writers themselves do not know its exact meaning and have recourse to explanations which in the best case are mere plays upon the word. Paulin Paris, in his "*Romans de la Table Ronde*", suggests that the name *Grail* is nothing else but a modification of the Latin *Graduale*, the name of a book used in the liturgy of the Church, wherein the tale was written down. The romances themselves afford examples enough to connect the tale with books preserved in the Church; the introduction to the *Grail* St. Graal lets the book come down directly from heaven.

I can adduce another positive proof, viz., that a book used in the Church did bear the name of *Grael*. Philipp of Thäin, one of the oldest Norman poets (1100-1135), who wrote his *Computus* undoubtedly before the first half of the 12th century, *i.e.*, at least 50 years before Chrestien, gives a list of books which every good clergyman is expected to possess. He says: Iço fut

li saltiers

E li antefiniers

Baptisteries, *Graels*

Hymniers e li messels

Tropiers e leçunier, etc.

(M. F. Mann, *Physiologus*, I, Halle, 1884, p. 6-7.)

This being the case, the Grail must have been either a book containing psalms chanted during the liturgy, or a description of some sort of theological legend or tale connected with the liturgy.

If the book was called Sanct Grael, and by popular etymology connected with *sang* (blood), we can easily understand one of the main developments of the legend, for nothing would be simpler than to explain it first as the blood of Christ, and then as the vessel destined to receive it. But this is undoubtedly the youngest of all the variations, and must be studied together with the sources and origin of the early history.

Chrestien and Gautier knew nothing of its previous history, and in the few passages in which the Grail occurs it is vaguely indicated as having food-giving properties without any other spiritual or theological gifts. Again, in Wolfram's version it has quite a different character altogether: it is a stone which yields all manner of food and drink, the power of which is sustained by a dove which every week lays a wafer upon it, is given, after the fall of the rebel angels, in charge to Titurel and his dynasty, is by them preserved in the Grail castle, Mont Salvatsch, and is guarded by a sacred order of knighthood whom it chooses itself (Nutt, p. 25).

If we follow up closely the different versions, we can easily observe the increase of the properties assigned to the Grail, and through the Grail to the Grail-keeper and Grail-seeker. We can see how the author of each new version tried to outdo his predecessor, and thus in time a complete history of the Grail appears, of which nothing was known before.

The connection, further, with Britain is one of the latest developments, and has nothing whatsoever to do with the primitive history of the Grail, with which it became later connected. I must leave that point untouched, as I wish to go straight to the question of the Grail itself. I have already stated, at the beginning, that the temple of the Grail in the poem is the temple of Jerusalem, and the Grail in its double character a certain sacred stone in the Holy place.

The change from the temple of the sun to a Christian church is only natural and quite in accordance with the spirit of the time. Besides, the legend of Prester John with his palace-church paved the way for the transition, and certainly none was better known or more renowned than that of Jerusalem, of which numerous legends were circulated by pilgrims from the Holy Land swarming through Europe, not to speak of the crusades and the numerous expeditions to Palestine. We can trace those legends, which I shall mention later on more fully, through a great number of Christian writers, ranging from the twelfth century back to the third. From such legends is derived also the double character assigned to the Grail, that of a holy cup or vessel, with an eucharistical symbolism, and that of a sacred stone existing from the creation of the world, and carried about by the angels of heaven. Both are derived from a more primitive notion, viz., from the legends connected with a sacred stone which served as an altar in that very church. In this peculiar character we can trace it back to the first century, and, perhaps, to an earlier tradition preserved by Jewish writers.

It is well known that many ancient legends connected with the temple of Solomon have been adapted in later times to serve Christian notions. I mention, for instance, the legend of Golgotha and the head of Adam, the legend of the beam in the temple which became afterwards the cross, that of the queen of Sheba, and the Sybilla, and so very many other legends and apocryphal tales, some of which are also to be found in the Grand St. Graal, nay, form the greater part of its contents.

Now there was current at the time a peculiar legend connected with a certain stone that is still in existence; it is that stone which stands under a baldachin in the *Haram*, more precisely, in the *Kubbet-es-Sachra*, the *Temple of the Rock*. It is that famous building erected by sultan El-Melik towards the end of the seventh century, which so deeply impressed the Crusaders and the Templars, that they thought it was the real temple of Solomon. In order to watch this temple and keep it against the infidels, the knighthood of the Templars arose at the beginning of the eleventh century. They took the image of that dome as a crest. Many a church in Europe was built after this model; if I am not mistaken, the Temple Church in London, where the quarters of the Knights Templar were, as well as similar buildings in Laon, Metz, etc.

The centre of that building is the rock, famous alike in Jewish, Mohamedan, and Christian legends; it is surrounded by a trellis of iron, with four lattice doors wrought by French artizans of the twelfth century, and is covered with red samite and gold fringes.

It would be almost impossible to give here all the legends that are told of this rock. I select only a few bearing on our subject. I begin with the oldest, that taken from the Jewish literature.

The first impulse to legendary development is the passage of the Bible: (Isaiah, xxviii, 16) "Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a founda-

tion a stone, a precious corner stone of sure foundation." (Cf. I Pet. ii, v. 6.) Later fancy saw in that rock the stone of foundation, endowed it with supernatural origin and power, and gave it the name of "Eben shatya", "the stone of foundation. This stone is the centre of the world, upon it stands the Temple, and that is the stone upon which Jacob slept and saw the wonderful ladder with God standing on top of it." So runs one legend.

Another, more elaborate one, says: "When God created the world he took a stone (undoubtedly a precious one), engraved His holy and mysterious Name upon it, and sank it in the abyss to stem the underground waters; for when they behold the Holy Name they get overawed, and shrink back into their natural boundaries. Whenever a man utters an oath that stone comes up and receives that oath, and returns to its former place. If the oath is a true one, then the letters of the Holy Name get more deeply engraved, but if it is a false oath the letters are washed away by the waves, which surge and rise, and would overflow the world, if God did not send an angel, *Jaazriel*, who possesses the seventy keys to the mysterious name of God, to engrave them anew, and thus to drive the flood back, for otherwise the world would be flooded."

As a continuation of this legend there exists another, according to which David, when he intended to lay the foundation of the Temple, brought that stone up from the depth, and if not for Divine intervention, would have brought about a second flood.

More ancient is the belief that upon that rock the holy ark, with the stone tables of the ten commandments, used to rest, and that they were hidden inside the rock at the moment of the destruction of the first temple.¹

In the second book of the Maccabees the concealing of

¹ *Joma*, f. 53b, f. 54b; *Tanhuma*, ed. Buber, ii, p. 59, No. 59, 60, 61; *Levit. rab.*, sect. 20; *Numb. rab.*, sect. 12; *Cant. rab.*, ad. ch. iii, v. 18; *Pesikta rab.*, sect. 47; *Midrash Psalm*, Ps. 91, v. 12; *Yalkut Sim.*, i, f. 35, § 120, f. 44d, § 145, etc.

the holy vessels in a rock sealed with the ineffable name of God, is attributed to the Prophet Jeremiah—as is also the case in a certain apocryphal legend of Jeremiah, wherein also an incident occurs, which is absolutely identical with the legend of the Holy Grail. Both the keys of the temple and the Holy Grail are taken up to heaven by a mysterious hand reaching down from on high. But this I mention only incidentally. Let us proceed further with the *Eben Shatya*.

As the oldest tradition will have it, it was in the temple from the time of the first prophets, that is, it is recorded as having been from that time. It was therefore placed in the portion where the ark used to be before, in the Holy of Holies of the Temple; the High-priest entered there once a year to burn “sweet incense”. This act was considered to be of symbolic importance, and the popular belief endows the rock with food-giving properties. “It is thence that Israel got abundance of food”; so runs the passage in the original. To complete the characteristics of this stone I have only to add another legend, which brings us directly in connection with Christianity. An old anti-Christian writing—perhaps that mentioned in the seventh century, but modified in later times¹—has a peculiar tale about this stone.

It runs as follows:—

“Now, at this time (*i.e.*, in the time of Jesus) the unutterable name of God was engraved in the temple on the *Eben Shatya*. For when King David laid the foundations, he found there a stone in the ground on which the name of God was engraved, and he took it and placed it in the Holy of Holies. But as the wise men feared lest some inquisitive youth should learn this Name, and be able thereby to destroy the world, they made by magic two brazen lions, which they sat before the entrance of the Holy of Holies, one on the right, the other on the left.

¹ Lipsius, *Pilatus Acten*, p. 29.

“ Now if anyone were to go within and learn the Holy Name, then the lions would begin to roar as he came out, so that out of alarm and bewilderment he would lose his presence of mind, and forget the Name.

“ And Jesus left upper Galilee and came secretly to Jerusalem, and went into the temple, and learned there the holy writing, and after he had written the ineffable Name on parchment, he uttered it, with intent that he might feel no pain, and then he cut into his flesh, and hid the parchment with the inscription therein. Then he uttered the Name once more, and made so that his flesh healed up again.

“ And when he went out of the door the lions roared, and he forgot the Name. Therefore he hastened outside the town, cut into his flesh, took the writing out, and when he had sufficiently studied the signs he retained the Name in memory, ‘ and thus he wrought all the miracles through the agency of the ineffable name of God.’”¹

Taking all these elements together we have here clearly all the properties assigned to the Grail : the precious stone, the centre of the temple, and further, the Keeper of the great secret, the mysterious words given to Joseph, and handed down by him to his descendants, the lions at the entrance against which Lancelot fought.

These are the primary elements for the later developments by Christians and Mohamedans ; as that stone was equally holy to both, and the primitive legends were adapted to the altered circumstances, so, as we shall see, it became the altar upon which mass was celebrated, and the table of the Last Supper, the primitive form from which the later spiritual one was derived.

Well known is the interpretation of the text of Isaiah from which I started. In the first Epistle of Peter, c. ii, v. 6, these very words are quoted, together with those from Psalm cxviii, 22, and Jesus is identified with the corner-stone, which in its turn was identified with the *Eben Shatya*, the

¹ Baring-Gould, *Lost Gospels*, p. 77-78.

stone of the world's foundation : He the stone, the altar, the sacrifice, thus the Eucharist.

At the place where the Temple stood a church was erected, or the Temple transformed into a church, called the Church of Mount Zion, first the abode of the Virgin Mary, then the Church of St. James. One of the first pilgrims whose record is in existence, one from Bordeaux, *ca.* 333, shows the first phase of this transformation ; he saw already there the "big corner-stone of which the Psalmist speaks."¹

Antoninus, another, of the year 570, knows already more about it, for he says : "When you put your ear to it, you can hear the voices of many men." According to the Mohamedan legend one hears the noise of water. Both tales derived from the old legend mentioned above, that the stone shuts up the waters of the depth.

This church founded there is the mother church founded by the Apostles ; and with this agrees the whole Christian antiquity. In the same manner Evodius, Epiphanius, Hieronymus, and many other ecclesiastical historians, unanimously assert that the scene of the Last Supper took place on Mount Zion. John of Wurzburg (1160-70; an older contemporary of Christien) says : "*The Coenaculum*" is on Mount Sion, in the very spot where Solomon reared his splendid building, of which he speaks in his 'Song of Songs'." The *table* of the Last Supper was also shown there as late as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries ; and this table was identified with the *altar* upon which the Apostle John celebrated mass, which altar stands for that *corner-stone*.

There is a very interesting passage in Mandeville's description, a syncretistic account of what he saw on Mount Sion : "And 120 paces from that church (St. James) is Mount Sion, where there is a fair church of Our Lady, where she dwelt and died, and there is the stone which the angel brought to Our Lady from Mount Sinai, which is of

¹ A. N. Wesselofsky, *Razyskaniya vŭ oblasti russkago duhovnago stŭha*, iii, St. Petersburg, 1881, p. 4, ff.

the same colour as that of St. Catharine." And further on : "There is a part of the table on which Our Lord made His Supper, when he made his Maundy with his disciples and gave them his flesh and blood in form of bread and wine. And under that chapel, by a descent of thirty-two steps, is the place where Our Lord washed his disciples' feet, and the vessel which contained the water is still preserved. . . . And there is the altar where Our Lord heard the angels sing mass."

Almost identical with this description is that of Philip, of the twelfth or thirteenth century. The identification of stone and altar, and further altar and mass, is to be met with also elsewhere. It is in fact no more than a simple adaptation of the old notion, that the ark stood upon that stone and that the stone took the place of the altar. To identify the altar in the church and the sacrament with the fundamental events in the life and the teachings of Jesus is in perfect accord with the allegorical and mystical interpretations indulged in since ancient times. The mass in the oriental church has throughout only a symbolical meaning, and the Grail partakes thus of a double interpretation. To one it is merely a vessel or a cup, a portion for the whole, the natural change from the altar and mass to the most prominent *portion* of it; to another it is still a primitive rock made by hands of angels, and the food-giving wafer is brought by the dove which represents the Holy Spirit.

In one the change is more radical, and with the time becomes more mystical and symbolical; in the other the original form is better retained, and offers thus more elements for the reconstruction of the oldest form of the legend. The *Munsalvasche*, where the castle stands, is nothing else than the "Mount of Salvation"—the Armenian church on Mount Sion is dedicated to the "Holy Saviour" the Salvator; and Wolfram was not altogether wrong when he accused Chrestien of having departed too much from the original conception.

In connection with the preceding, I will add now the interpretation of another name, *Corbenic*, not infrequent in the Grail romances, a name of some importance. According to *Queste*, Incident 13 (Nutt, p. 73), Castle Corbenic is the place wherein the *maimed king dwells*; further, Incident 76 (p. 50) the same is again mentioned as the Castle of Peleur, or the Maimed King, *i.e.*, the resting-place of the Grail. In the Grand St. Graal, Incident 51 (p. 63) we read: "Here is the resting-place of the Holy Grail, a lordly castle is built for it hight *Corbenic*, which is *Chaldee*, and signifies 'holy vessel'."

This interpretation is only half true, in so far as the word *Corbenic* can be traced to a Hebrew or Chaldee word *Corbana*, the meaning of which is, *offering, sacrifice*, and not that which is assigned to it by the author of the Grand St. Graal, that of *holy vessel*.

This explanation agrees perfectly with the identification of the Grail with the *Altar-stone*, the place of sacrifices, mystical, symbolical or material.

Starting from the Slavonic, especially Russian legends, about the mysterious *Altar-stone*, which he brought in connection with the Grail, Prof. Wesselofsky has tried to prove its identity with that stone of the Christian Church of Zion mentioned by the pilgrims quoted above. The Jewish legends, however, which I have been able to add, have enabled me to trace that identity further, and to furnish those links which were missing, and to show the last sources to whom those Christian legends owed their origin. The name "*Alatyr*", which remained unexplained, is nothing else but the *Altar-stone*, as I have proved it to be.

The same causes, *i.e.*, the same Palestinian legends, had the same result, *viz.*, to produce an *ideal stone* both for the East and the West of Europe, but it remained to the genius of the different *trouveurs*, or *Kalčki perchojic*, to develop that idea according to the skill and perfection possible in those two regions. The one introduced it into the famous legend of Alexander, in order to substitute it

for the meaningless stone mentioned there; the other connected it with other apocryphal tales and legends, and formed the famous Golubinaya Kniga of the Russian epos.

The legend of the Holy Grail had still to pass another stage of development, before it became what it is in some at least of the romances. It had to be entirely spiritualised. The Christian element so prominent in the Crusades pervaded the poem so thoroughly that to some it was nothing but the outcome of purely Christian canonical and non-canonical writings. By leaving the classical and local elements out of account, the Grail had still remained a puzzle to be solved.

I do not even attempt now to show all the parallels to the Christian apocryphal literature which we meet with in the different versions of the romance. The whole early history gives itself as such a tale; later on I may be permitted to show how inextricably interwoven with it are the apocryphal legends of Adam and Seth, the history of the Cross, a peculiar legend of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, the legend of Sunday, and ever so many more allusions to such and similar apocryphal tales.

But there still remains the liturgical character which is given to the Grail in some of the versions of the romance. It serves to bring home to the reader or hearer a certain dogmatic teaching about the mystery of the Eucharist. The mystical procession, with the description of everything that occurred, points clearly to the fact of the transubstantiation of the sacrament, as a thing that did occur in the sight of the bystanders, as if it were a proof more to the truth and accuracy of this dogmatic teaching.

Has the author of the romance evolved it out of his own fancy, or does he follow here also some legend, which he adapts to his purposes?

There is no doubt that the question of the reality or non-reality of transubstantiation was at the time a burning one. The author or authors have shown themselves well

versed in Christian and heathen lore, and on the other hand not much given to invent out of their own brains.

I do not know whether anybody has already pointed this out, or has brought in connection with it the legend, which occurs to me as an almost direct source for that portion of the romances of the Grail.

It is besides localised in Jerusalem, and is directly connected with that very same church on Mount Sion of which the other *stone legends* speak. I will deal now with this legend before concluding this, necessarily short, attempt to solve the question of the origin of the Grail. I have had to confine myself in many cases merely to indicating in a few words what required a special monograph, and I may return at another time to the study of those details at greater length.

M. GASTER.

(To be concluded.)

REMARKS UPON THE FOREGOING PAPER.

BY ALFRED NUTT.

According to Dr. Gaster, to explain the origin of the Grail legends we must "look for one central tale, containing a sufficient number of incidents, complete in itself . . . it must contain the most important incidents, and that of the Grail as one of them" (*supra*, pp. 53-54). He finds this tale in a particular episode of the Alexander legend (pp. 59-63). Herein he makes no new discovery. In 1850, Weismann, in his edition of Lamprecht's *Alexander*, commented as follows upon the same episode: "This description shows marked similarity with that of the Grail in mediæval texts. As the legend has its origin in the East, and may have taken shape in the

first century, it is not strange to find it noticed here; this passage probably contains one of the earliest references to it" (*op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 212, *note*). Lamprecht's poem and Weismann's ambiguous hint were probably familiar to other students of the Grail cycle as they were to me. Dr. Gaster is the first, to my knowledge, to take Weismann's hint *au sérieux*.

Before examining the hypothesis, I would note a statement in which, if I may venture to say so, the fallacy underlying Dr. Gaster's whole argument is especially prominent. I refer to the characterisation of the twelfth-century French Alexander romances (*supra*, p. 59): "One has only to see how they dealt with their originals, how they transferred the whole scenery from hoary antiquity to their own time, and to their own courts, to understand the liberty a poet of those times could take with his originals." So far from the mediæval poet transferring hoary antiquity to his own time, he projected his own time back into hoary antiquity—a very different matter—and this he did because he was unconscious of any difference between the two. In the words of the most eminent living master of mediæval literature, "Le moyen âge n'a jamais eu conscience de ce qui le distinguait profondément de l'antiquité; il s'est toujours représenté le monde comme ayant été de tout temps ce qu'il le voyait être; il se figurait naïvement Alexandre avec ses capitaines comme un roi de France ou d'Angleterre entouré de ses barons."¹ What follows? this—the mediæval poet never felt the need of renaming his antique heroes, of shifting the scenes of their exploits. An hypothesis which starts with the assumption that a twelfth-century writer took an Alexander story and transferred it into the Arthur cycle, changing names and *locale*, at once excites suspicion. The thing is not, indeed, impossible, but it is extremely unlikely. We know almost

¹ Gaston Paris, *Litt. Franç. au Moyen-âge*, p. 75.

exactly how a mediæval poet would have acted. In this very cycle we have an instance which could not well be bettered. Wolfram von Eschenbach lays the scene of his Parzival at Arthur's court, or in the Arthurian region, but the father of his Arthurian hero is a knight-errant in the pay of the Soldar of Babylon. Not the least attempt is made to disguise the Oriental *locale*. It may safely be said that if any mediæval poet had formed the idea of the Grail legend in the Alexander cycle, he would have retained some, if not most, of the names of persons and places.

I pass from this preliminary objection to the consideration of the episode which Dr. Gaster seeks to equate with the Grail Quest. And I would at once ask Dr. Gaster why he quotes from Pseudo-Callisthenes and from Julius Valerius instead of from the French romances based upon these works, and which alone could have been used by Chrestien or any other of the Grail romance writers? I think I shall have little difficulty in answering the question presently. In Pseudo-Callisthenes the episode forms part of Alexander's account, in his letter to his mother, of the marvels he witnesses and the adventures he passes through after he has overcome the Amazons; he describes this struggle, then his visit to the temple of the sun, to the mountain of Nysa, and to the palace of Cyrus (the passages quoted by Dr. Gaster), then his strife with the cannibals, and his walling up of them and their leaders, Gog and Magog, and finally his delivery of Candaules, son of the Indian queen Candace, from the Turks and Armenians. The letter fills seven pages in Weismann's edition, of which two are devoted to the temple of the sun and to Mount Nysa, and half-a-page to Cyrus' palace. In Julius Valerius the letter fills a page only in Weismann's edition, the sun temple is described in four lines, Xerxes' palace in five, Alexander's visit to Paradise, the marvels of which he beholds quite at his ease, had already been described, as in Pseudo-Callisthenes, at a much earlier period and in a quite

different connection. The two episodes have absolutely nothing to do with each other. The oldest form of the French romance (that of Aubry of Besançon or Briançon) has been lost, save a small fragment, but the substance of it has been preserved by the German translation of Lamprecht. There is nothing corresponding to the temple of the sun nor to the palace of Cyrus in Pseudo-Callisthenes, only the middle portion of the passage quoted by Dr. Gaster (*i.e.*, the description of the mountain of Nysa) is reproduced by Aubry-Lamprecht. The differences between the two are as follows: In Lamprecht, access to the castle on the hill is given by golden chains, which hang down, and up which the visitors climb; there are 2,000 steps instead of 150; there is no mention of the images of gods nor of an old man, but there is of a golden vine, which encompasses the bed, and the grapes of which are jewels; the old man on the bed is described as asleep; there is no attempt on Alexander's part to carry off any precious objects; no threatening bird; no stirring of the old man; no remonstrance on the part of Alexander's friends (Lamprecht, verses 5260-5319).

I think it is now perfectly plain why Dr. Gaster did not quote the French version (which alone could have been known to Chrestien), and why he did quote the much older Greek and Latin versions. Had he quoted from the French it would at once have been evident that the only point of contact between the two cycles is this: In some of the Grail romances the hero comes to a castle, in the hall of which he finds an old man lying on a bed (in one, Chrestien, he had already met this old man fishing, in others the old man is at once described as dangerously ill, in none is he described as sleeping): in the Alexander story the hero comes to a castle in which is an old man lying asleep on a bed. With the best will in the world there is no possibility of building a theory on such a foundation as this.

Now for the *Iter ad Paradisum*, of which, according to

Dr. Gaster, the passages he has quoted form a part, a statement for which there is absolutely no foundation whatever.¹ This is an addition, probably of Jewish origin, to the account given by the Greek and Latin writers, and, according to M. Paul Meyer (*Alexandre le Grand*, ii, 49), may be ascribed to the first half of the 12th century. It has been edited in Latin by Zacher in 1859, and in French by M. Paul Meyer (*Romania*, xi, pp. 228-241), and is in Lamprecht's German version of Aubry (verses 6438 *ad finem*). The contents are briefly as follows: Alexander having conquered the known world, full of presumption, sets forth to exact tribute from Paradise. He embarks on the Ganges, and after a month's journey comes to a walled city; one of the inhabitants hands the king a jewel in the form of a human eye, and bids him begone. The stone is of this nature which none but an aged Jew can explain; it outweighs any amount of gold, but is itself outweighed by a handful of dust; it is a symbol of human desire which no gold can satisfy, but which at last must be content with a little earth. Alexander humbles himself, repents, and in due course dies an edifying death.

It will be admitted, I think, that it would be difficult to pick out two legends which have less fundamental kinship or less similarity in detail than the story of Alexander's fruitless attempt on Paradise, and the story of Percival's or Gawain's visit to the Grail castle.

The reader has now before him the facts necessary for the appreciation of Dr. Gaster's hypothesis; but even if these testified in its favour, I fail to see how any theory of development could be based upon them. We must assume, in fairness to Dr. Gaster, a stage intermediate between the Alexander romances and Chrestien, the oldest of the Grail legend writers. Let us call this stage *x*, and try and

¹ The *Iter ad Paradisum* is quite different from the visit to paradise described in Alexander's letter to Aristotle (Book iii, ch. 17, of *Pseudo-Call.*). The chief marvels described in the visit to paradise are the male and female prophetic trees of the sun and moon.

realise in what way the author of *x* went to work. Having before him the French romance of Aubry, he picked out a particular episode upon which absolutely no stress whatever is laid, which is but one of twenty or thirty other episodes, all possessing equal interest of conception and detail; he carefully eliminated all traces of the original personages and *locale*, he then modified every detail, and finally worked it into the Arthurian cycle. As Aubry's 100 lines did not give him enough matter, this 12th century writer went back to Julius Valerius and to Pseudo-Callisthenes, and spiced his narrative with a miscellaneous assortment of features, selected now from one now from the other. But even then he was not content, but went on a roving expedition through the Talmudic and Midrashic literature of the day, culling what he thought would fit in with his plan. All this while, with the severest self-denial, he rejected the many marvellous episodes which must have come before him in the course of his reading, and scrupulously refrained from retaining anything that could betray the Eastern origin of his narrative.

The assumption of *x* is a sufficient tax upon our credulity, but nothing to what is involved in the after development of the legend according to Dr. Gaster's theory. The legend writers fall into two classes: (1) the oldest of them all, Chrestien; (2) all the later writers. But these latter contain a host of details not to be found in Chrestien, *argal* they must have been present in *x*, for I do not suppose that Dr. Gaster imagines there was a bevy of writers at the close of the 12th century capable of harmonising Pseudo-Callisthenes and the Talmud. Now, how did these later writers act? They would seem to have gone upon the principle—when in doubt, consult *x*. For while in the main their presentment of the legend is that of Chrestien, each writer picked out some special feature of *x* which took his fancy, and added it to Chrestien's account.

All who are acquainted with the methods and nature of

mediæval romance need no assurance that not a writer of the period ever acted as Dr. Gaster postulates half-a-dozen having acted.

Is there, then, nothing at all in the series of parallels brought forward by Dr. Gaster? Just this much. One version of the Grail quest, that of Wolfram von Eschenbach, does undoubtedly show traces of Oriental influence, as he himself states. Whether these are due to Wolfram himself or to the French model he followed it is impossible to say. The nature and origin of the Oriental traits in Wolfram are well worth discussing, and Dr. Gaster has brought together some valuable illustrative material. But it must be clearly understood that light is thus thrown, not upon the origin of the Grail legend, not upon the nature of the Grail, but simply and solely upon the special secondary form of the legend found in Wolfram.¹

I have thought it best to deal at once with the only solid portion of Dr. Gaster's argument, and to show how baseless it is. Because I say nothing of the other points which he adduces, I would not have it thought that I have no objections to urge against them. As a matter of fact I do not think there is a single definite conclusion of his concerning the Grail legends to which I do not take exception, not one which I could not, if space were allowed me, show to be improbable if not impossible.

At the end of this number of *FOLK-LORE* will be found the reprint of an article which appeared in the last number of the *Revue Celtique*, to the courtesy of whose director, Monsieur H. d'Arbois de Jubainville, I am indebted for its appearance here. In it I defend myself against the strictures passed upon my "Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail" by three eminent German scholars. As the Folk-lore Society did me the honour of issuing my work

¹ It will not have escaped notice that most of Dr. Gaster's Jewish parallels are to Wolfram. Under the circumstances, surely Dr. Gaster's first object should have been to prove that Wolfram represents an earlier stage of the legend than Chrestien.

to its members, I felt it was right, a feeling shared by the Director of the Society and by the Editor of FOLK-LORE, that these should have the opportunity of seeing what I had to say in my defence.

I may be permitted to add a few general considerations upon the criticism of the Grail romances. No theory concerning the origin and signification of the legend can be acceptable which does not explain the relation to one another of the various romances, which does not account in a fairly intelligible manner for the development of the ideas and incidents contained in them. Nothing is easier than to pick out, as Dr. Gaster has done, this or that feature in this immense body of romance, to adduce parallels to it, and to fancy the problem solved; nothing harder than to fit all the features of all the versions into an orderly scheme of development.

At the same time no theory can, I think, be successful which makes any one existing version the *fons et origo* of the whole cycle. Even if we had not positive statements, which there is no reason to disbelieve, we should be compelled to assume an earlier *written* stage than any we now possess. Behind this *written* stage we discern an oral stage in which the incidents of the legend were singularly vague and formless, but in which they still hung together. I conjectured that they did this because they came to the French wandering minstrels or story tellers, to whom the first spread of the legend in France was due, mainly from one source and connected with one group of personages. The facts that the majority of these personages bear Celtic names, some perfectly recognisable, others greatly disfigured, and that the scene of their exploits is, in the main, lands dwelt in by Celtic-speaking populations, seemed to me to warrant the conclusion that the traditions underlying the romance came to the French from Celts (whether Bretons or Welshmen is indifferent), and were essentially Celtic, *i.e.*, had passed through the mind of Celts (whether

Gaels or Brythons is indifferent), and had received the distinctive stamp of the Celtic temperament.

Three years have passed since I formulated these conclusions. I have striven to keep touch of the subject since then; I have recently had occasion to review it in all its bearings. With all respect to my learned opponents, I may venture to assert, not only that my conclusions have not been controverted, they have not even been seriously challenged

REPORT ON GREEK MYTHOLOGY.

Selene und Verwandtes von W. H. Roscher. Mit einem Anhang von N. G. Politis über die bei den Neugriechen vorhandenen Vorstellungen vom Monde. Leipzig, Teubner.

Die griechischen Sakralaltertümer. By Dr. Paul Stengel. Being vol. iii of I. v. Müller's *Handbuch der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft.* München, 1890.

Dictionnaire des Antiquités Grecques et Romaines. Daremberg et Saglio. Fascicules 13 et 14. Paris, 1890.

THAT Selene is the moon is, perhaps, one of the few things which even a mythologist with a theory would not venture to deny. It is therefore a testimony to the spread of folk-lore methods that even a treatise on the mythology of an acknowledged nature-goddess is unable nowadays to ignore the folk-lore of the subject. And the testimony is still more striking when the treatise in question is written by one of the straitest of the sect of meteorological mythologists. For of such we must consider Roscher to be, in spite of his protests. He protests that, if in his previous mythological studies he has found nothing but wind and weather myths, the reason simply is that wind and weather myths have accidentally happened to form the subject of his previous studies. Be this as it may, it is matter for much satisfaction that he tells us in the preface he has employed the comparative method, and has sought for parallels not only amongst peoples related to the Greeks, but also amongst peoples not related to them. Still more satisfactory is it to hear him express his "conviction that genuine folk-myths are for the most part much older than the writers who have accidentally transmitted

them to us", and consequently that the genuinely antique "is very often preserved in its purest form in late, and even in the latest, authorities". It is to be regretted that Roscher has not formally stated on what principle he decides whether the version of a myth presented by a late authority is or is not primeval; for though he sometimes acts on the right principle, he also sometimes acts on the wrong one. Indeed, it seems as though he had never faced this question of mythological method, or even realised the existence of the question. The result is that his book is valuable principally as a comprehensive collection of material from the classics. The value of his conclusions seems to me extremely uneven; but let me place some of them before the reader, in order that he may judge for himself. And I will begin by giving some instances in which Roscher has, as it seems to me, acted on the right principle—the principle that a belief, tale, rite, or custom, however late the authority for its existence, may be regarded as primitive, provided that it can be shown to exist, or have existed, among some other savage or primitive people. The wrong principle, which I will also illustrate from Roscher, is that a belief, etc., may be regarded as primeval because it appears "simple", or because it is common in classical poetry, or because Aristotle or Galen adopted it.

Thus, the belief that the spirits of the dead take up their abode in the moon, even if the belief were mentioned as existing in Greece by no authority earlier than Plutarch, would be rightly regarded, as it is regarded by Roscher, as primitive, on the ground that some South American tribes also entertain it. Readers of FOLK-LORE, remembering Mr. Frazer's demonstration (vol. i, pp. 148 ff.) that the wisdom of Pythagoras was but the folk-lore of the peasant, will be pleased to find that Pythagoras also regarded the moon as the abode of the departed (Iamblichus, *Vita Pythag.*, xviii, 82). Again, that the sun and moon are a pair of lovers, or a married couple, is a conception which is rightly vin-

icated by Roscher as primitive, with a reference to Lithuanian and Russian folk-songs, and Lettish, Teutonic, and Otaheitian sagas. So, too, the belief that the moon is an all-seeing eye is shown by Roscher to be primitive by a reference to its existence among the Germans, Egyptians, and Mongols. Finally, the belief that anything done or suffered by man on a waxing moon tends to develop, whereas anything done or suffered on a waning moon tends to diminish, is rightly claimed as primitive by Roscher on the ground that it is widely spread amongst all peoples.

On the other hand, the connection between the moon and menstruation, on which Roscher bases a good many of his inferences, cannot be regarded as primeval merely because it seems to Roscher "extremely simple and natural". To primitive man the connection may or may not seem obvious; but his notion of simplicity is not always the same as ours, and, until instances are produced of savages believing in the connection, we have no right to say that the idea is so simple and "natural" that it must be primitive. Nor does this idea of Roscher's necessarily derive support, as he imagines, from the primitive belief that pregnancy and delivery are affected by the moon. This belief can be satisfactorily explained as a case of that general sympathy between the waxing or the waning of the moon and the fortunes of man (or woman), which we noticed in the last paragraph. Again, Aristotle, Cicero, Pliny, the Stoics, and others may have imagined that dew was deposited by the moon, and that for this reason the growth of vegetation was the work of the moon; but we must refuse to accept the speculations of late philosophers as evidence of what primitive man thinks on the subject. For one thing, it is not dew that the savage prays to the moon for. He prays for what he wants. Thus the Hottentots say, or said, to the moon: "I salute you; you are welcome. Grant us fodder for our cattle, and milk in abundance" (Kolben, *Present State of the Cape of Good Hope*, 1731). For another thing, the crops are frequently

imagined to grow sympathetically with the waxing of the moon. Again, Roscher industriously collects the various epithets lavished by the classical poets on the moon; but the moon as it appears to the poet may be a different thing from the moon as it appears to a plain citizen, and is pretty certainly very different from the ideas entertained by primitive man or the ancient Greek peasant.

The above are instances in which, as it seems to me, Roscher, on insufficient or erroneous grounds, ascribes to primitive man conceptions or beliefs which are only found in later authorities. There are also other errors of method in *Selene* which naturally fall to be mentioned here. Thus, Roscher's demonstration that Artemis is a moon-goddess (to which he calls the reader's special attention in the preface) is effected largely by ignoring the possibility of the plurality of causes. For instance, the inference that because Artemis makes trees and plants to flourish, and the moon does the same, therefore Artemis is the moon, can only hold good as long as we overlook the possibility that other goddesses than moon-goddesses may make vegetation prosper—in other words, Artemis may be a goddess of vegetation. So, too, it does not follow that because cows are offered to Artemis as well as to the moon, or because both goddesses are represented in cow shape, therefore the moon and Artemis are identical. The reader of the *Golden Bough* knows that the tree-spirit appears as a bull or cow amongst primitive men; and the writer of the *Golden Bough*, if he adopted Roscher's method of mythologising, might with equal justice claim that Selene is a tree-spirit and not the moon at all. Again, the "sacred marriage" celebrated at Athens between the Sun and the Moon does not, when compared with the sacred marriage celebrated elsewhere in Greece between Zeus and Hera, prove that Zeus is the Sun, and Hera the Moon, any more than it proves that Helios and Selene are the Lord and the Lady of the May respectively.

Roscher concludes his researches with an appendix on

the myth of Pan and Selene ; and as he expressly refers to it in his preface as an illustration of the principle that a late authority may preserve the primitive form of a myth, it will, I hope, not be considered hypercritical if this attempt to estimate the value of Roscher's mythological methods concludes with an examination of his appendix. The myth, as preserved in the words of Philargyrius (ad Virg., *Georg.*, iii, 391) is, "Pan cum Lunae amore flagraret, ut illi formosus videretur, niveis velleribus se circumdedit atque ita eam ad rem veneream illexit." The problem is to explain the myth. The solution which Roscher offers, after making every inquiry into Pan's antecedents—as indeed he was bound to do, if he was to put Pan's alleged conduct in the proper light—is that "originally Pan was *not* a god of light or a sun-god"—as under the circumstances one might have hastily inferred—"but nothing more than a divine or supernatural type of the goatherds and shepherds of ancient Greece." He was, if we may explain Roscher's meaning, the *αὐτο-νομεύς*, the Herdsman *an sich*, or Herd-in-himself, living, of course, *ἐν οὐρανίῳ τόπῳ*. This conception is so "simple and natural" that some of Roscher's readers perhaps will require no further proof that it is primitive. Nevertheless, Roscher proceeds to prove it. Shepherds live in caves ; Theocritus and Achilles Tatius say that Pan lives in caves. Shepherds move with their flocks from place to place : "precisely the same roving life is led by Pan according to the Homeric Hymn, v. 8 ff." Many herdsmen fish, and so does Pan ("Opp. *Hal.* 3, 18 ; mehr b. Welcker *Gr. Götterl.* 2 S. 662"). Does the shepherd love his pipe ? Pan loves Syrinx too (poets *passim*). Shepherds love to lie in the shade, and "this universal custom of the herdsmen has obviously given rise to the idea that Pan thus lies and sleeps at noon. Cf. especially Th. 1, 15 ff."

Now to say that all this only shows how poets delighted to picture Pan to themselves, and that it does not show what conception their peasant contemporaries had of him,

still less how Pan appeared to the mind's eye of their primitive ancestors, would only be to repeat what has been said above. My complaint here is that Roscher's explanation does not explain. Let us grant that Pan is a hunter, that the hunter sleeps out of nights, that the Moon looks down on him, or visits him, even as she visited Endymion—still the most remarkable feature in Philargyrius' myth requires explaining, that is, why did Pan wrap himself "niveis velleribus"? As for Philargyrius' explanation that it was "ut illi formosus videretur"—credat Roscherius. Or if this sounds disrespectful to Roscher—and Roscher is entitled, as the editor of the *Ausführliches Lexikon*, to the respect and gratitude of every student of mythology—let me put it this way:—Roscher has proved many things, but he has omitted to prove that the garb in question was considered *de rigueur* in a wooer, by the shepherd swains of Greece and their mays. Yet it was evidently indispensable on this occasion. Without it Pan would not have worked his wicked will. In fine, it is of the essence of the myth; and if it had been an ordinary costume for the purpose, Philargyrius would not have mentioned it, or would not have thought an explanation necessary.

And here I must mention it as one of the deficiencies of *Selene*, that Roscher never uses ritual to account for moon-myths. It may of course be suggested that it accidentally happens that no moon-myth can be explained from ritual. But I would venture to point to this myth of Pan and Selene. If Mannhardt and Frazer are right in regarding the "sacred marriage" of Zeus and Hera as a piece of "sympathetic magic" designed by primitive man to effect the union of two spirits of vegetation, and so to ensure the fertility of his fields and flocks; and if, further, they are right in regarding Pan as a spirit of vegetation, who appears most frequently as a goat, or in semi-goat shape; then it is obvious that the myth of Pan and Selene is a myth having its origin in ritual. Somewhere

in Greece a sacred marriage was celebrated between Pan, as a tree-spirit, and Selene, as a goddess influencing the growth of vegetation ; and in this rite the person who represented Pan played the part in the dress appropriate to a goat-god.

That Selene did figure in Greece in a sacred marriage is proved by Proclus ad Hes., *O. et D.*, 780 : the Athenians united Selene and Helios in such a marriage. In Athens this "theogamy" took place at the time of the new moon, and the new moon is regarded by the folk as a good time for marrying, in many places (*e.g.* the Highlands, Kirk-michael, *Statistical Account of Scotland*, xii, 457). Again, that such ceremonies took a dramatic form in Greece appears from Euseb., *Præp. Ev.*, iii, xii, 3, where it is stated that in the mysteries at Eleusis one celebrant got into the image of Helios and another into that of Selene.

If the myth of Pan and Selene may be explained from ritual, then the myths of two moon-heroines, Europa and Pasiphaë, may be explained in the same way. The kernel of both myths is the union of the moon-spirit (in human shape) with a bull. Both myths, then, have to do with a sacred marriage ; the only question is, what spirit was represented in the rite as a bull ? On the one hand we know both that Selene was united at Athens to Helios, and that the victim offered to (and therefore representative of) Helios was a bull. On the other hand, Selene marries Pan, a spirit of vegetation ; and such spirits frequently manifest themselves as bull, cow, or ox. Of course, if Zeus turns out to be the spirit of the oak-tree, as Mr. Frazer wishes, the question would be settled as regards Europa. Meanwhile, it seems probable that the sacred marriage was in both cases between the Moon-spirit and the Sun-spirit. Perhaps I may add that the Moon-spirit not unfrequently appeared to primitive man in the shape of a cow, and the Sun-spirit in human shape. The sacred marriages in which both spirits were human, or both oxen,

have naturally given rise to no myths, whereas the ritual in the case of Europa and Pasiphaë required explanation.

Since Roscher has resolutely declined to seek the explanation of any piece of Greek moon-lore in primitive ritual, just as he has refused to refer to the possibility that Artemis, Hera, and Pan may be spirits of vegetation, it is perhaps allowable to point out that ritual may possibly afford the explanation of that practice of drawing down the moon which appears in both modern and ancient Greek folk-lore. Indeed, it is as certain as things of this kind can be that on the occasion of a sacred marriage the Moon-spirit must have been conjured into the cow which represented the goddess; and it is not improbable that this way of bringing down the Moon survives in later folk-lore as a piece of witchcraft (cf. Lucian, *Philops.*, 14).

But if this were all the evidence, there would be nothing more than a presumption in favour of the supposition. The presumption, however, may be strengthened. To begin with, there is a difference between bringing down the moon for the purpose of a sacred marriage, and bringing her down as a piece of witchcraft. In the former case the object is to ensure fertility to field and flock; in the latter usually to gain information not otherwise to be obtained. Now in folk-tales spirits may be caught, as the sea-spirit, Proteus, was caught by Menelaus, in order that questions may be answered by them; and the moon-spirit may have been caught by primitive man for the same purpose. The question is, whether primitive man did as a matter of fact (and not merely in tales) bring the moon-spirit down to earth and obtain information from him. It is possible, fortunately, to show that he did. Strabo (503) tells us that the Albanians of the Caucasus worshipped Selene above all other gods. The priest of her temple was the most honourable man in the country next to the king, and was ruler both over the land dedicated to the temple, which was extensive and populous, and over the sacred slaves, who at times became possessed, and who frequently pro-

phesied. When any of them was so far possessed as to wander in the woods alone, the priest, if he could catch him and fasten him with a certain sacred chain, entertained him luxuriously for a year; and at the end of the year he was offered as a sacrifice to the goddess along with other victims; and prognostications were drawn from his corpse. It is plain that here we have an instance of "killing the god", which is parallel to those given in chapter iii of *The Golden Bough*. The moon-spirit resided in the human victim, in the same way as she was conveyed into the cow at a sacred marriage; and part at least of the purpose with which she was conjured into the human victim was in order that she might afford information not otherwise to be obtained. Doubtless part of the purpose was also to ensure the safe and continued existence of a spirit so important as the Moon.

When once the practice of bringing down the moon had become familiar to the primitive Greek, who saw it done at sacred marriages and other rites, he was provided with an explanation of lunar eclipses: some other fellow was bringing down the moon for his private ends. And at the present day in Greece the proper way to stop a lunar eclipse is to call out, "I see you!" and thus make the worker of this deed of darkness desist. So completely did this theory of eclipses, which we must regard as peculiarly Greek, establish itself in ancient Greece, that, strange to say, not a trace of the earlier primitive theory, according to which some monster swallows the eclipsed moon, is to be found in classical Greek literature, unless the beating of metal instruments to frighten away the monster (Theoc., ii, 36) be a survival of primitive practice.

One more survival from primitive ritual: Roscher quotes, but makes no attempt to explain, Pollux, vi, 76, where it is stated that cakes called "moons", from their shape, were offered to Selene. In China, cakes on which is stamped the image of the moon, or which sometimes are circular, in imitation of the shape of the moon, play a part in the

festival known as "congratulating" or "rewarding" the moon (M. Huc, *Travels in Tartary, etc.*, i, 61, and J. Doolittle, *Social Life of the Chinese*, ii, 65). In Lancashire "there exists a precisely similar custom of making cakes in honour of the Queen of Heaven" (Dennys, *Folk-lore of China*, p. 28). Jeremiah, vii, 18, says, "The women knead dough, to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven." Plainly these are all survivals of the primitive rite of "eating the god". Fertility was thereby secured in this case. In modern Greek folk-lore a "magic cake" is used as a bait wherewith to catch the moon.

Finally, there remains the savage theory which is implied in the terms *σεληνιαζόμενοι*, *lunatici*, *moon-struck*. Roscher's view is that the moon influences menstruation, as Aristotle holds; that irregular menstruation produces diseases, as Galen hath it; and therefore all diseases, including epilepsy, are ascribed to the influence of the moon. But primitive man did not read Aristotle, or even Galen. We want some less recondite explanation. One thing is certain: the connection between the moon and disease was something that to primitive man was self-evident. It is recognised in Brazil (Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, 134) as well as in Denmark (J. T. Bunce, *Fairy Tales*, 131), in Mexico (Brinton, 132) as well as in Iceland (Jón Arnason, *Legends of Iceland*, 635). Another thing we know, that is that diseases are regarded by primitive man as the work of spirits entering into possession of the sick person. And we have already seen that the moon is held by primitive folk, including Pythagoras, to be the abode of departed spirits. Is not this the connecting link? Do not the spirits dart straight from the moon into any person who is not on his guard against them, or is for any special reason an easy prey for them? According to Porphyr., *De Antro Nj.*, 28, 29, "theologians" say the sun and the moon are the gates by which departed souls pass from and to the earth; and the moon is the gate by which they come down to the earth. In Iceland, "if a pregnant

woman sits with her face turned towards the moon, her child will be a lunatic" (Arnason, *supra*). "The Brazilian mother carefully shielded her infant from the lunar rays, believing that they would produce sickness" (Brinton, *supra*). In Greece, "nurses take every precaution to avoid exposing infants to the moon" (Plutarch, *Q. Conv.*, III, x, 3). And it is hardly necessary to remark that new-born children and puerperæ are alike tabu, and particularly liable to possession (as regards classical antiquity, cf. Suid., *ἀμφιδρόμια*, and Censorin., *De die nat.*, c. II, 7, p. 28, Jahn).

Dr. Stengel's book on the *Ritual Antiquities of Greece* is part of Iwan von Müller's valuable series of manuals of classical antiquities. We may, perhaps, not unreasonably regard it as a sign of the times worth noting in FOLK-LORE that the German school-boy will be henceforward taught that the Greek religion was no "nature-religion", that the attempt to identify Greek gods with nature-powers or natural phenomena is a failure. He is further to be taught that similarity between the myths of different nations does not necessarily imply borrowing, or even joint inheritance from the beliefs of common ancestors: it presumably points only to similarity in the mental constitution of different peoples. And, further, the capacity to believe in the actual, visible, and tangible appearance of supernatural beings was not confined to pre-historic times, but lived ever fresh and flourishing right throughout historic times. All this is most excellent. But it is quite as necessary in folk-lore as in politics "to be always asking for everything you can think of, to be always taking all you can get, and be always grumbling about what you have not got." Then come, let us grumble.

In the first place it is strange that, in a work dealing with ritual from the point of view just described, there is no recognition of the fact that, amongst the things which myths are invented to explain, are rites themselves. And this is the more surprising because the Dionysia are

admitted in Roscher's *Lexikon* to be the source of some of the Dionysos myths. In the next place, although we may admit that in a manual there is not room for illustrations from the rites and beliefs of non-classical peoples, and that Dr. Stengel has only to do with Greek ritual, as he pleads (p. 97); still, we must protest that it is impossible to construct a sound account of even Greek ritual without a previous scaffolding of non-Greek material. For instance, though the Greeks may have borrowed the notion of "sin" and "sin-offerings" from Semitic sources, no one who is aware how widespread, indeed universal, is the belief in the possibility of transferring sickness and other ills (from warts upwards) from the sufferer to animate or inanimate objects, will admit that the notion of the "scape-goat" was at any time foreign to the Greek mind. The absence of any reference to this mode of purification in Homer can scarcely be regarded as conclusive. And this brings us to a third grumble—on a question of method. Dr. Stengel begins by laying down the statement that, in the matter of myths and gods, foreign influence is only to be detected in post-Homeric times, and for several centuries after the Homeric age it was extremely small. This, taken as a statement of results, is, perhaps, somewhat too sweeping; but regarded as the expression of a resolve to admit borrowing to have taken place only where and when intercourse between the people borrowing and the people lending can be demonstrated to have existed on satisfactory grounds, it is a laudable position to take up. It is the method of carrying out this praiseworthy resolve that is open to protest. Thus, Dr. Stengel is apparently satisfied that purification (and also human sacrifice) must have been borrowed by the Greeks from the East. Neither rite is mentioned in Homer. Intercourse between Greece and the East was constant and active in post-Homeric times. Therefore the rites were borrowed in historic times. The whole issue, then, turns on the question whether it is justifiable to assume that a rite did not

exist in Homeric times because it is not mentioned in Homer. This is a question of the same nature as whether we are justified in assuming that a myth or a folk-tale did not exist at a time earlier than its first recorded mention in literature; and the answer seems to be the same. If the rite or myth can be shown to be one common amongst primitive peoples, the argument *e silentio* has little weight; and as regards human sacrifice and purification, Mr. Frazer has amply proved that they are primitive. There is no more reason to imagine that the Greeks borrowed them from the East, whether in pre- or post-Homeric times, than that the East borrowed them from the Greeks.

As I have spoken of Dr. Stengel's book as one for school-boys, I ought, perhaps, to add that it is also intended for university students, and anyhow that it is a very valuable collection of facts and references, which folklorists will find useful. Those interested in tabu and totemism will note that the priest of Poseidon at Megara and the priestess of Hera in Argos were forbidden to eat fish. They will also note that the priestess of Athena Polias at Athens was forbidden to eat the native cheese. Finally, Dr. Stengel's treatment of Mysteries is rather disappointing. He is, doubtless, quite right in saying that the hold which they took over the minds of the Greeks was due to the fact that they taught the doctrine of a future life; and it is not improbable that the scenic representations which took place were dramatisations of myths whose central feature was the resurrection of some god. But it is also probable that some of the central rites round which this teaching gathered were survivals from savage ritual. One such rite at Eleusis is that in which Helios and Selene figured (Eusebius, *l. c.*), whether the interpretation be that which I suggested above or not.

If we may take Daremberg and Saglio's magnificent Dictionary of Classical Antiquities as fairly representative of the attitude of classical scholars in France, there is no

country in Europe in which folk-lore methods have made so little impression on students of classical antiquities. In the two numbers of the dictionary last issued there are three articles of importance to folk-lorists: Dionysia, Dioscuri, and Divinatio. M. Reinach, the writer of the article *Dioscuri*, is indeed not ignorant of what has been done from the side of folk-lore on his subject. He can even quote, from *La Mythologie par Andrew Lang*, parallels to the Dioscuri amongst the aboriginal Australians and the Bushmen. But, alas! he only quotes them as curiosities. With the article *Divinatio*, which is a marvellously comprehensive collection of material, things are still worse. The numerous survivals still extant of primitive methods of forecasting the future are not quoted even *à titre de curiosité*. And, what is worse, the writer deliberately declines to consider parallels from other nations than the Greeks, Romans, and Etruscans, on the ground that so much are all nations alike in these beliefs that study of other peoples would probably only add a multitude of facts similar to those already known to the classical students, but would not open up any new points of view!

Consistently enough, M. Bouché-Leclerq's method is purely *à priori*: grant him a couple of propositions which are self-evident to educated man of the nineteenth century, and he will deduce from them the faith in divination in all its branches. And yet if there is a thing which civilised educated man can not do, it is to say *à priori* how things will strike the savage mind. For illustration we need go no further than M. Bouché-Leclerq's fundamental assumptions, viz., that all we require to assume in order to believe in divination is that the gods are able to communicate information, and that being able they are willing. But M. Bouché-Leclerq has at the very beginning overlooked a contingency which is not unknown in savage experience, however unlikely to occur *à priori* to a modern savant: the gods may not be willing. In

that case they have to be made to tell; and primitive man wrestles (in the case of Proteus literally) with them. Thus, the modern savant's two assumptions may be reduced to one, viz., that the gods are able to communicate information; and is not that superfluous? In many or most of the methods of divination common in modern folk-lore there is no suggestion that the desired information is obtained from supernatural beings. Nor is it relevant to rejoin that the modern methods are survivals from modes which were in the first instance interrogations addressed to supernatural beings. Be this true or not, the fact remains that the folk believes in the possibility of divining the future without supernatural aid. You can tell from the state of the moon what the weather is going to be, and you can also tell of what sex your next child will be. But the many educated persons who still divine changes in the weather, and the uneducated few who practise the other form of divination, are both innocent of any attempt to obtain their information from supernatural beings. In fine, primitive man has other modes than the supernatural of forecasting coming events, just as much as scientific man; and if there ever was a stage in human evolution when man had not yet attained to the idea of the supernatural, divination may well have been practised in that stage. Doubtless, the inference that beings who are supernatural have knowledge of the future is a conclusion which naturally follows from the premises. But we do not find that all the gods in the same pantheon have alike the power of prophecy; and if some gods have it not, it is evidently not a necessary attribute of supernatural beings. In this connection it may be interesting to point out that even Apollo did not always forecast the future by the exercise of an inherent power of supernatural foresight. Like Pythagoras, he (or the workers of his oracle) put his faith in folk-lore. At any rate, this is the inference which I draw from the answer given by the god of Delphi (and preserved in Euseb.,

Praep. Ev., VI, i, 2) to a person inquiring what sex his next child would be. The oracle is indeed somewhat obscure; but when illustrated by the folk-lore recorded in *F.-L. J.*, v, p. 208, and vi, 91, it may be seen to be based on the belief that if a birth takes place on the growing of the moon, the next child will be of the same sex; if on a waning moon, not.

In fine, it is impossible to divide primitive modes of forecasting the future into supernatural and non-supernatural, and confine the term "divination" to the former class. There is scarcely a member of either class which may not pass over into the other class. What may have been supernatural in its origin, survives as something not supernatural. What was in its origin possibly illogical but certainly not supernatural, comes to be explained as supernatural in ages when belief in this mode of communication between man and god is orthodox, as, for instance, in the time of the Stoics. This method of classification, then, confounds together things which have their origin in very different tendencies of the human mind. At the same time it obscures the relation of divination to "sympathetic magic", both of which are based on the belief that if one of two similar (or related) things is affected in any way, the other will be affected in a similar way. This belief when employed in Observation results in divination; when employed in Experiment, results in what may be conveniently called sympathetic magic, though there is not necessarily or originally anything supernatural about it. It is a mere matter of logic—savagery, perhaps, rather than scientific, but still of logic, not of superstition—that if one member of a pair of similar or related things is in your power, you can affect the other as you wish; and that if one member is within the range of your observation you can tell how the other is faring. Thus, a lock of hair places the person from whose head it is cut (and to whom it is related, according to the primitive interpretation of the category of Relation) in

the power of the person into whose hands it is given. Thus in the *Alcestis*, Death draws his sword to cut off a tress of the hair of Alcestis,

“for sacred to us gods below,
That head whose hair this sword shall sanctify.”

And amongst modern Greeks at a christening, “three tiny locks of hair, if these can be found, are cut from the baby’s head and thrown into the font, ‘in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost’” (Miss Garnett, *The Women of Turkey*, p. 73). So, too, in folk-tales, a portion of the hero’s apparel, etc., serves to inform him or her with whom it is left whether the hero is or is not still alive. May not the custom of preserving locks of hair in lockets, etc., have had its origin in some belief of this kind?

Be this as it may, in dealing with divination the important thing is to remember that in the definition of it as “supernatural communication” we have a theory embodied. That theory is one originated by the Stoics; and conformable as it may have been to the knowledge of the age in which it was formulated, it does not satisfy the requirements of scientific folk-lore. When some Mill of the future comes to write the “Principles of Savage Logic”, it will be clear to all that many modes of divination and much magic are but methods of observation and experiment which in one age were, and in a subsequent age were not, considered valid by logicians. It will be also clear that there is not that absolute hiatus between savage and scientific logic which is generally assumed. On the contrary, the Law of Continuity holds here as elsewhere. The difference between the two logics is not, for instance, that the Methods of Agreement and Difference are known to the one and not known to the other; nor even that the savage imagines points of likeness or difference where they do not exist; but that savage and scientific man differ as to what points of similarity or dissimilarity

are essential—and not even Mill professes to lay down rules for distinguishing the essential from the non-essential features of the phenomena to be investigated. The difference between scientific and primitive procedure is in this case entirely extra-logical. Again, the Method of Concomitant Variations is, as we have seen, the basis of much divination and magic; and here again the difference between the two logics is largely extra-logical. Related or similar things vary together; but what things are related or similar? The similarity which the primitive logician detects between the variations of the apparent size of the moon on the one hand, and of the actual size of sub-lunar growing or decaying objects on the other, is not regarded as essential by the man of science; and, speaking generally, we may say that is impossible to say *à priori* what points of similarity or dissimilarity primitive man will seize on as cardinal. And this amounts to saying that a complete history of logic from primitive times can only be written by the aid of folk-lore.

Hypothesis is another instrument of thought which is common to both stages of logic, and which is of interest to the folk-lorist. Indeed, if we accept the definition of folk-lore given in *F.-L. J.*, iv, p. 196, that it is “the popular explanation of observed facts”, then Hypothesis is the whole of folk-lore. But even if we limit ourselves to the statement that all popular explanations of observed facts are folk-lore (and this has the advantage of not excluding rites and customs), the importance of Hypothesis is still considerable. And here, again, the difference between savage and scientific man is not so considerable: both may accept Mill's definition that “an hypothesis is any supposition which we make in order to endeavour to deduce from it conclusions in accordance with facts which are known to be real”. The principal difference lies in a difference of opinion as to the nature and necessity of verification; and with regard to primitive hypothesis as preserved in myths, we may say that it consists in explaining the thing that is

by the thing that is not. The bearing of these remarks may be seen in their application to some of the myths quoted in the article *Dionysia*, in Daremberg and Saglio. The writer of the article, M. Jules Girard, rightly follows Roscher's *Lexikon* in various points, but unfortunately does not follow the *Lexikon* in adopting Mannhardt's explanation of the orgiastic elements in the worship of Dionysos. Again, he is unfortunate in following the *Lexikon* in deriving the orgiastic elements from Thrace, and dating their spread in the time after Homer. I say unfortunate for two reasons; first, because while accepting the *Lexikon's* view, he apparently unconsciously rejects the evidence on which alone it is based; and, second, because the view is, as I will proceed to suggest, itself unsatisfactory. If Mannhardt's explanation (*Wald- und Feldkulte*, i, 534 f.) is correct, then the mad dances and shouts, which are the orgiastic elements, date from at least Aryan times, and must have been known to the Greeks not only before the time of Homer, but before the Greeks appeared in Greece. They are primitive man's way of wakening the spirit of vegetation from its winter slumber. There can have been no borrowing by one Greek tribe from another; each Greek tribe brought this piece of primitive magic along with it. What, then, is the evidence for the assertion that these orgiastic rites were borrowed from Thrace? It is, first, that they were not known to Homer (or as Lobeck, *Aglaoph.*, 288, more cautiously says, were at the most known to the Greeks only by rumour); next, that the worship of Dionysos has every mark of having existed from the hoariest antiquity amongst the Thracians; and, third, certain legends or myths about the introduction of the mad rites into certain places in Greece. With regard to the first item, there is a passage in Homer (*Il.*, vi, 132 ff.) which all admit to refer to the orgiastic worship of Dionysos, but not all admit to be genuine. Now, we may either reject this passage, with F. A. Voigt, the writer in the *Lexikon*; or retain it, with M. Girard. But it does

not seem admissible to do as M. Girard does, and accept Voigt's conclusion while disagreeing with his premises. In other words, if the orgiastic rites existed in Homeric Greece, the second piece of evidence given above loses its value: the inference, that the Greeks borrowed the rites from the Thracians, has some cogency only so long as we believe that the latter were earlier in possession of the rites than the former. There remain the myths alluded to. These agree amongst themselves in representing the god as punishing those who resisted the introduction of his orgies, and they are regarded as "evidently reminiscences of opposition offered to the introduction of a new and foreign worship". But to find reminiscences of historical fact in myths is to extract gold from the sunbeams. If myths are folk-lore, and folk-lore is primitive hypothesis, the one thing certain is that the assumed historical occurrence which the "popular explanation" uses to account for its "observed facts" is not historical at all. Whatever the etymology of "Shotover" Hill, it was never shot over by Little John; nor does this primitive hypothesis contain a reminiscence of any historical fact. The one thing we can infer with certainty is that the original name of the hill was near enough for the folk to confound it with the words "shot over". So, too, the one thing we can be certain of in these myths is that they were designed to explain the orgies. Why did the women of Eleutheræ, a village at the foot of Cithæron, dance in this mad way at the Dionysia? Because Dionysos sends the madness on them. What! on his worshippers? Ah! but they were not always worshippers of his: once Dionysos appeared in a black goat-skin to the daughters of Eleuther, and they derided him; so he sent his madness on them, and did not withdraw it until their father, after consulting Apollo, adopted the cult of Dionysos of the Black Goat-skin (Suidas *s. v.* *μελαναίγιδα Διόνυσον*). So, too, the daughters of Prætus of Tiryns were driven mad by the god because they refused to enter into his orgiastic rites

(Apollod., II, ii, 2). In the Eleutheræ myth it is Dionysos who himself introduces his own worship, sends the madness, and cures it. In the Tiryns myth, Dionysos sends the madness and Melampus, the seer, cures it. But inasmuch as Herodotus (ii, 49) says that Melampus introduced the worship of Dionysos into Greece, and in view of the resemblance between the names Melampus and Melanaigis, is it fanciful to suggest that "Black-foot" was an epithet of the god in Argos, just as "Black-skin" was at Eleutheræ? Leaving this suggestion for what it is worth, let us turn to the most famous of this class of myths, that of Lycurgus, the son of Dryas, who chased the nurses of frenzied Dionysos, and smote them with the murderous pole-axe, while Dionysos fled trembling to Thetis for refuge in the sea (*Il.*, vi, 142). Here it is not the women of Thrace, but the king who resists the god. The king, however, is punished with madness because of his resistance (Apollod., III, v, i.), like the daughters of Eleutheræ and the women of Argos; and we might not unreasonably class all three myths together as primitive hypotheses of the same kind. But the mention of the pole-axe, and the retreat of Dionysos, may point to an instance of "killing the god". The god may have appeared as a bull in this rite, in the same way that he did at *Bouphonia*—hence the *βουπλιξ*. The *Bouphonia*, according to the story, was instituted in order to put an end to drought and famine, and is therefore probably a harvest festival (*Golden Bough*, ii, 41). Drought and famine also play a part in the story of Lycurgus (Apoll., *l. c.*); and we may perhaps regard this myth as the "popular explanation" of a harvest festival in which the god of vegetation was killed. Originally the god was killed "only as a necessary step to his revival or resurrection in a better form". But when this was forgotten, the killing required explanation. An enemy alone would kill the god, and he must have killed him because he objected to his mad rites. He must, therefore, have been some one having authority—a king. But the god

was unlikely to let his enemy go unpunished ; therefore he sent drought and famine, as a god of vegetation naturally might. And in commemoration of the termination of the drought, which ended when Lycurgus had been torn in pieces by horses, this very harvest festival was instituted. This may or may not be the explanation of the Lycurgus myth ; but it is more in accordance with folk-lore methods than the “reminiscence” theory. Anyhow, the upholders of the theory that the worship of Dionysos was borrowed by the Greeks from Thrace, ought not to cite Lycurgus in their support ; for if his myth is a “reminiscence of opposition offered to the introduction of a new foreign worship”, then, as Lycurgus was a Thracian king, the new and foreign worship did not originate in Thrace.

F. B. JEVONS.

NOTES AND NEWS.

AMONG the papers to appear in the ensuing numbers of FOLK-LORE will be a symposium on "Cinderella", by Messrs. E. Clodd, G. L. Gomme, E. S. Hartland, Joseph Jacobs, Alfred Nutt, and others; Professor Rhys' paper on Manx Folk-Lore, the conclusion of Dr. Gaster's paper on the Holy Grail, Rev. F. Sibree's paper on Malagasy Bird-lore, and Mr. Cecil Smith's Report on Greek Archaeology.

DR. WESTERMARCK'S work on the Origin of Marriage will be published by Messrs. Macmillan almost immediately. Mr. Wallace prefaces the volume.

THE "Statutory" Ninth International Congress of Orientalists, which is to be held this year from the 1st to the 10th September, has a section on "Comparative Religion, including Mythology and Folk-lore, Philosophy and Law, and Oriental History and Sciences".

MR. RISLEY'S paper on the progress of Ethnographic Research in India (see *Bibliog.*, s.v. *Journal of Anthropol. Institute*) urges that custom should be henceforth used as a means of research. Mr. Risley, however, does not seem to be aware of the Folk-Lore Society's *Handbook*, as he recommends the use of the *Anthropological Notes and Queries*, a very excellent but now somewhat obsolete volume, which is, besides, out of print.

TWO new volumes of *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition* will be published almost immediately. *Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire*, collected, edited, translated,

and annotated by the Rev. James MacDougall, with an Introduction by Alfred Nutt; also *The Fians*, traditions in prose and verse, collected during the last forty years by the Rev. J. G. Campbell of Tiree.

THE prospects of the Folk-lore Congress are very promising. Papers and addresses will be forthcoming from the president, Mr. Andrew Lang, and from Sir Frederick Pollock, Professors F. B. Jevons, Rhys, and Sayce, Drs. Gaster, Tylor, and Winternitz, Messrs. E. Clodd, J. G. Frazer, F. H. Groome, G. L. Gomme, E. S. Hartland, Joseph Jacobs, Alfred Nutt, besides others from foreign folk-lorists.

THE fourth and concluding part of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West* merits record in this place, both for the important mass of materials it contains on the English Folk-Song and for the detailed analysis of the whole work, with parallels, etc., contained in the introduction to this part.

THE second and concluding volume of Miss Garnett's work on the Folk-lore of Turkey will be shortly issued by Mr. Nutt.

PAPERS for the next (September) number of FOLK-LORE must reach the Office, 270, Strand, on or before August 1st.

REVIEW.

SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS AND PRACTICES OF THE FINNS.

I. Those relating to Hunting and Trapping. (*Suomen kansan muinaisia taikoja. I. Metsästys taikoja*). Helsingfors, 1891, pp. 243.

MR. MATTI VARONEN, the editor of this collection, has with great skill and success grouped together in logical order, and classified under many headings, a perfect mine of folk-lore material. It contains 782 items, in as many sections, not including a considerable number of variants given in the Appendix. To each section is appended in a footnote the name of the collector, the place of collection, together with the age and sex of the narrator.

The variety of game in Finland is still very considerable, and includes the bear, reindeer, stag, wolf, lynx, fox, otter, martin, hare, and squirrel, not to mention birds of various kinds. But to be a successful hunter or trapper many precautions are necessary. The guardian spirits of the forest must be propitiated, though this may be less necessary if the hunter, like Esau, is a hairy man from his birth, for that always ensures success at the chase. His luck may be destroyed by the evil eye of another, though there are several ways of counteracting this malign influence, such as by bringing a litter of young foxes secretly into his house and feeding them in a dark place; or it may be injured through his own imprudence, by playing, for instance, with his daughters late at night. Much depends on having a good dog, but more on being the owner of a straight shooting gun. During the shooting season, to keep it in good condition, it should be given a vapour bath every Saturday. If it won't go off, the best

plan is to put breadcrumbs under the bullet when loading. The effect of putting in breadcrumbs over the ball is that the missile enters the body of the animal shot at for certain. A gun shoots straight if washed with the blood of a carrion-eating bird, or if rubbed with the fat of a corpse ; it kills dead if the inside of the barrel is smeared with snake-fat or mercurial ointment. A gun will kill if at the time of purchase it is rubbed thrice against the left leg, or if put into an ant-heap for the night, or if the muzzle is heated in a fire and then plunged into water. If it won't kill, the hunter must take off his coat, suspend it to a branch beside the gun, take three knives, and then slash at his coat in a towering passion. If a gun is washed inside and outside with water and the blood of the grossbeak, it not only kills well but remains unaffected by hostile spells. A gun is often spoilt for shooting by an enemy without his ever having seen it. For if the enemy, on hearing the hunter's shot, turns on his right heel with the words, "A snake into the gun, a lizard for a plug!" the latter might shoot for ever so long without hitting till he had cleaned his gun. The same result would ensue were the enemy, on hearing the report of the gun, to fling himself upon the ground on his belly. The shooting powers of a gun are destroyed by putting down the barrel the fat of a spawning fish, or by mixing sugar with the powder, or by wiping it with the dirty frock of an old harlot. These powers, however, can be renewed by leaving the gun all night in the sheep-pen, or by digging a hole through an ant-heap and then passing through it thrice, gun in hand. If a gun has been so ruined by the evil eye that it won't kill, won't even go off, a snake should be induced to crawl down the barrel and act as a wad to the charge. The gun is then fired into the air. The worst of this treatment is that it usually bursts the gun. The hunter's chances of sport are injured if he mentions animals by their real names, and the animals themselves seem sometimes to take it amiss. Hence the lynx is termed euphuistically "the forest cat", lest it should

devour the sheep. The fox and hare are only spoken of as "game", and the latter during the hunting season must never be called "bad". It is unlucky to shoot the black woodpecker, and it is a bad omen should one be caught in a trap or a snare. So, too, to shoot a cuckoo, "the birds' priest", is to incur misfortune.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TOM-TIT-TOT.

To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.

SIR,—With regard to the note of Mr. W. F. Kirby in FOLK-LORE (vol. ii, p. 132), I would point out the following remark of E. Taylor to his translation of the Grimms' folk-tale, "Rumpelstitzchen" (which word he changed into "Rumpelstiltskin"): "We remember to have heard a similar story from Ireland, in which the song ran:

"Little does my Lady wot
That my name is 'Trit-a-Trot.'"

I drew attention to this remark of Taylor's so long ago as 1870, in my notes to p. 81 of Gonzenbach's *Sicilianische Märchen*, which Mr. E. Clodd appears to have overlooked.

REINHARD KÖHLER.

Weimar, March 14, 1891.

MISCELLANEA.

Excommunicated Persons.—Dumont, in his *Voyage to the Levant* (translated 1696), mentions two superstitions concerning excommunicated persons. In l. 10, pp. 116-7, he describes a fearful storm he encountered in a passage from Leghorn to Malta. The ship was struck by lightning, and her motion was so violent that “one of the Ship-Boys who lay sculking in the Fore-Castle, was thrown upon the Hatches in the other end of the Ship, and so bruised, and black with Contusions . . . that we have still reason to doubt of his recovery. The Mariners concluded that the *Devil* was the Author of all these Disorders, and that there was some Person in the Company under a Sentence of *Excommunication*.” Again, in let. 22, p. 295 : “You have doubtless observ’d that the *Romanists* have an extreme Veneration for those Persons whose Bodies remain free from *Putrefaction* after their death . . . whereas the *Greeks* pretend that ’tis only an Effect of *Excommunication*; and when they find a Body in that Condition, they never leave Praying for the soul of the dead Person, till his Body be putrefy’d and corrupted.”

Turkish Superstition.—“I shall in the next place proceed to give you a brief account of the *Turks* that live in *Egypt*, before I finish my Letter. They are so extremely Superstitious, that when they go abroad in the morning, if the first Person they meet be a *Christian*, they return immediately, and having wash’d themselves, stay at home all the rest of the day; for they believe that some great Misfortune would certainly befall ’em, if they shou’d venture to go abroad again.” (*Ibid.*, let. 16, p. 109.)

GERALDINE GOSSELIN.

Post-Mortem Marriage.—A writer in the *North China Daily News* records a case of something like a *post-mortem* marriage, in which a Chinese girl, recently deceased, was married to a dead boy in another village. “It not unfrequently happens”, he explains, “that the son in the family dies before he is married, and that it is desirable to adopt a grandson. The family cast about for some young girl who has also died recently, and a proposition is made for the union of the two corpses in the bonds of matrimony. If it is accepted there is a combination of a wedding and a funeral, in the process of which the deceased bride is taken by a large number of bearers to the cemetery of the other family and laid beside her husband.” (*Pall Mall Gazette*, 5 Nov. 1890.)

Beavers.—The following quotation from “An Account of the Micmages and Maricheets, dependent on the Government of Cape Breton” (1758), pp. 37-38, mentions the superstitious use made by native jugglers of river-water in which beavers built their huts. “The great secret of these jugglers consists in having a great *oorakin* [bowl] full of water, from any river in which it was known there were beaver huts. Then he takes a certain number of circular turns round this *oorakin*, as it stands on the ground, pronouncing all the time with a low voice a kind of gibberish of broken words. After this he draws near to the bowl, and bending very low, or rather lying over it, looks at himself in it as in a glass. If he see the water in the least muddy or unsettled, he recovers his erect posture and begins his rounds again, till he finds the water as clear as he could wish it for his purpose, and then he pronounces over it his magic words. If, after having repeated them twice or thrice, he does not find the question proposed to him resolved by this inspection of the water, nor the wonders he wants operated by it, he says with a loud voice and a grave tone, that the *Manitoo* . . . would not declare himself till every one of the assistants should have told him (the juggler) in the ear what were his actual thoughts or greatest secret.”

Witches in Cornwall.—Belief in witches and ill-wishing still lingers in Cornwall. Within two miles of Penzance live two families on adjacent farms. For twelve months the whole of the Jilbart household have believed that Mrs. Clarke, their neighbour, who is seventy-one years of age, was a witch, and had ill-wished their horses, so that they suddenly refused to pull, and started kicking. On Tuesday evening two young men of the Jilbart family went to Mrs. Clarke’s farm, and threatened to murder Mrs. Clarke, who complained to the police, and warrants were issued. At the Penzance Police-court yesterday the elder brother swore that he believed Mrs. Clarke ill-wished their horses, causing them to kick and jib. Both young men were bound in £20 each, with a surety of £20, to keep the peace for six months. (*Standard*, March 7, 1890.)

Hungarian Custom.—“SHAMOKIN (Penn). Fifty Hungarian women were thrown into the river by a gang of miners, and kept in the water until almost drowned. The women provoked the miners by following a custom alleged to be in vogue among the Hungarian peasants in Europe. The men are supposed to bathe at Eastertide, and, by way of a hint, the women threw water over all the men they met for the first day or two after Easter Sunday. This was the miners’ way of retaliating.” (*Echo*, April 10th, 1890, p. 3.)

GERALDINE GOSSELIN.

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LES DERNIERS TRAVAUX ALLEMANDS

SUR

LA LÉGENDE DU SAINT GRAAL

[Dans cet article, dont la majeure partie écrite avant le mois de novembre n'a pas pu, par suite d'un accident de poste, être insérée dans le numéro de janvier, je renvoie surtout aux ouvrages ou aux articles suivants :

EREC. *Erec und Enide von Christian von Troyes*, hrsg. von Wendelin Foerster. Halle, 1890.

ZIMMER. *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen*. N^o 12. 10 juin 1890. (Ce numéro contient un compte rendu de mes *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, qui occupe les pages 488-528. Tous les renvois à M. Zimmer sans autre mention s'y rapportent.)

ZIMMER. *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen*. N^o 20. 1 Oct. 1890. Pages 785-832. Contient un compte rendu du t. XXX de l'Hist. lit. de la France.

ZIMMER. *Zeitschrift für franz. Sprache und Literatur*. XII, 1. Bretonische Elemente in der Arthursage des Gottfried von Monmouth.

(Ces deux derniers articles, ainsi que la préface de l'Erec, et les travaux de M. Golther dont l'énumération suit, sont surtout occupés à combattre les idées de M. Gaston Paris sur l'origine et le développement des romans arthuriens. J'ai laissé de côté tout ce qui se rapporte à cette polémique qui, du reste, importe fort peu à la thèse soutenue dans mon ouvrage, estimant qu'il fallait attendre la réponse de M. Gaston Paris).

GOLTHER. *Sitzungsberichte der philos.-philol. und histor. Classe der K. Bayer. Akademie der Wissenschaften*. 1890. II. II. Pages 171-217 : Chrestien's conte del Graal in seinem verhältniss zum wälschen Peredur und zum englischen Sir Perceval. (Tous les renvois à M. Golther sans autre mention se rapportent à cet article.)

GOLTHER. *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte etc. Neue Folge*, Bd. III, pages 409-423 : Beziehungen zwischen französischer und keltischer Litteratur in Mittelalter (cité Z. v. L).

GOLTHER. Beilage zur Allgemeinen Zeitung, 1890, N° 209, 30 juillet. Perceval und der Graal.

Je cite mes *Studies*, etc., par l'abréviation *Grail*. Les renvois à *Arg. Tales* ou *Tales* se rapportent à : *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition, Argyllshire Series*, vol. II. *Folk- and Hero Tales from Argyllshire*, collected, edited and translated by the Rev. D. Mac Innes, with notes by the editor and Alfred Nutt, 1890.]

Dans la préface de son édition de l'Erec, M. Foerster continue sa campagne contre les théories de M. Gaston Paris sur l'origine et le développement des romans Arthuriens. En même temps, M. W. Golther, dans les articles précités, applique la doctrine de M. Foerster aux romans appartenant au cycle du Graal, et cherche à démontrer que ceux-ci, dans leur ensemble, ont pour source unique le roman inachevé de Chrestien. L'un et l'autre se prévalent de la critique qu'a faite M. Zimmer de mes *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail* pour écarter ceux de mes résultats qui pourraient les gêner. Ces deux savants jouissent d'une légitime autorité; je les crois dans l'erreur, aussi je veux me hâter de leur répondre pour ne point me laisser condamner par défaut. Il y a aussi, je l'avoue, un autre motif qui me fait agir. On ne s'émue point de certaines choses lorsqu'elles sont dites par M. Zimmer; on a pour elles le sourire indulgent accordé aux boutades d'un enfant gâté auquel on passe ses caprices en raison de la vie et de la vigueur dont il déborde. Mais, jusqu'à présent du moins, ni M. Foerster, ni M. Golther ne se sont fait la réputation peu enviable du professeur de Greifswald. Aussi ai-je été surpris d'entendre chez eux l'écho des reproches que m'avait adressés M. Zimmer, et ne faudra-t-il pas s'étonner de trouver un élément personnel dans l'article que l'on va lire. Je tâcherai, du reste, de le restreindre autant que possible. Ceux qui m'ont lu savent quel cas il faut faire de la plupart des observations blessantes de M. Zimmer. Quant à ceux qui

ne sont pas au fait du débat, j'essaierai de les mettre à même de se former un jugement éclairé. S'il m'échappe parfois un blâme pour les procédés de controverse qu'emploient MM. Golther et Foerster, c'est moins parce que je suis la victime de ces procédés, que parce qu'ils dérogent à l'idéal d'aménité, d'impartialité et de loyauté que doit se proposer tout savant¹.

L'article de M. Zimmer, sur lequel s'appuient MM. Golther et Foerster, sans qu'ils aient fait le moindre effort apparent pour en contrôler les assertions, se divise en trois parties, d'étendue et de valeur fort inégales. Il y a le compte rendu de mon ouvrage; cela occupe peu de place et cela, j'ose le dire, encore moins d'importance. Il y a ensuite une série de dissertations *de omnibus rebus*, qui pour la plupart ne se rattachent que faiblement à la donnée de mon livre. Ces dissertations sont nourries et intéressantes; tout celtisant les lira avec fruit. En troisième lieu, M. Zimmer esquisse une théorie du cycle Arthurien, sur laquelle il revient dans le compte rendu du tome XXX de l'*Hist. littéraire de la France*, et que je m'abstiens pour le moment de discuter, me permettant seulement de mettre en regard des conclusions de M. Foerster celles auxquelles est arrivé M. Zimmer. Cette confrontation est instructive et je crois qu'elle donnera fort à réfléchir aux sectateurs de la doctrine foersterienne.

1. Je tiens à affirmer *in limine* ma sincère admiration pour l'œuvre de M. Zimmer, admiration dont j'ai témoigné en me faisant dans la mesure de mes forces l'interprète de ses travaux auprès du public anglais. M. Zimmer est un des plus forts travailleurs devant l'Éternel dans ce pays de grands et vaillants travailleurs qui s'appelle l'Allemagne. En outre, par son talent divinatoire, son esprit subtil et sa puissance synthétique il renouvelle tout sujet auquel il touche. Ses erreurs mêmes ont une valeur que n'ont souvent pas les conclusions les plus sages et les mieux appuyées d'autres érudits. Quel dommage qu'il ne reconnaisse pas lui-même qu'il possède les défauts de ses qualités et que son amour de l'inédit le fait verser souvent dans le paradoxe. Quel dommage surtout qu'il ne puisse se débarrasser de ces fâcheuses habitudes de controverse qui lui ont valu la position de « privileged person »; j'emploie ici une expression anglaise qu'il est impossible de rendre en français, attendu que le genre d'individu qu'elle vise n'existe pas dans un pays où la courtoisie, la mesure et le savoir-vivre sont des qualités exigées de tout homme qui se produit en public, à moins toutefois que ce ne soit dans un rôle politique.

Avant d'aborder l'examen de l'article de M. Zimmer, je me permets de mettre en relief l'idée qui sert de lien à l'ensemble d'études indépendantes, et parfois, il se peut, décousues, dont se compose mon livre. Quand j'ai commencé l'étude des romans du Graal, la doctrine régnante était celle de M. Birch-Hirschfeld qui faisait de la trilogie de Robert de Borron le point de départ du cycle entier, qui cherchait dans la légende chrétienne l'unique source du Graal lui-même, et qui réduisait l'élément celtique à quelques emprunts secondaires et sans importance. La lecture des textes me convainquit que l'ordre de développement des divers romans préconisé par M. Birch-Hirschfeld était erroné, et je fus amené à assigner au roman de Chrestien la première place dans le rang d'ancienneté des textes qui nous sont parvenus. J'eus le bonheur de me rencontrer avec M. Gaston Paris qui émit la même doctrine sans que j'eusse eu connaissance de ses recherches. Cette doctrine est maintenant universellement acceptée, et la valeur de ma démonstration est reconnue par chacun de mes trois adversaires. J'en fais mention, non pour en tirer vanité, mais pour constater que nous sommes d'accord sur la base de toute discussion scientifique, c'est-à-dire sur l'ordre de développement des textes français. L'examen attentif du conte du Graal, tant de la partie due à Chrestien que des suites successives qui lui furent ajoutées, me fit penser qu'il y avait là le remaniement de deux thèmes de contes populaires ; dans le conte gallois de Peredur, qui est en partie une adaptation du roman inachevé de Chrestien, je crus reconnaître un de ces thèmes dans une forme plus ancienne et plus pure que chez Chrestien.

Arrivé à ce point je me suis efforcé de rassembler tous les similaires de ces deux thèmes que je pourrais trouver dans la tradition celtique, soit dans des légendes héroïques gaéliques (irlandaises) qui remontent aux VII^e-XII^e siècles de notre ère, soit chez les seules populations celtiques de la Grande-Bretagne qui aient conservé une tradition orale, c'est-à-dire chez les paysans gaéliques de l'Irlande et de l'Ecosse.

Ici se placent les deux objections de principe que me fait M. Zimmer :

(1) Je n'aurais pas dû comparer des textes gaéliques avec une légende héroïque kymrique (galloise), c'est-à-dire la légende arthurienne.

(2) Je n'aurais pas dû comparer des contes recueillis dans ce siècle-ci avec des textes du XII^e siècle.

La première objection n'est formulée nulle part d'une façon précise. Mais M. Zimmer dit (p. 489) « den Grundlagen und dem Princip der Forschung widerspreche ich », et il me demande (p. 492) « wie kommt es dass gerade die *irische* Literatur bei der Untersuchung eine so grosse ja die entscheidende Rolle spielt ? » Il continue en me disant que l'épopée héroïque pan-celtique (« gemeinkeltische Heldensage ») ne peut être reconstruite même « in den gröbsten Umrissen », et que quand j'emploie le mot « celtique » à l'égard de la légende arthurienne ce mot « besagt einzig und allein kymrisch-bretonisch ». Je ne crois donc pas me tromper ou être injuste envers M. Zimmer en formulant son objection de la façon précitée. Eh bien, M. Zimmer m'a épargné la peine de lui répondre. A la page 493 il nous affirme qu'Arthur « ist keine *gemeinkeltische* oder *urkeltische* Figur ». A la page 516 il se demande ce qu'il y a de probablement « gemeinkeltisch » dans les plus anciens textes du cycle arthurien. Il répond en citant l'épisode des traces du sang dans la neige qui se trouve et dans le récit de la mort du fils d'Usnech et dans le roman de Chrestien ; il compare l'épée d'Arthur, *Caledwulch*, à l'épée de Fergus, *Caladbolg*, dans le *Táin bó Cúalnge* (les deux épées proviennent du royaume des fées) ; il met en regard des traits caractéristiques de Kei, tels qu'on les trouve dans *Kulhwch*, et de Cúchulain, tels qu'on les trouve dans le *Táin* ; il compare les héros de la Table-Ronde d'Arthur avec ceux de la table de festin de Conchobar et rappelle que de part et d'autre on s'en va « errant » à la recherche des aventures ; il cite les obligations d'honneur (« geasa » en irlandais, ce qu'il traduit excellemment par « tabuartige Verpflichtungen ») qui pèsent également sur les héros d'Arthur et sur ceux de Conchobar. Il compare les « enfances » de Cúchulain avec celles de Perceval : « die Aehnlichkeit springt in die Augen » (p. 520). Je suis tellement enchanté de cette démonstration qui occupe

quatre pages, que c'est à peine si j'ose faire remarquer que beaucoup des éléments en sont empruntés à mon livre et notamment aux pages 230-234. Rappelons-nous en outre que tous ces points de comparaison sont établis entre des textes kymriques, dont la tradition diplomatique ne peut être poursuivie au delà du XII^e siècle (bien entendu je ne parle pas de l'ancienneté des légendes elles-mêmes) et des textes gaéliques dont M. Zimmer lui-même a placé la rédaction aux VII^e-VIII^e siècles; rappelons-nous que M. Zimmer ajoute (p. 520) « der Beziehungen zu dem Stoff der Arthursagentexte lassen sich in der alten Heldensage und in den Stücken des mythologischen Cyklus *noch manche nachweisen* » (les italiques sont de moi), et que « Nutt hat einiges sicher richtig verglichen », cet « einiges » se rapportant à des comparaisons du genre de celle que venait de faire M. Zimmer, et l'on conviendra que de l'aveu et de l'exemple de mon critique lui-même, la comparaison que j'ai faite d'incidents appartenant aux cycles héroïco-mythiques des deux peuples celtiques n'est pas *en principe* contraire à une saine méthode. Il me semble donc que je suis dispensé de répondre lorsque M. Zimmer me demande pourquoi j'ai fait une si large place à l'ancienne littérature irlandaise, mais je veux bien lui dire que je m'étais naïvement imaginé qu'il fallait rechercher des « origines » dans les plus anciens textes connus et dans une tradition orale manifestement apparentée à celle de ces textes.

A vrai dire, cette question des rapports entre les cycles de traditions héroïco-mythiques des deux peuples celtiques mérite un instant d'examen. Les trois cycles qui sont en jeu — le cycle ultonien, celui de Finn et celui d'Arthur — ont eu leur origine *sous leur forme actuelle* et sont parvenues à cette forme dans le courant des VI^e-XII^e siècles. Or, pendant toute la durée de cette période de 700 ans les rapports entre Gaël et Kymry furent continus, intimes, et s'étendirent à la vie privée et publique de ces deux peuples. Les faits à l'appui de ce que je dis là sont tellement nombreux qu'ils rempliraient un volume de la *Revue Celtique*, tellement notoires que je n'ai certes pas besoin de les citer ici. Je n'en relèverai qu'un qui me paraît avoir un rapport tout spécial au sujet qui nous occupe. Cor-

mac, le roi-évêque de Cashel, tué en 903, donne dans son Glossaire *sub voce* Mug-éime une série de traditions relatives à la suprématie des Gaels dans la Grande-Bretagne, au courant de laquelle il parle de « Glastonbury des Gaels ». Qu'on se rappelle la position de Glastonbury dans la légende arthurienne telle que nous la trouvons dans les romans du XIII^e siècle, et l'importance de ce témoignage est évidente¹.

Ces rapports séculaires se seraient produits sans exercer aucune influence sur l'épopée héroïque, soit de l'un, soit de l'autre peuple ? Cela n'est point croyable. Du reste cela n'est pas, et M. Zimmer lui-même a cité quelques exemples (p. 512, note) : le poème gallois bien connu sur Cûroi mac Daire, le fait que le nom de plusieurs personnages dans les Mabinogion (Math, Mathonwy, Matholwch) décèlent clairement leur origine irlandaise, quoique ce dernier fait soit loin d'être aussi certain que le prétend M. Zimmer, etc. Encore une fois je suis trop content de voir M. Zimmer dans cette bonne voie pour lui tenir rigueur de ce qu'il passe complètement sous silence le fait que j'ai cité il y a sept à huit ans dans mon étude sur Branwen², plusieurs autres points de contact entre les Mabinogion proprement dits et la tradition irlandaise. Je m'étonne seulement que M. Zimmer n'ait pas poussé un peu plus avant. Quiconque lit avec attention des récits gallois tels que *Kulhwch* et le *Songe de Rhonabwy*, et les compare à des récits irlandais des VII^e-X^e siècles tels que *Mesca Ulad* ou *Bruden da Derga*, ne peut manquer d'être frappé, non seulement par une communauté de ton et de coloris (cela pourrait et, peut-être, doit être mis sur le compte du génie celtique), mais encore par une communauté de procédés littéraires³. Si cela est, on

1. Je cite Cormac souvent, aussi je tiens à dire que je ne préjuge nullement la question de l'âge des plus anciennes parties du Glossaire. Mais quand même celles-ci seraient d'une rédaction plus récente que l'âge de Cormac lui-même, les faits, tant historiques que linguistiques qui y sont notés, doivent remonter aux IX^e-X^e siècles.

2. *Mabinogion Studies*, I. : *Branwen daughter of Llyr*. *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. V, 1882. Il y a beaucoup d'omissions dans cet article, mais je crois que les faits y sont vus de la bonne manière.

3. J'ai déjà insisté sur ce point dans mon compte rendu de *Mesca Ulad*, *Archaeological Review*, vol. IV, 1889.

ne peut guère douter de quel côté vient l'influence. La grande école des rhapsodes irlandais des VII^e-X^e siècles ne nous a probablement pas laissé la vingtième partie de ce qu'elle a composé, néanmoins ce qui nous reste de l'ancienne littérature héroïque des Gaels dépasse au moins dans la proportion de 10 à 1 ce que les Gallois nous ont légué. Du reste, les quelques exemples que je viens de citer d'après M. Zimmer sont concluants. Cette influence s'est-elle étendue au fond de ces récits ? M. Zimmer semble pencher à croire que les quatre branches des Mabinogion sont pour le fond, autant que pour certains noms, d'origine irlandaise. Je puis me tromper, car tout ce qu'il dit là-dessus (p. 512, 13, notes) est fort peu clair. Je crois que l'on ne peut pas encore se prononcer, et je suis loin de vouloir faire de la tradition galloise un simple écho de celle des Irlandais.

Il reste toutefois un point à établir. Un des principaux griefs de M. Zimmer est que je fasse usage de textes appartenant au cycle de Finn, lesquels ne remontent pas au delà du XV^e siècle et sont souvent beaucoup plus jeunes. Il faut donc déterminer autant que cela se peut l'antiquité de certains épisodes des deux cycles, celui de Finn et celui d'Arthur. Disons auparavant qu'à part les rapports cités soit par M. Zimmer soit par moi dans mon étude sur Branwen, à part aussi la communauté de procédés littéraires sur laquelle je viens d'insister, il y a fort peu de points communs entre l'ancienne littérature irlandaise, en tant que celle-ci comprend le cycle ultonien et les récits historico-légendaires d'événements des V^e-IX^e siècles, et la littérature galloise, soit en prose, soit en vers, en dehors de la légende arthurienne. Par contre celle-ci a, avec le cycle de Finn, au moins deux de ces points de contact qui témoignent d'une réelle affinité. Ce sont l'infidélité de la femme du principal personnage de la légende et le fait que par l'histoire de leur naissance et de leurs « enfances » ces personnages se rattachent tous deux à cette série de récits héroïques étudiés pour la première fois par feu J. G. v. Hahn sous le nom de *Arische Aussetzungs- und Rückkehr-Formel*¹.

1. *Sagwissenschaftliche Studien*. Iena, 1876.

La plus ancienne trace, dont nous connaissons la date, du premier de ces incidents dans le cycle d'Arthur se trouve, on le sait, dans Gaufrei (Lib. X, cap. xiii) qui accuse très nettement Ganhumara d'adultère avec le neveu de son mari. L'histoire racontée dans la Vita S. Gildae est probablement aussi ancienne que Gaufrei pour la forme et certainement plus ancienne quant au fond. Là la femme s'appelle Guenimar (c'est-à-dire Guenuimar = Gwen(h)wyfar)¹ d'après la lecture du plus ancien ms., et elle est enlevée par un chef du nom de Meluas². On sait que d'après M. Gaston Paris l'enlèvement de la femme constitue le fond primitif et mythique du récit que nous trouvons au XII^e siècle dans le roman de Lancelot. Quel est l'âge véritable de ce récit, a-t-il toujours appartenu au cycle d'Arthur, quelle est sa forme primitive et quelles altérations il a subies, voilà des questions qui sont toujours à éclaircir. Mais s'il faut s'en tenir strictement au témoignage des textes, on n'est pas fondé à le faire remonter au delà du XI^e siècle.

Dans le cycle de Finn, au contraire, cet épisode peut être suivi jusqu'au commencement du X^e siècle, puisqu'il y est fait allusion par un vers cité dans le commentaire sur l'Amra Chluim Chill, duquel il existe des textes qui remontent certainement au commencement du XI^e siècle³. Il faut noter que d'après ce vers la femme de Finn n'est pas enlevée, elle est infidèle. Il faut aussi noter que si le récit bien connu de la fuite de Diarmaid et Grainne, dont, il est vrai, les textes manuscrits ne remontent pas au delà du XV^e siècle, si ce récit, dis-je, avait été introduit dans le cycle de Finn d'après les romans français de Lancelot, il n'y aurait eu aucune raison pour faire de Diarmaid le neveu de Finn. Or il l'est, comme Mordred est le neveu d'Arthur chez Gaufrei⁴.

L'exemple des « enfances » est encore plus frappant. Pour Arthur, Gaufrei est de nouveau le premier garant pour la

1. Y Cymmrodor, XI, 79.

2. Edition Schulz, p. 123.

3. Cf. Argyll. Tales, p. 403.

4. Du reste, l'*Aithed Grainne re Diarmaid* figure dans la liste d'histoires du Livre de Leinster, c'est-à-dire l'histoire était connue à la fin du X^e siècle.

naissance merveilleuse du héros. On a comparé son récit à celui de la naissance d'Ambrosius chez Nennius, et on a pensé à la fable classique de Jupiter et Alcène. Pour ma part, tout en estimant que Gaufrei a beaucoup arrangé ce récit, je crois que celui-ci forme néanmoins une partie du fond primitif de la légende. Mais encore une fois on ne peut en suivre la tradition plus loin que le XI^e siècle. Or il est certain qu'un conte populaire sur les « enfances » de Finn était courant au X^e siècle. Il existe en effet un récit inséré dans le *Leabhar na hUidhre* qui contient presque tous les éléments de la formule étudiée par J.-G. von Hahn, mais présentés de telle façon qu'ils ont l'air d'une chronique de faits réels. C'est le *Foitha Catha Cnucha*, traduit par feu Hennessy dans le premier volume de la *Revue Celtique*. Notons aussi qu'un poème de Gilla in Chomded, mort au plus tard en 1124, inséré dans le Livre de Leinster, fait allusion à une foule de récits sur Finn qui ont entièrement disparu, mais dont quelques-uns devaient ressembler au conte populaire sur les « enfances » dont il existe un texte du XV^e siècle. Pour plus de détails à ce sujet, je renvoie à mon article « The Aryan Expulsion and Return-formula among the Celts », paru il y a plus de neuf ans (*Folk-Lore Record*, vol. IV¹)².

Encore une fois je ne prétends pas que la légende d'Arthur soit calquée sur celle de Finn. Je ne puis me permettre aucune hypothèse à ce sujet. J'entends seulement démontrer que je n'ai pas fait erreur en me servant de textes appartenant au cycle de Finn; loin d'être plus jeunes, ceux-ci sont au contraire plus anciens que ceux du cycle Arthurien. Voilà donc la première objection de M. Zimmer mise à néant, plutôt, dois-je dire,

1. Il y a certainement bien des erreurs de détail dans cet article, mais je crois que j'y ai vu les faits de la bonne manière et qu'en somme les conclusions en sont justes.

2. Tout ce que je dis au sujet de Finn doit être comparé avec la nouvelle théorie de M. Zimmer (*Kelt. Beitrage*, III). J'ai déjà exprimé mon admiration pour ce très remarquable travail (*Academy*, 14 février 1891), mais il est évident que les conclusions en devront être soumises à une critique rigoureuse avant d'être acceptées. Du reste, M. Zimmer aurait-il raison, la saga de Finn serait-elle une importation étrangère et récente, ce que je dis au sujet de ses rapports avec la légende arthurienne n'en serait pas moins vrai.

par lui-même que par moi. Il est vraiment fâcheux que M. Golther n'ait pas su démêler la véritable pensée de M. Zimmer. En effet il me reproche (Z. v. L. p. 425) de me servir d'un « Material welches für die daraus gezogenen Schlüsse unbrauchbar ist, indem es irisch-gaelisch ist während die Erklärung der Artusepen, falls ihr etwaiger keltischer Ursprung erörtert wird, sich ans bretonisch-armorische halten muss ». Comment M. Golther n'a-t-il pas vu que M. Zimmer agit précisément de même dans les exemples que j'ai cités d'après lui (supra p. 185). Si les comparaisons que fait M. Zimmer sont justes, alors les rapports entre les deux traditions sont possibles, mais dans ce cas que devient le « muss » de M. Golther ?

J'aurai encore moins de peine à démontrer la nullité de la seconde objection de M. Zimmer. Je pourrais simplement récuser la compétence de mon critique, et je n'aurais qu'à citer la phrase où M. Zimmer veut bien m'apprendre quelle est l'opinion scientifique en Allemagne sur l'origine des contes populaires depuis la publication du *Pantshatantra* de Benfey (p. 492). Quiconque est au fait de ces questions sait fort bien que la thèse de M. Benfey ne s'applique qu'à une partie seulement des contes populaires, qu'elle est fort contestable (dans la forme sous laquelle il l'a présentée) même pour cette partie, et qu'elle ne s'applique pas plus à beaucoup de « märchen » proprement dits, à *fortiori* aux épopées héroïques, qu'elle ne s'applique aux anneaux de Saturne ou à la théorie atomique. Si je voulais imiter M. Zimmer, je ne manquerais pas ici de lui décocher une longue dissertation sur l'état actuel des études folkloristiques, et notamment sur les travaux et les résultats de feu Mannhardt et de MM. Maclennan, Tylor, Lang, Gomme et Frazer. Citons un autre exemple frappant du savoir de M. Zimmer dans cet ordre d'études. Il me demande pourquoi je n'ai pas recherché les traces de la légende arthurienne chez les Bretons, et il ajoute : « Dasjenige was von Luzel, Sebillot u. A. von wirklich volkstümlicher bretonischer Literatur gesammelt und veröffentlicht ist, übertrifft an Umfang in jeder Hinsicht Campbell's Popular Tales und Kennedy's Legendary Fictions ». Cela doit signifier que la tradition orale des

Bretons est plus importante que celle des Gaëls. Or il n'en est rien. M. Zimmer ne sait-il donc pas que Campbell a publié le « *Leab. na Feinne* » aussi bien que les « *Popular Tales* », et que ces deux publications ne représentent pas la trentième partie de ses collections? Ne connaît-il pas d'après le *Scottish Celtic Review* et le *Celtic Review* les grandes collections de M. Campbell de Tiree, de M. A. Carmichael, de M. K. Mackenzie? Ignore-t-il la collection de M. Mac Innes? Ne sait-il pas que Kennedy a publié deux autres volumes de *folk-lore* en outre des « *Legendary Fictions* »? Ne connaît-il pas la collection de M. Douglas Hyde (dont je viens d'éditer un échantillon seulement)? Le livre de M. Curtin lui est-il resté inconnu? N'a-t-il jamais entendu parler des collections de M. Larminie et de M. David Fitzgerald? Je parle en pleine connaissance de tout ce qui a été publié et de la plupart des collections manuscrites du folk-lore celtique, soit dans les Iles-Britanniques, soit en Bretagne, et je n'hésite pas à affirmer que l'étendue, la valeur scientifique, l'importance enfin des traditions gaéliques dépassent celles des Bretons dans la proportion de 20 à 1.

Je pourrais aussi me contenter d'opposer à M. Zimmer les opinions de M. Golther, savant fort versé dans ces questions. Le conte de Peredur « *ist öfters in den märchenhaften Ton verfallen* » (p. 186), l'essai de l'épée dans Peredur « *ist ein weit verbreiteter Märchenzug* » (p. 189), l'histoire du fils de la veuve qui venge son père « *ist eine weitverbreitete Märchenerzählung* » (p. 205), « *die volkstümliche Sage und die Märchenzüge sind wie eine ewig fließende Quelle; gewiss ist ein grosser Theil der Kunstliteratur der mittelalterlichen Kulturvölker daraus hervorgegangen* » (p. 205), Chrestien a façonné son poème « *aus umlaufenden volkstümlichen Sagen-elementen* » (p. 216). Voilà ce que je lis chez M. Golther. Je ne demande pas autre chose que ces vérités soient reconnues et appliquées. Il a donc existé des contes populaires avant les romans de chevalerie, ils ont même influencé ces derniers. Que sont-ils devenus, ces contes, ont-ils disparu de la terre? ne faut-il pas plutôt au contraire leur rattacher les contes que l'on recueille actuellement?

Eh bien, voilà toute l'étendue de mon crime. Sachant que

les récits romantiques du moyen âge, de même que ceux de l'antiquité classique et de l'Orient, fourmillent de thèmes de contes populaires, il ne m'est jamais venu à l'esprit que l'on pouvait me chicaner sur l'emploi de ces derniers comme éléments de comparaison. Qu'il faille y mettre de la critique, beaucoup de critique, plus de critique peut-être que dans n'importe quel autre genre de recherches historiques, j'en conviens et j'ai toujours essayé de m'en souvenir. Mais quant au principe, M. Zimmer ne peut le contester que parce qu'il ignore l'a b c de ces études, et M. Golther ne peut pas le contester sans se mettre en contradiction ouverte avec lui-même. Du reste, M. Golther précise; c'est heureux pour moi, car cela me permet de montrer bien clairement de quel côté est la vérité. En effet, d'après M. Golther (*Z. v. L.* 425), j'ai le tort de me servir de « nur ganz junge Volkssagen und Märchen, welche zum Theil halbliterarischer Entstehung und fremden Ursprunges für die Zeit der Artusgedichte überhaupt gar nicht in Betracht kommen können ». Voyons :

Ainsi que je l'ai déjà dit¹, j'ai cru démêler deux thèmes de contes populaires dans le roman inachevé de Chrestien. L'un de ces thèmes est celui dont j'ai déjà fait mention sous le nom d'« Aryan Expulsion and Return formula ». Il correspond au récit des « enfances » de Perceval. Je l'ai déjà dit, ce thème a été incorporé dans la légende héroïque de Finn au plus tard à la fin du x^e siècle, puisque, profondément altéré, il figure sous une forme pseudo-historique dans un ms. de la fin du xi^e siècle copié sur un autre ms. du commencement de ce siècle. Ce thème figure aussi dans la légende héroïque de Cùchulain, c'est-à-dire qu'il remonte certainement au viii^e siècle. M. Zimmer le constate lui-même (*supra* p. 185), mais il oublie de dire que cette constatation est de moi et que je l'ai faite il y a neuf ans.

Presque partout où se retrouve ce thème, il est étroitement lié à un autre dont le sujet est le combat du héros contre des monstres et la délivrance par lui de l'héroïne exposée à un grand péril. Ainsi Persée tue le monstre et délivre Andro-

1. *Supra* p. 184.

mède, ainsi Siegfried tue Fafnir et délivre Brunhild. Il en est de même chez les Celtes. Cûchulain dans un récit dont on ne peut, il est vrai, suivre la tradition diplomatique au delà du XII^e siècle, tue les Fomors et délivre la fille de Ruad. Ces deux thèmes sont encore de nos jours très répandus parmi les paysans gaéliques, soit de l'Irlande, soit de l'Écosse; je connais, tant imprimées que manuscrites, plus d'une trentaine de variantes, dont au moins une douzaine se rattachent étroitement à la légende de Finn et racontent cette même histoire dont nous avons une version *populaire* du XV^e siècle et une version pseudo-historique du X^e siècle. J'ai fait usage de ces variantes orales, mais peut-on prétendre que ce sont là de « ganz junge Märchen und Volkssagen »? Il m'a semblé aussi que, puisque les « enfances » de Perceval sont manifestement une variante d'un de ces thèmes, il était à la fois plus conforme au simple bon sens et plus strictement scientifique de rattacher cette variante (que Chrétien n'a pas pu *inventer*, qu'il a dû trouver quelque part) aux autres versions celtiques.

Le second thème que j'ai cru démêler dans le conte du Graal est celui du héros qui entreprend une vengeance à l'instigation et avec l'aide d'un être qui en bénéficie, puisque seul l'accomplissement de cette vengeance peut le délivrer, lui, d'un enchantement. Ce thème ne peut être démêlé dans le roman français que lorsqu'on confronte celui-ci avec le conte gallois de Peredur qui, lui, le présente sous une forme claire et logique. Il est vrai que je n'ai pas pu trouver une variante *exacte* de ce thème dans l'ancienne littérature irlandaise, en d'autres mots que je n'ai pas pu le suivre au delà de Peredur. Mais j'ai trouvé un exemple d'une des deux données de ce thème — la quête accomplie avec l'aide d'un être qui en bénéficie — dans un des plus anciens monuments que nous ayons de la littérature irlandaise, c'est-à-dire dans le glossaire de Cormac. J'ai étudié cet exemple très remarquable à tous les points de vue (voy. *Tales*, 467-468) et je renvoie à cette étude. Il faut remarquer que les variantes modernes de ce thème (à l'exception de l'Amadan Mor dont je parlerai tout à l'heure) n'ont rien qui rappelle la forme sous laquelle il se pré-

sente dans Peredur. Encore une fois n'est-il pas plus scientifique de rattacher Peredur à la filière traditionnelle qui va du VIII^e siècle (conte de Cormac) à nos jours, que d'en faire la source de toutes les versions, quelque diverses qu'elles soient, recueillies postérieurement ?

Un autre thème de conte populaire qui entre très certainement dans le Conte du Graal et que les divers auteurs de ce vaste poème n'ont certainement pas pu inventer, car il ne répond à rien dans les croyances courantes du XII^e siècle, est celui de la visite du héros au pays de « l'autre monde ». J'ai essayé de montrer (*Grail*, ch. VII) que la manière dont ce thème est présenté dans le conte du Graal, tant dans son ensemble que dans ses détails, ne peut s'expliquer qu'en la comparant à la tradition celtique. Quels sont les « *nur ganz junge Märchen etc.* » dont je me suis servi comme termes de comparaison ? J'ai cité (p. 184) une tradition sur les Tuatha dé Danann, rapportée par Keating qui écrivait au XVII^e siècle et qui a suivi des sources plus anciennes dont beaucoup sont perdues. J'ai cité (p. 185) la bataille de Magh Rath, roman pseudo-historique du XII^e siècle, et j'ai renvoyé à des contes du cycle Ultonien (c'est-à-dire du VIII^e-X^e siècle) ; j'ai cité le Mabinogi de Branwen, qui d'après M. Golther lui-même (p. 197, note) est antérieur au Conte du Graal ; j'ai cité le conte gaélique de Manus, au sujet duquel je renvoie à mon étude, *Arg. Tales*, pp. 483-84. Je dirai seulement ici qu'il me paraît très improbable que ce conte moderne, qui présente de fortes analogies avec le conte du Graal, dérive de ce dernier. Je dirai aussi que le *conte* de Manus est tout à fait distinct de la *ballade* de Manus, qui appartient en effet à un stage assez récent du cycle de Finn ; il faut donc se garder de rapporter à l'une des constatations faites sur l'autre. J'ai cité (p. 193) la visite de Cormac mac Art au royaume de Manannan mac Lir. Ce récit ne nous est parvenu que sous une forme très récente, mais un récit de ce genre était connu au X^e siècle, puisque le titre en a été conservé dans la grande énumération du Livre de Leinster. Du reste, le conte actuel a beaucoup de rapports avec d'autres variantes de la visite au pays de l'autre monde, notamment avec l'histoire de Bran

mac Febail, histoire qui se trouve dans le *Leabhar na h'Uidhre* et qui remonte certainement à l'époque pré-chrétienne de l'Irlande. N'est-il donc pas plus naturel de rattacher le conte de Cormac qui nous est parvenu au conte perdu du *x^e siècle* que d'en faire un dérivé du *Conte du Graal* ? En tout cas, que l'on dise franchement si l'on préconise ou non cette dernière théorie. Dans le cas affirmatif, je me fais fort d'en démontrer le néant. J'ai cité aussi (p. 202) plusieurs variantes d'un thème qui figure la visite d'un héros dans le pays des ombres où il est exposé soit à des dangers, soit à des humiliations. La plus ancienne remonte au *x^e siècle* au moins, puisqu'elle se trouve dans le *Livre de Leinster*. C'est le poème qui a été traduit ici-même par M. Whitley Stokes (VII, p. 289). Il s'y trouve le trait bien connu de la disparition des puissances ennemies (contre lesquelles lutte le héros) au lever du soleil, trait que j'ai noté plusieurs fois, sous une forme un peu différente, dans le *Conte du Graal*. M. Zimmer me citera peut-être l'*Alwismal*, et prétendra que ce trait est emprunté aux traditions scandinaves. Je n'en crois rien. J'ai discuté cet incident (p. 202) et je ne vois absolument rien qui en justifie l'attribution aux Teutons plutôt qu'aux Celtes, aux Celtes plutôt qu'aux Teutons. Une autre variante citée par moi est beaucoup plus récente et peut bien, sous sa forme actuelle, ne pas remonter au delà du *xvii^e siècle* ; c'est le texte bien connu « les illusions de Conan dans la maison de Ceash ». Il présente des analogies frappantes avec la visite de Thor à Utgarth Loki, telle qu'elle est racontée dans l'*Edda* de Snorri. Eh bien, j'ai signalé cette analogie et j'ai fait des réserves expresses au sujet de ce texte (p. 201). J'ai aussi cité une version recueillie dans la tradition orale (imprimée ici même par feu Campbell, I, p. 154) et j'ai constaté que cette version, toute moderne qu'elle est dans un sens, se rattache non pas au texte en prose du *xvii^e siècle*, mais au poème du *x^e siècle*. Enfin j'ai cité des contes modernes qui offraient un parallèle à la visite de Perceval au château des Pucelles ; mais cet épisode remonte à une très haute antiquité en Irlande, puisqu'il se trouve dans le voyage de Maelduin (voyez la traduction de M. Stokes, supra Tome IX, et ma note, X. 34) qui d'après la

belle démonstration de M. Zimmer lui-même doit remonter aux VIII^e-IX^e siècles. Or, dans le voyage de Maelduin, il se trouve déjà dénaturé dans un sens chrétien et il est moins archaïque que dans les contes recueillis en Ecosse il y a une trentaine d'années. Je ne puis poursuivre cette démonstration en détail, aussi me contenterai-je d'une simple statistique. J'ai fait entre le Conte du Graal et la tradition gaélique environ 28 comparaisons dont 10 sont empruntées à des textes qui remontent au delà du XI^e siècle, 1 à un texte du XII^e siècle, 1 à un texte du XV^e siècle, 3 à des textes des XVI^e-XVII^e siècles, et le reste à des contes recueillis dans la tradition orale. Mais la plupart de ces derniers, ainsi que je viens de le dire, se rattachent étroitement aux anciens textes.

Les faits que je viens de citer se trouvent consignés soit dans mes travaux de 1881-82, travaux auxquels je renvoie fréquemment dans le *Grail*, soit dans le *Grail* lui-même, où j'ai consacré deux pages à répondre d'avance aux objections de M. Zimmer (p. 158-59), soit, développés plus amplement, dans *Arg. Tales*. Le lecteur pourra donc apprécier le bien fondé et, je regrette d'être obligé d'employer ce mot, la loyauté de la critique qu'on m'a faite « de m'être servi exclusivement de textes tout récents, d'une origine à demi-littéraire et étrangère ».

M. Zimmer s'en tient presque exclusivement à des critiques générales de ma méthode, formulées de telle façon que celui qui ne connaîtrait pas mon travail en aurait l'idée la plus fautive; aussi m'a-t-il bien fallu esquisser à grands traits la démonstration que j'ai développée en détail dans mon livre. J'arrive maintenant aux objections de détail. Elle se réduisent à trois :

(1) P. 508-09. J'ai tort de dire que l'épisode de la sorcière, chez Gerbert, est puisé dans la tradition celtique.

(2) J'ai tort de faire usage du poème gaélique l'Amadan Mor, dont le plus ancien texte se trouve dans un ms. qui contient aussi une traduction irlandaise d'un roman arthurien.

Donc, ajoute M. Zimmer, « sapienti sat » (p. 510).

(3) P. 518-15. J'ai tort de dire que le conte gallois de Peredur est un ramassis d'incidents qui n'ont de lien que la

personnalité du héros. Au contraire, dans *Peredur*, « die Art der Bearbeitung ist vollkkommen dieselbe » que pour le Chevalier au Lion ou Geraint, et il n'existe pas une seule trace de l'activité que j'attribue à l'auteur de *Peredur*.

Quant au premier point, je pourrais me contenter d'opposer à l'assertion de M. Zimmer celle de M. Golther. En effet, ce dernier, tout en contestant le bien fondé des déductions que j'avais tirées de ce fait, reconnaît (p. 197, note) « dass die bei Gerbert verwendete Episode, deren Unursprünglichkeit leicht einzusehen ist, an letzter Stelle auf kymrische Sage zurückgeht ». Mais ce serait un procédé peu courtois vis-à-vis de M. Zimmer. Du reste, il est bien entendu, M. Zimmer le crie sur tous les tons, que je suis un parfait ignorant en tout ce qui touche à l'histoire littéraire du moyen âge. Voici une occasion de m'instruire, je m'assieds humblement aux pieds de ce Gamaliel et je recueille avec empressement la précieuse doctrine que je vais exposer.

Afin qu'on soit à même d'en goûter toute la saveur et toute — l'originalité — il me faut dire quelques mots sur cet épisode. Il se trouve chez Gerbert (*Potvin*, t. VI, p. 181-84. *Grail*, p. 165-66) : Perceval rencontre 4 chevaliers qui transportent leur père, cruellement blessé, il apprend que c'est son oncle, et qu'il lutte contre des ennemis qu'il tue le jour, mais qui sont ressuscités la nuit par une hideuse vieille au moyen d'un philtre dont elle leur frotte la bouche. Elle est l'émissaire du roi de la « Gaste Chité ». Elle reconnaît son vainqueur dans Perceval, qui s'empare d'un peu de baume et ainsi tue les ressuscités et se guérit de ses blessures. Le *Sir Perceval* du ms. Thornton a le même incident, mais dénaturé. Le héros rencontre son oncle et ses cousins (il y a neuf fils, 3×3) qui ont peur de lui, le prenant pour le Chevalier Rouge, dont il porte les armes. Mais Perceval a déjà tué et le Chevalier Rouge et la mère de ce dernier, la vieille sorcière. J'ai cité des variantes de ce thème empruntées à la tradition orale gaélique — eh bien, celles-ci ne s'accordent pas avec le poème anglais du xv^e siècle, mais avec le roman français du xiii^e siècle. Il me semble que cela donne à réfléchir. Mais c'était la description de la hideuse vieille qui m'avait le plus frappé chez

Gerbert, description qui répond étroitement à celle qu'en donne le paysan gaélique d'aujourd'hui. Il m'a semblé que ces faits justifiaient la conclusion que, chez Gerbert, cet épisode qui, ainsi que M. Golther l'a bien remarqué, n'est manifestement pas de son invention, remontait à un conte populaire celtique. Que dit M. Zimmer? Il cite une variante gaélique de cet épisode, beaucoup plus ancienne, quant à la date de sa transcription, que celle dont j'avais fait usage; elle est du commencement du xvii^e siècle. Là, la hideuse vieille se trouve dans l'armée de Lochlann contre laquelle lutte Finn. Il continue « Dass diese nordgermanische caillech die nordgermanische Hilde in irischer Auffassung ist, kann füglich nicht in Zweifel gezogen werden ». Ainsi la parenté entre Gerbert, le poème gaélique du xvii^e siècle, et le conte gaélique d'aujourd'hui¹ provient de ce que ce sont trois emprunts faits à la « nordgermanische Hildesage », laquelle a dû exister au xii^e siècle, puisque Gerbert écrivait au xiii^e. Voyons les faits².

Les deux plus anciennes versions que nous ayons de la « Hildesage » se trouvent dans l'Edda de Snorri et dans l'Historia danica de Saxo Grammaticus. Chez Snorri, Hilde est la fille de Hogue, enlevée par Hedin, poursuivie par son père qui atteint les fuyards. La lutte s'engage. Elle durera jusqu'au dernier jour, parce que chaque nuit Hilde réveille tous les morts. Saxo raconte à peu près la même histoire. Hilde voit combattre son mari et son frère, et elle réveille les morts au moyen de ses chants magiques. Voilà les deux seules versions de la Hildesage dont on puisse dire avec raison qu'elles soient plus anciennes que le roman de Gerbert. Or, je me demande quel rapport il y a entre la hideuse vieille de Gerbert, l'ennemie du héros, qui fait la guerre à son oncle et qui ressuscite seulement ses

1. M. Zimmer ne parle pas du Sir Perceval. Evidemment il ignorait que l'incident s'y trouvait. Pourtant je l'avais bien constaté dans mon ouvrage dont son article a la prétention d'être un compte rendu. Je dis: il ne le savait pas, car il ne peut certainement pas l'avoir ignoré de parti pris parce que ce fait démolirait sa critique de fond en comble.

2. Dans ce qui suit je renvoie à l'excellente édition de Gudrun par M. B. Symons, Halle, 1883. On y trouvera une étude courte, mais suffisante, du développement de la légende. Quant à ses rapports avec la mythologie germanique, je renvoie à mon étude sur Branwen, Folk-Lore Record, 1882.

adversaires, et Hilde, « femme si belle qu'on ne trouve pas sa pareille sur la terre » (Kudrun, st. 211), l'amante du héros, qui ressuscite également et les guerriers de celui-ci et ceux de son père. Si Gerbert a connu la Hildesage, comme le prétend M. Zimmer, comment cette transformation s'est-elle faite ? M. Zimmer devrait bien nous le dire. Mais comment aussi l'éminent professeur de Greifswald, ce connaisseur si approfondi de la littérature romantique, est-il arrivé à ces conclusions ? Très simplement ; il a pris une ballade courante aux îles Faroë dans le xvii^e siècle, où la tradition est tellement altérée que Hilde ne s'appelle plus Hilde, mais Gudrun¹, et où en effet elle est décrite sous des traits qui rappellent la « Vieille » de Gerbert, et il a argué de cette version récente et dénaturée, au lieu de se rapporter à la véritable « nordgermanische Hildesage » du xii^e siècle. En outre, d'après M. Symons, le seul incident (la résurrection des morts) qui soit commun à la Hildesage et au récit de Gerbert n'appartient pas originellement au premier ; il manque en effet à la légende de Walther et Hildegonde, et il aurait été ajouté après que le mythe germanique eut pénétré aux pays scandinaves. Je ne puis m'associer à ces conclusions de M. Symons, mais qui ne voit que, si elles sont vraies, elles enlèvent jusqu'à la pauvre feuille dont la théorie de M. Zimmer voile sa nudité ? En tout cas, M. Zimmer aurait certainement dû en tenir compte.

Il convient de noter que deux des données dont se compose la Hildesage de Snorri se trouvent dans la littérature celtique. C'est d'abord le combat se prolongeant à l'infini pour l'héroïne : pour Kreiddylad se battent et se battront chaque premier jour de mai, jusqu'au jour du jugement, Gwythyr, fils de Greidiawl et Gwynn, fils de Nudd (Kulhwch, éd. Loth, p. 224). Or, le conte de Kulhwch, tel que nous l'avons, est antérieur à toute influence française (voir ce qu'en dit

1. C'est-à-dire que le trait caractéristique de la mère a été reporté sur la fille. Peut être aussi cette version a-t-elle été influencée par la légende de Kriemhild-Gudrun. En effet, la *Hoens'che Chronik* du commencement du xvii^e siècle, qui dénature l'histoire des Nibelung aussi fortement que la ballade des îles Faroë dénature celle de Hilde, représente Kriemhild-Gudrun sous des traits défavorables. Voir Branwen, p. 22.

M. Zimmer, p. 523). C'est ensuite la résurrection des guerriers tués. M. Symons pense aux *einberjar* de la mythologie scandinave (Kudrun, p. 50). Toutefois il faut remarquer que les *einberjar* ne sont pas censés renaître dans cette vie. Or, cet incident se trouve dans le Mabinogi de Branwen¹ dont M. Golther dérive l'épisode de Gerbert (p. 197, note) et que M. Zimmer place au nombre des récits gallois qui correspondent pour la forme aux plus anciens récits irlandais (G. G. A. p. 808), ce qui vient à l'appui de l'attribution que j'avais faite de ce récit aux x^e-xi^e siècles. On peut aussi comparer la légende sur les Pictes telle qu'on la trouve dans les additions au Nennius irlandais (éd. de Todd, p. 125), additions qui sont probablement du xi^e siècle. Les Pictes blessés doivent se baigner dans du lait frais, et ils se relèvent sains et saufs.

Voilà donc les ressemblances entre la Hildesage et la tradition celtique du x^e-xi^e siècle. Je ne crois pas que l'on puisse les mettre sur le compte d'emprunts faits par les Celtes aux Scandinaves. Voyons maintenant les ressemblances beaucoup plus grandes entre le récit de Gerbert et celui de Sir Perceval et l'ancienne tradition celtique. J'ai déjà parlé de la résurrection des morts ; il est évident que la lutte du héros contre la vieille sorcière, mère de son ennemi (Sir Perceval), a au moins autant d'importance dans ce récit que la résurrection. Or, nous retrouvons cet incident dans la forme la plus ancienne du Tochmarc Emere, texte publié et traduit par M. Kuno Meyer, ici même (X, 4). Il est à noter que, tandis que cette rédaction que M. Meyer assigne au viii^e siècle ne donne qu'un fils à l'adversaire de Cùchulain, la vulgate lui en donne 3 (Arch. Review, I, p. 302). Il me semble que la vulgate, quoique d'une rédaction postérieure, a gardé un trait primitif. Notons aussi qu'un des premiers exploits de Cùchulain est son

1. Comme dans mon étude sur Branwen j'ai indiqué que ce conte a très probablement été influencé et par des récits du cycle Nibelung et par des récits du cycle Hilde-Gudrun, ce qui montre *inter alia* que je n'ai aucun parti pris contre l'influence allemande quand elle est bien démontrée, je tiens à dire ici que je ne crois pas que l'idée de la résurrection de guerriers tués fût inconnue aux Celtes avant qu'ils eussent entendu des récits allemands, comme le veut M. Zimmer (509, note).

combat contre les 3 Mac Nechtain. O'Curry dans son analyse (M. C. II, 366) parle d'une mère de ces trois personnages ; l'analyse de M. Zimmer (Z. v. S., 1887, p. 448) n'en fait pas mention. Si O'Curry a raison, je crois que voilà une autre variante du même incident.

Résumons. La Hildesage ne peut être l'origine de l'épisode chez Gerbert, *a fortiori* de celui de Sir Perceval ; il est très douteux qu'elle ait influencé le Cath Finntragh, comme le veut M. Zimmer (p. 509, note). Pour appuyer une conclusion fautive en tous points, M. Zimmer se prévaut d'un texte récent et corrompu qui a bien pu, lui, être influencé par la tradition celtique.

Ajoutons que la plupart des faits précités se trouvent dans mon étude sur Branwen. Si M. Zimmer s'était reporté au travail déjà ancien de l'homme qu'il tançait si superbement de l'ignorance la plus grossière, il se serait épargné l'incroyable bévue que j'ai dû exposer. J'emprunte à M. Zimmer, en y changeant un mot, une phrase qui donne bien la moralité de cette histoire : « Das Beispiel ist instructiv, aber in einem anderem Sinne als Zimmer meint ».

M. Zimmer a parfaitement raison dans une partie de ce qu'il me reproche au sujet de l'Amadan Mor. J'aurais dû remarquer qu'O'Donovan, en parlant du texte du Ms. H. 2. 6 l'avait ainsi qualifié : 38 pages of pure Irish prose, supposed to be a translation from Welsh ; a story in which king Arthur's knights are introduced and necromancers ». Du reste, comme cela arrive souvent, j'ai retrouvé ce passage quand il était trop tard et j'en ai pris bonne note pour ma seconde édition, si jamais celle-ci doit paraître. Mais M. Zimmer se contente de constater cette erreur. L'indication d'O'Donovan suffit-elle pour démontrer que j'avais tort en croyant à l'origine purement irlandaise de l'Amadan Mor ? Voyons les faits. En premier lieu, le texte de 1716 (c'est la date du Ms. H. 2.6) est en prose, tandis que c'est une ballade que j'ai étudiée. Le texte de 1716 a-t-il été mis en vers dans le courant du XVIII^e siècle en Irlande, a-t-il pénétré en Ecosse dans le courant des dernières 150 années ? Sinon, la ballade n'est-elle pas plus ancienne que le texte en prose, et dans ce cas le fait que ce

dernier se trouve accolé dans un manuscrit récent à un texte qui est certainement d'origine arthurienne (la traduction du Chevalier au Lion) ne perd-il pas toute sa valeur? Pourquoi M. Zimmer n'a-t-il éclairci ce point, au lieu de se contenter d'une constatation qui peut éblouir les ignorants, mais qui, prise isolément, ne prouve absolument rien contre la thèse que j'ai soutenue. J'avais espéré pouvoir éclaircir ce point moi-même, mais des renseignements précis sur le texte de H. 2. 6 me font défaut. Je ne puis donc que communiquer une liste des textes contenus dans le Ms. H. 2. 6, liste que je dois à l'obligeance du Rev. T. K. Abbott, bibliothécaire de Trinity College : 1. Life of the son of Magnus M^c Guire; 2. Life of St Magog; 3. The enchanted castle (a Fenian romance); 4. History of the Gilla Duan (Fenian); 5. A satire on the vulgar by R. Nugent; 6. Hugh Feardy son of Danan, a story; 8. Songs; 9. The story history of the sons of the King of Hirroe; 10. The history of the sons of the King of Spain; 11. The little feast of Almain; 12. The history of the Knight and the lion; 13. The history of the great fool. On le voit, les textes rassemblés dans ce Ms. sont évidemment de provenances très diverses. Peut-on dire que le seul fait de se trouver à côté d'un récit arthurien suffise pour établir la nature arthurienne du n^o 13? Dans ce cas-là, pourquoi n'en serait-il pas ainsi du n^o 11? Je me demande du reste si O'Donovan ne s'est pas trompé et si l'indication précitée ne se rapporte pas au n^o 12 et non pas au n^o 13? Espérons que les celtistes de Dublin résoudront ce point intéressant. En tout cas, après avoir relu de nouveau la ballade de l'Amadan Mor, je me refuse à y voir une adaptation du roman arthurien. Je puis me tromper, mais il faut qu'on le démontre. C'est là ce que M. Zimmer aurait dû faire, c'est là ce qu'il n'a pas fait.

J'arrive au troisième grief de M. Zimmer, celui de m'être servi du conte gallois de Peredur pour éclaircir l'origine du conte du Graal, alors que le premier n'est que le dérivé du second. M. Zimmer se contente d'assertions à l'appui desquelles il ne produit pas un seul argument; c'est M. Golther qui se charge de fournir des preuves, et la doctrine qu'il professe mérite une discussion sérieuse. Mais auparavant examinons un peu les

assertions de M. Zimmer. J'avais écrit que le conte gallois de Peredur « est un composé factice d'incidents divers auxquels la personnalité du héros seule sert de trait d'union, et dont l'auteur a évidemment glané les matériaux un peu au hasard ». A grand renfort d'italiques, M. Zimmer déclare qu'on ne peut observer chez le conteur gallois aucune trace des procédés que je lui attribue (p. 514). Voici les faits :

Le conte de Peredur remplit les pages 45-110 du fascicule II de la traduction des Mabinogion de M. Loth. On peut le diviser en 25 épisodes ou incidents différents, comme je l'ai fait dans le *Grail* (p. 33-37). Je donne en note la concordance de ces « incidents » avec la pagination de M. Loth¹.

La concordance du Peredur et du conte de Graal se trouve p. 132-33 du *Grail*. Il suffit de dire ici que les « incidents » 1 à 9 et 20 à 22 ont des rapports avec Chrestien, et les incidents 24-25 avec une des continuations de Chrestien. Restent les incidents 10 et 12 à 19 qui n'ont aucun rapport ou n'ont qu'un rapport très éloigné avec le roman français. Ils occupent une vingtaine des 65 pages dont se compose le conte, c'est-à-dire qu'ils en forment presque le tiers. Ni M. Zimmer ni M. Golther n'en tiennent aucun compte. Je reparlerai tout à l'heure de ces incidents ; pour le moment il me suffit de constater qu'ils sont très disparates.

Aussi M. Golther aurait-il parfaitement raison, les parties du Peredur qui ont des rapports avec le conte du Graal n'en seraient-elles qu'une simple traduction abrégée, qu'il serait néanmoins vrai, littéralement et textuellement vrai, que le

1. Inc. 1 Loth. p. 46-49.
- Inc. 2, p. 49-51.
- Inc. 3, p. 51-56.
- Inc. 4, p. 56.
- Inc. 5, p. 56-58.
- Inc. 6, p. 58-60.
- Inc. 7, p. 60-62.
- Inc. 8, p. 62-68.
- Inc. 9, p. 68-69.
- Inc. 10, p. 69-70.
- Inc. 11, p. 70-75.
- Inc. 12, p. 75-76.
- Inc. 13, p. 76-80.

- Inc. 14, p. 80-82.
- Inc. 15, p. 82-86.
- Inc. 16, p. 86-90.
- Inc. 17, p. 90.
- Inc. 18, p. 90-92.
- Inc. 19, p. 92-96.
- Inc. 20, p. 96-98.
- Inc. 21, p. 98-101.
- Inc. 22, p. 101-102.
- Inc. 23, p. 102-105.
- Inc. 24, p. 106-108.
- Inc. 25, p. 108-110.

conte gallois tel que nous l'avons est un composé d'incidents de provenances diverses. M. Zimmer l'a nié, mais c'est en ignorant de parti pris le tiers du conte. M. Zimmer ajoute des réflexions que je ne veux pas lui rendre le mauvais service de répéter, et qu'il regrette peut-être à cette heure — du moins je l'espère.

Mais M. Golther a-t-il parfaitement raison ? Il n'expose nulle part sa thèse d'une façon claire, mais je ne crois pas aller au delà de sa pensée en la formulant ainsi : Chrestien a le premier traité le sujet de la quête du Graal et de la lance qui saigne ; tout ce qui a été écrit depuis relève de son roman inachevé et a été écrit dans le but de le compléter ; à la vérité il avoue avoir puisé à une source antérieure, mais cette source est entièrement perdue et n'a eu aucune influence sur les autres écrivains du cycle.

Avant d'aborder l'examen de cette thèse, qu'il me soit permis de dire deux mots sur les parties du *Peredur* pour lesquelles M. Golther n'a su trouver aucun original français. Il s'agit surtout de deux épisodes : *Peredur* se fait le champion des jeunes hommes tués chaque jour par le monstre lacustre et ressuscités le lendemain à l'aide d'un baume merveilleux. Il tue le monstre grâce aux conseils d'une dame dite du Mont. A cet endroit du récit, *Peredur* passe au milieu d'une vallée à travers laquelle coule une rivière, un troupeau de moutons blancs se trouve d'un côté, un troupeau de moutons noirs de l'autre ; dès qu'ils traversent la rivière ils changent de couleur. Or cet incident se trouve (et il ne se trouve nulle part ailleurs à ma connaissance) dans le voyage de *Maelduin*, texte irlandais qui, d'après la belle démonstration de M. Zimmer, remonte aux VIII^e-IX^e siècles. Quant au reste de l'épisode, sans vouloir abuser du mot « celtique », il est impossible, me semble-t-il, de n'y pas reconnaître le tour et le ton des récits celtiques, soit de l'ancienne épopée irlandaise, soit des contes populaires d'aujourd'hui. L'autre épisode est celui où *Peredur* assiste *incognito* à un tournoi, il y est vainqueur, l'impératrice le fait chercher, il ne se rend qu'à la quatrième sommation, après avoir repoussé les messagers qui voulaient l'amener de force. L'impératrice se trouve être la dame du Mont, et ils

vivent ensemble quatorze ans. M. Golther insiste sur le ton français de cet épisode, le tournoi, la courtoisie, le service des dames. Il a raison dans une certaine mesure, et je ne prétends pas que cet épisode soit aussi archaïque que l'autre ; il a été rédigé au *xix^e* siècle au plus tôt. Mais le fond de l'épisode est un thème de conte très répandu. M. Golther prétend-il que toutes les versions gaéliques dérivent du conte gallois ? Sinon, n'est-il pas plus simple de voir dans l'épisode du Peredur une variante de ce thème populaire mise au goût du jour ? Rappelons-nous que dans un récit irlandais qui remonte certainement au *xi^e* siècle Cùchulain lutte *incognito* contre les trois Fomors et se dérobe aux recherches¹.

Revenons à la thèse de M. Golther. Je reprocherai à ce savant de n'avoir pas envisagé le problème du Graal en son entier ; autrement il ne lui aurait pas échappé que la solution qu'il en propose n'explique que certains faits et en laisse d'autres encore plus inintelligibles que chez M. Birch-Hirschfeld ou chez moi. Quelques mots suffiront pour mettre au fait ceux qui ne connaissent pas de première main le cycle du Graal. Celui-ci comprend, outre le conte du Graal (environ 60,000 vers) et ses imitations (Wolfram, Heinrich v. d. Türlin), plusieurs romans, soit en vers (Robert de Borron), soit en prose (la Queste del Saint Graal, le Perceval le Gallois, le Grand Saint Graal), dont l'étendue, pris ensemble, égale celle du Conte del Graal. Dans cette vaste littérature on distingue nettement deux parties : 1^o l'histoire du Graal en Palestine et le récit de son transport jusqu'en Grande-Bretagne ; 2^o le récit de la quête faite pour le trouver par des chevaliers de la cour d'Arthur. Je désigne ces deux parties par les noms génériques d'*histoire* et de *quête*.

Il est certain que la seconde partie est en réalité la plus an-

1. L'on m'objectera peut-être que ce trait se trouve dans la deuxième rédaction du *Tochmarc Emeré* dans laquelle MM. Zimmer et Kuno Meyer ont distingué une influence scandinave. J'admets parfaitement ce qu'a dit M. Meyer ici-même (XI, p. 414 *et seq.*) de l'influence scandinave, mais je ne puis admettre que toutes les différences qu'il signale entre le texte du *viii^e* et le texte du *xix^e* siècle soient des emprunts faits aux Scandinaves. Le texte qu'a publié M. Meyer me fait l'effet d'être très abrégé, et je ne puis croire qu'il représente la rédaction orale d'un *ollamb* du *viii^e* siècle.

cienne ; il est également hors de doute que le roman inachevé de Chrestien, qui décrit la *quête* seulement, est la plus ancienne rédaction d'aucun récit du cycle qui nous soit parvenu ; hors de doute aussi que l'on ne saurait dire d'une façon absolument certaine si oui ou non l'*histoire* a existé avant Chrestien, ni comment celui-ci aurait achevé son roman. Ce sont là, si je ne me trompe, les seules certitudes que l'on ait. Aussi toute solution du problème devra forcément se contenter de n'être qu'un à peu près. Trois questions se posent : une version de l'*histoire* a-t-elle existé avant Chrestien ; les continuateurs de Chrestien ont-ils eu d'autre source que lui ; en est-il de même pour le Peredur gallois et le Sir Perceval en vers anglais ?

M. Golther décide la première question négativement. Chrestien, on le sait, laisse planer un mystère profond sur la provenance et la nature du Graal et de la lance qui saigne. Ce mystère a piqué la curiosité d'un continuateur anonyme qui a eu l'idée de mettre ces objets merveilleux en rapport avec la Passion de Notre-Seigneur et avec Joseph d'Arimatee. Ensuite, ou peut-être auparavant, Robert de Borron a développé cette donnée dans son poème bien connu. Les écrivains plus récents tels que les auteurs du Perceval en prose et de la Queste del Saint Graal se sont servis et de Chrestien et de Robert ; enfin les derniers continuateurs de Chrestien, Mennequier et Gerbert, suivent surtout les romans en prose ¹.

Il faut comparer cette évolution des romans du Graal avec celle que j'ai préconisée (*Grail*, 95) et qui en diffère surtout en ceci que je n'attribue au poème de Robert aucune influence sur les romans postérieurs, si ce n'est sur le Grand Saint Graal. On voit que M. Golther hésite à nous affirmer que Robert de Borron ait eu le premier l'idée de compléter Chrestien. C'est pourtant là un point d'une importance capitale. L'on s'étonne que M. Golther ne soit pas frappé du fait que chez Chrestien la lance qui saigne a une importance tout au moins égale à celle du Graal, et que chez Robert (du moins

1 Zeitschrift für Vgl. Lit. 419-20.

dans le Joseph) il n'en est fait aucune mention¹. Est-ce bien là le procédé d'un homme qui n'écrit que pour éclaircir les points mystérieux dans l'œuvre de son prédécesseur? Continuons : trois hypothèses sont possibles si la théorie de M. Golther est vraie. Ou le continuateur anonyme a connu Robert, ou celui-ci a connu le continuateur, ou les deux ont eu l'idée indépendamment l'un de l'autre d'imaginer la même fable pour expliquer et compléter le roman de Chrestien. Si M. Golther préconise la première hypothèse, je lui ferai observer que le récit chez Robert est infiniment plus détaillé que chez le continuateur et que l'on ne comprend absolument pas pourquoi celui-ci l'aurait négligé en faveur de la version banale et confuse qu'il nous offre². D'autre part, si Robert a connu le continuateur, où a-t-il pris les personnages nouveaux, Brons, Enygeus, Alain, Petrus, de son poème? Quant à la troisième hypothèse, il sera temps de la discuter si jamais elle est posée sérieusement.

Quelle est ma doctrine à ce sujet? Je croyais, et je crois encore qu'il a existé avant Chrestien des légendes qui attribuaient la conversion de la Grande-Bretagne à Joseph d'Arimathie et qui établissaient un rapport quelconque entre lui et l'épopée arthurienne. Je suis tenté de croire, et que dès avant Chrestien ce rapport portait sur le vase mystérieux, et que si Chrestien avait achevé son œuvre il aurait donné une signification chrétienne et à la lance et au Graal. Mais, je le répète, il est impossible de se prononcer là-dessus. En tout cas, je crois fermement que Robert aussi bien que les autres écrivains qui nous ont donné l'*histoire* ont puisé dans une tradition déjà établie et ne l'ont pas créée de toutes pièces. Du reste, que l'on relise Chrestien et que l'on dise si l'idée de compléter son œuvre en la rattachant à l'histoire de Joseph d'Arimathie est aussi simple que le prétend M. Golther.

Dès le début, on le voit, M. Golther ne se rend pas bien compte des conséquences de son hypothèse. Quand même

1. C'est, on le sait, une des raisons qui ont porté M. Birch-Hirschfeld à attribuer à Robert une date plus ancienne que celle de Chrestien.

2. Le texte se trouve à la fin du tome IV du *Conte del Graal*, édition Potvin.

aussi l'*histoire* dériverait tout entière du roman de Chrestien, cela ne prouverait en aucune façon que la *quête* fût l'invention du poète français. Mais si le contraire est vrai, si l'*histoire* est plus ancienne que Chrestien, à *fortiori* peut-on dire la même chose de la *quête*. Continuons à examiner la théorie de M. Golther et voyons comment il explique les rapports de Chrestien et des continuateurs auxquels il prétend donner le poète champenois comme source unique.

D'après Chrestien, Perceval, après avoir vaincu le chevalier rouge, reçu l'instruction chevaleresque de Goenemans et délivré sa cousine Blanche fleur, est arrivé chez le roi pêcheur. Là on lui fait cadeau d'une épée qui lui est destinée et il voit passer la lance qui saigne, le Graal et le plat d'argent. Il ne demande pas qui l'on sert avec ces objets, et le lendemain, lorsqu'il s'en va, il trouve le château désert, et il essuie de vifs reproches de la part de sa cousine; elle lui apprend que s'il avait posé cette question il aurait guéri le roi pêcheur blessé dans une bataille. Il doit aussi avoir bien soin de l'épée qui se brisera autrement, mais qui pourra être raccommodée si on la trempe dans un lac près duquel habite son forgeron, Trebucet. Plus tard, Perceval essuie de nouveaux reproches de la part de la demoiselle hideuse¹, et il se met en quête du château du roi pêcheur. En même temps Gauvain s'en va à Montesclaire délivrer une princesse, et Giflet se met à la recherche du Château Orgueilleux. Perceval apprend d'un ermite, son oncle, que son péché en quittant sa mère lui a fermé la bouche lorsqu'il est arrivé pour la première fois chez le roi pêcheur. Puis Chrestien décrit les aventures de Gauvain dans le Château des Merveilles, et là son poème s'arrête brusquement.

L'œuvre de Chrestien ne forme que la sixième partie du Conte del Graal. On s'accorde maintenant à reconnaître quatre continuations² : (1) celle d'un anonyme, vers 10602-

1. M. Golther a négligé le beau rapprochement qu'a fait M. Kuno Meyer de la demoiselle hideuse avec Leborcham la ménagère du roi Conchobar dans l'ancienne épopée irlandaise et que j'ai signalé (Academy, 1889, juin). Encore un point de contact entre la tradition gaélique et le roman français.

2. Dans mon *Grail* j'ai suivi M. Birch-Hirschfeld en attribuant les deux

21916 (Inc. 1-5 de mon analyse, *Grail*, p. 15-16). Gauvain y achève les aventures du Château des merveilles, et après une foule d'autres arrive chez le roi pêcheur où il subit une aventure à peu près identique à celle de Perceval chez Chrestien. Il y a toutefois un nouvel incident : on veut lui faire resouder une épée brisée, il n'y parvient pas.

Il est vrai, comme le veut M. Golther, que le continuateur aurait pu inventer cet incident nouveau, mais il convient de faire remarquer que tout cet épisode est d'un ton plus archaïque que chez Chrestien. Ainsi Gauvain, parce qu'il accomplit l'épreuve à moitié, fait reflourir la campagne qui était devenue déserte à la suite de l'enchantement qui pesait sur le roi pêcheur. Or Chrestien a lui-même pris soin d'indiquer quels résultats eussent été produits si Perceval avait posé la question, et il ne se trouve rien de semblable parmi eux¹. Doit-on attribuer ce trait à l'invention d'un écrivain du XIII^e siècle ? Je ne le crois pas.

La seconde continuation, de Gaucher de Dourdan, s'étend du vers 21917 au vers 34943 (Inc. 6-22 de mon analyse, *Grail*, p. 16-19). Perceval y accomplit les aventures du Château à l'échiquier, revoit Blanchefleur et la quitte une seconde fois, visite le Château aux Pucelles et arrive pour la seconde fois chez le roi pêcheur ; de nouveau il voit la lance qui saigne et le Graal ; on lui présente aussi l'épée brisée qu'il ressoude, après avoir cette fois-ci posé la question libératrice.

Je parlerai tout à l'heure de l'épisode du Château à l'échiquier. Si l'on s'en tient simplement à ce que Gaucher dit du roi pêcheur et du Graal, il n'y a là, j'en conviens, rien qu'il ne puisse avoir inventé. Mais ajoutons que l'incident de l'épée brisée est escamoté par M. Golther avec une singulière désinvolture. Je cite ses paroles : « Nun war das geheimnissvolle Schwert, welches Perceval nach Chrestien bei seinem Gralbesuch erhielt, über dessen Bedeutung wir aber nichts erfahren, dazu ausersehen eine Rolle zu spielen » (p. 200), mais

premières continuations à Gaucher de Dourdan. Mais j'ai fait des réserves formelles sur l'homogénéité de cette partie du conte.

1. Chrestien, v. 4763-67, cf. aussi *Grail*, p. 87.

l'épée brisée du premier continuateur et de Gaucher n'a rien à faire avec l'épée que reçoit Perceval chez le roi pêcheur lors de sa première visite (cf. Chrestien, v. 4831, et Gaucher, 34750-51), et je ne comprends pas comment l'incident chez Chrestien eût pu donner lieu à celui de ses continuateurs. Au contraire, les paroles de Chrestien sont de nature à suggérer des aventures d'un tout autre genre ; pourquoi les continuateurs ne se seraient-ils pas tenus tout simplement à leur modèle et auraient-ils dénaturé à plaisir cet incident ?

La troisième continuation, celle de Mennequier, comprend quelque 10,000 lignes. Le roi pêcheur y raconte avec un grand luxe de détails (ce que du reste avait déjà fait le premier continuateur) tout ce qui se rapporte à la lance, au Graal, aux diverses autres merveilles de son château, enfin à l'épée brisée. Son frère (l'oncle de Perceval) a été tué traîtreusement par Partinal dont l'épée se brisa en portant le coup félon. C'est en maniant les fragments de cette épée que le roi pêcheur s'est blessé. Après beaucoup d'aventures Perceval arrive chez Trébucet qui raccommode son épée (celle de Chrestien, non pas celle des continuateurs, cf. Chr., v. 4831, et Mennequier, v. 41537), revoit Blanche fleur de nouveau, trouve Partinal, le tue, pend sa tête à son arçon, et après avoir erré pendant une année, retrouve, par accident, le château du roi pêcheur. Celui-ci est immédiatement guéri, on plante la tête de Partinal sur un pieu tout en haut du château, et après la mort du roi pêcheur, Perceval lui succède.

Or il y a ici contradiction formelle entre Mennequier et Chrestien, qui est, d'après M. Golther, son unique source. Chrestien dit formellement que le roi pêcheur fut blessé en bataille. Quel motif a pu déterminer à rompre avec son modèle le copiste ignorant qu'est Mennequier d'après la théorie de M. Golther (p. 200) ? Voilà ce que devrait nous expliquer celui-ci. Je crois pour ma part que l'épisode de Partinal faisait partie de la source de Chrestien, que celui-ci avait l'intention de l'éliminer, qu'à cet effet il a fait plusieurs changements, notamment dans ce qui se rapporte à l'épée, et que Mennequier a reproduit la donnée primitive sans se soucier de ce qu'il se mettait en désaccord avec Chrestien. Considérons bien l'épi-

sode lui-même ; cette tête que l'on pend à l'arçon, cette tête que l'on plante sur un pieu en haut d'un château — sont-ce là des traits de mœurs françaises du XIII^e siècle, peut-on les attribuer à l'invention d'un rimeur français de ce siècle ? Ce sont, au contraire, les mœurs de la plus ancienne épopée irlandaise, dont les guerriers sont de véritables chasseurs de têtes, et dans laquelle les palais royaux présentent l'aspect d'un village Dyak ou d'un kraal africain, entourés qu'ils sont de pieux couronnés de têtes de guerriers ennemis¹.

La quatrième interpolation, celle de Gerbert, comprend quelque 15,000 lignes. Dans ce qu'il rapporte du Graal il ne se trouve rien, j'en conviens, qui ne pourrait être de son invention. Mais il faut tenir compte des rapports probables de Gerbert avec le poème français perdu qui a servi de modèle à Wolfram von Eschenbach, et que chez ce dernier le ton du récit est souvent plus archaïque que chez Chrestien (cf. *Grail*, 262), fait qu'on doit attribuer au modèle français ; aussi est-il peu probable que, soit ce dernier, soit Gerbert, dérivent entièrement de Chrestien comme le veut M. Golther. Gerbert contient aussi l'épisode de la sorcière qui, nous l'avons déjà vu, se rattache en toute probabilité à l'ancien fond de traditions celtiques.

Résumons. Cet examen hâtif des romans français qui s'occupent du Graal n'appuie en aucune façon la théorie d'après laquelle ils ont leur source unique dans Chrestien. Au contraire, cette théorie fourmille de difficultés ; elle ne peut rendre compte de la genèse soit de Robert de Borron, soit de la version de l'*histoire* du Graal qui se trouve chez les continuateurs ; elle n'explique pas les divergences entre Chrestien et ses continuateurs, et surtout elle rend parfaitement inexplicable le désaccord formel entre Chrestien et Mennequier.

Passons aux rapports du conte gallois et du roman en vers anglais avec le conte du Graal. Ces deux ouvrages contiennent des épisodes qui ne sont pas dans Chrestien. Ou bien ils les

1. Cf. *Arg. Tales*, 413. Il faudrait y ajouter le passage des enfances de Cùchulain où celui-ci emporte les têtes des 3 Mac Snechtain, les premiers guerriers qu'il a tués (Manners and Customs, II, 366).

ont pris à la source de Chrestien ou bien à ses continuateurs. M. Golther est logique, c'est à cette seconde alternative qu'il s'arrête, et il prouve encore une fois combien la logique est mauvaise conseillère dans les investigations historiques.

Dans le *Peredur*, le héros, parvenu chez le roi pêcheur, voit passer devant lui non pas une lance et un « Graal », mais une lance et une tête coupée dans un plat. Pourquoi une tête ? C'est que, répond M. Golther, Chrestien ne s'explique pas sur la nature et la provenance de son « Graal » ; ce mot a dérouteré le traducteur gallois et il lui a tout bonnement substitué une tête. Mais quel motif a poussé le conteur gallois à faire choix du mot tête de préférence à tout autre ? La réponse de M. Golther est étonnante. Le gallois l'a pris chez Mennecier. Suivons avec attention ce raisonnement. Le mot Graal était inconnu au traducteur, il n'en devine pas la nature, il n'approche pas le moins du monde de sa vraie signification, même après avoir lu les trois descriptions longues et détaillées de l'objet mystérieux qui se trouvent chez les continuateurs. Ce n'est qu'après avoir lu quelque 40,000 lignes que la lumière se fait dans son esprit : il trouve une tête coupée qui, soit dit en passant, n'a absolument rien à voir avec le Graal lui-même, et il assimile cette tête au Graal, quoiqu'il eût là sous ses yeux, non pas une fois, mais deux et trois fois tout ce qu'il fallait pour l'éclaircir sur la véritable nature de l'objet qui l'avait intrigué chez Chrestien. Voilà, on en conviendra, un beau trait, et l'on ne peut qu'être reconnaissant au savant qui nous procure quelques moments de douce gaité, au milieu d'études aussi arides que le sont celles sur les romans du Graal.

Sans m'arrêter à une réfutation que je me permets de regarder comme inutile, je dois pourtant faire remarquer que Mennecier écrivait vers 1225, et que si le *Peredur* l'a connu, il ne peut remonter au delà de 1230. Voilà une date bien récente pour ce conte ; MM. Rhys et Evans auront certainement des réserves à faire sur ce sujet. Du reste, à cette date, la *Queste del Saint Graal* (qui donne, on le sait, une version détaillée de *l'histoire*) était très probablement connue dans le Pays de Galles ; il existe une traduction galloise de ce roman, faite d'après une rédaction plus ancienne qu'aucun des textes

français qui nous soient parvenus. On ne peut guère croire que l'auteur de Peredur, s'il écrivait aux abords de 1230, ait ignoré cette traduction ou que, la connaissant, il l'ait négligée.

Le croirait-on ? La théorie que je viens d'exposer charme tant M. Golther, qu'elle lui sert aussi pour expliquer le Sir Perceval anglais¹. Ce petit poème est du xv^e siècle dans sa rédaction actuelle. Mais je n'ai pu que me rencontrer avec des érudits distingués, en y reconnaissant des traits archaïques. L'auteur, on le sait, laisse absolument de côté tout ce qui, chez Chrestien, se rapporte au Graal. La faute en est toujours, d'après M. Golther, aux allures énigmatiques du poète français ; dans le doute, le traducteur anglais s'est abstenu. Voilà une réserve dont on trouverait difficilement un second exemple chez les écrivains du moyen âge. Mais lui aussi a connu non seulement Mennequier, auquel, d'après l'indication formelle de M. Golther, il a emprunté la fin de son roman, mais aussi Gerbert, auquel, *ex hypothesi*, il a dû emprunter, en le dénaturant étrangement, l'épisode de la vieille sorcière. Lui donc aussi, il a négligé les indications formelles de ses modèles sur la nature et la provenance du Graal ; lui qui *ex hypothesi Goltheri* écrivait vers 1250 au plus tôt (Gerbert est de 1230-1240), a ignoré l'immense littérature qui existait dès lors sur l'*histoire* du Graal.

Passons à un autre ordre de faits. Un des épisodes les plus intéressants de la continuation de Gaucher de Dourdan est celui du Château à l'échiquier et de la Chasse du cerf blanc. Il se trouve aussi et dans le Peredur gallois et dans le Perceval en prose qui nous est parvenu dans deux manuscrits à la suite du Joseph et du Merlin de Robert de Borron. J'ai étudié

1. En 1881 j'avais dit de l'hypothèse de M. Schulz sur l'origine de ce poème « that it was probably correct ». C'était là une erreur. En 1888 j'ai consacré cinq pages à ce poème et l'on y trouvera, je le crois, la théorie la plus conforme à tous les faits qu'on ait encore exposée à cet égard. M. Golther (p. 204) cite l'opinion de 1881, mais ne souffle mot de celle de 1888, qui lui a évidemment échappé. C'est fâcheux pour lui, car j'y signale un fait qui démontre que le Sir Perceval actuel n'est qu'un abrégé et qu'il a dû suivre un modèle plus archaïque que le poème de Chrestien. Si M. Golther l'avait vu, il aurait évidemment évité les erreurs dans lesquelles il est tombé au sujet de ce récit.

cet épisode, pp. 139-142 de mon *Grail*, et voici les résultats auxquels je suis parvenu : le *Peredur* gallois présente d'une façon claire et logique tous les éléments d'un thème de conte populaire qui peut se résumer ainsi : les parents du héros sont en butte aux attaques d'ennemis surnaturels, un cousin est tué, un oncle est blessé ; c'est le héros qui doit être l'instrument de vengeance. Mais auparavant, il lui faut accomplir des épreuves ; il n'y réussirait jamais s'il n'était poussé et aidé par un cousin qui, à cet effet, revêt plusieurs déguisements. Un des éléments de ce thème rappelle, on le voit, l'histoire qui se trouve chez *Mennecier*, et en même temps, c'est une variante de l'épisode de la sorcière qui se trouve et dans *Gerbert* et dans le *Sir Perceval*. Quant à l'autre élément, celui de l'aide donnée au héros par un personnage, qui subit des transformations, nous l'avons déjà retrouvé chez *Cormac*, c'est-à-dire dans l'Irlande du IX^e siècle (*supra*, p. 194) et il est actuellement très répandu parmi les populations gaéliques, ainsi que dans toute l'Europe moderne. Notons toutefois que le folk-lore actuel a conservé un trait absent dans le *Peredur* ; l'auxiliaire du héros a un intérêt direct à la réussite de l'aventure, à ce prix seulement il pourra être délivré d'un enchantement qui pèse sur lui. Ce trait, qu'on ne peut pas attribuer à l'invention des paysans d'aujourd'hui, empêche de considérer le *Peredur* comme la source des contes actuels. Du reste, si *M. Zimmer* ou *M. Golther* veulent soutenir cette dernière thèse, qu'ils le disent. Quant au *Conte du Graal*, on y trouve, soit chez *Chrestien*, soit chez *Gaucher*, presque tous les éléments du thème précité, mais épars, point combinés de façon à faire un tout organique comme cela se trouve dans le *Peredur* ; de plus, l'élément final manque complètement. C'est donc le conteur gallois qui l'aurait inventé, qui aurait recueilli et coordonné une foule de détails pris au hasard, dont personne avant moi n'a reconnu le vrai caractère, ce qui m'a été possible, grâce seulement à ma connaissance des contes modernes ! C'est lui qui aurait façonné un récit dont on trouve des variantes dans tous les coins de l'Europe !

On ne peut pas dire que cette supposition soit impossible, mais, à coup sûr, elle est peu probable. Quelle est au contraire

ma doctrine ? Je pars d'une donnée certaine, l'assertion formelle de Chrestien au sujet d'une source antérieure ; celle-ci se rattachait d'une façon qu'il est impossible de préciser à des traditions celtiques, qu'elles fussent gaéliques ou kymriques, on ne peut le savoir ; elle fut fortement remaniée par Chrestien, tandis que ses continuateurs, auxquels il manquait sa force créatrice, la suivirent plus fidèlement. Elle était apparentée à des récits qu'on peut démêler encore et dans le *Peredur* gallois et dans le *Sir Perceval* anglais, où toutefois l'influence de Chrestien (mais aucunement celle de ses continuateurs) se fait sentir, et a produit un bizarre mélange.

M. Golther trouve que c'est là « une hypothèse péniblement construite, dont l'examen des faits démontre l'entier manque de fondement ». Je crois avoir exposé les faits avec assez de détails pour que chacun puisse en juger. Mes lecteurs décideront si mon hypothèse, ou celle de M. Golther, a le plus de fondement, offre le moins de difficultés, répond le mieux à tout ce que nous savons et sur l'activité littéraire au moyen âge et sur les manifestations de l'esprit de tradition à toutes les époques et dans tous les pays.

Il arrive presque toujours que celui qui pousse une hypothèse à l'extrême, se charge lui-même d'en faire la *reductio ad absurdum*. C'est le cas de M. Golther. Voici ce que je lis *Z. v. L.*, p. 425 « Die Triade welche von Bran (Hebron) als Bekehrer Britanniens spricht (bei Loth, *Mab.* II, 284, Nutt, p. 219) dürfte füglich wie so vieles andere eher aus den französischen Romanen stammen als zu ihrer Erklärung dienen ». Ceci mérite un examen. Relevons d'abord une inexactitude : la triade de M. Loth ne parle pas de Bran (Hebron), comme on pourrait le croire d'après M. Golther, mais seulement de Bran.

Voici quelques faits qui mettront le lecteur à même d'apprécier l'hypothèse de M. Golther. Chez Robert le roi pêcheur, le premier gardien du Graal, et celui qui l'apporte dans la Grande-Bretagne, s'appelle ou Hebron (cette forme ou les formes apparentées de Hebrons ou Hebruns se trouvent douze fois) ou Brons (cette forme ou celle de Bron se trouve dix-sept fois) ; il a pour femme Enygeus (2 fois) ou Enyseus (2 fois, on trouve aussi la forme Anysgens), pour fils Alein.

Ce dernier nom est certainement celtique, celui d'Enygeus l'est probablement. Dans la tradition galloise, il y a un roi Bran, auquel on donne l'épithète de « béni », par exemple, dans le Mabinogi de Branwen (récit dont la rédaction manuscrite est assez récente, mais dont le fond remonte certainement au delà de l'épanouissement du roman Arthurien), dans la triade du XIII^e siècle (Loth, II, p. 217) et dans la triade récente, seule citée par M. Golther. Cette dernière triade explique l'épithète; dans les deux autres cas on ne trouve que l'épithète elle-même, ce qui donne à supposer que la légende qu'elle implique était familière aux Gallois. Il m'a semblé que le roi Bran le béni, et le Brons du poète français étaient au fond le même personnage, c'est aussi l'avis de M. Golther. Mais au lieu de rattacher Brons à la tradition galloise, comme je l'avais fait, M. Golther fait dériver celle-ci du roman français. C'est-à-dire que Robert aurait inventé le nom et le personnage de Brons ou Hebrons, lui aurait donné une femme et un fils, dont l'un est celtique à coup sûr, et l'autre l'est probablement, ce qui ne laisse pas d'étonner, puisque son Brons est le beau-frère de Joseph, de sorte que l'on attendrait un nom biblique ou quasi oriental; un gallois inconnu aurait lu le poème de Robert, n'en aurait retenu que le nom et le rôle de Brons ou Hebrons (car des autres détails du récit de Robert il ne se trouve pas une seule trace dans la littérature galloise), aurait pris en main le Mabinogi de Branwen (récit pré-Arthurien) et l'aurait amélioré en ajoutant l'épithète de « béni » au nom de Bran, partout où il trouvait celui-ci; il en aurait agi de même avec la triade du XIII^e siècle, laquelle se rattache étroitement au Mabinogi; finalement, un autre écrivain gallois aurait forgé la triade plus récente à seule fin d'expliquer ce surnom de « béni¹ ». Voilà jusqu'où l'esprit de sophisme peut conduire un savant aussi estimable que M. Golther².

1. Du reste, cette dernière supposition pourrait être vraie sans que pour cela il fût nécessaire de rattacher l'épithète « béni » à l'œuvre de Robert.

2. Bien entendu, M. Golther n'a pas fait ce raisonnement, il en aurait lui-même vu l'absurdité, mais il découle logiquement de sa thèse. Il y a dans le travail de M. Golther une foule d'autres aperçus qui ont l'air ingénieux au premier abord, mais qui ne soutiennent pas l'examen.

Presque chaque page de l'article de M. Golther me donnerait matière à de pareilles objections. C'est un travail que je ne puis entreprendre ici ; du reste je crois qu'il paraîtra inutile après les échantillons que j'ai donnés. Je désire seulement que le ton dogmatique de M. Golther ne fasse pas préjuger la question chez ceux qui ne connaissent pas les textes de première main.

J'ai voulu me défendre contre les critiques de MM. Zimmer et Golther ; on m'accordera, je l'espère, leur peu de fondement, et l'on ne trouvera pas, comme l'ont fait ces messieurs, que j'ai forfait aux règles d'une saine méthode historique, en me servant des continuateurs de Chrestien, du Peredur gallois et du Sir Perceval anglais pour éclaircir les origines et le développement de la Quête du St Graal.

Je regrette d'avoir dû entreprendre une longue polémique contre M. Zimmer, parce qu'elle est inutile ; au fond, M. Zimmer et moi sommes bien du même avis sur l'épopée arthurienne. On ne le penserait jamais en lisant ses attaques intempérantes contre certains côtés de mon travail, aussi me faut-il citer ses propres paroles :

P. 516. « Ich bin durchaus nicht der Ansicht dass nur die Namen der Persönlichkeiten und die Ortstaffage den französischen Dichtern durch die kymrisch-bretonische Arthursage gegeben wird ».

P. 521. « Eine kymrisch-bretonische Arthursage war im 11. und 12. Jahrhundert vorhanden... Alte keltische Helden- und Göttersagen, die uns in Irland in der Cuchulinnisage und in einzelnen anderen alten Sagentexten in irischer Entwicklung erhalten sind, gaben ein Hauptbestandtheil des Gewebes ab. Aber ebensowenig wie in Irland die Finnsage Anspruch erheben kann rein keltisches Sagenmaterial zu bieten, sondern eine enge Vermischung der alten Sagenelemente mit klassischen und nordgermanischen Sagenelementen aufweist, so wird auch die kymrisch-bretonische Arthursage des 8-11 Jahr. alles das mit verarbeitet haben was in dem Ideenkreis der Kymren und Bretonen getreten war und trat. »

Ainsi, M. Zimmer croit que les poètes français ont pris dans une tradition (laquelle est galloise aussi bien que bre-

tonne) autre chose encore que la simple nomenclature de leurs personnages et l'emplacement de leurs récits. Je le crois aussi. M. Zimmer est plus précis que moi, il croit que les poètes français ont connu une forme surtout, pour ne pas dire exclusivement, bretonne de cette tradition. Cela se peut, et j'avoue avoir été très impressionné par les arguments de M. Zimmer, mais quand même cela serait, il ne serait pas nécessaire de changer une seule ligne à mon ouvrage. Car, de l'aveu même de M. Zimmer, il y a des rapports indéniables entre cette « kymrisch-bretonische sage » et la tradition gaélique d'où j'ai tiré la plupart de mes exemples. M. Zimmer reconnaît aussi qu'une épopée arthurienne a existé aux XI^e-XII^e siècles, c'est-à-dire avant que les poètes français eussent commencé à écrire. — Cet aveu me suffirait, mais il va plus loin ; selon lui, cette épopée se composait dans une grande mesure des mêmes légendes historiques ou mythiques qui nous ont donné, sous une forme gaélique, le cycle de Cúchulain et d'autres anciens récits épiques de l'Irlande. C'est parfaitement mon opinion, jamais je n'ai prétendu autre chose, mais jamais je n'ai osé formuler cette opinion aussi nettement que le fait M. Zimmer. Il proteste, il est vrai, contre l'idée que cette épopée fût purement celtique, « rein-keltisch ». Mais à qui en veut-il avec cette protestation ? A coup sûr, ce ne peut être à moi. Je serais fort embarrassé, comme le serait du reste M. Zimmer, de trouver quoi que ce soit de « rein-keltisches », et tous deux nous éprouverions un égal embarras à déterrer quelque chose de purement teutonique ou purement hellénique. Ce serait méconnaître les faits les plus élémentaires du folk-lore comparé, que de croire qu'aucune race ait jamais développé une épopée mythique ou héroïque qui lui fût absolument spéciale. Mais je crois que chaque race arrange à sa façon des éléments qui sont communs à l'humanité, et je crois que l'on peut désigner cet arrangement par le nom de la race. J'ai employé le mot « celtique » dans ce sens, en opposition à *français* ou *allemand*. Si Chrestien a pris un incident dans un conte ou dans un lai breton, pour moi, il puise à la tradition celtique, ce qu'il ne fait pas s'il le prend dans un conte de récente origine orientale, ou dans des tra-

ditions normandes qui remontent à l'épopée germanique. L'origine première de l'incident du conte breton, gallois ou irlandais est une autre question, et peut, comme toutes les questions d'origine, être sinon impossible, du moins très difficile à résoudre. Il m'a semblé que si cet incident se trouvait à la fois dans la littérature légendaire des Irlandais des VII^e-XI^e siècles et dans la tradition populaire des Gaels d'aujourd'hui, et qu'il n'y eût pas de raison sérieuse pour faire dériver cette dernière des romans français, on pouvait alors lui attribuer un caractère celtique, et cela serait vrai dans le sens de ma thèse quand même cet incident aurait été emprunté par un Celte (Gael ou Kymro) du VII^e ou VIII^e siècle aux traditions classiques, bibliques ou teutoniques. On le voit, il n'y a réellement qu'un point de divergence entre M. Zimmer et moi ; je fais une part beaucoup plus large que lui à la tradition populaire d'aujourd'hui ; je crois qu'elle a conservé une infinité de traits anciens, et quand elle se rencontre avec un récit littéraire du moyen âge, je ne crois pas qu'elle en soit nécessairement dérivée. Du reste, je crois pouvoir affirmer que j'ai étudié à fond tous les côtés de ce problème si complexe et si touffu de l'origine et de la distribution des traditions populaires. M. Zimmer paraît peu versé dans ces questions. Il n'y a donc rien de surprenant à ce que nous soyons d'avis différent là-dessus, c'est le contraire qui étonnerait.

Jusqu'ici les citations que j'ai faites de M. Zimmer ont porté sur la question Arthurienne prise dans son ensemble ; je vais maintenant en donner sur la question plus limitée de l'origine des poèmes de Chrestien :

G. G. A. N^o 20, p. 832. « Die Form in der die Stoffe der bretonischen Arthursage durch die französisch redenden bretonischen Conteurs nach Nordfrankreich und der Normandie kamen, war vornehmlich die Prosaerzählung und zwar in wenig künstlerischer Anlage mit Vorliebe für das rein Stoffliche. Solche Prosaerzählungen lieferten Chrétien das Material, das er, wohl auch umdichtend und durch eigene Erfindung bereichernd seinen dichterischen Ideen dienstbar machte ». Tout en faisant mes réserves, et sur la nature poétique ou prosaïque des récits qui servirent de modèles à Chrestien,

(quoique, je l'avoue, l'argumentation de M. Zimmer me semble difficile à réfuter), et sur leur provenance purement bretonne, j'accepte le reste du passage comme tout à fait conforme aux résultats de mes propres recherches. Je me suis exprimé d'une façon aussi décidée que le fait ici M. Zimmer sur les changements qu'a faits Chrestien à ses modèles (Grail, p. 146). Je continue à citer : « Dass weniger schöpferische Naturen als Chrétien weniger selbstständig mit dem Stoff verfahren ist natürlich. Es ist daher nicht unmöglich, dass jüngere Dichter in manchen Abweichungen von Ch. die Erzählungen der Bretonen treuer widerspiegeln als unsere älteste Quelle für dieselben, Chrétiens Epen ». On le voit, de même qu'auparavant je n'ai eu qu'à citer M. Golther pour confondre M. Zimmer (*supra*, p. 192), ici c'est M. Zimmer qui, d'une seule observation pleine de bon sens, démolit l'édifice si péniblement élevé par M. Golther. Je n'ai pas à exprimer mon accord avec M. Zimmer, je n'ai qu'à me féliciter de ce qu'il approuve les idées émises par moi il y a plus de trois ans et brièvement retracées dans les pages précédentes.

On connaît les premières idées de M. Foerster sur les romans Arthuriens ; elles sont exposées dans la préface de son Yvain. Ce récit, de même que ses semblables, ne contient de celtique que la scène et les noms des personnages, le reste est l'invention de Chrestien, ou plutôt le renouvellement heureux d'un sujet oriental connu depuis longtemps, celui de la Matrone d'Ephèse. Le roman Arthurien est au point de vue des idées, des mœurs et des sentiments (« seinem geistigen Inhalt nach ») une création française. Comme dans la tragédie classique du XVII^e siècle, c'est l'esprit français qui s'exprime, quoiqu'il revête une forme étrangère (Yvain, xxxi).

Pendant les trois ans qui séparent l'Erec de l'Yvain, M. Foerster a fréquenté M. Zimmer ; celui-ci lui a ouvert les trésors de son érudition, et M. Foerster a dû reconnaître que ses premières opinions étaient trop absolues. Comme il le dit lui-même, il a mis de l'eau dans son vin. Les amateurs du vin pur n'auront pas trop de reproche à lui faire. Il reconnaît qu'il a existé une épopée Arthurienne celtique, et il en voit les dernières traces dans les romans en prose (il ne dit pas

quels romans, mais ce doivent être le Merlin, le Lancelot, la Mort Arthur) qui, selon lui, sont les représentants des récits que les conteurs bretons ont popularisés dans tout le nord de la France. Cette école de récits (si l'on peut s'exprimer ainsi) a atteint son apogée avant Chrestien; une convention s'est ainsi formée, dont le poète champenois s'est servi pour mieux recommander ses créations à ses contemporains (cf. Erec, xxvii, xxviii). On le voit, M. Foerster n'admet plus de compromis dès qu'il s'agit de Chrestien.

Notons, en passant, que les raisons qui décident M. Foerster à donner cette place d'honneur aux romans en prose sont bien les mêmes qui ont amené M. Zimmer à ne pas chercher l'origine des romans Arthuriens dans la Grande, mais bien plutôt dans la Petite-Bretagne. M. Foerster est frappé des détails précis et quasi historiques dont fourmillent les romans en prose, de leurs rapports évidents avec la légende Arthurienne telle qu'on la retrouve dans Gaufré. M. Zimmer, lui, distingue deux couches de tradition Arthurienne : 1° une couche armoricaine qui conserve la vraie tradition locale (du pays des Kymris du Nord), mais qui, désintéressée du sentiment historique de la race, a tourné au merveilleux ; 2° une couche galloise qui a gardé plus vivant le souvenir d'Arthur comme personnage historique ayant vécu et combattu, mais qui l'a transporté dans le sud et dans l'ouest de la Grande-Bretagne, et lui a fait assimiler une foule d'événements historiques plus récents. C'est parce que, selon M. Zimmer, les romans français ne décèlent rien de cette transformation, parce qu'Arthur y est un roi de « féerie », que le savant de Greifswald leur refuse une origine galloise. On le voit, les deux érudits se contredisent et se complètent à la fois, et, on peut le dire, il y a du vrai dans l'une et l'autre hypothèse. Pour des raisons déjà exposées, je ne veux point m'attarder ici à ce qu'il y a aussi de faux. Mais ce qu'il me faut signaler, c'est le peu de cas que fait M. Foerster des opinions de M. Zimmer, lorsque celles-ci ne lui plaisent pas. M. Foerster ne laisse pas de s'en prévaloir lorsqu'il veut écarter mes recherches comme celles d'un celtomane et d'un songe-creux. Il ne souffle mot de la profonde divergence qu'il y a entre elles et ses propres

vues. Le professeur de Greifswald lui est un excellent bâton pour assommer l'importun qui le gêne, mais il refuse son aide pour guider ses pas dans les sentiers inconnus et difficiles de l'archéologie celtique. Après ce court aperçu sur ses procédés de controverse, je me crois dispensé de commenter en détail la phrase injurieuse dont il m'honore. Quelles que soient les erreurs dont j'ai pu me rendre coupable, j'ai toujours essayé de dégager la vérité avec sincérité et loyauté, j'ai cité en leur entier les opinions qui étaient opposées aux miennes, j'ai exposé le plus amplement que j'ai pu tout ce qui était à l'avantage de mes adversaires et à mon propre désavantage. Sachant cela, je préfère ne pas avoir à caractériser des procédés qui diffèrent essentiellement des miens.

Mais il est nécessaire, en vue de la légitime autorité dont jouit M. Foerster comme romaniste, d'éclairer par un seul exemple son incompetence comme « celtiste ». Ayant à rendre compte (Folk-Lore, II) du travail de son élève, M. K. Othmer, sur les rapports de l'Erec et du Geraint, j'ai dû en critiquer assez vivement les erreurs dans le domaine de l'histoire et de la littérature celtiques. Je regrette fort de le dire, le professeur me paraît dans le même cas que l'élève. On connaît l'histoire d'Erec (Geraint) ; le prince qui épouse la pauvre fille, qui oublie dans son amour ses devoirs de chevalier, qui interprète mal les regrets de sa femme et la soumet à de dures épreuves dont elle sort victorieuse. Voilà l'expression d'idées françaises, dit M. Foerster. Le point d'honneur chevaleresque, la tendresse conjugale intime (« innige gattenliebe ») voilà des choses complètement étrangères aux Celtes, d'origine purement continentale et française (Erec, XLVIII). On est vraiment émerveillé de voir que le pays et l'époque qui ont inventé l'amour chevaleresque, c'est-à-dire l'amour en dehors du mariage, qui ont discuté si l'amour était possible entre mari et femme, qui ont inscrit l'adultère au code de la société mondaine, ont eu le monopole de la tendresse conjugale. Mais M. Foerster ne s'en tient pas là, il n'a pas suffisamment rabattu le fol orgueil de ces Celtes qui s'imaginaient avoir quelques notions d'honneur et de vertu. « Si l'on croit encore », dit-il (Erec, LIII), « à la celticité des trois récits gallois

qui se rapportent à Arthur, que l'on lise les véritables textes celtiques du Livre Rouge. L'on y verra que le héros parle de l'héroïne comme d'une « belle génisse qui n'a pas encore été saillie par le taureau », et l'on cessera d'attribuer des motifs comme ceux de l'amour conjugal le plus tendre (Erec) aux Celtes ». Que l'on lise ces textes en effet (on les trouvera dans le premier volume des Mabinogion de M. Loth), et l'on n'y verra pas un seul mot de ce que cite M. Foerster. Loin de là, ces récits gallois rédigés aux x^e-xii^e siècles sont non seulement très chastes de ton, mais témoignent souvent d'une grande délicatesse et élévation de sentiment. Nulle part même dans cette charmante littérature française du moyen âge, qui compte tant de délicieuses descriptions de jeunes filles, y a-t-il rien de plus charmant que la description d'Olwen (Loth, I, 233-34). Voyez encore la conduite de Pwyll dans le Mabinogi de ce nom, celle de Manawyddan et de Kieva dans le Mabinogi de Manawyddan; on ne trouvera pas facilement dans les romans français un idéal d'amitié plus loyal et plus délicat. Et si l'on compare le roman de Perceval avec le conte gallois de Peredur, on verra que sur un point le Gallois l'emporte infiniment sur le Français. Lorsque Perceval arrive au château de Blanchefleur, celle-ci vient s'offrir à lui sans faire guère plus de façons qu'une fille d'auberge interlope (Ch., v. 5100-350). Dans le conte gallois, au contraire, ce sont les frères de Blanchefleur qui la poussent à agir de cette façon, elle s'y refuse d'abord: « Aller me proposer à lui avant qu'il ne m'ait fait la cour! Je ne le saurais pour rien au monde » (Loth, II, p. 64), dit-elle, et elle ne cède qu'aux menaces. Peredur, lui, ne se comporte pas comme le Perceval français, mais comme un « gentleman » moderne, il la rassure et la renvoie avec courtoisie et respect. Il me semble que le conteur gallois n'avait pas à recevoir de Chrestien des leçons de délicatesse sur les rapports des sexes. Mais d'où vient l'erreur de M. Foerster, d'où vient la citation dont il fait si grand usage? De l'histoire des fils d'Usnech, conte irlandais dont la rédaction remonte à coup sûr à la fin du x^e siècle et très probablement au vi^e ou vii^e siècle. Quand Noisé voit Derdriu, « elle est belle », dit-il, « la génisse qui passe près de moi ». « Il faut

de grandes génisses là où sont les taureaux » répliqua-t-elle¹. Voilà certes un parler franc et primitif. Les gens qui parlaient ainsi ne devaient guère dépasser le niveau des Zoulous ou des Maoris actuels. C'est précisément le mérite des anciennes traditions irlandaises de nous révéler une société très archaïque. Mais l'état social peut être rude sans que pour cela la tendresse conjugale fasse défaut, je n'en veux pour preuve que l'Iliade ou la Genèse, je n'en veux pour preuve que ce même conte des fils d'Usnech. Quand Noisé a été tué par trahison, Deirdre se lamente sur lui :

« Chéri, joli ! séduisante était ta beauté. Bel homme, fleur attrayante ! La cause de ma tristesse est que désormais je n'attends plus le retour du fils d'Usnech.

Bien-aimé à l'esprit ferme et droit ! Bien-aimé, guerrier noble et modeste ! Après avoir traversé les bois d'Irlande, doux était avec lui le repos de la nuit.

Bien-aimé à l'œil bleu, amour de sa femme, mais redoutable aux ennemis ! Après avoir parcouru la forêt, on se retrouvait au noble rendez-vous. Bien-aimée sa voix de ténor à travers les bois noirs.

.....
Je ne dors plus moitié de la nuit dans mon lit. Mon esprit voyage autour des foules, mais je ne mange ni ne souris.

.....
Ne brise pas aujourd'hui mon cœur ; j'atteindrai bientôt ma tombe prématurée. La douleur est plus forte que les vagues de la mer, le sais-tu, ô Conchobar ? »

M. Foerster peut-il citer dans la plus ancienne littérature française un passage aussi passionné, aussi tendre, aussi « in-nig » que celui-là ?

Si M. Foerster était tant soit peu au fait de la plus ancienne littérature celtique, il saurait que tout ce qui se rattache à la vie conjugale y joue un grand rôle. Rappelons seulement qu'un des genres dans lesquels étaient divisées les histoires que devait connaître un *ollamb* était celui des « *tochmarca* » ou épousailles, un autre celui des « *aitheda* » ou enlèvements, et

1. Je cite d'après la traduction de M. Ponsinet, Rev. des Trad. Pop., III, 201-207. M. Ponsinet paraît avoir fait un contresens dans sa traduction.

2. Comme ce poème n'est pas narratif, je pense que M. Zimmer ne l'annexera pas au profit des Vikings qui, selon lui, ont appris aux Celtes l'art de raconter en vers.

que dans la grande liste des récits du Livre de Leinster qui comprend en tout 187 titres, 25 appartiennent à ces deux classes, et il y a au moins une douzaine d'autres que l'on peut aussi ranger parmi les histoires d'amour. Cette liste, il faut s'en souvenir, tout en donnant une idée assez juste de l'état de la littérature traditionnelle en Irlande au début du XI^e siècle, ne prétend pas être tout à fait complète. Parmi les histoires qui y sont citées et qui nous sont parvenues, je signalerai surtout celles du *Tochmarc Emere* (trad. par M. Kuno Meyer, Arch. Review, t. I), du *Tochmarc Etain* (analysé par M. Zimmer, Z. v. S., 1887, p. 585 et seq.), de *l'Aided Conrui* (cf. Keating, éd. O'Mahony, p. 282) et j'y ajouterai le *Serglige Conchulainn* (trad. par O'Curry, Atlantis i 362 et seq. ii 96, et analysé par le même M. C. ii, 195-198; ce conte qui se trouve dans LnH n'est pas mentionné dans la liste du Livre de Leinster) comme exemples de la large part que faisaient les anciens Irlandais aux manifestations de l'amour. Quant à la position qu'y occupait la femme, on n'a qu'à voir l'ouverture du *Tain bo Cuailgne* où Medhbh traite avec son mari sur un pied d'égalité parfaite, ou le *Fled Bricrend* où ce sont en partie les jalousies des femmes des principaux héros qui déterminent l'action du récit. A moins toutefois que M. Zimmer ne veuille voir dans ce dernier trait un écho de la querelle entre Kriemhild et Brunhild. Quand donc M. Foerster récuse l'origine celtique de l'Erec, parce que ce conte roule sur le thème de l'amour conjugal, il se fourvoie aussi complètement que lorsque dans l'Yvain il refuse aux Celtes la conception du point d'honneur chevaleresque (« Ritterehre »). Il serait difficile, au contraire, de pousser cette dernière conception à des limites plus extravagantes que ne le fait l'ancienne épopée irlandaise des VIII^e-XI^e siècles, et je ne crois pas m'être trompé en affirmant (*Grail*, ch. X) que la prédominance de ce sentiment dans les récits celtiques était une des principales raisons de leur vogue parmi les hommes du XII^e siècle.

M. Foerster s'appuie surtout sur la longue dissertation (*Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*, 1889, pp. 281-284) qu'a consacrée M. Zimmer à l'éternel féminin dans l'ancienne littérature irlandaise. M. Zimmer, dont la pudeur s'effarouche aussi

aisément que celle de la « miss anglaise » traditionnelle, a été très choqué de la prééminence donnée à cet élément de la vie par les Irlandais ; aussi s'est-il appliqué à épuiser la chronique scandaleuse de l'épopée gaélique à seule fin d'appuyer son dire « Die Frauengestalten in Heldensage und Legende (der Iren) tragen, mit wenigen Ausnahmen, einen gemeinen Charakter, wie es mir in der Art bei meinen Studien nirgends sonst begegnet ist ». M. Zimmer se calomnie à plaisir, ses études n'ont pas été aussi bornées qu'il veut bien le dire. Aussi faut-il croire que les réformes de l'empereur d'Allemagne ont eu un effet rétroactif et que la culture littéraire de l'éminent professeur de Greifswald s'est arrêtée dans les environs de Rossbach, mettons à la *Messiasde* de Klopstock. Autrement il ne lui aurait point échappé que l'on raconte des histoires peu édifiantes sur Aphrodite et sur Hélène, sur Danaé et sur Léda, sur Médée et sur Rhéa Silvia. Et s'il veut relire Lokasena, il verra que la chronique scandaleuse de l'Olympe des Germains n'avait rien à envier à celle des Hellènes ou des Celtes. M. Zimmer n'a pas vu le point curieux et intéressant de la question féminine dans l'ancienne littérature gaélique. Je m'étais pourtant étendu assez longuement là-dessus dans le ch. IX de mon *Grail*. L'épopée héroïco-mythique irlandaise se joue dans un milieu social beaucoup plus primitif que l'épopée héroïque des Germains, *à fortiori* que l'épopée franco-germaine. Le niveau social est aussi archaïque que dans les plus anciens récits de la mythologie hellénique. Cela fait que l'héroïne irlandaise se distingue bien nettement de l'héroïne des récits épiques allemands ou français des VII^e-XII^e siècles, et par cela même se recommandait aux hommes des XII^e-XIII^e siècles, époque où la condition de la femme, grâce à un ensemble de faits politiques sociaux et moraux, a subi une évolution très marquée. Quant à la « *Gemeinheit* » (mot que je ne saurais rendre en français) spéciale de l'épopée irlandaise, il faut dire qu'ici, comme cela lui arrive ailleurs, M. Zimmer voit certains faits avec une telle intensité que sa vision en est troublée. Il y a des choses très naïves, très archaïques dans ces récits, mais on y trouve peu, si je ne me trompe, d'obsène. M. Zimmer cite, il est vrai, l'anecdote bien connue du

jugement de Niall Frosach (LL. 273^b), mais c'est là un exemple de casuistique sexuelle comme il s'en trouve des milliers dans les traités spéciaux de confesseurs ou de médecins-légistes. On ne juge pas les Français ou les Allemands d'aujourd'hui d'après M. Tardieu ou M. Krafft Ebing.

Je me permets donc de considérer que les résultats exposés dans mes *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail* n'ont pas été ébranlés jusqu'à présent. La critique de M. Zimmer ne porte que sur des points tout à fait secondaires; elle est, en outre, ou mal renseignée, ou erronée, ou incomplète; la critique de M. Golther est entièrement mal venue, ainsi que celle de M. Foerster, si toutefois on peut appeler critique la simple répétition des griefs d'autrui qu'on ne s'est pas donné la peine de comprendre et qu'on a exagérés par cela même. Il est heureux que les textes qu'édite M. Foerster soient établis avec plus de conscience que lorsqu'il s'agit pour lui d'attaquer les travaux d'autrui.

Je voudrais aussi espérer que partout on cesse de ne voir dans les recherches d'autrui sur la matière de Bretagne, de quelque côté qu'elles viennent, qu'une occasion de déployer son propre talent de critique. J'estime que dans ces problèmes si touffus on peut et doit faire usage de la bonne volonté et des capacités de tous les travailleurs, et pour cela qu'il faut surtout rechercher et reconnaître ce qu'il y a de nouveau et de fécond chez les autres. Il me semble qu'une des œuvres dont l'étude des romans arthuriens profiterait le plus serait la compilation d'un *Quomasticon Arthurianum* qui tiendrait compte de l'ensemble des textes tant manuscrits qu'imprimés. Ce serait là une œuvre gigantesque, mais qui pourrait être menée à bonne fin si tous les érudits qui s'occupent de ces études y apportaient un concours actif. Les travaux de M. Sommer sur Malory qui donne, on le sait, un abrégé des textes les plus importants du cycle, pourraient servir de base. Je serais pour ma part heureux de concourir dans la mesure de mes forces à la réalisation de cette idée.

Alfred NUTT.

Folk=Lore.

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LEGENDS OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE CARS.—PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the last number of FOLK-LORE were given three tales, collected, along with some others, during my residence in the northern districts of Lincolnshire; when I also described, so far as possible, the country and surroundings in which dwell the people amongst whom these legends have originated. It is not easy, in so short a notice, to present vividly the curious mixture of rusticity and savagery, of superstition and indifference, of ignorance and shrewdness, which is found in these peasants, and it would require greater powers than I possess to do justice to them in a more finished study. During the comparatively short time I spent amongst them, close observance of their ways of life and thought assured me that the old and simple heathendom still lay untouched, though hidden, below successive varnishes of superstition, religion, and civilisation.

Perhaps some other time I may be permitted to show how this betrays itself, even in the vulgar speech and common life, and amongst those, moreover, whom one would have thought to be above the reach of it; but the leaven of the ancient paganism has spread itself throughout the mass,

till there are few in whom some trace of it, however unconscious, may not be found.

The following tales were collected in the same district. They are, perhaps, more commonplace than "Tiddy Mun" or "The Dead Moon", but much depends on the narrator, and these four were told by men who had not a strong and instinctive sense of the dramatic art of story-making. I may say, in spite of their receptiveness towards things marvellous, that they were otherwise practical and somewhat unimaginative, and accepted the tales they had heard from their fathers, with respect, indeed, but content not to ask themselves for absolute belief. Thus it is more as vestiges of a bygone religion that these tales may interest, than as samples of modern credulity.

In the "Green Mist" and "The Strangers' Share", for instance, there are traces of ancient rites, faithful of observance, but emptied of their primitive devotion, which lead us back into a very dim and misty region before the lamp of history was lit to light the way. And in "The Dead Hand" there is an intimate acquaintance with the bog-spirits that contrasts oddly with the later influence of modern Christianity in the almost biblical lamentation of the mourning mother.

There are still by me the notes from one or two tales treating of death and the after-life, and at least one which shows the curious unconscious immorality of very primitive minds—the immorality which is reflected in our most familiar fairy tales, where murder and theft and lying are often accepted as the natural path towards success, as well in the lives of these wonderful cold-blooded barbaric princes and princesses of storydom, the ideals of our childhood, as in the simpler but perhaps more poetic legends still lingering amid the people in this lonely corner of the Parts of Lindsey.

"THE GREEN MIST."

So thou 'st heerd tell o' th' boggarts an' all the horrid things o' th' au'd toimes? Ay; they wor mischancy, on-pleasant sort o' bodies to do wi', an' a 'm main glad as they wor all go'an afore ma da'ays. I ha' niver seed nowt o' that sort; cep' mappen a bogle or so—nuthin wu'th tellin' of. But if thou likes them sort o' ta'ales, a can tell 'ee some as ma au'd gran'ther tould us when a wor nobbut a tididy brat. He wor main au'd, nigh a hunner year, fo'ak said; an' a wor ma fa'ather's gran'ther reetly speakin', so thou can b'leeve as a knowed a lot 'bout th' au'd toimes. Mind, a wunnut say as ahl th' ta'ales be tre-ue; but ma gran'ther said as they wor, and a b'leaved un ahl hissel'. Annyways a 'll tell um as a heerd um; and that's ahl as a can do.

Wa'al, i' they toimes fo'ak mun ha' bin geyan unloike to now. 'Stead o' doin' their work o' da'ays, 'n smokin' ther pipes o' Sundays, i' pe'ace 'n comfort, tha wor allus botherin' ther he'ads 'bout summat 'r other—or the cho'ch wor doin' it for 'um. Th' priests wor allus at 'un 'bout thur sowls; an', what wi' hell an' th' boggarts, ther moinds wor niver aisy. An' ther wor things as didn't 'long to th' cho'ch, an' yit—a can't reetly 'splain to 'ee; but th' fo'ak had idees o' ther o'an, an' wa'ays o' ther o'an, as 'a'd kep' oop years 'n years, 'n *hunnerds* o' years, since th' toime when ther worn't no cho'ch, leastwise no cho'ch o' that sort; but tha gi'n things to th' bogles 'n sich, to ke'p un friendly. Ma gran'ther said 's how the bogles 'd wanst bin thowt a deal more on, an' at da'arklins ivery noight th' fo'ak 'd bear loights i ther han's roon' ther ha'ouses, sa'ain' wo'ds to ke'p 'um off; an' a 'd smear blo'od o' th' door-sil' to skeer awa'ay th' horrors; an' a'd put bre'ad and salt o' th' flat stouns set oop by th' la'ane side to get a good ha'arvest; an' a'd spill watter i' th' fower co'ners o' th' fields, when a wanted ra'in; an' they thowt a deal on th' sun, fur

tha reckoned as a ma'ade th' yarth, an' brout th' good an ill chances an' a do'ant know what ahl. A can't tell 'ee reetly what they b'leeved; fur 'twor afore ma gran'ther's toime, ahl that; an' that's more'na hunnerd 'n fifty years agone, seest-tha; but a reckon tha made nigh iverythin' as they seed 'n heerd into sort o' gre'at bogles; an' tha wor allus gi'un 'um things, or sa'ayin' so't o' prayers loike, to keep um fro' doin' th' fo'ak anny evil.

Wa'al that was a long toime agone, as a said afore, an' twor no'on so bad i' ma gran'ther's da'ay; but, natheless, 'tworn't furgot, an' some o' th' foak b'leeved it ahl still, an' said ther au'd prayers or spells-loike, o' th' sly. So ther wor, so to sa'ay, two cho'ches; th' wan wi' priests an' can'lles, an' a' that; th' other jist a lot o' au'd wa'ays, kep' oop ahl onbeknown an' hidden-loike, mid th' fo'ak thersels; an' they thowt a deal more, ma gran'ther said, on th' au'd spells, 's on th' sarvice i' th' cho'ch itsel.' But 's toime want on tha two got so't o' mixed oop; an' some o' tha fo'aks cudn't ha' tould thee, ef 'twor fur won or t' other as tha done th' things.

To Yule, i th' cho'ches, thur wor gran' sarvices, wi' can'lles an' flags an' what not; an' i' th' cottages thur wor can'lles 'n ca'akes 'n gran' doin's; but tha priests niver knowed as mony o' th' foak wor on'y wakin' th' dyin' year, an' 'at tha wine teemed upo' tha door-sil to first cock-crow wor to bring good luck in th' new year. An a' reckon some o' th' fo'ak thersells 'd do th' au'd heathen wa'ays 'n sing hymns meantime, wi' neer a thowt of tha stra'angeness o't.

Still, thur wor many 's kep' to th' au'd wa'ays ahl to-gither, thoff tha done it hidden loike; an' a'm goin' to tell ee of wan fam'bly as ma gran'ther knowed fine, and how they waked th' spring wan year.

As a said afore, a can't, even ef a wud, tell'ee ahl th' things as tha useter do; but theer wos wan toime o'th year 's they p'rtic'larly want in fur ther spells 'n prayers, an' that wor th' yarly spring. Tha thout as th' yarth wor sleepin' ahl th' winter; an' at th' bogles—ca'all um what ee

wull—'d nobbut to do but mischief, fur they'd nowt to see to i' tha fields ; so they wor feared on th' long da'ark winter days 'n noights, i' tha mid' o ahl so'ts o unseen fearsome things, ready 'n waitin' fur a chance to pla'ay un evil tricks. But as tha winter want by they thout as 'twor toime to wake th' yarth fro 'ts sleepin' 'n set the bogles to wo'k, care'n' fur th' growin' things 'n bringin' th' harvest. Efter that th' yarth wor toired, an' wor sinkin' to sleep agean ; an' tha useter sing hushieby songs i' tha fields o' th' A'tum evens. But i' th' spring, tha want—tha fo'ak did as b'leaved in th' au'd wa'ays—to every field in to'n, 'n lifted a spud o' yarth fro' th' mools ; an' tha said stra'ange 'n quare wo'ds, as tha cudn't sca'arce unnerstan' thersel's ; but th' same as 'd bin said for hunnerds o' ye'ars. An' ivery mornin' at th' first dawn, tha stood o' th' door-sil, wi' salt an' bread i' ther han's, watchin' 'n waitin' for th' green mist 's rose fro th' fields 'n tould at th' yarth wor awake agean ; an' th' life wor comin' to th' trees an' the pla'ants, an' th' seeds wor bustin' wi' th' beginning o' th' spring.

Wa'al ther wor wan fam'bly as 'd done ahl that, year arter year, fro's long as they knowd of, jest 's ther gran'thers 'd done it afore un ; an' wan winter e'n, nigh on a hunnerd n' thutty year gone to now, tha wor makin' ready for wakin' the spring. Th' 'ad had a lot o' trooble thruff th' winter, sickness 'n what not 'd bin bad i' th' pla'ace ; an' th' darter, a rampin' young maid, wor grow'd whoite 'n wafflin' loike a bag o' bo'ans, stead o' bein' th' purtiest lass i' th' village as a'd bin afore. Day arter da'ay a growed whiter 'n sillier, till a cudn't stan upo's feet more 'n a new born babby, an' a cud on'y lay at th' winder watchin' an' watchin' th' winter crep' awa'ay. An' "Oh mother," a'd kep sa'ayin' ower 'n ower agin ; "ef a cud on'y wake th' spring with 'ee agin, mebbe th' Green Mist 'd mek ma strong 'n well, loike th' trees an' th' flowers an' th' co'n i' th' fields."

An' tha mother 'd comfort her loike, 'n promise 'at she'd coom wi' em agean to th' wakin', an' grow 's strong 'n straight 's iver. But da'ay arter da'ay a got whiter 'n

wanner, till a looked, ma gran'ther said, loike a snow-fla'ake fadin' i' th' sun; an' day arter da'ay' th' winter crep by, an' th' wakin' o' th' spring wor amost theer. Th' pore maid watched 'n waited for th' toime fur goin' to th' fields; but a 'd got so weak 'n sick 'at a knowed a cudn't git ther wi' th' rest. But a wudn't gi'n oop fur ahl that; an' 's mother mun sweer 'at she 'd lift th' lass to th' door-sil, at th' comin' o' the Green Mist, so 's a mowt toss oot th' bread 'n salt o' th' yarth her o'an sel' an' wi' her o'an pore thin han's.

An' still th' da'ays went by, an' th' foak wor goin' o' yarly morns, to lift the spud i' th' fields; an' th' comin' o' th' Green Mist wor lookit for ivery dawning.

An wan even th' lass, as 'd bin layin', wi' 's eyne fixed o' th' little gy'arden said to 's mother:

“Ef tha Green Mist don't come i' tha morn's dawnin'—a'll not can wait fur 't longer. Th' mools is ca'allin' ma, an' tha seeds is brustin' as'll bloom ower ma he'ad; a know't wa'al, mother—'n yit, if a cud on'y see th' spring wake wanst agin!—mother—a sweer a'd axe no more 'n to live 's long 's wan o' them cowslips as coom ivery year by th' ga'ate, an' to die wi' th' fust on 'em when tha summer 's in.”

The mother whisht tha maid in fear; fur tha bogles 'n things as they b'leevd in wor allus gainhand, an' cud hear owt as wor said. They wor niver sa'afe, niver aloan, the pore fo'ak to than, wi' th' things as tha cudn't see, an' cudn't he'ar, allus roon 'em. But th' dawn o' th' nex' da'ay browt th' Green Mist. A comed fro' th' mools, an' happed asel' roon' iverythin', green 's th' grass i' summer sunshine, 'n sweet-smellin' 's th' yarbs o' th' spring; an' th' lass wor carried to th' door-sil, wheer a croom'led th' bread 'n salt on to th' yarth wi' 's o'an han's an' said the stra'ange au'd wo'ds o' welcoming to th' new spring. An a lookit to the ga'ate, wheer th' cowslips growed, an' than wor took ba'ack to 's bed by th' winder, when a slep loike a babby, an' dreamt o' summer an' flowers an' happiness. Fur fither 'twor th' Green Mist as done it, a can't tell'ee more 'n ma gran'ther said, but fro' that da'ay a growed stronger 'n

prettier nor iver, an' by th' toime th' cowslips wor buddin' a wor runnin' aboot, an' laughin' loike a very sunbeam i' th' au'd cottage. But ma gran'ther tould 's as a wor allus so white 'n wan, while a lookit loike a will-o-th'-wyke flittin' aboot ; an' o th' could da'ays a'd sit shakin' ower th' foire, an' 'd look nigh de'ad, but whan th' sun 'd coom oot, a'd da'ance an' sing i' th' loight, 'n stretch oot 's arms to 't 'sifa on'y lived i' th' warmness o' t. An' by 'n by th' cowslips brust ther buds, an' coom i' flower, an' th' maid wor growed so stra'ange an' beautiful 'at they wor nigh feared on her—an' ivery mornin' a'd kneel by th' cowslips 'n watter 'n tend 'em 'n da'ance to 'em i th' sunshine, while th' mother 'd stan' beggin' her to leave 'em, 'n cried 'at she'd have 'em pu'd oop by th' roots 'n throwed awe'ay. But th' lass 'd on'y look stra'ange at a, 'n sa'ay—soft 'n low loike :

“Ef thee are'nt tired o' ma, mother—niver pick wan o' them flowers ; they'll fade o' ther sel's soon enuff—ay, soon enuff—thou knows !” An' tha mother 'd go'a back to th' cottage 'n greet ower th' wo'k ; but a niver said nowt of her trooble to th' neebors—not till arter'ds. But wan da'ay a lad o' th' village stopped at th' ga'ate to chat wi' 'em, an' by-'n-by, whiles a wor gossipin' a picked a cowslip 'n pla'ayed wi' t. Th' lass didn't see what a'd done ; but as he said goodbye, a seed th' flower as 'd fa'allen to th' yarth at 's feet. “Did thee pull that cowslip?” a said—lookin' stra'ange 'n white wi' wan han' laid ower her he'art.

“Ay” said he—'n liftin' 't oop, a gi'n it to her smilin' loike, 'n thinkin' what 'n 'a pretty maid it wor.

She looked at th' flower an' at th' lad, an' ahl roon' aboot her ; at th' green trees, an' th' sproutin' grass, an' th' yaller blossoms ; an' oop at th' gowlden shinin' sun itsel' ; an' ahl to wanst, shrinkin' 's if th' light a'd loved so mooch wor brennin' her, a ran into th' hoose, wi' oot a spoken wo'd, on'y a so't o' cry, loike a dumb beast i' pain, an' th' cowslip caught close agin her bre'ast.

An' then—b'leeve it or not as 'ee wull—a niverspo'ak agin, but la'ay on th' bed, starin' at th' flower in 's han' an' fadin'

as it faded ahl thruff th' da'ay. An' at th' dawnin' ther wor on'y layin' o' th' bed a wrinkled, whoite, shrunken dead thing, wi'in 's han' a shrivelled cowslip; an' th' mother covered 't ower wi' th' clo's an' thowt o' th' beautiful joyful maid da'ancin' loike a bird i' th' sunshine by th' gowden noddin' blossoms, on'y th' da'ay go'an by. Th' bogles 'd heerd a an' a'd gi'n 's wish; a'd bloomed wi' th' cowslips an' a'd fa'ded wi' th' first on 'em! and ma gran'ther said as 'twor ahl 's treue 's de'ath!

“YALLERY BROWN.”

A've heerd tell as how tha bogles an' boggarts wor main bad in tha au'd toimes, but a can't rectly sa'ay as a iver seed ony o' un masel'; not rectly bogles, that is, but a'll tell thee 'bout Yallery Brown—ef a wornt a boggart, a wor main near it, an' a knowed un masel'. So its a'al true—stra'ange an' true a' tell thee.

A wor workin' on tha High Farm to than, an' nobbut a lad o' sixteen or mebbe aw'teen years—an' ma mither an' foaks doolt down by tha pond yonner, at tha far en' o' tha village. A had tha stables 'n such to see to, an' tha hosses to he'p wi', an' odd jobs to do, an' tha wo'k wor ha'ard, but tha pay good. A reckon a wor an idle scamp, fur I cudn't abide ha'ard wo'k, an a lookit forrard a'al tha week to Sundays, when a'd wa'alk doon hoam, an' not go'a back till darklins. By tha green lane a cud get to tha fa'arm in a matter o' twenty minutes, but ther used ter be a pa'ad 'cross tha west field yonner, by tha side o' tha spinney, an' on past tha fox cover an' so to tha ramper, an' a used ter go'a that aw-a'ay; 'twor longer for one thing, an' a worn't niver in a hurry to get ba'ack to tha wo'k', an' t'wor still an' pleasant loike o' summer noights, oot i' tha broad silent fields, mid tha smell o' tha growin' things. Fo'ak said as tha spinney wor ha'anted, an' fur sure a ha' seed lots o' fairy stones an' rings an' that, 'long tha grass edge; but a niver seed nout i' tha way o' horrors an' boggarts, let alone Yallery Brown, as a

sa'aid afore. But theer, a must git on fa'aster. Wan Sunday a wor wa'alkin' 'cross tha west field, 'twer a beautiful July noight, wa'arm an' still an' th' air wor full o' little sounds 's thoff tha trees' 'n grass wor chatterin' to ther-sels. An a'al to wanst ther cam a bit ahead o' me the pitifullest greetin' 's 'iver a heerd, sob, sobbin', loike a barn spent wi' fear, an' nigh heart-bro'aken; breakin' aff into a moan an' thin risin' agean in a long whimperin' wailin' 'at ma'ade ma feel sick nobbut to ha'ark to 't. A wor allus fon' o' babbies, too, an' a began to look iverywheers fur tha pore creetur. "Mun be Sally Bratton's", a thout to masel'; "a wor allus a floighty thing, an' niver looked arter th' brat. Like 's not, a's fla'antin' 'bout th' la'anes, an' 's clean furgot tha babby." But thoff a looked an' looked, a cud see nowt. Na'athless tha sobbin' wor at ma very ear, so tired loike 'n sorrowful that a kep' cryin' oot—"Whisht, barn, whist! a'll tak thee ba'ack to tha mither ef thee'lt on'y hush tha greetin'."

But fur a'al ma lookin' a' cud fin' nowt. A keekit unner tha hedge by tha spinney side, an' a clumb ower 't, an' a sowl up an' doon by, an' mid tha trees, an' throff tha long grass an' weeds, but a on'y froighted some sleepin' birds, an' sting'd ma own ha'ands wi' tha nettles. A fa'ound nowt, an' a fair' guv' oop to la'ast; so a stood ther scra'atchin' ma hee-ad an' clean be't wi' 't a'al, an' presently tha wimperin' gat louder 'n stronger i' tha quietness, an' a thout a cud mak' oot wo'ds o' some so't. A harkened wi' a'al ma ears, an' tha sorry thing wor sa'ayin' a'al mixed oop wi' sobbin'—

"O, oh! tha stoan, tha great big stoan! ooh! ooh! tha stoan on top!"

Natrally a won'ered wheer tha stoan mowt be, an' a lookit agean, an' theer by tha hedge bottom wor a gre'at flat sto'an, nigh buried i' tha mools, an' hid i' tha cotted grass an' weeds. Won o' they stoans as wer used to ca'all tha "Strangers' Tables"—what sa'ay—Oh! a'll tell thee 'bout 'em efter'ds, but tha Stra'angers (tha'at 's tha good fo'ak, seest tha) da'anced on un o' moonloight noights 'n so a wor niver maddled wi', nat'rally; 't is ill luck, thou knaws't, t' cross tha

Tiddy People. Hawiver, doon a fell on ma knee-bones by tha stoan, an' harkened agean. Clearer nor iver, but tired an' spent wi' greetin' cam tha little sobbin' voice—"Ooh! ooh! tha stoan, tha stoan on top." A wor gey'an misloiken' to maddel wi' tha thing, but a cudna stan' tha whimperin' babby, an' a tore loike mad at the stoan, till a felt un liftin' fro' tha mools, an' a'al to wanst a cam wi' a sough, oot o' tha damp yarth an' tha tangl'd grass 'n growin' things. An' ther, i' tha ho'al la'ay a tiddy thing on 's ba'ack, blinkin' oop at tha moon an' at me. 'Twor no'an bigger 'n a ye'ar au'd brat, but a'd long cotted hair an' beard, twisted roon' an' roon's body so's a cudna see's clouts; an' tha hair wer a'al yaller an' shinin' an' silky, loike a barn's; but tha face o't wor au'd an' 's if t'wer hunnerds o' years sin' 'twer young an' smooth. Just a he'ap o' wrinkles, an' two bright bla'ack eyne i' tha mid, set in a lot o' shinin' yaller hair; an' tha skin wor tha colour o' tha fresh turned yarth i' tha spring—brown 's brown cud be, an' s barehan's an' feet wor brown loike the fa'ace o' un. Tha greetin' 'd stoppit, but tha tears wor stannin' on's cheek, an' tha tiddy thing looked mazed loike i' tha moonshine an' tha night air. A wor wonnerin' what a'd do, but by en by he scammell'd oot o' tha ho'al, an' studd lookin' 'bowt un, an' at masel'. He wor'nt oop to ma knee, but a wor tha quarest creetur a iver set eyes on. Brown an' yaller a'al over; yaller an' brown, as a tow'd tha afvore, an' wi' sich 'n a glint in 's eyne, an' sieh 'n a weezen'd fa'ace, 'at a felt feared on un, fur a'al 's wor so tiddy 'n au'd.

Tha creetur's eyne got some used loike to tha moonloight, an' presently a lookit oop i' ma fa'ace 's bould 's iver wor. "Tom," says he, "thou'st a good lad!" 's cool 's thou can think, says he, "Tom, thou'st a good lad!" an' s voice wor soft an' high an' pipin' loike a little bird twitterin'.

A touched ma hat, an' began to think what a'd oughter sa'ay; but a wer clemmed wi' froight an' a cudn't open ma gob. "Houts!" says tha thing agean, "Tha needn't be feared o' me; thou'st done me a better to'n nor tha knowst,

ma lad, an' a'll do 's much fur thee." A cudn't speak yet, but a thowt, "Lord! fur sure 'tis a bogle!"

"Noa!" says he 's quick 's quick, "a be no'on a bogle, but tha best not ask ma what a be; annyways a be a good friend o' thine." Ma very knee-bones struck, for sartainly an ord'ner body cudn't ha' know'd what a'd been thinkin' to masel', but he looked sae koind loike, an' spoke sae fair, tha'at a ma'ade bold to get oot, a bit quavery loike—

"Mowt a be axin' to know'a yer honour's neame?"

"H'm," sa'ays he, pullin' 's beard, "as for tha'at"—an' he thow't a bit—"ay so," he went on to la'ast, "Yallery Brown tha may'st ca'al me, Yallery Brown; t'is ma natur seest tha, an' as for a neame 't will do 's well 's on'y other. Yallery Brown, Tom, Yallery Brown 's thy friend, ma lad."

"Thankee, measter," sa'ays a, quite meek loike.

"An' now," he sa'ays, "a 'm in a hurry to noight, but tell me quick, wha'at 'll a do fur tha. Wilt hev' a wife? A can give tha tha rampinist lass i' tha toun. Wilt be rich? A 'll give thee gould 's much as thou can carry; or wilt have he'p wi' thy wo'k? On'y say tha wo'd."

A scrach't ma he'ad. "Well, 's fur a wife, a hev no han-kerin' efter sich; they're but bothersome bodies, an' a hev winmen fo'ak to hoam as 'll men' ma clouts; an' fur gou'd tha'at 's as may be," fur, seest thou, a thowt he wor ta'alkin' on'y; an mebbe he cudna do 's much 's he sa'aid, "but for wo'k, theer, I cayn't abide wo'k, an' ef thou 'lt give ma a he'pin' hand in 't a 'll thank"—"Stop," sa'ays he, quick 's lightenin', "a 'll he'p tha 'n welcome, but ef iver tha sa'ayst *tha-at* to ma—if ever tha *tha'ank* ma, seest tha? thou 'lt niver see ma more. Min' that now; a *wa'ant* no tha'anks, a 'll *hev* no tha'anks, do' tha hear?" an' he stampt 's tiddy foot on tha yarth an' looked 's wicked 's a ragin' bull.

"Min' tha'at now, grea'at lump 's tha be," he we'ent on, ca'almin' doun a bit, "an' ef iver tha need 's he'p, or gets into trooble, call on ma an' jist sa'ay, ' Yallery Brown, come fro tha mools, a want tha!' an' a 'll be wi' tha to

wanst ; an' now," says he, pickin' a dandelion puff, "good noight to tha," an' he blowed it oop, an' it a'al coom in ma eyne an' ears. Soon 's a cud see agean tha tiddy crectur wor go'one, an but fur tha stoan on en' an' tha ho'al at ma feet, a 'd a thowt a 'd bin dreamin'.

Well, a want ho'am an' to bed ; an' by tha mo'nin' a'd nigh furgot ahl about 'un. But when a went to th' wo'k, thur wor none to do ! ahl wor done a'ready, th' hosses seen to, tha stables cleaned oot, iverythin' in 's proper pla'ace, an' a 'd nowt to do but sit wi' ma han's in ma pockets. An' so 't went on da'ay arter da'ay, ahl th' wo'k done by Yallery Brown, 'n better done, too, than a cud ha' done 't masel'. An' ef tha measter gi'n ma more wo'k, a sat doon by, an' tha wo'k done itsel', tha singin' irons, or tha besom, or what not, 'set to, an' wi' ne'er a han' put to un' 'd get thruff in no toime. Fur a niver seed Yallery Brown o' da'ay-light ; on'y in th' da'arklins a ha seed un hoppin' aboot, loike a wull-o-th'-wyke wi'oot 's lanthorn.

To fust, 'twor mighty fine fur ma ; a 'd nowt to do'a, an' good pa'ay fur 't ; but by-'n-by, things 'gun to go arsy-varsy. Ef tha wo'k wor done fur me'a, 'twor *undone* fur th' other lads ; ef *ma* boockets wor filled, *theers* wor oopset ; ef *ma* tools wor sha'arped, *theers* wor blunted 'n sp'iled ; ef *ma* hosses wor cle'an 's daisies, *theers* wor spla'ashed wi' mooock, an' so on ; day in an' da'ay oot, 'swor allus the se'ame. An' th' lads seed Yallery Brown flittin' about o' noights, an' tha seed tha things wo'kin' wi'oot han's o' da'ays, an' tha seed as ma wo'k wor done fur ma, an *theers undone* fur them ; an' nat'rally they 'gun to look shy on ma, an' tha wudn't spe'ak or coom nigh ma, an' tha carried ta'ales to th' measter an' so things want fro' bad to wuss.

Fur, seest tha? a cud do nothin' masel'; tha brooms wud'nt sta'ay in ma han', th' plough ran awa'ay fro' ma, th' hoe kep' oot o' ma grip. A'd thowt oft as' a'd do ma o'an wo'k arter all, so's mebbe Yallery Brown 'd leave me 'n ma neebours alo'an. But a cudn't—treue 's de'ath a cudn't. A cud on'y sit by 'n look on, 'n hev th' could shouther to'ned on ma,

whiles th' onnat'ral thing wor maddlin' wi' th' others, 'n wo'kin' fur me'a.

To last, things got so bad that th' measter gi'n ma tha sack, 'n ef he hadn't, a do b'leeve as ahl th' rest o' th' lads 'd a sacked *him*, fur tha swore as tha'd not sta'ay on sa'ame garth wi' mea. Well, nat'rally a felt bad; 'twor a main good pla'ace, an' good pa'ay too; an' a wor fair mad wi' Yallery Brown, as 'd got ma into sich 'n a trooble. So afore a knowt a shuk ma fist i' th' air an' called oot 's lood 's a cud, "Yallery Brown, coom fra tha mools; thou scamp, a want tha!"

Thou'll sca'arce b'leeve it, but a 'd 'ardly brung oot th' wo'ds as a felt suthin' tweakin' ma leg behin', while a joomped wi' th' smart o' 't; and soon 's a looked doon, theer wor th' tiddy thing, wi' 's shinin' hair, 'n wrinkled fa'ace, an' wicked glintin' black eyne.

A wor in a fine rage, an' 'd loiked to ha' kicked un, but 'twor no'on good, there worn't enuff on un to git ma boot agin'; but a said to-wanst, "Look here, measter, ahl thank thee to leave ma alo'an arter this, dost hear? a want none o thy he'p, an' a'll hev nowt more to do with ee—see now."

Th' horrid thing brak oot wi' a screechin' laugh, an' p'inted 's brown finger at ma. "Ho, ho, Tom!" says a. "Thoust tha'anked me, ma lad, an' a towld thee not, a towld thee not!"

"A don't want thy he'p, a tell thee," a yelled at un—"a ony want niver to see thee agean, an' to ha' nowt more to do with 'ee—thou can go—" but a won't tell 'ee ahl a said, fur a wor fair ma'ad.

Tha thing on'y laught' 'n screeched 'n mocked, 's long 's a went on sweerin', but so soon 's ma bre'ath gi'n oot,—

"Tom, ma lad," he said wi' a grin, "a'll tell'ee summat, Tom. True 's tre-ue a'll niver he'p thee ag'ean, an' call 's thou will, thou'll niver see ma arter to-da'ay; but a niver said 's a 'd leave thee alo'an, Tom, an' a niver wull, ma lad! A wor nice an' sa'afe unner th' stoun, Tom, an' cud do no ha'arm; but thou let ma oot thy-sel', an' thou can't put ma

back agean! A wud ha bin thy friend 'n wo'k fur'ee ef thou 'd a bin wise; but sin thou bee'st no more 'n a born fool a'l give 'ee no more 'n 'a born fool's luck; an' when all goes arsy-varsy, an iverythin' a gee—thou'll mind as its Yallery Brown's doin', thoff mappen thou disn't see un. Ma'ark ma wo'ds, wull ee?"

An he 'gan to sing, dancin' roon' ma, loike a barn wi' 's yaller hair, but lookin' au'der nor iver wi' 's grinnin' wrinkled bit o' a fa'ace:

“Wo'k as thou wull
Thou'll niver do well;
Wo'k as thou mowt
Thou'll niver gain owt;

Fur harm an' mischance an' Yallery Brown
Thou 's let oot thy-sel' fro' unner th' sto'an.”

A! a said they very wo'ds, an' they ha ringed in ma cars iver sence, over 'n over agean, loike a bell tollin' fur tha buryin', an' facks, it *wor* th' buryin' o' ma luck—fur a niver 'd any sence. Hawiver, th' imp stood theer mockin' 'n grinin' at ma, an' choocklin' loike th' au'd de'il's o'an wicked se'f.

An', man!—a can't reetly min' what he said nex'. 'Twor ahl cussin' 'n callin' doon' misfortin on ma; but a wor so ma'azed in froight that a cud on'y stan' theer, shakin' all ower ma, 'n starin' doon at th' horrid thing; an' a reckon ef he'd a gone on long, a 'd a tummelt doon in a fit. But by-'n-by, 's yaller shinin' hair—a can't abide yaller hair sence that—riz oop in th' air, an' wrapt itsel roon'un, while a lookit fur all th' worl' loike a great dandelion puff; 'n a flo'ated awa'ay on th' win' ower tha wa'll 'n out o' soight, wi' a partin' skirl o' s wicked voice 'n sneerin' laugh.

A tell thee, a wor nigh de'ad wi fear, an' a cayn't sca'arcely tell how a iver got hoam at all, but a did somehow, a s'pose.

Well, that's all; it's not much of a ta'ale, but it's *tre-ue*, ivery wo'd o't, an' theer's others aside mea as ha seed

Yallery Brown an' know'd 's evil tricks—an' did it come *treue*, sayst tha? Ma wo'd ! but it did, sure 's de'ath! A ha' wo'ked here an' theer, an' to'ned ma han' to this 'n that, but it allus want agee, an' tis ahl Yallery Brown's doin'. The childer died, an' my wife didn't—thou knows what *she* be, thou can hear her tongue a mile off; 'n a cud ha spa'ared *her*—tha beasts niver fatted, an' nuthin' ever did well wi' ma; a'm geyan au'd noo, an' a'll must en' ma da'ays in th' Hoose, a reckon, but till a'm de'adan' buried, an' mappen even arter'ds, theer'll be no'on en' to Yallery Brown's spite at ma; an' da'ay in an' da'ay oot a hear un sa'ayin' whiles a sit here trem'lin'—

“Wo'k as thou wull
 Thou'll niver do well;
 Wo'k as thou mowt
 Thou'll niver gain owt;
 Fur harm an' mischance an' Yallery Brown
 Thou's let oot thy-sel' fro' unner th' sto'an.”

“THE DEAD HAND.”

Ay, the Cars wor a fearsome pla'ace i' they da'ays if all ta'ales be true. 'Twor afore my toime; but I hev heerd mony a stra'ange thing aboot un as 'd make thy skin creep to harken to. A can't sa'ay if they be all true; but a wudn't loike to sa'ay 'at they be'nt. A reckon theer wor quare things to than, an' mappen, fur all a knows, jest 's quare aboot 's to year; ony w'er growed too gran' to seen un. Anyways—a wudn't loike to do 's Long Tom Pattison did, 'case a mout come to th' sa'ame en'. Niver heerd on un? ooh, a'l can thee 'bout *that*, an' a reckon *that's* a true ta'ale hawiver.

He wor a wild slip of a lad, allus in mischeef, nobody 'd an evil wo'd agin un; fur wi' all 's tricks, a wor a decent lad, on'y too full o' 's fun, an' too wagggle-headed to min' what a wor doin' most toimes. Well, to than, as a said afore, theer wor he'aps o' ta'ales aboot, of boggarts 'n horrors 'n sich, a cayn't tell thee reetly what all; fo'ak wor geyan

skeered o' gruesome things an' 'ud niver goa oot o' noights alo'an by thersels. In th' inn o' evens all th' men-fo'ak 'ud wait, wan upon other, while tha cud all go ho'am together; an' even then, tha misloiked tha shadows an' tha da'ark corner-pla'aces, an' fingered ther safe-keeps all th' wa'ay ho'am.—What?—Oh, tha wor sort o' spells loike; nigh ivery wan had suthin' to ke'p th' evil things off, an' ma father ha' tould ma on many as a 'd seed. Ay, an' a ha seed un masel', bits o' paper wi' vares oot o' th' Bible, crinkled oop in a nutshell; three straws 'n a clover leaf tied wi a hair off of a dead man; or mebbe the clippins o' a dead wumman's nails, ef a cud get un. *That* wor a main good safe-keep, a ha' heered sa'ay. But i' ma toime, 'twor mostly Bible-spells or vares writ by a wise woman 'n sich-loike.

Wal, Long Tom wor nigh th' on'y man i' th' pla'ace as 'd niver a safe-keep at all; an' ivery wan said as he 'd rue 't some da'ay, an' s' mother wor allus beggin' an' prayin' un to carry wan wi' un as she 'd got fro' au'd Molly, the wise woman as doolt gainhan' to th' mill.

But he on'y laughed, an' niver a safe-keep would a hev. An' o' noights he 'd mock at th' men-fo'ak 'case they wor feared o' th' darklins, an' he 'd mak' oot as he seed things i' tha black corners, so 's to set them skeereder nor iver.

But wan noight at th' inn th' men-bodies to'ned on th' lad, an' said as he wor main ready to get 's fun oot o' them, but fur all that he worn't no'on better nor th' rest of 'um, when 't cum to maddlin' wi' th' bogles, or crossin' th' cars to evens i' tha darklins. An' tha silly lad, as 'd mebbe took more beer 'n he 'd oughter, fired oop, an' swore as a feared nowt, seen or unseen, an' a 'd cross th' cars wi' nobbut a lanthorn o' th' da'arkest noight o' th' year. Theer wor nigh a row at th' inn that noight, but to last they ca'almed thersel's doon a bit, an' 'twor sattled as Long Tom 'ud goa by tha pad 'cross tha Car' en', an' round by tha willow-s snag on th' verry nex' noight 's iver wor; an' ef a rued it, a mun gi'n oop floutin' at ither

fo'aks fur gittin' fe'ared i' th' da'arklins; "Begox," said th' silly creetur, "a'l not rue from ma wo'd, a promise 'ee; pack o' fools as y' are, what fur shu'd a cum to ha'arm i' th' Cars, wheer a mun goa nigh ivery da'ay in ma reg'lar wo'k?"

An' a spak so bould an' easy-loike that some o' th' youngsters 'gun to think 'at mebbe a wor reet arter all, 'n that tha bogles wor no'on so bla'ack, 's th' sa'ayin' is, 's tha wor pa'inted. But th' au'd uns know'd better'n that, an' shuk ther he'ads, an' wished 'at no ha'arm 'd cum o' th' boy's folly an' onbelievin' wa'ays. Well, nex' da'ay, they all thowt as Tom 'd rue 's wo'd soon's a'd thowt on it a bit; but fur all that th' men an' lads met at th' corner o' th' green lane, agin the cottage wheer a doolt wi's mother, cum the da'arklins. Whan they got theer tha cud hear tha au'd woman sobbin' an' scoldin' i' th' kitchen; an they 'gan to wun'ner if, arter all, th' lad ra'aly meant to cross th' Cars alo'an. An by'n by tha door wor flinged open, 'n oot he cam' laughin' loike mad, an' pullin' awa'ay fro's au'd mother, as wor tryin' to put suthin' in 's pocket, an' greetin' fit to break her heart.

"No'a, mother, a tell tha," tha lad wor sa'ayin', "a'l hev none o' tha spells 'n bobberies; stop tha whimperin', wilt tho'. A'll cum back sa'afe 'n soun' bye 'n bye; don't tha be a fool loike tha rest o' um, dost hear?" An' a sna'atched tha la'anthorn fra th' au'd woman, an' runn'd aff a-aughin' 'n floutin' th' la'ads, t'ords the Car'en'.

Tha men, some of un, tried t' stop th' la'ad, an' begged un not to goa, seest tha? an' Willie Kirby sa'aid: "A'll rue ma wo'ds ef tha do'a-ant rue thine; an' tha can flout 's so much as thee loikes, on'y sta-ay by, 'n do'ant goa yonner. Tha do'ant knaw what mowt 'appen to tha"; but Tom on'y la'ughed agean, an' snappit 's fingers i' Willy's fa'ace. "*That* fur tha boggart, an' thee to'oa!" a cried, an' ra'an th' fa'aster. So th' au'd fo'ak waggled ther he'ads an' went hoam hopin' fur th' best, but feelin' sore mischancy. Howiver, some o' th' youngsters thought sha'ame t' be feared, seem' as Tom recked nowt o'

th' horrors, an' mebbe a dozen o' um follered un down th' pa'ad 's led to th' Cars ; but tha wor no so sure o' ther-sels, an' wor skeery enuff whe'en tha fa'and th' squishy yarth unner foot, an' saw tha glint o' tha lanthorn fa'allin' on tha bla'ack watter hoals, gainha'and to th' pa'ad ; but on tha went, Long To'am mebbe thu'ty ya'ards ahead, singin' an' whistlin' 's bould 's cud be, an' behoind, tha la'ads, keepin' clo'ase t'gither, but gettin' less feared as tha got furder 'n furder into th' Cars, wi'oot seein' owt o' tha bogles 'n tha horrors. Hawiver, as tha coom nigh tha willa'-snag, th' win' coom oop tha valley, wi' a la'ang soughin' moa-an—chill 'n da'amp a coom'd fro' th' sea—wa'ailin' 's if a carried wi't a'ahl th' evil thin's as dool i' th' da'arkness an' tha shadows. Oot we'ent To'am's la'an-thorn, an' sich'n a skeery so'ort o' chill cum wi' th' soughin' win', 'at th' la'ad stop't 's singin' 'n sto'od stock still by tha willa'-sna'ag. Tha boys ahoind wor wuss nor him, tha dars'nt goa ba'ack an' tha dars'nt goa forra'd, tha cud on'y stan' trem'lin' an' prayin' 'n holdin' on to ther sa'afe-keeps i' th' da'arkness, an' waitin' fur suthin' ta 'appen.

An' than, tha things 'at To'am wor so onbeleevin' about, tha'ay coomed, tha'ay did—th' horrors o' th' air, an' th' horrors o' th' watters, an' tha slimy, creepin' things, an' th' cryin' wa'ailin' things—till tha noight, as 'd bin so quiet 'n still, wor full o' movin' shadows an' dim girnin' fa'aces wi' bla'azin' cyne 'n wa'ailin' voices.

An' closer 'n closer tha coom roond La'ang To'am as a stood wi' 's ba'ack agen tha sna'ag an' 's ha'ands in 's pockets, tryin' to keep 's heart oop. Tha very da'arkness seemed aloive wi' un, an' th' air wor thick wi' ther wa'ailin'. Tha la'ads ahoind un, wor on ther knee-boanes by ne'ow, prayin' for dear loife, an' ca'allin' on tha sa'aints an' th' Vargin an' tha wise wimmen to sa'ave um ; but tha cud see as To'am wor sta'an'in' wi' 's ba'ack agen the sna'ag, an' seed 's whoite fa'ace an' angry cyne thruff tha thringin' shadows atween um. An' presently, tha sa'aid efter'rds, tha heerd

To'am shoutin' an' sweer'n' as tha bla'ack things cum clo'aser 'n clo'aser, so 's tha cud on'y glimpse um now an' tha'an, an' then's 's arms wor thrown oop an' a 'pear'd to be foightin' an' strooglin' wi tha things about um, an' bye an' bye tha cud hear nobbut th' skirlin', la'affin', 'n wa'ailin', an' moanin' o' th' horrors, an' tha cud see nobbut th' shiftin' bla'ackness o' tha crowdin' shapes, till a'al to wanst tha da'arkness open'd oot an' straight afore um they seed Long To'am sta'anin' by tha sna'ag, 's fa'ace 's whoite 's de-ath an' starin' eyne, holdin' on wi wan ha'an to tha willa an' wi th' other stretch'd oot an' cla'asp'd in a ha'an wi'oot a body, as pulled un an' pulled un wi' a dreadful strongness t'ords tha bla'ack bog beyont th' pa'ad. An' tha cud see 'at tha loight as flickered on Tom's fa'ace coom fro' tha Dead Han' itsel, wi th' rottin' flesh droppin' off tha mouldy bo'ans, an' its dreadful fingers grippin' tight hol' o' Tom's han', 'zif tha wor growed together. Stronger 'n stronger it pulled, 'an to last tha lad gi'n oop 's hold, an' wor dragged fro' tha snag an' off tha pad, an' shriekin' wi' a great cry, loike mebbe a sowl in hell, a wor swallered oop i' tha da'arkness. Efter that th' lads cud sca'arce tell what hapt wi 'em. Th' horrors cum roond um, an' skirled an' flouted 'em; but tha niver ha'armed un 'case of their safe-keeps an' ther prayers; but tha howled at un, an' ploocked at un, till tha pore things wor cle'an mazed wi' froight, an' sick wi' tha a'efulness o' it. An' a can't raly tell 'ce what'n a wa'ay tha wor got oot o' tha ter'ble bogs; a've heerd tell as wan creepit oop th' pad on 's han's an' kneecbo'ans, an' another wor fun' layin' in a watter-ho'al, an' so, by 'n by, th' foak as'd coom doon fro' th' toon, got 'em ahl oot; but tha lads wor fair oot o' ther wits wi' fear, an' tha cudn't tell what 'd coom o' Long Tom. Whenever tha fo'ak axed wheer a mowt be, tha 'gun to screech an' sob wi' terror, so tha cud get nuthin' oot o' th' critters that noight. But tha nex' da'ay, when they heerd ahl about 'un, th' fo'ak went, nat'rally i' th' good sun loight, into th' cars, an' tha sowt, an' sowt fur Long Tom, an' 's

poor au'd mother ca'alled an' cried on 'un, an' swore 'at a cudna live wi'oot her on'y son, her babby, an' she a pore widder woman. But ne'er a tra'ace o' tha lad cud a fin'. Tha women tuk th' au'd mother ba'ack to th' cottage, an' tried to comfort her 'n hush her greetin'; but tha creetur tore awa'ay from un, loike a mad thing, an' rin back to th' Cars, an' 'gun ca'allin' 'n ca'allin' on her son, jist 's afore, to cum back to 's poor lone mother, 'n she a widow. Ower 'n ower agin a cried 'n wailed arter a' son, an' tha cud do nowt to hush a'. So tha mun le'ave her alo'an, fur tha cud fin' nowt o' tha lad, an' as th' da'ays went on th' fo'ak want to ther wo'k agin, an' th' boys as 'd follered Tom into th' ma'ashes crep aboot scared 'n whoite 'n tremlin', an' a'd amost think as iverythin' wor th' sa'ame as 'd bin afore, but Tom 'd niver coom back. An' noight arter noight thur wor a la'amp flarin' in th' winder o' th' cottage at th' lane en', an' th' au'd mother sat theer waitin' on her bo'oy, an' tha door stud open fro' tha darklins to tha dawnin'. An' ahl da'ay long, the au'd woman wan'ered aboot th' Cars, ca'allin' an' ca'allin' on her son to coom ba'ack, coom back to s' mother, 'n she a widder!

Tha foak wor sort o' skeered on her, an' 'd git oot o's wa'ay to let her go by, fur a flitted aboot loike wan o' th' bog things thesel's, a wor so grey 'n bent 'n wrinkled 'n sorrowful.

So tha da'ays want on, an' 'twor m' seventh even sence Tom 'd bin dra'agged into th' ma'ashes, when all to wanst jist afore th' da'arklins, th' fo'ak sa'anterin' by th' edge o' th' Cars, as a 'd took to doin' since th' lad 'd bin lost, well, th' fo'ak heerd a gre'at cry, 'n agean a great cry, so full o' wunner 'n joy, 'at it wor sort o' gruesome to ha'arken to 't. An' as tha stood waitin' an' wonnerin' tha seed tha au'd mother scurryin' along o' th' pad t'ords un, beckonin' 'n wavin' loike mad. 'Twor a bit skeery, but nath'less, off tha went arter a, so fa'ast as ther bo'ans 'd tak 'um, oot into th' ma'ashes, an' oop to th' willer-snag, an' theer, while tha ca'ht oop wi' a, sat Long Tom, wi' 's back agin

th' snag, an' 's feet i' th' watter! Theer a sat, wi' 's mother greetin' ower un, an' kissin' ivry bit o' un by to'ns; but ma faith! what 'n 'a cha'anged crectur a wor! A's back wor bent, an' 's limbs wor shakin' loike an au'd gran'ther, 's gre'at bla'azin' eyne glared in 's whoite wrinkled fa'ace, an' 's hair, as 'd bin so bra'oun 'n co'ly, wor hangin' i' long wisps o' whoite 'n gray ivery wa'ays to wanst.

Wi' wan han', a kep' p'intin', p'intin' at suthin', an' starin' at suthin', 's if a seed nowt else; an' whur th' other han' 'd oughter bin, th' han' as 'd bin gript by th' dreadful Dead Fingers—ther wor nobbut a ragged bleedin' stump—th' han' 'd bin pulled clean off! An' theer a sat, gibbering, girnin', an' grinnin' at th' horrors, as nobbut hissself cud see! Ah!—an' none iver knowed what a *did* see, or what a 'd seed ahl th' awfull noights 'n da'ays, as 'd doolt wi' th' horrors, none iver knowed wheer a 'd bin, or what wa'ay a coom back, more'n tha bleedin' stump cud tell um of a stroogle an' a tooggin' fur dear loife, wi' th' a-hful Han', fur Long Tom Pattison niver spo'ak a wo'd agin, arter a wor fun' by th' snag, wi's mother croonin' an' fondlin' about un. Ah! da'ay long a'd sit i' th' sun, or by th' foire, grinnin' an' girnin'; an' ahl noight long, a 'd wan'ner roon th' edge o' th' Cars, screechin' an' moanin' loike a thing i' torment, wi' 's pore au'd mother follerin' loike a dog at heel, beggin' an' prayin' un to coom ho'am, 'n 'if won o' 's au'd ma'ates 'd stop to look at un, 's mother 'd sa'ay—pattin' th' he'ad o' th' pore silly crectur—"A *said* a'd coom hoam, an' a did; ma babby did acoom ho'am to 's mother, 'n she a widder woman!"

Ay—that's ahl theer wor of it; it's not much of a story—but seest tha, 't ahl coom o' 's onbelievin' ways, as led un into 't to fust. What? Noa, a didn't live more'n about a year, mappen. An' whan a wor de'ad th' women took 's mother awa'ay, an' tried to kep' a fro' gittin' ba'ack to un; but when tha want to put th' lad in 's coffin fur th' buryin', theer she wor, stoock oop i' th' co'ner of th' bed, wi' him i' her a'arms, nussin' un as 'd used to do while a wor a tiddy

thing, an' de'ad—de'ad—loike tha son upo' her knees. Tha fo'ak said as how she wor smilin' loike a babby sleepin'; but o' th' fa'ace o' him, ah, theer wor 'n *ahful* look, 's if th' horrors 'd follered un an' fott un fur ther o'an.

An' tha *do* tell 's Long Tom niver rested in 's pla'ace i' th' kirkgarth, an' that o' dark noights afore th' Cars wor dra'ained, a want moanin' oop an' doon by th' edge o' th' bog, wi' 's au'd mother trailin' efter 'm, an' i' th' mid o' th' shriekin' an' sobbin' fo'ak said as tha cu'd hear tha au'd woman's voice, whimperin' oot, as 'd done so often i' li'fe :

“ A coom back to 's mother, 'n she a widder ! ”

THE STRANGERS' SHARE.

A dessa'ay 's fo'ak ha' tellt 'ee he'aps 'bout 'n tha bogles 'n ahl o' they things i' th' au'd toimes. A ha' heerd stra'ange ta'ales masel', from th' gran'ther 'n gran'mur ; but tha wor main grewsome loike ta'ales, as a set ma shakin' on'y to harken to when a wor a brat ; a loiked better whan tha ta'alked o' th' Stra'angers. Hasn't thou heerd tell on them ? That's odd, now. Theer wor he'aps on 'em, to than ; ay, an' a be still, a tell 'ee—a've secd un no la'ater 'n—but, theer, thou 'll on'y flout at ma, ef a tell 'ee they au'd ta'ales. Wa'al—ef 'ee wull—mun ha' thy wa'ay ! Maids be fractious bodies when they're crossed—nigh so bad 's th' Stra'angers thersel's !

But, moind, thou'll no tell th' wimmen-fo'ak ; fur ef they thowt as a b'leevd they ta'ales, tha 'd set th' pa'asson 'bout ma yearn to wanst. Ef a do b'leeve 'em ra'aly ? Ou—let that fle'a bide ! Mappen th' pa'asson fo'ak bea'nt so wise 's tha set oop to be'a ; an' 't'ud be ahk'ard ef arter a body died, a fun' as th' au'd fo'ak 'd bin i' th' roight arter ahl ! Annywa'ays a koind o' reckon 'tis well to ke'p in wi' bo'ath—see'st tha?—an' sort o' b'leeve nuthin' an' iverythin'—in a wa'ay.

But 'bout th' Stra'angers. Thou knows what they be —ay—thou 's geyan ready wi' th' wo'd, but it be'nt

chancy to ca'all 'em sich! Noa; an' ef thou'd seed 's much on 'em as a done, thou'd twist thy tongue into 'nother sha'ape, thou 'ould. Fo'ak i' these pa'arts, tha ca'alled um mostly tha "Stra'angers"; or th' "tidy people", 'ca'se tha wor none so big 's a new-born babby; or th' "Greencoatics", fro' ther green jackets; or mebbe th' "Yarthkin", sence tha doolt i' th' mools. But mostly th' Stra'angers, as a said afore: fur stra'ange tha be—i' looks 'n wa'ays—an' quare i' ther loikin's, an' stra'angers i' th' mid o' th' fo'ak.—Hev a seed un?—Ay, that a hev; often 'n often, an' no later 'n last spring. Tha be main tidy critters, no more'n a span hoigh, wi' a'arms 'n legs 's thin 's thread, but gre'at big feet 'n han'ds, 'n he'ads rowllin' 'bout on ther shouthers. Tha weers gra'ass-green jackets 'n breeches, 'n yaller bonnets, fur ahl th' wo'ld loike towdie-stools o' ther he'ads; 'n quare bit fa'aces, wi' long nosen, an' wide gobs, 'n great red tongues hangin' oot 'n flap-flappin' aboot. A niver heerd un sp'akin' 's a can moind on; but whan tha be fratched wi' owt, tha girns 'n ye'ps loike 'n angry hound, an' whan tha feels ga'ay 'n croodlesome, tha twitters an' cheeps 's soft an' fond 's th' tidy bi'ds.

In ma yoong da'ays, an' i' ma gran'ther's afore ma, tha Stra'angers wor more aba'out 'n to now, an' fo'ak wor no'on so feared on 'un 's thou'd ha' thowt. Tha wor mischeevius fractious bodies ef tha wor crossed, but so be's tha wor let alo'an tha done no'on ha'arm nor maddled wi' annybody; an' ef fo'ak wor good to 'm, tha niver furgot it, an' tha'd do owt to he'p un i' s' to'n.

O' summer noights tha da'anced i' tha moonshine o' th' great flat sto'ans 's thou sees aba'out; a do'ant knaw'a wheer tha come from, but ma gran'ther said 's how 's gran'ther's gran'ther 'd tou'd 'em, 'at long agone th' fo'ak set fire on tha sto'ans, 'n smeared 'un wi' blood, an' thowt a deal more on 'un than o' th' pa'asson bodies an' th' cho'ch.

An' o' winter evens tha Stra'angers 'd d'aance o' nights o' th' fire-pla'ace, whan tha fo'ak wor to bed; an' tha crickets pla'ayed fur 'n wi' roight good will. An' tha wor allus theer,

whativer wor goin' on. I th' har'st field, tha pu'd about th' yearn o' co'n, 'n tum'led mid th' stooble, 'n wrastled wi' th' poppie he'ads; an' i' th' spring o' th' year tha want to sha'akin' 'n pinchin' the tree-buds to mak' 'em come o'pen; an' tweakin' tha flower-buds, 'n cha'asin' th' butterflees, 'n toogin' th' wo'ms oot o' th' yarth; allus pla'ayin' loike tom-fools, but happy mischeevius bit creeturs, so long 's tha wor'nt crossed. Thou'd on'y to ho'd qui't 'n kep still 's de'ath an' thou'd see th' busy tiddy things rinnin' 'n pla'ayin' ahl roond tha.

Fo'ak thowt as tha Stra'angers he'ped th' co'n to ripen, an' ahl th' green things to grow'a; an' as tha p'inted th' purty colours o' th' flowers, an' th' reds 'n bra'owns o' th' fruit i' Yatum' an' th' yallerin' leaves. An' tha thowt 's how, ef tha wor fratched, th' things 'd dwine an' widder, an' th' har'st 'd fail, an' th' fo'ak go hungered. So tha did ahl's tha cud think on' to ple'ase th' tiddy people, an' kep' friends wi' un. I th' gy'ardens th' first flowers, 'n th' first fruit, 'n th' first cabbage, or what not, 'd be took to th' nighest flat sto'an, 'n laid theer fur tha Stra'angers; i' th' fields th' fust yearn o' co'n, or th' fust taters, wor guv to th' tiddy people; an' to ho'am, afore tha 'gun to y'eat their vittles, a bit o' bre'ad 'n a drop o' milk or beer, wor spilled o' th' fire place, to kep' th' greencoaties fro' hunger 'n thu'st. But 's toime went on th' foak growed so't o' careless. Tha want mappen more to th' cho'ch an' thowt less on th' Stra'angers, an' th' au'd wa'ays o' ther fa'athers afore un; tha furgot th' au'd ta'ales as 'd bin towld 'em by thur gran'thers; or mebbe tha thowt tha wor got so wise as tha knowed better nor ahl th' fo'ak o' da'ays gone by. Annyways, an' hawiver 't coom, th' flat sto'ans o' th' Stra'angers wor bare, an' th' fust'lins o' th' yarth wor kep' ba'ack, an' th' vittles wor swallowed, wi' ne'er a crumb fur th' fire pla'ace; an' th' tiddy people wor left to look arter theersel's an' to hunger 'n thu'st as tha listed.

A reckon tha Stra'angers cudn't mak' 't oot to fu'st. Mebbe tha ta'alked it ower 'mang thursel's, a cayn't sa'ay;

hawiver, fur long toime tha kep' still, an' niver showed 's tha wor fratched wi' th' fo'aks onfriendly wa'ays. Mappen to fust tha cudn't b'leeve as th' people 'd to'n careless on th' yarthkin' as 'd bin good neebors to 'm sence longer 'n a can tell 'ee; but 's toime want on tha cudn't he'p ta'akin' it fur treue, fur th' fo'ak got wuss 'n wusser ivery da'ay. Ay, an' tha tuk tha very sto'ans o' th' Stra'angers fro' th' fields an' th' la'ane sides, an' thrung 'em awa'ay.

So 't want on, an' th' yoongsters growed oop to men 'n winmen, an' sca'arce heerd tell on th' tidly people as 'd bin so friendly-loike wi' ther forbears. An' th' au'd fo'ak 'd nigh furgot ahl about 'em. But th' Stra'angers had'nt furgot—noa! tha minded wa'al, tha did, an' tha wor nobbut waitin' fur a good cha'ance to pay ba'ack the fo'ak fur ther mismanners. An' to last 't coom. 'Twor slow—jist as th' fo'ak 'd bin slow i' furgettin' ther wa'ays wi' th' tidly people; but 'twor sure—'twor sure 's hell-fire. Soomer arter Soomer th' har'st fa'ailed, an' th' green things dwined, an' th' beasts took sick; Soomer arter Soomer the crops coom to nowt, an' th' faver growed wuss, 'n th' childer peaked 'n died, 'n iverythin' tha put ther han's to want wrong n' arsy-varsy. Soomer arter Soomer 'twor, till th' fo'ak lost heart, 'n stead o' wo'kin i' th' fields a sat o' th' doorsil', or by th' foire, 'n waited fur th' coomin' o' better loock. But niver a soight o' better loock coom by; an' tha vittles got sca'arce, an' th' childer grat wi' hunger, an' th' babbies pined awa'ay. An' whan th' fa'athers looked to th' wimmin fo'ak, wi' ther dead babbies at ther breasts, 'n ther hungered eyne to'ned fro' th' sickly brats as grat fur bread, what cud tha do but drink till tha wor jolly 'n ther troobles furgot till nex' da'ay? An' by 'n by some o' th' wimmen took to th' sa'ame so't o' comfort, an' th' others took to eatin' thersel's stoopid wi' op'um, 's oft 's tha cud get it, an' tha childer died th' fa'aster, an' ahl wor so ter'ble 'at th' fo'ak thout as 'twor tha joodgement an' th' beginnin' o' hell 'tse'f.

But wan da'ay th' wise women met together an' tha did th' drefful things 's tha niver spe'ak on, an' wi' th' foire 'n

th' blood tha fund oot th' reets o't. An' tha want thruff th' ta'ouns an' thruff th' garths, an' into th' inns, 'n oop 'n da'oun th' la'ands, 'n tha ca'ahled oot to th' fo'ak to met 'em th' nex' even coom da'arklins. An' th' fo'ak wunnerd an' scratched ther he'ads, but th' nex' night, tha coom ahl to th' meetin'-pla'ace by th' cross-roads to year th' wise-women.

An' tha tellt un ahl as 'd fund oot; tha tellt em as' th' Stra'angers wor wo'kin agin 'em, maddlin' wi' iverythin'; wi' th' crops an' tha beasts, an' tha babes 'n th' childer; an' 'at ther on'y cha'ance, wor to mak' t oop wi' th' tiddy people. An' tha tellt un, how ther forbears 'd used ter kep friendly wi' th' Stra'angers; an' how tha gi'n 'em th' fustlings o' ahl—i' th' fields an' th' gyardens, 'n th' vittles, an' how by'n by tha gi'n oop ahl o' that so't, 'n fair to'ned ther ba'acks o' th' greencoaties. An' tha tellt em as th' tiddy people 'd bin main pa'atient 'n 'd wa'aited 'n wa'aited fur long, to see ef tha fo'ak 'd coom back to 'm; an' how to last, th' toime 'd coom to pa'ay 'm ba'ack, an' th' trooble an' th' bad toimes 'd coom as tha knowed wa'al. An' tha cried on ivery man as 'd seed 's beasts dwinin' an' ahl as a put han' to go'an arsy-varsy; an' to ivery woman as 'd heerd th' brats greet fur bre'ad 'n had none to gi' un, an' as 'd buried th' little weakly wans fro 's arms, to tak' oop wi' th' au'd wa'ays, 'n th' au'd ta'ales, 'n mak' friends age'an wi' th' tiddy people 'n git th' ill cha'ance took off of 'em; an' by'n by th' men wor grippin' han's 'pon it an' th' wimmen wor greetin' as tha thowt on th' dead babbies 'n th' hunger'd childer—an' tha ahl want ho'am to do ther best to put th' wrong reet.

Wa'al!—a caynt till 'ee 't ahl, but as' th' cuss o' th' Stra'angers coom, so 't ging; slowly, slowly th' mischance wor bettered. Tha tiddy people wor fratched, an' 'tworn't wan da'ay nor yit wan Soomer as 'd win ba'ack th' au'd toimes. But th' fustlins wor laid 'pon th' stoans, wheer-iver tha cud be fund; an' th' bre'ad an' th' drink wor spillt o' th' hearth-side as afore toime, an' th' au'd fo'ak tell't th'

childer ahl th' au'd ta'ales, an tow't 'em to b'leeve 'em an' to think a deal on th' bogles an' boggarts 'n th' green co'ated Stra'angers. An' slowly, slowly, tha tiddey people gi'n oop ther fractiousness, an' tha took oop agean wi' th' fo'ak, 'n took off th' mischance as 'd laid on 'em; an' slowly, slowly, th' har'sts bettered an' th' be'asts fatted, an' th' childer he'd oop ther he'ads, but t'worn't natheless ahl 's it us'ter bin. Tha men 'd took to th' gin an' th' wimmen to th' op'um; tha favers shuk 'em allers, an' th' brats wor yaller 'n illgrowed, an' thoff th' toimes bettered, an' th' fo'ak thruv, an' th' Stra'angers wor no'on onfriendly, still t'worn't none so ga'ay 's afore th' evil da'ays, whan tha hadn't knowd what 'twor to hunger 'n thu'st, an' afore th' kirkgarth wor so full wi' th' tiddey graves, an' th' cradles to ho'am so teem 's to than. Ah! 'n ahl that coom o' to'nin' fro' th' au'd wa'ays, an' a reckon 't's best to kep to 'm, lest mischance 'd be sent i' pa'ayment fur mismanners.

M. C. BALFOUR.

MANX

FOLK-LORE AND SUPERSTITIONS.

THE following paper exhausts no part of the subject : it simply embodies the substance of my notes of conversations which I have had with Manx men and Manx women, whose names, together with such other particulars as I could get, are in my possession. I have purposely avoided reading up the subject in printed books ; but those who wish to see it exhaustively treated may be directed to Mr. Arthur W. Moore's book on *The Folk-lore of the Isle of Man*, which has just been published by Mr. Nutt.

For the student of folk-lore the Isle of Man is very fairly stocked with inhabitants of the imaginary order. She has her fairies and her giants, her mermen and brownies, her kelpies and water-bulls.

The water-bull or *tarroo ushtey*, as he is called in Manx, is a creature about which I have not been able to learn much, but he is described as a sort of bull who disports himself about the pools and swamps. For instance, I was told at the village of Andreas, in the flat country forming the northern end of the island and known as the Ayre, that there used to be a *tarroo ushtey* between Andreas and the sea to the west : that was before the ground had been drained as it is now. And an octogenarian captain at Peel related to me how he had once when a boy heard a *tarroo ushtey* : the bellowings of the brute made the ground tremble, but otherwise the captain was unable to give me any very intelligible description. This bull is by no means of the same breed as the bull that comes from Welsh lakes to mix with the farmer's cattle, for in Wales the result is great fertility among the stock and an overflow of

milk and dairy produce, but in the Isle of Man the *tarroo ushtey* only begets monsters and strangely formed beasts.

The kelpie, or, rather, what I take to be a kelpie, was called by my informants a *glashtyn*; and Kelly, in his *Manx Dictionary*, describes the object meant as "a goblin, an imaginary animal which rises out of the water". One or two of my informants confused the *glashtyn* with the Manx brownie. On the other hand, one of them was very definite in his belief that it had nothing human about it, but was a sort of grey colt, frequenting the banks of lakes at night, and never seen except at night.

Mermen and mermaids disport themselves on the coasts of Man, but I have to confess that I have made no careful inquiry into what is related about them; and my information about the giants of the island is equally scanty. To tell you the truth, I do not recollect hearing of more than one giant, but that *was* a giant; for I have seen the marks of his huge hands impressed on the top of two massive monoliths. They stand in a field at Balla Kceill Pherick, on the way down from the Sloc to Colby. I was told there were originally five of these stones standing in a circle, all of them marked in the same way by the same giant as he hurled them down there from where he stood, miles away on the top of the mountain called Cronk yn Irree Laa. Here I may mention that the Manx word for a giant is *foaror*, in which a vowel-flanked *m* has been spirited away, as shown by the modern Irish spelling, *fomhor*. This, in the plural in old Irish, appears as the name of the *Fomori*, so well known in Irish legend, which, however, does not always represent them as giants, but rather as monsters. I have been in the habit of explaining the word as meaning *submarini*; but no more are they invariably connected with the sea. So another etymology recommends itself, namely, one which makes the *mor* in *fomori* to be of the same origin as the *mare* in the English *nightmare*, French *cauchemar*, German *mahr*, 'an elf', and cognate words. This suggestion comes from Dr. Whitley Stokes.

The Manx brownie is called the *Fenodyree*, and he is described as a hairy, clumsy fellow, who would, for instance, thrash a whole barnful of corn in a single night for the people to whom he felt well disposed; and once on a time he undertook to bring down for the farmer his wethers from Snæfell. When the Fenodyree had safely put them in an outhouse, he said that he had some trouble with the little ram, as it had run three times round Snæfell that morning. The farmer did not quite understand him, but on going to look at the sheep, he found, to his infinite surprise, that the little ram was no other than a hare, which, poor creature, was dying of fright and fatigue. I need scarcely point out the similarity between this and the story of Peredur, who, as a boy, drove home a doe with his mother's goats from the forest: he owned, as you will remember, to having had some trouble with the goat that had so long run wild as to have lost her horns, a circumstance which had greatly impressed him.¹ To return to the Fenodyree, I am not sure that there were more than one in Man; but two localities at least are assigned to him, namely, a farm called Ballachrink, in Colby, in the south, and a farm called Lanchaghan in the parish of Conchan, near Douglas. Much the same stories, however, appear to be current about him in the two places, and one of the most curious of them is that which relates how he left. The farmer so valued the services of the Fenodyree, that one day he took it into his head to provide clothing for him. The Fenodyree examined each article carefully, and expressed his idea of it, and specified the kind of disease it was calculated to produce. In a word, he found that the clothes would make head and foot sick, and he departed in disgust, saying to the farmer, "Though this place is thine, the great Glen of Rushen is not." Glen Rushen is one of the most retired glens in the island, and it drains down through Glen Meay to the coast,

¹ For the text see the Oxford edition of the *Mabinogion*, pp. 193-4, and for comparisons of the incident see Nutt's *Holy Grail*, p. 154 *et seq.*; and Rhys' *Arthurian Legend*, pp. 75-6.

some miles to the south of Peel. It is to Glen Rushen, then, that the Fenodyree is supposed to be gone; but on visiting that valley last year in quest of Manx-speaking peasants, I could find nobody there who knew anything of him. I suspect that the spread of the English language even there has forced him to leave the island altogether. Lastly, with regard to the term *Fenodyree*, I may mention that it is the word used in the Manx Bible of 1819 for *satyr* in Is. xxxiv, 14,¹ where we read in the English Bible as follows: "The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow." In the Vulgate the latter clause reads: "et pilosus clamabit alter ad alterum." The term *Fenodyree* has been explained by Cregeen in his *Manx Dictionary* to mean one who has hair for stockings or hose. That answers to the description of the hairy satyr, and seems fairly well to satisfy the phonetics of the case, the words from which he derives the compound being *fynney*,² 'hair', and *oashyr*, 'a stocking'; but as *oashyr* seems to come from the old Norse *hosur*, the plural of *hosa*, 'hose or stocking', the term *Fenodyree* cannot date before the coming of the Norsemen; and I am inclined to think the idea more Teutonic than Celtic; at any rate I need not point out to you the English counterparts of this hairy satyr in the hobgoblin, 'Lob lie by the Fire', and Milton's Lubber Fiend, whom he describes as one that

"Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings."

¹ The spelling there used is *phynnodderee*, to the perversity of which Cregeen calls attention in his *Dictionary*.

² I am inclined to think that the first part of the word *fenodyree* is not *fynney*, the Manx word for 'hair', but the Scandinavian word which survives in the Swedish *fjun*, 'down'. Thus *fjun-hosur* (for the *fjun-hosa* suggested by analogy) would explain the word *fenodyree*, except its final *ee*, which is obscure. Compare also the magic breeks called *fjinn-brækr* (see Vigfusson's *Dic.* s. v. *fjinnur*), to which Mr. Plummer kindly calls my attention.

The fairies claim our attention next, and as the only other fairies tolerably well known to me are those of Wales, I can only compare, or contrast, the Manx fairies with the Welsh ones. They are called in Manx, *Sleih Beggey*, or Little People, and *Ferrishyn*, from the English word *fairies*, as it would seem. Like the Welsh fairies, they kidnap babies; and I have heard it related how a woman in Dalby had a struggle with the fairies over her baby, which they were trying to drag out of the bed from her. Like Welsh fairies, also, they take possession of the hearth after the farmer and his family are gone to bed. A farmer in Dalby used to hear them making a big fire in his kitchen: he used to hear the crackling and burning of the fire when nobody else *could* have been there except the fairies and their friends. I said "friends", for they sometimes take a man with them, and allow him to eat with them at the expense of others. Thus, some men from the northernmost parish, Kirk Bride, went once on a time to Port Erin, in the South, to buy a supply of fish for the winter, and with them went a Kirk Michael man who had the reputation of being a *persona grata* with the fairies. Now one of the Port Erin men asked a man from the North who the Michael man might be: he was curious to know his name, as he had seen him once before, and then the Michael man was with the fairies at his house—the Port Erin man's house—regaling himself with bread and cheese in company with the fairies.

Like Welsh fairies, the Manx ones take men away with them and detain them for years. Thus a Kirk Andreas man was absent from his people for four years, which he spent with the fairies. He could not tell how he returned, but it seemed as if, having been unconscious, he woke up at last in this world. The other world, however, in which he was for the four years was not far away, as he could see what his brothers and the rest of the family were doing every day, although they could not see him. To prove this, he mentioned to them how they were occupied on such and such

a day, and, among other things, how they took their corn on a particular day to Ramsey. He reminded them also of their having heard a sudden sharp crack as they were passing by a thorn-bush he named, and how they were so startled that one of them would have run back home. He asked them if they remembered that, and they said they did, only too well. He then explained to them the meaning of the noise, namely, that one of the fairies with whom he had been galloping about the whole time was about to let fly an arrow at his brothers, but that as he was going to do this, he (the missing brother) raised a plate and intercepted the arrow; that was the sharp noise they had heard. Such was the account he had to give of his sojourn in Faery. This representation of the world of the fairies, as contained within the ordinary world of mortals, is very remarkable; but it is not a new idea, as we seem to detect it in the Irish story of the abduction of Conla Rúad¹: the fairy who comes to fetch him tells him that the Folk of Tethra, whom she represents, behold him every day as he takes part in the assemblies of his country and sits among his friends. The commoner way of putting it is simply to represent the fairies as invisible to mortals at will; and one kind of Welsh story relates how the mortal midwife accidentally touches her eyes, while dressing a fairy baby, with an ointment which makes the fairy world visible to her.

Like Welsh fairies, the Manx ones had, as you have seen from this, horses to ride; they had also dogs, just as the Welsh ones had. This I learn from another story, to the effect that a fisherman, taking a fresh fish home, was pursued by a pack of fairy dogs, so that it was only with great trouble he reached his own door. Then he picked up a stone and threw it at the dogs, which at once disappeared; but he did not escape, as he was shot by the fairies, and so hurt that he lay ill for fully six months from that day. He would have been left alone by the

¹ See Windisch's *Irische Grammatik*, p. 120.

fairies, I was told, if he had only taken care to put a pinch of salt in the fish's mouth before setting out, for the Manx fairies cannot stand salt or baptism. So children that have been baptized are, as in Wales, less liable to be kidnapped by these elves than those that have not. I scarcely need add that a twig of cuirn¹ or rowan is also as effective against fairies in Man as it is against them in Wales. Manx fairies seem to have been musical, like their kinsmen elsewhere ; for I have heard of an Orrisdale man crossing the neighbouring mountains at night and hearing fairy music, which took his fancy so much that he listened, and tried to remember it. He had, however, to return, it is said, three times to the place before he could carry it away complete in his mind, which he succeeded in doing at last just as the day was breaking and the musicians disappearing. This air, I am told, is now known by the name of the *Bollan Bane*, or White Wort. I believe that there are certain Welsh airs similarly supposed to have been derived from the fairies.

So far I have pointed out hardly anything but similarities between Manx fairies and Welsh ones, and I find very little indicative of a difference. First, with regard to salt, I am unable to say anything in this direction, as I do not happen to know how Welsh fairies regard salt ; it is not improbable that they eschew salt as well as baptism, especially as the Church of Rome has long associated salt with baptism. There is, however, one point at least of difference between the fairies of Man and of Wales : the latter are, so far as I can call to mind, never known to

¹ The Manx word for the rowan-tree, incorrectly called a mountain ash, is *cuirn*, which is in Irish *caorththainn*, Scotch Gaelic *caorunn* ; but in Welsh books it is *cerddin*, singular *cerddinen*, and in the spoken language mostly *cerdin*, *cerding*, singular *cerdingen*. This variation seems to indicate that these words have been borrowed by the Welsh from a Goidelic source ; but the berry is known in Wales by the native name of *criafol*, from which the wood is frequently called, especially in North Wales, *coed criafol*, singular *coeden griafol*.

discharge arrows at men or women, or to handle a bow¹ at all, whereas Manx fairies are always ready to shoot. May we, therefore, provisionally regard this trait of the Manx fairies as derived from a Teutonic source? At any rate English and Scotch elves were supposed to shoot, and I am indebted to the kindness of my colleague, Prof. Napier, for calling my attention to the *Saxon Leechdoms*² for cases in point.

Now that most of the imaginary inhabitants of Man and its coasts have been rapidly passed in review before you, I may say something of others whom I regard as semi-imaginary, real human beings to whom impossible attributes are ascribed; I mean chiefly the witches, or, as they are sometimes called in Manx English, *butches*.³ That term I take to be a variant of the English word *witch*, produced under the influence of the verb *bewitch*, which was reduced in Manx English to a form *butch*, especially if one bear in mind the Cumbrian and Scotch pronunciation of these words, as *wutch* and *bewutch*. Now witches shift their form, and I have heard of one old witch changing herself into a pigeon; but that I am bound to regard as exceptional, the regular form into which Manx witches pass at their pleasure being that of the hare, and such a swift and thick-skinned hare that no greyhound, except a black one without a single white hair, can catch it, and no shot, except a silver coin, penetrate its body. Both these peculiarities are also well known in Wales. I notice a difference, however, between Wales and Man with regard

¹ I am sorry to say that it never occurred to me to ask whether the shooting was done with such modern things as guns. But Mr. Moore, to whom I have submitted the proof-sheets of this paper, assures me that it is always understood to be bows and arrows, not guns.

² Edited by Oswald Cockayne for the Master of the Rolls (London, 1864-6); see more especially vol. ii, pp. 156, 157; 290, 291; 401; vol. iii, pp. 54 and 55.

³ Mr. Moore is not familiar with this term, but I heard it at Surby, in the South.

to the hare witches: in Wales only the women can become hares, and this property runs, so far as I know, in certain families. I have known many such, and my own nurse belonged to one of them, so that my mother was reckoned to be rather reckless in entrusting me to *y gota*, or "the Cutty One", as she might run away at any moment, leaving her charge to take care of itself. But I have never heard of any man or boy of any such family turning himself into a hare, whereas in the Isle of Man the witches may belong, if I may say so, to either sex. I am not sure, however, that a man who turns himself into a hare would be called a wizard or witch; and I recollect hearing in the neighbourhood of Ramsey of a man nicknamed the *gaauw mwaagh*, that is to say, "the hare smith", the reason being that this particular smith now and then assumes the form of a hare. I am not quite sure that *gaauw mwaagh* is the name of a class, though I rather infer that it is. If so, it must be regarded as a survival of the magic skill associated with smiths in ancient Ireland, as evidenced, for instance, in St. Patrick's Hymn in the eleventh or twelfth century manuscript at Trinity College, Dublin, known as the *Liber Hymnorum*, in which we have a prayer against "the spells of women, and of smiths and druids".

The persons who had the power of turning themselves into hares were believed to be abroad and very active, together with the whole demon world, on the eve of May-day of the Old Style. And a middle-aged man from the parish of Andreas related to me how he came three or four times across a woman, reputed to be a witch, carrying on her evil practices at the junction of cross-roads, or the meeting of three boundaries. This happened once very early on old May morning, and afterwards he met her several times as he was returning home from visiting his sweetheart. He warned the witch that if he found her again that he would kick her: that is what he says. Well, after a while he did surprise her again at work at four cross-roads,

somewhere near Lezayre. She had a circle, he said, as large as that made by horses in threshing, swept clean around her. He kicked her and took away her besom, which he hid till the middle of the day. Then he made the farm boys fetch some dry gorse, and he put the witch's besom on the top of it. Thereupon fire was set to the gorse and, wonderful to relate, the besom, as it burned, crackled and made reports like guns going off. In fact, the noise could be heard from Andreas Church—that is to say, miles away. The besom had on it "seventeen sorts of knots", he said, and the woman ought to have been burned; in fact, he added that she did not long survive her besom. The man who related this to me is hale and strong, living now in the parish of Michael, and not in that of Andreas, where he was born.

There is a tradition at St. John's, which is overlooked by the mountain called Slieau Whuallian, that witches used at one time to be punished by being set to roll down the steep side of the mountain in spiked barrels; but, short of putting them to death, there were various ways of rendering the machinations of witches innocuous, or of undoing the mischief done by them; for the charmers supply various means of meeting them triumphantly, and in case an animal is the victim, the burning of it always proves an effective means of bringing the offender to book. I shall have occasion to return to this under another heading. There is a belief that if you can draw blood, however little, from a witch or one who has the evil eye, he loses his power of harming you; and I have been told that formerly this belief was sometimes acted upon. Thus, on leaving church, for instance, the man who fancied himself in danger from another would go up to him, or walk by his side, and inflict on him a slight scratch, or some other trivial wound, which elicited blood; but this must have been a course always attended with more or less danger.

The persons able to undo the witches' work, and re-

move the malignant influence of the evil eye, are known in Manx English as charmers, and something must now be said of them. They have various ways of proceeding to their work. A lady of about thirty-five, living at Peel, related to me, how, when she was a child suffering from a swelling in the neck, she had it charmed by an old woman. This charmer brought with her no less than nine pieces of iron, consisting of bits of old poker, old nails, and other odds and ends of the same metal, making in all nine pieces. After invoking the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, she began to rub the girl's neck with the old irons; nor was she satisfied with that, for she rubbed the doors, the walls, and the furniture likewise, with the metal. The result, I was assured, was highly satisfactory, as she has never been troubled with a swelling in the throat since that day. Sometimes a passage from the Bible is made use of in charming, as, for instance, in the case of bleeding. One of the verses then pronounced is Ezekiel xvi, 6, which runs thus:—"And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live." This was told me by a Laxey man, who is over seventy years of age. The methods of charming away warts are various. A woman from the neighbourhood of St. John's explained to me how a charmer told her to get rid of the warts on her hands. She was to take a string and make a knot on it for every wart she had, and then tie the string round her hand, or fingers—I forget which; and I think my informant, on her part, forgot to tell me a vital part of the formula, namely, that the string was to be destroyed. However, she assured me that the warts disappeared, and never returned since. A lady at Andreas has a still simpler method of getting rid of warts. She rubs a snail on the warts, and then places the snail on one of the points of a blackthorn, and, in fact, leaves the snail to die, transfixing it by the thorn; and as the snail dies, the warts disappear. She has done this in the

case of her niece with complete success, so far as the wart was concerned ; but she was sorry to say that she had forgotten to notice whether the snail had also succumbed.

The lady who in this case applied the remedy cannot be in any sense called a charmer, however much one may insist on calling what she did a charm. In fact, the term charmer tends to be associated with a particular class of charm involving the use of herbs. Thus there used at one time to be a famous charmer living near Kirk Michael to whom the fishermen were in the habit of resorting, and my informant told me that he had been deputed more than once by his fellow-fishermen to go to him in consequence of their lack of success in the fishing. This charmer gave him a packet of herbs, cut small, with directions that they should be boiled, and the water mixed with some spirits—rum, I think—and partly drunk in the boat by the captain and the crew, and partly sprinkled over the boat and everything in it. The charmer clearly defined his position in the matter to my informant. “I cannot”, he said, “put the fish in your nets for you ; but if there is any mischief in the way of your luck, I can remove that for you.” The fishermen themselves had, however, more exaggerated notions of the charmer’s functions ; for once on a time my informant spent on drink for his boon companions the money which he was to give the charmer, and then he collected herbs himself—it did not much matter what herbs—and took them to his captain, who, with the crew, went through the proper ritual, and made a most successful haul that night. In fact, the only source of discontent was the charmer’s not having distributed the fish over two nights, instead of endangering their nets by an excessive haul all in one night. They regarded him as able to do almost anything he liked in the matter.

A lady at Andreas gave me an account of a celebrated charmer who lived between there and the coast. He worked on her husband’s farm, but used to be frequently called away to be consulted. He usually cut up wormwood for the people

who came to him, and if there was none to be had, he did not scruple to rob the garden of any small sprouts it contained of cabbage or the like. He would chop them small, and give directions about boiling them and drinking the water. He usually charged anyone leaving him to speak to nobody on the way, lest he break the charm, and this mysteriousness was evidently an important element in his profession. But he was, nevertheless, a thriftless fellow, and when he went to Peel, and sent the crier round to announce his arrival, and received a good deal of money from the fishermen, he seldom so conducted himself as to bring much of it home. He died miserably some seven or eight years ago at Ramsey, and left a widow in great poverty. As to the present day, the daughter of a charmer now dead is married to a man living in a village on the southern side of the island, and she appears to have inherited her father's reputation for charming, as the fishermen from all parts are said to flock to her for luck. Incidentally, I have heard in the South more than once of her being consulted in cases of sudden and dangerous illness, even after the best medical advice has been obtained: in fact, she seems to have a considerable practice.

In answer to my question, how the charmer, who died at Ramsey, used to give the sailors luck in the fishing, my informant at Andreas could not say, except that he gave them herbs as already described, and she thought also that he sold them wisps to place under their pillows. I gather that the charms were chiefly directed to the removal of supposed impediments to success in the fishing, rather than to any act of a more positive nature. So far as I have been able to ascertain, charming is hereditary, and they say that it descends from father to daughter, and then from daughter to son, and so on—a remarkable kind of descent, on which I should be glad to have the opinion of Mr. Elton. One of the best Manx scholars in the island related to me how some fishermen once insisted on his doing the charmer for them because of his being of

such and such a family, and how he made fools of them. It is my impression that the charming families are comparatively few in number, and this looks as if they descended from the family physicians or druids of one or two chieftains in ancient times. It is very likely a question which could be cleared up by a local man familiar with the island and all that which tradition has to say on the subject of Manx pedigrees.

In the case of animals ailing, the herbs were also resorted to ; and, if the beasts happened to be milch cows, the herbs had to be boiled in some of their milk. This was supposed to produce wonderful results, described as follows by a man living on the way from Castletown up South Barrule. A farmer in his parish had a cow that milked blood, as he described it, and that in consequence of a witch's ill-will. He went to the charmer, who gave him some herbs, which he was to boil in the ailing cow's milk, and the charmer charged him, whatever he did, not to quit the concoction while it was on the fire, in spite of any noises he might hear. The farmer went home and proceeded that night to boil the herbs as directed, but he suddenly heard a violent tapping at the door, a terrible lowing of the cattle in the cow-house, and stones coming down the "chumley": the end of it was that he suddenly fled and sprang into bed to take shelter behind his wife. He went to the charmer again, and related to him what had happened: he was told that he must have more courage the next time, unless he wished his cow to die. He promised to do his best, and this time he stood his ground in spite of the noises and the creaking of the windows—until, in fact, a back-window burst into pieces and bodily let a witch in, who craved his pardon, and promised never more to molest him or his. This all happened at the farm in question in the time of the present farmer's grandfather. The boiling of the charmer's herbs in milk always produces a great commotion and lowing among the cattle, and it invariably cures the ailing

ones : this is firmly believed by respectable farmers whom I could name, in the North of the island in particular, and I am alluding to men whom you might consider fairly educated members of their class.

Magic takes us back to a very primitive and loose way of thinking ; so the marvellously easy way in which it identifies any tie of association, however flimsy, with the insoluble bond of relationship which educated men and women regard as connecting cause and effect, renders even simpler means than I have described quite equal to the undoing of the evils resulting from the activity of the evil eye. Thus, let us suppose that a person endowed with the evil eye has just passed by the farmer's herd of cattle, and a calf has suddenly been seized with a serious illness, the farmer hurries after the man of the evil eye to get the dust from under his feet. If he objects, he may, as has sometimes been very unceremoniously done, throw him down by force, take off his shoes, and scrape off the dust adhering to their soles, and carry it back to throw over the calf. Even that is not always necessary, as it appears to be quite enough if he takes up dust where he of the evil eye has just trod the ground. There are innumerable cases on folk record of both means proving entirely effective. A similar question of psychology presents itself in a practice, intended as a preservative against the evil eye rather than as a cure. I allude to what I have heard about two maiden ladies living in a Manx village which I know very well : they are natives of a neighbouring parish, and I am assured that whenever a stranger enters their house they proceed, as soon as he goes away, to strew a little dust or sand over the spot where he stood. That is understood to prevent any malignant influence resulting from his visit. This tacit identifying of a man with his footprints may be detected in a more precarious and pleasing form in a quaint conceit familiar to me in the lyrics of rustic life in Wales, when, for example, a coy maiden leaves her lovesick swain hotly avowing his perfect

readiness to *cusann ol ei thraed*, that is, to do on his knees all the stages of her path across the meadow, kissing the ground wherever it has been honoured with the tread of her dainty foot. Let me take another case, in which the cord of association is not so inconceivably slender, when two or more persons standing in a close relation to one another are mistakenly treated a little too much as if mutually independent, the objection may be made that it matters not whether it is A or B, that it is, in fact, all the same, as they belong to the same concern: in Welsh this is sometimes expressed by saying, *Yr un peth yw Huw'r Glyn a'i gloes*, that is, "Whether you talk of Huw'r Glyn, or of his wooden shoes, it is all the same." Then, when you speak in English of a man "standing in another's shoes", I am by no means certain that you are not employing an expression which meant something more to those who first used it than it does to us. Our modern idioms, with all their straining after the abstract, are but primitive man's mental tools adapted to the requirements of civilised life: they betray the form and shape which the neolithic worker's chipping and polishing gave them.

It is difficult to arrange these scraps under any clearly classified headings, and now that I have led you into the midst of matters magical, perhaps I may just as well go on to the mention of a few more: I alluded to the boiling of the herbs according to the charmer's orders, with the result, among other things, of bringing the witch to the spot. This is, however, not the only instance of the importance and strange efficacy of fire. For when a beast dies on a farm, of course it dies, according to the old-fashioned view of things, as I understand it, from the influence of the evil eye, or the interposition of a witch; and if you want to know to whom you are indebted for the loss of the beast, you have simply to burn its carcase in the open air and watch who comes first on the spot or who first passes by; for that is the criminal to be charged with the death of the animal, and he cannot help coming there:

such is the effect of the fire. A Michael woman, who is now about thirty, related to me how she watched while the carcase of a bewitched colt was burning, and how she saw the witch coming, and how she remembers her shrivelled face, with nose and chin in close proximity. According to another native of Michael, a well-informed middle-aged man, the animal in question was oftenest a calf, and it was wont to be burnt whole, skin and all. The object, according to him, is invariably to bring the bewitcher on the spot, and he always comes ; but I am not clear what happens to him, when he appears. My informant added, however, that it was believed that, unless the bewitcher got possession of the heart of the beast burning, he lost all his power of bewitching. He related, also, how his father and three other men were once out fishing on the west coast of the island, when one of the three suddenly expressed his wish to land. As they were fishing successfully some two or three miles from the shore, they would not hear of it. He, however, insisted that they must put him ashore at once, which made his comrades highly indignant ; but they had soon to give way, as they found that he was determined to leap overboard unless they complied. When he got on shore they watched him hurrying away towards a smoke where a beast was burning in the corner of a field.

Manx stories merge this burning in a very perplexing fashion with what may be termed a sacrifice for luck. The following scraps of information will make it clear what I mean:—A respectable farmer from Andreas told me that he was driving with his wife to the neighbouring parish of Jurby some years ago, and that on the way they beheld the carcase of a cow or an ox burning in a field, with a woman engaged in stirring the fire. On reaching the village to which they were going, they found that the burning beast belonged to a farmer whom they knew. They were further told it was no wonder that the said farmer had one of his cattle burnt, as several of them had recently died. Whether this was a case of sacrifice or not I cannot say. But let

me give you another instance : a man whom I have already mentioned, saw at a farm nearer the centre of the island a live calf being burnt. The owner bears an English name, but his family has long been settled in Man. The farmer's explanation to my informant was that the calf was burnt to secure luck for the rest of the herd, some of which were threatening to die. My informant thought there was absolutely nothing the matter with them, except that they had too little to eat. Be that as it may, the one calf was sacrificed as a burnt-offering to secure luck for the rest of the cattle. Let me here also quote Mr. Moore's note in his *Manx Surnames*, p. 184, on the place-name *Cabbal yn Oural Losht*, or the Chapel of the Burnt Sacrifice. "This name", he says, "records a circumstance which took place in the nineteenth century, but which, it is to be hoped, was never customary in the Isle of Man. A farmer", he goes on to say, "who had lost a number of his sheep and cattle by murrain, burned a calf as a propitiatory offering to the Deity on this spot, where a chapel was afterwards built. Hence the name." Particulars, I may say, of time, place, and person could be easily added to Mr. Moore's statement, excepting, perhaps, as to the deity in question ; on that point I have never been informed, but Mr. Moore is probably right in the use of the capital *d*, as the sacrificer is, according to all accounts, a highly devout Christian.

One more instance: an octogenarian woman, born in the parish of Bride, and now living at Kirk Andreas, saw, when she was a "lump of a girl" of ten or fifteen years of age, a live sheep being burnt in a field in the parish of Andreas, on May-day, whereby she meant the first of May reckoned according to the Old Style. She asserts very decidedly that it was *son oural*, "as a sacrifice", as she put it, and "for an object to the public": those were her words when she expressed herself in English. Further, she made the statement that it was a custom to burn a sheep on old May-day for a sacrifice. I was fully alive to the interest of this evidence, and cross-examined her so far as her age allows of it, and

I find that she adheres to her statement with all firmness. I distinguish two or three points in her evidence: 1. I have no doubt that she saw, as she was passing by a certain field on the borders of Andreas parish, a live sheep being burnt on old May-day. 2. But her statement that it was *son oural*, or as a sacrifice, was probably only an inference drawn by her, possibly years afterwards, on hearing things of the kind discussed. 3. Lastly I am convinced that she did hear the May-day sacrifice discussed, both in Manx and in English: her words, "for an object to the public", are her imperfect recollection of a phrase used in her hearing by somebody more ambitious of employing English abstract terms than she is; and the formal nature of her statement in Manx, that it was customary on May-day to burn as a sacrifice one head of sheep (*Laa Boaldyn va cliaghtey dy lostey son oural un baagh keyrragh*), produces the same impression on my mind, that she is only repeating somebody else's words. I mention this more especially as I have failed to find anybody else in Andreas or Bride, or indeed in the whole island, who will now confess to having ever heard of the sheep sacrifice on old May-day.

The time assigned to the sheep sacrifice, namely May-day, leads me to make some remarks on the importance of that day among the Celts. The day meant is, as I have already said, old May-day, in Manx *Shenn Laa Boaldyn*. This was a day when systematic efforts were made to protect man and beast against elves and witches; for it was then that people carried crosses of rowan in their hats and put May flowers on the tops of their doors and elsewhere as preservatives against all malignant influences. With the same object also in view crosses of rowan were likewise fastened to the tails of cattle, small crosses which had to be made without the help of a knife. Early on May morning one went out to gather the dew as a thing of great virtue, as in other countries. One woman who had been out on this errand years ago told me that she washed her face with

the dew in order to secure luck, a good complexion, and immunity against witches. The break of this day is also the signal for firing the ling or the gorse, which used to be done in order to burn out the witches fond of taking the form of the hare ; and even guns, I am told, were freely used to shoot any game met with on that morning. With the proper charge some of the witches were now and then hit and wounded, whereupon they resumed the human form and remained cripples for the rest of their lives. Fire, however, appears to have been the chief agency relied on to clear away the witches and other malignant beings ; and I have heard of this use of fire having been carried so far that a practice was sometimes observed—as, for example in Lezayre—of burning gorse, however little, in the hedge of each field on a farm in order to drive away the witches and secure luck.

The man who told me this, on being asked whether he had ever heard of cattle being driven through fire or between two fires on May-day, replied that it was not known to him as a Manx custom, but that it was as an Irish one. A cattle-dealer whom he named used on May-day to drive his cattle through fire so as to singe them a little, as he believed that would preserve them from harm. He was an Irishman, who came to the island for many years, and whose children are settled in the island now. On my asking him if he knew whence the dealer came, he answered, “ From the mountains over there”, pointing to the Mountains of Mourne looming indefinite in the mists on the western horizon. The Irish custom known to my Manx informant is interesting both as throwing light on the Manx custom, and as being the continuation of a very ancient rite mentioned by Cormac. That writer, or somebody in his name, says that Beltane, May-day, was so called from the “lucky fire”, or the “two fires” which the druids of Erin used to make on that day with great incantations ; and cattle, he adds, used to be brought to those fires, or driven between them, as a safeguard against the diseases

of the year. Cormac¹ says nothing, it will be noticed, as to one of the cattle or the sheep being sacrificed for the sake of prosperity to the rest. However, Scotch² May-day customs point to a sacrifice having been once usual, and that possibly of human beings, and not of sheep, as in the Isle of Man. I have elsewhere³ tried to equate these Celtic May-day practices with the Thargelia⁴ of the Athenians of antiquity. The Thargelia were characterised by peculiar rites, and among other things then done, two adult persons were lead about, as it were scapegoats, and at the end they were sacrificed and burnt, so that their ashes might be dispersed. Here we seem to be on the track of a very ancient Aryan practice, although the Celtic date does not quite coincide with the Greek one.

It is probably in some ancient May-day custom that we are to look for the key to a remarkable place-name occurring several times in the island: I allude to that of *Cronk yn Irrce Laa*, which literally means the Hill of the Rise of the Day. This is the name of one of the mountains in the south of the island, but it is also borne by one of the knolls near the eastern end of the range of low hills ending abruptly on the coast between Ramsey and Bride Parish, and quite a small knoll bears the name near the church of Jurby.⁵ I have heard of a fourth instance, which, however,

¹ See the Stokes-O'Donovan edition of Cormac (Calcutta, 1868), pp. 19, 23.

² Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland*, xi, 620; Pennant's *Tour in Scotland in 1769* (3rd edition, Warrington, 1774, i, 97, 186, 291); Thomas Stephens' *Gododin*, pp. 124-6; and Dr. Murray in the *New English Dictionary*, s. v. *Beltane*.

³ In my Hibbert Lectures on *Celtic Heathendom*, pp. 517-21.

⁴ As to the Thargelia and Delia, see Preller's *Griechische Mythologie*, i, 209-10, and A. Mommsen's *Heortologie*, pp. 414-25.

⁵ It is my impression that it is crowned with a small tumulus, and that it forms the highest ground in Jurby, which was once an island by itself. The one between Ramsey and Bride is also probably the highest point of the range. But these are questions which I should like to see further examined, say in the pages of the *Manx Journal*, edited by Mr. P. M. C. Kermodé, the *Lioar Manninagh*.

has escaped both my memory and note-book. It has been attempted to explain the name as meaning the Hill of the Watch by Day, in reference to the old institution of Watch and Ward on conspicuous places in the island ; but that explanation is inadmissible as doing violence to the phonetics of the words in question.¹ I am rather inclined to think that the name everywhere refers to an eminence to which the surrounding inhabitants resorted for a religious purpose on a particular day in the year. I should suggest that it was to do homage to the Sun on May morning, but this conjecture is offered only to await a better explanation.

The next great day in the pagan calendar of the Celts is called in Manx *Laa Lhunnys*, in Irish *Lugnassad*, which was associated with the name of the god Lug. This should correspond to Lammass, but, reckoned as it is, according to the Old Style, it falls on the twelfth of August, which used to be a great day for business fairs in the Isle of Man as in Wales. But for holiday-making the twelfth only suited when it happened to be a Sunday ; when that was not the case, the first Sunday after the twelfth was fixed upon. It is known, accordingly, as the First Sunday of Harvest, and it used to be celebrated by crowds of people visiting the tops of the mountains. The kind of interference to which I have alluded with regard to an ancient holiday, is one of the regular results of the transition from Roman Catholicism to a Protestant system

¹ *Cronk yn Irree Laa* is the name as it is used by all Manxmen whose pronunciation has not been tampered with by antiquarians. To convey the other meaning, referring to the day-watch, the name would have to be *Cronk ny Harrey Laa* ; in fact, a part of the Howe in the south of the Island is called *Cronk ny Harrey*, "the Hill of the Watch". Mr. Moore tells me that the Jurby *Cronk* was one of the eminences for "Watch and Ward"; but he is now of opinion that the high mountain of *Cronk yn Irree Laa* in the South was not. As to the duty of the inhabitants to keep "Watch and Ward" over the island, see the passage concerning it extracted from the Manx Statutes (vol. i, p. 65), by Mr. Moore in his *Manx Surnames*, pp. 182-83 ; also my preface to the same work, pp. v-viii.

with only one fixed holiday, namely, Sunday. The same shifting has partly happened in Wales, where Lammas is *Gŵyl Awst*, or the festival of Augustus, since the birthday of Augustus, auspiciously for him and the celebrity of his day, fell in with the great day of the god Lug in the Celtic world. Now the day for going up the Van Vach mountain in Brecknock was Lammas, but under a Protestant church it became the first Sunday in August, and even modified in that way it could not long survive under a vigorous Protestant *régime* either in Wales or Man. As to the latter in particular, I have heard it related by persons who were present, how the crowds on the top of South Barrule on the first Sunday in Harvest were denounced as pagans, by a preacher called William Gick, some seventy years ago; and how another man called Paric Beg, or Little Patrick, preaching to the crowds on Snæfell, in milder terms, used to wind up the service with a collection, which appears to have proved a speedier method of reducing the dimensions of these meetings on the mountain-tops. Be that as it may, they seem to have dwindled since then to comparative insignificance.

If you ask the reason for this custom now, for it is not yet quite extinct, you are told, first, that it is merely to gather ling berries; but now and then a quasi-religious reason is given, namely, that it is the day on which Jephthah's Daughter and her companions went forth on the mountains to bewail her virginity: somehow, some Manx people make believe that they are doing likewise. That is not all, for people who have never themselves thought of going up the mountains on the first Sunday of Harvest or any other, will be found devoutly reading at home about Jephthah's Daughter on that day. I was told this first in the South by a clergyman's wife, who, finding a woman in the parish reading the chapter in question on that day, asked the reason for her fixing on that particular portion of the Bible. She then had the Manx view of the matter fully explained to her, and she has since found

more information about it, and so have I. This is a very curious instance of a pagan practice profoundly modified to procure a new lease of life ; but it is needless for me to say that I do not quite understand how Jephthah's Daughter came to be introduced, and that I should be glad to have light shed on the question.

I notice, with regard to most of the mountains climbed on the first Sunday of Harvest, that they seem to have near their summits wells of some celebrity ; and these wells appear to be the goal of the visitors' peregrinations. This is the case with South Barrule, the spring near the top of which cannot, it is said, be found when sought a second time ; also with Snæfell and Maughold Head, which boasts one of the most famous springs in the island. When I visited it last summer, in company with Mr. Kermode, we found it to contain a considerable number of pins, some of which were bent, and many buttons. Some of the pins were not of a kind usually carried by men, and most of the buttons decidedly belonged to the dress of the other sex. Several people who had resorted many years ago to St. Maughold's Well told me that the water is good for sore eyes, and that after using it on the spot, or filling a bottle with it to take home, one was wont to drop a pin, or bead, or button, into the well. But it had its full virtue only when visited on the first Sunday of Harvest, and that only during the hour the books were open at church, which, shifted back to Roman Catholic times, means doubtless the hour when the priest is engaged saying Mass. This restriction, however, is not peculiar to St. Maughold's Well, as I have heard of it in connection with other wells, such as Chibbyr Lansh in Lezayre parish, and with a well on Slicau Maggyl, in which some Kirk Michael people have a great belief. But even sea-water was believed to have considerable virtues if you washed in it while the books were open at church, as I was told by a woman who had many years ago repeatedly taken her own sister to divers wells and to the sea during the service on

Sunday, in order to have her eyes cured of their chronic weakness.

The remaining great day in the Celtic year is called *Sauin* or *Laa Houny*; in Irish, *Samhain*, genitive *Samhna*; the Manx call it in English *Hollantide*, a word derived from the English genitive plural, *Allhallowen*,¹ for *All Halloween Tide or Day*. This day is also reckoned in Man according to the Old Style, so that it is our 12th of November. That is the day when the tenure of land terminates, and when servants go to their places. In other words, it is the beginning of a new year; and Kelly, in his *Manx-English Dictionary*, has, under the word *blein*, "year", the following note: "Valancey says the Celts began their year with January; yet in the Isle of Man the first of November is called New Year's Day by the Mummings, who, on the eve, begin their petition in these words: 'To-night is New Year's night, Hog-un-naa,² etc.'" It is a pity that Kelly, whilst he was on this subject, did not give the rhyme in Manx, and all the more so, as the mummings of the present day have changed their words into *Noght oie Houny*, that is to say, To-night is *Sauin* Night (or Halloween). So I had despaired of finding anybody who could corroborate Kelly in his statement, when I happened last summer to find a man at Kirk Michael who was quite familiar with this way of treating the year. I asked him if he could explain Kelly's absurd statement—I put my question designedly in that form. He said he could, but that there was nothing absurd in it. He then told me how he had heard some old people talk of it; he is himself now about sixty-seven. He had been a farm-servant from the age of sixteen till he was twenty-six to the same man, near Regaby in the parish of Andreas, and he re-

¹ See the *New English Dict.*, s. v. *Allhallows*.

² This comes near the pronunciation usual in Roxburghshire and the South of Scotland generally, which is, as Dr. Murray informs me, *Hunganay* without the *m* occurring in the other forms to be mentioned presently. But so far as I have been able to find, the Manx pronunciation is now *Hob dy nau*, which I have heard in the North, but *Hob ju nau* is the prevalent form in the South.

members his master and a near neighbour of his discussing the term New Year's Day as applied to the first of November and explaining to the younger men that it had always been so in old times. In fact, it seemed to him natural enough, as all tenure of land ends at that time, and as all servant-men begin their service at that date. I cross-examined him, without succeeding in any way in shaking his evidence. I should have been glad a few years ago to have come across this piece of information, or even Kelly's note, when I was discussing the Celtic year and trying to prove¹ that it began at the beginning of winter, with May-day as the beginning of its second half.

One of the characteristics of the beginning of the Celtic year with the commencement of winter was the belief that indications can be obtained on the eve of that day regarding the events of the year ; but with the calendar year gaining ground it would be natural to expect that the Calends of January would have some of the associations of the Calends of Winter transferred to them, and *vice versa*. In fact, this can, as it were, be watched now going on in the Isle of Man. First, I may mention that the Manx mummers used to go about singing, in Manx, a sort of Hogmanay song,² reminding one of that usual in Yorkshire and other parts of

¹ See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 514-5.

² I am indebted to Mr. Elton, M.P., for references on this subject to Hazlitt's edition of *Brand's Popular Antiquities* (London, 1870), i, 247-8, and Robert Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry* (London, 1857), pp. 186, 187, where the following is given as sung at Richmond in Yorkshire :

“ To-night it is the New-Year's night, to-morrow is the day,
And we are come for our right, and for our ray,
As we used to do in old King Henry's day.

Sing, fellows, sing, Hagman-heigh.

“ If you go to the bacon-flick, cut me a good bit ;
Cut, cut and low, beware of your maw ;
Cut, cut and round, beware of your thumb,
That me and my merry men may have some.

Sing, etc.

Great Britain, and supposed to be of Scandinavian origin. The time for it in this country was New Year's Eve, according to the ordinary calendar, but in the Isle of Man it has always been Hollantide Eve, according to the Old Style, and this is the night when boys now go about continuing the custom of the old mummers. There is no hesitation in this case between Hollantide Eve and New Year's Eve. But with the prognostications for the year it is different, and the following practices have been usual. I may, however, premise that as a rule I have abstained from inquiring too closely whether they still go on, but here and there I have had the information volunteered that they do.

1. I may mention first a salt prognostication, which was described to me by a farmer in the North, whose wife practises it once a year regularly. She carefully fills a thimble with salt in the evening and upsets it in a neat little heap on a plate: she does that for every member of the family, and every guest, too, if there happen to be any. The plate is then left undisturbed till the morning, when she examines the heaps of salt to see if any of them have fallen; for whoever is found represented by a fallen heap will die during the year. She does not herself, I am assured, believe in it, but she likes to continue a custom which she has learned from her mother.

2. Next may be mentioned the ashes being carefully swept to the open hearth, and nicely flattened down by the women just before going to bed. In the morning they look for footmarks on the hearth, and if they find such footmarks directed towards the door, it means, in the course of the year, a death in the family, and if the reverse, they expect an addition to it by marriage.¹

“If you go to the black-ark bring me X mark;
 Ten mark, ten pound, throw it down upon the ground,
 That me and my merry men may have some.
 Sing, etc.”

¹ On being asked, after reading this paper, who was supposed to make the footmarks in the ashes, I had to confess that I had been

3. Then there is an elaborate process of eaves-dropping recommended to young women curious to know their husbands' names: a girl would go with her mouth full of water and her hands full of salt to the door of the nearest neighbour's house, or rather to that of the nearest neighbour but one, for I have been carefully corrected more than once on that point. There she would listen, and the first name she caught would prove to be that of her future husband. Once a girl did so, as I was told by a blind fisherman in the South, and heard two brothers quarrelling inside the house at whose door she was listening. Presently the young men's mother exclaimed that the devil would not let Tom leave John alone. At the mention of that triad the girl burst into the house, laughing and spilling the mouthful of water most incontinently. The end of it was that before the year was out she married Tom, the second person mentioned: the first either did not count or proved an unassailable bachelor.

4. There is also a ritual for enabling a girl to obtain other information respecting her future husband: vessels placed about the room have various things put into them, such as clean water, earth, meal, a piece of a net, or any other article thought appropriate. The candidate for matrimony, with her eyes bandaged, feels her way about the house until she puts her hand in one of the aforesaid vessels. If what she lays her hand on is the clean water, her husband will be a handsome man¹; if it is the earth, he will be a farmer; if the meal, a miller; if the net, a fisherman, and so on into as many of the walks in life as may be thought worthy of consideration.

careless enough never to have asked the question. I have referred it to Mr. Moore, who informs me that nobody, as I expected, will venture on an explanation, by whom the foot-marks are made.

¹ This seems to imply the application of the same adjective, some time or other, to *clean* water and a *handsome* man, just as we speak in North Cardiganshire of *dwr glân*, "pure water", and *bachgen glân*, "a handsome boy."

5. Lastly, recourse may be had to a ritual of the same nature as that observed by the druid of ancient Erinn, when, burdened with a heavy meal of the flesh of a red pig, he laid him down for the night in order to await a prophetic dream as to the manner of man the nobles of Erinn assembled at Tara were to elect to be their king. The incident is given in the story of Cúchulainn's sick-bed; and you all know the passage about Brian and the *taghairm* in the 4th Canto of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. But the Manx girl has only to eat a salt herring, bones and all, without drinking or uttering a word, and to retire backwards to bed. When she sleeps and dreams, she will behold her future husband approaching to give her drink.

Probably none of the practices which I have enumerated, or similar ones mentioned to me, are in any sense peculiar to the Isle of Man; but what interests me in them is the divided opinion as to the proper night for them in the year. I am sorry to say that I have very little information as to the blindman's-buff ritual (No. 4); what information I have, to wit, the evidence of two persons in the South, fixes it on Hollantide Eve. But as to the others (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5), they are observed by some on that night, and by others on New Year's Eve, sometimes according to the Old Style¹ and sometimes the New. Further, those who are wont to practise the Salt Heap ritual, for instance, on Hollantide Eve, would be very indignant to hear that anybody should think New Year's Eve the proper night, and *vice versa*. So by bringing women bred and born in different parishes to compare notes on this point, I have witnessed arguing hardly less earnest than that which characterised the ancient controversy between British and Italian ecclesiastics as to the proper time for keeping Easter. I have not been able to map the island according to the practices pre-

¹ This is called in Phillips' Prayer-book *Lá nolick y biggy*, "Little Nativity Day," and *Lá ghian bliuny*, "The Day of the Year's End," meaning of course the former, not the latter, end of the year.

valent at Hollantide and the beginning of January, but local folk-lorists could probably do it without much difficulty.¹ My impression, however, is that January is gradually acquiring the upper hand. In Wales this must have been decidedly helped by the influence of Roman rule and Roman ideas; but even in Wales the adjuncts of the Winter Calends have never been wholly transferred to the Calends of January. Witness, for instance, the women who used to congregate in the parish church to discover who of the parishioners should die during the year.² That custom, in the neighbourhoods reported to have practised it, continued to attach itself to the last, so far as I know, to the beginning of November. In the Isle of Man the fact of the ancient Celtic year having so firmly held its own, seems to point to the probable fact that the year of the pagan Norsemen pretty nearly coincided with that of the Celts.³ For there are reasons to think, as I have endeavoured elsewhere to show, that the Norse Yule was originally at the end of summer or the commencement of winter, in other words, the days afterwards known as the Feast of the Winter Nights. This was the favourite date in Iceland for listening to soothsayers prophesying with regard to the winter then beginning. The late Dr. Vigfusson had much to say on this subject, and how the local Sybil, resuming her elevated seat at the opening of each successive winter, gave the author of the *Volospá* his plan of that remarkable poem, which has been described by the same authority as the highest spiritual effort of the heathen poetry of the North.

¹ Here, again, I must appeal to Mr. Kermode and Mr. Moore.

² See my *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 514-5, and the *Brython* for 1859, pp. 20, 120.

³ This has been touched upon in my *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 676; but to the reasons there briefly mentioned should be added the position allotted to intercalary months in the Norse calendar, namely, at the end of the summer, that is, as I think, at the end of the ancient Norse year.

FOLK-DRAMA.

IN the following pages I shall not emulate the example of writers on English dramatic history, who ascribe the origin of our drama to the mediæval miracle-plays in a truly traditional manner. If they could be questioned as to why they did this, I feel persuaded they could give no better answer than that which ever delights the ears of the folk-lore collector: "Because our fathers did it." I feel that FOLK-LORE is not the place to trample on tradition; but this particular tradition is of literary origin, and I hope the mention of that fact alone will enlist the reader's sympathies on the side of the iconoclast.

The author of a recent work on the English stage—a work in many respects of great importance and usefulness—even protests against the taking into account of early acting in rural districts and provincial towns in connection with "the general history of the stage". All such matters he leaves aside as having no place in a book intended "as an aid to the literary student".

The English drama, it is evident, is regarded as a literary institution, for which an arbitrary literary origin is to be accepted. Conformably with this conception, the same author remarks: "The principal reason for the existence of any players at all must be looked for in Court fashion and Royal patronage." It is very clear that the people, the folk, are nowhere in this account. The usual conception of the origin of our drama may be stated in a few words as follows: It arose from the miracle-plays and mysteries, which gave way to moralities and interludes; these were succeeded by the Elizabethan drama, which was a

child of the Renaissance, whose playwrights wrought under the inspiration of the classical drama of Greece and Rome.

It is to be noted, in the first place, that the Elizabethan theatre was before all things a popular institution. Now if we consider on the one hand the character of the plays presented, and on the other the average culture of the people, that popularity is surprising. It seems to me the explanation is to be found in the natural aptitude of the English people for the drama, an aptitude which shows itself throughout our history. There were hundreds of dramas extant in the Elizabethan time which are now lost to us ; if that is so, it is highly probable there were many more belonging to an earlier period similarly lost. The few morality-plays and interludes that have come down to us do not represent the pre-Elizabethan drama. There was no reason for the preservation of obsolete plays ; in the more conscious days of Elizabeth's time, the old plays were rejected and scorned from the art standpoint, and the MSS decayed or were destroyed. The few that have survived probably did so by selection, and so are not representative. The same people who in their youth listened absorbed at the performance of interludes and moralities, in middle-age saw them caricatured in the humours of Bottom and his fellows. But the satire of the interlude in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is levelled at the player rather than the old plays ; it is the gibe of the professional at the amateur. All over England before Shakespeare's time there were companies of players, and they were all amateurs ; servants attached to the great houses of the land, who, with allowances for caricature, rehearsed plays in the manner of Bottom and Quince and Snug, and on festive occasions were admitted into the great houses and gave their performances in presence of the company assembled. These players, too, were permitted, by license of their masters, to visit neighbouring towns, and perform there for the sake of the rewards bestowed on them.

Entries of rewards to such players swarm in Corporation Accounts, and it is the doings of these companies of actors which are ruled out of court by the author I have alluded to.

The dramatic activity in our country before the Shakespeare epos is extraordinary, if we consider its quantity merely. But because it was crude, and was immediately followed by surpassing art, it cannot be divorced from that art. The dramatic aptitude of the English folk, and the energy that must have been thrown into obsolete, lost, and forgotten dramas, had their reward when culture and genius condescended to them. They had made a conduit pipe through which could flow music and wisdom from the highest to the lowest. But the making of that pipe belongs to the folk. And we are to consider that however open to ridicule the folk-players might be, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or to correction as in *Hamlet*, the acting of the best of them, who naturally gravitated to the metropolis, must have been good to have attracted and retained the attention of culture. The word "drama" primarily signifies "action"; and however the playwrights may have ransacked classical sources for their plays, the dramatic action they could not borrow. That at least was original, and if not original, traditional.

All symbolic or concerted action and gesture are exceedingly traditionary. It is a point to which I shall allude in another connection presently; but I introduce it now because it applies to every stage of development. In this matter we are still children, and resent variation. We all remember that when Mr. Irving was unfolding his series of Shakespearean conceptions some years ago at the Lyceum, how his new renderings were rejected by many. We always want to see plays acted as we have seen them acted before. It is only recently that the venerable stage-tradition in *Hamlet*, by which the First Gravedigger was made to take off innumerable waistcoats before setting to work, has given

way to criticism—a tradition among players from the Elizabethan period. Those who regard Elizabethan plays as literature only, surely forget that they were written for actors already in existence, with their traditions and plays of a cruder form. But the remembrance of that fact is necessary to the criticism of the plays as literary masterpieces. We should not have had the plays but for the conditions. It was the popular drama and quick dramatic sense which begot the higher drama of culture and classical colour.

There are facts antecedent to the Shakespeare drama, facts of folk-lore essentially, to which the attention of students of the drama may be appropriately invited in these pages. When we are told that the origin of the English drama was the miracle and mystery-plays, which were organised by the priests and monks of religious houses, we, who seek for causes, ask: *Why* did the Church organise these dramatic representations? In most cases we receive no answer. But “a French writer”, quoted by Warton, and others from him, hints that the object was to “supersede the dancing, music, mimicry, and profane mummeries” to which the folk were addicted. Still questioning, we inquire into the nature of these dancing and profane mummeries. But the historians cannot tell us: they paid no heed to tradition; their object is literary criticism. Again we ask: *Why* it was thought advisable or necessary to provide these dramatic representations of Scripture and Church legends; but we receive no answer. In fact, we cannot get beyond the miracles and mysteries; this was the beginning, a starting-point which has become traditional in dramatic history.

The explanation is the same as in the case of those writers who can see no connection between the sudden perfection of the Elizabethan drama and the crudities that preceded it. The miracle-plays and the mysteries exist. The MSS. have been preserved, have been

printed, edited, furnished with copious exegesis and commentary. They have been studied as literature. Now their value as literature is surely taken on trust. The pieces were written down to the rude pagan mind, and their value lies in that circumstance. They were devised to captivate the eye, to arrest attention, to impress on unwilling or indifferent minds, innocent of all cultivation, the personalities and the stories of the Christian cult. If we may not deny them a place as literature, we may regard them as they are, exotics, foreign to the people in their origin. Their position in relation to literature corresponds, perhaps, to that of chap-books ; rude versions of literary subjects prepared for unlettered people. The Bible is literature, and Homer, and the Sagas : but these plays, devised by ecclesiastics for didactic purposes, have a very different origin and development. In relation to the mediæval history of England they are extremely important ; and when they are so studied, the obvious direction of inquiry will be into the condition of things amid which they were introduced, into those pagan performances of a dramatic character which they were devised to supplant.

For the sake of clearness it is perhaps not superfluous to set down the fact that the Saxon invasion of England preceded the introduction of Christianity. From this source, and from the later Danish immigrations, are derived the original elements, Teutonic and Scandinavian, of English folk-lore. Of these elements, those of which it may be predicated most clearly that they belong to the Northern mythology, are song and dance, and combined or concerted imitative action of any kind. Why these elements never intermarried, and so never produced a Northern literary drama, is due probably to political causes ; because in the poetry of the Eddas, in the religious rites of the warlike worship of Odin, in the power of expression as shown by the scalds, and the musical capacity as shown

by the Saxon gleemen, we have the constituents of the drama as clearly as in the South and in India. In the sword-dance performed by young warriors in honour of the chief Teutonic god, as described by Tacitus, we have a parallel to the Dorian choral dances representing military movements, in honour of Apollo, the god of war and music. To the Rhapsodists, in whose union with the Dorian choruses, the Bacchic dances, and the Dionysian rites we find the origin of Greek drama, we may oppose the Northern scalds. And may we not conclude that had it not been for the introduction of Christianity we should have had in the North a drama corresponding to that of Greece, a direct outcome of the mythology of the Eddas and the rites of the worship of Odin? The constituents existed: the combination was wanting. Now it is the survivals of those elements in the folk-lore and traditionary customs of our country that I venture to call English folk-drama. These various links of tradition, when completed and placed in order, will carry us up to that embryonic state of natural dramatic development which preceded the introduction of a foreign element in the shape of miracle-plays and mysteries.

In the accompanying diagram I have attempted to place in parallel lines the development of the drama among the European divisions of the Indo-Germanic race. It will be seen then that while the Greek and Roman drama have developed regularly and independently from pagan religious observances, in the case of the Teutonic and Scandinavian branches the development has been deflected by the introduction of Christianity.

In India the development has been normal throughout. Monier Williams, in his *Indian Wisdom*, thus describes the origin of the Hindu drama :—

“In all likelihood the germ of the dramatic representations of the Hindūs, as of the Greeks, is to be sought for in public exhibitions of dancing, which consisted at first of simple movements

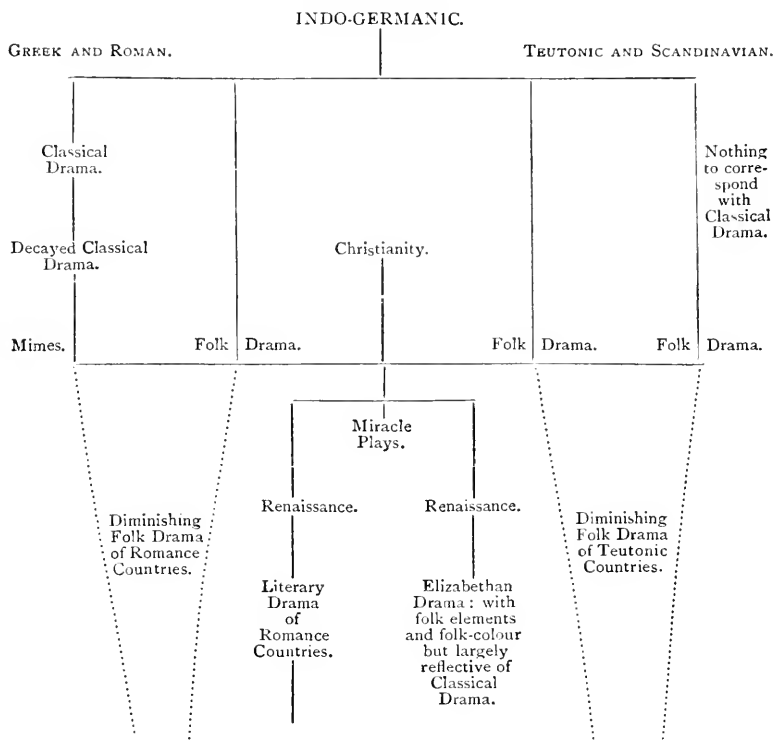
of the body, executed in harmony with singing and music. Indeed, the root *naṭ* and the nouns *nāṭya* and *nāṭaka*, which are now applied to dramatic acting, are probably mere corruptions of *nṛit*, to 'dance', *nṛitya*, 'dancing', and *nartaka*, 'a dancer'. Of this dancing various styles were gradually invented, such as the *Lāsya* and *Tūṇḍava*, to express different actions or various sentiments and emotions.

"Very soon dancing was extended to include pantomimic gesticulations accompanied with more elaborate musical performances, and these gesticulations were aided by occasional exclamations between the intervals of singing. Finally, natural language took the place of music and singing, while gesticulation became merely subservient to emphasis in dramatic dialogue."

Such was the origin of the Indian drama, and dramatic literature, comparable in every sense with that of Greece and Rome : and a development of the drama in northern Europe, in the absence of Greece, and Rome, and of Christianity, would probably have yielded a very close parallel to that of India. But it is to the actual effect of Christianity upon the drama of Europe to which I desire to direct attention.

In the following diagram I have endeavoured to give in graphic form my conception of the lines of development of the classical and European drama, with the special object of showing the influence of Christianity on the latter. It will be observed that there is nothing to correspond to classical drama in Teutonic countries, in which to some extent the actual classical drama was utilised.

PAGAN RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.



My reading of the genealogy of the English epic drama is the meeting of two forces, Pagan and Christian, resulting in the concession of the miracle-play and mystery; that alongside the miracle-plays, the traditional embryonic drama continued to exist, competition with which led eventually to mixing or debasing the miracle-play representations and ultimately to their abolition; that at the Renaissance the popular actors became provided with written secular plays founded partly on traditional subjects; that in the composition of pageants or masques the popular pagan traditions became combined with reproductions of Greek and Roman

classical themes ; that a similar combination occurred in the Elizabethan drama, notably in Shakespeare, where the fairy mythology of the folk is interweaved with the plots and stories of the plays. And thus, by repeated efforts, the development was brought back as far as possible to the line, and the racial character of our drama was redeemed.

It seems to me that this is to give our drama a more illustrious lineage, and a more natural origin, than by ascribing it to the miracle-plays of the Middle Ages. What may have been contributed by the miracle-play—but we cannot be sure—is the form of dialogue, the conduct of a story by speaking characters. But this the ecclesiastics borrowed from Greece and Rome. Our Saxon forefathers may even have had a rude form of it themselves. It is possible that traditions of the dramatic action used by the scalds in their recitals of the Eddas—parts of which are in dialogue form—may have lingered among them ; nor should it be forgotten that the folk-tales of a race with such remarkable dramatic propensities would receive a dramatic rendering in recitation. In the Elizabethan drama I find not a trace of the miracle-play. On the other hand, I do find it in some of the elements which were thrust into the miracle-plays, when the dramatic genius of the people, rude as it may have been, could no longer be restrained, and unconsciously strove to make the religious plays hold the mirror up to nature. And when I come to Shakespeare I feel that the clash of arms, the battles, the warlike processions, belong by right of blood and ancestry to the sword-dance of Odin.

The facility with which folk-drama became combined with the literary drama is explainable by the fact of their common origin. The combination was of crude and undeveloped dramatic elements, existing in the body of the national tradition, with the reflected drama of classical Greece and Rome, both having a common origin, the Northern undeveloped, the Southern developed. In this sense English drama has carried on the spirit of the ancient classical

drama from the point of decadence. If it were necessary to demonstrate that the early Elizabethan dramatic writers reflected the ancient classic literature, it could be done by enumerating the plays, when it would appear that an overwhelming proportion of them were taken from this source. But the way in which the native elements entered into this reflected drama is equally clear—the combination of the folk-drama with the literary. In Shakespeare himself it is peculiarly evident; and the latter-day German appreciation of Shakespeare is explainable on this ground. He is full of the Teutonic spirit, as well as of the Southern culture; and his power rests upon his extraordinary educational influence. He not only poetised the national history; he interpreted to his nation the higher mental furniture of another branch of the same race. He personifies in himself the union of folk-drama with the literary drama.

As in the case of folk-tales, so with folk-drama, the traditional becomes absorbed by the literary, and the traditional goes on just the same, in obedience to the laws of its existence, splitting up, taking fresh colour, changing and yet retaining identity; and by-and-bye comes the commentator, who, noting the resemblances to the literary form would, if he could, dismiss these poor honest waifs and strays as mere limbs of literary origin. Because all that was artistically possible in folk-drama became absorbed in the literary drama, we will not feel less, but more, interest in these traditionary contributions to a noble art. By way of taking a nearer view of folk-drama, let us examine one of the chief channels by which the traditions flowed.

The Gilds were a thoroughly Saxon institution. Dr. E. W. Wilda, in his *Das Gildenwesen in Mittelalter*, ascribes their origin to the sacrificial feasts of the Teutonic peoples. Lappenberg adopts the same view, which is supported also by Thorpe in his *Diplomatarium Anglicum*. Grimm has the following on the origin of the word "Gild": "Gildan, kēltan among its many meanings, has also to do with worship and sacrifice; it was from the old sacrificial ban-

quets that our guilds took their name." Dr. Lujo Brentano, in his *Essay on the History and Development of Gilds*, claims that the first gilds were formed on the basis of the family, and that they were sacrificial unions, from which later on the religious gilds were developed for association in prayer and good works. Mr. Toulmin Smith denies the origin in pagan sacrificial feasts; but on the antiquity of English gilds he is emphatic. He says: "English Gilds, as a system of widespread practical institutions, are older than any kings of England. They are told of in the books that contain the oldest relics of English laws. The old laws of King Alfred, of King Ina, of King Athelstan, of King Henry I, reproduce still older laws in which the universal existence of Gilds is treated as a matter of well-known fact, and in which it is taken to be a matter of course that everyone belonged to some Gild." An origin that looks back from the time of Alfred is practically speaking Teutonic or Scandinavian; and here we have a channel from which the traditions of sacrificial rites flowed with less interruption than where the folk were more immediately under priestly influence. It is true that the religious character of the gilds changed from pagan to Christian, and as Christian became ultimately associated with the miracle-plays; but the point is the independence belonging to an aggregation of individuals, organised according to tradition, as an agency for maintaining tradition. In his interesting little book on Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Lee has the following passage, which describes these institutions when they had become clearly English as distinct from Teutonic:—

"The early English guilds must not be confounded with the modern survival in the City of London. The guilds owed their origin to popular religious observances, and developed into institutions of local self-help. They were societies at once religious and friendly, 'collected for the love of God and our soul's need'. Members of both sexes—and the women were almost as numerous as the men—were admitted on payment of a small annual subscrip-

tion. This primarily secured for them the performances of certain religious rites, which were more valued than life itself. While the members lived, but more especially after their death, lighted tapers were duly distributed in their behalf, before the altars of the Virgin and of their patron saints in the parish church. A poor man in the Middle Ages found it very difficult, without the intervention of the guilds, to keep this road to salvation always open. Relief of the poor and of necessitous members also formed part of the guild's objects, and gifts were frequently awarded to members anxious to make pilgrimage to Canterbury, and at times the spinster members received dowries from the association. The regulation which compelled the members to attend the funeral of any of their fellows united them among themselves in close bonds of intimacy.

“But the social spirit was mainly fostered by a great annual meeting. On that occasion all members were expected to attend in special uniform. With banners flying, they marched in procession to church, and subsequently sat down together to a liberal feast. The guilds were strictly lay associations. Priests, in many towns, were excluded from them, and where they were admitted held no more prominent place than the laymen. The guilds employed mass priests to celebrate their religious services, but they were the paid servants of the fraternity. Every member was expected to leave at his death as much property as he could spare to the guilds, and thus in course of time they became wealthy corporations. They all were governed by their own elected officers—wardens, aldermen, beadles, and clerks, and a common council formed of their representatives kept watch over their property and rights.”

That shows a perfectly independent organisation, and if such an organisation undertook the performance of miracle-plays, it was at no priestly dictation. The gradation was perfectly natural, by which traditionary rites were replaced by miracle-plays on the occasions of the gild festivals. And the body of tradition thus sheltered under the wing of the gilds far into the mediæval period, was considerable; nor did it become wholly displaced or absorbed, but has continued a slowly diminishing quantity ever

since. This was the channel by which a large part of English folk-drama kept an independent existence.

Thus it is we must look to municipal and local custom and observance for traditions of dramatic import. We find that at Coventry, one of the chief homes of the miracle-play, on the occasions of royal visits to the city, was exhibited, among other pageants, the pageant of "St. George", which was secular and legendary in character. The word pageant seems to have undergone a good deal of modification in its application and meaning—from being employed to describe the performance itself, it came to be applied to the movable stage on which miracle-plays were presented, and its use appears to have some connection with the dissociation of the miracle-plays from the churches where they were originally performed. This transition probably did not escape Warton, and he points out that the pageants, which on civil occasions derived great part of their decorations and characters from historical fact, were a nearer approximation to the regular drama than the mysteries. Mysteries and miracle-plays, and pageants consisting of the dramatic presentation of legendary subjects, seem to have alternated as occasion served or suggested. Let us take a particular town—Leicester. Here the religious guilds flourished; miracle-plays were performed, and pageants were presented. In this town one of the religious guilds was dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of England, whose festival is on the 23rd April, and hence at Leicester the popular celebrations in honour of St. George were kept up with remarkable vigour. Now I am not going to identify St. George, or analyse the legend; I am not even at this moment going to inquire whether the Saint has been fastened upon a legend that came here with our Teutonic or Scandinavian fathers. But I find the celebrations in his honour at Leicester to be entirely secular, popular, organised by a guild, and uninfluenced by ecclesiasticism. The same celebrations took place every year at Stratford-on-Avon, and in this con-

nection it is curious to note the date of the festival of St. George, the 23rd April, Shakespeare's birthday. That day used to be a general holiday in Stratford in the Middle Ages, as it ought to be now for a prouder cause. There are some notices of these celebrations at Leicester, at Stratford, at London, and elsewhere, which I will briefly refer to, in order that we may note the elements of the legend and their dramatic presentation.

In 1416, at Windsor, a performance took place before the Emperor Sigismund and Henry V, divided into three parts, first, "the armyng of Seint George, and an Angel doying on his spores" [spurs]; secondly, "Saint George ridyng and fightyng with the dragon, with his spear in his hand"; and thirdly, "a castell, and Saint George and the Kyng's daughter ledyng the lambe in at the castel gates." No speeches are mentioned; probably it was all pantomime, as we should say now, the original meaning of the word drama having become changed. But assuredly a very pretty spectacle, in the year after Agincourt, where, doubtless, many a spirited charge was made in the name of the English saint, as Shakespeare makes the King invoke him in *Henry V*, before Harfleur :

"Upon this charge
Cry God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

This was a royal affair; we will glance at some local celebrations. It is to be noted, by the way, that the spectacles of St. George were invariably arranged in connection with a well or water-conduit. In a description of the reception of Prince Edward at Coventry in 1474, printed in Sharpe's *Coventry Mysteries*, among various pageants, and speeches, and minstrelsy, the following occurs: "Upon the Condite in the Crosse Chepyng was seint George armed and Kynges dought^r knelyng afore hym w^t a lambe and the fader and the moder beyng in a toure a boven beholdyng seint George sayng their dought^r from the dragon. And the Condite rennyng wine

in iiii places and mynstralsey of Organ pleyinge and seint George havying this speche under wrytten”

In proof of the legend having been the subject of a folk-play, it is to be noted that at the performance of the play of “St. George” at Basingbourne in 1511, John Hobard, a brotherhood priest, received 2s. 8d. for “bearing the book”, or, in other words, for filling the office of prompter (J. P. Collier, *Hist. Dram. Poet.*). Throsby, the historian of Leicester, describes the “Riding of the George” as “the grandest solemnity of the town”. It was a point of honour with the Gild of St. George in Leicester to maintain the custom. An Act of the Corporation Common Hall, passed in 1467, made it incumbent on all the inhabitants to attend the mayor “for the Riding of the George.” Penalties were inflicted by the Corporation upon itself, or its officers, for failure to uphold the ceremony. In 1523 it was ordered by the Common Hall that whoever should be master of St. George’s Gild, “should cause the George to be ridden, *according to the old ancient custom*, that is to say, between St. George’s day and Whitsunday.” In case of neglect a penalty of five pounds was to be inflicted; and if the mayor and chamberlains failed to enforce it, they were to be fined respectively 26s. 8d. and 6s. 8d. From an entry in the Chamberlain’s Account in 1536, of an item “for dressing of the dragon”, we may infer that the Leicester ceremony was of the usual kind, although it is always quaintly styled “the Riding of the George”. There was a Gild of St. George at Norwich, and the pageant of “St. George and the Dragon” always accompanied the mayor and corporation in their processions.

Passing now from the dramatised versions of the legend of St. George and the Dragon, let us briefly review another folk-drama, the Robin Hood play. This play, which is printed in Gutch’s *Robin Hood*, is the direct outcome of the May Games. When we survey the early English celebration of the great spring festival we become already conscious of resemblances to the folk-lore of other races; the

May-pole, as the May-tree, may be claimed as the Celtic variant of the world-tree, an Eastern legend, which again has been identified with the ash Ygdrasill ; and the original of the most interesting personage of the May game or play may be denied to the North and ascribed to the Southern goddess Flora, who by this supposition was brought hither by the early missionaries. But that the spring festival was celebrated independently by the Northern peoples there can be no doubt.

In connection with the popular custom of celebrating the strife between winter and summer—common to both Teuton and Celt—Grimm says :

“I hope I have proved the antiquity and significance of the conceptions of Summer and Winter, but there is one point I wish to dwell upon more minutely. The dressing-up of the two champions in *foliage and flowers*, in *straw and moss*, the dialogue that probably passed between them, the accompanying chorus of spectators, all exhibit the first rude shifts of dramatic art, and a history of the German stage ought to begin with such performances. The wrappage of leaves represents the stage-dress and masks of a later time. Once before (p. 594), in the solemn procession for rain, we saw such leafy garb. Popular custom exhibits a number of variations, having preserved one fragment here and another there, of the original whole.” (Grimm’s *Teutonic Mythology*, ii, 784.)

In the worship and ritual of Odin and in the celebrations of the seasons lie the beginnings of our Northern drama ; and there is no call to regard the devious stream of tradition from this source in the spirit that denies, or with wilful scepticism. The adaptive power of tradition is a source of difficulty to the student, but it is that which gives its peculiar value to tradition. Robin Hood became King of the May, a genuine English product ; and the Queen of the May became indifferently, Maid Marian, lady, or queen. The king and queen, or lord and lady, presided over the May games. They led the processions. Spoken words were introduced ; Friar Tuck and other

characters were added, and so the Robin Hood play was evolved. A genuine folk-play, which, by the way, has been the theme of the libretto of a recent comic opera.

As to the national character of this folk-play, I have no wish to exaggerate, but I fancy there is hardly a district in England where it was unknown. Nearly all the parochial records and accounts contain notices of it. It is frequently described as the King Play or the King Game, or the Game of King and Queen. One of the earliest notices I know of is contained in the 38th Canon of the Council of Worcester, held in 1240, where, in reference to the fact that Robin Hood, outlaw as he was, found sanctuary within the church, clergymen, after being forbidden to join in disreputable games or dancings, or to play at dice, are enjoined that they shall not allow games of King and Queen to be acted. In Machyn's Diary, under date 24th June 1559, we read: "There was a May-game, with a giant, and drums, and guns, and the ix worthies, with speeches; and then Saint George and the Dragon, the morris-dance, and after Robin Hood, and Little John, and Maid Marion, and friar Tuck, and they had speeches, round about London. The xxvth day of June the same May-game went unto the palace at Greenwich, playing afore the Queen and Council." The reference to the Nine Worthies "with speeches", is to the Pageant of "The ix Worthys and King Arthur", which is recorded as having been performed at Coventry on the occasion of the visit to that town of Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII, in 1498; and the reference to Robin Hood and his fellows "with speeches" is to the "Robin Hood" play.

It is noticeable here that the combination of various distinct plays or pageants are spoken of as a "May Game". And the same entertainment was often given at Easter and Whitsuntide. Other plays which occasionally figured in the programme were the pageant of the "Three Kings of Cologne", and the pageant of the "Lord of Misrule", although this latter was more frequently represented at Christmas.

Perhaps it was from this custom of acting several pageants, or plays, on the same occasion that they lost individuality at a later date. Another cause of confusion never to be lost sight of, was the break of continuity under the Puritan domination. The various traditional plays which, roughly speaking, have been recorded during the past 150 years are certainly mixed in character. These are almost always associated with Christmas. I will not now enter upon a detailed analysis of these plays, generally known as Mummers' Plays, some of which have been printed in the *Record* and *Journal* of the Folk-lore Society. In the Cornish version we have St. George and the Dragon and the King of Egypt's Daughter; in all of them we have St. George, in most of them the Dragon figures. We may safely conclude that the body of these traditional plays is derived from the pageant of "St. George and the Dragon"; and the Turkish Knight, who invariably figures in the plays and fights with St. George, may have been introduced after the Crusades, as is generally supposed. The Doctor, who heals the combatants when they are supposed to be slain in the fights that always take place, was no doubt originally a magician, and the long staff which he usually carries supports that conclusion. For a long time I could not see the application of the rhyme in Scott's *Marmion*—

"Who lists may in their Mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery."

But a version printed by Halliwell in *The Archæologist*, which I have now made acquaintance with, contains the character of Judas, no doubt taken from the mysteries. He enters saying:

"Here comes in Judas—Judas is my name.
Come drop some silver in the bag—it was for that I came."

There is a reference, at the beginning of this play, to this Feast of Fools. In many versions, St. George became Prince George, or King George, in compliment to our

Hanover sovereigns. In this particular version, both occur—St. George, and Prince George. A title is given to this piece, apparently taken from an old black-letter edition of the play: "Christmas; his Pageant Play, or Myserie, of St. George, as played by the Itinerant Actors and Mummers in the Courts of the Nobility and Gentry, the Colleges, in the halls of the ancient Corporations and Guild Merchants, and in Public Hostelries and Taverns."

Another version, which may not be known to the readers of FOLK-LORE, is the mummer-play performed at St. Mary Bourne, Hants, printed by Mr. Stevens in his *Parochial History of St. Mary Bourne*, 1888. The characters are: Old Father Christmas, Mince Pie, A Turkish Knight, St. George, An Italian Doctor, Little John. The last, "Little John", was a character in the Robin Hood play. He is introduced, as Judas was in the version above referred to, to collect the money.

The piece entitled "The Morrice Dancers at Revesby", which was edited by me and printed in vol. vii of the *Folk-lore Journal*, is the most strangely composite piece of folk-drama I have yet encountered. The essential part of it, the most ancient, the part to which the dialogue may have been fitted from recollections of a mummer's play, is the various dances, which are dances in concert, a fact which raises a presumption of integrity as to their descent. It is an amalgam of the rites of the Plough Monday festival and a Christmas mumming-play, a thing of later date. But the element of the plough, with the element of the sword-dance and the chorus of swords, are Teutonic remnants of the worship of the goddess Frieg. One of the characters of the piece is called "the Fool", and the others tell him he must die. The Fool kneelsdown, and they all place their swords about his neck. Then there is some parleying, chiefly by the Fool, who makes a ridiculous will. This is followed by action, for which the direction is: "Then they draw their swords, and the Fool falls on the floor, and the Dancers walk once round the Fool, and

Pickle Herring [one of the characters] stamps with his foot, and the Fool rises on his knees again." A little more parleying, and "Then the Dancers, putting their swords round the Fool's neck again," the Fool proceeds to make further absurd bequests. The same kind of thing is repeated, with scraps of song and dialogue between the placing of swords about the Fool and the threats that he is to die. This action, taken in connection with the title of the piece, "The Plow Boys or Morris Dancers," establishes it as a Teutonic tradition—a Lincolnshire variant of the combination of the sword-dance with the "Fool Plough" festival which was peculiar to the northern counties—as the following passage from Grimm will show :—

"*Frigg*, the daughter of *Fiörgynn*, as consort of the highest god, takes rank above all other goddesses : she knows the fates of men, is consulted by *Odinn*, administers oaths, handmaids fulfil her hest, she presides over *marriages*, and her aid is implored by the childless ; hence *hionagras* is also called *Friggjargras*. We may remember those maidens yet unmarried being yoked to the plough of the goddess whose commands they had too long defied. In some parts of Northern England, in Yorkshire, especially Hallamshire, popular customs show remnants of the worship of *Frieg*. In the neighbourhood of *Dent*, at certain seasons of the year, especially autumn, the country folk hold a procession and perform old dances, one called the giant's dance : the leading giant they name *Woden*, and his wife *Frigga*, the principal action of the play consisting in two swords being swung and clashed together about the neck of a boy without hurting him."¹

In this case, perhaps, the importance of the action of the piece is so clear that it need not be insisted upon. But in all folk-drama it is the same. What is of first consequence is the action and the characters represented ; the

¹ Communicated by J. M. Kemble, from the mouth of "an old Yorkshireman". I account for the sword by the ancient use of that weapon at weddings.

dialogue is of secondary importance altogether. Those of my hearers who have seen these traditionary plays performed, cannot fail to have remarked the unalterable adherence to custom and tradition by the actors; not a step is allowed to be changed, not a gesture. A folk-play as performed by one generation is an exact reproduction of the play as performed in the previous generation. Very often the performers themselves are obviously oblivious of the meaning of their gestures and words; old words are used, which are quite obsolete in the dialect of the district; actions are rendered with a studious adherence to tradition, but sometimes a little removed from the exact part of the dialogue to which they belong, and when that happens the solemnity of the actors appears a little grotesque. But what is important for us to note, is the fact that that permanence of traditional acting gives us something far older in these folk-dramas than the dialogue, which in most cases appears to belong to the seventeenth century. So, too, with regard to the popular dances. They are all called, almost without exception, "Morris Dances". But, as in the piece I have been alluding to—"The Morrice Dancers at Revesby"—the dance is the sword-dance, or variants of it, or popular traditional dances, to which something of the Morisco became added, just as the folk-plays took in allusions to the Crusades, and in modern times turned St. George into Prince George.

I hope in a future paper to present the results of an analysis of English traditional plays, or folk-plays, side by side with an analysis of the pre-Shakespearean drama, on the lines laid down in the present paper. This will yield a two-fold contribution to folk-lore and the drama respectively; and I am not without hope that collectors of folk-lore, on the one hand, may be induced to look to this department of the subject with increased interest, while, on the other, literary students may be convinced of the importance of traditionary beginnings. Let it be understood that the aim is to reconstruct from tradition the embryo on

which the miracle-play was grafted ; let the prior importance of dramatic action, of which so much has passed away without record, not be lost sight of, and folk-lore may bring its light to bear on yet another of the branches of knowledge.

T. FAIRMAN ORDISH.

THE
FOLK-LORE OF MALAGASY BIRDS.

DURING previous furloughs in England—from twelve to eight years ago—I had the pleasure of contributing several papers on Madagascar folk-lore to the *Record*¹ and to the *Journal* of this society, my latest contributions being a series of articles on “The Oratory, Songs, Legends, and Folk-tales of the Malagasy”,² with translations of numerous specimens of these productions of the native mind. In these papers a few references were made to Malagasy superstitions about the birds of their country; but as I have recently paid some attention to Madagascar ornithology, and have written several articles on the subject for an annual publication which I have edited for several years past, and which is printed at Antanànarivo, the capital of the island,³ I have collected together much additional information on the folk-lore of Malagasy birds. My papers will be given in full, with further additions, in the quarterly numbers of the *Ibis* for this year; but I thought it might be interesting to select from them what is most noteworthy as regards the bird-lore of the people, including the legends, popular notions, and proverbs relating to this subject, together with a few references to the very significant native names for many of the birds of Madagascar. I shall now proceed to do this, noticing the birds in the order of their present classification by the best ornithologists, especially that followed by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe, F.Z.S.

¹ See “Malagasy Folk-lore and Popular Superstitions”, *Folk-lore Record*, 1879; pp. 19-46. “Some Additional Folk-lore from Madagascar”, *ibid.*, 1881; pp. 45-51.

² See *Folk-lore Journal*, Jan.-Nov. 1883; p. 109.

³ *The Antanànarivo Annual and Madagascar Magazine*; edited by Rev. J. Sibree, F.R.G.S., and Rev. R. Baron, F.L.S., F.G.S.; Nos. xiii (1889) and xiv (1890).

Before, however, giving the results of my researches on these various points, I will venture to indicate in half-a-dozen sentences what it is that gives great interest to the study of Madagascar ornithology.

The avi-fauna of the island comprises, as at present ascertained, about 240 species, including sea-birds, among which there are naturally numerous wide-ranging forms common to many other countries; and among these latter there is, of course, little that is peculiar or of any special interest. It is among the land-birds proper, numbering 150 species—and omitting many shore and water birds, as well as several of powerful flight and therefore of wide distribution—that we find some of those peculiar and isolated types of bird which, as Mr. Alfred R. Wallace remarks, “speak to us plainly of enormous antiquity, of long-continued isolation, and not less plainly of a lost . . . continental island [or archipelago of large islands], in which so many, and various, and peculiarly organised creatures could have been gradually developed in a connected fauna, of which we have here but the fragmentary remains”.

Madagascar possesses a considerable number of genera and species of birds peculiar to itself; 35 genera and 129 species, distributed among 55 families, one of which is also peculiar and confined to the island. The result of a detailed study of the Malagasy avi-fauna is, says M. Grandidier, “that it has a very specialised character, and that, notwithstanding the small distance which separates Madagascar from the African continent, its affinities are much greater with the extreme East than with Africa; since, if we leave on one side all the birds of powerful flight, there are about twice as many more allied to Oriental than to African species, besides which, the greater part of the characteristic African genera are entirely wanting.”

Madagascar is indeed a kind of museum of antiquities as regards its animal life as a whole, and this is eminently the case with respect to many of its birds. For, while on the continents innumerable ancient forms of life have

become extinct, either from changes of climate, or from the introduction of other and more powerful forms, better fitted to hold their own in the struggle for existence, here, in this great island, on the contrary, freed from the incursion of other creatures, they have maintained their ground, and thus are still living witnesses to a very antique fauna, extinct everywhere else. And so it comes to pass that many Malagasy birds stand alone, isolated from all other living forms, and have thus been a puzzle to naturalists, being extremely difficult to class, so that in some cases a special family has had to be formed for their reception. It is not that the Madagascar birds are remarkably beautiful or large, or striking in appearance—although there *are* plenty of beautiful forms among them—it is the remote affinities of many of them which gives such an interest to the avi-fauna of the island.

I.—There are twenty-two species of RAPACIOUS BIRDS in Madagascar, the majority being various kinds of hawks, kites, and buzzards, but including several owls and two eagles.

The most common bird of this order is the *Papàngo*, or Egyptian Kite (*Milvus Ægypticus*), a large bird of almost world-wide distribution, and found all over the island. It is the dread and detestation of the country-dwelling Malagasy, for it swoops down upon their chickens and pigeons and is only scared away by their loud cries and execrations. From these habits comes one of its provincial names, *Tsimalàho*, *i.e.*, “The-one-who-does-not-ask”, but takes without saying “By your leave”. Several Malagasy proverbs refer to the *Papàngo*, *e.g.*, to its rapacity and boldness, in the following: “Acting like a kite’s claws: not taking gently, but greedily”; and “The wild-cat is weary, for the fowl (it was seeking) is carried off by the kite”. Occasionally it seems that it catches more than it can eat, for another proverb says: “The kite that caught a tortoise: it certainly got it, but it did not get much after all.” And its occasional food of locusts is mentioned in this: “Not (like) a little

swarm of locusts and afraid of a kite." One of the native *Hain-tèny* or "oratorical flourishes" says: "The kite is an arrant thief, the crow is blear-eyed, and the brown stork is long-necked: all are rogues and abuse one another."

Another very widely-spread rapacious bird is the little lively and noisy *Hitsikitsika*, or Kestrel, which is found in or about every village, often perched upon the gable "horns" of the houses, or even on the extreme point of the lightning-conductors. Its widely-spread name is probably an imitation of its peculiar querulous cry. Several native proverbs refer to the kestrel's quick restless flight and its frequent habit of hovering aloft, poised almost motionless, or with an occasional quivering of the wings; and this, as it is very like the Malagasy so-called dancing, which consists rather of a graceful posturing and movement of the hands than of the feet, is also called by the people "dancing" (*mandily*). *E.g.*, "The kestrel is at home in dancing, and the little-grebe is at home in the water"; "The kestrel is not hovering (*lit.* 'dancing') without reason, for there below is something (in the shape of prey)"; and again: "Dance, O kestrel, that we may also learn (to do it) in harvest-time." And its habit of driving away the robber Papàngo, but itself appropriating the kite's intended prey, is referred to in a proverb applied to one who was expected to be a benefactor, but turns out an oppressor, thus: "He was thought to be a kestrel to be honoured (or, to protect the birds), but becomes a falcon (*Vòromahèry*) carrying off the chickens." Among some tribes, or, perhaps, only certain families, the kestrel is a sacred or tabooed bird. M. Pollen says: "Being one day hunting in the neighbourhood of Anòrontsànga, I killed one of these kestrels, when a farmer came to meet us, saying that I had committed sacrilege in killing, as he said, a sacred bird. He begged me to leave it to him, so that he might bury it in a sacred place. I hesitated, except to grant him the beak of the kestrel, which had been broken by the shot. The good man, accompanied by a slave carrying a load of sugar-cane, and happy to take away

any part of the sacred bird, tried to express his gratitude by offering me half the load. I have, however, observed that this bird is not sacred among the Antankàrana, the Bétsimisàraka, and other tribes." It seems pretty certain that the kestrel was formerly worshipped, and a small piece of the legs or wings or body was given by the diviners to be used as a charm, or presented as a sort of sacrifice when praying to the *ody*, or idol. Many of the ignorant Malagasy still venerate the bird and make supplication to it.

Another noticeable Malagasy hawk, although much less common than the two previously mentioned ones, is the *Vòromahèry*, or Lesser Falcon, a small but very courageous bird, which has long attracted the attention of the Malagasy for its swiftness and fearlessness. Its native name, which means "Powerful bird", is also that of the tribe of Hova Malagasy who inhabit the capital and its near neighbourhood; and probably from that circumstance this falcon has been adopted as a kind of crest or emblem by the central Government, and it is engraved on some of the official seals. Large metal figures of a bird, popularly supposed to be this *Vòromahèry*, are fixed on the ridge of the roofs of the two largest royal palaces, and also over the palace gateway. One of the proverbs referring to this falcon has already been quoted. Another says: "Falcon's eggs on the face of the cliff: that which screams out is its young."

The voracious tearing up of their prey is noticed in the names given to several of the Malagasy hawks, those in which the words *Firàsa* or *Fandràsa*, the "Tearer" or "Divider", or, more freely, the "Butcher", appear either in these simple forms or combined with other words. This is the name of the Madagascar Sparrow-Hawk, which is also called *Vandraskibo*, "Quail-eater". Another hawk is termed *Pariafòdy*, "Dispenser-of-cardinal-birds", as it feeds largely on these brightly-coloured little birds; and it is also named *Amfamàkalòhanikìbo*, "Quails'-head-breaker". *Fandràsalàmbo*, "Wild-boar-butcher", is the name of other

hawks. Others, again, are known by the name of *Hindry* or *Fanindry*, words derived from roots meaning "to press down", "to pounce on", and doubtless referring to their swooping down upon their prey. The long pinions of the Grey Hobby, projecting even beyond the tail, are noticed in its name of *Làvèlatra*, *i.e.*, "Long-wings". These birds appear in Madagascar only in the rainy season, coming from Africa in pursuit of the clouds of locusts which frequently cross the Mozambique Channel, and on which they principally feed. Their flight is rapid, like that of a swallow, and they may be seen pursuing the locusts as the swallows do gnats. A Sàkalàva name of this bird is *Tsiasàra*, *i.e.*, "Not-found-in-the-dry-season". It will be seen that this group of rapacious birds presents good examples of the Malagasy power of giving striking and appropriate names to the living creatures of their country.

Two species of eagle are found in Madagascar, of one of which, the *Ankoày*, a fishing or sea eagle, much that is interesting has been observed as regards its habits; but I know of nothing yet as to any native superstitions connected with it, as the western tribes are still little known and this bird is only found on the west side of the island.

Six or seven species of owl are known in Madagascar two of which, the Scops and the Barn Owl, are very plentiful. The last mentioned appears to be exactly identical with the almost world-wide bird of that name. As among most other peoples, the owl is regarded by the Malagasy as a bird of ill-omen; they call it *Vòrondòlo*, *i.e.*, "Spirit-bird", or "Ghost-bird", thinking it an embodiment of the spirits of the wicked; and when its startling screech is heard in the night, they believe it to be a presage of misfortune to someone. There are numerous fables and stories about the owl, illustrating the popular dread of and dislike to the bird. M. Grandidier says the provincial name of the Scops Owl, *Atòroko*, means "I am going to say" (more exactly, "to point out"), and that some Malagasy consider it as a menace when they hear it. Like the

owls in all other parts of the world, the Madagascar species are really public benefactors, by keeping down the large numbers of rats and mice; but their nocturnal habits, their large staring eyes, the "uncanny" ear-like feathers of some, and especially their unearthly screech, have all combined to make them objects of dread. These and other popular notions, as well as observation as to the habits of the bird, are shown in the following proverbs: "Don't act like an owl: sulky in another person's house"; "A wild-cat laughing at an owl: the one that creeps ridicules the one that flies." (Wild-cats—*Kàry*—are as much objects of dislike as owls, and are frequently classed with them by the Malagasy.) And again: "Bent down in grief and dejection, although nothing has befallen you, like an owl"; "It is the tufted umber (*Scopus umbretta*) that finishes a nest, but it is the owl who swells out and gives itself airs"; "An owl appearing in the daytime, so all who see it swoop down upon it."

The last-mentioned proverb is illustrated by the following Malagasy fable:—

"Once upon a time, they say, all the birds of the air assembled and agreed to choose one of their number to be king and leader; but the owl, it is said, did not come, for his mate chanced to be sitting just then. So all the birds agreed together that anyone who should see the owl, and did not attack him, should be expelled the community and be accounted an enemy. And that is why the owl does not go about in the daytime, but only at night; for if any birds see him, they all set upon him to beat him.

"And the falcon also, it is said, wanted to be king, and appointed himself, but the rest did not agree to it; so he left all his companions and became their enemy. So if the falcon sees any other bird, he carries it off forthwith, because it is his enemy; and so the birds chose one of themselves to be their king. And their choice fell on the fork-tailed shrike (*Dicrurus forficatus*, L.), because of his good behaviour and his long crest, and also on account of his many-toned voice.

“And that, they say, is why this shriek is considered by the people to be king of the birds.”

II.—The second Order of birds (PICARIE) comprises those which in some points resemble the woodpeckers in their habits, although the woodpeckers proper have no representative in Madagascar. Of the seven families of the first sub-order, the Climbing-birds, two only are represented in the island, viz., the Parrots and the Cuckoos, as to each of which there are some interesting points to be noted. The two Madagascar species of parrot have none of those brilliant tints which adorn many of this family of birds in other parts of the tropics, one being dark-grey in colour and the other slaty black. A native proverb, whose “moral” is to reprove a too easy-going, changeable disposition, speaks of “a parrot seeking fruit in the forest: he finds a luscious morsel here, but in an instant is off to get another there.” The Grey Parrot, M. Grandidier says, is *fady*, or sacred, to one of the royal families of the Vêzo Sâkalâva, and he gives the following story as accounting for the veneration in which they hold it:—

“Lâhimerisa, King of Fihèrèna, told me that one of his ancestors was one day walking alone in one of his manioc plantations at some distance from the royal village, when he was surprised by a band of robbers on a marauding expedition from the Bâra country. They did not know the king, who had nothing in his appearance or dress to denote his rank. But seeing his thick chain of gold gleaming under the knobs of hair covered with grease and white clay, they took him unawares, speared him, and possessing themselves of the coveted prize, threw the body into a hastily dug grave, and decamped. How long he remained there he could not tell; but he was not dead, only seriously wounded; and on recovering consciousness, and seeing nothing but darkness around him, and feeling the earth pressing heavily on his chest, he believed himself in the other world. He was in profound distress; when suddenly he seemed to hear shrill piercing cries, as if a flock of parrots had passed over his head. He

listened attentively; the cries which met his ears were approaching nearer. Doubtless a babbling and restless crowd of them was perched on a neighbouring tree. 'But there are no parrots in the other world,' thought our hero; 'I am not dead!' He took courage, and freeing himself by a tremendous effort from the layer of earth which covered his body, he perceived the bright shining of the sun, in whose rays the parrots were sporting in the trees around him. Hope revived within him, and he made his way, not without difficulty, to his village, where, after the needful care and nursing, he eventually recovered strength. In thankfulness to the birds whose cries had roused him from his torpor, and given him courage to free himself from his tomb, he solemnly vowed for himself and his descendants to the latest generation, that they would never kill parrots."

Most of the names by which these birds are known appear to be imitative of their harsh cry; while some of those by which the Madagascar Parrakeet is known mean "degenerated", or "become small", the people apparently holding the strange notion that it is a dwarfed species of parrot.

There are no less than fourteen species of Cuckoo found in Madagascar, of which twelve belong to a genus, *Coua*, peculiar to the island, and are among those numerous birds which give a special character to its avi-fauna. Of the Blue Coua, the people say that when its cry is heard the day will be wet and drizzly. Several of these birds' names are descriptive of their habits, as "Road-crosser", "Climber", and "Shell-breaker".

The most common bird of this family is the *Kankàfotra*, or Grey-headed Cuckoo, which comes up into the higher interior region as the warm season approaches, and its monotonous but not unpleasing cry of *kozv-kozv, kozv-kozv*, may be heard wherever there are trees, all day long. The Malagasy make its arrival a signal for clearing their ground for planting the later crop of rice; in some native *Hainteny* or "oratorical adornments" the *Kankàfotra* is said to *mandava ny taona*, i.e., "to change", or rather, "to announce

the change of the year". Its various names seem to be all more or less descriptive of its note, like the name of our English species of cuckoo. This bird has the same habit as its European cousin, of laying its eggs in other birds' nests, the intruder when hatched pushing the young of the proper owner out of the nest. Several children's songs refer to the cuckoo and its injuring other birds, especially a species of Fan-tailed Warbler (*Cisticola madagascariensis*). Here is an example:—

“ <i>Kao-kao, Kafotra,</i>	“Kao-kao, Cuckoo,
<i>Maty Ratsintsina ;</i>	Dead is Mr. Warbler ;
<i>Kao-kao, Kafotra,</i>	Kao-kao, Cuckoo,
<i>Levoko omaly ;</i>	I buried him yesterday ;
<i>Kao-kao, Kafotra,</i>	Kao-kao, Cuckoo,
<i>Maimbo sahadu.”</i>	He smells already.”

The remaining bird of this group, the *Tolòho* or Lark-heeled Cuckoo, utters a mellow, flute-like whistle, which consists of several notes running down the scale. This bird is considered as *fàdy*, tabooed or sacred, by one of the principal tribes of Ménabé (W. Coast). M. Grandidier says that, having on one occasion shot one of these birds, he was obliged, in order not to grieve the family of the chief, to leave the body of the cuckoo, which was immediately reverently buried. The reason of the extreme respect in which these Sàkalavà hold the *Tolòho* is as follows: “One of their ancestors, who was fearlessly swimming across the river Tsijobònina, was caught on the way by a crocodile. It is well known that these fearful reptiles do not devour their prey on the shore, but carry it to their lurking-places under or close to the water, so that it may become half putrid before being eaten there. Our hero was carried, quite senseless, to a large hole in the bank of the stream, which served as the habitual retreat of the monster, and which the ebbing tide had left partly dry. It was from this fortunate chance that the victim's head was left just above the surface of the water. Suddenly

he was roused from his torpor by the repeated cry of a Tolòho. Now, we know that this cuckoo chooses damp places, and hops about from bush to bush on the river banks; it was then very natural that the loud, mellow notes of the Tolòho should reach the ears of a man who was lying only a slight depth below ground. Starting out of his lethargy, it was not long before he comprehended that he was not buried very deeply, since the notes of the bird could be recognised; and so, without waiting for the return of the reptile, which was waiting patiently at the entrance of the cave, he used his hands and nails to such effect that in a little time he saw daylight. He was saved. In recognition of the service, all unconscious and involuntary as it was, which the bird had rendered to their ancestor, his children and grandchildren vowed that neither they nor their descendants would ever kill a Tolòho; and so," concludes M. Grandidier, "that is why the Paris Museum has one specimen less of the *Centropus madagascariensis*."

There is a Bétsimisaraka saying that if you throw a Tolòho over the house three times, you will be able to roast it. If you do not do this, they say it all runs to grease, and you only get the bare bones. The Malagasy have an amusing fable about this bird and the *Tàkatra*, or Brown Stork, in which the former is described as invited to a feast at the house of the latter; but he disgracefully repays the hospitality of the stork by turning him out of house and home and taking possession of it himself. From this fable (which probably embodies some facts as to this bird), it would appear that this cuckoo, like the Kankàfotra, has something of the habits of its European cousin in making use of other birds' nests. Perhaps this is also referred to in one of its provincial names of *Abilimbòrona*, *i.e.*, "Base, or Slavish bird".

The second sub-order of the Picariæ, that of the Wide-gaping birds, includes twelve families, half of which are represented in Madagascar.

First to be noticed here of these is the beautiful little

purplish-blue Kingfisher, or *Vintsy*. By some tribes it is called *Vòrombòla*, "Money (or Silver) bird", and some native superstitions are connected with it; thus we find it said that "The kingfisher and the black-moth are dead people who have been changed into animals. The common people reverence them, and say that they are their ancestors." And, again, they say, "If you take the nest of a kingfisher, you become bald; if that of a brown stork, you become a leper." By the Taimòro people (S.E. Coast) its name is personified by the prefix *Ra*: *Ravintsy*.

Passing by the Hoopoes and Bee-eaters, of which I have nothing to remark as regards folk-lore, we come to another family, that of the Ground Rollers, birds which live entirely on the ground, and only come out at dusk. One of these, the Kiròmbò Roller, called also *Vòrondrèò* by the Malagasy, plays a prominent part in the chants and religious observances of the western tribes. It is considered unlucky by the people, and it is said that if one of them settles on a house, the owners will leave it. There are a number of folk-tales in which a strange hairy monster called *Itrimobé* plays a prominent part; and in one of these the *Vòrondrèò* appears and delivers the heroine from danger, as follows:—

"After that a *Rèò* bird came, repeating its cry, '*Rèò, rèò, rèò,*' which, when *Ifàra* saw, she called to thus:

"O yonder *Rèò*, O yonder *Rèò*!
Take me to father's well,
And I will smooth thy tail.'

"'*Rèò, rèò, rèò,*' said the bird, 'come, let me carry you away, my lass, for I feel for the sorrowful.' So the bird took her away and placed her on a tree just above the well of her father and mother."

This Roller also figures to advantage in the following piece, entitled "Don't send a fool on an errand":—

"The weaver-finch (*Tsikirity*) longs for, and the sun-bird (*Sèy*) is sorrowful—but don't send the warbler (*Filattra*), for when he goes into the plantation, he will be off. The weaver-

finch longs for, and the sun-bird is sorrowful—but don't send the cardinal-bird (*Fòdy*), for when he meets a friend, he will forget all about it. The weaver-bird longs for, and the sun-bird is sorrowful—so send the roller (*Vòrondrò*), for he will both chirp and deliver his message."

The names of most of these Rollers are descriptive of their habits; and the Violet Roller is called *Vòronkàka*, which would appear to mean "Enemy", probably from some superstition about it.

Of the two other families of Wide-gaping birds found in Madagascar, the Goatsuckers and the Swifts, I have only to remark that their native names clearly recognise the nocturnal habits of the first, which are called *Matòriàdro*, *i.e.*, "Day-sleepers"; while the Swifts are termed "Day-watchmen", "Day-birds", and "Day-bats", in addition to their more common name of *Tsìdintsìdina*, *i.e.*, "Fliers", *par excellence*.

III.—The third Order into which birds are divided by most naturalists is the one which contains that large and delightful group of feathered creatures which are the principal songsters of the woods. There are about sixty species of PERCHING BIRDS found in Madagascar, the greater proportion of them being seen only in the lower and wooded regions of the island. The majority of these are of somewhat sombre plumage of browns and greys, with the exception of the Sun-birds, the Orioles, some of the Shrikes, the two species of Paradise-birds, and the Weavers. Many of the birds found in Madagascar are by no means deficient in the power of producing sweet sounds with considerable variety of note, and there are some few whose song has been considered to equal that of our European nightingale.

In several accounts which have been given by travellers of their journeys through various parts of the country, reference is made to the silence of the woods and to the apparent paucity of animal life. Now, while it is quite

true that the mammalian life of Madagascar is very scanty, I think these descriptions have been somewhat exaggerated; indeed, most of such journeys have been made in the cold season, when the woods are comparatively silent. But they are certainly not so at all times of the year; and during the warmer months, especially from November to January, the note of one bird or another is never silent all the day long, while some are heard also late into the night.

The first bird to be noticed here in the arrangement of this Order is the Collared Crow, a very prominent member of the Madagascar avi-fauna. This bird, called *Goùika* by the Malagasy, probably from his harsh croak, has glossy black plumage, but with a collar of pure white and a square white patch on his breast, so that he has a somewhat clerical appearance, and is not nearly so sombre and undertaker-like as his English cousin. He is a bold and impudent bird, and, as might be expected, is referred to in many Malagasy proverbs, two or three of which may be here quoted. Thus: "Like the crow's coat: finished while it is young"; "Don't be lustrous outside only, like a crow"; "Many are the crows, and one can't tell which is male and which female, for all have white necks"; "Do like the soldiers: get up before the crows, awake before the warblers". This bird is also alluded to in a native song, in the verses of which the kite, the brown stork, the lark, and the cardinal-bird are successively mentioned; and the last verse runs as follows: "Where are you from, old fellow, you crow there?" "I come from Antanànarivo." "How about the proclamation there?" said I. "The proclamation", said he, "was severe enough." "What was it all about?" said I. "Thieves," said he, "are to be killed!"

One of the Madagascar Shrikes, called *Railòry* or *Railòmbo* by the natives, is alluded to in several of their fables and tales as "a well-behaved bird, with a long crest, and having a variety of note". One of its provincial names comes from

a root, *dòvy*, an enemy, probably from some superstition connected with it.

With regard to the Warblers, Bulbuls, Babblers, and other allied birds, we have at present no information in the department of folk-lore; some of their names, however, are descriptive of their vocal powers, and others of their appearance and habits. Thus, one of them is from a root meaning "well delivered" or "recited"; another is "Beautiful eyes"; while several mean "Watchman", or "Spy". Our present folk-lore knowledge is equally defective with regard to the Shrikes, Flycatchers, Butcher-birds, and Nuthatches, although much that is interesting might be said about their habits.

The beautiful little Sun-birds have already been referred to as being mentioned in many fables and stories in connection with other feathered creatures; they seem to be regarded as melancholy birds on account of their plaintive little note; while their beautiful plumage is referred to in some of their names.

In the central regions of Madagascar no bird is more frequently seen in considerable numbers during the hot season than the brilliant little scarlet *Fòdy*, or Cardinal-bird. The male bird only takes on this bright colouring during the pairing season, the hen being as soberly coloured as a sparrow, as is also her mate during the colder season. These little birds—that is, the males—are most pugnacious, and in the months of October and November pass the time in fierce conflict for the possession of the hen-birds, who appear to be far less numerous than the males. Being so plentiful and conspicuous, it is not to be wondered at that the *Fòdy*—at least, the male bird, or *Fòdilàhimena*, as they call it (that is, "Red-male-fòdy")—has long attracted the attention of the Malagasy, and is frequently alluded to in their folk-tales, proverbs, and children's games. Of the first of these classes of native wisdom one or two examples have been already given in speaking of other birds; of the proverbs referring to this bird, the following may serve as specimens:

“Do not forbid to eat, like a fòdy”, probably meaning that the bird eats so much rice that there is little left for the owner. The same voracious habit is referred to again in the saying: “It is not right to act like a fòdy when the rice is ripe: tasting before the owner.” Again, presuming to be equal to one’s betters is reproved in another proverb, which says: “A rice-bird (*Tsikirity*) going together with a fòdy: it is not the leader, but only a follower.” This *Tsikirity* is a bird of the same family as the fòdy, but of a different genus and much smaller. Other species of Weaver are known as “Forest Fòdy”, and “Crafty Fòdy”, from the ingenious way in which their retort-shaped nests are suspended over streams at the extremity of a branch, so as to protect the young from serpents and other enemies.

Before leaving the weaver-birds, I will just give a specimen of children’s games, in which the cardinal-bird plays a prominent part, quoting from a paper of my friend and brother missionary, the Rev. J. Richardson.

“The native songs,” he says, “are sung to a kind of chant, one or two voices leading in the song, and the others joining in as a chorus at the end of each stanza. The children join hands, and the first two take up the strain, saying:

‘We bid you come, we bid you.’

Then they are answered by the whole body:

‘We’ll not go there, we’ll not go.’

The leaders again sing out:

‘And why [not come], and why [not]?’

The whole body then reply again:

‘It’s neither rice nor yam.’

The leaders cry out, and lift up their arms with hands joined, as in a country dance:

‘It’s the cardinal-bird’s house.’

To which the whole troop of children cry out as they pass under:

‘It’s a red house.’

And these last two strains are repeated until all have passed under. I append music and words in the original :

Key F or E.							D.C.
: s	s : - .s	: m	r : - .r	: d	d : - : - : -	s : -	
The leaders: Man-	à - sa	re	là - hy, man-	às'		è	
The rest: Tsy ho	à - ny	re	là - hy, tsyho	àny		è	
The leaders: Na-	hòa-na	re	là - hy, na-	hòan'		è	
The rest: Tsy ho	và - ry	re	là - hy, tsy	saonjo		è	
s						d	
The leaders :	Trànon-drafòdilà-			hy			
The rest :	Tràno	mè-			na		

This little thing is very popular among the youngsters, and they spend hours upon hours over it."

A species of Lark is a native of Madagascar, and is very common on the bare downs of the interior provinces. In habits and appearance this bird is very much like the European species, but its song is less full and varied. Many native proverbs refer to the *Soròhitra*, the Hova name for this lark, some of which are obscure; but the following seem to refer to its peculiar flight, suddenly falling to the ground as if shot or hurt: "A lark falling in the forest, because it doesn't know how to fly" (lit. "is a fool in flying"). "Thrown at, but not to be eaten, like a lark on a grave." The unprotected state of the young birds when the hen is driven off the nest is referred to in the following: "A lark's nestlings by the roadside: I did not cast them off, but they were forsaken by their mother." The Hova name appears to be derived from a root, *ròhitra*, meaning "to go with a rush", or "to go in companies". Its Sàkalàva name of *Kòlokòlotàny* apparently refers to its nesting on the bare ground, from *kòlokòlo*, "cherished, cared for", and *tàny*, "earth, ground".

Although I know nothing as regards its folk-lore, I will just mention that the last bird in the arrangement of the Order of Passeres, the *Euryceros Prevosti*, or Prévost's Helmet-bird, is one of the most curious and interesting of the whole Malagasy avi-fauna, from its abnormal structure

and remote relationships. The zoological affinities of this remarkable bird were for a long time a puzzle to ornithologists, who successively placed it among or near the Toucans, the Hornbills, the Swallows, the Crows, the Starlings, and the Speckled Pies. It is, however, so different from any other family that a special one has been formed for its reception (*Eurycerotidæ*), of which this bird is the solitary genus and species. The *Euryceros* is remarkable for a beak formed like a very capacious helmet, which is considerably larger than the skull. It is about the size of a starling, velvety black in colour, and with a saddle-shaped patch of light brown on the back.

IV.—The PIGEONS and some few allied birds form, in Mr. R. B. Sharpe's classification, an Order of themselves, and include the extinct Dodos, of which five species at least lived in the Mascarene Islands until within the last 250 years, but no remains have yet been found in Madagascar itself.

Of the four species of pigeon known in Madagascar, their names are chiefly descriptive. One, however, has the strange appellation of *Tsiàzotonòrina*, *i.e.*, "Unspeakable", or "Unmentionable", among the Tanàla or forest tribes, possibly because its more common name of *Katòto* had become tabooed or sacred through having formed part of the name of one of their chiefs. This seems to be confirmed by the fact that this other name is said to belong to "a bird of bad omen." Mr. Cowan says, speaking of the Bàra country: "The *Katòto* is tabooed or sacred here, even to its name, so it is spoken of as the *Tsi-tonòrina* ('Not-to-be-mentioned'). It is a remarkable fact that most, if not all, of the birds common to Eastern Africa and Madagascar are sacred, or regarded with a kind of superstitious fear. Of these the *Katòto*, the tufted umber, the owl, etc., are examples."

V.—The fifth Order, that of the Gallinæ or GAME BIRDS, has a few representatives in Madagascar, of which the

Guinea-fowl is mentioned in a good many native proverbs. Thus, an assemblage of people who are subject to the same chieftain is termed "*Akànga tsy ràa volo*", i.e., "Guinea-fowls of the same plumage", something like our saying, "Birds of a feather flock together". Again, "A guinea-fowl going into the forest : waiting for the rain to clear off, but caught by a steady downpour." The difficulty of catching the bird is referred to in the saying, "Seeing a beautifully marked guinea-fowl, and throwing away the fowl at home in one's house"; reminding one that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush". And again, the maxim that "Union is strength", is enforced by the proverb, "Guinea-fowls going in a flock are not scattered by the dogs". Here is a fable referring to this bird : "Once upon a time, they say, a guinea-fowl went to visit his friends beyond the forest ; but when he got into the midst of the woods he grew giddy and fell, breaking his wing. Then he lamented and said : 'To go on, to go on, I cannot ; if I return, I long for my relations.' And from that, they say, the people got their song, which says, 'A guinea-fowl entering the forest : go on, he cannot ; return, wing broken ; stop where he is, he longs for his relatives.'"

Of the Madagascar Partridge, M. Grandidier says that it lays from fifteen to twenty eggs, and that, according to Sàkalàva belief, any one who, having found the nest of the *Tsipòy* (as it is called), does not break the eggs, causes the death of his mother ; but if, on the contrary, he destroys them, he causes the death of his father ! This superstition, as he says, probably comes from the rarity of finding the nest at all. The Quail is called *Kibodòlo*, i.e., "Spirit-quail", by the Bàra, and about this bird the Bètsiléó have a saying that "The quail delays its proper work in the autumn, and leaves it until the spring" ; and that then they know by its note the proper time for planting rice. Of the Bustard-quail, whose names are all compounds of the same word (*Kìbo*) as that by which the other quail is known, M. Pollen says that the foot of this bird, hung round the

neck, is believed by the Sàkalàva to be an infallible remedy for disorders of the stomach, the native word for which is also *kìbo*. I think it is probable that the two words are of independent and different origin, and that the belief in the remedial value of the bird for stomach complaints has arisen from the similarity of the two words, a kind of homœopathic principle of which Malagasy folk-lore (especially plant-lore) and superstition are full of examples, as may be seen by looking at Mr. Dahle's papers on *Vintana* and *Sikidy* ("Destiny and Divination") in the *Antanànarivo Annual*, Nos. x, xi, and xii, or indeed by carefully examining the *Malagasy English Dictionary*. M. Grandidier relates a story about two young Mâhafàly women having been saved from death by some of these quails, in consequence of which the bird has become a sacred or tabooed bird to their descendants.

VI.—Of the Order of Grallæ or WADING BIRDS, with its thirty species found in Madagascar, there is but little to be said from a folk-lorist's point of view, except that the names of many of them are very descriptive and appropriate. Thus, those of the Jacanas seem to contain a root *tèty*, "passed through", "walked on", and would therefore refer to the habits of these birds in stepping from leaf to leaf of the water-plants. Then those of some of the Rails mean "artifice, deceit, snare", and so refer to their tricks to escape capture; while another name means "ambush", no doubt from the bird rapidly taking to cover when hunted. So again with the Water-hens, some of whose names mean "to dip", "to plunge", referring to their constant habit of diving. In the same descriptive fashion the Sandpiper is called "Sand-stepper" and "Water-skimmer"; and the Plovers are termed "Runners", "Shore-birds", and "Roving-birds"; while the Turnstone, from its habit of warning other birds of approaching danger, is called *Kitòry*, that is, "Proclaimer", or "Accuser".

The Madagascar Rail is regarded with great respect by

the north-western Sàkalàva, as they believe it brings them rain in very dry weather, so they will not kill it. Among the birds of this Order are two species classed by M. Grandidier in a distinct family, and termed Mesitinæ; he speaks of them as "very curious and specialised birds, taking their place between the Rails and the Herons". He says further, that, according to the native accounts, when the nests of these *Mesites*, which are mostly placed in a low situation, are flooded, the parent birds drag them to where they will be free from injury by the water. If any one takes their young, they follow them into the village, and on account of this love for their offspring, they are considered sacred (*fàdy*) by the Bètsimisàraka, because, say the natives, they are in this like human beings.

VII.—The four families into which the Order of HERONS is divided are all represented in Madagascar, and include five-and-twenty species belonging to the true Herons, the Storks, the Spoonbills and Ibises, and the Flamingoes. Of these birds, more than half the number (fourteen) belong to one genus, the herons, which is thus the most numerously represented genus in the island.

The most common of the herons, as well as perhaps the most noticeable bird one sees when travelling in any part of Madagascar, is the White-egret, or *Voròmpòtsy*, *i.e.* "White-bird". Wherever herds of cattle are feeding, there it will be seen in numbers proportionate to those of the oxen. These animals it follows, to feed upon the ticks which infest their skin and torment them incessantly. One may often see these egrets perched on the back of the oxen, and thus clearing them of their tormentors. It is, therefore, not surprising that such useful birds are venerated by the Malagasy, so that they cannot see one of them shot by foreigners without extreme displeasure, and they would think it a kind of sacrilege were they themselves to chase or injure them. Some of this egret's names refer to its habit of following the cattle, as *Vòronaòmby*, "Ox-bird",

and *Vòrontianòmby*, "Bird-loved-by-oxen". Their pure white plumage is referred to in one of the proverbs: "Clean clothing, like the white-egret, but he gets his living by picking up scraps." Its mounting on the back of the oxen is referred to in another proverb: "Don't seek to be 'number one', like an egret." And again, its sharp-eyed vigilance is noted in another, which says: "An egret perched on a crooked branch: I spy him, but he keeps his eye on me."

Another heron, known as *Fòtsialatra*, *i.e.*, "White-wings", is also known by the queer name of *Fangàlamòtivòdy*, which may be translated "Crocodile's-eye-cleaner"; so that it probably does the same kind offices for the crocodiles that the white egret does for the oxen.

The family of the Storks contains in Madagascar three species, one of them peculiar to the island. The most well-known bird of this family is the *Tàkatra*, or Tufted Umbel, a brown stork, frequently seen in the marshes and rice-fields. This bird builds an extraordinarily large nest, often visible at a considerable distance, and is placed either on the fork of a large tree, or on the very edge of overhanging rocks, and is from four-and-a-half to six feet in diameter. Probably from this conspicuous nest, as well as from the grave and sedate way in which the *Tàkatra* marches about seeking for its food, many native superstitions have gathered about this bird, one of which is, that those who destroy its nest will become lepers. And while the Hova and central tribes were still idolaters, it was believed that it was very unlucky should a *Tàkatra* fly across the path along which the idols were being carried; in such case they were immediately taken back to their dwelling-house. Another belief is that, if the *Tàkatra* takes the hair of any person from whose head it has just been cut, and uses it as material in building its nest, such person becomes at once bald.

A considerable number of Malagasy proverbs refer to this bird, some of which may be here translated. Thus,

its plume or crest at the back of the head is mentioned in these: "Stooping down and showing the crest, like a stork stalking after a frog"; "Hair in a large knot, like a stork's plume." Its habits are noticed in the following: "Going along the stream, like the stork"; and, "A stork by the water-side; not sleeping, but in deep thought"; and its nest in these: "The stork finished a nest, so the owl gave himself airs"; and, "A stork's nest entered by an owl, the stingy one is injured by the evil one." (See also the fable previously given, p. 346, about the Tolòho cuckoo and the stork.) There is a pun, or at least a play of words, in these two: "*Izay tàkatry ny aina, hoy ilay namahan-Tàkatra,*" *i.e.*, "Doing one's utmost (*tàkatra*), said the one who was entertained by a *Tàkatra*"; and, "*Toy ny alahelon-Tàkatra: raha faly, miara-MITOKAKA; raha ory, miara-MITOKIKY,*" *i.e.*, "Like the *Tàkatra*'s sympathy: when you are glad, he laughs with you; when you are sorrowful, he shrinks back with you"; that is, I suppose, it is all the same to him whatever befalls you, for his note never alters.

The names for some of this Order of birds are very descriptive; thus, the Open-billed Stork is called *Famàki-akòra*, or "Shell-breaker"; and the Spoonbill's name (*Sòtrovava*) is of exactly the same meaning as in English; it is also called "Spade-mouthed". Several of the Ibises, as well as the Cormorants, are named from a word which means to "gratify, satiate, or indulge"; while the Flamingo's very long legs give its name of *Sàmaka*, *i.e.*, "Disunited" or "Split". It is also called *Sàmabè*, "Large-mouthed", and *Anjòmbona*, from its trumpeting cry, *anjòmbona* being the name for a large species of *Triton* shell used as a trumpet.

VIII.—There are ten species of WILD-DUCK, WILD-GEESE, and WATER-FOWL found in Madagascar, and these are found in immense numbers in the numerous marshes and many small lakes and meres, as well as in the extensive lagoons of the eastern coast. Here again, as with so

many of the other Malagasy birds, many of the names are descriptive, some of their screaming cries, and others of their appearance. The White-winged Diving-duck is known as *Adàladàla*, *i.e.*, "Foolish", because it does not fly away until one is very near it, and is consequently very easily shot. The natives say that the hen-bird experiences some difficulty in the laying of her eggs, which are very large in proportion to the size of her body. Indeed, the passage of the egg is said to make the bird faint and become unconscious. If found just at this time she may be taken off her nest with the hand. On account of this peculiarity, this bird is *fàdy*, or tabooed, by all native women, who think that they would experience a similar difficulty in childbirth were they to eat the bird.

IX.—Of the ninth Order of birds (PELICANS), including the Frigate-birds, Tropic-birds, and Pelicans proper, all represented in or around Madagascar, I can say but little—nothing, indeed, of the two first-named families—as regards folk-lore, although there is much that is interesting about them from a naturalist's point of view. The names of the African Cormorant describe its habits, the *Sàkalàva* calling it *Rènivoàÿ*, *i.e.*, "Mother (or Guardian)-of-Crocodiles", for they insist that it acts as a sentinel for these reptiles. They say that when one of the birds is seen perched on a tree by the river, one is certain to see, not far off, a number of crocodiles. Other and similar names for this cormorant are *Sakàizamboàÿ*, "Crocodiles'-friend", and *Aronddòÿ*, "Guardian-of-the-enemy", *i.e.*, the crocodile, *the enemy par excellence*, and the most feared of all the living creatures in the island. It is also termed *Voròmphisàÿky*, *i.e.*, the "Bird-that-takes(pre)-from-the-water", and *Famàfkan-gàÿty*, "Shell-breaker".

X.—As regards the SEA-BIRDS proper, including a score species of Tern, Noddy, Gull, and Petrel, I can say even less than about the previous Order, as but few Europeans

living on the coasts of Madagascar have paid attention to the habits of these powerfully winged species, or collected whatever fragments of folk-lore may happen to exist among the coast-dwelling Malagasy with regard to these oceanic birds.

XI.—The last Order of birds, called in Mr. R. B. Sharpe's classification, the *DIVERS*, includes in Madagascar two species of Puffin and two of Grebe. Of these latter, the lesser species, or Dabchick, appears to be almost identical with the bird found over Europe, Africa, and part of Asia. It is very common in all pieces of fresh water, where it may be seen swimming, diving down at any alarm, to reappear in a minute or two at a considerable distance. It is known by the name of *Iivy*, probably imitative of its plaintive little cry.

Although our rapid survey of the birds indigenous to Madagascar, and still to be found throughout its forests and plains, and its rivers and sea-coasts, is now completed, a word or two may be added as regards two or three species of *BIRDS NOW EXTINCT*, but which, at no very remote period, scoured its plains, and must have been very striking members of its avi-fauna. These were species of a struthious bird, allied to the ostrich, and still more nearly to the only recently extinct Moa or *Dinornis* of New Zealand. The largest species of this bird, named *Æpyornis maximus*, appears to have been about as large as a full-sized ostrich, but with extremely massive legs and feet. But it was still more peculiar from having laid the largest of all known eggs; these have a longer axis of twelve-and-a-quarter inches, with a shorter one of nine-and-three-eighth inches; they were therefore equal in capacity to six ostrich eggs, and to 150 average-sized hens' eggs.

In the opinion of some writers the strange stories in the *Arabian Nights* about an enormous bird called the *Roc*, or *Rukh*, which was able to take up an elephant in its talons,

and which darkened the air as it soared aloft—with other like marvels—took their rise, or were suggested by, the existence of these immense *Æpyornis* eggs from Madagascar. It is well known that the Arabs have had intercourse with the island from very ancient times, and it is possible that, having seen an egg that so largely exceeded in size that of any other bird, they concluded that the bird laying such an egg must have been able to do the wonderful things ascribed to it in their popular stories. As may be seen, however, by looking at the structure of its feet, the *Æpyornis* was not only incapable of holding even a mouse in its claws, but it probably could never have lifted itself a yard from the ground. Yet, in the absence of any knowledge of the bird itself, the conclusions the Arabs drew from the size of the eggs were not very absurd, especially in an age when all the unknown was marvellous, and when so much that was both wonderful and true was being constantly discovered by their daring navigators and explorers.

In this concluding section of the paper I will gather together a few particulars about the DOMESTICATED BIRDS of Madagascar, about which there is naturally more folk-lore material available than is the case with regard to those birds which are only occasionally—some of them rarely—seen and observed by the people. The most important and valuable additions made to the indigenous avi-fauna of the country are the Fowl, the Duck, the Goose, the Turkey, and the Muscovy Duck. The last of these is the least common, although it is still tolerably plentiful, but all the others are very widely spread over the country, and form most valuable additions to its food-supply. Almost every cottage in the island has its fowls, and in the interior provinces large quantities of ducks and geese are reared, not only for home consumption, but also for sending down to the coast, and for sale to the foreign shipping.

The Turkey is called by the Malagasy *Vòrontsilòza*, which literally means the "Not-fierce-bird"—an odd name

which has probably come about in the following way: when first introduced, its loud gobble, bright red crest and wattles, alarmed the people, as belonging to a savage bird, a veritable *vòrondòza*; but it was soon seen that there was nothing much to be feared, and so its name became *Vòrontsilòza*, "the bird which is *not* savage", after all. So one of the native proverbs says: "*Vòrontsilòza*: not fierce (*lòza*); still, when taken, fierce enough." Another one says: "Don't brag, like a turkey: whistled for, and then spreading out its feathers." Another describes its appearance and habits thus: "Don't act like the turkey: who but he, though not a girl, drags his clothing on the ground? who but he, though there's no bull-fight, hoots and shouts? who but he, though not a matron, wears a coral necklace? who but he, though not a drum, makes a terrible din?"

The Goose is known in Imèrina by the name of *Vòrombé*, "Big-bird", on account of its size, and is also called *Gisa*, from the English "geese" (the plural, be it observed, not the singular "goose"). Amongst the Sihànaka the rearing of geese and ducks is an occupation only second in importance to the keeping of cattle. They are bred in immense numbers, and geese, either alive or killed, are always presented as a mark of respect to strangers. Goose-quills for pens form part of the annual tribute paid by the Sihànaka to the sovereign at Antanànarivo. Two or three proverbs may here be quoted; *e. g.*, "Big-bird (*Vòrombé*), little egg"; "A gander eating growing rice; the one taking other folks' property makes the loudest noise"; "Giving one's self airs, like a goose not fit for eating." This bird forms a favourite dish with the lower-class Malagasy at various times of feasting or family gatherings, and its value, as compared with a fowl, is noticed in the following: "As for killing a fowl, that's all right; but to kill a goose, that makes one faint" (as by far too great a stretch of hospitality).

The Duck is hardly less plentiful in the interior of Madagascar than are hens and chickens, and in the marshy districts very large flocks of them are reared. It is called

in Imèrina *Vòrombasàha*, *i. e.*, "Foreigner's bird", and so is probably of comparatively recent introduction. In other parts of the country it is known by the name of *Drakidràky* and *Ganagàna*, the first certainly, and the latter probably, imitative of its quack. The following proverbs refer to this bird: "Thin and flat-mouthed, like a duck"; "Do like the ducks: the drake who leads has least to say"; "It is the ducks that make a noise, so the frogs are alarmed"; "If turning head over heels is to be done, the duck will get something first"; "Like a duck lying on its back, its feet are flat and thin; bending down, its beak is flat and thin."

Last, but by no means least in importance, to the Malagasy, is the domestic Fowl, reared everywhere, and called by them *Akòho*, a word most probably onomatopoeic in origin, although it may be more immediately connected with the Swahili *kuku*. It was no doubt introduced into Madagascar in very early times, and the numerous words, verbal forms, and compound words, derived from the name of the bird, as well as the innumerable references to it in native folk-lore, legends, oratory, and proverbs, all testify to the prominent place it holds in the estimation of the people. In the fullest collection of Malagasy proverbs yet published there are more than ninety which refer to fowls—whether as cocks, hens, or chickens—and there are several also about eggs, from each of which classes a few of the most noteworthy will now be quoted.

First, then, as to Chickens: a bit of natural theology is seen in the following: "A chicken drinking water: it observes what is on the earth, but also looks up to heaven." The anxieties of a hen who has brought up a brood of ducklings is thus noticed: "As a hen which has hatched ducklings: if she clucks after them, they are not hers; if she leaves them alone, they are a troublesome family." Others will explain themselves: "A chicken fallen into a ditch: it struggles to get out, but can't; it calls out, but its voice is weak; it stops there, it is in danger of the wild-cat"; "Chickens having rice thrown to them: they are

both frightened and glad"; "We are not chickens hatched in the winter, down-hearted, and weak-winged; but goslings hatched in the summer [when food is more plentiful], and therefore strong and lusty."

Of course there are many references to the Cock and to cock-crowing, as, "A cock coming into the market: not [proof of] strength, but regret for the village he has left"; "Many cocks in the compound, everyone wants to crow"; "A cock's spur: it's sharp enough, but it's low down"; "Honoured as the father of the brood, and yet picking up scraps under the rice-pounder"; "The cock regrets he has wings, for he is caught by the wild-cat."

Promises not borne out by performances are spoken of in these: "Don't do like the fowl's early rising: he wakes early enough, but is still south of the hearth" (that is, he is still in that part of a native house where the fowls roost, he has not gone out to do any work). So again, "Up early, yet not gone far, like a fowl." His place in the house, again, is mentioned thus: "It is not the fowl's folly that he lives in the corner, for that is his share of the dwelling." Here is a piece of good advice about married life: "Let wedlock be like the fowl's clothing, only parted with at death." Native superstitions about treading on the tomb of one of the Vazimba (the supposed aboriginal inhabitants of Imèrina, the central province) are thus referred to: "The Vazimba has been trampled on, so the fowl's head must be cut off"—that is, as a sacrifice. Taking much trouble for small results is thus spoken of: "It's absurd to seek for an axe, when you only want to carve a fowl." Our last specimen needs no remark: "Like a cock's tail, the best of him is behind."

Here is a fable explaining why fowls scratch the earth, and why kites scream as they fly: "A fowl borrowed a needle from a kite, but the needle being lost, the kite said, 'I am not contented with your losing my needle'; so that is why the fowl scratches the ground, and why the kite carries away the chickens instead of his needle. And so,

when it is spring-time, the kite screams out, '*Fìlokòhokòho*', [*filo*, a needle ; *akòho*, a fowl], calling on the fowl for his lost needle."

Here are two or three proverbs about Eggs, mostly referring to those of the fowl : " Eggs can't fight with stones"; " Eggs not sat on won't become chickens"; " Words are like eggs, when hatched, they have wings." There are several popular superstitions about eggs ; thus, for a hen to lay either a very large or a very small egg, is considered to be ominous of evil or good ; and so, also, an egg laid without a proper shell (*atòdimalèmy*) is thought to forebode evil.

Two or three quotations from the proverbs referring to birds generally may conclude this section ; thus : " Don't cry for a bird all but obtained"; " Don't reckon on (or cry for) a bird still in the air"; " Words are carried by a flying bird" (cf. Eccles. x, 20) ; " The bird may forget the snare, but the snare does not forget the bird."

I have now completed what I proposed to do at the outset of this paper, viz., to gather together all that I believe is at present known as to the folk-lore of the birds of Madagascar. It is, of course, a very small contribution to the subject, especially when contrasted with such a charming and complete book as that of the Rev. C. Swainson on the *Folk-lore of British Birds*, and issued by this Society three or four years ago. But I ask that it may be remembered that this is new ground ; that there are still comparatively few Europeans living in Madagascar, and that of these there are probably hardly half-a-dozen who take much interest in folk-lore. Besides this, a good many Malagasy tribes are only very slightly known, and even from those peoples whom we know best, but little information on folk-lore matters has yet been collected. Doubtless there is still very much in all such subjects to reward the efforts of those who may travel more widely in the great island, and who will more thoroughly investigate

the superstitions, proverbs, and folk-tales of the Malagasy people as a whole.

Meanwhile, I offer the foregoing as a small instalment of a large subject ; and I trust what I have been able here to gather together has not been without interest.

JAMES SIBREE, JUN.

MR. STUART-GLENNIE ON THE
ORIGINS OF MATRIARCHY.

TO the second volume of Miss Garnett's *Women of Turkey and their Folk-lore* ("Jewish and Moslem Women"), Mr. Stuart-Glennie has added a study on the "Origins of Matriarchy", in which he treats this puzzling institution as an exemplification of his general theory of the origins of civilisation, and seeks support for his contention in the folk-tale. His argument thus has especial interest for folk-lorists, and, pending a detailed notice of the work to appear shortly in FOLK-LORE, I wish to call attention to the importance of the points raised by Mr. Stuart-Glennie.

As is well known, Mr. Stuart-Glennie seeks the determining impetus towards our present state of civilisation in the relations between primitive white races (whom he designates Archaian) and coloured races of an altogether inferior mental and moral strain. These relations were invariably ones of subordination on the part of the lower races. But this subordination varied in degree, and was at times and in places consistent with marriage between women of the higher and men of the lower race. In these cases the wife would retain such political, social, and personal rights as we find in matriarchal communities. To verify the hypothesis, Mr. Stuart-Glennie analyses the folk-lore relating to marriage of the peoples living around the eastern Mediterranean, under three heads: (1) Family usages; (2) marriage sanctions; (3) wedding ceremonies. Historically, as he points out, the patriarchal family has been the dominant type in this region for over 2,000 years; yet, in spite of this, the folk-lore presents marked matriarchal features. Thus, the chief sanctions of the patriarchal

marriage are race-identity, contract, assent; the chief ceremony is the propitiation of ancestors. But of matriarchal marriage the chief sanctions are non-kinship, capture, consent; the chief ceremony is propitiation of the powers of nature. Numerous are the still surviving customs which can best be explained by the matriarchal conception of society. But it is in folk-poesy, even more than in folk-custom, that Mr. Stuart-Glennie seeks for matriarchal survivals, and it is especially in the Swan-Maiden group of tales that he finds them. Here he polemises against Mr. Hartland in what seems to me an unnecessary way, the polemic having little bearing upon the main contention. But I will leave Mr. Hartland to defend his views, as he is so well able to do. It is urged, then, that in the Swan-Maid group the father is either unmentioned or subordinate, the wife or mother is supreme, the family and not the father consent to or refuse the marriage, the hero is, as a rule, a fatherless child. Again, the Swan-Maid is always described in terms that differentiate her racially from the hero; she is only to be won by achievement, whether capture of herself, killing of her guardian, or performance of tasks; finally, the tale nearly always includes submission of the husband to a taboo, the breaking of which entails for him the loss of the wife.

This brief recapitulation of Mr. Stuart-Glennie's points will show of what importance his argument is to all who essay to explain the facts of folk-lore. I may at once express my opinion that little would be needed to bring Mr. Stuart-Glennie's and Mr. Hartland's explanations into line with each other. They impress me as being complementary rather than antagonistic. Both writers, in effect, treat the stories as evidence of a bygone social, intellectual, and moral state, which state dates back to a hoary antiquity. That in interpreting the survivals from such a remote period divergences should arise is but natural. But if it is once agreed that the stories *do* contain traces of a past state of humanity, correct inter-

pretation can only be a matter of time and study. But what if the stories contain no such traces, or at least only traces of a state of affairs which obtained amongst a small section of humanity, and if the development of the stories has not been conditioned by custom, but by the simple desire to make the tale varied and exciting? How are we, then, to discriminate between what is the record or the symbol of custom or of belief, and what is simply the play of free fancy? Here, again, the fundamental question of folk-lore crops. Is this lore in the main the outcome of the social and mental phases through which a race has passed, or is it a miscellaneous and meaningless collection of borrowings?

It is evident that any historical theory of progress which fits the facts of folk-lore into the general scheme favours the first of these views. In so far I hold the anthropological school may claim Mr. Stuart-Glennie as their partisan, however much divergence there be on questions of method and nomenclature, even of historical evolution at large. The main point is that there has been evolution, and that folk-lore testifies thereto.

I do not think that Mr. Stuart-Glennie's working out of his views is as yet sufficiently exhaustive to allow of satisfactory criticism. It has the most ingenious and taking look; but acceptance must be deferred until not only the Swan-Maid group of tales has been analysed in greater detail, but until other groups of folk-tales have shown themselves susceptible of a like interpretation. It is greatly to be hoped that some workers at folk-tales will apply Mr. Stuart-Glennie's principles and methods. The examination of the *märchen* corpus is too formidable a task for one man.

As regards Mr. Stuart-Glennie's general theory of matriarchalism, I would urge that it does not derive support from recent history. When of late higher races have come in contact with lower ones, marriage between women of the former and men of the latter has seldom obtained.

True, one of the conditions of matriarchalism obtains in such instances of race-contact—the practical fatherlessness of many children of the women belonging to the lower race. But, as Mr. Stuart-Glennie most rightly insists, the problem of matriarchalism lies not in uncertain, or rather undeclared paternity, but in the supremacy of the woman. Mr. Stuart-Glennie's explanation of this problem is fascinating, but is it true? In any case it deserves most serious attention.

ALFRED NUTT.

SINCE I became acquainted with Mr. Stuart-Glennie's ingenious views of the origin of civilisation, I have been especially interested in it. We that are content if we reach what we consider to be some approximation of the truth in one small department of some limited section of a definite division of the knowable, cannot but admire the confidence and the vigour with which Mr. Stuart-Glennie settles the affairs of humanity in the epochs before history. There is something Titanic about the whole of his researches that compels admiration for the exploit. Personally I have a sneaking regard for a theory of civilisation which makes it one huge example of the Borrowing-Theory, to which I have, most unscientifically, I fear, pinned my partiality, so that I am ready to welcome it even where no facts exist on which to base our judgment. But where no facts, or few facts, or still unverified facts exist, we have no choice but to revert to hypothesis—provided we have the courage of Mr. Stuart-Glennie, and are content to fall with our hypothesis when facts prove unkind and refuse to fall into the pigeon-holes we have prepared for them.

There is one main principle of human nature which tells strongly for Mr. Glennie's hypothesis to which I desire on the present occasion to draw attention. Civilisation is a matter of culture; culture, again, is a matter of leisure. Now, under early economic conditions (are they much

different nowadays?) leisure is only possible with slave-labour. Again, slave-labour as an organised institution is only possible on a large scale when there is a strong and marked difference of race between slave-owner and slave. Hence it becomes *à priori* possible, and even likely, that when the elements of civilisation arose—a dignified architecture, a norm of manners and ceremonial—there must have existed a marked difference of race, with consequent slave-labour. All this tells for Mr. Stuart-Glennie.

But whether matriarchy arose as a result of this, with *connubium* between female slave-owners and their slaves, depends on evidence, and evidence is sadly wanting both in ancient and modern times in this direction. Indeed, so far as it goes, it tends otherwards: the status of the child follows that of the mother, it is true, in all archaic eyot systems; but how rarely, when status differs between the parents, is that of the mother the higher! Just at present, too, with Dr. Westermarck's book before us, need we hypothesise about matriarchy as a theory when matriarchy as a fact is on its trial?

Again, as to Mr. Glennie's views on the Swan-Maiden story, is it not somewhat embarrassing for him that the interest and sympathy of the audience are always invoked for the husband who loses his eerie wife? *Quà* man, is he not regarded as the superior of the fickle, mysterious maid that leaves him for the break of a taboo? And what evidence, again, have we that the Swan-Maiden type of story has lasted on from the times of the White Archaian Race, whose earliest visible beginnings on the banks of the Nile are anterior to 14,700 years ago, whenabouts the Zodiac was invented?

I have thought it right to express my doubts about these more recent developments of Mr. Stuart-Glennie's views, as they might cause attention to be detracted from the more promising part of his hypothesis, the probabilities that civilisation had its origin in some dominant race, and was passed on from that race to others. Half the battle is

won in a scientific problem when we know where to look for a solution: all the rest is but detail work. If Mr. Stuart-Glennie is not looking just at present at the right objects, I think there can be little doubt he is looking in the right direction.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

*THE INTERNATIONAL FOLK-LORE
CONGRESS, 1891.*

THE arrangements for the Congress are now practically complete, and promise well for its success. The functions of such a meeting are twofold, social and scientific, and both sides of the Congress have been efficiently cared for. Some ridicule has of late years been cast upon the social side of Congresses. Yet the idea of bringing into friendly contact the common adherents of a doctrine, or the fellow-students of a particular branch of knowledge, is obviously a sound one. It only ceases to be sound when carried on for too long a period, when the *habitués* of a Congress have become well known to one another. This is obviously not the case with the International Folk-lore Congress of 1891, which is only the second that has been held, and is the first gathering of British folk-lorists yet held. For the first time since the science has taken a position among the organised methods of studying the past, its adherents meet for the purpose of becoming known to one another and putting their heads together to discover the best methods of promoting their favourite study.

Not alone will British folk-lorists meet their fellow-students in Congress assembled, but they will have an opportunity of meeting several of the most eminent students of the science from abroad. Among the distinguished visitors from the continent may be mentioned M. Cosquin, the learned editor of *Contes de Lorraine*, and the greatest "storyologist" living, unless we have to except Professor Reinhard Köhler, who is unfortunately prevented from attending the Congress by ill-health. From France,

too, we are to have the presence of M. Ploix, president of the Société des Traditions populaires, and of M. Paul Sébillot, the indefatigable secretary of the Société and the collector of French *contes populaires*. M. Cordier will also attend the Congress. Professor Monseur of Liège, president of the Société du Folk-lore Wallon, will attend in his official capacity. The American Folk-lore Society will be represented by its erudite secretary, Mr. W. W. Newell. Far-off Finland will send M. E. Krohn, member of a family that have done much for Finnish folk-lore. Mr. C. G. Leland, of *Hans Breitmann* fame, will form the point of contact between the Congress and the Gipsy-lore Society, which will also be represented by Mr. F. Hinds Groome. The Anthropological Institute has delegated Mr. C. H. Reid, of the British Museum, to represent a closely-allied science. The Glasgow Society of Antiquaries sends Mr. W. G. Black, known to readers of FOLK-LORE as the author of that interesting volume, *Folk Medicine*; and Ireland sends Mr. Cockran. Altogether, it will be seen, a goodly number of foreign and affiliated British societies will be represented by some of their most distinguished members.

The social interests of this concourse of fellow-students have been considered by the Organising Committee, as may be judged from the following programme of the Congress which has been issued to members—under revision, of course, as modification may be made up to the last moment, of which due notification will be given to the members. The meetings will be held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, the Council of which body have kindly placed their apartments at the service of the Congress.

Thursday, Oct. 1, 2.30 p.m.—OPENING OF THE CONGRESS—Reception and Address by the President, Mr. ANDREW LANG.

Appointment of an International Folk-lore Council.

Friday, Oct. 2, 11 a.m. — Meeting of the FOLK-TALE SECTION — Address of the Chairman, Mr. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A., and Papers.

2.30 p.m.—Papers on subjects relating to this Section.

9.0 p.m.—Reception at the Misses Hawkins Demster's, 24, Portman Square.

Saturday, Oct. 3, 10.5 a.m.—From Paddington to Oxford ; Luncheon at Merton College, by invitation of the President of the Congress, and at Jesus College at the invitation of Professor Rhys ; Visit to the Pitts-River Museum.

Visit to the British Museum.

Monday, Oct. 5, 11 a.m.—Meeting of the MYTHOLOGICAL SECTION—Address of the Chairman, Professor JOHN RHYS, M.A., and Papers.

2.30 p.m.—Papers on subjects relating to this Section.

8.30 p.m.—At the Mercers' Hall, by kind permission of the Mercers' Company. *Conversazione*, with representation of English Mummung Play, Children's Games, Sword Dance, Savage Music, and Folk-Songs.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, 11.0 a.m.—Meeting of the INSTITUTIONS SECTION—Address of the Chairman, Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart., and Papers.

2.30 p.m.—Papers on subjects relating to this Section.

7.0 p.m.—Congress dinner (details will be announced).

Wednesday, Oct. 7.—Reports of Committees and Business Meeting—concluding the Congress.

One item of the programme will attract attention for its combination of amusement and instruction. The *Conversazione* will consist in a large measure of an entertainment in which every item will be of folk-lore interest, as will be seen by the following list of the items, which, however, is only issued as a preliminary announcement. The children's games, it should be observed, have been left entirely unaltered in form, the supervision extending only to the time allotted to each game, and some trifling necessary details.

PART I.

8.30 p.m.

CHILDREN'S GAMES—Thread-the-Needle Game : Oranges and Lemons ; Choral Games : Poor Mary is a Weeping (*Surrey*) ; Oats and Beans and Barley (*Shropshire*) ; In and Out the Windows (*Surrey*).

By the children of Barnes Village School, under the supervision of Mrs. GOMME.

8.45.

FOLK-SONG Hunting Song.
Accompanied by Miss L. SMITH.

8.50.

FOLK-TALE "Tom Tit Tot" (*Suffolk*).
By EDWARD CLODD, Esq.

9.5.

HIGHLAND SWORD-DANCE AND BAGPIPE ACCOMPANIMENT.

9.10.

FOLK-SONGS Accompanied by Miss SMITH.

9.15.

CHILDREN'S GAMES—Dramatic Games : Three Sailors (*Middlesex*) ; Nuts in May ; Jenny Jones (*Shropshire*) ; When I was a Young Girl (*Essex*).

By the Barnes Village School, under the supervision of Mrs. GOMME.

PART II.

9.45 p.m.

GAELIC RECITATION By — CARMICHAEL, Esq.

9.50.

GUISEERS PLAY (STAFFORDSHIRE).

<i>Open the Door</i>	W. C. H. BURNE, Esq.
<i>Sir Guy</i>	W. H. CANNON, Esq.
<i>King George</i>	G. VAUGHAN BROWN, Esq.
<i>Noble Soldier</i>	R. H. BURNE, Esq.
<i>Little Doctor</i>	H. W. MILNE, Esq.
<i>Black Prince of Paradise</i>	

Billy Bellzebub F. A. MILNE, Esq.
Little Jack Dont J. MIDWINTER, Esq.

10.10.

FOLK-TALE RECITATION, "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury."
By E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, Esq.

10.20.

SAILORS' CHANTY AND HORNPIPE.

10.25.

IRISH JIG.

10.30.

FOLK-TALE RECITATION "Cap o' Rushes."
By EDWARD CLODD, Esq.

10.40.

ITALIAN INCANTATION C. G. LELAND, Esq.

EXHIBITION OF OBJECTS.

The following are some of the objects promised up to the time of going to press :—

ZULU OBJECTS, lent by Miss Lyon.

ELF STONES, lent by Dr. John Evans, President of the Society of Antiquaries.

PORTRAITS OF EMINENT FOLK-LORISTS, lent by Alfred Nutt, Esq., Miss Burne, G. L. Gomme, Esq., Miss Lyon, Miss Lloyd, F. Green, Esq., Miss Busk, and others.

ANCIENT MYSTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GODIVA CEREMONY, lent by W. G. Fritton, Esq.

THE DUMB BORSHOLDER OF CHART, lent by the Rev. S. H. Phillips.

CEYLON CHARMS, written on palm leaves, lent by Hugh Nevill, Esq.

WITCHES' LADDER.

SHEPHERDS' CROOKS, lent by B. H. Baverstock, Esq.

AMULETS AND HINDOO GODS, lent by H. S. Ashbee, Esq., F.S.A.

JAPANESE SHRINE FOR DOMESTIC WORSHIP, and other objects, lent by E. Sidney Hartland, Esq., F.S.A.

KERN BABIES, lent by Miss Burne, Professor Henry Balfour, Mrs. Gomme, and J. G. Frazer, Esq.

BULL ROARER, lent by Professor Haddon.

RUSSIAN CHARMS (2), lent by Miss Toulmin Smith.

NEOLITHIC CELT, USED AS A CHARM, lent by Professor Balfour.

PACE EGGS, lent by Miss Burne.

FIGURES OF DEITIES, lent by W. Rome, Esq., F.S.A.

ART ILLUSTRATIONS OF FOLK-CUSTOM.

OLD MSS., CHAPBOOKS, etc.

CHARMS, AMULETS, etc.

The refreshments will, as far as possible, be in character with the occasion. A very large number of commemorative cakes have disappeared from local custom in England, but the Entertainment Committee have obtained as many as could be procured, in the hope that attention may be directed to these interesting relics of bygone custom.

It is hoped that any readers of FOLK-LORE who may have objects likely to be of interest to the students of the science will lend them at the *Conversazione*, and communicate for that purpose with the Hon. Secretary of the Entertainment Committee, Mrs. G. L. Gomme, 1, Beverley Villas, Barnes Common, S.W. In particular it is desired to have reliable portraits of great foreign folk-lorists of the past and present, and as complete a collection as possible of portraits of English folk-lore worthies who are no longer with us. The Entertainment Committee have drawn up the following provisional list of portraits they would like to have:—

Foreign.—Asbjörnsen, H. Andersen, Madame d'Aulnoy, Benfy, Comparetti, De Gubernat, Jacob Grimm, Wilhelm Grimm, Fernan Caballero, von Hahn, K. Krohn, Kulm, Liebrecht, Mannhardt, G. Paris, Perrault, Giuseppe Pitré, Straparola.

British.—Aubrey, Bourne, Brand, Campbell of Islay, Bottrel, W. Chambers, Coote, Sir W. Dasent, Halliwell-Phillipps, Henderson, Hunt, Kennedy, Ralston, Stephens, Sir W. Scott, Thoms, Thorpe.

Any reader of this list who possesses a portrait of any of these worthies is requested to communicate with Mrs. Gomme.

As regards the excursion to Oxford, arrangements have been made with the railway for special facilities to members. When in Oxford the Congress will visit the Museum, with its unrivalled Pitt-Rivers collection. Nor

will the material comforts of the visitors be disregarded. The President will offer lunch to part of the excursionists at his old College, Merton, while Professor Rhys proffers the hospitality of Jesus College to the remainder.

So much for the social side of the Congress, which, owing to the youth of the science, is, as we have seen, of greater importance than in more firmly established sciences. Yet the youth of the science has advantages in the more severe and theoretical sides also. With science past the formation period all that remains to be done is the amplification of detail and the development of method already made use of. In folk-lore there is still the pleasure of hope to attract the researcher. He may hope to solve problems which have evaded the skill of former inquirers. He may even discover new methods of arriving at the truth of things folk-lorical, if that be the proper adjective. The papers of the Congress will not be devoted to minute details, but will mainly deal with the broader problems of the subject, chiefly on the lines laid down by the Literary Committee of the Congress, and expounded in their circulars of last September (printed in FOLK-LORE, vol. i, p. 510).

First come the four presidential addresses—of the President, Mr. Andrew Lang, the Chairman of the Folk-tale section, Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, the Chairman of the Mythological section, Professor Rhys, and the Chairman of the Institutions section, Professor Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. On the Folk-tale day papers are to be read, among others, by M. E. Cosquin, on "Incidents common to European and Eastern Folk-tales"; by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, on "the Problem of Diffusion"; by Mr. F. Hindes Groome, on "the Gipsy Element in European Folk-tales"; and by Mr. MacRitchie, on "the Historical Basis of certain Folk-tale Personages". On the day set apart for Mythology, among the papers read will be one by Mr. J. F. Frazer, on "Deluge Myths"; by Mr. W. B. Paton, on "Holy Names of the Eleusinian Priests"; and by Mr. F. B. Jevons, on the "Primitive Home of the Aryans"; by Miss Owen, on

“Voodoo Magic”; by Mr. C. G. Leland, on “Etruscan Magic”. The section on Institutions will include a paper by Mr. G. L. Gomme, on “The Non-Aryan Elements of British Institutions”; and Dr. E. Winternitz, on “Aryan Burial Customs”; besides papers on the Folk-origin of the Jury System, and of Borough English. Besides these more general papers, special and more particular communications will be interspersed among them. Discussion will be welcomed from all members on any of the papers. In addition to the papers, there will be held, outside Congress hours, meetings of a Methodological Committee, which will, it is anticipated, afford a *point d'appui* for continuous work for any future Congresses. These gentlemen will have to consider such questions as a standard list of folk-tale incidents, a standard nomenclature for folk-lore research, a common plan for a folk-lore bibliography, and a universal *questionnaire* of folk-lore. If this committee sets international committees at work on these important subjects, to be reported on at future Congresses, its work will be not the least important or useful of the Congress of 1891.

Almost for the first time, English Folk-lore is about to emerge before the public gaze, and to show its claims for treatment as an object worthy of study and research. The leaders of the Congress have done their best that this *début* shall be worthy of the science. It remains for the members to help towards this consummation by aiding the various committees to the best of their power. The day is past when exaggerated hopes were held of the action of Congresses on the progress of science. But the day will never be past when a touch of good-fellowship did not promote the personal side of research. Let us hope that the Folk-lore Congress of 1891 will not be wanting in that particular side of the promotion of research.

REVIEWS.

LE POÈME ET LA LÉGENDE DES NIBELUNGEN. By
H. LICHTENBERGER. Svo. 432 pp. Paris : Hachette.

AFTER the Homeric poems more discussion has been given to the Nibelungenlied than to any other of the great impersonal heroic sagas. Discussion began shortly after the rediscovery of the poem, and has been carried on ever since in scores of special treatises, in hundreds of pamphlets and articles. In the course of research certain results have come to be generally admitted ; experts are fairly agreed as to the orthodox theory by which a singularly complex mass of facts should be explained. Up to the present there has been no work in which the history and results of the research applied to the Nibelungen legend have been clearly set forth for the general reader of France and England. M. Lichtenberger has now written that work, and has made every educated man free of what hitherto was the sole domain of the specialist.

To say this is sufficient to recommend this work to many. Let me add that M. Lichtenberger has brought to his task the national gifts of lucid and orderly arrangement, of clear and lively presentment, that he deals with his text at first hand, that he is (with some exceptions to be noted presently) familiar with the entire range, vast though it be, of the literature devoted to his subject, and that he everywhere approves himself sane and sensible. In this latter respect he is at one with most German investigators of the past ten or fifteen years. A certain pedestrian soberness has of late characterised German erudition, a somewhat monotonous uniformity of method and tone. To carry oneself back from the pages of *Paul's Grundriss*, that most admirable and typical example of contemporary

German scholarship, to the world of Grimm and Lachmann, F. H. v. d. Hagen and W. Müller, is to say good-bye to the Prussian drill sergeant with the last edition of the *Exercir règlement* in his hand, and to stand beside *der grimme Hagen* as he holds the door of the fated hall alone against the onset of the Hunnish host.

But the adventurous daring of the pioneer must give place to the more humdrum virtues of the settler. It is no disparagement of M. Lichtenberger to say that in the absence of marked enthusiasm for his subject-matter, in the preservation of a dispassionately judicial frame of mind, he faithfully reflects the current tone of scientific research.

M. Lichtenberger's view of the development of the Nibelungen legend is as follows :—

“In the year 436 Gundicarius, King of the Burgundians, is slain, and his people well-nigh exterminated by the Huns. A remnant take refuge in Savoy. About the year 500 their king Gondioc promulgates a code in which he names as his predecessors Gibica, Gondomar, Gislahar, Gundahar. In these historical Burgundian kings we have the Gibich and his three sons, Gunther, Giselher, and Gernot of the legend.

“In 453 Attila weds Ildico and perishes mysteriously the same night. The imagination of the German tribes, struck by these facts, connected them. Attila became the destroyer of the Burgundian kings, for which his own death was an act of revenge wrought by Ildico, who was figured as a Burgundian princess.”

So far the second part of the story; the first is furnished by the adventures of Siegfried, posthumous son of Siegmund, brought up in the forest by a wizard smith, slayer of a dragon, winner of a magic treasure, waker of a maiden sunk in supernatural slumber, husband of Gunther's sister (Grimhild = Ildico), wooer of Brunhild for his brother-in-law, treacherously assassinated by Gunther and his chiefest warrior Hagen.

The two portions of the story thus easily fall into one.

After Siegfried's murder the treasure passes into Gunther's hands. It is to gain possession of the treasure that Attila weds the Burgundian princess, invites her brothers to his court, and there has them treacherously slaughtered. It is to avenge her brethren that Grimhild first slays the two children she had by Attila, and then fires the latter's hall and thereby slays him too.

This is the form of the legend as it must have existed towards the middle of the fifth century, and as it occurs substantially in the Northern version (in certain heroic poems found in a collection commonly known as the Song Edda, and ranging in date from the ninth to the eleventh centuries, and in the twelfth-century Volsunga Saga based upon those poems and upon others now lost). The chief difference to be noted in the Northern version is that the heroine is styled Gudrun, and not Grimhild, the latter name being assigned to her mother, who gives Siegfried a magic potion and thereby ensures his wooing of Brunhild for Gunther. But to effect this wooing Siegfried must deceive the warrior maiden. This deceit is the tragic cause of his own death, whilst the faithlessness of Gunther to his blood-brother and the avaricious lust of Atli (Attila) for the Niblung treasure, are the tragic causes of the woe pictured in the second part of the story.

Between the legend as it is found in the Norse sources and as it appears in the German ones (whether the Low-German ballads paraphrased in the thirteenth century Norse Thidreks saga or the High-German Nibelungenlied) there is a profound difference. Siegfried is no longer moved to wed Kriemhild by the power of a magic potion; they have loved one another from the first, they are destined for each other. Kriemhild's love survives beyond the grave. Instead of being, as in the earlier stage of the legend, the representative of the principle of the blood-feud in its most extreme form, sacrificing children and husband to avenge her brothers, she becomes the incarnation of wifely devotion, consumed by passion for her husband during his life, by

the desire to avenge him even upon her own brothers after his death. The legend resolves itself into a struggle between Siegfried and Hagen, terminated by the former's treacherous slaughter, and followed by the vengeance taken upon Hagen by Siegfried's widow. The character of Etzel (Attila) changes in consequence; he is no longer the treacherous and avaricious despot who lures the Burgundians to their doom, but sinks into a mere nonentity. Again many of Siegfried's youthful feats are omitted as inconsistent with his passion for Kriemhild. The Brunhild episode is seriously modified and its tragic import obscured.

Such is the legend as we have it in the *Nibelungenlied*, though careful scrutiny reveals many traces of the earlier version. The *Nibelungenlied* itself is a *recueil factice* of ballads woven into a continuous series. In its present form it dates from the end of the twelfth century. In the description of manners, customs, and feelings it shows the marked influence of the poems of knight-errantry introduced into Germany from France. In the characterisation of the personages it frequently accepts the conventions current in the contemporary narrative poems of the Rhenish valley, such as King Rother or Orendel. Yet through the twelfth-century dress we can plainly distinguish the stern and gigantic forms of the fifth-century warriors.

So far M. Lichtenberger summarising and harmonising the views of many German scholars. One is at once struck by the infinitesimal influence which historic fact has exercised upon the growth of the legend. The historic Attila had no hand in the destruction of the historic Gunther; the historic Ildico, if she had any hand in the death of Attila—and this is doubtful in the last degree—had nothing whatever to do with the Burgundian chiefs, slain when she was a babe, or perhaps even before her birth. If the legend really started with these two historic events (overthrow of the Burgundians, sudden death of Attila) it forthwith utterly transformed them. But did it start thus? The first part

of the legend (the saga of Siegfried) has admittedly no historic basis that we can trace. It is by common consent mythic, though whether the myth represents a natural or an historic process is not settled. But as the legend comes before us in its oldest, the Northern, form it is an organic whole. We cannot separate the youth and tragic fate of the hero from the doom wrought upon his slayers, and from the final catastrophe which the same doom brings with it. We cannot, even if there were not present in the story an element I have hitherto left unnoticed. Apart from the moral forces involved, sufficient themselves alone to furnish the thread and to necessitate the tragic result, there is a mythological force—the curse upon the Nibelung treasure pronounced by the first owner from whom it was wrung by craft and violence. This *motif* mingles with, and singularly reinforces, the human passions, the growth and shock of which make up the story. Hatred, treachery, and lust of gold are thereby invested with a fateful character from which they gain dignity and pathos. This is so in the Northern version, but in the Nibelungenlied the significance of the hoard is completely obscured. It continues to exist in the story, but the story-tellers know not what to make of it. So far from reinforcing the moral motive, the hoard weakens it. Kriemhild, who can only win our sympathy in virtue of her overpowering love for her treacherously slain lord, is made to hanker after the treasure in a repulsive fashion; at times avarice seems to guide her as much as revenge.

Bearing all the facts in mind, I ask, Is it likely that the second part of the legend (the doom on Siegfried's slayers) originated solely in certain historic occurrences of the fifth century, and that the Nibelung saga is the result of the fusion of *this* narrative with one of the birth, youth, and tragic death of Siegfried? It may be so, but then the, presumably, Northern poet to whom we owe the version preserved in the Edda and the Volsunga saga should have his due as one of the greatest creative poets of all time.

Or, rather, is not the legend as a whole far older than the fifth century, but, as it has come down to us, influenced by certain events, and partly adapted (how slightly we have seen) to the lives of certain personages of that century? On these questions M. Lichtenberger's attitude is agnostic. Here again he faithfully reflects the temper of current German scholarship. But his analysis of each incident, and of the life-history of each personage, is so full and acute, that his readers are enabled to form a more definite conclusion if they like.

If the legend as a whole existed prior to the fifth century there would be a likelihood of its being pan-Germanic; and in this case the differences between the versions might be set down to the original legend-germ having produced different growths in North and South. Against this possibility is the undoubted fact that the Northern version, as we have it, shows unmistakable traces of derivation from Germany, and in especial from the Rhine valley. Again, if it can be shown that the later version, differ howsomuch it may from the earlier one, has yet preserved distinct traces of it, a strong presumption is created that the legend had its origin among one distinct race and in one distinct series of events. I have already alluded to M. Lichtenberger's ingenious explanation of the difference between the Atli of the Volsunga saga and of the Etzel of the Nibelungenlied—the latter has transferred his active evil rôle to Kriemhild. Another instance is made much of by M. Lichtenberger. In the Volsunga saga Gudrun slays her children by Atli as part of her vengeance upon her kinsmen's murderer. In the Nibelungenlied, Kriemhild's child by Etzel is also slain, apparently with her consent. Evidently, says M. Lichtenberger, although the motive for the child slaughter has disappeared, the incident itself has subsisted.

In this connection I may be allowed to note one of the few instances in which M. Lichtenberger has remained ignorant of previous research. Nearly ten years ago I

showed in these pages that the Welsh tale of Branwen, was probably influenced by the Siegfried Nibelung cycle. Now the child-slaughter incident is found here in substantially the same form as in the Nibelunglied. If I am correct, and borrowing has taken place, the Welshman borrowed from the second version of the Nibelung legend. Now Branwen, as a whole, is certainly anterior to the introduction of the French form of the Arthurian romance into Wales, *i.e.*, anterior to the twelfth century. In all probability it was redacted in the late tenth or early eleventh century. From whom at that date (or, indeed, at any other) could a Welsh story-teller have heard the second version of the Nibelung saga? The first, the Northern version, was well known in Norse England. Stones, upon which episodes from it were graven, are standing to this day. But the second version! save Branwen *ex hypothesi*, there is no trace of it in Britain. Under these circumstances, the question arises whether M. Lichtenberger's contention is sound, and whether the child-slaughter incident of the Nibelungenlied and Thidreks saga is indeed wholly derived from that other incident preserved by the Volsunga saga.

Much, of course, would depend upon the date assigned to the transformation of the early into the later form of the legend. M. Lichtenberger does not dogmatise upon this point. Rightly so, in my opinion, the criteria relied upon by some German scholars for establishing a precise chronology of the different versions being of a secondary character. Nor is our author more dogmatic concerning the cause of this transformation. He seems to view it as belonging to the domain of historic psychology. The heroine of the early version typifies the virtue of fidelity to the kin. A time came when this virtue ceased to appeal to the ballad-singer's hearers, and that of wifely devotion was substituted for it.

The problem is complicated by the fact, which M. Lichtenberger notices but upon which he lays no stress, that the Volsunga saga (*i.e.*, the chief representative of the early form of the legend) has a close parallel to the second

part of the story. The grandmother of Siegfried is wedded, even as his wife is later, to a surly and treacherous tyrant ; he invites her father and brethren and has them slaughtered ; she avenges her kin even to the death of her husband and children. Have we here the representative of the conclusion of the original Siegfried-Nibelung saga before it was remodelled to fit a framework furnished by the lives of fifth-century personages, or is the story of Siegfried's grandmother a Northern imitation of the doom wrought upon his slayers, and of the vengeance enacted therefor ? M. Lichtenberger's failure to grapple with these questions is to my mind the chief defect in his work.

The growth of the legend, according to M. Lichtenberger, is chiefly due to the individual singers who made it their theme, and who were subject to all the influences, social and literary, of their day. This insistence on the part played by those countless minstrels, who wandered from land to land keeping the old stories alive, is timely. But M. Lichtenberger should not have passed over Dr. Wolfgang Golther's theory accounting for the shapes which the legend successively assumed by the fusion in it of independent, and at times contradictory, folk-tales. The harmonising process needed to weld these into an organic whole determined the form of the whole.

The problems of the Nibelung saga are those of heroic legend generally. In how far is the latter indebted to historic fact ; in what manner does it transform historic fact to its own needs ; what is the nature of the portion which owes nothing to history and which we call mythic ; does this picture forth man's memory of his past, or embody his ancient imaginings of the material universe ; is the marked similarity which obtains between the great heroic cycles due to a common conception of life, to descent from a common original, or to borrowing one from another ? Any answer to these questions must satisfy the case of each special saga. The first requisite is to grasp clearly all the elements of the problem. This M. Lichtenberger enables us to do

for one of the most famous and noblest of heroic stories, the story of Siegfried's fate and of the stress of the Nibelungs.

M. Lichtenberger's remarks (ch. 13-15) upon the conventional character of the personages in the twelfth-century minstrel narrative-poems are full of interest to the folklorist. The conventions are largely those which obtain in the ordinary *märchen*. We have the king, father of a beautiful princess, whom he denies to all suitors; the king or prince who goes in quest of the heroine, or of some other adventure; the king or prince who can accomplish no adventure unaided, but has at his side a bold and cunning servant or relation (in one case, Oswalt, this factotum is an animal, a crow); skill and cunning are greatly insisted upon, and form as essential a part of the hero's equipment as strength or valour; finally, the heroine is always fain, always prepared to trick her father and turn her back upon her kin when the hero whistles. In all these respects these poems differ greatly from those of the *matière de Bretagne*. But it should be noted that the earlier prose stratum of Arthurian tales, of which *Kilhwch* is the only representative, shows the same characteristics. A feature of these German minstrel-narratives is the almost invariable Crusading framework in which they are set. I would suggest that they are greatly spun-out versions of the folk-tales current at the time, provided with named personages, and fitted into what was, for twelfth-century Germany, the most picturesque and interesting *cadre*.

In App. G, M. Lichtenberger discusses Professor Zimmer's views respecting the influence of the Nibelung upon the Cuchullan cycle, which I commented upon in these pages (*Arch. Rev.*, Oct. 1888). M. Lichtenberger is inclined to concede more to Professor Zimmer than I should, but in the main he rejects the theory as decisively as I do.

ALFRED NUTT.

CANTI POPOLARI SICILIANI, raccolti ed illustrati di GIUSEPPE PITRÈ. Preceduti da uno studio critico a seguiti da melodie popolari. Nuova edizione, interamente rifusa. Carlo Clausen, Torino and Palermo, 1891. 2 vols. 8vo.

BIBLIOGRAFIA DELLE TRADIZIONI POPOLARI D' ITALIA. Compilata da GIUSEPPE PITRÈ. Scherie internazionali. Same publishers. 1 vol. crown 8vo., 700 pp., on hand-made paper.

The first of these two works is a reprint, with additional notes up to date, which has long been a desideratum, of Dr. Pitre's splendid collection of Sicilian folk-songs. Some very few of these have been made known to folklorists in their restricted place in my *Folk-songs of Italy*, but the complete collection is a model of scholarly work of its class, and the Treatise on the subject in the Preface (173 pp.) is a most instructive account of the place Sicily holds, a highly important one, in the scientific regions of folk-lore—a place which some may think is a significant landmark of the migrations of folk-songs. The work has been entirely recast (*rifusa*), and numerous additions incorporated.

The work which stands second on our heading is even more important for the non-Italian folklorists, as, with the great linguistic knowledge and professional perseverance he has at command, Dr. Pitre knows how to bring together an exhaustive cyclopædia of works in all languages bearing on the folk-lore of Italy. The whole family of folk-lore is so intimately inter-connected, that nothing which is important to one branch of it can be without bearing on every other. And just as the specimen-programme we have received shows that neither the works which English nor American writers have contributed to the subject are wanting to the list, among purely Italian ones will appear many which are at present little, if at all, known in this country.

At the same time exact titles of works and magazine articles, etc., cognate to the subject, are invited, and may be sent to the publishers. Those subsequent to the letter B will still be in time for insertion.

This universality will make it indispensable to the library of all students of folk-lore in every country, while the specimen further shows that it will be a handsome volume of some 600 or 700 pages, an ornament to their shelves. It may truly be described by the Italian epithet of *un lavoro di Benedettino*—a labour of collection of materials for more hurried labourers to “enter into”.

R. H. BUSK.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE present number of FOLK-LORE has been delayed in issue in order to contain as late, as full, and as authentic information of the forthcoming Congress as possible. It is hoped that the details given in these pages may determine those readers of FOLK-LORE who have not yet made up their minds to attend and aid the success of the first Folk-lore Congress held in England.

AMONG the papers to be published in the December number of FOLK-LORE will be two important Reports, one long promised, by Mr. Cecil Smith, on Greek Archæology ; and one on Recent Research in Institutions, by Mr. G. L. Gomme. Other papers have been previously announced.

AMONG the announcements of the forthcoming publishing season are several of interest to students of folk-lore, viz.:—

- Prof. M. MULLER, *Anthropological Religion*. (Longmans.)
Dr. C. HORSTMANN, *Legenda Anglica*. (Clar. Press.)
Prof. DE LA SAUSSAYE, *Manual of the Science of Religion*. (Longmans.)
Prof. RHYS and J. M. JONES, *The Elucidarium, Welsh text*. (Clar. Press.)
E. FAULKNER, *Games, Ancient and Oriental*. (Longmans.)
G. E. NORTHALL, *Descriptive Collection of English Folk-Rhymes*. (Kegan Paul, Trübner and Co.)
JOSEPH JACOBS, *Celtic Fairy Tales*. (Nutt.)
W. B. YEATS, *Irish Fairy Tales*. (Unwin.)
Rev. J. C. ATKINSON, *English Fairy Tales*. (Macmillan.)

The revived interest in the folk-tales of the British Isles is a striking characteristic of these announcements.

MR. G. L. GOMME is writing a volume on Folk-lore and Ethnology, which will contain a definitive and exhaustive statement of his views on the functions of folk-lore as a means of ethnological research, and the principles to be applied in the scientific analysis of custom and belief.

THE *Handbook of Folk-lore*, prepared for the Folk-lore Society, is now nearly out of print. A second edition is in preparation.

MISS ROALFE COX'S volume of variants of Cinderella has been sent to press, and may be expected as one of the publications of the Folk-lore Society for 1892. It will probably be preceded by a symposium on the subject by prominent students of the folk-tale.

THE Denham Tracts are passing through the press, and the volume is to be issued to the members of the Folk-lore Society as the issue for 1891.

Communications for the next number of FOLK-LORE should reach the Office, 270, Strand, W.C., on or before Nov. 10th.

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BOOKS.

1891, UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

[*English books published in London, French books in Paris,
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- GARNETT (L. M. J.) The Women of Turkey and their Folk-lore. With concluding chapters on the Origin of Matriarchy, by John S. Stuart-Glennie. The Jewish and Moslem Women. 8vo xvi, 616 pp. D. Nutt.
- MOORE (A. W.) The Folk-lore of the Isle of Man : being an account of its Myths, Legends, Superstitions, Customs, and Proverbs. 12mo. x, 192 pp. D. Nutt.
- PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS. China, No. 3. Anti-Foreign Riots in China. Eyre and Spottiswoode. [Contains some curious items]

FOLK-TALES AND SONGS.

- JAMES (M. H.) Bogie Tales of East Anglia. Pawsey and Hayes (Ipswich).
- WAIFS AND STRAYS OF CELTIC TRADITION. Argyllshire Series. Vol. iii. Folk and Hero Tales. Collected, edited, and translated by the Rev. J. MacDougall. With an Introduction by Alfred Nutt. 8vo. xxii, 312 pp. D. Nutt.
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- STEENSTRUP. Vore Folkeviser fra Middelaldaren. [Praised by M. Gaston Paris in the *Revue Critique* as important for the comparative history of European ballad poetry.]

FOLK-LORE AND MYTHOLOGY.

- BECKER (J. H.) Die Zwillingssage also Schlüssel zur Deutung urzeitlicher Ueberlieferung. 8vo. Fock (Leipzig).
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- LYALL (Sir A.) Natural Religion in India. The Rede Lecture. 8vo. Macmillan.
- MÜLLENHOFF (K.) Deutsche Altertumskunde. Fünfter Band. 8vo. 417 pp. Weidmann (Berlin). [Contains essay on Balder Saga in answer to Bugge.]

FOLK-LORE AND ANTHROPOLOGY.

- BRINTON (D. G.) The American Race. A Linguistic Classification and Ethnographic Description of the Native Tribes of North and South America. 8vo. 392 pp. Hodges (Boston, U.S.).
- BUCKLAND (A. W.) Anthropological Studies. 8vo. 310 pp. Ward and Downey.
- CLODD (E.) Myths and Dreams. Second edition. Longmans.
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FOLK-LORE AND LITERATURE.

- GASTER (M.) Chrestomathie Roumaine. Textes imprimés et manuscrits du 16^e au 19^e siècle, accompagnés d'une grammaire et d'un glossaire roumain-français. 2 vols. 8vo. cxlix, 368, 562 pp. Leipzig. [Section V is devoted to "Littérature populaire".]
- HEEGER (Dr. G.) Ueber die Trojanersagen der Franken und Normannen. 8vo. Landau.

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History of Civilisation in Bohemia" contain, according to M. L.
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FOLK-LORE AND INSTITUTIONS.

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[No. IV.]

LEGENDS OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE CARS.—PART III.

THE following three tales require, I think, a short explanation. They differ, in almost every way, from the stories I have already given. They are, in the first place, less legends than drolls, though their subjects are grim enough. They are, besides, less effective as stories. It was probably for this reason that I did not write them out fully from my short notes taken at the time. In the case of all the other tales I did this on arriving home within a day of hearing the stories; but in the case of the following three I had only the rough notes, and have had to write them out from these. At the suggestion of the Editor of FOLK-LORE, I have appended in each case the rough notes, so that those who may use them for scientific folk-lore purposes may know exactly the character of the material they are using. I have endeavoured to keep strictly to what I heard, and I have tried to truly present them in all their inconsequence, and even incoherency. All three resemble, at least in parts, those tales which are called "drolls"; and none of them can be said to be looked on by the narrators as in any sense true. The two latter are, I imagine, portions of the same tale, although told me at different times and by different people. I have given titles to these, as the narrators gave none, but otherwise I have added and altered nothing.

Of each, in turn, I would like to say a few words. "The Flying Childer" was told me under that name, though, considering the tale itself, it might as appropriately have been called anything else. I regret to say I can remember little about the person who told it to me; I never knew his name. I met him in a small inn some distance from where I lived, where I had one day to spend an hour; and except that he came from the Wolds, and that I afterwards saw him once or twice driving towards the market-town, I know no more of him. He did not believe in bogles nor witches; but he confessed to a good many superstitions, and to a real dread of the Evil Eye, which he declared he knew to be a true and terrible thing.

He was a poor story-teller, and did not seem to realise the incoherency of the tale. He said quite simply that he did not suppose it was true, but he implied a very strong reservation as to murderers being pursued, after death, by their victims. I also found that he believed—and I think it is not an uncommon theory—that all dead persons are "bogles", capable of feeling, speaking, appearing to living eyes, and of working good and evil, till corruption has finally completed its work, and the bodies no longer exist.

These two ideas granted as possible beliefs, the tale is no longer quite so uninteresting or absurd as it seems on first sight, and it may be that it was very different in its original form. There can be little doubt that it is either vastly incomplete, or has become confused with another tale, which, perhaps, fills the gap where the true version has been forgotten. However it came to pass, it is certain that the whole episode of the Tailor, the Wise Woman, and the Old Man, is apt to make the reader quote Mr. Kipling, and exclaim, "But that is another story!"

I should like to add that cutting off the feet and hands of a dead body often occurs in folk-tales, though I cannot remember that it has ever been remarked on. In Lincolnshire, I found it appearing in Jack the Giant-Killer, Beauty

and the Beast, and one fragment (I think) of Cinderella, besides "The Flying Childer"; and I have come across it in at least one Scotch tale. Perhaps someone learned in the subject may be able to explain it.

"Fred the Fool" was told me by the same person as the first tale, and needs little explanation. It seems to be a droll, or to resemble one, and I am inclined to think that it is really the first portion of the last tale, which I have called "Sam'l's Ghost", though somewhat incorrectly, as the latter is not a Lincolnshire word. This was told me by Fanny, the child who narrated "The Dead Moon"; but she was very much less interested in it, and it is altogether a lower class of story. She knew nothing of the life of "Sam'l", nor how he came to be burnt.

THE FLYIN' CHILDER.

A'm skers sure ef a can tell 'ee 't ahl right, but a guess a mind it as 't wor tell't me'a. Le'ssee, na'ow! Theer wor wanst a chap 's wor gra'at fur tha wimmen-fo'ak, an' cud'n't kep out o' tha wa'ay ef a tried ever so; th' varry soight o' a pittycot ha'f a mile off 'n th' road 'd ca'all un fur to foller 'n. 'N' wan da'ay, as 't mout be, a come ker-bang ra'ound a co'ner, 'n' theer wor a rampin' maid, settin' her lo'an an' washin' asel', an' th' fond chap wor ahl outer's wit's to wanst. An' th' upshot o' 't wor, 's a sweer a 'd wed her, ef her 'd come ho'am wi' 'm; 'n' says she:

"A'll come, 'n welcome!" says she, "but thou'll mun sweer as thou'll wed ma."

"A will," says he, "a sweer 't!"—an' a thowt to 'msel', "ower th' lef' showther, that!"

"Thou'll mun wed ma i' cho'ch," says she.

"A will!" says he—"Ef a iver put foot in," he thowt to 'msel'.

"An' ef thou do'ant, what'll a forspell 'ee?" says she.

"Lawks," says he, fur a wor feared o' bein' forspellt,

which be main mischancy, seest tha ; “do’ant ’ee overlook ma, do’ant ’ee ! Ef a do’ant wed tha, mout th’ wo’ms e’at ma”—“ (Ther ba’oun’ fur to do ’t annywa’ays !” thinks he to ’msel)—“ an’ th’ childer hev wings ’n’ fly awa’ay.” (An’ none gra’at matter ef tha do !” says he to ’msel’.)

But th’ maid didn’t know as a wor thinkin’, an’ a want wi’ ’m. An’ by-’n’-by tha coom to ’n’ cho’ch.

“Thou’ll can wed ma here-by,” says she, tweekin’ ’s arm.

“No’a !” says he, “th’ pa’asson ’s a-huntin’.” So tha went on a bit furder, an’ coom to ’nother cho’ch.

“Wal’, here-by ?” says she.

“No’a !” says he ; “pa’asson ’s none sober ’nuff, ’n’ clerk’s drunk.”

“Wal’ !” says she, “mebbe tha’ll can wed ’s, fur ahl thar i’ liquor.”

“Houts !” says he, an’ gi’s her a kick.

So on tha want ag’ean, an’ by-’n’-by, a meets wi’ a t’ylor-man, an’ a says, says a, “Wheer’s th’ me’aster ?”

“Ooh, da’own-by !” says th’ au’d feller.

So a went on a bit furder, while tha coom to a wise woman, plaitin’ straws, an’ a says to a, “Wheer’s th’ au’d mun ?”

“Da’own-by !” says she.

So on tha want, while a coom to ’n bit cottage by th’ la’ane side, an’ a knockit an’ kicked at th’ door tell ’t shuk, but niver a wo’d coom f’um inn’ard. So a wa’alked ra’at in, an’ theer wor ’n au’d mun lyin’ slepin’ ’n’ snorin’ on ’s bed.

Wal’, th’ young chap keck’t aba’out ’un fur summat handy, ’n’ seen ’n axe, so a oop wi’ ’t ’n’ brained th’ au’d feller, ’n’ chopped ’s feet ’n’ han’s off’n ’um. An’ than a set to ’n’ cle’aned oop th’ pla’ace, ’n’ thrung th’ corp out o’ winder, ’n’ lat fire i’ th’ hearth, while ahl wor smart ’n’ natty.

An’ by-’n’-by, keckin’ ower ’s showther, a seed th’ wise woman stealin’ th’ corp awa’ay wi’ a.

“Hi !” says th’ chap ; “th’ corp’s mine, seest tha. What thou do’n’ wi’ ’m ?”

"A'll barry 'm fur tha," says she.

"No'a thou wunt," says he, "a'll do 't masel'."

"Wall, then," says she, "A'll stan' by."

"No'a, thou wunt!" says he, "a'll can do 't better ma lo'an."

"Ta'ake thy wa'ay, fool," says she, "but gi' ma th' axe, then, 'stead o' th' corp."

"No'a, a wunt!" says he; "a mout want her age'an."

"Hi!" says th' wise woman, "none give, none have; red han' an' lyin' lips!"

An' a want awa'ay, mutterin' an' twistin' 's fingers.

So th' chap buried th' corp, but less a furgot wheer 't wor, a lef' wan arm stickin' oot o' th' gra'oun', an' th' feet 'n' han's a chuck to th' pigs, an' says he to th' gal:

"A'll ga 'n' snare a cony; see thou kep to th' ha'ouse"; 'n' off a want.

Th' gal diddle-daddled aba'out, 'n' presently th' pigs 'gun squealin' 's if a wor kill't.

"An' oh!" says th' gal, "what 'n' 's amiss wi' 'm, fur so to squeal?"

An' th' dead feet up an' said, "We be amiss, us'll trample th' pigs tell thou bury us!"

So a took th' feet, an' put 'em i' yarth.

An' by-'n'-by th' pigs la'ay da'own 'n' died.

"Oh! oh!" says th' gal, "what be th' matter wi' 'm fur so to die?"

An' th' dead han's up an' cried, "We be th' matter, we's chocked um!"

So a want 'n' barred 'em too.

An' by-'n'-by a heerd summat a-callin', 'n' a-callin' on her, an' a want fur to see what a wanted.

"Who be a-ca'allin'?" says she.

"Thou 's put us wrong!" said th' feet an' han's; "we be feelin', an' we be creepin', an' we ca'ant fin' th' rest o' 's annywhers. Put us by th' au'd mun, wheer 's arm sticks oot o' groun', or we'll tickle tha wi' fingers an' tread tha wi' toes, till thou loss tha wits."

So a dug 'em up, 'n' put 'em by th' au'd mun.

An' by-'n'-by th' young chap coom back, an' ca'alled fur 's dinner.

"Wheer's th' childer?" says he.

"Ooh, gath'rin' berries!" says she.

"Berries i' *spring*?" says he; an' kep on wi' 's eatin'.

But when noight coom an' tha wornt ho'am:

"Wheer's th' *childer*?" says he.

"Gone a fishin'," says she.

"Ay," says he, "'n' th' babby, too?"

An' coom th' mornin', a shuk th' gal oop sudden, an' bawled in 's earn:

"Wheer's th' *CHILDER*?"

"Ooh!" says she 'n' a hurry, "flown awa'ay, th' childer hev!"

"Tha hev?" says he. "Then thou'll can goo arter 'm!" An' a oop wi' th' axe 'n' chopped her i' pieces 'n' shuv th' bits unner th' bed.

Wal, by-'n'-by, th' childer coom flyin' back, an' keek't aba'out fur th' mother, but tha seed nowt.

"Wheer's mother?" tha said to th' chap.

"Gone to buy bacon," says he, feelin' oneasy.

"Bacon?" says tha; "an' wi' fitches hangin' ready?"

'N' presently tha comes age'an, 'n' says:

"Wheer's mother *na'ow*?"

"Gone to seek *thou*," says a, shakin' unner th' clo'es.

"Ay?" says tha, "an' we here!"

An' fore a cud get oot o' bed tha coom ahl ra'ound un, an' pointed at un wi' 's fingers:

"Wheer's mother *TO-NA'OW*?"

"Ooh!" a squealed, "unner th' bed!" An' a put 's head unner th' blunket.

Tha childer pulled oot th' bits, an' fell to weepin' an' wailin' as tha pieced un together. An' th' chap, a want fur to crep to th' door 'n' get awa'ay, but tha cot un, an' took th' axe 'n' chopped un oop loike th' gal, an' lef' un lyin' whiles tha want awa'ay grattin'.

Soon 's a wor sure a wor de'ad, up a got 'n' shook 's sel', an' theer wor th' gal, stannin' waitin' fur 'n wi' 's long claws a'out, an' 's teeth gibberin' an' 's eyne blazin' loike a green cat, gan' to spring. An' nat'rally th' chap wor feared, an' a runned, an' runned, an' runned, so 's to git awa'ay ; but she runned efter, wi' 's long claws strot out, till a cu'd feel un ticklin' th' back o' 's neck, an' strainin' wi' th' longin' to chock un. An' a called a'out to the thunner :

“Strike ma de'ad!”

But th' thunner wud'n't, for a wor de'ad a'ready.

An' a runned to th' fire an' begged :

“Burn ma oop!”

But tha fire wud'n't, fur th' chill o' de'ath put 'n a'out.

An' a thrung 's sel' in th' water, an' said :

“Draown me blue!”

But th' watter wudn't, fur th' death-colour wor comin' in 's fa'ace a'ready.

An' a tuk th' axe 'n' tried to cut 's thro'at, but th' axe wud'n't.

An' to last, a thrung 's sel' into th' gra'ound, an' ca'alled fur th' wo'ms to eat un, so 's a cu'd rest in 's grave an' be quit o' th' woman.

But by-'n'-by oop crep a gra'at wo'm, an' a stra'ange an' gra'at thing 't wor, wi' th' gal's head o' th' en' o' its long slimy body, an' 't crep oop aside un an' ra'oun' about, 'n' over un, while a druv awa'ay all th' other wo'ms, an' than a set to, to eat un 's sel'.

“Ooh, eat ma quick, eat ma quick!” a squeels.

“Stiddy, na'ow!” says th' wo'm, “good food's wuth th' meal-toime. Thou ho'd still, 'n' let ma 'njoy masel'.”

“Eat ma quick, eat ma quick!” said he.

“Do'ant thou haste ma, a tell 'ee,” says th' wo'm, “a 's gettin' on fine. Thou'st nigh gone na'ow.” An' a smacked 's lips wi' th' goodness o' 't.

“Quick!” a whispit age'an.

“Whist, thou'st 'n onpatient chap,” says th' wo'm.

An' a swallered th' last bit, an' th' lad wor all go'an, an'
'd got awa'ay f'um th' gal to last.

An' that's ahl.

ROUGH NOTES.

Not quite sure if remember—think can tell as told me. Once was a lad—fond of girls—couldn't keep away from petticoats. Came round corner “kerbang” on girl washing herself—swore he'd wed her, if she'd follow him. She makes him swear—he does it “ower th' lef' shouter”. In church, she says. Says he will, “if ever he goes in” (aside). Threatens to “forespell” him if he doesn't. He says, “Mout th' wo'ms eat ma ef a don't”—“Bound do it anyway”—and children fly away—“no great matter” (aside). So they went on—came to church—girl wants to go in. He says no, parson hunting. Go on to next church—says, “No; parson's tipsy, and clerk's drunk.” She says might wed them for all that. He kicks her. Meet a tailor—ask him for the master. “Down-by”. Meet wise woman plaiting straws. “Wheer's au'd mun?” “Down-by.” Come to cottage, knock—no answer, go in—old man asleep on bed. Lad takes axe, brains him, chops feet and hands—throws out of window. Cleaned place—lit fire. Wise woman tries to steal corpse. “Hi, that's mine.” “I'll bury it.” “No, do 't mase!” “I'll stand by.” “No, do better alone.” “Give axe instead.” “No, might need it.” “None give, none have; red hand, lying lips.” He buries corpse—leaves arm sticking up—feet and hands to the pigs. Says to gal, “Get cony; you keep house.” Girl diddle-daddles—pigs squeal. “What's amiss?” Dead feet say, “We trample pigs—bury us.” She does. Pigs die. “What's matter?” Dead hands say, “Choking pigs—bury us.” She does. They call—she goes. Say, “Can't feel body—must be buried by it, or haunt her.” She does. Lad comes home. “Where's childer?” “Gathering berries.” “In spring?” Night comes. “Where's childer?” “Fishing.” “Baby too?” Morning—wakes her suddenly. “*Where's childer?*” “Flown away.” “You go too.” Chops her—puts under bed. Children come back. “Where's mother?” “Buying bacon.” “With fitches here?” “Wheer's mother?” “Seeking you.” “We here?” Crowd round bed. “*Where's mother?*” “Under bed!” They pull her out—weep—chop him up too. He gets up—shakes. Girl up too—“wi' long claws out”—gibbering—eyes green. He runs—she runs after—claws out—tickle his neck—longs to choke him. He calls thunder—strike him dead. “No, dead already.” To fire, “Burn ma oop.” “No, ‘chill o' death' put out fire.” Water, “Drown ma blue.” “No, dead blue already.” Axe, “Cut throat.” Wouldn't. Went to ground, calls worms—great worm comes—

drives off others. Girl's head. "Eat ma quick." "Good food's worth meal-time." "Eat ma quick." "No haste—nigh gone." "Quick." "You're impatient." Last bit—all gone—got rid of girl. That's all.

Suppose all rubbish—but murderers may be chased by people they kill—think likely.

FRED TH' FOOL.

Theer's an au'd mun wi' us as 's heerd tell on a lad—Fred wor 's to name, an' 's fo'ak wor Baddeleys: leastwise, a think 's much; a'm not jist sartain. A tuk sarvice wi' a fa'armer, t'other side th' Wolds an' a coom to a main bad en, a did.

A dunno as 'ts 'rectly *tre-ue*, that's as mebbe, but a reckon they wor hell 'n' rough toimes tothan, and like enuff 't *mout* be true. Annyways, th' au'd mun tells 't so, an' says a heerd it fro' 's gran'ther or sich. Its nobbut a shart ta'ale. Wal', Fred wor a fond sort o' critter 'n' wor allus gittin' in a muss wi' summat 'r other, an' a wor, th' au'd chap says, th' ahfullest lad to e'at 's iver tha 'd see annywhere.

Bacon an' 'taters an' bre'ad—sides an' sacks 'n' bakin's of 'm—a'd swaller 'm da'own 's if a'd a bathomless pit, as th' pa'asson says, 'stead o' a Chris'en stummick, loike other fo'ak; an' yit a wor a thin smahl slip o' a lad, as looked 's if a niver ate owt.

Wal', th' fa'armer seed un, as a wor stannin' wi' th' rest o' 'm to th' hirin's.

"Theer's a chap as 'll not cost much to kip!" says a; "a'll niver ate th' la'arder bare, not he—a's got no room fur a store o' vittles! Wheer gan', lad?"

"Wheer tha'll tak' ma," says Fred; fur th' fa'armers o' Cliff wa'ay 'd hev nowt to do wi' un, what wi' 's eatin', an' 's mussin' an' 's fond wa'ays.

"A guess thou aren't wuth a wa'age," says th' fa'armer, wi' a eye to bettin' a bargain.

"A reckon a aren't much," says the lad, fur a wor used to bein' tellt that.

"Wal', thou *are* a fool!" says th' fa'armer, scratchin' 's he'ad, "tellin' me that! a shan't giv' tha no wa'ages, then, a vum. Wilt coom fur tha kep?"

"That a will," says Fred, peekin' oop, "ef thou'll kep ma honest i' vittles an' clo'es."

"A'll do that," says the fa'armer, cal'clatin' as au'd clo'es an' ha'ouse bits 'd nigh kep un gooin'. But, lord! a knowed nowt o' Fred! Thou may reckon as 't worn't long afore a fun' out as a'd ma'ade none such a stra'ange 'n' aisy bargain nayther. A'd ca'ounted 's cattle wi' a pair o' calves to ivery heifer, 's th' sayin' is, fur Fred 'd ate th' ha'ouse bare, an' then vow a wor clemmed wi' hunger.

An't wor no'on use fur to bet un, 't on'y ma'ade un wusser; an' so wi' wo'kin' an' kickin' an' such, a'd ate more 'n iver arter'ds, while th' me'aster thowt as 'd be fair 'n' cle'an done fur.

"Wal'," says Fred to 's sel', "here a be, an' loike to split wi' hunger. A'd niver a bite to 'morn, nobbut a boocket o' 'taters an' a ca'ake o' bread, or mebbe two; an' what's that? A can't mind such tiddy bits, an' a'm reg'lar teemin' empty. Th' measter said as 'd kip ma wi' vittles, an' a guess a'll goo 'n' try th' storehouse. Theer's a side o' bacon theer, an' mebbe beef; th' winder's barred, but th' Lord be pra'ised! a'm thin. A'll mebbe git thruff."

So off a went.

But soon as th' fon' critter got 's head an' showthers atween th' bars, a stoock fa'ast!—a did, an' cud'n't goo back nor for'ards. Wal', a hadn't no sense, as a said afoore, so 'stead o' waitin' an' mebbe thinkin' o' summat as 'd git un a'out, what 'd a do but screech a'out, 's if a wor kilt an' murthered, while th' me'aster 's sel' coom, an' fun' un, ha'af in, an' bigger ha'af a'out, o' th' storehouse winder!

"What thou doin' thur, dom tha?" roared th' fa'armer. "Coom a'out o' that, a tell 'ee!"

"Goddle-moighty, ef a cu'd a got a'out, a cu'd a got in too!" says Fred, fair 'n' angered. "Can't thou see as 'm stoock?"

“An’ what fur thou gan’, then, born fool?” screeched th’ me’aster, clean tuk a-back—Fred wor so simple.

“A coom to git summat t’ ate, o’ coorse” says th’ critter, kickin’ awa’ay ahl th’ toime, wi’ ’s hind legs. “Mistress wor throng.”

“Throng, says a?” yelled th’ fa’armer, dancin’ wi’ rage, “Thou ’rt a thief; a thief, a tell ’ee, an’ a’ll l’arn ’ee to ste’al ma me’at!”

An’ a oop wi’ ’s stick, an’ ’gun to bet un wi’ ahl ’s moight. An’ Fred, seest tha, wor in a stra’ange ’n’ handy attichooode, as a mowt say, an’ guv’ a fine pla’ace fur the bettin’ to fall on. But by-’n’-by oop coom th’ mistress an’ squeels a’out:

“Stop!” wi’ a v’ice loike a pig ben’ kil’t. “Ef thou bet un, me’aster, a’ll ate us out er ha’ouse ’n’ home, a will; do’ant ’ee, doant ’ee now, whatever thou do’a!”

“That’s so!” says th’ fa’armer, stroock ahl o’ a he’ap; an’ thowt a bit.

“Wal’, a reckon, a’ll mak’ tha min’ as a cot tha ste’alin’ annyways!” says a; an’ a set to ’n’ pulled off a nail f’um Fred’s thoomb an’ let un goo wi’ a las’ kick.

Fred wor main glad to ha’ done wi’ ’t, ’s thou may reckon, an’ didn’t seem to fret ’ba’outs nail to speak on.

But by-’n’-by a fun ’s clo’es ahl to rags, an’ a cu’dn’t barely ho’d un together, so ’s to hide un’s skin.

“A mun be dacent, a guess,” says a to ’s sel’. “Tha’ll niver lemme goo nackt, a reckon. Ay, th’ me’aster said ’s ’d kip ma ’i’ clo’es, an’ ’s got he’aps o’ ’s o’an, so ’ll goo ’n’ git summat to wanst.”

An’ a off to th’ ha’ouse, ’n’ tuk th’ fa’armer’s new breeches an’ ’s best co’at, an’ who so fain o’ ’s sel’ as Fred, thoff tha wor so wide as a mun ho’d ’em oop in ’s two han’s.

But jist as a got to th’ door, th’ me’aster an’ ’s wife cot un age’an.

“What thou got *theer*?” screeches th’ missis. “Ma me’aster’s bes’ clo’es. A niver! What ’ll a do nex’?” Thou ’s th’ biggest fool an’ th’ fon’est.”

“Th’ domdist thief tha be!” yells th’ fa’armer, green wi’

anger an' bristlin' loike a prickly-otchin. "Ahl kick tha while tha be black 's rotten to'nips, a will!"

"Nay!" cries th' missis. "Thou'll niver! a'll ate ahl ma bacon, ef tha do!"

But what wi' 's wife hangin' on 's arm, an blin' wi' rage, th' me'aster oop wi' th' axe in 's other han', an' stroock at Fred, an' off fell 's han' at th' wris'-bo'an.

Th' me'aster scratched 's he'ad, an' Fred howled.

"Wal', a didn't goo fur to do 't!" says th' fa'armer, a bit feared loike; "but ef thou tells fo'ak as a done 't, a'll ca'ahl th' polis an' gin 'ee oop fur thievin'; so theer!"

But, Lor' bless 'ee! Fred wor such'n a fool, a'd niver 'n idce as a cu'd a had oop th' me'aster fur 't, an' a tuk 't 'stead o' a bettin'; but a reckon a'd rather bin bet, a deal.

Wal', thou unnerstan' as 't worn't long afore Fred got 'n a muss age'an; an' this toime 't wor wi' stealin' money. A don't min' jist how a coom to fin' it, but annyways a did, an' a tuk 't, an' 't wor a hell o' a row—beggin' yer pa'ardon!—fur th' se'ame.

Th' me'aster wor jist cle'an out o' 's wits wi' fury: an' this toime a thrung summat as flatted Fred o' th' gra'ound, an' bruck 's arm an' 't had to be tuk off. A misremember that part o' th' ta'ale a bit, but that's what coom to 'm. An' so Fred los' 's arm; an' thou'd think a'd a gone awa'ay, wu'dn't 'ee? But a didn't, th' pore fool! A said:

"Ooh! a'd los' ma han' afuore, an' ma nail afuore that, an' a 's got kin' o' used to 't, seest tha; so a reckon a'll stay. 'Tull hev to be ma he'ad nex' toime, an' that's none so aisy to pull off!"

But a wor wrong, thou'll see.

Th' fa'armer wor stra'ange an' misloiked i' th' countryside, an' 'd heerd sa'ay as some da'ay a'd git oop i' morn, an' fin' 's ricks brunt; an' a wor geyan' skeary o' 't. An' ivery noight wan o' th' han's mun kep watch i' th' garth while th' dawnin'.

Wal', soon 's Fred wor a'out o' th' doctor's han's th'

me'aster tellt un off fur th' watchin', as a worn't much good i' th' fields.

"A'll do 't," says Fred, "ef thou'll lemme slep i' da'ay."

But no'a, th' me'aster wu'dn't do that. A mun run erran's o' da'ay, an' do light jobs, sin' a cu'dn't wo'k proper; an' that wor nuthin'. A mun arn 's kep, an' watch ahl noight, or 'd to'n 'm a'out.

"Wal', here's tryin'!" says Fred, "an' th' Lord kep 'm off th' ricks, ef a goo t' slep!"

Th' fust noight or two a kep 'wa'ake most ahl th' toime, but efterd's a tuk to slepin' 's soun' 's if a wor in 's bed. An' nat'rally to last, 't coom as 'd bin thowt.

Th' fa'armer wor woke oop wi' a bright shinin', an' soon 's a looked a'out o' winder, theer wor 's ricks ahl a blazin'.

Da'oun a gan' in 's bare legs, ragin' 'n' sweerin' while th' divil's sel' 'd a bin 'shamed on 'im.

"Wheer's that scoun'rel?" a yelled.

An' ahl to wanst a seed un, slepin' i' th' moock, soun' 's a babby, 'side th' pigs, i' th' garth.

Wal', a reckon th' fa'armer 'd nowt strong 'nuff i' th' sweerin' wa'ay to fall back on. A jist said nowt, but a looked loike a white devil, shinin' throff wi' evil an' spite an' choked wi' bad wo'ds.

A jist wa'alked over 'n' pick oop th' lad an' dragged un arter 'm to th' blazin' ricks; an' 'fore Fred 'd cle'an ma'ade oop 's min' ef th' pigs wor tuk bad wi' th' colic, or ef 't wor a yarthquick, the fa'armer oop wi' 'n 'n' heaved un i' th' mid o' th' blazin' rick.

"Kep off!" a said, stutterin' an' stammlin' wi' anger; "a'll kill annywan as lif's a han' to he'p un!" an' a tuk ho'd on a gre'at sto'on' an' look round 's wicked 's wicked.

An' th' fellers wor feared on un, an' so cum 'at 'fore tha'd cle'an sattled what tha'd do, Fred wor burnt ahl oop i' th' mid o' th' rick, wheer a'd cot i' th' roops 'n' cu'dn't git loose.

An' that's th' en'. Wal', 't *mout* be true, 's a tellt 'ee; tha wor stra'ange 'n quare fo'ak to than. Annyways that's as a heerd it.

ROUGH NOTES.

Old man told me. Lad Fred—folk, Baddeley—took service yont the Wolds—bad end. May be true—rough times, “hell ’n’ rough”. Old man says had it from grandfather. Fred—“fond” lad—always in scrapes, and terrible eater—bacon, potatoes, bread—loads—no “Christen stummick”—bottomless pit. Thin, small lad. Farmer sees him at the hirings—won’t cost much keep—no room much food. “Where going?” “Where I can.” “Not worth wage.” “No; used to hear that.” “Born fool to say that—won’t give wage. Keep?” “Yes—honest vittles and clothes.” Farmer thinks old stuff ’ll do—found wrong. Fred eats house bare—still hungry. Beaten—got hungrier—working—ate more—master near ruined. Fred says, “Splitting with hunger—nothing to eat—bucket o’ taters, etc.—not worth mentioning—try storehouse—bacon, maybe beef—barred—but I’m thin.” Stuck fast—yells—master comes. “What doing there? Come out.” “Can’t.” “What you stealing?” “Food, ‘Mistress throug’.” Master furious—beats him—position handy. Wife comes. “Stop—make him eat more—don’t beat him.” Farmer pulls off nail—lets him go. Fred’s clothes ragged. “Niver lemme goo nackt. Master has lots—help myself.” Takes best suit—too big—holds them up—meets master and missis—very angry. “Bet tha ’s black ’s rotten to’nips!” Wife stops him, as before. He cuts off Fred’s hand—threatens call police if he tells—Fred fool—says nothing. Next he steals money. “Hell of a row.” Farmer throws something—Fred gets arm broken—has to be taken off (teller forgets particulars here). Fred stays on—says getting used. “Head next time—not so easy.” Wrong.

Farmer unpopular—ricks threatened—watched nights. Fred better—night work—not let sleep by day—kept wake first nights—afterwards slept sound.

Farmer wakes—sees light—goes down—bare legs—swearing—devil ashamed. “Where’s scoundrel?” Fred asleep with pigs. Master too angry to speak—drags him to ricks—throws him in. Fred barely awake. “Kill anybody helps.” Men frightened. Fred caught in rope—burnt to death. Queer folk then—that’s as told me.

SAM’L’S GHOST.

A do’ant know as a unnerstan’ what tha me’an by “ghostis”. Ef tha spe’aks o’ *bogles*, na’ow, or corps or such? Ooh—! De’ad fo’ak as wa’alk’s? A’ve heerd un ca’alled Bogles an’ f’etches, an’ a’ve heerd on he’aps, but a can’t sa’y as a seed ony masel’. Theer’s a red wummin

as wa'alks i' th' spinney nigh wheer a dool, an' theer wor a lad wi' ne'er a he'ad on un 'at ma mother seed, whan a wor a maid. An o' Yule, ther's a loight as is car't aba'out th' ta'own, on'y none can't see th' han' as car's it; an' ef 't stops at a doorsil', summun 'll die i' that ha'ouse afore th' year's a'out.

Theer's lots o' ta'ales 'ba'out bogles o' that sort, but th' aren't purty, th' aren't creepy, loike th' Moon ta'ale 's a towd tha on. A likes th' creepy wans, do'ant thou? An' a can't sort o' min' they so't; they's nobbut wimmen an' loights an' things, an' no sense in 'em. But theer, a'd rawther not meet wi' 'm fur ahl that! A guess they be fearsome to see, ef ther nobbut silly to yarken to.

Ay, a mind wan ta'ale 'ba'out a de'ad man, but t'aint much; but ef thou loike——

It's mebbe on'y a ta'ale, fur a guess fo'ak do'an't know 's what 'll coom to 's when we'r' de'ad; leastwise, 'cep' what th' pa'asson says, an' that's mebbe true!

Annywa'ays, tha towd ma as theer wor a lad—gran'ther ca'alled un Sam'l—as wor brunt to de'ath, an' ahl gan' to ashes, an' mebbe cinders. But mebbe 'n while, a got oop—th' inside o' un, a me'an (thou unnerstan'?) an' gin 'sel' a sha'ake, an' thowt what a mun do nex', fur nat'rally a worn't used to things, an' a wor kin' o' stra'ange loike. An' 'twould be so't o' quare, a reckon—lots o' bogles an' things ahl 'ba'out un. Mebbe a wor a bit fe'ared-loike to fust. Wall, by-'n'-by, suthin' said to 'n:

“Thou mun goo in th' yarth-pla'ace, an' tell th' Big Wo'm 's thou's de'ad, 'n' axe un fur to hev tha ate oop, or thou'll niver rest i' tha mools.”

“Mun a?” says th' lad. “Wal', a'm willin'.”

So a gan' on, axin' 's wa'ay, an' rubbin' showthers wi' ahl th' horrid things 's glowered roun' 'ba'out 'im.

An' by-'n'-by a coom to a gra'at pla'ace wheer 't wor da'ark, wi' glimmerin' loights crossin' 't, an' full o' a yarthy smell loike th' mools o' spring, an' whiffs o' a ahful stink, as 'd to'n un sick 'n' feared; an' unnerfoot wor creepin'

things, an' ara'ound wor crawlin' flutterin' things, an' th' air wor hot an' moocky ; an' at th' en' o' th' pla'ace wor a horrid gra'at wo'm, co'led oop 'n a flat sto'on, wi' 's slimy he'ad movin' and swingin' f'um side to side 's if a wor smellin' fur 's dinner.

A reckon Sam'l wor main feared when a heer'd 's ne'am ca'alled, an' th' wo'm shot a'out 's horrid he'ad reet in 's fa'ace.

"Thou, Sam'l? So thou're de'ad an' buried, an' food fur th' wo'ms, be tha? Wal', wheer's tha body?"

"Ple'ase, yer wushup"—Sam'l didn't want fur t' anger 'n, natrally—"A'm ahl here."

"No'a," said th' wo'm, "does thou think as we can ate thou? Th' art de'ad, ma lad ; mun fot tha corp, ef tha wants to rest i' th' mools."

"But wheer is 't? Ma corp?" said Sam'l, scratch'n' 's head.

"Wheer is 't buried?" said th' wo'm.

"'Tain't buried ; that's jist it!" said Sam'l. "T'is ashes ; a wor brunt oop."

"Hi!" said th' wo'm, "that's bad ; thou'll ta'aste no'on so good. Niver fret ; go fot th' ashes, an' bring 'm here, an' wer'll do ahl wer can."

Wal', Sam'l want back, an' a looked an' looked, an' by-'n'-by a got ahl th' ashes together 's a cu'd see, an' tuk 'm off in a sack to th' gra'at wo'm.

An' a opened th' sack, an' th' wo'm cra'alled da'oun an' smelt 'm an' to'ned 'm over 'n' over.

"Sam'l," says he, by-'n'-by, "suthin's missin'," says he. "Thou'st no'on ahl here. Sam'l, wheer's th' rest on tha? Thou'll hev to seek it."

"A've brung ahl a cu'd fin'," said Sam'l, shakin' 's head.

"Nay!" said the wo'm, "theer's an arm missin'."

"Ooh! thats so!" said Sam'l, noddin'. "A'd los' 'n arm, a had : cut off, 't wor."

"Thou mun fot it, Sam'l."

"Wal', a've no'on idee wheer th' doctor put her, but a'll gan' sec."

So off a want age'an, an' looked here an looked theer, an' by-'n'-by a got it.

Back a want to th' wo'm.

"Here's th' arm," says he.

An' the wo'm to'ned it o'er.

"No'a, theer's summat still, Sam'l," says a. "Had thou los' annythin' else?"

"Lemme see," says Sam'l, thinkin'; "a'd los' a nail, an' 't niver grow'd age'an."

"That's 't, a reckon," says the wo'm. "Thou's got to fot it, Sam'l."

"A reckon a'll niver fun' that, then, me'aster," says Sam'l, "but a'm willin' to try."

An' off a want.

But a nail 's an aisy matter to loss, seest tha, an' a ha'ard thing to fin', an' thoff a so't an' a so't, a cu'd'nt fin' nuthin', so to las' a want back to th' wo'm.

"A've so't an' a've so't, an' a've fun' nowt," says he. "Thou mun tak' ma wi'out ma nail—its no gra'at loss, a'm thinkin'. Can't 'ee mak' shift wi'out it?"

"No'a!" said th' wo'm, "a can't; an' ef thou can't fin' it—are thou sartain-sure thou can't, Sam'l?"

"Sartain, wuss luck!"

"Thou'll mun wa'alk th' yarth while thou do fin' it, then!"

"But ef a can't niver?"

"Then thou'll mun wa'alk ahl th' toime! A'm main sorry fur tha, Sam'l, but thou'll hev lots o' compiny!"

An' ahl th' crepin' things an' th' crawlin' things tuk 'n' to'ned Sam'l a'out; 'n' iver sence, ef a's not fun' 's nail, a's wa'alkin' 'ba'out seekin' fur 't.

That's ahl; gran'ther tell 't ma wan da'ay 's a wor axin' wheer ahl th' bogles coom f'um. 'T's not much on a ta'ale, but a can't min' anuther to na'ow, and it's so't o' funny, ain't it?

ROUGH NOTES.

What's ghost?—bogles?—corps?—"Oh, dead folk walks." Call them bogles and fetches—heard of lots—seen none—Red woman in spinney at home. Lad—headless—seen by mother when maid. Light at Yule—invisible hand—if stop at door, someone dies. Not pretty or creepy—prefer creepy tales, like "Moon". No sense in these. Don't want meet bogles—fearsome to see—stupid to tell of. One tale of dead man—mebbe not true—don't know what'll come when dead. Lad called Sam'l—burnt—gets up—shakes self. Not used—feels queer—bogles round him. Something says, "Go to great worm—tell you're dead—ask to be eaten—then you'll rest in grave." "I'll go." Asks way—comes to place—dark—flickering lights—smell of earth—bad smells—creeping and crawling things—great worm on flat stone—slimy—waving head—Sam'l's name called. "Want to be eaten." "Where's body?" "Here." "No—corpse—fetch it." Sam'l says, "Burnt." "Taste bad—fetch ashes." Sam'l gets them—in sack—worm smells them. "Not all here—arm missing." "Lost arm—cut off." "Must fetch it." "Don't know where doctor put it." Sought and sought—got it—took it worm—worm looks at it. "Not all here yet. Lost anything more?" "Yes; nail." "Must fetch it." "I'll never find that. Nail easy to lose, hard to find." Seeks everywhere. "Found nothing. Can't you do without?" "No. Sure can't find?" "Yes." "Then must walk till you do." "But if never?" "Then walk all time—plenty of company." Creeping and crawling things turn him out. If he's not found nail, walking yet.

Grandmother told me tale—I asked where bogles come from. Can't mind another. "So't o' funny."

M. C. BALFOUR.

NOTES UPON THE RELIGION OF THE
APACHE INDIANS.

THE religious sentiment of the Apache Indian is the underlying principle of his nature, entering into all the acts of his life, and infusing among those of a more commonplace character a feeling of dependence upon the spiritual powers not to be expected from a savage whose best-defined attribute is a ferocious self-reliance.

The foundation-stone of this religion is fear: fear of the unseen, the unknown, the unknowable. It may at first glance seem inconsistent that a people whose existence has been an uninterrupted Ishmaelitic warfare, conquering all tribes about them and maintaining against the European the most obstinate and successful resistance he has encountered on the American continent, should, in dealings with the invisible world, be a prey to puerile apprehensions; yet such is the fact.

A second, and equally marked, peculiarity is the jealousy with which the Apache preserves from the knowledge of the profane the meaning of rites, ceremonies, and incantations which he could, under no circumstances, be induced to neglect. No matter how great may be his friendship for the white man, he imparts with reluctance any information which may serve as clue to the arcanum of his religious belief and practices.

From the moment of his birth until the silent grave claims him as its victim, the Apache is completely enslaved by his superstitions. In sickness, in health, in peace, or in war, he looks for guidance and counsel to the *Issé-nantan*, or "medicine-man", who combines in himself the functions of priest, prophet, and physician.

The Apache is blessed or cursed, as we may choose to view, with a multiplicity of ghostly guardians, many of whom may be ignored in times of prosperity, but none of whom it would be wise to contemn in the hour of danger and adversity.

It may be well to commence with the

CHIDIN OR CHINDI.

The interpretation given for this word by the Mexican captives, living among the Apaches and Navajoes, is *diablos*, or devils, but the correct translation is "ghosts". They are the spirits of the dead, who, in a collective sense, may be taken as the ancestors of the tribe, and consequently, at the outset, there is formed a cult almost identical with the ancestor-worship of the Chinese and Romans. It is not improbable that, in the earlier periods of their history, the dwellers along the Yang-tze and the Tiber offered to the collective manes of their horde or clan the sacrifices afterwards reserved by each family for its founders.

This ghost-worship, or ancestor-worship — there is no need to quibble about names—is the most widely-recognised feature of American aboriginal religion.

The earliest Spanish missionaries ascertained that the Pueblo Indians in the valley of the Rio Grande were in the habit of making oblations of food to the spirits of their dead: a fact taken advantage of by the shrewd friars, who quietly substituted the Feast of All Saints for the pagan festival occurring almost on the same date (November 1st). Until the present time the Indians of Jeleta (New Mexico) cover the floor of their church with delicious specimens of culinary skill at the high-mass of the substituted festival.¹ In like manner, among the Hurons :

¹ Many of our Indians to this day will at each meal throw a crust of bread or fragment of meat into the fire, saying at the same time: "Eat, spirits of my ancestors."

Parkman¹ narrates that the French priests who first penetrated to the interior of Canada found these people in great fear of the Oki, or spirits which flitted about them.

Suggestions of the same worship obtrude themselves in the sun dance of the Sioux of Dakota.

These Chidin are generally maleficent genii, addicted to hovering in the vicinity of their mundane haunts, and not above a petty and spiteful tormenting of the relatives left behind. They are given to holding converse with mortals, either in dreams, in visions, or in sober reality, in the darkness of night. The mortal thus favoured, or pestered, loses no time in making known the character of his conversation to the nearest surviving kin of the deceased, who thereupon summon the "medicine-men" to lay the unquiet manes to rest with the necessary dancing and incantations.

The Indian who has conversed with the Chidin must be presented with a pony or something else of value; and his participation in the subsequent exercises is believed to be attended with particular efficacy.

A failure to thus appease the spirits, all informants agree, would be followed by new deaths and grievous misfortunes. Communications with the spirit-world are not invariably through the ghosts of the departed as such. Frequently, mediums are selected, the most general one being that bird of ill-omen the Bù, or owl. The hooting of the Bù at night is portentous of trouble; it always means that some one of the hearers is soon to be called away. Severiano and Antonio both assert that it means *tu vas á morir* ("thou art going to die").

The oracular powers attributed to the Bù may be summed up in the belief that it is the repository of some human soul.

The Apaches have in their theology a faint trace of the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which shall be more fully outlined in its proper place.

¹ *Jesuits in North America.*

Not many years since, a party of General Crook's Apache soldiers had camped by night close to a pretty mountain-spring under the shadow of a clump of scrub-oaks. They were all warriors of repute, priding themselves upon valour in battle. Conversation flowed unchecked, with no thought of danger to mar its merriment. Suddenly, from the branches above their heads, rang out the ominous cry, "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!" Fear lent speed to their limbs and drove them in flight from their camp-fire.

The names of the dead are never mentioned among the Apaches. They preserve upon this subject a religious silence, broken only in those exceptional instances where, after the lapse of years, the clansmen of the deceased may see fit to perpetuate his memory by imposing his name upon a young child.

The Apaches on the Verde (Arizona) Reservation, in 1873, used to be very fond of frequenting the trader's store. They soon wore out their welcome, and became a great nuisance. The clerk, a young gentleman of leisure, was desirous of introducing a system of hours which should give him from half-past nine in the morning until six in the evening for a *siesta* upon the counter. He was one of those persons who, as we are told, were born tired. Just as soon as he had stretched himself out for a snooze, the door would fly wide open, letting in a stream of sunlight, Apaches, and flies. The Apaches would squat on the floor, while the burning rays would irradiate the young counter-jumper's face and the buzzing flies seek a roosting-place in his gaping mouth. Such a state of things could not be allowed to continue unchecked. Our mercantile fledgling was only human, and eased his weary soul as much as possible by copious profanity, none of which did him the slightest good, the Apaches not understanding a word of it. But, by chance, he learned of this abhorrence of anything connected with the names of the dead.

One of his tormentors died suddenly, and George—that

was the clerk's name—hit upon the novel plan of driving out the Indians who infested the store, by repeating the *sobriquet* of him who had just joined the angel band, or whatever it may be that Apaches join when they die. When the usual throng assembled next morning and crouched down on their hams along the sides of the room, a muffled groan issued from behind the counter, "Espidí, (Quail)! Espidí!" Hark! It was the dead man's name. It was repeated with emphasis, the wooden vault of the counter acting as a sounding-board and adding volume to the cry "Espidí! Espidí!" The Apaches looked at each other, ceased smoking, and gathered up their blankets and calico mantles.

While in this stage of worry and uncertainty, George turned the scale of their fears and put them to precipitate flight by springing over the counter, yelling the slogan—"Espidí! Espidí!"

The bravest fled in panic, nor would they again venture inside while George showed the slightest disposition to sound the dreaded word. But it came to pass that the servant who prepared the hash and other luxuries of George's mess, was called from this vale of sorrow, and the Indian boys gloated as they assured themselves that now indeed was the hour of sweet revenge. They hurried to the entrance of the store, and shouted at the top of their voices: "Jack! Jack! Jack!" looking with delight upon George, whose discomfiture they awaited with a chuckle. To their astonishment, George did not move, and laughed as heartily as they did.

The repugnance to mention the names of the dead extended to their own names. No Apache will give his name to a stranger, fearing some hidden power may thus be placed in the stranger's hand to his detriment; neither will they name their mother-in-law, or, for that matter, speak to or look at the amiable old lady. This disinclination does not apply to the American nicknames of which soldiers are so lavish. An Apache scout does not require

much persuasion to induce him to admit that he is "Skinny", "Nosey", or "Pat Murphy"; but when his questioner goes further, and seeks his tribal appellation—his name in his own language and among his own people—he will remain obstinately silent until a friend approaches and tells who he is.

All that pertains to the dead is treated by the Apaches with a commendable respect. The "wickyup" is burned down, or, among the Navajoes, the *hogan*¹ is allowed to fall into ruin. Graves are never crossed. A notable example occurred in General Crook's campaign in the Sierra Madre (Mexico), in 1883.

A prairie-fire threatened the camp with destruction, and all hands—officers, soldiers, packers, Apache scouts, and the surrendered Chiricahuos—men, women, and children, were turned out to suppress it. Armed with brooms of willow-bush, the Apaches did noble work, and soon had the flames under control; but, in doing this, they carefully avoided crossing or sweeping two or three half-obliterated graves which lay directly in the path of the devouring element.

SPIRITUALISM.

As a direct corollary of ancestor-worship, spiritualism, as we understand the term, may be looked for and found. All American Indians are earnest believers in spiritualism. In the Apache tribe, "medicine men" are almost daily announcing to credulous hearers communications from the Chidin. Their claims go farther; they boldly assert that they can and do, in trances, visit the *Chidin-Kungla*, or "house of ghosts", and there learn the view of the immortals most interested in the welfare of their people. One or two

¹ "Hogans" are the houses of the Navajoes. The word is of Spanish origin, being derived from *hogar*, "a hearth". The word for "house", in the idiom of Navajoes and Apaches, is *Kungla*. "Wickyup", in the vernacular of Arizona, is the shelter of boughs and branches erected by the Apaches.

lucky hits are sufficient to establish the reputation of a clairvoyant. In this class are to be found individuals superior to their fellows in shrewdness, perspicacity, and general worldly knowledge ; it is, therefore, not surprising that a succession of verified forecasts should lift a prophet to the highest pinnacle of respect and influence.

In 1881, a seer, prophet, or *Shaman*, named Na-kay-da-klinni, or, as he was known to the white men, Bobby-da-klinni, rose to eminence among the Apaches. He arrogated to himself great powers of divination, held constant communication with the *Chidin*, and asserted that he had power to raise the dead from their graves. One dead man he had pulled out of his tomb as far as the knees, but could not get him any further ; the reason for the failure being that the spirit declined to come back to Arizona so long as the whites remained in the country. He prophesied that the whites would have to leave when the corn ripened. He preached that the red men must cease fighting each other and must unite and be one people as they once had been. He drilled the various bands near Fort Apache in a dance to which they attached great importance. It was entirely different from anything ever before seen among them. The participants, men and women, arranged themselves in files, facing a common centre, like the spokes of a wheel, and, while thus dancing, *Hoddentin* and corn-meal were thrown upon them in profusion.

This "prophet", or "doctor", was killed in the engagement in the Cibicu Cañon, Arizona, August 30, 1881.¹

In all that relates to war, from the blessing of the war-bonnet to the march upon the trail and a selection of the auspicious moment for attack, the influence of the "medicine-man" is supreme. He superintends the war-dance before

¹ The power possessed over the minds of the Indians of the Mississippi Valley, one generation ago, by the Prophet, equalled, if it did not surpass, that wielded by the great chief Teemuseh himself.

starting, he consults the spirits nightly, and predicts success or advises retreat ; and to him are committed the arrangement of the dance held upon the return to the *rancheria* of the raiders, driving before them the spoil of the Na-káy-de, or Mexicans.

It is not essential that a "medicine-man" be old in years ; anyone, possessing the requisite shrewdness, penetration, plausibility, and "cheek", can aspire to and attain this proud dignity. Even Mexican captives are not debarred from the office. Antonio Besias, while a slave among the Apaches, became one of their most influential "medicine-men", and other instances may be cited were it deemed necessary. Hand in hand with this goes a sort of hereditary succession, exemplified in the persons of young boys, who can be seen on most important occasions sitting apart with the old men, engaged in the work of divination.

Women are not absolutely excluded from participation in the minor offices, but to the more recondite, such as are celebrated in sacred caves, they are rigorously denied admission, the theory obtaining among Apaches (as it does among Sioux, Cheyennes, and others) that the mere presence of women, in certain conditions, would render nugatory the best directed efforts of the most potent "medicine-men".

OMENS.

Omens are constantly watched by the Apaches. Not such as the Roman soothsayers noted—the entrails of animals or the peckings of chickens—but as already written, the hooting of owls, the flight of parrots, and the trail of serpents.

On the Sierra Madre expedition, one of the commanders (Mr. Randall) caught an owlet, which he fastened to the pommel of his saddle. When the ugly bird began its low-muttered notes, the excitement among the Apache scouts was something wonderful to witness. Their head-men

approached General Crook and remonstrated against the retention of this sure prognostic of defeat.

IDOLS.

Zunis and Moynis possess many idols, not merely fetiches, but well-defined images of wood and stone, and the gigantic Koyamashe,¹ or terror-inspiring exaggerations of the human form, composed of basket framework, covered with sacred blankets, and surrounded by a fearful head with an ugly, projecting beak or snout of hard wood.

These Koyamashe, or Shalocu, are borne openly through the streets of Zuni upon the shoulders of the "medicine-men", who acknowledge the humble prayers and sacrifices of the devotees by making the idol's beak snap with a series of loud, sharp cracks ; and by calling out from their coverlet in shrill cries, which may or may not be oracular responses.

Among the Apaches no such idols are to be seen, but their "medicine-men" certainly act as oracles at times.

PRAYERS.

Three divisions of prayers may be recognised among the Apaches : smoking, vocal supplications, and gibberish.

Smoking is at all times an act of praise, or prayer, or a thankoffering, and this whether among the Indians of the great plains of the Missouri or the fierce denizens of the mountains of Arizona and Sonora.

¹ This form of idols was, in the prehistoric days, worshipped by all the sedentary Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. The arrival of the Spaniards was followed by their overthrow. History relates that in the revolt of the Rio Grande tribes, in 1680, the old religion was restored with exuberant joy. The re-conquest in 1694 witnessed the re-investment of Spanish government and faith at the same moment, the subjugated aborigines chanting the "Alabados" (a form of Litany), and promising a discontinuance of their old religious rites, which henceforth were practised only in the darkness and seclusion of the Estufas

When an Apache smokes, he blows first to the sky, then to the earth, then in a horizontal plane to the four winds, making a sucking, grunting noise with each motion ; then he prays as follows :

Gunjúle.	Chigo-na-áy.	I-shân-a-jále.	Gunjúle.
Be good.	O Sun !	Keep me from death.	Be good.
Diôsen.	Shilá.	Anajále.	Tudishîndiju-dá.
O gods !	My fathers.	Keep me from death.	Don't let me sicken.
Ettégo.	Tu-datzá-da.	Inguzân.	Gunjúle.
(a word of emphasis.)	Don't kill me.	Good earth.	Be good.
Ishanajále.	Gunjúle.	Iltchí.	Ishanajále.
Keep me from death.	Be good.	O winds !	Keep me from death,
Natindí.			

and chills and fever.¹

¹ This last request is not so odd as it may, at first reading, seem. Malaria has always been a scourge to the ill-dressed, and sometimes, ill-fed savage, exposed to the cold, damp valleys and ravines of Arizona. Not alone to the Apache of to-day, but as well to the inhabitants whom he dispossessed, and whose ruined stone dwellings line the cliffs and dot the highest "mesas" of our southwestern territory. In no case can these prehistoric ruins be found elsewhere than on the most elevated stations, where they would not only be secure against human foes, but protected from the more malign influences of malaria of the *ciénagas* (marshes).

It may be interesting to know that the same prayer has been in use among nations widely separated. The Israelites were threatened with a "burning ague" (chills and fever), in Leviticus, cap. xxvi, v. 16. In the *Record*, of Philadelphia, of February 1884, appeared a most interesting description of travels made to and among the Kaffirs of Afghanistan, by Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone and Mr. McNair. The latter, in the disguise of a native *hribib*, or doctor, succeeded in reaching the interior of their territory, and obtained much useful information. Among other items, he states that their prayer is : "Ward off fever from us. Increase our stores, kill the Mussulmans, and, after death, admit us to Paradise." In several other respects these Kaffirs of the Hindu-Kush resemble the Moyni and Zuni Indians : in form and material of houses, entrance thereto by ladders, use of dried manure of cattle as fuel ; in the shape and position of temples, corresponding to the *Estufas* or *Kibas* of the tribes above named, and in other features.

The word "Gunjúle" is an important contribution to linguistics, since it comprehends the imperative form of the copulative verb.¹

The word "Diôsen" is evidently an innovation of Spanish origin, supplanting a former substantive like "Chídin". Taken in connection with "Shilá", we may make bold to translate it: "O! sacred ghosts of my fathers!"

"Anajále" is an abbreviation of "Ishanajále". "Tu—da" is equivalent to the French "ne—pas", but differs from it in being applicable to a negation of nouns, adjectives, and adverbs as well as verbs.

"Inguzân" is a compound of Injú (good) or Inchá (great), and Guzân or Guzânutli (Earth), the Goddess—Earth—mother—adored by Apaches, Navajoes, Pueblos, and Indians formerly living in the Mississippi Valley.

"Ettégo" contains the word "Etté" do not, or "be sure not", and is a petition or supplication that a certain thing be *not* done.

The correct translation of this prayer would then seem to be:

"Be good (to me) O! Sun! Keep me from death (or harm). Be Good (to me) O! Sacred ghosts of my ancestors! Keep me from all danger, I implore. Protect me from sickness, be good (to me) O! Great (or Good) Mother—Earth! Keep me from harm! Be good (to me) O! ye winds! Keep me from harm! Keep me from chills and fever!"

j, in italics in Gunjúle, etc., has the pronunciation of the French *j* in *jeune*, *jeunesse*.

¹ The following remarks by an eminent scholar bear upon the point: "The complexity of the North American languages is, in a great measure, due to the absence of the copulative verb. The auxiliary verb 'to be' is entirely absent in most American languages, and the consequence is that they turn all their adjectives and nouns into verbs, and conjugate them through all the tenses, persons and moods." Gallatin, quoted by Lubbock, *Origins of Civilization*, p. 279.

Gibberish is employed by the "medicine-men" in their incantations. The fidelity with which all apparently adhere to one set of words suggests that these may have descended from a language long since passed out of common use.¹

A variation from the above rule should be noticed. One of the Apahe-Tonto scouts being desperately sick of pneumonia during the Sierra Madre campaign, the "medicine-men" were duly consulted and applied all their skill, but in vain. The doomed man became more and more feeble, until at last life hung by a thread. Then it was that the most able of the Izzé-nantan was called upon to make a last effort for the restoration of his broken-down brother. The singing redoubled in volume, the music of rattles and drums waxed louder, while high above all sounded, in rude rhyme, a refrain like this :

"Clawpur, Clawpur, suickum slawpur,
 * * * * *
 Clukum, Clukum, suickum, sawpur,"

in which were incorporated the names of Crawford, the officer immediately in command of them, and of General Crook. The surrounding Indians watched and listened with breathless anxiety. The liberal use of these military names proved of efficacy, and "John" began to improve from that night.

The "medicine-man" enjoys no sinecure among the Apaches. His services are in requisition at almost all

¹ Upon this subject N. H. Bancroft says : "The song language of the Musquitoes (of Central America) differs greatly from that employed in conversation, a quaint, old-time style being apparently preserved in their lyrics" (*Native Races, Pacific Slope*, vol. ii, 727). A similar difference between the language of incantation and that of every-day life has been described by the author of *Life in Fiji*, who speaks of "the unknown tongue of Fiji in which songs are sung". François Lenormant, in *Chaldean Magic*, shows that the Chaldeans, in their ritual, preserved the language of their predecessors, the Accadians, as a sort of gibberish.

times, especially at night. In cases of difficult labour his rattling and singing are freely heard.

Newly-born children are washed in tepid water. Formerly, the "medicine-men" rubbed them with fine ashes. The latter custom was once widely disseminated. It is not unknown to the Zunis and Rio Grande Pueblos, and was in vogue among the Mayas of Southern Mexico.¹

The knowledge of the medical properties of the herbs, roots, and flowers of his own mountains, the Izzé-nantan possesses to a greater extent than is generally supposed, and he has some acquaintance with human and animal anatomy. When a bone is broken he can make a serviceable splint of willow twigs: he has good ideas of the time and manner of administering diaphoretics, enemata, and emetics, and, in cases of no consequence, effects cures without much delay, aided always by the fine constitutions of his patients. Generally, simple ailments are cured, or alleviated, by exposure to the heat and moisture of the Ta-a-chi or Surat Lodge.

In diseases of a graver type he falls back upon his powers as an exorcist. With drum and rattle and song, he seeks to drive away from the sick man the bad Chídín who has seized upon him. Localities of pain are early ascertained and attacked by the doctor, who sucks with such severity as to raise blisters. These may often, by counter-irritation, induce a cure; but if they do not, the next thing to be done by the "medicine-man" is to spit out little frogs, stones, thorns, or anything else the credulity of the sick man and his friends may accept as the cause of disease.

Among other instances may be mentioned Sequonya, chief of the Hualpui, who was stricken down with spinal paralysis. His back was sucked and blistered in half-a-dozen places, just below the short ribs, and worms, stones,

¹ "Ashes were rubbed on new-born babes to strengthen them and prevent their bones from becoming loose." (Bancroft, *Native Races, Pacific Slope*, vol. ii, 277 and 664.)

and other alleged sources of infirmity ejected from the mouth of the officiating "medicine-man". All this availed nothing, and Sequonya, a few weeks before his death, sought the advice and treatment of army surgeons.

The Apache, while yielding implicit respect to these "medicine-men", prophets, soothsayers, or Shamans (they partake of the characters of all these) visits upon those who are proved deficient in medical knowledge and skill a punishment that might well be imitated by the Caucasian in his dealing with quacks.

A "medicine-man" who fails to save a given number of patients is put to death. What the exact number is, it is difficult to tell, as different numbers are given by different Indians at different times: some say three, some five, others seven. They all agree in the statement that death is meted out after several failures have stamped the "medicine-man" as a fraud.

This leads up to the topic of

WITCHCRAFT.

All Indians believe in it, and all are in dread of witches or wizards. The line of separation between the Izzé-nantan and the wizard would be hard to define. In general terms, the latter may be regarded as an independent performer who, if fortunate in his predictions and medical practice, may draw about him a group of admiring clients; but, if he fail, will receive the worst fate the influence of the legitimate practitioners can secure—that of being stoned to death.

Another characteristic ascribed to witches and wizards is maleficence. The "medicine-man" is credited with a patriotic interest in the welfare of the tribe: the witch plans and plots only for evil to crops, to cattle, to health of persons or of the whole tribe, bringing upon them blight, disease, and destruction.

This malignant work is concocted and carried out with

circumspection and secrecy. Detection of the criminal is consequently rare. Severiano—a Mexican captive, brought up in the ideas of the Apaches and married in the tribe—complained that no less than four of his children had been bewitched and had died. Mr. Cooley, the chief of scouts at the neighbouring post of Fort Apache, a gentleman familiar with the facts, diagnosed the disease as scarlet-fever.

AMULETS AND TALISMANS.

Associated with the idea of prayer, often, if not always, will be discovered amulets and talismans.

The Apaches have no fetiches, at least none of the small animal-figures treasured by Moquis, Zunis, and Rio Grande Pueblos; but no one of them is so poor that he cannot provide himself with talismans of conceded potency. These may be the rattle of a snake, the beak or claw of an eagle, the claws of the bear, or, more frequently, small fragments of petrified wood, quartz crystals, or twigs which have been knocked by the lightning from the parent stem. Bear-claws will be worn as a necklace, serving the double purpose of amulet and decoration.

No explanation has been obtained why petrified wood should be venerated. In the country of the Moquis (who live north of the Apaches and west of the Navajoes) this silicified wood occurs in great quantity and in large pieces. Petrified forests furnish an inexhaustible supply. The Moquis make the larger fragments do duty as idols.

It is not strange that crystalline quartz should be regarded as "medicine", because, in the form of dog-tooth spar, it bears a strong resemblance to the fang of a wolf or other wild animal, capable of doing harm.

If the people of Ceylon, with their comparatively greater enlightenment, can bend the knee to a fossil elephant's tusk, saying it is the tooth of Buddha, it is not

surprising that the Apache should look with awe upon the pretty, denticulated crystals of silica.¹

Twigs cut down by lightning are, perhaps, the most highly regarded of all talismans employed. This results logically from the worship paid to lightning—a worship prevailing as well among the Sioux and Cheyennes of the Great Plains, where lightning is so vivid and destructive.²

On the Sierra Madre expedition, one of the young "medicine-men" excited curiosity by the carefulness with which he preserved from scrutiny a little buckskin bag, elaborately dotted with brass-headed tacks. After much persuasion, he allowed several officers to examine it, to feel it, and to peer into, but not to empty it. It contained a couple of these twigs and one or more pieces of stone of some kind.

Under the head of mortuary customs, the Apache treatment of the bodies of the dead should be more fully

¹ Father Baeza, in the *Registro Yucateco*, says they (the Mayas) consulted a crystal, or transparent stone, called Zalzul, by which they pretended to divine the origin and cause of any sickness. (Bancroft, *Native Races, Pacific Slope*, vol. ii, page 667.)

² The following is the prayer of the Sioux upon cutting down the sacred tree for their sun-dance :

"We are making a good world, we are making a good day.

My friends, look at me ; I am making medicine.

I hope you will have a happy life.

Great Spirit ! you promised me a bull robe.

Who is our friend ? The Lightning is our friend.

Who is our friend ? The Lightning is our friend."

(The hands of the "medicine-men" were here extended, palms towards the sky, but not joined.)

"Who is our friend ? The Thunder is our friend.

Who is our friend ? The Thunder is our friend.

Who is our friend ? The Bull (*i.e.*, the buffalo bull) is our friend."

It might be added that the smoking prayer and motions of the Sioux exhibit the same close resemblance ; and that fire, although not any longer made by friction of sticks, is at the sun-dance kindled by the Sioux "medicine-men" with flint and steel, instead of matches.

—*Personal Note.*

discussed. At this point it is not proper to outline more than the religious ideas upon the subject.

The Apache is assured that the touch of a corpse is defilement, and, whenever possible, will, after paying the last rites to the dead, subject himself to copious lustrations.

A belief and custom almost identical prevailed among the ancient Israelites, Aztecs, and Parsis.

The spirit of the good Apache is accompanied to its abode in the "house of ghosts" by the essence or spirit of all property which can be of service. For this reason a horse is killed (if the deceased possessed one during life); bows and arrows laid by the corpse, if that of a man, and a full supply of clothing wrapped about it. More than this, in former days widows followed their lords in death as in life. There are no traditions to the effect that Sutteeism prevailed among the Apaches, but the cutting off of the squaw's hair is doubtless a survival of a far more bloody sacrifice, one which, among the Cheyennes, is yet typified by the slashing of arms and legs, and even the amputation of finger-joints. So, likewise, scalping, among the Indian tribes which practise it, recalls decapitation and the torture of captives, human sacrifice, if not cannibalism.

ANIMAL WORSHIP.

A general worship of animals and reptiles, especially of venomous ones, and of those necessary as food, can be distinctly traced among the American Indians. Snake-worship, pure and simple, has been delineated in a previous treatise.¹ It is openly practised, with well-defined ritual, among the Moquis of Orizona. Its former existence is admitted by Pueblos and Zunis; vestiges of it remain among the Sioux, and it is to be found, in a mild form, among the Apaches. These people will not kill a snake when it

¹ *The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Orizona*, by the author. London: Sampson Low and Co., 1884.

can be avoided, and never when the reptile has entered within the camp.

On three separate occasions the writer has been asked to kill snakes, discovered near the fires of the Apache scouts, who probably thought that any chastisement to follow would fall on his shoulders alone. Inquiry developed no facts beyond those above stated, and the existence of a half-understood connection between the snakes and the "old men" or "dead men" of the tribe. On the last occasion the snake was killed outside the camp, but much to the disgust of a "medicine-man" who happened to come along shortly after the execution. When the trail of a snake is found to have crossed the path of a war-party the omen is looked upon as unfortunate. The march must stop until the "medicine-men", going to the front, rub out the snake-mark with their feet, using appropriate prayers and sacrifices.

Any Apache upon meeting a snake (especially the crotalus, so common in Orizona and Sonora) throws upon its trail a pinch of Hoddentin, and addresses it as follows :

Gunjúle.	K'lish.	Nigozún-bi'á.	Gunjúle.	Skágashe.
Be good.	Snake.	Get away from here.	Be good.	Children.
Na'á'y.	Kû.	Tu-nandá-da.	K'lish.	O-yáy-u.
where.	here.	Don't go.	Snake.	Cave.
Tzintí.	Oyán-yúnde.	Tzintí.	Tu-kû-nandá-da.	
Stay.	(Cave) your hole.	Stay.	Don't go about here.	

The meaning being : "Be good, O! Snake! Be good, Get away from here! Go not here where children and women go. Stay in your cave (or hole). Don't go about here."

k in italics is an exploded consonant.

When a "medicine-man" is present it is his office to recite the supplication.

Not only is there some connection, in the mind of the Apache, between the veneration he pays the snake and that which he accords to the manes of his ancestors, but

there is also a relation between the spirits of other animals and those of his own dead, which amounts to an enunciation of a belief in the doctrine of transmigration.

Some of them think, after death, they turn into cayotes, bears, and other animals. On the other hand, many contend that they are to enact the *rôle* of unquiet ghosts, and flit about at night infesting the scene of their abode on earth until "laid" with the ceremonies and offerings already pointed out.¹

In the rooms of the Secret Society of the Zunis, to which the writer was introduced by Mr. Cushing, was to be noticed the image of the cliff-swallow, a bird which would naturally be found in the list of gods of a tribe addicted to ancestor-worship, from the fact that it builds its nests in the cliffs in which the ancestors of the Zunis once dwelt. The Apaches do not admit that this little bird is comprehended among their deities, but they say they have traditions to show that it is entitled to a great amount of respect from having been the first creature to build houses.

The following animals occur among the gods of the Zunis, Moquis, and Rio Grande Pueblos:—The wild cat, cayote, elk, deer, antelope, rabbit, porcupine, eagle, mole, bear, Rocky Mountain lion. Representations of these are depicted upon the walls of *Estufas*, or other places devoted to religious ceremonies. The veneration of the rabbit (jackass rabbit) ought to obtain among all the tribes roaming over what was once known as the Great

¹ The Mojaves, living along the Colorado river, are more distinct in their explanation. They assert that after death the soul of man passes through four different animals, the last being always the water-beetle; after which it becomes nothing, or enters into what might be called Nirvana.

The authority for this statement in reference to the Mojaves is Captain F. E. Price, 1st Infantry, U.S. Army, commanding Fort Mojave, Arizona; and personal statements from members of that tribe to the author.

American Desert. It bore to them almost the same economic relation that the camel does to the Bedouin, the reindeer to the Laplander. It supplied, with scarcely any labour, a nutritious meat-food, and furnished from its pelt a coat, cloak, and blanket noticeable for warmth, lightness, and elegance, and used by all tribes west of the Rocky Mountains from Alaska to Mexico.

The elk, deer, or antelope might, and did at times, capriciously desert favourite ranges, but the rabbit remained constant to its burrow under the shadow of the sage-brush.

The Rocky Mountain lion occupies a conspicuous place in the religious system of all Indians west of the Missouri.¹

The Apaches, being less given to pictographic work than other native tribes, are so much the better able to conceal their religious symbolism from profane gaze, but to all the above are assigned positions of honour in so much of their religion as relates to animal worship.

Before going out on hunts for deer, antelope, or elk, it was their custom to resort to sacred caves, in which, with prayer and sacrifices, the "medicine-men" endeavoured to propitiate the animal gods whose progeny they intended to destroy.

An old Navajo chief once explained that when his people made an antelope "drive", one at least of the animals was allowed to escape from the enclosure.

Both Navajoes and Apaches look upon the lion as a hunting-god, and quivers made of its skin are in great demand as a "medicine" for those who are about to pursue elk or deer.

In these hunting sacrifices, offerings are made of baskets,

¹ Above the Pueblo of Cochiti, on the Rio Grande, is a ruined town of good size, where are two large stone idols, carved in the semblance of this terrible beast. The inhabitants of the Pueblo below still stain the mouths of these deities with red paint, a souvenir, no doubt, of the good old days when human blood smoked on their altars.

branches of pine and cedar, stone, petrified wood, and plume-sticks. These last, consisting of little twigs, tipped with the down of eagles and other birds, are buried in their fields by Zunis, Moquis and other Pueblo Indians, but the above is the only example of their use among the Apaches.

The turkey, quail, squirrel, and rat are, or have been, important sources of food-supply to the Apache. Positions of prominence should have been accorded them in the Olympus of their beneficiaries.¹ The Apache religious system is based, however, almost entirely upon a sense of fear and apprehension, and in no degree upon one of gratitude.

None of the animals now mentioned is endowed with power; and none, excepting may be the turkey, has the ability to move over great distances. In this they differ from the venison, every variety of which is deified and worshipped with becoming honours.

It should be remarked that from the hunting-sacrifices made in the caves, care is taken to exclude women; Severiano, Antonio Besias, Nott, and Inju-na-klesh ("He made it good") all concurring in the statement that were a pregnant woman to be present her child would be born looking like a deer.

The antiquity as well as the religious significance of these ceremonies is demonstrated by the circumstance that fire is made by the friction of pieces of dry wood, in place of matches, or flint and steel.

The conservative character of religion is a well-established fact. It is quite likely that in these cave-meetings the Apaches commemorate troglodyte or cave-dwelling ancestors. They and the Navajoes have traditions that their people "came up out of the ground", that is, that they dwelt in caverns.

¹ There is a tradition among the Apaches of a deluge which nearly swept away the earth. In this story the turkey figures as the friend and saviour of the human race.

Eagle and hawk feathers adorn the bonnets of warriors. The plumage of the wild turkey, cut to simulate velvet, is extensively used in the same manufacture. These war-bonnets are solemnly blessed by the "medicine-men", and made as much as possible of materials of reputed potency in warding off danger, and in imparting valour and skill to the wearer. It may be surmised that here is a hint as to the "medicine" powers of the turkey.

The bear is foremost in the esteem or fear of this brave people. He is never mentioned except in terms of respect, and always with the prefix of "Ostin" (literally "old man", but a reverential corresponding to the Latin word *senator*.)

The killing of a grizzly is the signal for a war-dance, in which the "medicine-men" appear in all their glory. The pelt is carried about in a circle, borne first on the shoulders of the slayer, and then upon those of the other warriors.

Strange to say, that peculiar animal, the mule, receives from the Apaches a reverent consideration. Whether this be from fear of a sudden and deadly kick, or for some other reason, cannot be positively asserted. Revered as a god during life, the mule, after death, is ravenously eaten by the savage devotee who so short a time before had referred to it with the same reverential term, "Ostin", applied to bear, snake, and lightning.

A sacred origin is ascribed to the horse. In this all American Indian tribes agree. History tells that the Aztecs were disposed to fall down and worship the horses brought in by Cortez, sprinkling the air with flour of sacrifice, and in every way treating them as gods; so did the Moquis the horses of Don Antonio Espejo in 1580. The Sioux call the horse the "great medicine" (*i.e.*, the sacred) dog. The Cheyennes style it the "great medicine elk". The Apache word is Thlin or Jhliu.

One of the divisions of the great Tinneh race, living under the Arctic circle, to which the Arizona, Navajoes, and Apaches belong, designates itself the Thlin-cha, or dog-

rib people. This would show that the Apache word for horse is in reality their old word for dog, that now given being Tchlin-cha.

Among the Indians along the Rio Grande parrots are venerated. The feathers of these birds are preserved with great care by these Indians, as well as by Moquis and Zunis. The birds themselves are kept in cages in the Pueblo of Santo Domingo. Neither the parrot nor the macaw belongs to Arizona, although the former appears occasionally near Mount Graham, a short distance north of the Mexican boundary. It is frequently seen in the Sierra Madre, Mexico; and when General Crook led his expedition into that precipitous range, his Apache scouts let no opportunity escape for securing each one which came near camp.

The centipede, tarantula, scorpion, or "gila monster", and all varieties of lizard, are revered in the direct ratio of their real or imputed virulence. Upon this point Antonio Besias may be quoted, giving his exact language, as transcribed at the moment: "I was once a 'medicine-man', and I want you to know what is the very last thing that the Apache 'medicine-men' can do for their sick; it is all the same if a 'padre' (priest) were to go visit a dying Christian." (Meaning that the ceremonies to be described partook of the sacred and solemn import of the administration of the last sacrament of the Church.) "When a man is sick, and has about reached his last hour, the final remedy is this: They (the "medicine-men") make a circle, in which they erect a close 'jacal' (lodge) of branches, sprinkling its floor with fine sand. They next gather together and grind up different coloured earths, yellow, red, etc., and with these make upon the sanded floor a representation of a big centipede, around which are delineated, in the coloured earths, rattlesnakes, 'gila monsters', lizards, swifts, deer, toads, etc. After this they paint 'monos' (literally "monkeys", but explained by Antonio as clown-like figures of men, that is to say, gods

of different kinds, some with crowns (head-dresses) and some without. They draw the figure of the 'mono', called in the Apache language *Kán*, which is represented as dancing with a high, double-pointed cap and mask.

"After having painted or drawn all these in the sand, they bring in the sick man and put him in the middle of the ring, face downward, upon the figure of the centipede. Upon the sick man's face and back have been painted a scorpion and a centipede. They (the "medicine-men") pick up a pinch of earth from each figure of reptile delineated upon the sand, and rub this dust upon the body of the sick man, at same time blowing upon him, singing and dancing. Then at a given signal, they all run out, masked men and all." (He had previously said that four of the head "medicine-men" wore masks during the incantation.) "This is the very last thing the Apache 'doctors' can do for a sick man." It corresponds, so Antonio piously reiterated, to Extreme Unction!

A better idea of the appearance of these "monos" will be derived by examining the representations of war-shirts and sashes of a pictograph obtained in Pueblo of Jemez, N.M., and of wall decoration in school-buildings at San Carlos Agency, A. T.¹

The limbs and bodies of Apaches are rarely disfigured by tattooing, but when they are so marked the designs will almost invariably be snakes, centipedes, and scorpions, or the same rain and cloud symbol as is used by the Zunis and Moquis. The Zunis and Moquis worship every one of

¹ The natives of Mexico had religious usages, almost identical with the foregoing, at the birth of children; these "to a modified extent exist to the present day. When a woman was about to be confined the relatives assembled in the hut and commenced to draw on the floor figures of various animals, rubbing each one out as soon as it was completed. This operation continued until the moment of birth, and the figures or figure that then remained sketched upon the ground was called the child's *tona*, or second self." (Bancroft (speaking of Zapotecs), *Native Races, Pacific Slope*, ii, 661.)

the animals included in the above list. Neither Moquis nor Apaches worship the buffalo ; at least, the Arizona Apaches do not, for the very good reason that the buffalo has never been in their country.

Variations and petty discrepancies of this kind count for nothing. Ceremonies may change with surroundings, and so, too, an animal revered in one locality on account of its venomous nature, or because it is a staple article of food, may in another not be venerated at all ; and the reason in each case will be either that it does not live in the new locality, or that its place in the dietary has been taken by something else.

To the elements, fire, water, earth, and air—or, to speak more strictly, the four winds—the Apache pays the same earnest devotion rendered by all red men. An old and very intelligent chief met in one of the Pueblos, north of Santa Fé (New Mexico), insisted that the tribes of the south-west had once the same belief and the same observances. The more the matter is looked into, the more clear will it become that he was both truthful and accurate.

It is true that feasts of fire are not celebrated by the Apaches as by the Zunis and others ; but, in the hunting-sacrifice outlined above, it has been shown that one of the features was the kindling of fire by rubbing sticks together, and in the harvest dance, given after the crops have been gathered, the same ceremonial ignition is observed.

Water, as water, does not appear to be venerated ; but the frog and the toad, inseparably associated with this worship by the Pueblos, are found among the Apache dieties.

The Zunis and Moquis have sacred springs. One, near the Moqui village of Mushangnewy, Arizona, is furnished with an altar or shrine, and has received many votive offerings of petrified wood and plume-sticks. Springs of this kind are not seen in the country of the Apaches.

Rain, hail, and the rainbow occur in all symbolism of the South-West.

Thunder is a god among the American aborigines, without distinction of tribe; in every case it is represented as a bird. It thus appears among the Sioux, Cheyennes, and Assinaboines; on the basket-work of the Moquis; on the walls of the old Catholic church in the pueblo of Acoma (N.M.); and in the few pictographs of Apache origin.

Allusion has been made to the religious importance of lightning, both in describing talismans and in repeating one of the prayers of the Sioux "medicine-men" at their sun-dance; there only remains to be added that when an Apache or Navajo is killed by lightning, the subsequent funeral services embody an unusual amount of singing and dancing by the "medicine-men".¹

The prayer to the wind-deities has been mentioned under the reference to smoking.

The last element, the earth, is personified by a goddess—"Guzanutli", or, as known to the Navajoes, "Assunutli." She is the giver of many blessings: the introducer of corn, melons, and fruits; the one who is the special guardian of both Navajoes and Apaches, to whom she imparted a knowledge of beads and of the "Chalchihuitl". She is "the woman of double sex"; her home is in the ocean, in the West. Many of the Navajoes speak of her as "the Woman in the West"—a title suggestive of a migration from, and a former home closer to, the Pacific Ocean.²

¹ Bancroft says that "the Indians of Northern Mexico would not touch a man who had been struck by lightning; would leave him to die alone, or, if dead, would not bury him." (*Native Races, etc.*, vol. ii, 588.)

² The Nehannis of Alaska, a branch of the Tinneh stock, from which Navajoes and Apaches are an offshoot, pay homage to the same goddess.

"It is not a little remarkable that this warlike and turbulent horde was at one time governed by a woman. Fame gives her a fair complexion, with regular features, and great intelligence. Her influence over her fiery people, it is said, was perfect, while her warriors, the terror and scourge of the surrounding country, quailed before her

This goddess is well known to the Pueblos along the Upper Rio Grande, who ascribe to her the same attributes as do the Navajoes and Apaches, but persist in speaking of her as Our Lady of Guadalupe and Our Lady of Soledad—a distortion of title which gives ground to the inference that the Spanish missionaries eased the labours of conversion by quietly adopting this goddess into their calendar of saints.

The diffusion of the worship of the earth-mother among the native tribes was more extended than is commonly supposed. Attention may be called to the remark of Tecumseh, in his conference with the American general, Harrison: "The earth is my mother, and upon her bosom will I repose."

The prayer to Guzanutli has been given at length *supra* on p. 428.

There is another goddess, almost equally powerful among the Apaches, of whom an account was given by an old man, Eshké-endesti (the Brave Man who hid away), a member of the Kiyajanni or Alkali clan. The name is

eye. Her word was law, and was obeyed with marvellous alacrity. Through her influence, the condition of the women of her tribe was greatly raised." (Bancroft, *Native Races, Pacific Slope*, ii, 125.)

This undoubtedly refers to Guzanutli, although a compromise may be effected upon the hypothesis that Guzanutli is a deified Amazon. The Nehanni would preserve her memory as that of a mighty ruler; while to the Apaches, farther removed from the scene of her exploits, she would readily present herself as of divine origin.

It may be well to remember that Navajo women are not always silent, or without influence, in the tribal councils, neither are those of the Apaches.

The goddess Kuanon, of the Japanese, might, in all but name, be substituted for Guzanutli, and no one could detect the difference.

The deity here spoken of as female is generally described as male, and as accompanied by To-vas-di-chini ("The Mist rising on the Water"), another god of power. There are other gods in great number, with mythical animals, genii, ogres of different sorts, guarding precipices, etc., but no further reference will be made to them on the present occasion, on account of limitations of space.

Ya-yennas-ganné. Antonio persisted in translating this as Maria Santissima.

“When God was assassinated, she remained on earth, taking care of his children, and when God came up from the ground again, she united with him.” Antonio Besias was determined to colour the conversation with his own views, but it is unmistakably evident that the Roman Catholic ideas of his childhood, blended no doubt with some absorbed by the old man from Mexican captives, had mingled with the aboriginal theology.

Such an admixture is to be vigilantly watched for in all cases. Both Apaches and Navajoes have, at times, had much association with the Mexicans. Many of the women and children of each race have been taken captive by the other, and thus confused notions of Roman Catholic theology, saints and festivals, have crept in among the savages. Ya-yennas-ganné is, in all likelihood, the goddess of Salt. Such a goddess is adored by the Zunis.¹ The most sacred ceremonies of the Apache ritual are celebrated in caves at the Salt Springs on the Rio Prieto, which makes the assumption less violent.

Eshké-endesti continued: “When the day dawns, we commend ourselves to the Light, and do the same to the Sun when he appears. The Sun is a god, and so is the Moon.”

In a conversation with Eskiminzin, one of the prominent Apache chiefs, it was learned “that when the Apaches go on the war-path, hunt, or plant, they always throw a pinch of corn-meal or Hoddentin to the sun, saying, ‘with the favour of the Sun, or permission of the Sun, I am going out to fight (hunt or plant, as the case may be), and I want the Sun to help me.’ The Apaches believe in the sun’s power, because they always see him going round the earth, and even when they go on a pleasure-trip they pray that the sun-god may grant them

¹ Consult an able article, “The Father of the Pueblos”, by Sylvester Baxter, in *Harper’s Monthly*, June, 1882.

long life and years spent according to his will. Good Apaches have another world to expect when they die. Bad Apaches are stuck in the ground, and that is the last of them." (In repeating the prayer, Eskiminzin was careful to address the sun as Ostin.)

STONE-WORSHIP.

The worship of stones is encountered among all the tribes of the South-West. Under the head of "Talismans" allusion has been made to the appearance of quartz and petrified wood.

The list can properly be increased by the addition of the sacred turquoise-like Chalchihuitl. It is scarcely ever to be discovered among the Apaches of to-day. Fourteen or fifteen years ago no distinguished chief or warrior was wanting in this part of his equipment. Its "medicine" powers were recognised as well by Navajoes as by Apaches, both of whom paid high prices for the precious mineral to the thrifty traders of the Rio Grande Pueblos. Necklaces generally contained one or more beads of it; smaller particles were sewed to the war-shirt, and fragments inlaid in the stocks of carbines or rifles.¹

The Apache post-offices, dotting out-of-the-way mountains and table-lands in Arizona, were "prayer-heaps";² increased by each passing warrior, who added a stone and a

¹ To show the value placed upon Chalchihuitl by the Indians further to the south, Bancroft (*Native Races, Pacific Slope*, vol. ii, 458) quotes Las Casas as saying: "He that stole precious stones, more especially the stone called Chalchihuitl, no matter from whence he took it, was stoned to death in the market-place, because no man of the lower order was allowed to possess this stone."

² Of prayer-heaps, Bancroft says (*Native Races, Pacific Slope*, ii, 738): "In Guatemala, small chapels were placed at short intervals on all lines of travel, where each passer halted for a few moments at least, gathered a handful of herbs, spat reverently upon them, and placed them prayerfully upon the altar, with a small stone, and some trifling offering of pepper, salt, and cacao."

sprig of grass, while reciting a supplication for the happy ending of his hunt or raid. The neighbouring tribes have the same form of worship; and the Hualpais, a people ranging next to the Apaches on the west, and their counterpart in almost all things save language and mortuary ceremonies, have, so Mr. Charles Spencer¹ reports, a still more decided peculiarity.

In their country, near Kingman, on the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, is a sacred rock, against which, at the moment of initiation, or upon occasions of special importance, "medicine-men" rub their backs. Another sacred rock is in the territory of the Moquis, and there are several in the Sioux country.

Finally, in taking an oath, as civilised people would call it, the Apache places a stone upon the ground in front of him, and says: "My words shall endure while this stone lasts." By such a ceremony have Eskiminzin, Deltché (the red ant), Cha-ut-li-pun (the buckskin hat), Hieronymo (Jerome), at various times during the past fifteen years added strength and solemnity to their protestations of friendship. The very same, or a strikingly similar, ceremony was noticed in New England when the newly-arrived English colonists made a treaty with Bomazun, at Fal-mouth, in 1610.²

The asseverations of the Sioux were once made while holding a buffalo "chip" in each hand.

PLANTS AND TREES

are not worshipped; traces of such veneration are discernible, but too faint and too complicated with other phases of the religious impulse to merit special recognition.

The reader may tabulate for himself those mentioned in

¹ Mr. Charles Spencer, a Government scout, has lived among the Hualpais for twenty years, and speaks their language perfectly.

² Carleton's *Old Colony Days*.

the course of this article : Tobacco, pine, cedar, lightning-struck twigs, etc. Mescal, or century plant (the favourite food of these people), corn, beans, pumpkins, mesquite or acacia, Spanish bayonet, and sunflower, receive a superficial veneration ; but it is obscured in the greater reverence entertained for Guzanutli, who first supplied them.

This adoration of plants, earth, and winds has never been evolved into a worship of Nature. In the Apache cult, sun, moon, rain, earth, winds, etc., are separate and independent powers, petitioned and placated when needed ; and ignored, possibly derided, when the moment for their intervention has passed.

To the votive offerings of petrified wood, pine branches, baskets, plumed sticks, etc., used in religious celebrations, must always be added the sacred, the indispensable

HODDENTIN.

This is made of the flour or pollen of the *Tule amarilla* (yellow tule), is carried in a small buckskin pouch attached to the waist-belt of every true Apache, and is the analogue of the sacred powder, used by Zunis, Moquis and Rio Grande Pueblos, and called by the first *Kungue*.

As by them so by Apaches, it is thrown to the sun in the orisons of early morning, is cast upon the trail of snakes, fills the air in war-dances of unusual solemnity, and is used most freely around the couch of the dying.

A description of one "medicine-song", or incantation, will serve as a fair specimen of an extended series. A full-grown man lay stretched upon a bed of hay ; he was, as could be detected from his appearance, suffering from a low-fever, and a squaw remarked, *sotto voce*, and made signs that he was *acostislaun* (very sick) in head and chest. Twenty sympathising friends crouched about him, both sexes and all ages being represented. A wind-brake of willow-saplings had been erected on one side of the

patient, but beyond this simple contrivance not much solicitude was evinced for his comfort. The young boys of the party played marbles, indulged in fisticuffs, threw dirt upon each other, yelled, and in other ways made themselves prominent, if not useful, members of the congregation.

The singing consisted of a recitation by a trio of "medicine-men" and a choral refrain from the united voices of all present. The time was not bad, although the execution was poor enough. When the singers became tired, they stopped for a minute or two, and then resumed the chant with renewed fervour.

At intervals, an old squaw, seated at the head of the sick man, and near the drummer and "medicine-men", would arise, and, with much mumbling and mystic manipulation, sprinkle Hoddentin over the heads of the "medicine-men", then of the choristers, and lastly over and around the couch of the sick man.

The instrumental music was furnished by rattles and a drum, which latter was made in this manner: An iron camp-kettle was partly filled with water and covered tightly by a wet cloth, well soaked. The stick was a long willow switch, curved into a ring at the end, which struck the drum. No flutes were used and no whistles, although the Apaches make and play them both. Neither did the performers introduce their favourite *Tzit-idoatl* (or "music-wood"), the native fiddle, formed of a section of the stalk of the century plant.

Severiano gave the following explanation of this particular ceremony. The Hoddentin, he said, was sprinkled around the sick man's couch, and, in form of a cross, upon his breast and abdomen. While so doing, the sprinkler should mumble the following formulary: "Gunjule, Akudé, Sichízi, Gunjule." The first and fourth words he translated as: "I pray, or we pray you be good." The second, he explained, was a compound of *Aku* = here, and *Jud'*, the

people.¹ The third word Severiano had much difficulty in translating. Finally, he said he thought that it meant "favour", "boon", or "protection". If this be so, the prayer freely put into English would mean, "Be good, we beg, and grant favour to the people (Apaches) here."

Experience has taught that the translation of words out of the common run, made by Mexican captives like Severiano, should not be hastily accepted. The word *Sichizi* does not mean "favour", "boon" or "protection". On the contrary, it is a contraction of three words well known: *Si* or *Shi* meaning "mine" or "our", which is prefixed to every noun concerning which the Apache is especially desirous of making known his possessory right. Thus, all parts of the face and head, the limbs, etc., are combined with this particle. An Apache always says, "*my* nose", "*my* ear", "*my* hair", and not simply, nose, ear, hair, etc., and, in much the same way, he will tell a stranger compiling a vocabulary, "*my* father", "*my* mother", etc. The next syllable is the abbreviation for *Chidin* or ghost.

The ultimate syllable *zi* is the terminal of *indezi*, or "great", or it may be *zé*—(the word is pronounced both *Sichizí* and *Sichizé*)—and a contraction of *issé* = "medicine", used in the sense of "powerful", which would amount to about the same thing. If this substitution be accepted, *Sichizí* is equivalent to "our great, our powerful spirits". In other respects the translation remains as before.

In the word, *Akudé*, *é* is an exploded consonant, sounded with the Zulu click.

Severiano, who had often assisted at such ceremonies and claimed to be something of a "medicine-man" himself, gave the following jumble, which, he alleged, never failed to restore health when intoned in time:

¹ The Apaches call themselves *Judé* = the people. The word Apache itself does not belong to their language, is not responded to by many of the wilder portions of the tribe, and is supposed to be a Maricopa word, signifying "enemies".

“We ask the favour of God. By His favour we exist always. The word of God is good. Although God has not put water on our heads (that is, baptized us). God will always be kind to us. When God wills a man shall die, he dies. If God wants a man to live to be old, he will live. I am very glad. I think that bad people will not go up above, but down below. There are saints whose prayers will send rain to water the little spears of grass shooting out of the ground. Perhaps this man will die, if God so will. God sees all: He hears all.”

No comment on the above is needed; it is apparent that Severiano was trying to recall in his incantations vague memories of a prayer learned at his mother's knee, or, perhaps, in the church of his *placeta*.

The Apache imitates the Roman in boldly adopting or stealing whatever appeals to his imagination as being most mysterious in the religion of those about him. The Mexican has been unable for centuries to force the Apache to submission, but the dogmas preached by the first Spanish missionaries seem to have captivated his fancy.

The Apache decorates himself with crosses, medals, and saints' pictures, taken from the bodies of murdered peons.

The Chiricahua Apaches, in the Sierra Madre, were each and every one ornamented with these talismans, and held them in the light of “big medicine”.¹

Upon attaining manhood, all American Indians, in the savage state, leave their lodges and villages to seek the seclusion of cañon, wood, or mountain, there, with fasting and prayer, to supplicate the spirit chosen as their tutelary deity. The severer the privations endured, the more prolonged the fast to which the devotee subjects himself, the greater the merit and the more assured will be his success

¹ A division of the Apaches—probably these very Chiricahuas—was designated by Mexican writers of a generation or two ago, the *Cruzados*, or *crossed* Indians. They may, even in those days, have been distinguished for the same mode of decoration.

in life. The most arduous mountains are scaled in these pilgrimages.¹

This custom obtains among the Apaches. The young warrior attaining manhood and going upon the war-path for the first time makes a vow to abstain from certain foods, not to scratch his head with his fingers, and not to let water touch his lips. The last two stipulations are evaded most cunningly. He provides himself with a small stick with which to do the necessary scratching ; and, with equal ingenuity, hollows out a reed through which to suck all the water wanted when thirsty.

There is no sign or semblance of the brutal and disgusting sun-dance which, with its attendant gashings and mutilations, is the prominent religious festival of the Indians of the Plains. The reasons for the absence of this rite are not easy to conjecture ; most assuredly they cannot depend upon any squeamishness on the subject of blood-letting.

In two important points, the religious system of the Apache is at variance with that of the Pueblos nearest him—the Zunis and Moquis. It is simpler in form, as might be expected from the difference in surroundings : the Zunis and Moquis inhabit towns, the Apache is a nomad. His religious thought is practically identical with that of his neighbours, but its expression is less ceremonious and elaborate.

¹ Cloud Peak, the highest point in the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming, is a congeries of bald granite pinnacles, rising far above timber-line, and for years considered inaccessible. Its ascent was attempted without success by a number of daring army officers and scouts. It was at length effected by Major Stanton, of the Engineer Corps, and Lieut. Steeven, 3rd Cavalry. They picked their way slowly, and on hands and feet, along a "knife-edge", which led almost to the apex. On each side they glanced with dread into yawning chasms, while the beetling crags confronting them gave no signs of occupancy save by the screaming, defiant eagle. And yet to this most gloomy and secluded spot a pious and foolhardy Sioux or Cheyenne had made his way to consult the spirits with singing and sacrifice.

The Apache has no temples, such as the Zunis and Moquis have in the underground *estufas*, or chambers devoted to religion, conference, and labour. Neither has he altars, niches, or shrines, unless in such a category be put the stone "prayer-heaps" described in the earlier pages of this article. Yet, if less attractive to the eye, his religion is less repugnant to decency. It contains fewer obscene suggestions of the Phallic worship once prevailing among all the inhabitants of Arizona, and in our own generation practised openly by the Zunis, who have orgies so disgusting that the merest allusion only is permissible; while the Moquis, until the last decade, indulged in bestiality and abominations.

JOHN G. BOURKE.

SAMOAN STORIES.

I.

THE following Samoan stories were translated by the Rev. G. Pratt, for many years missionary on the island of Savaii, and author of a grammar and dictionary of the Samoan language. The MS. was presented to me by Mr. John Fraser, at Sydney, in July 1891, for the use of the Folk-lore Society. Unfortunately, it is unprovided with notes, and though I have been able to supply a few from G. Turner's *Samoa*, there are still some allusions and sentences which are not perfectly clear. It may be well to remind our readers that Samoa consists of a group of volcanic islands, the principal ones of which, in the direction from west to east, are Savaii, Upolu, Tutuila, Ofu, and Tau.

There was a woman called *Fanga*. She brought forth a daughter, whose name was *Papa* (flat). She had no vagina; her body was all in one. She was exceedingly beautiful, and many men desired to obtain *Papa*, but her husbands deserted her. Then she lived with another chief whose name was *Olomataua*. The chief *Olomataua* felt and he perceived that the woman was as one piece. He did not divorce her, because great was his love for the woman, because she was beautiful. The chief said one day to *Papa*, "Let us go to work." They went to work, and when their work was done they rested. Then they bathed, and went to their house and laid down. The woman slept soundly. The chief then felt the woman that he might know. Then he thought of a plan. He took a shark's tooth, and made an incision into the private parts

of his wife, and left the shark's tooth in the part. It was said the shark's tooth became the private parts of the woman. The chief was rejoiced because he had got his wife. That is the tale of the woman. They began then to cohabit, and the woman became pregnant and bore a son, *Uluфанuасее* by name. His father belonged to the conquered party. *Aea-sisifo* was the chief's name.¹ *Aea-sasae* was conqueror. *Aea-sisifo* was trodden down, and *Uluфанuасее* ran away because his father the chief *Aea-sisifo* was conquered. *Uluфанuасее* ran away and came to Falelatai² and dwelt in the mountain.

Uluфанuасее was always gliding on the waves at Mauu ; that was his occupation. He saw the waves breaking at Fangaiofu ; then he went down there to glide on the waves. He left his girdle of leaves and his hair-band on the beach while he was gliding. A certain lady, *Sinalalofutu* by name, with her attendant girls, went down there. The lady saw *Uluфанuасее*, and she fell in love with him. Then she took his leaf-girdle and his hair-band and hid them. *Uluфанuасее* could not find his things, and he said : "Lady, be not angry ; have any of you seen my things?" The lady said, "Chief, where did you leave your things? We do not know." Lo! the woman continued to hide them. The chief again asked, "Lady, have you seen my things? Be quick, for I am going." Then she showed him his leaf-girdle and his hair-band. And the lady said, "Chief, what think you? Let us drink inland." Then they went and talked. Long did *Sinalalofutu* talk to *Uluфанuасее*, saying : "What do you think? Let us dwell together and I will be your wife." The chief then married her, and put away the other woman.

¹ Above he is called *Olomataua*. In another story *Aea* is called a district—*aea-sisifo* and *aea-sasae* can mean western and eastern *Aea* respectively ; so perhaps *aea-sisifo* was really the district over which *Olomataua* ruled and *Aea-sasae* was the country of the conquering party.

² The house of *Latai*, a village in Upolu.

Sinalalofutu became pregnant and brought forth two girls—twins. They were not separated but were joined together in their backs. Their names were: the one *Ulu*, the other *Na*. These were their names; *o Ulumaona* was called from the water which sprang from the *ulu*; it subsided (*maona*) and ran away towards the sea.¹ That was what their names arose from. They lived many months; the years were not known [till] the girls were grown up.

One day the girls said thus to their family: "Friends, when our family return from work let them first give us warning by crying out *tulou*,² and then throw down the log of firewood, lest we should be startled, for we are going to sleep." Then they slept. The family came down, did not give warning, but threw down their firewood. The girls were startled in their sleep, and ran outside, each by her own opening. Their bodies were separated by the intervening post, and they were parted from the other.³ Each one ran away. They left that country.⁴ The father cried out, "I am of the conquered party."

¹ The word can also be divided *o ulu ma o na*, *Ulu* and *Na*.

² An apologetic word used on entering the house of a god, or when about to make a sudden noise, or on beginning a speech. (*Sam. Dict.*, s. v.)

³ A Samoan house is something like a gigantic bee-hive, thirty-five feet in diameter, raised from the ground by a number of short posts at intervals of four feet from each other all round. The spaces between the posts are shut in at night by roughly plaited cocoa-nut leaf blinds. During the day the blinds are pulled up. (*Turner*, p. 152.)

⁴ Mr. Turner has a variant of this story. *Taema* and *Titi* were the names of two household gods in a family at the east end of the Samoan group. They were twins and *Siamese*. Their bodies were united back to back. They swam from the east, and as they came along the one said to the other: "What a pity it is that we can only hear each other's voice but cannot see each other's face!" On this they were struck by a wave which cleaved asunder the joining and separated them. Members of the family going on a journey were supposed to have these gods with them as their guardian angels. Everything *double*—such as a double yam, etc.—was sacred, and

This is the story of the departure of *Ulu* and *Ona*,¹ who left their land and swam by sea and arrived at Tutuila. They dwelt at Tutuila. On a certain night there came a chief, *Moamoanuiā* by name, who lived in the bush. He came to the ladies. He did not come in the light. The women said to the chief, "Come into the light." The chief answered, "I cannot enter; my eyes are dazzled by the light, for they are sore." They were not sore. It was his lie, that he might conceal his shame from the women; for he had a large nose like a cockscomb. That is the reason why he lived in the bush, that he might not be seen.

They spread their mats and lay down, and the chief slept between them; he faced the women. He turned to one woman and afterwards turned to the other. Then the chief *Moamoanuiā* said to the women: "Women, do you keep awake, and when the cocks crow quickly awake me. I go off very early, lest my weak eyes should be dazzled by the sun."

The cocks crew and the women awoke the chief, saying, "Chief, awake!" The chief was startled, and went away into the bush, where he lived alone. He did thus for many nights, and both the women were with child by the chief. But they had not seen one another, because the chief went away by night.

Then one of them said to the other: "Lady, what do you think? Here we are near our confinements, and we have not seen who the chief is like." The chief came down one night, and the women dallied with him in order that he might sleep soundly. The chief became sleepy, and slept

not to be used under penalty of death. It was also forbidden for any member of the family to sit back to back, lest it should be considered mockery and insult to the gods, and incur their displeasure. (*Turner*, p. 56.)

¹ The MS. has *O le tala leni o le teva a Ulu and Ona*. The "and" is written over an erased *ma*, and *Ona* should, I think, be read *o Na*.

soundly. When it was morning the women went and pulled up the house blinds, and each stood at one end of the house. The house was light, for the sun shone into it. Then they woke up the chief, saying: "*Moamoanuia*, awake, it is morning." The chief was startled. The women saw his nose, and he ran off into the bush. The women laughed aloud, saying: "A god, a god!" They ran away and left that country. They swam out to sea because they knew he was a god. They swam between Tutuila and Manua,¹ brought forth in the water, deserted their children, and were carried by the current to *Alcipata*.² It is said they were changed into gods. The women swam on, and they saw light excrement floating by. One of the women [said], "Lady, that shall be my name." The other said, "What?" [She answered], "*Taema*."³ Again they reached a sprit of a sail floating about. They swam on, and the sprit turned round and round. The other woman said, "What name?" The other answered, "*Tilafainga*" (sportive sprit of a sail). These are their two names to each of them, *Ulu* and *Ona* their first names; *Taema* and *Tilafainga* their names afterwards. They continued to swim, and reached land.

This is the tale about the land named *Pulotu*.⁴ They say it is the land of gods, [such as] *Savea-siuleo*.⁵ He decrees wars; but it is not known whether it is a true country. *Taema* married *Savea-siuleo*. After some time she

¹ This name embraces Ofu, Tau, and another small island at the east end of the Samoan group. *Manua* means wounded. As the story runs, the rocks and the earth married, and had a child, which, when born, was covered with wounds. (*Turner*, p. 223.)

² A district at the east end of Upolu.

³ *Tae* (excrement), *Turner* translates *Taema* by "glistening black".

⁴ The Hades of the Samoans, Tongans, and Fijians. Its meaning suggests a pleasant, agreeable, beautiful place.

⁵ "*Savea* of the Echo (*siuleo*)" was king of the lower regions. The upper part of his body was human, and reclined in a house in company with the chiefs who gathered round him; the lower part was fishy, and stretched away into the sea. (*Turner*, p. 259.)

was prematurely delivered of *Alualutoto* (clotted blood); this she wrapped up carefully and hid in the garden. After a day or two it was heard to cry. People ran to the place where it was buried, and they brought [away] the girl. She was called *Nafanua* (hid in the earth), because she was placed there when first born.¹ They brought it from the place in which it was placed. It could not be quieted; it cried for many days and nights. The chief *Savea-siuleo* ordered the toa tree (*Casuarina equisetifolia*) in Ongca to be cut down to quiet the girl with. The toa tree was cut down and given to the girl, but she was not quieted; she still continued to cry. Then the chief commanded to cut down the *Toa-ina-loto* to quiet the girl with. The chief ordered a bread-fruit tree to be brought first. They brought a tree, and the girl was quieted when they brought the tree to her; she cried no more. The girl grew to maturity, but the number of her years is not known because the tale is only by word of mouth.

Tacma remembered the saying of her father, "Remember, I am of the conquered party." *Tacma* said to her child *Nafanua*, "I feel sorry for my father being in the conquered party." *Nafanua* asked her mother: "Who is your father? Where is he?" [She answered] "He is in Samoa." The girl was sorry for his being conquered, and she said: "Let us visit him."

Tacma and *Tilafainga* swam away, and took with them the *Toa-ina-loto*. They swam in the sea and reached a land called Fiji. They heard tattooers going about in the land. *Tacma* said to *Tilafainga* that they should call in at that land and make trial of the tree. They went ashore. *Tacma* covered her breasts and the two went ashore. The

¹ *Nafanua* (hidden inland) was the name of a goddess of a district in the west end of *Savaii*. She was the daughter of *Savea-siuleo*, the god of *Pulotu*, and was hidden inland, or in the bush, when an infant, by her mother, who was ashamed of her illegitimate birth. (*Turner*, p. 38.)

two women fought all the women of Fiji. *Tacma* sprang up with the tree, and Fiji was defeated. Three times was Fiji repulsed. Again they fought and Fiji was defeated, and [its people] were chased to the cave in which they dwelt. They reached the end of the cave when the lady struck her head against the basket of tattooing instruments. She took hold of it to take it down to the sea. They swam here to Samoa with the basket, and thus they sang: "The women are marked and the men left." The clam shell, used as a cup, fell, and they dived for it. When they rose up they had forgotten the song, "Tattoo the women, but leave the men", and they made a mistake, saying, "Tattoo the men, but leave the women". This was the origin of tattooing in Samoa; but for this, they would not have been tattooed.¹

They reached Falea-lupo (a settlement at the west end of Savaii). Two boys were keeping watch there. The women said to the boys, "Children, where are your parents?" The boys answered, "They have gone to work." They said to them, "You go to them and say, 'There is a travelling party of ladies by the sea.' Come quickly; and when you come, do not throw down anything, lest we should be startled."

The boys went to fetch their parents. Their father said to them, "What is it?" They answered, "There is a travelling party of ladies by the sea, who say that you are to come quickly." The man ran down, for he doubted whether visitors had come to the house where the ladies were. He saluted them with, "You are come!" The ladies said, "Yes; come here. What is the noise [we

¹ *Tacma* and *Tilafainga* (the sportive) were the goddesses of the tattooers. They swam from Fiji to introduce the craft to Samoa, and on leaving Fiji were commissioned to sing all the way: "Tattoo the women, but not the men." They got muddled over it in the long journey, and arrived at Samoa singing, "Tattoo the men, and not the women." And hence the universal exercise of the blackening art on the men rather than on the women. (*Turner*, p. 55.)

hear]?" The man said, "It is caused by the cruelty of the conquering party." The women asked, "How so?" The man answered, "The state of the conquered party is very grievous. They kill people, and raise the finger-nails of others."¹ The ladies wept, and told the man that he should go to the place where the conquering(?) parties were defeated and raise themselves from subjection.² The man said, "Ladies, pray do not make use of such words, lest the conquering party should hear." The man suspected that they would be ill-used. The women still continued; great was the discussion.

Then all the people of the town collected together to show this thing. The people were distressed, because if they were again defeated they would not live. The women said, "Do not be distressed, but leave the matter with us two." The people agreed to this. Then they drove away the persecutors belonging to the conquering party, saying: "You go; we are going to revolt." The conquering party heard of it, and called a council. They were angry. The troops for the war collected; all *Aea-sasae* came. *Aea-sisifo*³ said to the women: "How about this war?" The women answered thus: "When you fight, all of you confine yourselves to the inland [side] of the road, and we will confine ourselves to the seaward side of the road. Let none of you pass over to the sea side of the road, and neither of us will cross over to the land side of the road; we will not pass to and fro. You fight first and we will come after." They fought and [the] *Aea-sisifo* were defeated. The two women saw they were defeated,

¹ In a story about *Nafanua*, it is said she came from Pulotu at a time when the ruling power was so oppressive as to compel the people to climb cocoa-nut trees with their feet upwards, their heads downwards, and to pluck the nuts with their toes. (*Turner*, p. 39.)

² The sentence is unintelligible. It should rather run, "and told the man he should go to the place where the conquered parties were defeated, and induce them to raise themselves from subjection".

³ See *note* 1, p. 2.

and that they came along anyhow by the sea side of the road. The women¹ made a rush and struck the man because he had broken the law. Then the women¹ made a stand; the women¹ held the troops in check. *Aca-sasae* was defeated and beaten. *Aca-sasae* was conquered and *Aca-sisifo* was victor.

This was why these two had come back from *Pulotu*: the saying of *Ulufanuasee*, "I am of the conquered party; remember me." They brought their two professions, the profession of tattooing and the profession of war.² The profession of war was accomplished; their father was conqueror.

That tale is ended.

THIS IS A TALE OF THE ORIGIN OF TATTOOING.

These two left the district of Aea and came to the Itu-*taoa*, and they came to *Safotu*.³ The name of its chief was *Seve*. He was asleep, for it was night. Thus they called to him: "*Seve, Seve!* do you wish to engage in our profession?" When these two came the chief was startled, and he told his dream to the family, saying: "Friends, this is my dream. A travelling party of two called out to me, saying, '*Seve*, do you wish to engage in our profession?'" When the morning was light, *Seve* said to his daughter, "Woman, let us go to the east to my friend." They came to *Salalavalu* to his friend *Mafua*, the name of the chief. The travelling ladies were with him, and *Mafua* was preparing food for them. He spread lots of good things before the travellers. *Seve* and his daughter entered the

¹ MS., "the woman."

² It looks as though *Taema*, one of the goddesses of tattooing, had been confounded with *Taema*, a war-god, sometimes incarnate in the kingfisher bird, sometimes present in a bundle of sharks' teeth. (Cf. *Turner*, pp. 54, 55.)

³ The capital of Itu-*taoa*, which was the name for the north side of Savaii. (*Turner*, p. 255.)

house of *Mafua*.¹ The ladies said: "You have come." *Seve* answered, "You are sitting there." Then they exchanged salutations. *Mafua* also saluted *Seve*, because he was his friend. Then he gave the fine mat of the daughter of *Seve* to the ladies. The ladies felt kindly towards *Seve*, and gave him some of the tattooing instruments. Then they went to their own town of Safotu with their profession, because they said: "Whether does *Seve* desire their profession?" That is one branch of the family of tattooers. *Satulauena* is its name. That is a very large family.

THIS IS THE TALE ABOUT MAFUA.

He lived with the women. They said to *Mafua*, "*Mafua*, come and tattoo towards the sea. When you tattoo anyone let your kava be first; do not reject it in favour of another chief, but drink it yourself, for it is our kava to bring success to your profession."² *Mafua* went to tattoo. The kava was made and was first offered to *Mafua*. He refused it, and went on with his tattooing. The tattooing was accomplished, and again they made kava. The first cup was offered to *Mafua*, again he refused, saying: "Let the chief be first, and let my kava be after." He then went to his house, where the women were sitting who had the profession of tattooing. They said: "You rest from your work." *Mafua* answered: "You are wishing success." The women said: "Come and tell us whether you followed your profession as we directed." He replied: "I went, and they made kava and served it out, bringing me the first cup. I refused, telling them to take it to the chief. They took it to him first, and I again tattooed. When it was done they again made kava, and brought me the first cup; again I refused [saying], that the chief should be served first. They took it first to the chief, and I came after."

¹ The MS. has *Seve*, obviously an error.

² Kava is always offered to persons in order of rank, beginning with the highest.

The women said to *Mafua*, "*Mafua*, 'you have broken covenant, you have given away the kava, for we told you that your kava should be first to make your occupation prosperous. You shall no more engage in the occupation because you have broken covenant.'" Then they took away from *Mafua* the occupation of tattooer; he did not tattoo again because he had broken covenant. Again he became poor, and regretted uselessly because the profitable occupation had passed from him.

Then the ladies again swam to Upolu, and reached the lee end of the island. There was a man fishing; *Pule* was his name. He said: "My love to the travelling ladies. Come, whence have you journeyed?" They replied: "You have spoken. We have come from Savaii." [He said] "Come here and take the fish I have caught to make a meal of." He gave all the fish he had caught to the travellers. The ladies asked, "Where is your home?"

Pule said, "It is some distance inland. Come and partake of some food." They went to his house and ate. Then he prepared a feast. Great was the love of *Pule* for the ladies. The ladies said to *Pule*, "Do you take our occupation of tattooers and make use of it. When you are engaged in it your kava must be first, to bring success to your occupation. Now we are going."

They went towards the east. They went along the mountain range till they reached the mountain of Olotapu, inland of Safata.¹ There was a man, *Atapu* by name, who was a skilful workman. He planted every kind of food, bananas, kava, yams, and taro. All looked very well. The travelling women came as *Atapu* was at work. *Atapu* looked as the travellers came in sight. Great was the astonishment and compassion of *Atapu*. He ran and spread good mats in the house. Then he said, "Come into the house and sit down while I pull up some kava." He brought some kava, and the women said: "The good wind cannot be concealed. It is the road of prosperity

¹ A harbour on the south side of Upolu.

which is walked on." *Atapu* ran off to bring cold food, ripe bananas. They ate, and then *Atapu* said to the ladies: "Do you recline while I go to cook some food, for I am all alone." He then went off to prepare food. He prepared it nicely with delight. Then he brought it and addressed his word to those in the house: "*Tuloutulon!* awake, and take some food."

The women said, "Come here, you are wearied; I am sorry for you." They also said to him, "*Atapu*, when tomorrow comes we will give you our occupation, that you may engage in it." On the morrow they explained to him what he must do: "When kava is served out, your kava must be first, to bring success to your occupation." Then *Atapu* went to tattoo. The kava was served out, and *Atapu* asked them to bring a pair of water-bottles to him. They brought the water-bottles. They dealt out the kava, *Atapu's* was first. They brought it to him; he did not drink it, but poured it into one of the bottles. They also brought him cold food. *Atapu* told them to put it into a basket; but he did not eat nor drink until the tattooing was finished, as he intended to take the food to the ladies who had given him orders. When he finished tattooing, they brought more kava; *Atapu's* was first. He put it into the other bottle. Then they brought food and native property. *Atapu* did not eat, for he meant it all for the ladies.

He went inland [and found] the ladies were seated each one by a post in the doorway of the house. They said, "You have rested from work." He replied, "You are wishing success." They said, "Come and tell us how you did your work." He answered, "I went, and they prepared the morning kava. My kava was first, and I poured it into a bottle; and this cold food I did not eat, but kept it to bring to you two. Then I tattooed. When it was done they again prepared kava, and my cup was first; and I poured it into the second bottle; also I did not eat the food until we should all eat together." Great

was their affection for him, and they said : " Love to you ! It is the road of prosperity which is travelled."

Then they had their meal. When it was done they said to him, "*Atapu*, very pleasing is your kind conduct. Now we are going, and we leave these things that you may properly work at your profession. Although *Tulaucna* engaged in it, his work was incomplete ; he will be under you."

These are the two great branches of the family : *Sa-Tulaucna* is one great branch, the king of which is *Seve* ; and *Pe-o-Sa-sua* is the other great branch, the king of which is *Atapu*.

That is the end.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

(To be continued.)

WEATHER FOLK-LORE OF THE SEA.

THE following folk-lore on the weather has been collected for the most part from the fisher-folks along the north-east of Scotland. The village or villages in which the observation has been met with are recorded. Reference has been made to two works on folk weather-lore—viz., *Signal Service Notes*, No. ix; *Weather Proverbs*—prepared under the direction of Brigadier and Brevet Major-General W. B. Hazen, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, by H. H. C. Dunwoody, First Lieutenant, 4th Artillery, A. S. O. and Asst., quoted as *D.*, and *On the Popular Weather Prognostics of Scotland*, by Arthur Mitchell, A.M., M.D., member of Council of the Meteorological Society, etc., quoted as *M.*

I.—THE SUN.

A “low dawn”—*i.e.*, when the rays of the sun, before the sun comes above the horizon, illuminate the clouds only a little above the horizon—indicates foul weather (Pittulie). On the other hand, “a high dawn” indicates a fair day.¹

Daybreak is called “sky-casting” or “sky-making”. If the “sky cast” pretty far towards the south, the day is not to be depended on (Pittulie); if well to the east, it is to be depended on.

When the sun rises “fiery” it is a sign of drought, when “white”, “sick”, or “sickly”, of rain² (Pittulie,³ Macduff, Rose-hearty).

When it rises “white and sick”, both wind and wet

¹ *D.*, p. 78, under “Low and High Dawn”.

² *Ibid.*, p. 78, under “Pale Sunrise”.

³ *D.*, p. 78.

follow, with the wind from the south or south-west (Rosehearty).

If the sun rises with a glaring, glassy sort of light accompanied with small glittering clouds, stormy weather is looked for that day.

If after the sun has risen for an hour and a half or two hours his rays appear to shoot down to the horizon, the wind in a short time blows from east by south or south-south-east. Such rays go by the name of "back-stays" (Findochty). In Macduff they are called "staanarts".

When the sun rises "red as blood" a gale is at hand, mostly from the south¹ (Rosehearty). When it appears red, but not very red, about "man-height" above the horizon, a fine day follows, with the wind from the south or south-west (Rosehearty).

If the sun comes up unclouded, shines brightly for a time, and then becomes hid by clouds, a common remark is, "He's p——, an gane t' bed". Such a thing is an indication of dull cloudy weather² (Pennan).

When the sun appears "sick and foul", that is, when the sun is covered with a grey or "aisy" (ashy) haze, rain follows in summer, and snow in winter (Rosehearty).

In rainy weather, if the sun sets behind heavy black clouds with "clear holes" in them, "roving", *i.e.*, unsettled, weather follows with the wind westerly.³

A black cloud rising in the west towards sunset is called "a growan-up", and is a precursor of a near burst of stormy weather (Pittulie).

A large black heavy cloud in the west when the sun is not far from the horizon is called "a bank", and is the forerunner of a strong breeze from the west. The following are the formulæ :—

"When the sun sets in a clear,
Wasterly win' ye needna fear ;

¹ *D.*, p. 78.

² *D.*, p. 79, under "Sunrise".

³ *D.*, p. 76, under "Cloudy Sunset and Dark Clouds".

When the sin sets in a bank
Wasterly win' ye winna want." (Buckie.)

"If the sin set in a bank,
A westerly ween ye winna want ;
If she set clear
An easterly ween is near." (Macduff.)

A variant of the last line is :—

"An easterly ween will seen be here." (Pennan.)
"Fin the sin sets in a clear,
A wasterly win' ye needna fear ;
Fin the sin sets in a bank
A wasterly win' ye winna want." (Crovie.)

"A clear in the nor' never hairm nae man," said a Portessie man. It is a common opinion that all the bad weather "makes up" in the south-west (Portessie).

"When it thickens in the wast," said a man of Portessie, "it will be southerly winds in the firth."

Of a summer afternoon the rays of the sun stretch at times down to the horizon. The sun is then said to be "shaftit", and there is a formula :—

"A shaftit sin
That's the sign o' a staanin win'." (Crovie.)

Of a summer afternoon, when the sun is westering, there is at times a peculiar glassy-like glitter on the sea. Some fishermen say that it is an indication of coming stormy weather or of rain (Pittulic).

A halo¹ round the sun is called "a sin-bow", and is regarded as the forerunner of rain. The opening in the halo indicates the point from which the wind is to blow (Pittulic). It indicates foul weather (Roseheartly).

A mock-sun goes by the names of :—Dog (general), falcon (Buckie, Portessie), ferrick (general), sin-ferrick, sin-dog (general). The fishermen of Buckie speak of a

¹ *D.*, p. 77, under "Halo".

“falcon” hunting the sun, and say that it indicates stormy weather. The following rhymes give the folk-notion of its appearance and position with regard to the weather¹:—

“A sin before,
The gale is o'er ;
A sin behind,
The gale ye'll quickly find.” (Buckie.)

“A sin afore
Ye see no more ;
A sin ahin'
Ye'll shortly fin'.” (Crovie.)

“A sin before
You'll find no more ;
A sin behind
You're sure to find.” (Port Errol.)

“One behind
You soon shall find ;
One before
You see no more.”

“A dog afore
I'll gar you snore ;
A dog ahin'
I'll gar you fin'.” (Roseheartie.)

At times the order is reversed :—

“A sin behind
Ye soon shall find ;
A sin before
Ye get no more.” (Macduff.)

“A sin behind
Ye soon shall find ;
A sin before
Ye shall no more.” (Footdee.)

¹ *D.*, p. 79, under “Sun-dogs”. *M.*, p. 16 (7).

“ A ferrick a-wast the sin,
 A sin a-wast the sea ;
 A’ll clivv heuks t’ nae man,
 An nae man ’ill clivv heuks t’ me.”

Inland, about Ordiquhill, among old folks the rhyme was :—

“ A ferrick afore,
 Ayont the score ;
 A ferrick ahin’
 Ye’ll shortly fin’.”

II.—THE MOON.

“ A Saiterday’s meen
 An a Sunday’s fill (same moon),
 Is never good,
 Nor never will.”¹ (Pittulie.)

If the new moon is seen shortly after her incoming, unsettled weather is looked for (general).

The new moon lying on her back,² and having the points small, is looked upon as a bad moon (St. Comb’s).

The new moon lying on her back is likened to a cup to hold water, which is emptied during her course. On the other hand, if the new moon stands well up, it is regarded as a sign of good weather (general).

When the new moon is “ sharp i’ the corners”, the saying is : “ She’s nae a good moon.” When she is blunt and round she is a good moon. There is another saying : “ She’s ower like a coo’s horn to be good” (Roseheartly).

When she appears “ stracht (straight) and fair-set” she is looked upon as a good moon (Roseheartly).

If there are heavy clouds about the time of moon-rise the fishermen watch what will follow. If the clouds disperse the weather remains good, but if the clouds remain there is foul weather at hand (Roseheartly).

¹ *D.*, p. 59.

² *D.*, p. 61, under “ New Moon”. *M.*, p. 16 (14).

A circle round the moon is called: A broch (general), meen-bow (Roseheart, Broadsea), meen-ring, the rim (Nairn), the wheel, and the big wheel (Nairn).

In St. Comb's the expression is: "The bigger the bow, the nearer the weather"; and in Cove, "The bigger the ring, the nearer the breeze".¹

When there is much of a green colour in the circle it is an indication of rain; but if its colour is pale, windy weather is at hand (Cairnbulg).

If the inner edge of the circle is pretty bright in green and yellow, it is an indication of rain (Nairn).

Often there is an opening in it. It indicates the direction from which the wind is to blow (general).

The small halo that appears round the moon, somewhat like a corona goes, by the name of "Cock's Eye" (general) and "Keelan's Ee", *i.e.*, the eye of the small cod-fish. It is believed to indicate stormy weather.

III.—THE STARS.

When the stars twinkle much, or when they look near, a change of weather is looked for (Roseheart).

When the stars in a calm, during weather without frost, begin to twinkle—"lamp"—with more brightness, wind is not far distant² (Pittulie).

When the stars are reflected very brightly in the pools left by the tide, and twinkle much—"lamp"—during frosty weather, it is regarded as an indication of a change of weather (Pittulie).

When a large star is near the moon stormy weather is looked upon as not far off (general). It goes by the name of "Madge" in Macduff, and the saying is: "Madge is ower near the meen."

In Portessie the position of the star is taken into account,

¹ *D.*, p. 60, under "Halo", and p. 61, under "Moon Halo". *M.*, p. 16 (6).

² *D.*, p. 73, under "Flickering," and p. 74, under "Twinkling".

whether "afore" or "ahin" the moon. If before the moon, *i.e.*, to the west, stormy weather follows; but if behind or to the east, fair weather; and one speaks of the "ship towin the boat", and the "boat towin the ship".

Shooting stars, "sheetin or fa'in starns", indicate the direction to which the wind will blow (Roschearty).

IV.—THE RAINBOW.

"A rainbow in the morning
Bids the sailor take warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

"A rainbow in the morning,
Sailors take warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight."¹ (General.)

A piece of a rainbow on the horizon is called Bleerie (Macduff). Bleeze, *i.e.*, blaze (Macduff). Bonnie thing (Macduff). Fire (Buckie). Fiery Ee (Macduff). Fiery teeth, *i.e.*, tooth (Macduff). Giltin (St. Comb's). Rawnie, *i.e.*, small roe (Macduff). Rose (Nairn). Silk-napkin (Crovie). Teeth, *i.e.*, tooth (general).

Robbie Buchan—this name was applied by an old fisherman of Broadsea, near Fraserburgh. He died about fifteen years ago, at the age of eighty. This seems, however, a mere fancy name.

Its appearance is looked upon as forecasting unsettled or "royit" weather, particularly if it is behind the sun (general).

The fishermen of Macduff believe that a breeze will blow in a short time from the quarter in which it appears. Thus they say: "There's a rawn (roe) roastin' i' the nor'-wast; we'll hae a breeze shortly."²

If a "rose" appears in the south-cast with a flood tide, *i.e.*, a flowing tide, and the wind blowing from south-west,

¹ *D.*, p. 71, under "Night and Morning Rainbow". *M.*, p. 16 (8).

² *M.*, p. 16 (13).

the wind shortly blows from S.E. If the tide is ebbing the wind will blow from north-west, with rain (Nairn).

V.—THE AURORA BOREALIS.

The Aurora Borealis is called Dancers, Merry Dancers, Northern Lights—*i.e.*, Lights and Streamers.

If the Aurora appears during spring, some fishermen (Macduff) observe that soon after the wind blows “into it”, that is, from the opposite quarter. When it appears in autumn the wind blows from the quarter in which it makes its appearance.¹

The Aurora is the forerunner of southerly winds (Rosehearty).

If it remains pretty low on the northern horizon, it indicates no change of weather, but, in the opinion of some, with the wind from the north. If it rises high, and passes “the line”, *i.e.*, the zenith (Pittulie), or “the crap o’ the air”, towards the south-west, stormy weather follows (Pittulie, St. Comb’s), with wind from the south according to some.

If the sky is dark below the Aurora, some fishermen assert that southerly winds are at hand.

VI.—LIGHTNING.

Lightning at night without thunder is commonly called “fire flaucht”, and is looked upon as the precursor of windy weather (general), “flauchty weather” (Pittulie). About the month of September it indicates a westerly breeze, and within no long time after its appearance. Thus if it appears early in the evening the breeze springs up by morning.²

VII.—THUNDER.

Thunder in the forenoon is said to be followed by a breeze from the north or north-east. Thunder in the afternoon is followed by fine warm weather (Rosehearty).

¹ *M.*, p. 16 (9).

² *M.*, p. 16 (11).

VIII.—THE SKY.

“A strong sky” is when great clouds—cumulus—rise along the horizon. The sky is then said “to be growin’”, and a breeze is looked upon as at hand. The clouds themselves go by the name of “a growan up” (Pittulie).

“A greasy sky” is the indication of stormy weather within a short time (general). The sky has a peculiar glitter all along the horizon, and for a few degrees above it, and is flecked with light-coloured confused clouds having the same glitter. My own observation confirms this weather-sign.

“A stiff sky” is when it is filled up with large white clouds having their edges tinged with red, and indicates unsettled weather.

Forecasts are drawn from the colour of the sky at sunrise and sunset, as the following formula shows:—

“A red sky at night
Is the sailor’s delight;
A red sky in the morning
Is the sailor’s good warning.”¹ (Nairn.)

“An evening red and a morning grey
Are certain signs o’ a bonnie day.”²
(Rosehearty.)

IX.—CLOUDS.

If black clouds, shaped somewhat like a whale, and lying in one direction, appear to westward, a breeze from the west shortly follows (Pittulie).

Large blackish clouds on the southern horizon, with a few clouds or clear sky towards the north, *i.e.*, over the sea, indicate a north wind. This sign holds good chiefly in spring and summer. If the sky in the morning is overcast, with the wind from north or north-west, and if there appears on the wind a small space of blue sky,

¹ *M.*, p. 13 (3).

² *D.*, p. 44, under “Evening and Morning”.

“as much as make a Hielan' man's kilt” (Dumbarton), the clouds soon disperse, and the day proves fine¹ (general).

Small clouds coming up from the horizon in the early morning are called “pack-merchants”, and are looked upon as an indication of a breeze from the quarter from which the clouds rise (Pittulie).

There is a kind of cirro-stratus that stretches from a point in each horizon, always widening to the zenith. Some say the wind will in a short time blow along it from one of the ends. If it lies north and south, the wind will shortly blow from the south, according to others; whilst, according to others (Roseheartly), it will blow from either end. There is at times a break in it, which is said to indicate the quarter from which the wind will shortly blow (Roseheartly).

In Shetland it is believed that if it lies from north-east to south-west in the morning the day will prove fine, but if it lies from south-east to north-west the day will be stormy.²

It goes by various names: Horn (Macduff), Purse moo (mouth), Skull gab, Skull i' the sky (Pennan), Weather-head (Shetland), Wind-bow (Roseheartly).

The cloud called “Mare's tail” goes by the names of Goat's hair (general), Vapour (Nairn).

Such clouds are looked upon as a sure indication of stormy weather. They for the most part rise towards the south and south-west, no matter from what quarter the wind blows. The storm may not come for two or three days, “as the sin conquers the clouds”. For example, as my informants (Findochty) said, if they make their appearance on Monday, then on Wednesday, or at farthest on Thursday, between 11 and 12 at night, the bad weather comes.³

¹ *D.*, p. 43, under “Blue Sky”.

² Compare *D.*, p. 47, under “Salmon Clouds”.

³ *M.*, p. 14 (5).

The cloud "Mare's tail", accompanied by "mackerel-back" clouds, indicates stormy weather :—

"Mackerel backs and mares' tails
Makes lofty ships carry low sails."¹

There is a particular form of the "Mare's tail" cloud called by the fishermen about Peterhead "the white mare's tail", which they look upon as the sure indication of a coming gale.

When "the sky upsets" towards the north, that is, when large masses of cloud of different hues rise towards the north, or, according to an expression sometimes used, "when rawns are roastin'", from the reddish hues in the clouds, with the wind from the south, the wind for a time overcomes the clouds; but the saying is: "There's warin' atween the north an the south, an there 'ill be nae peace till the north get the victory." The wind goes round to the north, and blows a breeze, it may be for a day or two. When it appears as a big solid mass—as some call it "a kiltin"—and, as it were, not far off, the storm is close at hand² (Roseheartly).

When a haze covers the whole sky during moonlight, so as to partially darken the moon, the saying is: "The meen's wydin'" (wading)—rain follows, or snow, if during winter (Keith, inland).

X.—MIST.

A black, wetting mist always goes off with a breeze (Roschearty).

When mist appears on Mormond, the saying is: "Mormond hiz on 's caip (cap) and rain is near at hand" (Pit-tulie), particularly if the wind blows from the south.

When mist appears on the Knock and Bin, two hills in Banffshire some miles inland, during spring and summer,

¹ *D.*, p. 45, under "Mackerel Clouds".

² *D.*, p. 42, under "Black Clouds".

with the wind blowing from the north-west, the wind commonly goes out to the north.

Mist on Troup Head, a high headland in the parish of Gamrie, Banffshire, with the wind from the south or south-east, indicates a standing wind (Macduff).

XI.—SEASONS, ETC.

A common saying is: "As lang foul, as lang fair." It is a general belief that a severe winter is followed by a fine summer.

The wind blows for three months from the same quarter from which it blows at twelve o'clock on the Rood Day. This refers to O.S. As the fisherman said: "Man may change and styles, but not seasons" (St. Comb's).

During the month of March the saying is, that however long the wind blows from the south-east the north-west pays it back (Pittulie).

If the wind does not change on Easter Sunday, "Paiss Sunday", the wind will blow for six weeks from the same quarter (Pittulie).

The first twelve days of January indicate the kind of weather for each month of the year (Pitsligo, inland).

XII.—WIND.

When a soft, warm wind blows from the south in the Moray Firth, the wind will shortly veer to the west and rise to a breeze.

In fine weather with a land wind, if the "sang o' the sea" arise and come towards the land, that is, against the wind, and if the wind "answers the sang an' goes roon t' the back o' the sang", that is, goes out to seaward after the course of the sun, fair weather follows next day. If the wind does not "answer the sang", then a breeze is at hand (Pittulie).

If the wind backs at sunrise, which the fishermen of Pittulie call "harsin the sin", a breeze follows (Pittulie).

If the wind blows from the west or north-west, and towards evening goes to the north, it is called the "wife that goes out at even", and soon springs up into a breeze (Macduff).

If the wind blows from the south-west, with blackness in the west and a bank of cloud to the east, the wind backs to the south before the blackness in the west, and rises to a breeze (Pittulic).

XIII.—FROST.

If hoar frost, or "white frost", continues for two days, it commonly ends on the third day with foul weather.

"Three white frosts all in a row
Ends either in frost or snow",

is a Kincardineshire rhyme. It is looked upon as a forerunner of a breeze (Roschearty).

The fishermen have a saying that frost "grips doon, or conquers, the ween and the sea" (general).

XIV.—HILLS.

If distant hills are seen clearly, rain is not far off.

When the hills on the north side of the Moray Firth are seen from the south side in Banff and Aberdeenshire, a change of weather is looked for within a short time (general).

XV.—LIVING CREATURES.

The dog¹ eating grass, and the cat washing its face,² are indications of rain not far off (general, inland).

The "louper-dog" (the porpoise) plunging through the sea indicates approaching stormy weather (St. Comb's, Pittulic, etc.). It goes against the wind.

¹ *D.*, pp. 29, 30, 31, under "Cats and Dogs".

² *M.*, p. 20 (B.) (4). *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Españoles*, vol. iv, pp. 87, 89.

When sea-birds fly high stormy weather is not far off (Portessie).

When sea-birds fly high and wheel round and round before the wind, a breeze is not far off. When the breeze comes the birds face it (Macduff).

When sea-birds fly high in circles stormy weather is at hand. When they fly to sea eastward it is a sign of settled weather (St. Comb's).

Birds flying high and wheeling round and round indicate a "changin win" (Pittulie).

If the scratt (cormorant) fly through the wind at night it is an indication of fair weather, but, if the bird fly before it, stormy weather is looked for (Macduff).

When the mawr or queet, in the early morning, utters out at sea the notes ur-r-r-r, "a fine easterly haar is comin up" (Pittulie).

When gulls fly high "in the top of the air" a northerly breeze is not far off (Macduff).

If ducks dart through the pond they are swimming in and flap their wings, it is looked upon as indicating a coming breeze (Keith, inland). When doing so, they are said to be "leukin for ween."¹

When swallows fly low stormy weather is at hand.²

A larger number of midges than ordinary is an indication of rain.

When herring rise and swim in shoals on the surface, which some fishermen (Macduff) call "brushin", the saying is: "The herrin's brushin; they'll get a gale i' their tail."

When mackerel rise to the surface and rush through the water flapping their tails, a breeze is approaching (Pittulie, Rosehearty).

If salmon are seen leaping in numbers a breeze is approaching (Macduff).

When the "saithe"—the young of the cod-fish—comes to the surface in shoals, a breeze is looked for (Rosehearty).

¹ *D.*, p. 40, under "Waterfowl".

² *D.*, p. 40, under "Swallow"; *M.*, p. 20 (7).

APPENDIX.

The Milky Way is called "The White Strip" (Nairn).

John Stro is the name of the "Man in the Moon". He is the Jew that gathered sticks on the Sabbath day in the Wilderness, and was stoned to death (Keith); and he is spoken of as "the man wi' the birn o' sticks on 's back".

The three stars of Orion's Belt bear the name of "The Lady's Elvan" (ell-wand); and the Hyades that of "The Sawen Starns" (Keith).

Venus, as the Morning Star, is called "The Star of Bethlehem" (Nairn).

WALTER GREGOR.

AN EXPLANATION.

IN Mr. E. S. Hartland's report on "Folk-tale Research" (*supra*, p. 99), reference was made to charges that had been formulated against Dr. E. Veckenstedt with regard to the authenticity of certain Lithuanian myths, *märchen*, and legends published by him. The Council of the International Folk-lore Congress called Dr. Veckenstedt's attention to these charges, and demanded some explanation before they could proceed to nominate Dr. Veckenstedt on the International Folk-lore Council. At the same time the pages of FOLK-LORE were thrown open to any defence Dr. Veckenstedt might desire to offer to charges repeated in its pages. A paper was ultimately sent by Dr. Veckenstedt which was felt to be unsatisfactory, and in Dr. Veckenstedt's interest was returned to him with a request for further details on various points. This was sent with the required modifications and additions, and was put up in type in the original German for the present number of FOLK-LORE. Proof was sent early in October to Dr. Veckenstedt, with request for its speedy return. No answer was given to this, and as the time of publication of FOLK-LORE drew near, Dr. Veckenstedt was requested by telegraph to return the proof corrected. A letter dated Nov. 27th, which reached the editor's hands Nov. 29th, absolutely refused permission to publish the defence, on the ostensible ground that he had intended it to appear before the Congress, which was already over more than six weeks. If that had been Dr. Veckenstedt's intention, he should surely have communicated it as soon as he received the proof of his article, and his omission to do so was a grave infraction of the laws of courtesy.

Dr. Veckenstedt may possibly be acting in his own best interest in thus arbitrarily withdrawing his defence. Certainly our readers have not lost much by its withdrawal, except so far as it has caused some delay in the issue of the present number. But we desire to put on record that the pages of this review have been duly thrown open to a defence to charges made in it, and that after that favour had been accepted at the hands of the incriminated party, it was ungraciously refused at the last and most inconvenient moment. Every folk-lorist will be easily able to put his own construction on Dr. Veckenstedt's action.

RECENT
RESEARCH ON INSTITUTIONS.

1. *The History of Human Marriage*. By Edward Westermarck. London : Macmillan, 1891.
 2. *The Women of Turkey and their Folk-lore*. By Miss Lucy Garnett. With chapters on the Origin of Matriarchy, by J. S. Stuart-Glennie. London : Nutt, 1891.
 3. *Notes on Land Tenure and Local Institutions in Old Japan*. By the late Dr. D. B. Simmons ; edited by J. H. Wigmore. Asiatic Society of Japan.
 4. *Origin of Property in Land*. By Fustel de Coulanges. With an Introductory Chapter on the English Manor, by W. J. Ashley. London : Sonnenschein, 1891.
 5. *Recherches sur l'Origine de la Propriété Foncière et des Noms de Lieux habités en France*. Par H. D'Arbois de Jubainville. Paris : Thorin, 1890.
 6. *Modern Customs and Ancient Laws of Russia*. By Maxime Kovalevsky. London : Nutt, 1891.
 7. *Lectures on the Growth of Criminal Law in Ancient Communities*. By Dr. Richard R. Cherry. London : Macmillan, 1890.
 8. *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*. By Rev. J. C. Atkinson. London : Macmillan, 1891.
 9. *Folk-lore Congress, 1891*. Customs and Institutions Section.
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INSTITUTIONS, as at present undefined, cover a wide field of research, as may be gathered by a glance at the titles of the works we are called upon to examine, in order to take stock of our present position. Definition in this, as in other branches of folk-lore, is sadly needed. We should know what an institution is as distinct from custom and usage. All custom and usage is certainly not institutional in its character and scope ; as certainly we think institutions are developments from custom and usage, and not *vice versâ*.

Much institutional work is and has been sadly neglected by students; while some departments have been almost overwhelmingly attended to. Marriage comes under the latter category. Treatise after treatise has appeared often only to be relegated to the accumulated mass of useless literature. But the effect of this constant attention to the subject of marriage as a matter of research is, that it is lifted out of its position as one of the elements of human institutions, and made to stand by itself as something quite apart from everything else. But is this right? Has marriage no sort of relationship to other institutions? This question must be answered by noting what is going on in the studies relating to the early history of man.

It is well known that these depend upon the comparative method of study for their chief results. So much has been done by this method that it seems almost too late to suggest that a very important element in this study has been almost entirely overlooked. The work of comparison has hitherto been chiefly occupied with certain definite characteristics of early man: as, for instance, animism in the researches of Dr. Tylor; bride-capture in Mr. McLennan's great work; or with certain stages in man's social development, as, for instance, totemism. Wherever examples of these or other characteristics have been found they have been carefully considered and classified, so that we may get a sufficiently wide area of observation from which to draw some general conclusions as to the attitude of early man upon these subjects. But in thus grouping the practices of early man we lose sight of one very important source of fresh evidence. When we subtract a particular custom of a tribe to compare it with a similar custom subtracted from another tribe, we have hitherto taken but little count of the place this custom so subtracted occupies in the life of the respective peoples; we have never ascertained whether it is a dominant factor in tribal custom or a subordinate factor; whether it is on the line of further development or on the line of decay, and what relationship it bears to other

customs of the tribe or people where it obtains. Just as in excavations of prehistoric tumuli, or in geologic formations, it is necessary to notice the strata and exact position of the various objects as they come to light, so is it necessary in every excavation into human society to note the strata and exact position of the various phenomena as they are brought into prominence. I do not suggest that such a line of inquiry is needed in order to substantiate conclusions already arrived at. I do not suggest even that before the comparison of custom with custom was undertaken the comparison of tribe with tribe should have been dealt with. I merely wish to put it forward as a proposition which is worth while considering at this stage in the history of the comparative sciences: that some attention should be given to the study of comparative custom based upon the examination of group with group.

Both Mr. Spencer and Dr. Tylor have seen the importance of this aspect of comparative custom. The compilation of the elaborate tables of Descriptive Sociology by Mr. Spencer supplies us with a very good example of the method required for such a study; and Dr. Tylor's recent attempt to elaborate a more scientific method for the study of institutions is the most valuable contribution to comparative custom which has yet been made. By the process so carefully elaborated by Dr. Tylor we are taught to classify the relationship of one custom or belief to another, to pick out what we may call the natural adhesions to any given custom or group of customs. That is to say, given a custom A, we should expect to find associated with it in close relationship customs B, C, and D. But is this all? I venture to think that we may even go a step further and declare that other customs, say, E, F, and G, cannot exist side by side in natural co-relationship with the primary group A, B, C, and D. A very important conclusion follows from this. If in any given country or land two such groups of custom are found to exist side by side the phenomenon must be due to some abnormal

conditions which need explanation and investigation. The stress I am inclined to lay upon the phenomenon of inconsistency in custom and belief, as opposed to natural association of custom and belief, has never, so far as I am aware, been confirmed by other writers, but so far as my own researches have tested it in some limited spheres, it presents to the inquirer a set of facts which need to be taken into account somewhere.

What is here stated of comparative research generally is pre-eminently applicable to the case of studies on marriage institutions. After the epoch-making work of Mr. McLennan, and the laborious tabular results of Mr. Lewis Morgan, no work of such importance has been issued as that of Mr. Westermarck's. And yet Mr. Westermarck seems to approach his study of human marriage with less than usual emphasis on the adjective which he for the first time introduces, and also with less attention to the institution of marriage as a part only of the social system of humanity. He insists upon the non-gregariousness of early man, and turns for proof of this to the wretched outcasts of savage society, such as the Veddahs, Bushmen, etc., who have no trace of tribal organisation. But is the absence of tribal organisation a necessary proof of non-gregariousness and of family interdependence? The use of the word family to describe the associations of the sexes among the rudest specimens of modern man seems peculiarly unfortunate, and it leaves out of consideration the *local* organisation which is at the bottom of these associations of human beings. Mr. Darwin has taught us the influence of locality in the development of species, so that on the biological evidence, upon which Mr. Westermarck properly lays so much stress, it is not the small separate groups of human beings, wrongly termed families, but the whole local group which must be considered as the starting point. It is the local group of Bushmen, of Veddahs, of Victorian savages, of ancient Finns, etc., which first present themselves for observation and for

inquiry, and which make up unities in anthropological data. The smaller inside groups are formed by causes, and kept up by causes, of which at present we know but little, except that they are dependent upon the larger local group; they are not primary, but secondary phenomena in the history of institutions.

Given, then, the local group with no tribal organisation, Mr. Westermarck's evidence does not greatly alter Mr. McLennan's conception of the horde, if we cut out of the equation Mr. McLennan's unfortunate and misleading use of the term promiscuous. Temporary monandry within the local horde is the feature which Mr. Westermarck's evidence leads us to identify as the earliest form of human association.

Of the tremendous step from this to tribal society based upon blood kinship, Mr. Westermarck finds little to say, except by way of criticism of Mr. McLennan's theories. But in this criticism the point is missed, that, although the fact of blood kinship between both parents and offspring could never have been unknown to man, the *use* of that fact for the purposes of social organisation is altogether a different matter. At this stage human marriage enters into close and intimate relationship with other social institutions—it is, in point of fact, for the first time an institution, a custom, that is, used by man for social or political organisation. And at this stage I venture to think marriage cannot be scientifically considered apart from its surroundings in the society of which it forms a part.

If these remarks express one of the critical objections against Mr. Westermarck's method, let it not be understood that they are intended to go further than to point out what is conceived to be an omission from a work which is called *History of Human Marriage*—an omission which might yet be supplied from the data given by Mr. Westermarck himself. All that can be said on marriage in its several forms, real and symbolical, seems to have been said

in this splendidly exhaustive treatise. The way is therefore prepared for marriage to be treated as part and parcel of a larger group of institutions. In so far as it is founded upon natural instincts in man its features may be traced through all human societies; in so far as its forms have been affected by social requirements its features must differ according to the grades of social development with which it is associated.

Mr. Westermarck lays almost too much stress upon some of the natural features of marriage, at all events in so far as they are used as materials for its history. For instance, man as the nourisher of his wife and offspring is considered at some length, and evidence is produced from a great number of savage and barbarous peoples, ranging from the Fuegians up to the Arabs. When, therefore, we meet in folk-lore such a custom as Miss Burne mentions as obtaining in Shropshire—"if a husband failed to maintain his wife she might give him back the wedding-ring, and then she would be free to marry again" (p. 295)—how are we to arrange and classify this survival? The effect of such a practice would lead us back to a state of temporary monandry, and would not account for the beginning of permanency in the marriage-tie. If the condition of man as the nourisher is put forward as a *vera causa* for the hypothesis that in primitive times man, woman, and children, formed a recognizable social unit, the supporters of such a hypothesis must answer the obvious objection suggested by the piece of Shropshire folk-lore, that when he ceased, either from inability or caprice, to nourish, the social unit of which he was a necessary element went to pieces.

On the other hand, some of the forms resulting from the effects of a conscious use of natural marriage for social organisation are scarcely treated with sufficient length. Thus, the bars to marriage between members of different races are set forth in some detail, and the evidence is most important; but the corresponding evidence of marriage

between people of different races is wholly ignored, though Mr. Crawford, from examples he found in the Malay Archipelago and elsewhere, deemed this intermarriage between different races to be one of the fundamental data for the proper consideration of ethnological problems, and Mr. Stuart Glennie has used the same argument, though without adducing any proof, in his racial hypothesis as to the origin of the matriarchate. One famous, though not pleasant detail in the history of marriage is dealt with by Mr. Westermarck with refreshing power, namely, the *jus primæ noctis*. Since Schmidt's work on the subject it has been assumed that there was nothing more to be said, but Mr. Westermarck proves that a review of this treatise is necessary in order to pick out what particular theory of feudal law Schmidt has succeeded in demolishing without necessarily destroying the evidence for a rule older than feudal law.

It is impossible to touch upon the question of the ethnology of custom and institutions without bearing in mind how much that subject came to the front at the recent Folk-lore Congress, and in the paper by Dr. Winternitz on Aryan marriage rites and ceremonies, a brave attempt was made to separate off from the collective body of marriage rules those which might with propriety be classed as Aryan. The point is one of some importance in view of such a treatise as Mr. Westermarck's. If ethnic peculiarities are stamped upon the rules of marriage, the fact supplies us with a strong argument for the position I have advanced, that marriage as an institution must be considered in conjunction with the institutions with which it is connected.

Mr. Westermarck lays great and very proper stress upon one such consideration in the history of marriage, namely, the effect of common residence in producing prohibitory laws against intermarriage. Now, close living together, in the sense supplied by Mr. Westermarck's admirably arranged evidence, is one of the most important elements in

the history of institutions, and it is the basis for the development of many of the principles underlying the formation of the village community. Worked back among the various tribes of savage man we find it incidental everywhere to the agricultural stage of economical development, though, of course, existing in varying degrees of perfection. That agricultural life is more primitive than pastoral life is one of the facts which, I think, will be proved by the history of the village community whenever that history is written. And alongside of this must be considered the history of the conception of incest—one of the most important chapters of which Mr. Westermarck has given us.

It is impossible, perhaps, to do more than touch upon some of the issues brought about by Mr. Westermarck's book. That I am concerned more with the institutional side of marriage has made me say more in apparent opposition to Mr. Westermarck's views than, perhaps, I am really prepared for. Undoubtedly he is right in stating that students of ethnography cannot be too comprehensive in their search for materials; but in analysing his evidence, as I am doing at some length without the possibility of producing the results in this review, I am struck with the remarkable manner in which he has managed to piece together in good literary form so complex a study. The power is almost to be dreaded. It carries with it something more than the bare equations of a scientific problem, and it is this "something more" which has to be guarded against by the student.

An examination of some of the details of such a work as Mr. Westermarck's is the only possible means whereby to test the value of its general conclusions. If we dispute his initial conclusion that "among our earliest human ancestors the family, not the tribe, formed the nucleus of every social group, and in many cases was itself, perhaps, the only social group", it is more, perhaps, a question of terminology than an actual difference of opinion on the

vital question of the starting point of human society, because it is conceivable that if Mr. Westermarck had continued his view somewhat further, instead of stopping short at the temporary connection between the sexes, he would have seen that the local group was the necessary antecedent to even that temporary connection. We implicitly follow his lead to the next stage, where he detects that the "sociability of man sprang in the main from progressive intellectual and material civilisation", and we are prepared to cut out communal marriage from the series of early developments of marriage forms, and translate it to a place where it must be considered the special outcome of marriage considered from its institutional side. On the remaining points he has considered, all we have to observe is that they belong rather to the natural history of marriage than to the institutional, and that while they exhaust all that is to be said, at all events for some time to come, under that head, they form only a part of the history of human marriage as a whole—a necessary and vital part—which must be studied and understood before the other part should be approached.

To pass from Mr. Westermarck to Mr. Stuart Glennie is to emphasise the fact that while the former bases his researches upon a wide and exhaustive series of minute details, carefully arranged and tabulated, the latter bases his researches upon brilliant suggestions coupled with an intense belief in the validity of his arguments, without the necessity of providing proofs. One should always be grateful for suggestions. That somewhere in the history of marriage Mr. Stuart Glennie's conception of the matriarchate will find a place is, I venture to think, certain. But what place? is the all-important question. With Mr. Nutt's and Mr. Jacobs' criticisms in these pages I agree on the whole. Undoubtedly the facts of ethnology must be brought into the question of the origin of marriage institutions; undoubtedly the conquest and serfdom of a people is a factor to be reckoned with,

too. Mr. Stuart Glennie has struck the right line when he suggests, by means of Miss Garnett's admirable collection of folk-lore, that sex in folk-lore is a subject to be noted and taken count of, and it seems to me quite possible that the women of a conquered race, feared as they often were by their conquerors as the devotees of the *local* deities, might use that fear under some conditions to establish a place of power which has left its mark on the history of marriage. Beyond this it is not at present possible to go. This, I think, is the missing link in Mr. Stuart Glennie's line of argument, and he would do well to consider it. That without this essential link he should yet have chalked out the path of a new line of research is what the critic has to note, and to thank Mr. Glennie for. What we have to guard against and warn others about is the tendency to consider off-hand that this new line leads to vast stretches of undiscovered country, whereas it may only lead to a *cul de sac*, with the undiscovered country stretching far beyond—in view, but unattainable by this road.

It will not be surprising to those who have followed thus far that I am prepared to pass from marriage institutions to village institutions. In Mr. Wigmore's admirable treatise on the Japanese system of land tenure there is much to show the relationship between the two. The village unit of Japan is, of course, not the small monogamous family, but the group of descendants from a common ancestor under the lordship of the family head—a group produced by the long use of the fact of blood-kinship and marriage ties, resulting in the evolution of a political unit. Mr. Wigmore treads upon ground which is made familiar to us now by the writings of such masters as Maine, Seebohm, and others, but it is not certain whether the use of common terms in such investigations does not lead to conclusions not quite in accord with the facts. Feudalism, for instance, is a dangerous term to use outside of Europe, though it is difficult

to suggest a better. One of the most interesting sections of this treatise is that on serfdom, and it recognises the influence of race traditions in determining some points in the history of Japanese serfdom. We are glad to observe that an influential committee on ethnography has been formed by the Asiatic Society of Japan, who have already issued a code of questions relative to local institutions, the answers to which, if properly gathered, should prove of the utmost value. We hope to hear more of Mr. Wigmore's Japanese researches, and we should like to see his code extended to other yet unexamined countries under the sway of the Asiatic Society.

Mr. Ashley has done good service in editing Fustel de Coulanges' treatise. All that this distinguished scholar wrote is worth preserving. He disposes of the "mark theory" in Teutonic institutions, but Mr. Ashley seems to think that this act of destruction, very necessary we admit to the proper study of institutions, is to be identified with an act of construction whereby the old theory of Roman origins is once more advanced. Mr. Ashley is angry with Professor Rhys for suggesting that philological evidence proves the late survival of a non-Aryan race of people; he is contemptuous about my own researches to prove the survival of non-Aryan elements in English village institutions. But, with the "mark theory" cleared out of the way, it is not too much to assert that room has been made for the pre-Celtic theory, if I may so term it. Fustel de Coulanges could see no history outside the evidence of documents. The *leges barbarorum* were to him the basis and superstructure of his work. But there is danger in this limitation. For instance, in criticising Von Maurer, M. Fustel de Coulanges lays too much stress upon the term and status of "tenant". What were these tenants? Something more, most certainly, than the lawyers' conception of them would enable us to determine. Tenants they may have been, because of the over-lord imposed upon

them by political movements, of which they took little heed ; but tenants with a history that began long before lawyers were known. It is that history which Mr. Ashley and his school ignore, by post-dating it to the times of legal treatises.

It is quite impossible to do justice to M. D'Arbois de Jubainville's learned treatise. It takes up the question of the origin of property in land from a different standpoint to that of Fustel de Coulanges, and the author brings to his task the rare combination of a thorough knowledge, both of philological and historical science. His derivations of place-names in France during the Celtic and Roman periods, showing that places are named from their owners, are invaluable to the student, and few things are better worth the attention of English philologists than the corresponding evidence, if it exists, in Britain. The chapters on the inequality of the people of Gaul at the time of Cæsar's conquest, and on agriculture in Gaul, are particularly interesting. Of course the old questions crop up: who were the client class of the people of Gaul? who were the agriculturists? Cicero's estimate of the Gaul's objection to manual labour, objected to by our author on the score of oratorical exaggeration, might be justified by more than one comparison with haughty Aryan tribes living with a subject non-Aryan class at their feet. But the question is ever present to the student of European social phenomena, as to how far he may legitimately interpret evidence, so overladen with a political terminology, which is still a living terminology, by the light of evidence which has no such difficulty to contend with. I confess that M. D'Arbois de Jubainville's treatise does not lessen this difficulty, because by throwing such a powerful light upon historical evidences it pushes into the background what is to be gained by comparative evidences.

If Professor Kovalevsky's and Dr. Cherry's lectures do not obtain a very long notice in order to show their connection with the best recent literature of institutions, it is

not because they are otherwise than fully worthy of it. The study of Russian marriage by Professor Kovalevsky helps towards the elucidation of the Aryan history of marriage custom, and use has been made of the popular ballads, old legends, and folk-tales in the illustration of this interesting and obscure section of the subject. But here also the question of ethnology crops up; and the question of wife-purchase, as exemplified by the Russian evidence, needs careful consideration by those who are inclined to think that races do not commingle by means of marriage. Dr. Cherry deals with a somewhat uninviting subject, but he succeeds in supplying unlooked-for help in the elucidation of one of the most interesting of folk-lore problems. His object has been to compare the early ideas of several nations as to crimes and their punishment; and he has selected legal systems as far apart from and as much independent of each other as possible, with a view of showing that identity of usage did not arise from the adoption by one nation of the laws or institutions of another, but rather from the inherent principles of human nature. Dealing with Irish, English, and Roman penal law, he turns then to Hebrew and Mohammedan law, and succeeds in establishing some most important facts. We think he proves his main thesis named above, but it is open to question whether his choice of examples is best for his purpose. He would have found more to the point in the *lex talionis* of the Afghans, in the laws of Sumatra, and in the code of Mu'ung Ihai of Siam, where he would have found proofs which are not tainted by the possibilities of borrowing, which some scholars will be inclined to urge against him in respect of the examples he has chosen. But his treatise is an important contribution to that portion of the subject it is designed to illustrate, and it presents some singularly clear issues to those of us who have been dealing with the more extended area which unfortunately almost all branches of folk-lore compel us to travel over.

Dr. Atkinson's title for his book would suggest its association with institutional research, and in a quiet, effective way one gets to know how much folk-lore is bounded by its wrappage of village life. I have urged before now that folk-lore belongs to individuals who are now members of a parish or village institution, and that its originals belonged to individuals who were members of a social group. Dr. Atkinson's book helps towards a realisation of this view, and, apart from the freshness and reality of his narrative, this seems to me not an unimportant consideration to apply to the subject. His witch notes are particularly valuable for some details which are not generally given by explorers less careful to note scientifically than Dr. Atkinson.

Is it then, we may fairly ask, admitted that customs and institutions are within the domain of folk-lore? Because they formed a section at the recent Congress it does not entitle us to say that in future they must be reckoned with as part of folk-lore. But at least, no one will doubt my own opinion if they follow the observations I have ventured to make in the course of this report. I should like to emphasise this opinion by pointing out that the range of traditional practices and ideas is not completed without admitting customs and institutions; and that frequently in types of early society, and in savage society of to-day, one cannot get at belief and myth without approaching them through the institutions to which they are attached. Dr. Codrington's valuable researches into the folk-lore of the Melanesians, Major Ellis's books on the Tshi and Ewe people, are examples of the intimate connection between institutions and belief. In totemism we may see how the two subjects run into each other without the possibility of divorce. The belief in the power of animals, the mythic conception of animal life in general, is in some places developed into a system which acts powerfully on the social organisation. In totemism the connection is apparent. In other branches of folk-lore

it has been left out of account too frequently, and we hope that the new departure will help outsiders to see that what they are apt to scoff at as the Fairy-tale Society deals scientifically with subjects which, when studied together, can take us back to the beginning of our race.

G. LAURENCE GOMME.



NOTES AND NEWS.

AMONG the papers in the next number will be Mr. Alfred Nutt's on "The Lai d'Eliduc and Schneewittchen"; Rev. W. Gregor on "Spirits of Wells and Lochs"; the continuation of Mr. Abercromby's "Samoan Tales", and Mr. E. S. Hartland's annual report on Folk-tale Research.

THE most important event of the quarter has, of course, been the meeting of the International Folk-lore Congress at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Oct. 1-7. On this it is sufficient to say in this place that its success exceeded all that its most sanguine well-wishers had anticipated. The *Transactions*, edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs and Mr. Alfred Nutt (Chairman and Hon. Sec. respectively of the Literary Committee of the Congress), will be published, it is confidently expected, by Easter of next year. The readers of FOLK-LORE will perhaps be grateful for the hint that the subscription list of half-a-guinea will be closed before publication.

ONE result of the Congress will probably be an adequate collection of the Game-songs of English children. Mrs. G. L. Gomme, who conducted so efficiently the children's games at the Congress entertainment, is collecting the fast-disappearing game-songs and rhymes still current in England, and would be glad to receive any known to readers of FOLK-LORE, whether they have appeared in print or not. Her address is 1, Beverley Villas, Barnes Common, S.W.

FOLK-LORE has to deplore the loss of two eminent foreign students of the science. Professor Zarncke devoted himself mainly to what may be termed the literary side of

the subject, to which he contributed valuable researches on the legend of Prester John. Professor Wilken, of Leyden, was one of the most valued students of archaic custom, especially as current in the Eastern colonies of his native country. He was the author of many monographs on such topics as hair sacrifice, on matriarchy among the Semites, etc., etc.

ENGLISH folk-lore has also to deplore the loss of two efficient workers during the past quarter. Mr. W. Henderson was author of *The Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*, a model book of its kind. Mr. Henderson kindly granted the Folk-Lore Society the privilege of including the second edition of the book among its publications. The other loss is that of the Rev. J. G. Campbell of Tiree, whose work on *The Fians* was only recently published by Mr. Nutt, and has been recognised as an important contribution to Celtic tradition.

THE present number concludes the second volume of FOLK-LORE, and gives us an opportunity of thanking the scholars who have been good enough to contribute to our pages, especially those who have kept our readers *au courant* with recent research in their Reports.

IT is desired that for the future, Members of the Folk-Lore Society would send up any jottings they may find, however trivial, bearing on the science. Endeavour will be made to print every communication of this character which reaches the Editor, though some time may elapse before the appearance of any particular item.

Communications for the next number of FOLK-LORE should reach the office, 270, Strand, on or before Feb. 1 1892.

FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL,

MARCH 18, 1891.

THE Council has to report a steady progress in the work of the Society during the past year, including the clearing up of some important arrears.

The *Handbook of Folk-Lore*, which had been in preparation for three years, was issued in October last, and the Council believe that this will be the means of enlisting more assistance in the important work of collection than any step which the Council has hitherto taken. The book has been forwarded to every member of the Society, and widely distributed to the press throughout the country. Arrangements have also been made for placing a certain number of copies at the disposal of members of the Council, and of the Secretary of the Geographical Society, for the use of travellers and others who are likely to assist in the Society's work.

The tabulation of Folk-tales has been actively proceeded with, owing to the great attention given to the subject by Miss Roalfe Cox, and it is hoped that before the next annual meeting a volume will be in fair progress, if not actually ready, on the Cinderella group of stories tabulated and analysed on a plan which will prove to be of considerable value to students.

During the past year the Council has issued the *Exempla of Jacques de Vitry*, edited by Professor Crane, and the first volume of FOLK-LORE, the new series of the official organ of the Society. In both these publications the Council think that the Society has cause for congratulation.

The publications for the new year will be the Denham

Tracts, edited by Mr. James Hardy, and Vol. ii of FOLK-LORE. The translation of *Saxo-Grammaticus* is finished, and it is hoped that the volume may be issued to members early in 1892.

The most important subject which has engaged the attention of the Council has been the assistance which it is naturally called upon to give to the forthcoming International Folk-Lore Congress. The Organising Committee of that Congress has been in constant communication with the Council on matters of importance for the success of the Congress. Many members of the Society have already expressed their intention of being present, and the Council hope that every member of the Society will give the Congress their support. This is the first occasion on which English Folk-lorists will have the opportunity of welcoming their foreign brethren; and the members of the Society share with the Congress itself the responsibility of according a proper welcome to the visitors.

The roll of members of the Society has increased from 369 to 379. The Society has to lament the death of its second president, the Earl Beauchamp, who took a deep interest in its welfare, and always gave a ready support to any plans which were suggested from time to time for the furtherance of our science.

Evening meetings have been held on the following dates:—January 28th, February 25th, March 25th, April 29th, May 27th, June 24th, November 19th, December 17th.

The papers read at these meetings were:—

- The Development of the Ossianic Saga. By Mr. Alfred Nutt.
 Legends of the Island-Frisians. By Mr. William George Black.
 Lady Godiva. By Mr. E. Sidney Hartland.
 Notes on the Folk-lore of Beetles. By Mr. W. F. Kirby.
 The Grail and Local Palestinian Legends. By the Rev. Dr. Gaster.
 A Highland Tale by Campbell and its Foundation in Usage. By Mr. G. L. Gomme.
 Recent Theories on the Nibelungenlied. By Mr. Alfred Nutt.

An Inedited English Folk-tale. By Mr. Joseph Jacobs.
 Marriage Customs of the Mordvins. By the Hon. J. Abercromby.
 The Collection of English Folk-lore. By Miss Burne.
 Hungarian Folk-lore. By Lewis H. Kropf.

The opening address of the session 1890-91 was delivered on November 19th, by Mr. G. L. Gomme, Director of the Society.

The list of members proposed for the new Council is as follows :—

President : ANDREW LANG, M.A.

Vice-Presidents : EDWARD B. TYLOR, LL.D., F.R.S., THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., F.R.S., M.P., LT.-GEN. PITT-RIVERS, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., THE EARL OF POWIS.

Director : G. L. GOMME, F.S.A., 1, Beverley Villas, Barnes Common, S.W.

Council :

THE HON. JOHN ABERCROMBY.	A. GRANGER HUTT, F.S.A.
DR. KARL BLIND.	J. JACOBS.
EDWARD BRABROOK, F.S.A.	HIS HONOUR JUDGE BRYNMOR
DR. ROBERT BROWN.	JONES.
MISS C. S. BURNE.	W. F. KIRBY.
MISS ROALFE COX.	ALFRED NUTT.
J. G. FRAZER, M.A.	T. FAIRMAN ORDISH, F.S.A.
DR. GASTER.	MAJOR R. C. TEMPLE.
PROFESSOR A. C. HADDON.	HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.
E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A.	

Hon. Treasurer : EDWARD CLODD, 19, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, N.

Auditors : G. L. APPERSON, JOHN TOLHURST, F.S.A.

Local Secretaries : Ireland, Professor HADDON and G. H. KINAHAN; South Scotland, WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK; North Scotland, REV. WALTER GREGOR; India, MAJOR R. C. TEMPLE; China, J. STEWART LOCKHART; Persia, J. J. Fahie.

Honorary Secretary : J. J. FOSTER, Offa House, Upper Tooting, S.W.

The accounts of the Society are appended to this report, and the Council think there is some cause for congratulation in the financial condition of the Society. Eliminating

the balances and items not belonging to the year 1890, the receipts and expenditure for that year are as follows:—

RECEIPTS.						EXPENDITURE.					
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Subscriptions							By Printing Account :—				
paid ...	335	5	8				Jacques de Vitry...	115	0	0	
Subscriptions							Folk-lore ...	110	0	0	
due ...	40	0	0				Whiting and Co....	20	4	6	
	<hr/>			375	5	8	Prospectuses, &c...	10	4	0	
Sale of Publi-							„ Publisher's Postages,				
cations ...				21	2	3	Carriage of Books,				
Interest on							&c.	40	2	8	
Investments				6	18	9	„ Binding account ...	5	5	7	
							„ Hire of Rooms ..	8	8	0	
							„ Advertisements ...	3	0	0	
							„ Petty Cash ...	32	18	1	
								<hr/>			
							„ Balance carried for-	345	2	10	
							ward ..	58	3	10	
								<hr/>			
				£403	6	8		£403	6	8	
				<hr/>				<hr/>			

A. LANG, *President.*

G. L. GOMME, *Director.*

THE TREASURER'S CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1890.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance brought forward	By Printing Account (Publications)—	
To subscriptions received during the year for 1890	Messrs. Nichols £350 0 0
1889	£335 5 8	Messrs. Nutt, Argyllshire Tales (1889) 120 0 0
1888	36 12 0	Messrs. Nutt, Folk-Lore, Nos. 1-3	102 3 9
1887	12 11 0	Printing Account (Prospectuses, &c.)
1886	9 9 0	Hire of Meeting Room (1889)
1885	8 8 0	Advertisements
1884	8 8 0	Petty Cash—	
1883	6 6 0	Hon. Secretary £27 8 0
1882	3 3 0	Director 5 9 9
1881	3 3 0	Stamps 0 0 4
1880-78	4 4 0	Advance to Congress Committee
To Sale of Publications—	430 12 8	Balance at Bank
Messrs. Elliot Stock (1888-9)	£17 2 6		
Messrs. Nutt (1890, Jan.-Oct.)	20 2 3		
Honorary Secretary	1 0 0		
To Compounding Fees	38 4 9		
Sale of Investments	10 10 0		
Interest on Investments	50 17 9		
	6 18 9		
	<u>£866 13 10</u>		
			<u>£866 13 10</u>

BALANCE SHEET.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To amount of Compounding Fees	105	0	0	By Estimated Value of Stock	500 0 0
" Messrs. Nichols, Printing Account (Jacques de Vitry, Handbook, etc.)	265	4	4	" Amount due by Congress	25 0 0
" Amount due to Messrs. Nutt, Publishing Account (Folk-Lore, No. IV)	47	18	11	" Subscriptions Unpaid and Recoverable..	40 0 0
" Amount due to Messrs. Whiting, Miscellaneous Printing Account	20	4	6	" Cash in hand	213 19 0
" Amount due to Messrs. Simpson, Binding Account... ..	5	5	7				
" Amount due for hire of rooms	8	8	0				
" Balance in favour of the Society	326	17	8				
	<hr/>						
	£778	19	0				£778 19 0
	<hr/>						

EDWARD CLODD, *Treasurer.*
 J. J. FOSTER, *Hon. Secretary.*

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, March 18th, at 7.45 P.M., at the Royal Asiatic Society's Rooms, 22, Albemarle Street, Mr. G. L. Gomme, F.S.A., Director of the Society, in the chair.

The Annual Report of the Council was read, and it was moved, seconded, and resolved that the same be adopted.

The Treasurer's account for the year ending 31st December 1890, as audited, was read, and it was moved, seconded, and resolved that the same be adopted.

It was moved, seconded, and resolved, that the Council and Officers as nominated by the Council on page 504 be elected for the ensuing year.

It was moved, seconded, and resolved that the Council be instructed to organise an Exhibition of Portraits of Folk-lorists in connection with the projected International Folk-lore Congress.

MISCELLANEA.

Notes on Professor J. Rhys's Manx Folk-lore and Superstitions.—

The following notes relative to the old beliefs which still survive among the descendants of the Vikings in Lincolnshire have been put together to show the striking affinity existing between the eastern counties folk-lore and the Manx superstitions recorded by Professor Rhys.

Whether the water-bull still inhabits our streams is doubtful, but the deep pools formed by the action of the down-flowing water at the bends of our country becks are known as "bull-holes", and the Tatter-foal, Tatter-colt, or Shag-foal, as he is variously named, is still to be heard of, although his visits are rarer than they were before the fens and cars were drained, and the open fields and commons enclosed. This Tatter-foal is a goblin, who appears in the shape of a small horse, or yearling foal, in its rough, unkempt coat, and beguiles lonely travellers with innumerable tricks ; a favourite device with him being to lure an unsuspecting wayfarer into a stream, swamp, or water-hole, after which exploit he vanishes with a long outburst of mockery, half neigh, half human laughter. With reference to the Manx Fenodyree, I may mention, that he had till lately a diminutive Lincolnshire cousin, who, like the Yorkshire Hob, and Robin-Round-Cap, and the Danish Niss, used to befriend the people of the house in which he dwelt. The story runs that "not so very many years gone by" a farm in the parish of Goxhill (or in the neighbouring parish of East Halton, for accounts differ) was haunted by a weeny bit of a fellow who used to do all kinds of work about the fields, stackyard, and dairy. Once, it is said, at shearing-time, the master of the house forgot to order his men to drive the sheep up over-night ready for the clippers, so he rose early and was just setting out to fetch them from the pasture when he heard a sound of bleating in the barn. Hastening to open the door, he found that not an animal was wanting. Every sheep had been brought in from the field ; and, what was stranger still, a fine hare was imprisoned along with the flock. While he was wondering at the sight before him, a shrill voice from the rafters above-head declared that *the little grey sheep* had been more difficult to drive than all the rest of the herd together, and, lo and behold ! there sat the manikin on one of the cross-beams of the roof. In gratitude for his help and

good-will the farmer promised the little creature a linen shirt every New Year's Eve, and for many years he kept his word. But after a time he began to think that such a mite could do very little, and that his aid was scarcely worth the wages given, so when the last evening of the year came round again a rough harden shirt was left on the kitchen-floor in place of the usual linen garment, and the family went to bed, listening the while to hear how the little workman would receive his fee. Presently the clock struck twelve, and in an instant a sharp angry wail went up from the household hearth, where the despised shirt lay showing all its coarse ugliness in the light of the dwindling fire.

“Harden, harden, harden hemp !
I will neither grind nor stamp !
Had you given me linen gear,
I would have served you many a year !”

Such was the lament and the last-heard words of the house-sprite. Whither he went no one knows, but one thing is certain, the dairy-maids, garthmen, thatchers, and plough-lads had from that time forward to do their work unhelped. He had vanished for ever.¹

A twig of rowan, or, as we call it, *wicken*, is held to be marvellously effective against all ill-things, and therefore against witches. When laid on the churn it will prevent malign influences retarding the process of butter-making, and it is of use in twenty different manners for guarding the welfare of a household, and preserving the live-stock and crops about a farm. Fairies seem to be rare, but witches and wizards are abundant—so abundant, that I myself have been acquainted with at least four people suspected of “knowing more than they should”. One of these students of unholy lore could, according to popular belief, assume the shape of a dog or a toad at will, when bent on injuring his neighbours' cattle. As a dog he was supposed to worry oxen and sheep, while under the form of a toad he poisoned the feeding-trough of the pigs. Curiously enough, I never heard him accused of adopting the guise of a hare, although it is well known that it is a favourite animal with those who practise the black-arts. Witchcraft is often hereditary in a family, most frequently passing down from mother to daughter. When a witch has no daughter

¹ Cf. the account of the goblin who cries, “What have we here ? Hemton hamten, here will I never more tread nor stampen,” when supplied with clothing (Reginald Scot, *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 67, edition 1886). Cf. also the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*, p. 263, 1868 ; and J. Nicholson, *Folk-lore of East Yorkshire*, p. 80, 1890.

however, her power may appear in a son, and revert again to the female line after his death, instead of transmitting itself to his male descendants. Only three or four years ago an old man died who had seen blood drawn from a witch because she laid a spell on a team of horses and rendered them immovable. "As soon as my mate struck her with his fork, and the blood came," said the witness, "the horses and waggon were free to go on." Fragments of iron are lucky, and are of great use in counteracting the blasts and glances of witches. The evil-eye is prevalent in certain families, and cases are known in which naturally benevolent people are afflicted with the dreadful gift of "over-looking".

Traces of animal sacrifice may still be found in Lincolnshire. The heart of a small animal, or of a bird, is necessary for the efficient performance of several counter-charms, especially in torturing a witch by the reversal of her spells, and warding off evil from houses or other buildings. Sometimes—but rarely it is to be hoped—the heart is still torn from the breast of a living creature; but this savage and loathsome custom seems to have died out of general knowledge, and it is deemed sufficient if the victim be specially slaughtered with the intention of obtaining the object in view.

Several pin and rag-wells exist in Lincolnshire, whose waters are esteemed as possessing healing virtues, particularly with regard to ailments affecting the eyes. I have been informed that people come from "as far away as Sheffield" to bottle the water of "Eye George", or "High George", a spring on Manton Common; but whether they leave any gift behind them to propitiate the powers controlling the precious fluid is uncertain.

Professor Rhys's mention of the foot-mark in the ashes reminds me of a love-spell current in the Wapentake of Manley in North Lincolnshire. Properly speaking, it should be put in practice on St. Mark's E'en, that eerie spring-tide festival when those who are skilled may watch the church-porch and learn who will die in the ensuing twelve-month; but there is little doubt that the charm is also used at Hallow-E'en, and at other suitable seasons of the year. The spell consists in riddling ashes on the hearthstone, or beans on the floor of the barn, with proper ceremonies and at the proper time, with the result that the girl who works her incantation correctly finds the footprint of the man she is to marry clearly marked on the sifted mass the following morning. It is to be supposed that the spirit of the lover is responsible for the mark, as, according to another folk-belief, any girl who watches her supper on St. Mark's E'en will see the spirit of the man she will wed come into the room at midnight to partake of the food provided. "The room must be one with the door and window in dif-

ferent walls, and both must be open. The spirit comes in by the door (and goes out by the window?). Each girl who undertakes to keep watch must have a separate supper and a separate candle, and all talking is to end before the clock goes twelve, for there must not be any speaking before the spirits." From these superstitions, and from the generally received idea that the spirits of all the parishioners are to be observed entering the church on St. Mark's E'en, it may be inferred that the Manx footprint is made by the wraith of the person doomed to death.

Another Halloween custom was lately mentioned to me by a woman between seventy and eighty, who has spent all her life in the district lying between the Trent and the Ancholme. "When I was a girl", she said, "I had no more sense than to make dumb-cake with the other lasses on Hallow-E'en. Three of us made it with a virgin-egg (that is, the first egg laid by a pullet), flour, and a little water—not more than a spoonful. We mixed the cake, and baked it on a shovel over the fire, without speaking; but just as it was fit, the shovel fell backwards with a clatter, and wakened master, who slept in the room above. Down he came to see what the noise below-stairs was, and we ran and hid in the dairy; so the spell was broken, and the cake was no good. Another time, though, I and two or three other lasses cooked a red-herring, without speaking, and ate it all, head, tail, and everything. Then we walked upstairs backwards without a word, and backwards to bed. One girl broke the spell at the stair-foot, but the rest of us managed all right, and that night when I was asleep I saw G. . . . as plain as anything. He came with a great brown jug, and offered me a drink—that is the way the man you are bound to marry always shows himself. I had never seen him before, and never saw him again till years after, and then I nearly let the dish I had in my hands go slap into the floor at the sight of him, for I knew him again in a minute. I almost fainted away with it, and says I to myself, 'I will never marry the like of him', but you know how it ended."

From another source I learn that the quality of the vessel containing the draught offered by the spirit foreshows his position in life. If it should be common earthenware, he is poor; if china, he is fairly well supplied with the goods of this world; if a silver beaker, he is a man of great wealth.

MABEL GERALDINE W. PEACOCK.

Negro Superstition.—“When anything about a plantation is missing they [the negro slaves] have a solemn kind of oath, which the eldest negro always administers, and which by them is accounted so sacred that, except they have the express command of their master or overseer, they never set about it, and then they go very solemnly to work. They range themselves in that spot of ground which is appropriated for the negroes’ burying-place, and one of them opens a grave. He who acts as priest takes a little of the earth and puts it into every one of their mouths; they say that if anyone has been guilty, their belly swells and occasions their death. I never saw any instance of this but one; and it was certainly a fact that a boy did swell, and acknowledged the theft when he was dying.” (*A New History of Jamaica*, 1740, let. 11, p. 306.)

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