









# FOLK - LORE

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## CONTENTS.

### I.—(MARCH 1893.)

	PAGE
Annual Address by the President - - -	1
Magic Songs of the Finns, V. Hon. J. ABERCROMBY -	27
May-Day in Cheitenham. W. H. D. ROUSE. ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) -	50
Sacred Wells in Wales. Prof. J. RHYS - - -	55
Report on Folk-tale Research, 1892. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A. - - - - -	80

### II.—(JUNE 1893.)

Cinderella and Britain. ALFRED NUTT - - -	133
The False Bride. Miss G. M. GODDEN - - -	142
English Folk-Drama, II. T. FAIRMAN ORDISH - - -	149
Folk-lore Gleanings from County Leitrim. LELAND L. DUNCAN - - - - -	176
Balochi Tales. M. LONGWORTH DAMES - - -	195
Obeah Worship in East and Wes. Indies. MAY ROBINSON & M. J. WALHOUSE. ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) - - -	207
The Oldest Icelandic Folk-lore. W. A. CRAIGIE - - -	219
The Folk. JOSEPH JACOBS - - - - -	233

### III.—(SEPTEMBER 1893.)

Cinderella in Britain. JOSEPH JACOBS - - -	269
Balochi Tales, III. M. LONGWORTH DAMES - - -	285
The Cow-Mass. EDWARD PEACOCK, F.S.A. - - -	303
First-footing in Edinburgh. G. HASTIE - - -	309
First-footing in Aberdeenshire. JAMES E. CROMBIE -	315
The Glass Mountain. A Note on Folk-lore Gleanings from County Leitrim. MABEL PEACOCK - - -	322
Székely Tales, I. Translated by Miss P. GAVE - - -	328
The Chicago Folk-lore Congress of 1893. Hon. JOHN ABER- CROMBY - - - - -	345
A Batch of Irish Folk-lore. Professor A. C. HADDON -	349
Celtic Myth and Saga. Report of Research during the years 1892 and 1893. ALFRED NUTT - - - - -	365

### IV.—(DECEMBER 1893.)

Cinderella and the Diffusion of Tales. ANDREW LANG, M.A.	413
Some Recent Utterances of Mr. Newell and Mr. Jacobs. A Criticism. ALFRED NUTT - - - - -	434
Pin-Wells and Rag-Bushes. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A.	451
The Edinburgh Dinshenchas. Edited and translated by WHITLEY STOKES, LL.D. - - - - -	471

The Sanctuary of Mourie. Miss G. M. GODDEN. ( <i>With two Illustrations</i> )	- - - -	498
Melanesian Folk-tales. R. H. CODRINGTON	- - - -	509
Folk-lore in Wills. LELAND L. DUNCAN	- - - -	513
Balochi Tales, IV. M. LONGWORTH DAMES	- - - -	518
-----		
NOTES AND NEWS	- - - -	110, 251, 394, 529
REVIEWS :		
Comparetti's <i>Kalervala</i> . Hon. J. ABERCROMBY	- - - -	102
Troitzky's <i>Vestiges de Paganisme</i> . Professor A. C. HADDON	- - - -	105
General Pitt-Rivers' <i>Excavations in Bokerly and Hawsdyke</i> . E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A.	- - - -	239
Frédéric Sander, <i>La Mythologie du Nord</i> . F. YORK POWELL	- - - -	388
CORRESPONDENCE :		
Mr. Hartland's "Sin-Eater", and Primitive Sacraments. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND	- - - -	106
Mouse-Nibbling. W. H. D. ROUSE	- - - -	106
"Bogles" and "Ghosts". Mrs. BALFOUR	- - - -	107
Chained Images. Miss G. M. GODDEN	- - - -	108
Chained Images. Major R. C. TEMPLE	- - - -	249
Red-haired Men. W. H. D. ROUSE	- - - -	249
Lenten Custom in the South of Italy. LUCY E. BROAD- WOOD	- - - -	390
Key Magic. W. B. GERISH	- - - -	391
"The Sin-Eater." GERTRUDE HOPE	- - - -	392
MISCELLANEA :		
Notes on Welsh Folk-lore. Mrs. FRANCES HOGGAN, M.D.	- - - -	122
Wedding Dance-Mask from Co. Mayo. Prof. A. C. HADDON	- - - -	123
Drinking the Moon. W. A. CLOUSTON	- - - -	124
Sorcery : Melting Wax Images of Intended Victims. Smell- ing the Head in token of Affection. W. A. CLOUSTON	- - - -	256
Naxian Superstitions. W. R. PATON	- - - -	257
Tokens of Death. W. H. D. ROUSE	- - - -	258
How to locate a Drowned Body. W. B. GERISH	- - - -	258
The Overflowing of Magic Wells. MARGARET STUART	- - - -	259
Immuring Alive. M. J. WALHOUSE	- - - -	259
Folk-lore Items from <i>North Indian Notes and Queries</i> . W. H. D. ROUSE	- - - -	396, 534
The Sin-Eater. Mrs. H. G. M. MURRAY-AYNSLEY	- - - -	396
John Aller. T. W. E. HIGGINS	- - - -	396
The Flitting Gnomes ; The Monaciello of Naples ; Dwarfs in the East ; Dwarfs in the West. M. L. C. (M. J. Walhouse)	- - - -	400
May-Day at Watford, Herts. PERCY MANNING	- - - -	403
Smelling in Token of Affection. W. B. HOPE	- - - -	537
Folk-lore Bibliography	- - - -	125, 263, 405, 538
Folk-lore Society. Fifteenth Annual Report of the Council.—		
Proceedings at Evening Meetings	- - - -	112, 253, 532
Index	- - - -	543

# Folk-Lore.

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VOL. IV.]

MARCH, 1893.

[No. I.

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## *ANNUAL ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT.*

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to address you a second time from this chair—an honour I feel all the more keenly because I really did not anticipate being asked to keep better men out of it any longer, and because there is so much evidence that the Society is taking year by year a more prominent place among learned bodies.

My duty is to survey our last year's work, and that is as difficult as it is pleasing. By this I mean to say that so much good work has been accomplished, that it is really no easy task to summarise it satisfactorily, partly on account of its magnitude, partly on account of its excellence. The papers of the session and the publications are duly set forth in the annual report, though, personally, I demur to the classification there adopted, which appears to relegate to a minor order of importance papers which are short as distinguished from those that are long.

Most of the papers have been published in the Society's official organ, FOLK-LORE, while some have found a home elsewhere. It is a noteworthy fact that more attention has been paid this year to custom and belief than has hitherto been the case; and, as this has been my own especial department of inquiry, I cannot help expressing my pleasure at it—a pleasure, however, damped to a considerable degree

by the fact that for the second year we have missed one of those brilliant studies we were accustomed to look for from our Treasurer, Mr. Edward Clodd, and for the first time, I think, we have not been favoured by Mr. Alfred Nutt. We have not adopted the practice of taking down our discussions, or allowing speakers to transcribe for us afterwards the observations they made upon the papers; and I think this is a matter that we might very well improve upon, because I bear in mind one or two occasions where facts were mentioned by members or their friends which were of some moment. A new feature of the past year has been the exhibition of folk-lore objects at our meetings, and there can be no doubt that this is a highly desirable part of our proceedings, to which we might perhaps pay somewhat more attention. Furthermore, the claims we have upon amateur photographers have been clearly put forward by Mr. Ordish, and most significantly illustrated by Professor Haddon, whose marriage-masks from County Mayo are about the most curious things we have yet had brought to our notice. There are numbers of other things to photograph, and I hope during the coming year we may be able to form an album of photographs which might be placed upon the table at each of our meetings. We are not in the habit of proposing votes of thanks to the readers of papers at our meetings; indeed, our expressions of thankfulness are singularly few, and in this respect we depart from the custom of our compeers. I suppose it is that our subject is sufficient return for labour, and because, when Mr. Hartland gives us a brilliant study, when Mr. Billson comes forward for the first time to show that the cause is extending, when Professor Rhys gives us what he is pleased to call "Stray Notes", we get exactly what we are accustomed to expect from these scholars, and our thanks die away with the fascination of the subject. None the less, however, we are indebted to those members who give us the result of their labours, and personally I am greatly obliged that they should have

signalised my term of office by such sound contributions to our science.

If I attempt to sum up in one sentence what, so far as I have been able to interpret it, is the chief lesson to be drawn from the past year's work of our Society, and of folk-lore studies generally, I should unhesitatingly affirm it to be the need for formulating the principles of the science of Folk-lore. Once more there is a move forward, and our Society, in this case as in previous departures in the methods of studying folk-lore, takes the lead.

I want to lay a little stress upon this, because it really is so important for our future progress. I will accordingly very briefly note what strikes me as the principles of folk-lore which have been discussed during the past year. It may be, of course, that some of our decisions will have to be surrendered as our science develops, nay, that all of them will have to be surrendered. But of one thing I am quite certain : no true progress can be made unless these principles are set forth and discussed, and if they serve simply as the stepping-stones to the discovery of a Grimm's Law in folk-lore, as last year I ventured to call it, I for one shall be very glad to surrender them to that use, and to be proud if I should happen to have provided one of such stepping-stones.

The first principle, then, which appears to me to have been established is that folk-lore must be studied item by item in its own home, before it can properly be applied to other uses demanded by the comparative method of scientific inquiry. This principle has been asserted practically, if not in terms, by three different authorities, and quite independently of each other—by Mr. Abercromby in his paper on "Finnish Origins", read at one of our meetings ; by Mr. Karl Krohn in a valuable paper on the "Geographical Distribution of Esthonian Songs", and by myself in my "Ethnology in Folk-lore". Each item of folk-lore has a biography which must be written. It may happen, if we are ignorant of this biography, that we get hold of a parti-

cular item, and in the single form in which it has come to hand, we proceed to use it in comparison with some foreign parallel or with some savage parallel. But that comparison must be imperfect unless we know that the example is in fact the most perfect survival of the original that is to be found. Its relationship to other examples of the same species must be carefully traced out, and the particular evidence which that relationship brings out must be taken into account. The work here indicated is a laborious one and a lengthy one, but, being necessary and being scientific, it is a work which I would urge the Society in every way to encourage, if not to actually commence undertaking it for our own country.

The second principle, which I think flows from the first, is what I would call *the measurement of the survival*. To some extent I indicated this also in my little book already referred to; but it is to Mr. Abercromby that we owe a clear pronouncement on the subject. "Though the word survival", says Mr. Abercromby, "strictly connotes the notion of uninterrupted continuity between its extreme terms it does not involve any exact notion of length. Survivals may therefore be of different lengths or ages. If a line AZ be taken to represent the earliest possible survival down to the present time, then FZ, SZ, VZ will represent shorter ones, the alphabetical distance of F S V and Z showing their relative distances from that point." These are weighty words, and they formulate a principle which, though existing in many of our minds, has not yet been actually set forth and expressed. I would, however, venture to make an amendment upon Mr. Abercromby's plan. I would use figures up to a hundred, instead of the alphabet; and then our measurer would assume somewhat the form of a barometer, the several stages being marked according to the circumstances of each country. So that Mr. Abercromby's suggestion may not fall idly by, I have ventured to construct, for the purpose of criticism, what we might call the British measurement of the survival,



and I hope our Council will take it up and see if, by our united wisdom, we cannot definitely fix upon the range and terms to be used. It would present to the folk-lore student a guide something like the anthropometrical standards have supplied to craniological students, and other countries may follow our example and construct for themselves their own measurer of survivals.

It is a magnificent contemplation that we may begin to measure our items of folk-lore; to trace some up to the mediæval monastery or manorial lord, others to the paganism of Scandinavians, or Teutons, others to the paganism of the Celts, others to a savagery which falls into no historical chronology at present. And then to examine the residue and endeavour to work out by analogy and comparison their place in the system. There would be such a clearance of the unclassified items of folk-lore that we could hope to see some way out of the immense difficulties all must feel in the present chaos of materials, and we could begin to sum up the worthless items.

Now, at present, it is an extremely dangerous proceeding to suggest that folk-lore possesses any worthless items. At all events I am not prepared to give a catalogue of them; and I have rescued several apparently worthless fragments from oblivion, though it was impossible to say what their value is. For instance, my friend Mr. Rackham Mann, of Shropham in Norfolk, not long since told me that the farming peasantry of his neighbourhood always throw the afterbirth of sheep into the trees; and during lambing time the trees are to be seen everywhere bedecked with these not particularly pleasing trophies. Now is this custom worthless or not as an item of folk-lore? First, then, we note that it is commonly believed if the performance were not gone through ill-luck would attend the flock. Secondly, by searching for other examples of the group to which it belongs, we come upon the most perfect form in the series of gradations which it presents, namely, the Sussex practice, noted by Mr. Baring Gould, of hanging

up dead horses or calves by the four legs to the horizontal branch of a tree. It is a sufficiently ghastly sight; and one spring Mr. Baring Gould saw two horses and three calves hanging on a magnificent elm in Westmeston, just under the Ditchling beacon. Here, too, the reason for the custom is that it was thought lucky for the cattle. What, then, is the measurement of this survival? We have it on the authority of Tacitus that the ancient Germanic tribes hung the heads of horses upon trees as offerings to Odin; and after the overthrow of Varus, in A.D. 15, the scene was enlivened by examples of this practice. This is the pagan parallel to the survival. The clear connection between the form of sacrifice, namely, the offering on the tree, in both the ancient and modern practice, obviates the necessity for seeking further; and we are justified in concluding that the peasantry of Norfolk, Sussex, and other parts of England have kept for at least ten centuries the practices which their forefathers religiously held to be necessary to their soul's salvation.

Will anyone say that we have not measured this survival correctly? I think not, and, when one considers the enormous number of survivals that need to undergo this process, the sooner we put the measuring instrument to use the better. We get no nearer the truth by simply calling such customs "survivals"—survivals of what, is the real question; and when this has been answered with reference to the bulk of our folk-lore, then we may begin to discuss the question of origins.

The next principle is that folk-lore cannot by any possibility develop. The doctrine of evolution is so strong upon us that we are apt to apply its leading idea insensibly to almost every branch of human history. But folk-lore, being what it is, namely, the survival of traditional ideas or practices among a people whose principal members have passed beyond the stage of civilisation which those ideas and practices once represented, it is impossible for it to have any development. When the original ideas and practices which

it represents were current as the standard form of culture, their future history was then to be looked for along the lines of development. But so soon as they dropped back behind the standard of culture, whatever the cause and whenever the event happened, then their future history could only be traced along the lines of decay and disintegration. We are acquainted with some of the laws which mark the development of primitive culture, but we know nothing of the influences which mark the existence of survivals in culture. For this purpose we must be careful to ascertain what are the component parts of each myth, custom, or superstition. These will be found to consist of three distinct elements, which I would distinguish by the following names :—

- (1) The formula.
- (2) The purpose.
- (3) The penalty or result.

I am going for a moment to be a little technical, but it is necessary. This dissecting analysis of folk-lore is very important for the right interpretation of the meaning to be given to the item undergoing analysis ; for these three component parts are not equally tenacious of their original form in all examples. In one example we may find the formula either actually or symbolically perfect, while the purpose and the penalty may not exist. In another example the formula may be less perfect, while the purpose and penalty may be distinguishable easily. Or it may happen that the formula remains fairly perfect ; the purpose may be set down to the desire of doing what has always been done, and the penalty may be given as luck or ill-luck. Of course, further variations are possible, but these are usually the more general forms.

I will give an example or two of these phases of change or degradation in folk-lore. First, then, where the formula is complete, or nearly so, and the purpose and penalty have both disappeared. At Carrickfergus it was formerly the

custom for mothers, when giving their child the breast for the last time, to put an egg in its hand and sit on the threshold of the outer door with a leg on each side, and this ceremony was usually done on a Sunday. Undoubtedly I think we have here a very nearly perfect formula; but what is its purpose, and what is the penalty for non-observance? Upon both these latter points the example is silent, and before they can be restored we must search among the other fragments of threshold customs and see whether they exist either separately from the formula or with a less perfect example.

The second phase of the analysis, where the formula has disappeared and the purpose and penalty remain, covers nearly the whole range of those floating beliefs and superstitions which occupy so largely the collections of folk-lore. But I will select one example which will be to the point. When the Manx cottager looks for the traces of a foot in the ashes of his firegrate for the *purpose* of seeing in what direction the toes point, the penalty being that, if they point to the door, a death will occur, if to the fireplace, a birth, there is no trace of the ancient formula. It is true we may find the missing formula in other lands, for instance, among some of the Indian tribes of Bombay. There the formula is elaborate and complete, while the *purpose* and the *penalty* are exactly the same as in the Isle of Man. But this hasty travelling to other lands is not, I contend, legitimate in the first place. We must begin by seeing whether there is not some other item of folk-lore, perhaps not now even connected with the house-fire group of customs and superstitions, whose true place is that of the lost formula of this interesting Manx custom. And when once we have taught ourselves the way to restore these lost formulæ to their rightful places, I put it to you whether the explanation of the mere waifs and strays of folk-lore will not be attended with some approach to scientific accuracy, and whether we shall not then be in a position to get rid of that shibboleth so dear to the non-

folklore critic, that all these things we deal with are "mere superstitions".

Thirdly, when the formula is complete, or nearly so, and the purpose and penalty become generalised. At St. Edmundsbury a white bull, which enjoyed full ease and plenty in the fields, and was never yoked to the plough or employed in any service, was led in procession through the chief streets of the town to the principal gate of the monastery, attended by all the monks singing and a shouting crowd. Knowing what Grimm has collected concerning the worship of the white bull, knowing what is performed in India to this day, there is no doubt that this formula of the white bull at St. Edmundsbury has been preserved in very good condition. The purpose of it was, however, not so satisfactory. It is said to have taken place whenever a married woman wished to have a child ; and the penalty is lost in the obvious generalisation that not to perform the ceremony is not to obtain the desired end.

In these cases we have before us examples of the changes in folk-lore, and demonstrably they are changes of decay, not of development. By grouping them and arranging them it may be possible to ascertain and set down the laws of change—for that there are laws I am nearly certain, just as there are laws for word-change. It is these laws which must be discovered before we can go very far forward in our studies. Every item of custom and superstition must be tested by analysis to find out under which power it lives on in survival, and, according to the result in each case, so may we hope to find out something about the story which folk-lore has to tell us of ancient man.

The next principle relates to the causes of the continuation of folk-lore. And herein is one of our greatest problems. A custom, belief, or superstition is continued year after year, when it is barbarous, sometimes indecent, oftentimes disgusting or brutally cruel ; a legend, or myth, is related

from one generation to another, when its central idea is cannibalism, incest, or impossible theories about life or the soul of man.

The determination of this principle rests upon the problem of *continuity*. There is and can be no *proof* of continuity from a prehistoric savagery to a survival of savagery amidst civilisation, and the theory of continuity is therefore the most open to attack and to divergency of opinions. At present the position of opinion on this point may be summed up somewhat as follows:—

(1) The continuity of custom, belief, or superstition may be due, first, to the continuity of the people with whom originated the custom, belief, or superstition, such people being isolated, and generally considered as outcasts by the more cultured people; secondly, to the generation of custom, belief, or superstition of the same kind by people at the same level of mental development, wherever they may be existing, or at whatever date.

(2) The continuity of legend or myth is due, first, to the continuity of the belief which generates the legend or myth; secondly, to the adaptation by a people of a myth which supplied them with an explanation of some phenomenon that they could not explain themselves; thirdly, to the influence unconsciously exercised by the art born of the countless tongues who have told these legends so faithfully and so long; fourthly, to the same cause as that already noted under custom, namely, the generation of the same thought by people of the same mental development, wherever they may be existing, or at whatever date.

I think I have stated the case fairly. It will be seen by examination that the factors in both these classes of folk-lore—custom and myth—are practically the same, with one exception, namely, the influence of the art exercised by the fairy-tale independently of its origin.

Now, to every school of folk-lore thought this art must be admitted to be a growth of civilisation, using that word, of course, in its widest sense. So I leave this element

alone, and proceed to examine the other elements in connection with this part of our subject.

Let us subtract scientific knowledge from our present conception of nature, and what remains to us but the story of Adam and Eve and the first chapter of Genesis? These have satisfied whole generations of our forefathers, amply satisfied them, simply because there was nothing to take their place, and because they were propounded from the pulpit, the college chair, and the schools. But the wide and universal acceptance of such a conception of natural causes is due to an important factor in the problem we are discussing, namely, the generation of similar beliefs by people at the same level of culture. If this particular form of belief had not been supplied from foreign sources, it would have been found that some other general form of belief would have been supplied from a native source; for, in the words of Mr. Clodd's eloquent apology for not including detailed references to the successive stages of the inquiry into myth, "the list of ancient and modern vagaries would have the monotony of a catalogue, for, however unlike on the surface, they are fundamentally the same." Therefore, the acceptance of an outside myth by a people could never happen if such a myth did not meet a perfectly even surface of mental culture upon which to build its home. It is simply the converse of the more generally stated proposition that like conditions would generate like beliefs, and as such it helps to prove the truth of its reverse.

There is one other aspect of this branch of our subject which I want to note, because it has been attacked during the past year as almost an impossibility. Finding that in India a group of customs, peculiarly savage and at a low level of culture, obtains in Aryan villages, but at the instance and under the guidance of non-Aryan inhabitants, we have an example of the Aryans accepting this village-festival as a part of the religious duties of the season borrowed from the indigenes of the land. Whether the

borrowing was a self-imposed act undertaken in obedience to their own ideas and conceptions of the necessities of the case, or whether it was the result of a forced acceptance in order to conciliate the conquered indigenes, need not be discussed at this stage ; but there is not wanting evidence that the latter of the two contingencies may be accepted as the true interpretation of the events.

I think we are now in touch with a theory which has been formulated by folk-lore students, and which is known as the "borrowing theory". This has long been rejected by those who cannot accept as evidence the somewhat plausible statements which have from time to time been put forward, that the likeness so noticeable in the folk-lore of widely separated countries is due to a conscious borrowing from a common centre. And in its place has been set up the theory that the savage elements in folk-lore are but the originals from which the developed elements have been derived. To meet this view, it is necessary to assume that primitive Aryan conceptions have grown up in several independent places, and did not come from a common home. The difficulties in the way of accepting this explanation are many, and so the existence of a primitive Aryan race has been called into question. As Professor Rhys, not long since, wrote to me, because there are *too* many Aryans now to suit the researches of specialists, the conclusion they would draw is that there were originally none at all. But if the preservation of rude and savage custom side by side with higher Aryan thought is proved, by the evidence which has just been noted, to have been brought about by the preservation of the race with whom such custom originated, and by the adoption of it by the race who appear in history as conquerors, we may accept this borrowing theory as sufficient to account for many apparent anomalies in folk-lore. We shall have to push back the date when a people can with any plausibility be said to borrow its folk-lore to the period when that people first settled in its present home as conquerors. We shall



have to be careful in our application of the term "borrowers". These are not the peasant-class of modern Europe who have succeeded to the uncivilisation of the indigenous populations. The borrowers are those races who appear as conquerors, and who adopted and adapted some of the beliefs of the indigenes among whom they settled. It is a fact, says Dalton, that while the mass of the Kols have not taken to the worship of any Hindoo idols, the Hindoos settled in the province think it expedient to propitiate the gods of the Kols. When the Gaulish cohort erected an altar on the limits of Caledonia, dedicated to the field-deities and deities of Britain, he was borrowing from the beliefs of the Britons—the incomer borrowing from the indigenous dweller—and this was a practice sanctioned by the religious principles of Greece and Rome. In point of fact, borrowing in folk-lore is an ethnic process, not an historical one, and it must be studied from that point of view.

If this helps to explain the borrowing theory—and except for modern days I think it does—we may turn for one moment to the casualistic theory, as Mr. Jacobs in his scorn has called it. It is important to bear this in mind, because its leading facts and influences are being so constantly overlooked, or narrowed down into an impossibly small compass when dealing with survivals with reference to their origin. There is no excuse for such forgetfulness when the most important of all the evidence has been so clearly set forth from the ascertained facts of gesture-language by "a man called Tylor", as Rudyard Kipling might put it into the mouth of a folk-lorist who is perpetually forgetting his masters in the science. I allude to this part of our subject the more particularly, because in the discussion which followed Mr. Stuart-Glennie's extremely suggestive code of queries on animism, I remember the subject came to the fore.

I first turn to custom. Near Inverary, it is the custom among the fisher-folk, and has been so within the memory

of the oldest, to place little white stones or pebbles on the graves of their friends. No reason is now given for the practice, beyond that most potent and delightful of all reasons in the minds of folk-lore students, namely, that it has always been done. Now there is nothing between this modern practice sanctioned by traditional observance and the practice of the stone-age people in the same neighbourhood and in others, as made known to us by their grave-relics. Thus, in a cairn at Achnacrie opened by Dr. Angus Smith, on entering the innermost chamber "the first thing that struck the eye was a row of quartz pebbles larger than a walnut; these were arranged on the ledge of the lower granite block of the east side." Near Crinan, at Duncraig and at Rudie, the same characteristic was observed, and Canon Greenwell, who examined the cairns, says the pebbles "must have been placed there with some intention, and probably possessed a symbolic meaning".

If the modern practice is a survival of the stone-age practice, the measurement of the survival is one of the hundredth power, if I may use the "measurer" I have suggested. But, in the absence of information about the symbolic meaning of the white pebble, this measurement cannot be accepted with certainty; and the suggestion of Sir Arthur Mitchell that the two identical practices might be due to perfectly independent origins generated in the human mind at two different epochs, is an important one in this instance. It is clearly just one of those practices which might be due to such a cause. There is nothing objectionable in it, on the contrary, it might be said to be rather a pretty idea than otherwise, and until we know the symbolism of the act in both cases, we cannot fairly say that a true survival of the hundredth power is presented to us. Until then we must, provisionally at all events, classify this modern custom as an independent development uninfluenced by the stone-age custom.

I now pass to the folk-tale. It is well known that the story of the Judgment of Solomon is also found in India,

and I exhibit this evening a curious collection of Indian stories, which was sent me some years ago by Captain Temple, who has, I believe, never published them. The first of these stories, at the place marked, is the story of the Judgment of Solomon. Of course, it will be held by the borrowing school that one story came from the other, India, I believe, having the greatest number of votes on the question of the original home. But if we consider the story on its merits, why need we trouble ourselves about the possibility of its being borrowed? If it shows the wisdom of the Hebrew king, it also shows his savage barbarity; because it is certain that the *dénouement* of the story rests upon the assumption that not only had he the power to kill the child by dividing it, but that he had the will and would have exercised it. The point of such a story would be entirely lost if it were told of one of our own judges, and the distance between the culture of Solomon's time and people and that of our own may be measured by this simple fact. But without the pale of civilisation such savagery as this is not singular; such a judgment as this is not confined to the typically highest wisdom, but extends to the typically lowest savage, because Mariner actually heard a similar judgment delivered by the savage king of the Tonga Islands to two of his tribe who were disputing the possession of a woman for wife, and they stopped the bloodshed which would actually have taken place just as the mother of the child did in Solomon's judgment. So that, given the necessary degree of savagery, the necessary indifference to the shedding of human blood, the necessary absolute power, and such a judgment would arise anywhere, and anywhen, and frequently.

Of course, along with the casualistic theory must be considered the possibility that the decadence of culture in any people would proceed back again to some of the stages from which it had previously developed. I advanced this argument some few years back in an article in the *Archæological Review*, and it has since received the adhesion of

Mr. C. G. Leland. I am certainly still inclined to think that it is one of the problems we must discuss in connection with continuity of custom and belief, but I do not think it will be found to prove so powerful a cause of continuity as the continuity of older races commingled with the higher.

In any case, it is clear that the continuity which is implied by the traditional survival of custom, belief, and myth, whether through the medium of the borrowing theory just propounded, or through continuity of the people who first brought the custom, belief, and myth into the country where they now are found, is an antagonistic hypothesis to spontaneous generation. Is it that my examples of this latter, and Mr. Lang's examples grouped so ably in his preface to Grimm's stories, are limited in their nature and scope by mere accident, or is it that they are not fairly represented? If they are fairly represented, then the theory which they illustrate cannot account for one tithe of the survivals of ancient and purely savage thought in folk-lore. Pretty or innocent ideas associated with superstition and custom might be allowed to have originated with people living under a civilised culture; but nasty and disgusting customs cannot be so allowed, except after the most exceptional proofs, and we must fall back upon the hypothesis of continuity from the times when savage thought was represented by savage culture and savage people. I put this case strongly, because it seems to be so strangely objected to by folk-lore students. Thus Mr. Jevons, in his beautiful edition of Plutarch's *Roman Questions*, puts the question point blank. "Mr. Gomme", he says, "argues that the fear of dead kindred was borrowed by the Aryans from the non-Aryan inhabitants of Europe. But why may not the pro-ethnic Aryans, as well as the savages, have had at one stage of their development a fear of dead kindred?"—a question arising simply from the fact that Mr. Jevons cannot bring himself to believe that the ancient Aryans ever borrowed any of the savage practices of the peoples

they conquered. But, so far as I am concerned, I have never suggested that the Aryans have been wholesale borrowers of all the nasty and unpleasant customs and beliefs which are now found to survive amongst the nations who speak an Aryan language. On the contrary, I have raised the previous question—were not the ancient Aryan-speaking people settled down in the midst of, and over-lording, a non-Aryan aboriginal people? and is not the fear of dead kindred, as a cult with force enough at its back to be kept alive for centuries, more likely to have been derived from such aborigines than to have been derived from the sweepings of the Aryan mind? I confess the problem as put to me by Mr. Jevons and Mr. Lang seems singularly unfair to the Greeks, and I am on the side of the Greeks.

Once more I must confess to feelings of jealousy that folk-lore is not allowed to stand on its own footing. Mr. Jevons, in his brilliant study of Italian animism, stops just short of his true argument. On philological grounds only he starts off with the fallacious assumption that the ancient Italians were Aryans; he finds that the ancient Italians were in the animistic stage of culture, and he concludes that therefore the pro-ethnic Aryans were in that stage. This is an unholy alliance between philology and folk-lore, and, in the name of this Society, I forbid the banns. Finding the Italians to be in the animistic stage of culture, finding this to be opposed to the myth-making stage of Aryan culture, the conclusion would be that the Italians were in bulk non-Aryan, and surely I have only to suggest the Etruscan evidence to gain support for such a proposition even on philological grounds.

Well, then, it is clear that this principle of continuity needs much more study at our hands. At present we are a house divided against itself, but we are only at the beginning of our labours in this direction, and I foresee the time when a little more study of the principles of folk-lore, a little more attention to the minuter details which such a study necessitates, will once more bring us altogether in one

school; just as most of us now, with one or two exceptions, against whom we delight to rub our ideas in this room and elsewhere, confessedly belong to the anthropological as distinguished from the literary school of folk-lore students.

The next principle of folk-lore research to which I shall direct your attention is the necessity for studying the environment of those who have brought down these traditional relics of earlier days. We who are students only of folk-lore, not collectors, we who are not partakers of the instincts which keep folk-lore alive, need to be perpetually reminded of the possibilities of the survival of crude traditional customs, beliefs, and myths among a peasantry living under the conditions of civilisation. It is so hard to believe that such things *are*; so difficult to understand that scientific knowledge, or, indeed, knowledge of any sort, beginning from above does not penetrate far down, and until lately could not have penetrated far down. We are always apt to think of others by our own standard, look at them through our own spectacles. But such a volume as *The Denham Tracts*, recently issued, ought, if anything can, to satisfy us that we do not know the people whose lore we are studying. The border chief who scorned property in land, and knew only property in his horse and sword, was not of the eighteenth century, he belonged to the eighth or ninth. For all that culture had done for him he might have come over with Hengist and Horsa. But that is just the point. If there are such survivals in flesh and blood, why need we doubt the survivals in custom, belief, and myth? and we must go on collecting our flesh and blood evidences side by side with our other evidence. This evidence we get from all sorts of places. Among legal records and the doings of municipalities and manors we shall find plenty. Apart from such instances of municipal custom really being folk-lore, as Mr. Hartland in his *Godiva* study and Mr. Billson in his *Easter Hare* study have given to us, we meet with the evidences right and left of us. In a recently printed volume of the *County*

*Records of Middlesex*—the county we are now meeting in—there is abundant evidence of the unadulterated beliefs of the people in the power of magical arts to do I don't know what, and this is what we want got ready for us in order that we may know who and what the people are and were whose folk-lore we are putting under the microscope—who, for instance, were the Cangick giants, a people who by tradition are said to have inhabited a certain district of Somersetshire, and of whom some measurements have been taken which would not, I am afraid, satisfy the scientific requirements of modern craniologists—the top of the skull of one of this giant race was said to have been 1 inch thick, and one of his teeth was 3 inches long above the roots,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches round, and weighed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ounces. But these measurements are the work of a zealous antiquary of two centuries ago: the tradition is much older and far more correct.

And again, turning to something more than tradition—to tradition and physical type commingled—there is the district of Barvas in Lewis, which by the Lewis people themselves is considered to be inhabited by a race distinct from those in the rest of the island—that is, they are dark, short, square, ugly, large-bellied, and with much cunning under a foolish exterior; they are said to be more backward than the rest, so that the “west side”, which does not include Uig, is proverbially connected with dirt and slovenliness. In this part of Lewis alone remains the custom of leaving a hole in the thickness of the wall for a dormitory; it is plugged, of course, about three feet broad and one-and-a-half foot high, and long or deep enough for a man to lie in. Into this strange hole the person who would sleep gets in “feet foremost”, sometimes by the help of a rope from above his head lying to the mouth of the hole, the hole or dormitory being four or five feet from the floor. I cannot but presume that this custom has a very remote origin, enabling us to form an idea of one of the domestic arrangements of the most ancient stone dwellings

in our island, and probably leading us, too, to the descendants of the ancient dwellers.

Next, there is the geographical distribution of folk-lore to consider. Dr. Kaarle Krohn has lately published a paper on this subject, in connection with the geographical distribution of Esthonian ballads, illustrated by a map. It is founded on an examination of the enormous collections of Esthonian folk-lore formed by different scholars, more especially by Pastor Hurt, among which no less than 30,000 articles consist of ballads.

The distribution of the tales throughout the provinces of Esthonia is mapped out in a very ingenious manner, of which the following key-plan may be given :

	2	4	6	
1	3	5	7	
			8	9

1. Oesel. 2. Wiek. 3. Pernau. 4. Harrien and Jerwen. 5. Fellin. 6. Wierland. 7. Dorpat. 8. Werro. 9. Pleskau.

As an example of the application of this table, I will take the ballad relating to the Gold and Silver Bride :

	2	6	12	
5	5	6	11	
			3	2



Of this story there are fifty-two variants obtained from the various provinces of Esthonia proper, and the numbers in each square indicate the number of variants obtained from each particular province.

A large map at the end of the paper shows the proportion of Esthonian ballad-literature in the adjoining countries, indicated by depth of red colour, and arrangement of red lines and circles. They preponderate in Esthonia proper, but fall off in Werro and Pleskau, and also along the south coast of the Gulf of Finland and the west coast of Lake Ladoga. North of Ladoga we find them still more or less numerous throughout a great part of Eastern Finland and the neighbouring parts of Russia, but throughout the greater part of Western Finland the Esthonian element appears to be almost entirely wanting.

It is obvious that the ingenious arrangements which Dr. Krohn has used in this paper may be applied in many other ways, and should not be overlooked by any serious student of folk-lore.

I shall trouble you with but one more principle of our science. If it were not that the subject is a serious one I should be inclined to term this the "human cussedness" principle. It is too often the case that in the science of man we neglect one most important factor, namely, human nature. We know how frequently it happens that, because we want a person, or a group of persons, to do one thing, they deliberately prefer to do something else; and when one is considering some universal or widespread practice of humanity—totemism, marriage, ancestor worship, ghost theory, or what not—it is not enough to study those people or those cases which illustrate the particular point in question, but it is necessary to study those cases which illustrate the exact opposite of that point.

We had during the session a very admirable study of marriage customs by Mr. Hartland, and a point was raised as to the evidence of common residence on the history of human marriage. Mr. Westermarck, it is well known, in

his important work on the subject, puts it that it is a primitive rule that people living together in one residence do not intermarry, and he gives many examples which certainly tend to prove his point. But what about the cases, few only, it is true, where the opposite rule applies, as, for instance, amongst the Chukckes mentioned by Nordenskiöld? If these were studied I believe, they would by some special feature in their practices do much to explain their relationship to the opposite group of practices. They would explain how far changes in custom were changes due to social and economical development which might have taken place under any conditions as to race, or whether they were due to causes which were essentially bound up with race, such as, for instance, conquest and slavery. The change from exogamy to endogamy, from descent through females to descent through males, from marriage by capture to marriage by purchase, and other changes which are now clearly defined in the history of human progress, are changes due more to economical causes than we are inclined to admit. And, if this is so, they might happen, or have happened, with any people when the causes are in full operation.

But my point is that these contrasts in human sociology want to be examined one against the other, want to be set down and stamped once for all with the stamp of scientific research, and not to be brought up against us at all sorts of times and occasions when their relevancy is not always so apparent as is the object of some adverse critic, whom you cannot answer because to do so would necessitate the writing of a separate treatise on a side issue. And then, when this has been accomplished, we could estimate what, in the contrasts of human social forms and human thought, is due to sheer obstinacy—the taking up of a particular view because one class or one group of people take up another view. Somewhere in such an investigation would have to be considered the long-continued obstinacy with which mother-right has clung to the ideas

of people. It has gone away from custom, except symbolically, in all European countries; but it has passed over to superstition, as, for instance, where, in the Merlin legend, the victim who alone can avert the magical opposition to the building of Vortigern's castle is a child who possesses a mother only; and in the modern popular superstition in Yorkshire, that a female who has never known her father possesses magical powers over disease. In these cases fatherhood is clearly at a discount, and its absence is a source of power. The question is, does it go back to times when descent was usually traced through females, and the marriage-system was not upon the system known to Celts, Teutons, and Northmen? or is it part and parcel of the same set of ideas indicated by the Somersetshire woman, who, when remonstrated with for marrying a disreputable man, replied: "Don't you see, sir, I had got so much washing I was forced to send it home, and if I hadn't had he I must have bought a donkey."

I venture to express the opinion on behalf of our Society that, if we were to cease work to-night, such a result as these principles represent may well stamp the last year's progress as a year of profit to the cause of science. But we are not going to stop work to-night, and I pass on to other phases of our year's doings.

I do not know whether any of you ever read evening newspapers, because, if so, it may have happened to you as it did to me, to read on the 11th of October, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, a certain question in the pages of *The Echo*, a question which very nearly made me ill, and which will, I think, similarly affect most members of this Society, except perhaps my friend Dr. Gaster. It was as follows:

FAIRY TALES.—Will any reader tell me at what date "Cinderella" was written, and to what country its authorship belongs?—*Felix*.

In the presence of Miss Cox I am not going to answer that question, but I quote it to show that there really do

exist people who have not heard of the Folk-lore Society. Verily, the ways of ignorance are manifold, but they show at least that our work is not ended.

I am not at all sure that the real grip of it can be said to have really begun. But it is in the beginning, at all events, and we shall want all our energies and all our resources to keep it properly in our own hands. We in England have no idea of organisation. We are content to do things as they come along, and when they come along, and where they come along. So that if at an Oriental Congress, or at a Royal Literary Society, or at some other gathering, whose objects had hitherto been distinctly *not* the objects of folk-lore, the subject of folk-lore crops up, forthwith it is moved, seconded, and resolved unanimously and with cheers, that a committee shall be appointed to investigate folk-lore! This is pure waste of energy, and waste of opportunity, and waste of power. All that is folk-lore should come to us—we are the rightful owners of it; and if individuals occasionally go to the “wrong shop”, societies properly organised and careful of their own work and position should direct them to the right one. But I suppose it is hopeless in England to get people to be systematic in their labours and in the proper placing of their labours. And I fear that our own organisation as a society is not so perfect that we can too quickly call out against our neighbours. The Annual Report this year contains suggestions which show that gradually we are waking up to our position; but I do hope, now that our prospects are so bright, that we shall not only not lag behind, but shall be in the absolute forefront of all endeavours to bring about by co-operation what cannot be done without it.

For, after all, the great question for us as a society is, Can we yet declare a policy; a policy, I mean, which will guide our future work and shape our future organisation? Last year, at the close of my address, I touched only very slightly upon this subject, because I was not sure of my

ground. This year there is no need, as it seems to me, to be so timid, because our policy is already indicated by the work we are doing. We are steadily sweeping the counties, one by one, and collecting into our pigeon-holes and into our printed material all that has been gathered by those good old people called antiquaries, who noted facts for their own sake, and left meanings and definitions alone. We should rearrange all these items of folk-lore in proper scientific order, and write the biography of each specific item, whether it be custom, belief, superstition, or myth. This seems to me to be the true policy of the future, and, if we have it steadily before us, I doubt not that we should find sufficient workers to co-operate loyally in effecting each year something towards completing it. I know it will not be done except by many years of hard work and efficient organisation, continued without a break year after year. For myself I should be prepared to advocate at the Council a retrenchment of expenditure in some directions, where we may easily spend less, in favour of an increase of expenditure for the codification of British folk-lore. I believe that is our true policy from a scientific point of view: I believe it to be equally true from the point of view of expediency. Already the popular opinion of us and our work is changing, and changing rapidly. We are no longer considered to be harmless lunatics prettily chatting to each other about fairies, Mother Hubbard, and Little Riding Hood; it is a substantial testimony to this that, not long since, Mr. Leslie Stephen, who is not a member of our body, in a popular lecture alluded to the scientific problems and methods of folk-lore in tones of appreciation which his audience were quick to recognise; and it is a gratifying compliment to our science and our Society that the Prime Minister—who, by-the-by, has been one of our members from the beginning—has conferred upon one of our most recent members, Miss Lucy Garnett, the distinction of a civil list pension on account of her folk-lore work.

There is much to indicate that folk-lore has a brilliant future before it as a philosophical as well as a scientific subject. This is, perhaps, too dangerous a topic to speak of now, and it is hardly yet within the range of practical folk-lore objects. What we can say, however, without danger to individual opinions, is that no science dealing with man is quite perfect without the aid of folk-lore. Anthropology is not perfect without it, because folk-lore *is* the anthropology of the civilised races, and without this complement the anthropology of barbarism and savagery is incomplete, and hence faulty.

The greatest problem of anthropology is the connection of modern with prehistoric man, and that this is still a burning question is shown by what Dr. Tylor only last year made the subject of his address at the Oriental Congress. But geology, archæology, philology, and the physical history of man cannot get on without the aid of folk-lore. To find a savage custom in a civilised country, and to search out its counterpart among modern savagery, is a scientific act only when we have proved, as nearly as proof is possible, that the parallel is not represented by one simple line drawn from civilisation to savagery, but by the three sides of a parallelogram, the connecting line between the two vertical ones being the horizon of prehistoric life.

G. L. GOMME.

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## MAGIC SONGS OF THE FINNS.

### V.

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#### XLI.—THE ORIGIN OF THE COWHOUSE SNAKE OR WORM (*Läävämato*).<sup>1</sup>

(a.)

A SERVING-GIRL was sitting upon a cloud, a woman upon the edge of a [rain]bow. The girl was combing her head, was brushing her hair with a copper comb, with a silver brush. A hair loosened from the brush, a tooth broke off the comb and fell down to the clear and open sea, to the illimitable waves. A wind rocked it to and fro, a current jolted it ashore into a hole in a stone, to the vicinity of a thick stone. Then it twisted itself into a 'distaff', changed itself into a snake, stretched itself out towards a cattle-shed, took its departure into a cowhouse, into the litter of a shed, under the scaly husks of hay. Then it rustled into bins, darted along like a lizard, and placed itself under rafters, under the milk of a barren cow. It lived at the feet of old women, was always at the women's heels, used to crawl to the milk-pails, crept lightly to the butter-tubs.

(b.)

An old woman that lived near a sound was combing her head with a silver brush, with a copper comb. A bristle

<sup>1</sup> Lönnrot in his Dictionary explains this word by: a night mare; an imaginary four-footed bird that attacked the cattle in the cowhouse. But in the *Loitsurunoja* it is portrayed as a white snake or worm addicted to stealing milk.

loosened from the brush, a tooth of the comb crashed down to the wide bay, to the open sea, to be rocked by the wind, to be drifted by the waves. A wind rocked it, a wave drifted it ashore. Hence the autumn 'worm' originated, the winter snake obtained its habits [*v.* origin], that crawls about in a cowhouse, moves quietly about under its corners.

(c.)

Moon's daughter (*Kuutar*) was bewailing her gold, Sun's daughter (*Päivätär*) her silver. A tear trickled from her eyes, a water-drop rolled down suddenly to her lovely face, from her lovely face to her swelling breast, and thence it rolled down into a dell. From it a lovely oak sprang up, a green shoot shot upwards.

A little man emerged from the sea, raised himself by degrees from the waves. He was scarcely a quarter-ell tall, his height was a woman's span, in his hand was a tiny axe with an ornamented haft. He, indeed, knew how to fell the oak, to cut down the splendid tree. A chip of it that flew off disappeared in the sea, the water bleached it into foam, a wave drifted it ashore.

A furious old woman [*v.* a harlot, the mistress of Pohjola] was bucking clothes, dabbling at her linen rags, picked it up, poked it into her long-thonged wallet, and carried it home to the farmyard to make it into snails, to form it into grubs.

She upset the foam from her wallet, flung it near a cattle-shed, among the litter of the byre, hides it in the sweepings of the yard, covered it with the rubbish of the farm. From that the family was bred, the small white snake (worm) grew up, that utters indistinct sounds in a cowhouse, mumbles in the muck, crawls over a milk-bowl, wriggles over the handle of a milk-pail.

(d.)

A wolf was running along the ice, a pike was swimming under the ice, slaver from the wolf's mouth dripped down



to the bones of the dark grey pike. A wind wafted it to land, a current jolted it, a wave drifted it ashore as foam into a hole in a stone.

Ahimo's girl, Annikki, ever engaged at bucking clothes, gathered it into her wallet and carried it into the pen in the cowhouse. Hence that birth took place, that evil thing originated, the tiny white wriggling snow-coloured 'worm'.

(e.)

A harlot, the mistress of Pohjola, was combing her head, brushing her hair. A hair-plait fell from her head down to the open sea, the wide and open main. A wind wafted it to land, a tempest bore it to a rock.

Hiisi's little serving-girl, a woman of blonde complexion, takes a good look at it, turns it over, and speaks in the following terms: "A harlot, the mistress of Pohjola, has cast it from her bosom, has flung some of her wool this way, has torn off some hair upon the waters which a wind has drifted to land, a tempest has carried to a rock. What now might be made of it, what be fashioned out of the shameful woman's hair, out of the hair-plait of the village harlot?"

A wretch was sitting on the threshold, a lubber in the centre of the floor, a lout at the far end of the room turned sharply round. They sat with their breasts towards the east, they remain with their heads towards the south. The wretch upon the threshold, the lubber in the centre of the floor, the lout at the end of the room said: "From these might come grubs, earth-worms might generate."

The girls spin out snakes, reeled up earth-worms; the whorl rotated steadily, the spindle whirled rapidly while they were producing earth-worms, were spinning out snakes.

That was the origin of the stall [*i.* winter] grub, the first appearance of the evil brood. It was engendered in a pig-sty, reared in a sheep-pen on an autumnal dust-heap, on the hard ground of winter-time. This was its first

performance, which it attempted in a hurry. It bit Christ's horse, killed the Almighty's foal right through the floor of a bony stall, through a copper-bottomed manger.

(*f.*)

Even old Väinämöinen<sup>1</sup> [*v.* Kullervo], the old son of Kaleva, when he went to wage war formerly, used to sharpen his spears, used to feather his arrows near women in a cattle-shed. His spear was sharpened to a point, his arrows were feathered. He brandished his spear and threw it at a clay-bottomed field. The spear broke in two, the 'borer' fell upon the field, a tin nail fell suddenly, a copper ring slipped off and plumped into the muck, into the litter of a shed. From that, then, a cunning one was born, a 'nimble bird' was bred, the very best snow-coloured gliding animal grew up.

#### XLII.—THE ORIGIN OF FIRE.

(*a.*)

The Old man (*Ukko*) of the air struck fire, produced a sudden flash with his fiery-pointed sword, his scintillating blade, in the sky above, behind the starry firmament [*v.* in its third story]. With the blow he obtained fire, conceals the spark in a golden bag, in a silver box, and gave it to be rocked by a girl, swung to-and-fro by an air-maiden.

A girl upon a long cloud, an air-maiden on the margin of the air, rocks the fire in a golden cradle suspended by silver thongs. The silver thongs creaked as they swang, the golden cradle rattled, the clouds moved, the sky squeaked, the vaults of the sky listed to one side while fire was being rocked, while the flame was being swung.

<sup>1</sup> In *Loitsurunoja*, p. 135, the cowhouse snake is called the clasp of old Väinämöinen, the belt buckle of the son of Kaleva.

The maiden rocked the fire, swung the flame up and down, arranged the fire with her fingers, tended the flame with her hands. The fire fell from the stupid careless girl, from the hands of her that dandled it, the fingers of her that cherished it.

The fiery spark slipped suddenly, the ruddy drop whizzed, flashed through the heavens, fell through the clouds from above the nine heavens, through the six speckled firmaments. The fiery spark shot, the ruddy drop fell, from where the Creator, the Old man of the air, had struck fire, through the sooty chimney-hole, along the side of the dry ridge-beam into Tuuri's new room, the roofless room of Palvonon. Then, when it had penetrated into Tuuri's new room, it set itself to evil deeds, turned itself to acts of villainy. It tore his daughters' breasts, the forearms of his little girls, injured the knees of the boys, burnt the beard of the master of the house. A mother was suckling her baby in a miserable cradle under the sooty chimney-hole. When the fire entered, it burnt the baby in the cradle right through the mother's breasts.

Then it went its way, pursued its course, first of all burnt much land and swamp, sandy and deserted fields, and secluded forests terribly. Finally, it plashed into water, into the waves of Lake Alue [*v.* Alava, *v.* Alimo]. Thereby Lake Alue burst into flame, corruscated with sparks, when subjected to that raging fire, was stimulated to overflow its banks, welled over the forest firs so that its fish, its perch were left high and dry upon the dry bottom.

Still, the fire was not quenched in the waves of Lake Alue. It attacked a clump of junipers, so the juniper-covered heath was burnt. It dashed suddenly at a clump of firs and burnt up the lovely fir-clump. Still it went rolling on, and burnt up half Bothnia [*v.* Sweden, half a mile of Russia], a projecting corner of the marches of Saxolax, and a portion [*v.* both halves] of Karelia.

Then it went into concealment to hide its infamy, threw itself down to repose under the root of two stumps, in the

recess of a rotten stump, the hollow of an alder-trunk. Thence it was brought into rooms, into houses of pine, to be used by day in a stone oven, to rest at night upon a hearth in a receptacle for charcoal.

(*b.*)

Fire does not originate from a depth, does not grow from a fearful depth. Fire originated in the sky on the back of the Seven stars. Fire was rocked there, flame was swayed to-and-fro in a 'golden' thicket on the summit of a 'golden' knoll.

Lovely Kasi [*v.* Katrinatar], a young girl, the fire-maiden of the sky, rocks fire, swings it to-and-fro in the centre of the sky above the nine heavens. The silver cords vibrated, the golden hook creaked while the girl was rocking fire, was swaying it to-and-fro.

The red fire fell, one spark shot from the 'golden' thicket, from the silver enclosure, from the ninth aerial region, from above the eighth firmament through the level sky, the far-extending air, through the latch of a door, through a child's bed, and burnt the knees of the small boy, and the breasts of his mother.

The child went to Mana, the luckless boy to Tuonela, as he had been destined to die, had been selected to expire in anguish caused by red fire, in the torments of cruel fire. He went putrefying to Mana, stumbling along to Tuonela, to be reviled by Tuoni's daughters, to be addressed by the children of Mana.

His mother, indeed, did not go to Mana. The old woman was clever and furious, she knew how to fascinate fire, to make it sink down powerless through the small eye of a needle, through the back of an axe, through the tube of a hot borer. She winds up the fire into a ball, arranges it into a skein, makes the ball spin quickly round along the headland of a field, right through the earth, the solid earth, and propelled it into the river of Tuonela, into the depths of Manala.

(c.)

The origin of fire is well known, its genesis can be guessed. Fire, a creation of God, a creation of the Creator, originated from the word of Jesus, from the gracious mouth of God, above nine heavens, above nine heavens and a half. The Virgin Mary, the dear mother, the holy little maid rocks fire, nursed it in a doorless, wholly windowless room. She carried fire in a birch-bark vessel to the point of a fiery promontory.

Fire was christened there. Who stood godmother to fire—who godfather? A maiden came from Pohjola [*v.* the sky], from the snowy castle [*v.* the air], from the centre of an icy spring, from an icy well's recess. She could bear to touch it with her hands, to hold it in her fingers. Juhannes, the very best priest, christened the boy. The name they gave him was Fire (*Panu*), he was entitled Darling Fire (*Tulonon*), to be kept by day in the hollow of a golden hearth, to be concealed at night in an ashy tinder-bag.

(d.)

Höyhenys<sup>1</sup> of the Panutars,<sup>2</sup> Lemmes of the Lentohatars<sup>3</sup> carried a child for about nine months. When the time drew near, the time for lightening, she ran waist-deep into the water, up to her girdle in the sea. There she brings forth her child, gives birth to a boy. She could not bear to touch him with her hands, to hold him in her grasp. From that she knew him to be fire, was warned that he was fire.

Who indeed rocked fire? The luckless girl of summer

<sup>1</sup> From *höyhi*, a feather, a snowflake. She was an air-maiden that caused snowflakes, hoar-frost, etc., and was invoked to bring ice to cool burns (*Loitsurunoja*, p. 251).

<sup>2</sup> Daughters of Panu (fire), son of the sun. A Panutar (*Loitsurunoja*, p. 250) is invoked to come and quench fire.

<sup>3</sup> A winged creature, from *lento*, flight, flying.

rocked fire, swayed him to-and-fro in a copper boat, in a copper skiff, in an iron barrel [*v.* in the belly of a copper sheep], between iron hoops [*v.* in the bed of a golden lamb]; she carried him in it to baptism, hurried off with him to the christening.

## (e.)

Ilmarinen struck fire, Väinämöinen caused a flash at the end of an iron bench, the extremity of a golden form, with a living portent [*v.* with a variegated snake, *v.* with three cock's feathers], with a burning [*v.* creeping] land-snake [*v.* with five wings]. He struck fire upon his nail,<sup>1</sup> caused a crackling sound against his finger-joints, struck fire without iron, without flint, without tinder.

Red fire flew suddenly, one spark shot from the top of Väinämöinen's knee, from under Ilmarinen's hands to the ground under his feet. In its course it then rolled along long farmyards, along the headland of a field to the open sea, to the illimitable waves, burnt up a store-house of the perch, a stone castle of the ruffs.

When Takaturma Äijö's son knew that fire was coming, was pouring down, he squeezed fire tightly in his hands, forced it into tinder-spunk, rolled it up into birch fungus. Hence the genesis and origin of fire in these poor borderlands, these wretched regions of the north.

## (f.)

He altogether lies, speaks without rhyme or reason, who imagines fire to have been struck by Väinämöinen. Fire has come from the sky [*v.* 1. Fire's origin is from the sky, *v.* 2. Fire has come from the Creator's mouth], Panu was

<sup>1</sup> The first part of this passage occurs in the *Kalevala*, R. 47. 71, where a note explains that 'nail' here means 'Ukko's nail', a folk-expression for the old stone axes that are sometimes found, and which are attributed to Ukko, the thunder-god.

formed in the clouds [*v.* 1. Panu's origin is from a lump of cloud, *v.* 2. from the beard of the holy God], is the son of the sun, the beloved offspring of the sun, produced at the sky's midpoint, at the shoulder of the Great Bear.

There fire was kept in check, was restrained near the sun, in a rift in the moon, in the centre of a golden [*v.* blue] box, under the mouth of gracious God, the beard of the Blessed God. Fire has come from there through red clouds from the heavens above to the earth beneath. The heavens rent into shreds, the whole atmosphere into holes, while fire was being brought, conducted by force to the earth.

#### XLIII.—THE ORIGIN OF INJURIES CAUSED BY SPELLS.

(*a.*)

Louhiatar [*vv.* Loviatar, Lokahatar, Laveatar, Launavatar] the powerful woman, the ragged-tailed old wife of the North, that has a swarthy countenance, a skin of hideous colour, was walking, creeping along a path. She made her bed her sleeping-place upon the path, lay with her back to the wind, towards the chilly blast, her groin towards a fearful storm, with her side directed due north.

A mighty gust of wind, a tremendous blast came from the east, the wind raised the skirts of her fur coat, the blast the skirts of her petticoat. The wind quickened her on the abandoned naked field, on land without a knoll. She carried a bellyful of suffering for one month, for two, for a third, a fourth, five, six, seven, eight, over nine months, by woman's ancient reckoning she carried it for nine months and a half. At the close of the ninth month, at the beginning of the tenth the time of travail was already at hand. She sought out a place for lying-in, a spot for lightening in the space between two rocks, in a recess between five hills. She obtained no assistance there, no lightening.

She therefore removed further off, betook herself elsewhere, to an undulating pool, to the side of a natural spring. The deliverance is not accomplished.

She dragged herself to a stone surrounded by water, into the foam of 'fiery' rapids, under the whirlpool of three rapids, under nine steep declivities, but her deliverance is not accomplished.

The abominable woman began to weep, to shriek, to bewail herself; she knows not whither she should go, in what direction she should move in order to relieve her pain.

God spake from a cloud, the Creator uttered from the sky: "There is a three-cornered shelter on the swamp, on the beach facing the sea on gloomy Pohjola, at the extremity of far-stretching Lapland. Depart thither to be confined, to relieve thy pain. They have need of thee there, they await thy progeny."

The swarthy old wife of the North went thither to be confined, to relieve her pain. There the evil miscreant was delivered of her progeny, brought forth her vicious children under five woollen blankets, nine woollen rugs. She was delivered of nine sons, the tenth being a female infant, on one summer night, all at one birth.

She swaddles her progeny, knots up her acquisitions, summoned the Creator to baptise them, God to give them names. The Creator did not baptise them, the Almighty did not christen them. She sought for a man to christen them, for one to baptise the evil brood: "Do thou, Juhannes the holy knight, come to christen these, to baptise my progeny, to give my offspring names."

Juhannes, the priest of God, makes her a reply: "Depart, harlot, with thy sons, decamp, uncreated pagan, christen thy cursed progeny thyself. I do not christen the wicked, I do not baptise the horrible, I have christened the Creator, have baptised the Omnipotent."

The wicked pagan actually took on herself to act as priest, profanely acted as christener, baptised her cursed



progeny herself on her aching knee-point with her aching palm. She gave names to her acquisitions, arranged her children as all do with their progeny, with the offspring they have brought forth. She called the girl Tuuletar (Wind's daughter), gave her the name of Vihmatar (Drizzle's daughter), then appoints her son, one for this, another for that. She squeezed one into a boil, made another so that he became a scab, pricked one so that he became pleurisy (or stitch), formed another into the gout, forced one so that he became the gripes, chased another so that he became fits, crushed one so that he became the plague, mangled another so that he became rickets. One remained without having received a name, a boy at the very bottom of the batch, a mouthless, eyeless brat. Afterwards she ordered him into the tremendous Rutja rapids, into its 'fiery' surge. From him were bitter frosts bred, by him were the Syöjätärs (ogresses) begotten, from him proceed other forms of harm. He begat the witches on the waters, the sorcerers in every dell, the jealous ones in every place, in the tremendous Rutja rapids, in its 'fiery' surge.

(b.)

A blind girl of Tuonela [*v.* Pohjola], a wholly blind one of Ulappala [*v.* a hideous child of Manala], the origin of every ill, of thousands of destructive acts, sits with her back [*v.* breast] towards the east, passes her time with her head towards the south, her feet directed towards the west, her hips towards the north-west. A wind began to blow, the horizon to storm. The wind blew against her hips, a chill wind against her lower limbs. The west wind blew, the north-west wind dashed, the north wind crashed through her bones and limbs; the wind blew upon her, the chill wind [*v.* dawn of day] quickened her.

Thereby Tuoni's swarthy girl became big, became round

and large. Thus she carried a wame full of suffering for two summers, for three, she carried it for seven summers, for eight years at any rate, for nine years altogether, less nine nights. So in the ninth year she is seized with pains of travail, is struck down by woman's throes, is pierced with a young woman's anguish.

To find rest she started off to an iron rock, a steelly mountain at the centre of the Hill of Pain, the summit of Pain Mountain. She could not find rest there. She shifted her position, tried to ease her on the top of a silver mountain, the summit of a golden mountain. The deliverance is not effected, the pains are not reduced.

She tried to reduce her wame, to lighten it by a half in the interval between two rocks, the recess between three boulders, inside the fiery walls of a stone oven, inside an oaken barrel with iron hoops, at the brink of 'fiery' rapids, in the eddy of a 'holy' river. In none of these does her wame reduce, does the wretch's wame become lighter.

She dashed aside into the sea, into the den of a water Hiisi, the pen of a hidden bugbear, the huts of the nixies. She ran knee-deep into the sea, up to her garter into the wet, up to her belt-clasp into the wave. There she shouted and holloed to the perch, the roach, to all the fishes of the water: "O little ruff, bring thy slaver, dear burbot, thy slime to me that am in 'Hiisi's sultry heat' [*v.* 'in hell fire'], in the 'fire' of the evil power."

She begat nine sons in the vicinity of one rapid, the proximity of one sound, on one stone surrounded by water, all at one birth from one impletion of the womb.

She sought for some one to christen, to baptise them, carried them to the best of priests, took them to sacristans. The priests refuse, the sacristans will not consent to give them names. The priests solemnly replied, the sacristans spoke firmly: "For this we have not been ordained, we have not been assigned to christen the iniquitous, to baptise the horrible."

When she could get no baptist, no priest that would give them names, she made herself a christener, undertook the office of baptist. So she christened her acquisitions, bewitched her progeny, gave names to her offspring, incited them, transformed one into a wolf, turned another into a snake, made a third into a cancer, a fourth into ring-worm (F. forest's nose), the others into harmful things, called one the thrush, formed another into a cripple, another into a tooth-worm, another into a heart-eater, another into woman's enemy.

(c.)

The prodigious maiden Äkäätär [*v.* Naata, the youngest of girls], whose hair-plait reaches to her heels, whose breasts hang down in front to her knees, caused her skirt to flap on the summit of Pain [*v.* Help] Mountain, at the centre of the Hill of Pain [*v.* Help]. As no help resulted from that during the approach of the pains of labour she sprang aside into the sea, rushed sideways into the waves.

A bearded sea-monster (*tursas*) met the maiden on the turgid foam of the sea, the froth of the surging water. He made the girl his own, he quickened her. There-upon a birth took place afterwards, an evil progeny was born.

When the time of her confinement drew nigh, she came to the rooms of Pohjola, the bath-house floors of Sariola, to be delivered of her children; to bring forth her offspring at the far end of the bath-room ridge-pole, on the bath-room couch. She gave birth to a swarm of boys, produced a flock of children while present in one bath-room, while they raised a steam once, at one heating of the bath, by the glimmer of one moon, while one cock crowed.

She hid her children, concealed her acquisitions in a copper vat, a 'fiery' washing-tub, under five woollen cover-

lets, eight long overcoats. She gives names to the evil brats, attached a name to each ; she propped up one for him to become wind, poked another to become fire, appointed one to be sharp frost, scattered another to become a fall of snow, tore one to become rickets, designated another the worm, struck one to become a cancrus sore, another to become a heart-cater, one to eat furtively, another to stab openly, to claw the limbs with violence, to cause an aching in the joints, formed one to become gout and gave a plane into his hands, pricked another to become pleurisy, putting arrows into his fist, spears into his wicker-basket, the horses neighed when struck with their points, when the fiends had laid hands upon foals. She sends bitter frost away and caused him to sweep the sea, to brush the waves with a besom.

(*d.*)

Tuoni's girl, a stumpy, swarthy lassie with shaven head, was crushing iron seeds, pounding nibs of steel in an iron mortar with a steel-tipped pestle in a doorless, windowless smithy. What she had crushed she sifted, and raised up a dust to the sky.

A furious old crone [*v.* Louhiatar, the strong woman] ate these groats, swallowed the iron hail, the titurated bits of steel, and carried a wame full of sufferings for three full years [*v.* for thirty summers], less three days [*v.* and for as many winters].

She sought for a lying-in place near an ornamented hundred-planked church, in the house of a dead man, the house of a deceased, but found no place there. She sought for one here, sought for one there, at last she found a suitable place in the bloody hut of Hiitola, where pigs were being killed. There she reduced her wame, brought forth her progeny to become all sorts of sicknesses, a thousand causes of injury.

## XLIV.—THE ORIGIN OF LAW COURTS.

The devil made his nest, the Evil One his lair in the house of a landed proprietor, before the dwelling of a judge, on the rafter of a sheriff, on the floor of jurymen, in the long sleeves of a bishop, the shirt-collar of a priest. There he engendered his children, begat his offspring to become sources of law-suits for the rich, to become law-courts for the poor [*v.* as a means for landed proprietors to become rich, as a means for destroying the poor].

XLV.—OF PARTICLES OF CHIAFF THAT GET INTO  
THE EYES.

A pearl dropped from the Lord, fell with a crash from the Omnipotent, from the sky above, from the hollow of Jesus' hand down on the edge of Osmo's [*v.* a holy] field, the unploughed edge of Pellervoinen's. Afterwards a birth took place from it, a family was bred, bent grass grew from it, a husk of chaff was formed. It rose from the earth like a strawberry, grew like a three-branched one, being formed to branch by cleared land on which fir branches lie, made to grow by land that has been cleared, rocked to-and fro by a whirl of wind, suckled by bitter frost, drawn up by its top by the Creator, nourished by the Almighty.

## XLVI.—THE ORIGIN OF RUST IN CORN.

A cold-throated old wife of the North slept a long time in the cold, in a mossy swamp. When she awoke from sleep she caused her petticoat to flap, the bottom of her dress to twirl, rubbed together her two palms, scrubbed both of them. From that blood dropped, rolled down to the mossy

swamp. An evil brood came from it, wretched rust originated from it, sprang up in grassy spots at the steps of the ploughman.

#### XLVII.—THE ORIGIN OF SALT.

Whence is the origin of Finland's salt, the growth of pungent rock-salt (F. hail)? The origin of Finland's salt, the growth of pungent rock-salt, is this: Ukko, god of the sky, the mighty lord of the air himself struck fire in the sky, a spark shot down into the sea, was drifted by waves, dissolved into rock-salt. Hence the great pieces of salt originated, out of that the heavy pieces of rock-salt grew.

#### XLVIII.—THE ORIGIN OF SALVES.

(a.)

A field-boy living very far to the north started off to prepare a salve. He encountered a fir-tree, questioned and addressed it. "Is there any honey in thy boughs, any virgin honey beneath thy bark to serve as salve for hurts, as embrocation for sores?"

The fir hastily replied: "There is no honey in my boughs, no virgin honey beneath my bark. Thrice in summer, during this wretched summer season a raven croaked upon my crown, a snake lay at my root, winds blew past me, the sun shone through me."

He goes his way, keeps stepping forwards, finds an oak on a trampled plain, makes inquiry of his oak: "Is there any honey in thy boughs, any virgin honey beneath thy bark to serve as salve for hurts, as embrocation for sores?" The oak made answer intelligently: "There is honey in my boughs, virgin honey beneath my bark. Upon a previous day, indeed, virgin honey dripped on my boughs, honey trickled on my crown from gently drizzling clouds, from

fleeing fleecy clouds ; then from my boughs it fell upon my leafy twigs and in under my bark."

He gathered branches of the oak, peeled off the bark, plucked goodly herbs, many plants of diverse aspect such as are never seen in these lands, that do not grow in every place. He put a pot upon the fire, brought to boiling-point the brew which was full of oak bark, of herbs of diverse aspect. The pot boiled and crackled for three whole nights, for three summer days. Then he tried the salves to see whether the unguents were efficacious, the charmed remedies reliable. The salves are not efficacious the charmed remedies are not reliable.

He added more herbs, more plants of diverse aspect that had been brought from other parts a hundred stages back, from nine wizards, from eight diviners. He boiled them three nights more, three summer days, then raises the pot from the fire and tries the salves. The unguents are not efficacious, the charmed remedies not reliable.

He put the pot upon the fire to let it simmer anew, and boiled it for three nights more, for nine nights altogether. He scans the salves, scans them, tries them. There was a branchy aspen growing on the headland of a ploughed field ; the brutal fellow broke it in two, divided it in twain, then anointed it with the salves, with the charmed remedies. The aspen was made whole again, became better than before. Again he made trial of the salves, again proved the magic remedies, tried them upon the rifts in a stone, upon the splinters of a flagstone. In a trice stones stick to stones, flagstones begin to unite with flagstones.

(*b.*)

John, the priest of God, gathered herbs, plucked plants by the thousand such as do not grow in these lands, in Lapland's wretched border-lands, in luckless Bothnia, where they do not know or see the growth of every herb.

In summer he prepared unguents, in winter he con-

cocted salves beside a variegated stone, near a thick flagstone, nine fathoms in circumference and seven fathoms wide. These are the efficacious salves, the reliable charmed remedies with which I anoint the sick and heal a person that is hurt.

(c.)

An ointment made of every sort of thing becomes powerful by the ordinance of the Father and Creator, by the permission of God. On the earth there are many sorts of herbs, there are efficacious plants which a helpless man takes, a destitute person plucks to use as salves for the sick, as embrocation for wounds.

Where are ointments prepared, where are honeyed unguents rightly cocted to serve as liniment upon a sore, as a remedy for hurts? Ointments are prepared, honeyed unguents are rightly cocted above the nine heavens, behind the stars in the sky, near the moon, in a crack in the sun, on the shoulder of the Great Bear. Thence may the ointment trickle down, may a drop of honey drip from under the mouth of gracious God, from under the beard of the Blessed. It is an efficacious salve for every kind of injury, for the fearful traces left by fire, for places wholly burnt by Panu (fire), for frost-bites caused by bitter frost, for places touched by cruel wind; it is a salve to put on the grievous wounds caused by iron, on injuries produced by steel, upon the stabs of Piru's pike, upon the mark left by Keito's spear.

(d.)

A blue 'cloud' looms, a (rain)bow is visible afar off, comes forth from the south, opens up towards [*v.* from] the north-west. A little girl is upon the 'cloud', a maiden on the bow's edge; she smooths her hair, brushes her locks. From her the milk appears, from her breast it overflows. It flowed down upon the ground upon a honey-



dropping mead, upon the headland of a honeyed field. From it salves are obtained to serve as ointments for sores, as embrocations for wounds.

(e.)

A girl was born upon a field run wild, a youthful maiden upon a grassy spot. She throve without being nursed, grew up without being suckled. She sank down exhausted to repose upon a nameless meadow, lay down to sleep upon a grassy knoll, fell fast asleep upon a honeyed mead. Unwittingly she slept a long time, sleep deceived her, she expired. Between the furrows a herb grew up, a triangular herb. It contains water and honey, and is a splendid salve to rub upon a wound, to use as a liniment upon hurts.

(f.)

Vuotar, the ointment-maker, concocted salves in summer in the delightful Forest Home (Metsola), at a steadfast mountain's edge. There was delightful honey there, and efficacious water from which she prepares ointment. May it now come to hand to serve as salve for wounds, as liniment for sores.

(g.)

An ox grew up in Karelia [*v.* Kainuhu], a bull grew fat in Finland; its head roared in Tavastland, its tail wagged in Tormis. For a whole day a swallow was flying from its withers to the end of its tail; for a whole month a squirrel was running the distance between the horns of the ox, though without reaching the end, without reaching the goal.

They searched for someone to strike, made quest for one to slay the ox. A swarthy man rose from the sea, a full-grown man uprose from the wave, a quarter of an ell in height, as tall as a woman's span. Directly he saw his prey, he of a sudden broke its neck, brought the bull upon

its knees, made it fall sideways to the ground. From its ointments are obtained, charmed remedies are taken with which sores are besprinkled and injuries are healed.

(*h.*)

Jesus thither, Jesus hither ; may Jesus come into every dwelling, may lovely Jesus be the watcher and the best of healers. The guiltless blood of Jesus and the sweet milk of Mary mingled together as a liniment for sores is the most precious charmed remedy, is the most efficient ointment, one that is of value under all circumstances, and is pleasant in food.

#### XLIX.—THE ORIGIN OF SHARP FROST.

(*a.*)

Sharp Frost ! of evil race and an evil-mannered son, shall I now mention thy family, shall I announce thy character ? I know thy family origin, I know thy bringing up. Sharp Frost was born among willow-trees, Hard Weather in a birch clump of an ever-devastating sire, of a useless mother at the side of a cold heap of stones, in the recess of a lump of ice.

Who suckled Sharp Frost, who nourished Hard Weather, as his mother had no milk ? A snake suckled Sharp Frost, Hard Weather nourished him, a snake fed him, a viper suckled him, a worm treated him to milk from a dry breast ; the North Wind rocked him to-and-fro, Chill Weather put him to sleep near evil brooks lined with willows, upon unthawed morasses. Hence he grew hard and rough, grew exceeding proud ; the boy became evil-mannered and of a destructive disposition.

Up to this the lubberly boy had no name. Afterwards they christened the child, carried him to baptism to a bubbling spring, to the centre of a golden rock. A name

was given to the wretch, was bestowed upon the rascal. They named him Sharp Frost, Ear-sweller, Nail-smarter, Demander of toes.

(b.)

The swarthy old wife of the North, Raani, the mother of Sharp Frost, seated herself with her breast eastwards, lay with her back windwards. She looks about, turns here and there, glanced due north, and saw how the moon was rising to the circle (of the sky), how the sun was ascending to the vault of heaven. The wind quickened her, the dawn of day made her with child.

What is she carrying within? She carried three boy children. She gave birth to her sons, was confined of her children at the far end of an outhouse in Pohjola, at the end of a hut in Pimentola.

She invited the Creator to baptise them, God to give them names. As the Creator never came, she baptised her rascals herself. One she named Tuuletar, another Viimatar, the last, a malignant boy, she named Sharp Frost, who demands (people's) nails, who covets after feet.

(c.)

The Hiisi folk held a wedding, the evil crew a drinking-bout. For the wedding they killed a horse, for their feast a long-maned horse; its blood was sprinkled behind the forge of Hiitola; the fume rose to the sky, the vapour ascended into the air, then scattered into clouds, formed itself into Sharp Frost.

The filly [*v.* Tapio's daughter], Snow White, suckled Sharp Frost. Sharp Frost, the evil offspring, sucked so that her shoulder split, that her milk ran dry.

The boy got nursed, was christened, was baptised in a silver river [*v.* in the river Jordan], in a golden ring [*v.* in an eddy of the holy stream]. The name of Kuljus [*v.* Kuhjus] was given him, boy Kuljus was the name for

Sharp Frost. Sharp Frost himself is a Kuljus, the rest of his kinsmen are Kuljuses.

The Creator took him to heaven, but Kuljus thought: It is troublesome being in a hot place, a great distress living in the heat. The Creator flung him into a spring, so Kuljus dwelt in the spring, sprawled on his back the whole summer.

From the sky the Creator uttered: "Arise now, youth, and get thee hence to flatten a grassy plain." Kuljus issued from the spring, began to dwell near fences, to whirl himself about on gates. He bit trees till they became leafless, grass till they lost their husky scales, human beings till they became bloodless.

#### L.—THE ORIGIN OF STONES.

(a.)

A stone is the son of Kimmo Kammo, is an egg of the earth, a clod of a ploughed field, is the offspring of Kimmahatar [*v.* Huorahatar], the production of Vuolahatar, the heart's core of Syöjätär, a slice of Mammotar's liver, a growth of Äijötär, the small spleen of Joukahainen.

(b.)

Who knew a stone to be a stone when it was like a barleycorn, when it rose as a strawberry from the earth, as a bilberry from the side [*v.* root] of a tree, or when it dangled in a fleecy cloud, hid itself within the clouds, came to the earth from the sky, fell as a scarlet ball of thread, came wobbling like an oaten ball, came rolling like a wheaten lump through banks of cloud, through red (rain)bows? A fool terms it a stone, names it an earth-egg.

#### LI.—THE ORIGIN OF WATER.

(a.)

The origin of water is known as well as the genesis of

dew. Water came from the sky, from the clouds in small drops; then it appeared in a mountain, grew in the crevice of a rock. Vesi-viitta (Water-cloak), Vaitta's son, Suo-viitta (Swamp-cloak), the son of Kaleva, dug water from a rock, let water gush from a mountain by means of his gold stick, his copper staff.

When it had gushed from the mountain, had issued from the cliff, the water wavered like a spring, ran off in little rills. Afterwards it increased in size, began to flow as a river, to dash noisily along as a stream, to thunder like rapids into the huge sea, into the open main.

(b.)

Fire's genesis is from the sky, iron's origin is from iron ore (in Finnish, rust), water's origin is from the clouds. Water is the eldest of the brothers, fire the youngest of the daughters, iron is intermediate. This water is from the Jordan, is drawn from the river Jordan, from a rushing noisy stream, from roaring rapids. With it Christ was christened, the Almighty was baptized.

(c.)

Water is the son of Vuolamoinen, the offspring of Vuolamotar, is the washing-water of Jesus, the tears of the son of God which the Virgin Mary, the dear mother, the holy little maid, brought from the river Jordan, from an eddy of the holy stream.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

## MAY-DAY IN CHELTENHAM

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I GIVE a short account of the May-Day revels in Cheltenham, as I saw them on the 2nd of May last year. The 1st being Sunday, they had been put off till the next day. Some few facts which I gained by inquiry I put in their place, with my informant's name.



The dancers are the chimney-sweeps of the town, two of whom, dressed in ordinary clothes, but with faces blacked, play on a fiddle and a tin-whistle for the dancing. The centre of the group is formed by a large bush: on a framework of wood leaves are fastened, so as to make a thick cone of them, about six feet high, topped with a crown

made out of two hoops of wood covered with flowers, fastened crosswise. The mass of leaves is only broken at one place, where there is an opening contained by a straight line and the arc of a circle, like a ticket office, through which peers the face of Jack-i'-the-Green, or the Bush-carrier.<sup>1</sup> Jack advances halfway down the street, and then sets down the bush. Three young men of the party are attached, so to speak, to the bush, and now begin to dance round it. Their faces are blackened; they are crowned with complete caps (not garlands) made of all manner of leaves and flowers. Their dresses are red, blue, and yellow respectively, each of one colour; loose-fitting bodices and trousers of calico, with flower-patterns upon them. These dance lightly round the bush, turning always towards their left, in a tripping polka-step, three trips and a pause, mostly straight forward, but with a turn round now and then. I am informed that they always dance in the same direction.

The rest of the party are two boys and two men, most fantastically dressed: it is almost impossible to describe the dresses. The leader of the whole procession—the Clown—wears a tall hat, whose crown has been cut almost round, and turned back, like the lid of a meat-tin. To this flapping crown is fastened what looks like a bird or a bundle of feathers, and a few long ribbons hang from it; there is a wide pink ribbon fastened round the hat by the brim, with a large blue bird's-wing in front, the feather end rising to the crown. Over a dress of chequered calico and trousers of red and black stripes, is a very large white pinafore, reaching from the neck to the knees, and fastened by one or two knots behind. Across the front run two fringes of coloured stuff, below the waist; and at the bottom is a yellow frill. This he used to flap and make quaint gestures with, now and then fanning himself languidly; indeed, this personage greatly fancies himself.

<sup>1</sup> This is not to be distinguished in the picture. The space at the top is formed by the loops of the crown.

His face is stained by large black rings round the eyes, and a red dab over mouth and chin.

The second man wears a red fool's-cap, with a tassel, all stuck with flowers. On the right and left breast of his white pinafore are stuck or painted black figures, meant for human beings; and behind, a large black pattern in the shape of a gridiron, with a red bar crossing it diagonally.

The two boys have white pinafores, with similar figures, or stars, on the breast, and a fish on the back; their white pinafores are cut away in the shape of swallow-tail coats, the tails flying out behind. One wore a *girl's hat* stuck with flowers.

Most or all of these last five carried in the left hand an iron ladle or spoon with holes pierced in the bowl, which they held out for contributions; in the right they had a stick, with some kind of a bladder hung on to the end. Whirling this, they ran about, and tried to strike the passers-by, who scampered off, shrieking, as hard as they could go. They sometimes danced, sometimes roared, and pretended to bite any child who ventured too near. Their faces, like their leader's, were painted in divers colours, fearful and wonderful to behold.

I received some more information from Mr. Ames, a chimney-sweep living in Swindon Road, Cheltenham. He says he used to go out along with them, and his father before him. They always wear the same kind of dresses; but the details are sometimes different. The *gridiron on the clown's back*, however, seems to be traditional; at any rate, he used to wear the same when Ames had a part in the doings. Formerly there used to be a song, but he could not remember the words. There used to be "pipe and tabbor", or even a harp, for the music. There were one or more clowns, who poked fun at each other and played practical jokes on the spectators; sometimes climbing to the upper windows and making grimaces, or threatening to get inside. There was also a *man*



*dressed up in woman's clothes*, who personated the *Clown's wife*; and the whole thing wound up with a feast. He recollects no maypole nor bonfires in this district.

He gives the following account of the origin of the custom, which is an interesting example of the modern myth-making faculty. It is obviously made up to account for the fact that the sweeps get up the May-Day revels.

“It was a lady as gave 'em those dresses, sir; that's how it was they began to goo about May-Day. Her son was stoole from her, as they say; and she was a tellin of it to a sweep, as his boy was a climbin in the chimney; that's how they had a used to do it, you know. An' she was a lookin at the lad, an, says he—the sweep, that is sir—‘Here 's a lad o mine up the chimney as was found’; and down a come, an she knawed 'n be a mark or summat on 'em, sir. An so she give 'em the dresses, and got up the band; an 'twas o the 1st o May, as they say, sir; an that's how it come so as the sweeps done it.”

“And do you remember it?”

“Ah noo, sir, nor my father neyther; but that's how it was, a long time agoo.”

It used to be the custom in London for the *sweeps* to get up the May-Day dances. Companies of these would make a pyramid of *wicker-work*, of a *sugar-loaf shape*, covered with flowers and leaves, and topped with a *crown* of flowers and ribbons.<sup>1</sup> The chimney-sweeps appear again in Bavaria.<sup>2</sup> That the same used to be true of Cambridge, is shewn by the rhyme which the children still sing about the streets. They carry a female doll, hung in the midst of a hoop, which is wreathed with flowers, and they sing withal the following ditty:

The first of May is garland day,  
 And chimney-sweepers' dancing day.  
 Curl your hair as I do mine,  
 One before and one behind.

<sup>1</sup> Mannhardt, *Baumkultus*, p. 322, who cites authorities.

<sup>2</sup> *Id.*, *ib.*, p. 352.

I add a few notes jotted down in September 1889 and in 1890.

*The Black Forest*, in a village near *Furtwangen*. The maypole stands all the year round by the inn. When I passed through, a new landlord had just come in. The pole bore on the top a faded wreath, no doubt last May's; and below, a cross-tree had been fixed to the pole, bearing upon it a wreath of fresher flowers, which I take to be the wreath set up for the in-coming; while a long string of flowers wound about the pole from the cross-tree down to the ground. On the cross-tree were fixed wooden models of a wine-bottle, wine-glass, beer-glass, cup and saucer, and *brödchen*; and a placard was affixed, reading: *Glück und Segen dem neuen Wirth*.

*Oberharmersbach*. Here, too, the inn had a new landlord. He had only just come in, as I well remember; for he had no bed for me, and sent me another five miles' trudge to find one. On the steps before the door stood a little fir, like a Christmas-tree, the branches bound with ribands and decked out prettily.

In *Freiburg* (Baden), in the *Vosges*, and at *Cologne*, I saw instances of the custom of placing a similar fir-tree on the roof-ridge or other part of a house while building. In one instance the tree was planted near the house in the ground.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

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## SACRED WELLS IN WALES.<sup>1</sup>

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WHEN I suggested, some time ago, that I did not know that the habit of tying rags and bits of clothing to the branches of a tree growing near a holy well existed in Wales, I was, as I have discovered since, talking in an ignorance for which I can now find no adequate excuse. For I have since then obtained information to the contrary; the first item being a communication received last June from Mr. J. H. Davies of Lincoln College, Oxford, relating to a Glamorganshire holy well, situated near the pathway leading from Coychurch to Bridgend. It is the custom there, he states, for people suffering from any malady to dip a rag in the water, and to bathe the affected part of the body, the rag being then placed on a tree close to the well. When Mr. Davies passed that way, some three years previously, there were, he adds, hundreds of such shreds on the tree, some of which distinctly presented the appearance of having been placed there very recently. The well is called Ffynnon Cae Moch; and a later communication from Mr. Davies embodies his notes of a conversation which he had about the well, on the 16th of December, 1892, with Mr. J. T. Howell of Pencoed, near Bridgend, which notes run thus:—“*Ffynnon Cae Moch*, between Coychurch and Bridgend, is one mile from Coychurch,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  from Bridgend, near Tremains. It is within twelve or fifteen yards of the high road, just where the pathway begins. People suffering from rheumatism go there. They bathe the part affected with water, and afterwards tie a piece of rag to the tree which overhangs the well. The

<sup>1</sup> Read before a joint meeting of the Cymmrodorion and Folk-lore Societies, held in the Cymmrodorion Library, Lonsdale Chambers Chancery Lane, W.C., on Wednesday, January 11th, 1893.

rag is not put in the water at all, but is only put on the tree for luck. It is a stunted, but very old tree, and is simply *covered* with rags."

My next informant is Mr. D. J. Jones of Jesus College, Oxford, a native of the Rhondda Valley, in the same county of Glamorgan. His information is to the effect that he knows of three interesting wells in the county. The first is situated within two miles of his home, and is known as *Ffynnon Pen Rhys*, or the Well of Pen Rhys. The custom there is that the person who wishes his health to be benefited should wash in the water of the well, and throw a pin into it afterwards. He next mentions a well at Llanearvan, some five or six miles from Cowbridge, where the custom prevails of tying rags to the branches of a tree growing close at hand. Lastly, he calls my attention to a passage in *Hanes Morganwg*, 'The History of Glamorgan', written by Mr. D. W. Jones, known in Wales as Dafydd Morganwg. In that work the author speaks of *Ffynnon Marcros*, 'the Well of Marcros,' to the following effect:—"It is the custom for those who are healed in it to tie a shred of linen or cotton to the branches of a tree that stands close by; and there the shreds are, almost as numerous as the leaves." Marcros is, I may say, near Nash Point, and looks on the map as if it were about eight miles distant from Bridgend; and let me here make it clear that I have been speaking of four different wells, three of which are severally distinguished by the presence of a tree adorned with rags left on it by those who seek health in the waters close by; but they are all three, as you will have doubtless noticed, in the same district, namely, that part of Glamorganshire near to—north or south of—the G.W.R. as you travel towards Milford Haven.<sup>1</sup>

There is no reason, however, to think that the custom of tying rags to a well-tree was peculiar to that part of the Principality. I came lately, in looking through some old notes of mine, across an entry bearing the date of the 7th

<sup>1</sup> On these four wells cf. FOLK-LORE, iii, 380-1

day of August 1887, when I was spending a few days with my friend Canon Silvan Evans, at Llanwrin Rectory, near Machynlleth. Mrs. Evans was then alive and well, and took a keen interest in Welsh antiquities and folk-lore. Among other things, she related to me how she had, some twenty years before, visited a well in the parish of Llandrillo yn Rhos, namely, *Ffynnon Eilian*, or Elian's Well, near Abergele in Denbighshire, when her attention was directed to some bushes near the well, which had once been covered with bits of rags left by those who frequented the well. This was told Mrs. Evans by an old woman of seventy, who, on being questioned by Mrs. Evans concerning the history of the well, informed her that the rags used to be tied to the bushes by means of wool. She was explicit on the point that wool had to be used for the purpose, and that even woollen yarn would not do: it had to be wool in its natural state. The old woman remembered this to have been the rule ever since she was a child. Mrs. Evans noticed corks with pins stuck in them, floating in the well, and her informant remembered many more in years gone by; for Elian's Well was once in great repute as a *ffynnon rcibio*, or a well to which people resorted for the kindly purpose of bewitching those whom they hated. I infer, however, from what Mrs. Evans was told of the rags, that Elian's Well was visited, not only by the malicious, but also by the sick and suffering. My note is not clear on the point whether there were any rags on the bushes by the well when Mrs. Evans visited the spot, or whether she was only told of them by her informant. Even in the latter case it seems evident that this habit of tying rags on trees or bushes near sacred wells has only ceased in that part of Denbighshire within this century. It is very possible that it continued in North Wales more recently than this instance would lead one to suppose; indeed, I should not be in the least surprised to learn that it is still practised in out-of-the-way places in Gwynedd, just as it is in Glamorgan. We want more facts.

I cannot say whether it was customary in any of the

cases to which I have called your attention, not only to tie rags to the well-tree, but also to throw pins or other small objects into the well ; but I cannot help adhering to my view that the distinction was probably an ancient one between two orders of things. In other words, I am still inclined to believe that the rag was regarded as the vehicle of the disease of which the ailing visitor to the well wished to be rid, and that the bead, button, or coin deposited by him in the well, or in a receptacle near the well, alone formed the offering. When I suggested this in connection with certain wells in the Isle of Man, the President of the Folk-lore Society remarked as follows (FOLK-LORE, iii, 89) :—"There is some evidence against that, from the fact that in the case of some wells, especially in Scotland at one time, the whole garment was put down as an offering. Gradually these offerings of clothes became less and less, till they came down to rags. Also, in other parts, the geographical distribution of rag-offerings coincides with the existence of monoliths and dolmens." As to the monoliths and dolmens, I am too little conversant with the facts to feel sure that I understand the President's reference ; so perhaps he would not mind amplifying this remark at some opportune moment. But as to his suggestion that the rag originally meant the whole garment, that will suit my hypothesis admirably ; in other words, the whole garment was, as I take it, the vehicle of the disease : the whole garment was accursed, and not merely a part of it. The President has returned to the question in his excellent address ; and I must at once admit that he has succeeded in proving that a certain amount of confusion is made between things which I regard as belonging originally to distinct categories : witness the inimitable Irish instance which he quoted :—"To St. Columbkil I offer up this button, a bit o' the waist-band o' my own breeches, an' a taste o' my wife's petticoat, in remembrance of us havin' made this holy station ; an' may they rise up in glory to prove it for us in the last day." Here not only the button is treated as an offering,

but also the bits of clothing ; but the confusion of ideas I should explain as being, at least in part, one of the natural results of substituting a portion of a garment for the entire garment ; for thereby a button or a pin becomes a part of the dress, and capable of being interpreted in two senses. After all, however, the ordinary practices have not, I believe, resulted in effacing the distinction altogether : the rag is not left in the well ; nor is the bead, button, or pin suspended to a branch of the tree. So, on the whole, it seems to me easier to explain the facts, taken all together, on the supposition that originally the rag was regarded as the vehicle of the disease, and the bead, button, or coin as the offering. But on this point I wish to ask whether the disease is ever regarded as attaching to a bead, button, or coin, as it is to the rag on the tree ? I ask this for my own information ; and I may make the same remark with regard to the whole question : I raise it chiefly with a view to promote its further discussion. Some of our journalistic friends seem to imagine, that, when once one makes a suggestion, one feels bound to fight for it tooth and nail ; but this is entirely to misunderstand, I take it, the whole spirit of modern research : at any rate, I should be very sorry to have to maintain all the positions I have taken. But, on the other hand, the conjectures of some men who are seldom quite right have perhaps done more to advance science than the facts of some other men who have never grievously blundered in their lives.

The great majority of the Welsh wells of which I have heard seem simply to have pins thrown into them, mostly in order to get rid of warts from the patients' hands. So I will only mention one or two of them as being to some extent relevant to the question to which your attention has just been called. *Ffynnon Gwynwy*, or the Well of Gwynwy, near Llangelynin, on the river Conwy, appears to be of this sort ; for it formerly used to be well stocked with crooked pins, which nobody would touch lest he might get from them the warts supposed to attach to them. There was a

well of some repute at Cae Garw, in the parish of Pistyll, near the foot of Carnguwch, in Lleyn or West Carnarvonshire. The water possessed virtues to cure one of rheumatism and warts; but, in order to be rid of the latter, it was requisite to throw a pin into the well for each individual wart. For these two items of information, and several more to be mentioned presently, I have to thank Mr. John Jones, better known in Wales by his bardic name of Myrddin Fardd, and as an enthusiastic collector of Welsh antiquities, whether MSS. or unwritten folk-lore. On the second day of this year I paid him a visit at Chwilog, on the Carnarvon and Avon Wen Railway, and asked him many questions, which he not only answered with the utmost willingness, but also showed me the unpublished materials that he had collected. To leave him for a moment, I come to the competition on the folk-lore of North Wales at the London Eisteddfod in 1887, in which, as one of the adjudicators, I observed that several of the writers in that competition mentioned the prevalent belief that every well with healing properties must have its outlet towards the south. According to one of the writers, if you wished to get rid of warts, you should, on your way to the well, look for wool which the sheep had lost. When you had found enough wool you should prick each wart with a pin, and then rub the wart well with the wool. The next thing was to bend the pin and throw it into the well. Then you should place the wool on the first whitethorn you could find, and as the wind scattered the wool, the warts would disappear. There was a well of the kind, the writer goes on to say, near his home; and he, with three or four other boys, went from school one day to the well to charm their warts away. For he had twenty-three on one of his hands; so that he always tried to hide it, as it was the belief that if one counted the warts they would double their number. He forgets what became of the other boys' warts, but his own disappeared soon afterwards; and his grandfather used to maintain that it was owing to the virtue of the well. Such



were the words of this writer, whose name is unknown to me ; but I guess him to have been a native of Carnarvonshire, or else of one of the neighbouring districts of Denbighshire or Merionethshire. To return to Myrddin Fardd, he mentioned *Ffynnon Cefn Lleithfan*, or the Well of the Lleithfan Ridge, on the eastern slope of Mynydd y Rhiw, in the parish of Bryn croes, in the west of Lleyn. In the case of this well it is necessary, when going to it and coming from it, to be careful not to utter a word to anybody, or to turn to look back. What one has to do at the well is to bathe the warts with a rag or clout which has grease on it. When that is done, the clout with the grease has to be carefully concealed beneath the stone at the mouth of the well. This brings to my mind the fact that I have, more than once, years ago, noticed rags underneath stones in the water flowing from wells in Wales, and sometimes thrust into holes in the walls of wells, but I had no notion how they came there.

In the cliffs at the west end of Lleyn is a wishing-well called *Ffynnon Fair*, or St. Mary's Well ; where, to obtain your wish, you have to descend the steps to the well and walk up again to the top with your mouth full of the water. Viewing the position of the well from the sea, I should be disposed to think that the realisation of one's wish at that price could not be regarded as altogether cheap. Myrddin Fardd also told me that there used to be a well near Criccieth Church, in Eifionydd, West Carnarvonshire. It was known as *Ffynnon y Saint*, or the Saints' Well, and it was the custom to throw keys or pins into it on the morning of Easter Sunday, in order to propitiate St. Catherine, who was the patron of the well. I should be glad to know what this exactly means. Lastly, a few of the wells in that part of Gwynedd may be grouped together and described as oracular. One of these, the big well in the parish of Llanbedrog in Lleyn, as I learn from Myrddin Fardd, required the devotee to kneel by it and avow his faith in it. After this was duly done, he might proceed in this wise : to ascertain

the name of the thief who had stolen from him, he had to throw a bit of bread into the well and name the person whom he suspected. At the name of the thief the bread would sink ; so the inquirer went on naming all the persons he could think of until the bit of bread sank : then the thief was identified. Another well of the same kind was *Ffynnon Saethon*, in Llanfihangel Bachellaeth parish, also in Lley. Here it was customary, as he had it in writing, for lovers to throw pins (*pinnau*) into the well ; but these pins appear to have been the points of the blackthorn. At any rate, they cannot well have been of any kind of metal, as we are told that, if they sank in the water, one concluded that one's lover was not sincere in his or her love. *Ffynnon Gybi*, or St. Cybi's Well, in the parish of Llanygybi, was the scene of a somewhat similar practice ; for there the girls who wished to know their lovers' intentions would spread their pocket-handkerchiefs on the water of the well, and, if the water pushed the handkerchiefs to the south—in Welsh *i'r dde*—they knew that everything was right—in Welsh *o ddde*—and that their lovers were honest and honourable in their intentions ; but, if the water shifted the handkerchiefs northwards, they concluded the contrary. A reference to this is made in severe terms by a modern Welsh poet, as follows :—

Ambell ddyn, gwaelldyn, a gyrch  
 I bant goris Moel Bentyrch,  
 Mewn gobaith mai hen Gybi  
 Glodfawr sydd yn llwyddaw'r lli.

Some folks, worthless folks, visit  
 A hollow below Moel Bentyrch,  
 In hopes that ancient Kybi  
 Of noble fame blesses the flood

The spot is not far from where Myrddin Fardd lives ; and he mentioned that adjoining the well is a building which was probably intended for the person in charge of the well. However that may be, it has been tenanted

within his memory. A well, bearing the remarkable name of *Ffynnon Gwynedd*, or the Well of Gwynedd, is situated near Mynydd Mawr, in the parish of Abererch, and it used to be consulted in the same way for a different purpose. When it was desired to discover whether an ailing person would recover, a garment of his would be thrown into the well, and according to the side on which it sunk it was known whether he would live or die. All these items are based on Myrddin Fardd's answers to my questions, or on the notes which he gave me to peruse.

The next class of wells to claim our attention consists of what I may call magic wells, of which few are mentioned in connection with Wales; but the legends about them are very curious. One of them is in Myrddin Fardd's neighbourhood, and I questioned him a good deal on the subject: it is called *Ffynnon Grassi*, or Grace's Well, and it occupies, according to him, a few square feet—he has measured it himself—of the south-east corner of the Lake of Glasfryn Uchaf, in the parish of Llangybi. It appears that it was walled in, and that the stone forming its eastern side has several holes in it, which were intended to let water enter the well and not issue from it. It had a door or cover on its surface; and it was necessary to keep the door always shut, except when water was being drawn. Through somebody's negligence, however, it was once on a time left open: the consequence was that the water of the well flowed out and formed the Glasfryn pool, which is so considerable as to be navigable for small boats. *Grassi* is supposed in the locality to have been the name of the owner of the well, or at any rate of a woman who had something to do with it. *Grassi*, or Grace, however, can only be a name which a modern version of the legend has introduced. It probably stands for an older name given to the person in charge of the well, the one, in fact, who neglected to shut the door; but though this name must be comparatively modern, the story, as a whole, does

not appear to be at all modern, but very decidedly the contrary.

For the next legend of this kind I have to thank the Rev. J. Fisher, Curate of Llanllwchaiarn, Newtown, Mont., who, in spite of his name, is a genuine Welshman, and—what is more—a Welsh scholar. The following are his words:—“Llyn Llech Owen (the last word is locally sounded *w-en*, like *oo-en* in English, as is also the personal name Owen) is on Mynydd Mawr, in the ecclesiastical parish of Gors Lâs, and the civil parish of Llanarthney, Carmarthenshire. It is a small lake, forming the source of the Gwendraeth Fawr. I have heard the tradition about its origin told by several persons, and by all, until quite recently, pretty much in the same form. In 1884 I took it down from my grandfather, Mr. Rees Thomas (*b.* 1809, *d.* 1892), of Cil Coll, Llandebyie—a very intelligent man, with a good fund of old-world Welsh lore—who had lived all his life in the neighbouring parishes of Llandeilo Fawr and Llandebyie.

“The following is the version of the story (translated) as I had it from him:—There was once a man of the name of Owen living on Mynydd Mawr, and he had a well (‘ffynnon’). Over this well he kept a large flag (‘fflagen *neu* lech fawr’: ‘fflagen’ is the word in common use now in these parts for a large flat stone), which he was always careful to replace over its mouth after he had satisfied himself or his beast with water. It happened, however, that one day he went on horseback to the well to water his horse, and forgot to put the flag back in its place. He rode off leisurely in the direction of his home; but, after he had gone some distance, he casually looked back, and, to his great astonishment, saw that the well had burst out and was overflowing the whole place. He suddenly be-thought him that he should ride back and encompass the overflow of the water as fast as he could; and it was the horse’s track in galloping round the water that put a stop to its further overflowing. It is fully believed that, had he

not galloped round the flood in the way he did, the well would have been sure to inundate the whole district and drown all. Hence the lake was called the Lake of Owen's Flag ('Llyn Llech Owen').

"I have always felt interested in this story, as it resembled that about the formation of Lough Neagh, etc.; and, happening to meet the Rev. D. Harwood Hughes, B.A., the Vicar of Gors Lâs (St. Llcian's), last August (1892), I asked him to tell me the legend as he had heard it in his parish. He said that he had been told it, but in a form different from mine, where the 'Owen' was said to have been Owen Glyndwr. This is the substance of the legend as he had heard it:—Owen Glyndwr, when once passing through these parts, arrived here of an evening. He came across a well, and, having watered his horse, placed a stone over it in order to find it again next morning. He then went to lodge for the night at Dyllgoed Farm, close by. In the morning, before proceeding on his journey, he took his horse to the well to give him water, but found to his surprise that the well had become a lake."

Mr. Fisher goes on to mention the later history of the lake: how, some eighty years ago, its banks were the resort on Sunday afternoons of the young people of the neighbourhood, and how a Baptist preacher put an end to their amusements and various kinds of games by preaching at them. However, the lake-side appears to be still a favourite spot for picnics and Sunday-school gatherings.

Mr. Fisher was quite right in appending to his own version that of his friend; but, from the point of view of folk-lore, I must confess that I can make nothing of the latter: it differs from the genuine one as much as chalk does from cheese. It would be naturally gratifying to the pride of local topography to be able to connect with the pool the name of the greatest Owen known to Welsh history; but it is worthy of note that the highly respectable attempt to rationalise the legend wholly fails, as it does not

explain why there is now a lake where there was once but a well. In other words, the euhemerised version is itself evidence corroborative of Mr. Fisher's older version. This, in the form in which he got it from his grandfather, provokes comparison, as he suggests, with the Irish legend of the formation of Loch Ree and Lough Neagh in the story of the Death of Eochaid McMairéda.<sup>1</sup> In that story also there is a horse, but it is a magic horse, who forms the well which eventually overflows and becomes the large body of water known as Lough Neagh. For the magic well was placed in the charge of a woman called Liban ; she one day left the cover of the well open, and the catastrophe took place—the water issuing forth and overflowing the country. Liban herself, however, was not drowned, but only changed into a salmon—a form which she retained for three centuries. In my *Arthurian Legend*, p. 361, I have attempted to show that the name *Liban* may have its Welsh equivalent in that of *Llion*, occurring in the name of *Llyn Llion*, or Llion's Lake, the bursting of which is described in the latest series of Triads (iii, 13, 97) as causing a sort of deluge. I am not certain as to the nature of the relationship between those names, but it seems evident that the stories have a common substratum, though it is to be noticed that no well, magic or otherwise, figures in the Llyn Llion legend, which makes the presence of the monster called the *Avanc* the cause of the waters bursting forth. So Hu the Mighty, with his team of famous oxen, is made to drag the monster out of the lake. There is, however, another Welsh legend concerning a great overflow in which a well does figure : I allude to that of *Cantre'r Gwaelod*, or the Bottom Hundred, a fine spacious country supposed to be submerged

<sup>1</sup> The story may now be consulted in O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica*, i, 233-7 ; translated in ii, 265-9. On turning over the leaves of this splendid collection of Irish lore, I chanced on an allusion to a well which, when uncovered, was about to drown the whole locality, but for a miracle performed by St. Patrick to arrest the flow of its waters. See *op. cit.*, i, 174 ; ii, 196.

in Cardigan Bay. Modern euhemerism treats it as defended by embankments and sluices, which, we are told, were in the charge of the prince of the country, named Seithennin, who, being one day in his cups, forgot to shut the sluices, and thus brought about the inundation, which was the end of his fertile realm. This, however, is not the old legend; which speaks of a well, and lays the blame on a woman—a pretty sure sign of antiquity, as you may judge from other old stories which will readily occur to you. The Welsh legend to which I allude is a short poem in the *Black Book of Carmarthen*,<sup>1</sup> consisting of eight triplets, to which is added a triplet from the Englynion of the Graves (also found on fo. 33*a* of the *B. B.*).

The following is a tentative translation of it :—

Seithennin sawde allan.  
ac edrýchuirde varanres mor.  
maes guitnev rýtoes.

Seithennin, stand thou forth  
And see the vanguard of the main—  
Gwyðno's plain has it covered.

Boed emendiceid ý morvin  
aehellýgaut guýdi cvin.  
finaun wenestir mor terruin.

Accursed be the maiden  
Who after supping let it loose—  
The well-servant of the high sea.

Boed emendiceid ý vachteith.  
ac. golligaut guýdi gueith.  
finaun wenestir mor diffeith.

Accursed be the spinster  
Who after battle let it loose—  
The well-servant of the main.

<sup>1</sup> See Evans's autotype edition of the *Black Book*, fos. 53*b*, 54*a*.

Diaspad vererid ý ar vann caer.

hid ar duu ý dodir.

gnaud guýdi traha trange hir.

Mererid's cry from a city's height

Even to God is it sent aloft :

After pride comes long death,

Diaspad mererid . ý ar van kaer hetiv .

hid ar duu ý dadoluch.

gnaud guýdi traha attreguch.

Mererid's cry from a city's height to-day

Even to God her expiation :

After pride comes reflection.

Diaspad mererid am gorchuit heno.

ac nimhaut gorlluit.

gnaud guýdi traha tramguit.

Mererid's cry fills me to-night,

Nor can I readily prosper :

After pride comes a downfall.

Diaspad mererid ý ar gwinev kadir

kedaul duv ae gorev.

gnaud guýdi gormot eissev.

Mererid's cry over generous wines :

The bountiful man is God's creation :

After excess comes privation.

Diaspad mererid . am kýmhell heno

ý urth uýistauell.

gnaud guýdi traha trange pell.

Mererid's cry forces me to-night

Away from my chamber :

After insolence comes long death.

Bet seithenhin sýnhuir vann

Rug kaer kenedir a glan.

mor maurhidic a kinran.

The grave of Seithennin of the feeble under-  
standing

(Is) between Kenedyr's Fort and the shore,

(With that of) Môr the Grand and Kynran.



The names in these lines present great difficulties: first comes that of *Mererid*, which is no other word than *Margarita*, 'a pearl', borrowed; but what does it here mean? *Margarita*, besides meaning a pearl, was used in Welsh, e.g., under the form *Marereda*,<sup>1</sup> as the proper name written in English *Margaret*. That is probably how it is to be taken here, namely, as the name given to the negligent guardian of the magic well. It cannot very well be, however, the name occurring in the original form of the legend; but we have the parallel case of *Ffynnon Grassi* or Grace's Well. The woman in question plays the rôle of Liban in the Irish story, and one of Liban's names was *Muirgen*, which would in Welsh be *Morien*, the earliest known form of which is *Morgen*, 'sea-born'. I conjecture accordingly that the respectable Christian name *Margarita* was substituted for an original *Morgen*, partly because perhaps *Morgen* was used as the name of a man, namely, of the person known to ecclesiastical history as *Pelagius*, which makes an appropriate translation of *Morgen* or *Morien*. I may point out that the modern name *Morgan*, standing as it does for an older *Morcant*, is an utterly different name, although Article IX in the Welsh version of the English Book of Common Prayer gives its sanction to the ignorance which makes the *Pelagians* of the original into *Morganiad*. This accounts probably for what I used to hear when I was a boy, namely, that families bearing the name of *Morgan* were of a mysteriously uncanny descent. What was laid to their charge I could never discover; but it was probably the sin of heresy of the ancient *Morgen* or *Morien*—the name, as some of you know, selected as his *ffugenav* by the *Arch-dderwydd*, or the *soi-disant* chief of the Druids of Wales at the present day, whose proper surname is *Morgan*. But to return to the Bottom Hundred, nobody has been able to identify Caer Kenedyr, and I have nothing to say as to *Mor Maurhidic*, except that a person of that name

<sup>1</sup> See *Y Cymmrodor*, viii, 88, No. XXIX, where a *Marereda* is mentioned as a daughter of Madog ap Meredydd ap Rhys Gryg.

is mentioned in another of the Englynion of the Graves. It runs thus (*B. B.*, fo. 33*a*):

Bet mor maurhidic diessic unben.  
 post kinhen kinteic.  
 mab peredur penwetic.

The Grave of Mor the Grand, the Déisi's prince,  
 Pillar of the foremost (?) conflict,  
 The son of Peredur of Penweddig.

It is a mere conjecture of mine that *diessic* is an adjective referring to the people called in Irish *Déisi*, who invaded Dyfed, and founded there a dynasty represented by King Triphun and his Sons at the time of St. David's birth; later, we find Elen, wife of Howel Dda, to be one of that family. The mention of Peredur of Penweddig raises other questions; but let it suffice here to say that Penweddig was a Cantred consisting of North Cardiganshire, which brings us to the vicinity of Cantre'r Gwaelod. The last name in the final triplet of the poem which I have attempted to translate is *Kiuran*, which is quite inexplicable as a Welsh name; but I am inclined to identify it with that of one of the three who escaped the catastrophe in the Irish legend. The name there is *Curnan*, which was borne by the idiot of the family, who, like many later idiots, was at the same time a prophet. For he is represented as always prophesying that the waters were going to burst forth, and advising his friends to prepare boats. So he may be set, after a fashion, over against our *Seithenhin synweyr wan*, 'S. of the feeble mind'. But you will perhaps ask why I do not point out an equivalent in Irish for the Welsh *Seithennin*. The fact is that no such equivalent occurs in the Irish story in question, nor, so far as I know, in any other.

That is what I wrote when penning these notes; but it has occurred to me since then that there is an Irish name, an important Irish name, which is possibly related to *Seithenhin*, and that is Setanta, the first name of the Irish hero Cúchulainn. If we put this name back into what may be surmised to have been its early form, we arrive at

Settnt̃ias or Settnt̃ijos, while *Seithennin* or *Seithenhin*—both spellings occur in the *Black Book*—admits of being restored to *Seithnt̃inos*. The *nt* in *Setanta*, on the other hand, makes one suspect that it is a name of Brythonic origin in Irish; and I have been in the habit of associating it with that of the people of the *Setantii*,<sup>1</sup> placed by Ptolemy on the coast-land of Lancashire. The two theories are possibly compatible; but in that case one would have to consider both *Setanta* and *Setantii* as Brythonic names, handed down in forms more or less Goidelicised. Whether any legend has ever been current about a country submerged on the coast of Lancashire I cannot say, but I should be very glad to be informed of it if any such is known. I remember, however, reading somewhere as to the Plain of Muirthemhne, of which Cúchulainn, our *Setanta*, had special charge, that it was so called because it had once been covered by the sea: but that is just the converse of *Seithennin*'s country being continuously submerged. The latter is beneath Cardigan Bay, while the other fringed the opposite side of the Irish Sea, consisting as it did of the level portion of county Louth. And on the whole I am not altogether indisposed to believe that we have in these names traces of an ancient legend of a wider scope than is represented by the *Black Book* triplets which I have essayed to translate. I think that I am right in recognising that legend in the *Mabinogi* of Branwen, daughter of Llyr. There we read that, when Brân and his men crossed from Wales to Ireland, the intervening sea consisted merely of two navigable rivers called Lli and Archan. The story-teller adds words, grievously mistranslated by Lady Charlotte Guest in her *Mabinogion*, iii, 117, to the effect that it is only since then that the sea has multiplied his realms between Ireland and the Isle of the Mighty, as he calls this country.

These are not all the questions which such stories suggest to me; for *Seithennin* is represented in later Welsh

<sup>1</sup> There is another reading which would make them into *Segantii*, and render it irrelevant to mention them here.

literature as the son of one *Seithyn Saidi*, King of Dyfed. *Saidi* is obscure: a *Mab Saidi*, 'Saidi's Son', is mentioned in the Story of Kulhwch and Olwen: see the *Red Book Mabinogion*, pp. 106, 110; and as to *Seithyn*, or *Seithin*, a person so called is alluded to in an obscure passage in the *Book of Taliessin*: see Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, ii, 210. I now shift to the coast of Brittany, as to which I learn from a short paper by the late M. Le Men, in the *Revue Archéologique*, xxiii, 52, that the Ile de Sein is called in Breton *Enez-Sun*, in which *Sun* is a dialectic shortening of *Sizun*, which is also met with as *Scidhun*. That being so, one can have but little hesitation in regarding *Sizun* as nearly related to our *Seithyn*. That is not all: the tradition reminds one of the Welsh legend: M. Le Men not only referred to the *Vie du P. Maunoïr* by Boschet (Paris, 1697), but added that, in his own time, the road ending on the Pointe du Raz opposite the Isle of Sein "passe pour être l'ancien chemin qui conduisait à la ville d'Is (*Kacr-a-Is*, la ville de la partie basse)." It is my own experience that nobody can go about much in Brittany without hearing over and over again about the submerged city of Is. When pondering over the collective significance of these stories, I had my attention directed to quite another order of facts by a naturalist who informed me that a well-known botanist ranks as Iberian a certain percentage—a very considerable percentage, I understood him to say—of the flora of our south-western peninsulas, such as Cornwall and Kerry. The question suggests itself at once: Can our British and Breton legends of submergence have come down to us from so remote a past as the time when the land extended unbroken from the north of Spain to the south of Ireland? I cannot say that such a view seems to me admissible, but the question may prove worth putting.

To return to magic wells, I have to confess that I cannot decide what may be precisely the meaning of the notion of a well with a woman set carefully to see that the door

of the well is kept shut. It will occur, however, to everybody to compare the well which Undine wished to have kept shut, on account of its affording a ready access from her subterranean country to the castle of her refractory knight. And in the case of the Glasfryn Lake, the walling and cover that were to keep the spring from overflowing were, according to the story, not water-tight, seeing that there were holes in one of the stones. This suggests the idea that the cover was to prevent the passage of some such full-grown fairies as those with which legend seems to have once peopled all the pools and tarns of Wales. But, in the next place, is the maiden in charge of the well to be regarded as priestess of the well? This idea of a priesthood is not wholly unknown in connection with wells in Wales.

In another context (p. 57, above) I have alluded to Ffynnon Eilian, or St. Eilian's Well; and I wish now briefly to show the bearing of its history on this question. We read as follows, *s. v. Llandrillo*, in Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary of Wales*, edition 1833: "Fynnon Eilian, which, even in the present age, is annually visited by hundreds of people, for the reprehensible purpose of invoking curses upon the heads of those who have grievously offended them. The ceremony is performed by the applicant standing upon a certain spot near the well, whilst the owner of it reads a few passages of the sacred scriptures, and then, taking a small quantity of water, gives it to the former to drink, and throws the residue over his head, which is repeated three times, the party continuing to mutter imprecations in whatever terms his vengeance may dictate." Rice Rees, in his *Essay on Welsh Saints* (London, 1836), p. 267, speaks of St. Eilian as follows: "Miraculous cures were lately supposed to be performed at his shrine at Llanelian, Anglesey; and near the church of Llanelian, Denbighshire, is a well called Ffynnon Eilian, which is thought by the peasantry of the neighbourhood to be endowed with miraculous powers even at present."

Foulkes, *s.v. Elian*, in his *Enwogion Cymru*, published in 1870, expresses the opinion that the visits of the superstitious to the well had ceased for some time. The last man supposed to have had charge of the well was a certain John Evans; but some of the most amusing stories of the shrewdness of the person looking after the well refer to a woman who had charge of it before Evans' time. A series of articles on Ffynnon Eilian appeared in 1861 in a Welsh periodical called *Y Nofelydd*, printed by Aubrey at Llanerch y Medd in Anglesey. The articles in question were afterwards published, I believe, as a shilling book, which I have not seen, and they dealt with the superstition, with the history of John Evans, and his confession and conversion. I have searched in vain for any account in Welsh of the ritual followed at the well.

Lewis calls the person who took the charge of the well the owner; and I have always understood that, whether owner or not, the person in question received gifts of money, not only for placing in the well the names of men who were to be cursed, but also from those men for taking their names out again, so as to relieve them from the malediction. In fact, the trade in curses seems to have been a very thriving one: its influence was powerful and wide-spread.

Here there is, I think, very little doubt that the owner or guardian of the well was, so to say, the representative of an ancient priesthood of the well. His function as a pagan—for such we must reckon him, in spite of his employing in his ritual some verses from the Bible—was analogous to that of a parson or preacher who lets for rent the sittings in his church. We have, however, no sufficient data in this case to show how the right to the priesthood of a sacred well was acquired, whether by inheritance or otherwise; but we know that a woman might have charge of St. Elian's Well.

Let me cite another instance, which I suddenly discovered last summer in the course of a ramble in quest

of old inscriptions. Among other places which I visited was Llandeilo Llwydarth, near Maen Clochog, in the northern part of Pembrokeshire. This is one of the many churches bearing the name of St. Teilo in South Wales: the building is in ruins, but the churchyard is still used, and contains two of the most ancient non-Roman inscriptions in the Principality. If you ask now for "Llandeilo" in this district, you will be understood to be inquiring after the farm-house of that name, close to the old church; and I learnt from the landlady that her family has been there for many generations, though they have not very long been the proprietors of the land. She also told me of St. Teilo's Well, a little above the house; adding that it was considered to have the property of curing the whooping-cough. I asked if there was any rite or ceremony necessary to be performed in order to derive benefit from the water. Certainly, I was told; the water must be lifted out of the well and given to the patient to drink by some member of the family: to be more accurate, I ought to say that this must be done by somebody born in the house. One of her sons, however, had told me previously, when I was busy with the inscriptions, that the water must be given to the patient by the heir, not by anybody else. Then came my question how the water was lifted, or out of what the patient had to drink, to which I was answered that it was out of the skull. "What skull?" said I. "St. Teilo's skull", was the answer. "Where do you get the saint's skull?" I asked. "Here it is", was the answer, and I was given it to handle and examine. I know next to nothing about skulls; but it struck me that it was a thick, strong skull, and it called to my mind the story of the three churches which contended for the saint's corpse. You all know it, probably: the contest became so keen that it had to be settled by prayer and fasting. So, in the morning, lo and behold! there were three corpses of St. Teilo --not simply one--and so like were they in features and

stature that nobody could tell which were the corpses made to order and which the old one. I should have guessed that the skull which I saw belonged to the former description, as not having been very much worn by its owner ; but this I am forbidden to do by the fact that, according to the legend, this particular Llandeilo was not one of the three contending churches which bore away in triumph a dead Teilo each. Another view, however, is possible : namely, that the story has been edited in such a way as to reduce a larger number of Teilos into three, in order to gratify the Welsh fondness for triads.

Since my visit to the neighbourhood I have been favoured with an account of the well as it is now current there. My informant is Mr. Benjamin Gibby of Llangolman Mill, who writes (in Welsh) mentioning, among other things, that the people around call the well *Ffynnon yr Ychen*, or the Oxen's Well, and that the family owning and occupying the farm-house of Llandeilo have been there for centuries. Their name, which is Melchior (pronounced Melshor), is by no means a common one in the Principality, so far as I know ; but, whatever may be its history in Wales, the bearers of it are excellent Kymry. Mr. Gibby informs me that the current story solves the difficulty as to the saint's skull as follows:—The saint had a favourite maid-servant from the Pembrokeshire Llandeilo : she was a beautiful woman, and had the privilege of attending on the saint when he was on his death-bed. As his death was approaching, he gave his maid a strict and solemn command that at the end of a year's time from the day of his burial at Llandeilo Fawr she was to take his skull to the other Llandeilo, and to leave it there to be a blessing to coming generations of men, who, when ailing, would have their health restored by drinking water out of it. So the belief has been that to drink out of the skull some of the water of Teilo's well ensures health, especially against the whooping-cough. The faith of some of those who used to visit the well was



so great in its efficacy that they were wont to leave it, as he says, with their health wonderfully improved; and he mentions a story related to him by an old neighbour, Stephen Ifan, who has been dead for some years, to the effect that a carriage, drawn by four horses, came once, more than half a century ago, to Llandeilo. It was full of invalids coming from Pen Clawdd, in Gower, Glamorganshire, to try the water of the well. They returned, however, no better than they came, for though they had drunk of the well, they had neglected to do so out of the skull. This was afterwards pointed out to them by somebody, and they resolved to make the long journey to the well again. This time, as we are told, they did the right thing, and departed in excellent health.

Such are the contents of Mr. Gibby's letter; and I would now only point out that we have here an instance of a well which was probably sacred before the time of St. Teilo: in fact, one would possibly be right in supposing that the sanctity of the well and its immediate surroundings was one of the causes of the site being chosen by a Christian missionary. But consider for a moment what has happened: the well-paganism has annexed the saint, and established a belief ascribing to him the skull used in the well-ritual. The landlady and her family, it is true, do not believe in the efficacy of the well, or take gifts from those who visit the well; but they continue, out of kindness, to hand the skull full of water to those who persevere in their belief in it. In other words, the faith in the well continues in a measure intact, when the walls of the church have fallen into utter decay. Such is the great persistence of some ancient beliefs; and in this particular instance we have a succession which seems to point unmistakably to an ancient priesthood of this spring of water.

JOHN RHYS.

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In the discussion which followed this paper, interesting particulars were mentioned by Mr. T. E. Morris, of Portmadoc; and in response to an appeal by the author of

the paper, Mr. Morris has been good enough to write out his remarks, as follows :—

“Professor Rhys has referred in his interesting paper to three sacred wells which have come within my knowledge.

“I remember being at Llanclarvan in July 1887, seeing the church, and visiting two old farmhouses with ecclesiastical traditions, Llanveithin and Garn Lwyd. I was then told that there was a *Ffynnon Ddyfrig* (St. Dubricius’ Well), or a well with a similar name, about a mile off, if I remember rightly, the waters of which possessed healing properties. Unfortunately, my time was limited, and so I was unable to go and see it.

“I have seen *Ffynnon Fair* (St. Mary’s Well), on Uwch Fynydd, near Aberdaron. It occupies a hollow in the cliff, a little to the left of the site of *Eglwys Fair*, facing Bardsey Island. It lies a short distance down the cliff, and is easily approached. The person who could drink a mouthful of its waters, then ascend the hill, and go round the ruins of the chapel once or thrice (I am not sure on this point), without swallowing or parting with it, would have his fondest wish gratified. I recollect remarking at the time to a friend who was with me, that the feat would be a somewhat difficult one to perform ; and I fear we felt no desire, under the circumstances, to wish.

“I was also at Llangybi, in Carnarvonshire, about two years ago, and saw *Ffynnon Gybi* (St. Cybi’s Well), which lies in a small dale near the parish church, and had been walled in and flagged. It is a large square well, and was formerly very much resorted to by persons suffering from rheumatism and other complaints. To effect a cure it was necessary to bathe in the well ; and the building adjoining, the ruins of which remain, was possibly used by the sufferers.

“Reference was made to the custom of dropping pins into sacred wells in Wales as offerings. I have also heard that it was customary to drop coins ; but cannot speak definitely of any well where the custom prevailed. I think I have been told that copper coins were thrown into the well known as *Ffynnon Faglan* (St. Baglan’s Well), in the

parish of Llanfaglan, Carnarvonshire; but such does not appear to have been the case. The well is situated in an open field to the right of the road leading towards the church, and close to it. The church and churchyard form an enclosure in the middle of the same field. Mrs. Roberts, of Cefn-y-coed, near Carnarvon, has kindly supplied me with the following information:—

“The old people who would be likely to know anything about *Ffynnon Faglan* have all died. The two oldest inhabitants, who have always lived in this parish (Llanfaglan), remember the well being used for healing purposes. One told me his mother used to take him to it, when he was a child, for sore eyes, bathe them with the water, and then drop in a pin. The other man, when he was young, bathed in it for rheumatism; and until quite lately people used to fetch away the water for medicinal purposes. The latter, who lives near the well, at Tan-y-graig, said that he remembered it being cleaned out about fifty years ago, when two basins-full of pins were taken out, but no coin of any kind. The pins were all bent, and I conclude the intention was to exorcise the evil spirit supposed to afflict the person who dropped them in, or, as the Welsh say, *dadwitsio*. No doubt some ominous words were also used. The well is at present nearly dry, the field where it lies having been drained some years ago, and the water in consequence withdrawn from it. It was much used for the cure of warts. The wart was washed, then pricked with a pin, which, after being bent, was thrown into the well.

“There is a very large and well known well of the kind at Clynnog, *Ffynnon Beuno*<sup>1</sup> (St. Beuno's Well), which was considered to have miraculous healing powers; and even yet, I believe, some people have faith in it. *Ffynnon Faglan* is in its construction an imitation, on a smaller scale, of St. Beuno's Well at Clynnog.”

T. E. MORRIS.

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<sup>1</sup> This is the local pronunciation; but we should expect to find *Ffynnon Feuno*. So *Ffynnon Gwynwy* (p. 59, above) might mean either ‘Gwynwy's’ or ‘Cwynwy's Well’.

# REPORT ON FOLK-TALE RESEARCH,

1892.

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  17. *Afro-American Folk-lore told round Cabin Fires on the Sea Islands of South Carolina*. By A. M. H. Christensen. Boston : J. G. Cupples Company, 1892.
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A FASCINATING volume for all students of folk-lore is the Official Report of the Second International Congress. This is not the place to discuss the uses of a Congress ; and, indeed, when one of the results is the production of a volume of nearly 500 pages, raising so many questions of interest, opening so many avenues of scientific speculation, heaping together so many new facts, and containing so many hints towards the solution of the problems that already confront us, we hardly pause to ask what are the uses of a Congress. Students of folk-tales will turn, of course, to the Folk-tale Section. But the importance of the Report to them does not stop there. M. Ploix's article on *Le Mythe de l'Odyssee* seems to have lost its way in the Mythological Section. Mr. Hindes Groome's paper on *The Influence of the Gipsies* in the Institution and Custom Section, and Mr. Hugh Nevill's *Sinhalese Folk-lore* in the General Theory and Classification Section, also overlap our own. We can now see how fierce the battle between the Anthropologists and the Disseminationists waxed ; and, sitting down quietly with the book in hand, we can measure

the strength of the attack made by Mr. Newell, M. Cosquin, and Mr. Jacobs on the anthropological position. Their papers and that of Mr. Nutt have brought into fresh prominence the extreme complexity, as well as the importance, of the issues. The editors indeed claim, and not without justice, that "in the burning question of folk-tale diffusion issue has rarely been joined by the opposing schools with greater definiteness". On this question there is a strong temptation to agnosticism. And indeed, to judge by some of the discussions at the Congress, as well as by the expressions of scientific opinion outside, the problem of the place of origin of any folk-tale is by many students regarded as insoluble. It may be so, of course; but until some serious attempt has been made to trace a number of these stories back to their cradles, an avowal of disbelief in the possibility of the feat is premature. The resources of modern inquiry have not yet been exhausted; nay, they have hardly been tapped. M. Cosquin's learning, reinforced by Mr. Jacobs' acuteness, has done little more than scratch the surface.

The truth is that before we can make much progress in the work we must have improved instruments. With two of these Mr. Jacobs in his paper proposes to furnish us—a folk-tale map and a list of incidents. To speak to the eye is always an aid to the understanding. This is Mr. Jacobs' aim in the outline map of Europe which accompanies his paper. Upon his map he has marked the names of a number of collections, with the dates of their publication, over the localities where the collections were made. To be effective, however, a map of this kind must be on a larger scale than the one before us, and the political divisions—rather, if possible, the linguistic divisions—should be marked. Having analysed the principal types of a folk-tale, we could indicate on such a map its distribution. A map containing the names of collections will hardly be useful save as a key-map for reference. But the idea of a map is a good one, and should not be lost sight of.

The list of incidents is valuable too. It is the first attempt to compile what has long been wanted. If it be imperfect, that is unavoidable; and the imperfection cannot balance our indebtedness to the author. The chief defects are, so far as I have tested it, of three kinds. First, incidents are defined too specifically. For example, the incident, found in drolls, of the fool who tried to get into some article of his clothing by jumping, should be indicated as *Jumping into clothes*, rather than by the mention of an article only found in some variants as the object of the hero's perspiring efforts. Second, the alphabetical order should be subordinated to some sort of logical order. Thus, I find *Candle-lighting election* under C, and *Kingship test* under K. These are both variant forms of one incident, which relates the supernatural designation of the hero to the office of king or pope; and the first may, in fact, be included in the second. What is wanted is a general heading, such as *King, Designation* [or *Nomination*—not *Election*] *of*, to be followed by sub-divisions into *By animals*, *By bell-ringing*, *By candle-lighting*, and so forth. The third kind of defect arises, I think, usually from too great a desire for compression. Compression is undoubtedly one of the chief matters to be aimed at, but not at the sacrifice of perspicuity. Who could tell that the *Thrown in water* incident was that of the hapless queen thrown into the water, or otherwise put away, during the king's absence, to make room for her uglier step-sister? *Zigzag transformation* hardly expresses the incident better yclept by Mr. Nutt *Transformation fight*. These blemishes, however, are all susceptible of amendment; and a committee of the Society, taking this list as a foundation, could easily compile a standard list adaptable to all our wants.

These practical efforts are so important that they will perhaps draw away the student's attention from the paper by which they are preceded. Such a result is much to be deprecated. Taken together with M. Cosquin's paper,

written chiefly in reply to Mr. Andrew Lang, it constitutes a powerful statement of the Disseminationist position. Mr. Jacobs insists on the artistic whole which a folk-tale forms, while M. Cosquin examines some analogous stories under the microscope, and finds minute and unexpected coincidences. Both arguments converge upon the necessity that the narrative, say, of Perseus or Cinderella, had a specific origin in a definite locality, if not in the brain of some one conscious artist, and thence spread through the world.

Mr. Newell introduces a further limitation. He is of opinion that *märchen*, with all their magic, all their cruelty, all their absurdities, originated among civilised nations, or at least were diffused from them to uncivilised, and not *vice versa*. The example he has made the text of his paper is an English variant of a well-known type of Swan-maiden stories; and it is specially valuable as the only English variant known. It is printed for the first time in the Congress Report, "obtained from a member of a highly intelligent family in Massachusetts, in which it has been traditional." Mr. Newell, its discoverer, traces it back to the Hindu mythology, where, he says, it "seems clear and simple; in other parts of the world it appears as a narrative subject to obscurity, and not in close connection with national ideas." Naturally, however, he finds a difficulty with the variant made known to us by Dr. Turner in his book on Samoa. This variant is not only unusually complete, but is "highly characteristic in form and scenery", and, moreover, is in ballad form, consisting of no fewer than twenty-six stanzas. Yet Mr. Newell concludes "that this ballad must have been inspired by a tale recently imported from Europe". Must it? Samoa was discovered by the Dutch in 1722. It was next visited by the French in 1768, and again in 1787. A quarrel with the natives by the expedition under La Perouse in the latter year caused the island to be shunned as the abode of treacherous savages for nearly fifty years, though it was



once visited in the interval by a British warship. In 1830 an attempt was made by the London Missionary Society to get a footing on the island. This, we may be tolerably certain, was the earliest time at which any real social intercourse with Europeans took place. After a struggle, the missionaries were successful, and gradually succeeded in Christianizing the people. Now, the Samoan ballad replaces the paternal ogre by a god; and it bespeaks a condition of thought when gods are believed to hold constant communion with men, and are, indeed, hardly distinguishable from them. In view of this fact, and of the other details of manners and scenery, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the ballad has descended from the times of heathen savagery. If this be true—and Dr. Turner indicates no doubt about it—a very heavy *onus probandi* lies upon Mr. Newell, having regard to the history of the island—an onus to be outweighed by no theories of what must have been.

I may digress a moment here to mention that Dr. Turner's book affords other problems of the same sort. There is, for instance, a proverb in daily use referring to a fable familiar to us as "The Hare and the Tortoise". The fable in Samoa relates a quarrel between a fowl and a turtle for a spring of fresh water. They agreed to decide it by seeing which of them was first at the spring the next morning. The turtle, of course, got up early, and reached the spring from the sea before the fowl, in her over-confidence, had done roosting. Note here the complete assimilation by the native mind of this apologue, as shown not merely by its adaptation to the island scenery and fauna, but also by the proverb continually in the mouths of the people. Can we venture to assume that it, too, "must have been" a recent importation from Europe?

Mr. MacRitchie's paper on *The Historical Aspect of Folk-lore* calls attention to a very difficult branch of the inquiry into the meaning of the folk-tale. Some of the instances he gives of the preservation of historical memory are curious,

though the family tradition would have been a more convincing case had he felt at liberty to mention names and other particulars. Even more striking instances, however, might have been mentioned, such as that one referred to by Mr. Boyd Dawkins in his *Early Man in Britain*, which discloses the record of a local fact handed down by tradition for something like two thousand years. A barrow called Bryn-yr-Ellyllon (Fairy Hill), near Mold, was said to be haunted : a ghost clad in golden armour had been seen to enter it. The ghost was explained when the barrow was opened, in the year 1832, by the discovery of a skeleton wearing a corselet of gold of beautiful Etruscan workmanship. It is very desirable that some student unwarped by any prepossession, theological or historical, should endeavour, by a collection of instances and their comparison on scientific principles, to establish how far reminiscences of fact can be preserved in folk-lore, and what amount of distortion, or transformation, they may, in given circumstances, be expected to undergo. I hardly know any problem that can be attacked with a greater likelihood of practical results.

Mr. Nutt's paper on *Problems of Heroic Legend* deals with this subject in its application to the cycles of the Celtic and Teutonic heroes. In this limited field his keen criticism is successful in showing that the recollection extends to little, if anything, more than the mere names of a few of the personages. The old mythic material of the race is the real stuff of the legends to which these names attach themselves. With the mythic material are mingled recollections, more or less vague, of the last important struggle in which the nation was engaged before the legend assumed final shape. The struggle may or may not have been that in which the heroes whose names are made use of took part. Summing up this part of his paper, the author says : " Had we heroic legend alone, we should know worse than nothing of history, we could only guess at false history. History may seem to give the form

and framework of heroic legend, the vital plastic organic element is furnished by something quite different. Myth, like a hermit crab, may creep into the shell of history, none the less does it retain its own nature." He then goes on to point out that "it is an open question whether among the races which shaped the great heroic cycles it was not precisely the impossible elements which won credence, whether a hero could be considered such unless he was more than a man, whether the vitality of an heroic legend is not directly proportionate to the more or less of myth which it contains." Taking two of the many mythical, or impossible, incidents found alike in Celtic and Teutonic heroic legend, Mr. Nutt examines the Miraculous Birth and the Combat between Father and Son, ascertaining the dates of their appearance in literature, the character of the texts in which they are found, and the special forms assumed by the incidents themselves; and he not only fails to find any evidence of borrowing, but he urges with much force a psychological difficulty in the way of the borrowing theory as applied to these hero-tales. "It seems certain", he argues, "that the Irishmen who told of Cuchulainn, the Germans who sang of Siegfried, the Persians who celebrated Rustem, not only believed in the existence and deeds of these heroes (as firmly in the mythical—the impossible—elements as in the purely human ones), but also looked upon them as the crowning glory and as the standing exemplar of the race. The traditions connected with them formed a heritage of an especially sacred character, a heritage which it was the pride of the clan chief, the duty of the clan wiseman and singer to foster. Is it likely that these traditions should to any great extent be a simple adaptation or echo of stories told by strangers to the clan-sentiment, this, too, at a time when strangers were almost invariably enemies?" Putting the borrowing hypothesis, therefore, aside, he explains the similarity between certain incidents of the various Aryan races by reference to their divine legends. Himself inclined to

regard such legends as mainly expressive of natural phenomena, he does not pronounce definitely against them as in some way symbolizing past events which impressed the imagination and modified the condition of the race, nor would he prejudge the questions whether they are representatives of one common original or independent developments of common mythic germs, nor even whether they are ultimately Aryan at all, and not rather borrowed from older races. These questions he leaves for future research, urging especially careful observation of the processes at work among savage peoples who are still in the mythopœic stage.

The same problem of the historical value of myth is dealt with by M. Ploix in his paper on the myth of the *Odyssey*. He submits the plot, the personages, the incidents, and the localities of the poem to a careful examination, and shows without difficulty that one and all of these are of such stuff as popular tales are made of. The most ingenious portion of his argument is that in which he deals with the subject of the *Odyssey*, the search for and conquest of Penelope, as identical with the subject of the ordinary folk-tale in which the hero sets out to obtain the bride, who is only to be won after long wandering and the performance of superhuman tasks. Whether or not M. Ploix's dawn-theory be accepted to explain the myth, his analysis lays bare the same result in the case of the Greek myth as that of Mr. Nutt in the Celtic and Teutonic myths: regarded in any sense as history, the value of the narrative is a minus quantity.

I have left myself no space to speak of Mr. Hindes Groome's paper and that of Mr. Hugh Nevill. Folk-tales occupy but a small portion of either. Mr. Nevill, however, succeeds in awakening our curiosity concerning the *Sahasvatthu*, which he describes as "one of the oldest historical folk-lore books in the world". As to his own collection, he gives enough taste of its variety to make us wish he would put it into shape for publication. His official

position in Ceylon has yielded him ample opportunities for scientific inquiry in a field hitherto unwrought. Will he not afford us a larger measure of the results?

Mr. Jacobs' contribution to the discussion of the problems of dissemination does not end with his paper in the *Congress Transactions*. In *Indian Fairy Tales* he has added a third to the beautiful series of fairy-books for children—a third in every way worthy of its Celtic and English predecessors. The stories are as well selected and adapted, and the illustrations as full of charm as ever—an endless delight. But our business is with the notes. In them the author expresses his opinion that it has been proved that the incidents of drolls have been all derived from India, but that as regards the incidents of the "serious" tales further inquiry is needed. At the same time he asserts the Indian origin of some of these, and favours the presumption generally, "so far as the incidents are marvellous and of true fairy-tale character . . . . . because of the vitality of animism or metempsychosis in India throughout all historic time". He is convinced that "the fairy-tales that are common to the Indo-European world were invented once for all in a certain locality, and thence spread to all the countries in culture-contact with the original source". And he holds that "so far as Europe has a common source of fairy-tales, it owes this to India". This last statement he qualifies to some extent by limiting the "common stock" of European tales to 30-50 per cent. of the whole, and reckoning them primarily as including all the beast-tales and most of the drolls; but though he thinks the evidence still lacking about the more serious fairy-tales, it is increasing with every fresh collection of folk-tales in India.

This is an advance on the position he took up at the Congress: he is now more definitely committed to the theory of Indian, though not necessarily of Buddhist, origins. Let us examine one or two of the instances on which Mr. Jacobs relies. The story of the Demon of the

Matted Hair yields to none in the collection for interest to the student. It has been translated from a Játaka by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse specially for this volume (where it appears for the first time in English), and is put down by Mr. Jacobs as the original of Uncle Remus' famous story of the Tar-baby. The incident having been found among the Hottentots, Mr. Jacobs considers "there can be little doubt that the Játaka" was carried to Africa "possibly by Buddhist missionaries, spread among the negroes", and was by them carried to the New World. Well, a very plausible theory! And yet, though "there can be little doubt" about it, that little doubt will persist in making its appearance. The Buddhist missionaries we may deal with when Mr. Jacobs produces his evidence of Buddhistic influence to be found among the negroes; for the present we may ignore them. There remains nothing more than the conjecture of transmission from India, disguised by the bold words "there can be little doubt". Now, what *is* certain is that the Hottentots are, in race, if not in culture and space, about as far removed from true Negroes as Esquimaux from Aztecs; that the Játaka is not the simplest, but a highly-developed, highly-civilised form of the story, while the Hottentot form is the simplest, the most uncivilised; that hitherto the story has nowhere else been found on the African continent; and that it has been found outside of India only where the African race has been for a long period in constant contact with nations of European origin. These facts do not warrant any definite conclusion as yet. They point, however, decidedly *against* the Indian origin of the incident. The African origin is a probable conjecture, and that is all: the channel of transmission between Africa and India is still to seek.

Again. In the story of the Princess Labám, Mr. Jacobs lays stress on "the sequence of incidents: *Direction Tabu—Animals—Bride-wager—Tasks.*" Now, the best evidence of transmission occurs, not where the sequence is closely interwoven, but where an apparently unconnected incident

is found persistently as a member of the sequence. Thus it is the presence of the Direction Taboo that gives force to the argument in this instance. But, does the Direction Taboo occur in the sequence elsewhere than in India? I do not find it in the stories referred to by Mr. Jacobs; and, if I did, I do not see how it would prove that Europe must have borrowed from India, either at the time of the Crusades or at any other period. In his note to *The Son of Seven Queens*, Mr. Jacobs suggests that the idea of a son of seven mothers could only arise in a polygamous country. Heimdall, in the Norse Mythology, was the son of nine mothers: is this a crumb from the Indian loaf? Nor is the stepmother proper so wholly unknown to Indian tales, or to Indian life, that there is any probability in the suggestion that the "Envious Stepmother" of this and other stories was originally a co-wife (cf. Swynnerton, *I. N. E.*, 275, 330). Mr. Jacobs has certainly made a point in urging that in the Punchkin group not the external soul but its numerous wrappers must be evidence of transmission. But he really does not attempt to prove that the wrappers were borrowed from a Hindu lender. This at present is pure assumption.

To discuss the matter further is impossible. I will merely say that I traverse the entire argument starting from the "appropriate atmosphere" created by the Hindu dogma of metempsychosis. It fails to take adequate account of the opinions and practices of the European peasantry, both where those opinions and practices have, and where, as in large tracts of the continent, they have not, been frowned upon by the higher orders. In view of the classical, Norse, and Celtic mythologies it is undeniable (and Mr. Jacobs candidly admits) that the folk of Europe were possessed of a stock-in-trade of stories once. All that we know of their repertory vouches it of the same character as that of the modern story-teller. Its displacement must be shown by reasoning from premises more indisputable, and with fewer broken links. I ought to add a caution to students against the text of the tales in this otherwise admirable volume.

Mr. Jacobs has not always indicated the adaptations he has deemed necessary for the English nursery; but he has happily and properly exhibited his sources.

M. Sébillot has published an analytical table of the incidents, personages, and machinery of his many and valuable collections of tales from Upper Brittany. This is a labour covering a larger ground than Mr. Jacobs' list; for it is intended primarily to serve the purpose of an index to the stories. It will in effect do much more: it will enable us to add to the number of incidents enumerated by him, and thus assist materially in the preparation of a standard list. Meanwhile, its utility will be appreciated by the readers of M. Sébillot's volumes—in other words, by all students of folk-tales.

In M. Andree's study of the Deluge myth we are introduced to a different region. The author collects eighty-eight variants of the story of the Flood, and discusses their distribution, transmission, and origin. His conclusions are that Flood sagas, though widely scattered, are not universal, the exceptions being those of China, Japan, Arabia, Northern and Central Asia, the whole of Africa, and the whole of Europe save Greece; that the traditions of the other parts of Europe are founded on the Bible; that many of the traditions found elsewhere have been modified by Christian influence; and that there is no common foundation for the traditions where they are found, but that they are due to local catastrophes, in the causes of which he considers earthquake-waves have played a considerable part. Some of these conclusions are startling. If local catastrophes have given rise to Flood sagas, it is strange that a country so devastated by floods as China should yield no variant: it is enough of itself to make us doubt the theory. M. Andree does not discuss Dr. Brinton's suggestion (or is it Prescott's, whom the Doctor quotes?) that these myths are the result of an effort of the savage imagination to break up the illimitable past into distinct cycles or periods of time. And is he not rather hasty in assuming that, because he has not found any



traditions of a deluge in certain regions, therefore there are none to be found? Is it certain, too, that he is right in rejecting, for example, the Celtic and Norse myths as founded on Christian teaching?

The first volume of the *Miti, Leggende e Superstizioni del Medio Evo* deals chiefly with the myths discussed in their literary shape. But the attention of students ought to be called to the work, not merely because its plan comprises much of scientific interest, but also because the subjects are treated in an attractive manner; the notes indicate many works which may be consulted with advantage, and the appendices include a number of mediæval texts. The subjects treated in this first volume are The Earthly Paradise, The periodical respite allowed to the Damned, and The Belief in Fatalism.

M. Robert Auning's little work consists of a collection of Lettish folk-tales and superstitions concerning the Puhkis, or dragon, myth current among the people of Livland. The texts are given in Lettish, and most of them are translated into German. The collection is followed by some eminently sane and cautious observations on the myth, which is identified with the North German Pûks and the English Puck. The Puhkis is by no means confined to dragon, or serpent, form. It appears at various times also as a lump of charcoal, a log of wood, a bundle, a cat, a mouse, a bird, a toad, a whirlwind, a ball of light, a besom with a fiery head, a thong of leather, the tail of a pig. It appears in the familiar capacity of "drudging goblin" who must not be gifted with clothes. And the reason for this prohibition, obscure in the German and English variants, seems to be that it was the custom to dismiss farm-servants with new clothes. Did this custom ever obtain in England? The Puhkis is to be bought; and its life is bound up with that of its owner, so that if the former be destroyed the latter also comes to an end. It must be fed, and indeed must be presented with the first-fruits of its owner's produce. It is further identified with the dragon in tales of the Perseus group, of which

several variants are given. The book is a contribution to our knowledge the more precious because we Western students have all-too-little information about the teeming superstitions still at large in the Russian empire.

Of original collections by far the most remarkable published during the past year is the Rev. Charles Swynnerton's *Indian Nights' Entertainment*. The stories it comprises were obtained in the Punjab, many of them at Ghâzi, on the Indus, thirty miles above Attock; and the illustrations with which it has been enriched are by native artists, and may be taken to exhibit the scenes of the tales as they present themselves to the native mind. This is a great help to understanding the details. The narratives consist as well of apologues, beast-tales, and drolls, as of ordinary *märchen*. A marked characteristic of the volume is the large number of stories turning on the cunning, or the folly, or the fidelity of woman. One such is a curious variant of the snake who wanted to kill the countryman who had saved his life. Here the catastrophe is wholly different from that of the fable with which we are acquainted. The story of the man who bought advice turns on the inability of women to keep secrets. Here, again, the plot is not that usually found in Europe, and the story has the appearance of being a modern combination of two originally distinct. A story of special interest is that of Ali the Merchant and the Brahmin. This is the magician's apprentice, who after leaving his master has a Transformation-fight with him. The apprentice at last becomes a mosquito, and hides in the nostrils of a corpse suspended from a tree. The magician stops up the nostrils with clay, and binds them round to prevent his opponent's escape. He then has to get someone to cut down the corpse and bring it away secretly. At this point the Baital Pachisi (Twenty-five Tales of a Demon)—or at least its plot, for happily the tale-teller has some sense of proportion—is interwoven as an episode in the Transformation-fight. The end of the fight, like that in the story of The Second Calender, and unlike most other variants, is disastrous to

the apprentice as well as to his master. Another curious tale, *The Friendly Rat*, is a variant of Sennacherib's Disaster. It is, I think, the first time that famous incident has appeared in modern folk-lore. If still current in the East, as its appearance here indicates, we may expect to meet with other versions: shall we be told that they must be of Buddhist origin, as witness the *Beast-helpers*? The story of *The Queen and the Goldsmith* strikes me as of literary—not traditional—provenance. It were much to be wished that Mr. Swynnerton had given the name and other particulars of everyone from whom he obtained the tales, thus following the examples of the best recent collectors. I must add that not the least valuable part of his work is the index, in which he has inserted a useful series of explanatory notes.

Another book of Indian tales is Mr. Campbell's *Santal Folk-tales*. Its importance lies in the fact that its contents have been gathered among some of the aborigines of whose traditional stories little has hitherto been known. It consists of drolls and *märchen*, several of which will repay careful study. One of them, *The Magic Fiddle*, has been made use of by Mr. Jacobs in his *Indian Fairy Tales*. This story belongs to a type of which three examples are found in Mr. Campbell's volume. *The Singing Bone* is its nearest analogue in European folk-lore. In these Santal stories, however, the conclusion is not the bringing to justice of the murderers, but the reappearance of the heroine and her marriage to a prince. The murdered girl, in short, is Cinderella. It is evident that the European and Santal stories are two different developments of the same theme, though we cannot as yet say whether they are originally independent of one another. One of the Santal variants seems to have a close connection with the *Outcast Child* group. This we might expect; but a curious incident, which we should not have expected, occurs, namely, that when the heroine's mother and brothers, grown poor, come to her, selling firewood, she

recognises them and entertains them. In doing so she makes a similar distinction between her youngest brother and the others to that made by Joseph in favour of Benjamin. The collection also contains two variants of a story turning upon an incident identical with one of the incidents of the Egyptian tale of *The Two Brothers*. The hero in bathing loses one of his hairs, which floats down the stream and is found by a princess. She determines to marry the man from whose head it has fallen; and the remainder of the narrative records her efforts. Another curious tale relates the injuries a woman attempts to inflict on a tiger under pretence of doing him good—injuries which always redound to the tiger's benefit—and his gratitude for these favours. Indeed, this little volume is replete with interest to the student.

A story unquestionably derived from Buddhist sources is to be found in Dr. von Wlislöcki's *Märchen*, since it is no other than the legend of Siddartha's youth. Probably it has passed into European tradition from some literary medium. The learned author refers in a note to an essay he has written on the subject of Barlaam and Josaphat among the Armenians and Gipsies in a German periodical which I have not had the advantage of seeing. The *Discovery of Iron*, another of Dr. von Wlislöcki's collection, is a tale containing a version of the external soul incident, *without* the wrappers. A Cinderella variant is given, which is declared to be connected with the ancient Armenian mythology. In form the story is more artistic and poetical than is usual; and the king's name, Ambanor, is stated, on the authority of the philologist Hanusch, to be a form of the name of the Spring-goddess Amanora. Several other stories are highly curious; and if the contents of the volume be genuine, unadorned tradition, the Armenians of Hungary, however they came into their present seats, are a people whose folk-lore is of a remarkable character.

The authoress of *Afro-American Folk-lore* has produced a thin volume whose importance greatly exceeds its bulk,

because here for the first time we are presented with tales, some of which, at any rate, profess to be derived, with but one intermediary, from Africa. We are told in general terms in the preface that they are all "verbatim reports from numerous sable story-tellers of the Sea Islands" of Carolina, "some of whose ancestors, two generations back, brought parts of the legends from African forests." And Prince Baskin, one of these narrators, is represented as saying that he was told them by his "ol' gran'daddy", who was kidnapped as a boy from his native land where he had heard them. The personages brought on the stage are the beasts with which we have been familiarised by Uncle Remus; and for the most part the tales correspond with those admirable pieces of negro tradition. For some of them—The Tar-baby, for instance—the authoress claims priority of publication. A version of Rhampsinitus' Treasury is given. Though not absolutely new as a negro tradition, since it occurs in Jones' *Negro Myths of the Georgia Coast*, it is not one of Uncle Remus' tales. The story of De Tiger an' de Nyung Lady is said, and perhaps not without reason, to be "unique". It points, however, not as Miss Christensen suggests, to a matriarchal state of society as that in which it took shape, but to a transitional state between mother-right and father-right. I think the story of Ali Baba has never before been found among the Negroes. Here the Rabbit, of course, plays the part of the astute Ali Baba, the Wolf is Cassim, and the Whale the Robbers. The Whale lays her eggs in a house on the river-bank. The Rabbit watches her, and overhears her say "Olawia! Olawia!" to open the door, and "Olatic-tic-tic!" to close it. I ventured at the Congress to argue that, while the words "Open Sesame!" point to a German origin for the tale of Ali Baba, the incident on which it is founded is derived from an archaic superstition known in many parts of the world, and that the superstition has given rise to analogous tales whose origin it would be difficult to trace to a single centre. In view of the argu-

ment from the word Sesame, it is important to track Olawia and Olatic-tic-tic to their home. The authoress regrets her inability to translate these and other words, presumably African, and asks for information. Is there any philologist, skilled in Nigritian tongues, who can throw light upon them? The Robbers' attempted revenge does not appear in this version, as I believe it does not in any case, except where the story has probably come from the shores of the Levant.

Mr. Andrews has utilised his residence at Mentone, and his knowledge of the dialect of the Riviera, in the service of folk-lore, and has produced a capital collection of tales. For the most part they are variants not widely different from the common European types. The story of The Invisible Hen, and that of The Royal Sword, I do not recollect elsewhere. In Fleaskin we have the story of the hide usually assigned to a more offensive animal, told with dry humour, and without the Bluebeard termination. Mr. Andrews has given the names of many of the persons from whom the tales were obtained: why not all?

M. Pineau's work, in the same series as Mr. Andrews', is only partly dedicated to folk-tales. They are, he tells us, direct from the illiterate peasantry of Poitou, without any change; and he specifies the name, age, occupation, and residence of the teller of each tale. M. Pineau is an admirable collector, who has here given proof, not for the first time, of his gift. Among his tales I have only room here to notice a variant of The Wild Hunt, wherein the hero, hearing the racket, shoots into the air with a ball blessed for the purpose. A big beast, whose like had never been seen, falls, and is taken to the Jardin des Plantes!

Few of M. Thuriet's tales seem to be traditional. He has drawn from all sorts of sources, and unfortunately has expended no criticism upon the results of his industry. One of the traditional tales is a variant of The Singing Bone, in which the child is killed by his brother and sister for his flute. The flute speaks of itself, without being

blown, and afterwards, placed on its owner's lips, restores him to life.

Father Leeb's first volume of *Sagas of Lower Austria* is also a collection partly traditional and partly from literary sources. It is much to be regretted that the custom of appending particulars of the reciter of the stories has hardly yet penetrated into German lands. Many of the items, too, are rather superstitions than tales; but they are none the less interesting for that. Notes are frequently added, and, so far as they call attention to variants, they are useful; but they are also sometimes explanatory. The latter portions would have been better omitted, as the author betrays no acquaintance with recent researches which have entirely changed the methods of interpretation. In one respect, however, he sets an example that ought to be followed in every such work: he gives a list of works cited. What labour this saves to the student! Many of the tales are noteworthy. One of them concerns the magician's half-instructed apprentice, who first appears in Lucian; he raises, but cannot lay, the devil. Another attributes the red Easter eggs to hens which picked up the sacred blood of Christ from under the Cross. Is this found elsewhere? Another accounts for evil spirits being no longer visible, by declaring that Pius IX banished them for fifty years to the Schneeberg and Oetscher. In the present decade, however, the period comes to an end, and then —!

Herr Mündel has published a new and enlarged edition of Stöber's Alsatian sagas. Like the preceding work, it is only in part from tradition. It has a somewhat literary air, though this is not to be wondered at when we consider that it was originally published more than forty years ago, and the friends whom the author thanks in his preface for their assistance are all professional men. Many extracts from continental chronicles are embodied, which will be useful to English students. The first volume, the only one hitherto issued, deals with Upper Elsass, and contains many interesting tales. A remarkable variant is given of

The Outcast Child, Pope Innocent type. The Pope is identified with Leo IX, and the repentant father with Hugo IV, Count of Lower Elsass and nephew of the Emperor Conrad. These identifications, not warranted by history, cannot, it is needless to say, be traditional, though the story is given as such. Similar difficulties arise as to the traditional character of several other stories. The author has ingeniously explained a tradition concerning Frederick Barbarossa, to whom the building of the church at Kaysersberg is ascribed. It is said that he was about to pledge his Empress's crown for the money required when two angels were sent from heaven with a purse to redeem it. On the doorway of the church is a sculptured group of the coronation of the Virgin, from which, as described, there can be little doubt that the legend has arisen. Examples like this of the birth of tradition are worth noting.

In *The Vision of MacConglinne* we have two versions of an ancient Irish folk-tale, from MSS. of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries respectively. Professor Wollner contributes, by way of introduction, an exhaustive analysis of both versions, a discussion on the authorship, and an account of a few parallels. The theme is the cure of Cathal, King of Munster, of a demon of gluttony which possessed him, and includes, amid much girding at the Church and the monks, a Rabelaisian vision of a land of plenty. The recital of the vision, and the sight and odour of food which the patient is not allowed to touch, tempt the demon from his stomach up into his mouth and thence out to reach the good things it desired, when the cauldron is upset over it and it is thus caught. There can be little doubt that we have here preserved one of the stories told by the wandering gleemen or storytellers. The attitude towards the Church (and especially towards the monks, who are abused in no measured terms), the glorification of the story-telling profession, and the rewards demanded for the repetition of the tale, all point to the same conclusion. As often



happens, the later manuscript embodies an earlier form of the story, free from the meretricious, and often incompatible, embellishments of the fourteenth-century version. Prof. Wollner cites a tradition of the Kanderthal in the Bernese Oberland, the scene of which is laid in the neighbouring Simmenthal. It speaks of a race of giants who had giant cattle. Their cows were milked into a lake instead of a pail. To skim the cream, people sailed on the lake in an oak-trunk, and the butter was stored in hollow oak-trunks. In this tradition we appear to have reminiscences of the dug-out and similar rude vessels. The story belongs to the same order of thought as the Irish vision; but traits like these throw back the connection, if there be one between the stories, to a very remote date. The Swiss plot, however, is so different that the one of them can hardly be derived from the other, and the root-idea of a land of boundless plenty is almost the only link between them.

Signor Luciani's little book bears a very wide title; but it consists simply of a collection of some two thousand and odd proverbs, phrases, and sayings. One of the appendices contains proverbs illustrated by the anecdotes and other stories from which they are derived, or to which they refer. It were to be wished that the author, or some one with his enthusiasm and experience, would bestow his attention upon the tales and songs of his province.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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## REVIEWS.

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IL KALEVALA, O LA POESIA TRADIZIONALE DEI FINNI, STUDIO STORICO-CRITICO SULLE ORIGINI DELLE GRANDI EPOPEE NAZIONALI. Del DOMENICO COMPARETTI. Firenze, 1891.

DER KALEVALA, ODER DIE TRADITIONELLE POESIE DER FINNEN, ETC. Von DOMENICO COMPARETTI. (The authorised German edition.) Halle, 1892.

PROFESSOR D. COMPARETTI, who is already well known to our Society for his researches respecting the Book of Sindibad, has now shifted the scene of his labours to the Far North, and presented his countrymen with a valuable and interesting work on the national epic of the Finns. Though his critical investigation into the origin of the *Kalevala* has chiefly a literary purpose in view, yet some of his conclusions are of much interest to folk-lorists. Our author starts from the assumption that the religion of the prehistoric Finns, before they entered Europe, was essentially shamanistic, coupled with an animistic conception of nature. By Shamanism he understands a belief in the special power of the Shaman over the good and evil Beings that represent and govern the operations of nature. He acts upon them in a twofold way: by means of certain actions and operations of which he alone has the secret, or by means of the spoken word. He is far more than a priest, he is a factotum; he can work miracles, raise or lay a storm, cure or induce disease, ascend to heaven, or descend to the regions of the dead. One direct result of this belief in the power of the Shaman, combined with a very imperfect social and intellectual development, was that the idea the people entertained of their gods was confused and insignificant. Even at a much later period, after the Finns had been influenced by contact with Euro-

pean nations, their notions concerning the gods continued to be nebulous, and altogether wanting in firmness of outline. Their deities are passionless and without sociability, poetical images rather than actual personalities.

The epic and lyric poetry of the Finns is a direct offshoot of the magic song. Nothing but their subject-matter distinguishes them. All three possess the same form and metre, including parallelism and alliteration. The magic song, which is genuine poetry, and quite different from that of other peoples, is the creation of the *tietäjä* or wizard. At first it was little more than metrical prose, but finally, between the eighth and eleventh centuries, it assumed the stable and constant form which is common to Finnish poetry. Though this evolution took place only after long contact with European peoples, it is no direct copy of any Scandinavian or other metre. It was spontaneous and national, the outcome of the surviving shamanistic ideas. This abiding memory of the power of the Shaman is reflected in Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen, who are but personifications and types of the wizard under two different aspects. As the poets were wizards who held aloof from foreigners, there is no mention in the *Kalevala* of foreign nations, kings, princes, courts, or fair ladies. All such notions were entirely beyond their purview. And further, the national epic is as devoid of historical reminiscences as it is of any symbolism of sun and storm, of summer and winter. It is pure poetic myth developed after the Finns had been permeated by ideas belonging to a superior civilisation, yet without imitation of any foreign original, and without severance from the early shamanistic belief.

Though one may fully assent to Professor Comparetti's conclusions as just and reasonable, a slight difference of opinion may be entertained with regard to his premises. He seems to me to attribute to the Shaman an influence hardly warranted by what we know of Shamanism in Siberia from Radloff (*Aus Siberien*, ii, pp. 1-67) and Castrén.

And it is quite possible to realise very fully, as the Siberian Shamanists now do, the power of a good or evil deity without conceiving him as a well-defined person, just as nowadays we realise the force of gravity or electricity without any conception of them as definite forms in space. The prehistoric and ancient Finns thought of their gods more as spirits than as anthropomorphic personages, and this not because they were Shamanists, but because they held animistic views of nature while their social state was at the lowest possible tide-mark ; while a people of hunters and fishers, without cohesion or social ties other than of the family, would naturally conceive their spirit-gods as isolated Beings, without fellowship with each other, and without interest in the human race.

The above-mentioned conclusions only form part of the Professor's labours. He gives an abstract of each Runo in the *Kalevala*, and analyses the epic into its component parts, following in this the late Professor J. Krohn, but presenting the results in a clearer, more methodical form. There are also two elaborate chapters on the divine and heroic myth of the Finns.

In a work of this sort it is inevitable that a few small mistakes should occur. At p. 54 the Jems are said to be first mentioned in 1043 ; it should be 1042 (v. *Suomi*, 1848, p. 19). At p. 142 there is a curious doubtful rendering of the Finnish *Jämmitti tulisen jousen, korvahan kovan tulisen*, which is translated "Spannte cilig seinen Bogen, cilig bei der Feuerhütte (?), instead of "He drew his fiery bow, his very fiery (bow) to his ear". The second line appears in the *O. Kalevala*, i, 201. When, at pp. 252-3, it is stated that there is no trace of the magic drum left in the language or poetry of the Finns, and that they have forgotten even that the Lapps possess the instrument, the Professor has overlooked a passage (*Loitsurun*, p. 29e) where the parallel word to *Lappalainen* is *küsikannus*, "he that carries in his hand a *kannus*", a word explained by Renvall as a Lapp magic drum, and also that the North Karelians use *kontakka* with the same meaning.

Of the two editions, Italian and German, the former is on better paper, with larger type and margins, contains fewer typographical errors, and gives a literal translation of the Finnish instead of a metrical one. In a second edition, it would be well, in order to avoid ambiguity, to substitute, at pp. 101, 170, "*scinen Nagel*" for "*einen Nagel*".

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

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VESTIGES DE PAGANISME DANS LA RÉGION SITUÉE  
ENTRE LES COURS SUPÉRIEURS DE L'OKA ET DU DON.  
Par N. TROÏTZKY. *Congrès international d'Archéologie  
préhistorique et d'Anthropologie.* Moscou, Août 1892,  
t. I.

IN this interesting paper Troïtzky draws the following conclusions:—

(a) "The vestiges of paganism discovered in the region situated between the upper reaches of the Oka and Don indicate the existence in this place of a cult of fire, trees, and stones.

(b) "This cult is based upon the belief in the purifying, preserving, productive, and vivifying power of fire, and of its action on the individual, family, and social life of the ancient inhabitants of the country.

(c) "The belief in this power, and of its action upon life, is modified by degrees under the influence of Christian ideas, and the sacrificial altars have given place to the altars of churches raised in honour of the Saviour and of the saints.

(d) "The cult of stones, which has formerly been so widely spread in this region, and has left such characteristic traces in the customs and manner of life of the present inhabitants, has been, without doubt, the primitive religion of the ancient owners of the soil, the Finns."

A bibliography is appended.

A. C. HADDON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### MR. HARTLAND'S "SIN-EATER", AND PRIMITIVE SACRAMENTS.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—Miss Godden's wide reading and rapid induction have anticipated a conclusion which, when I wrote the paper on "The Sin-Eater", had definitely formed itself in my mind, but which I did not feel justified in enunciating for want of evidence. The evidence, however, is accumulating, and I hope to deal with it ere long. Meantime, if Miss Godden would be good enough to direct my attention to any facts of special interest in this connection she would be conferring a favour upon me.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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### MOUSE-NIBBLING.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—*A propos* of Prof. Rhys's note on the Welsh mouse (p. 383, above), the following notes from the East may be of interest.

Jataka, No. 87 (*Fausb.*, i, 371, ff.), is introduced by the story of a superstitious man. A garment which lay in his coffer was *nibbled by a mouse*. . . . Thought he to himself, "If this change of raiment remain in the house, great loss will follow. Unlucky that it is, like the goddess of ill-luck herself! I cannot give it to my family or my servants, for whosoever shall receive it will be ruined miserably; it shall be cast out into the place where dead bodies are left to rot."

Jat., ii, p. 181. A dishonest man, who has been entrusted with some ploughshares, excuses himself for not returning them, on the ground that *the mice have nibbled them*. The word *nibbled* may be translated *eaten*; no doubt, *the mice have nibbled it*, would ordinarily be reason for throwing anything away.

(This may have passed into a proverb very early: we have in Herondas 3. 76, οἱ μῦς ὁμοίως τὸν σίδηρον τρώγουσιν.)

Lastly, in the Tevijja Sutta (trans. by Davids, *Sacr. Books*, xi, 196), we have a rebuke for such men as get a living "by divinations from the manner in which cloth and other such things have been bitten by rats".

W. H. D. ROUSE.

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### "BOGLES" AND "GHOSTS".

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—In the September No. of FOLK-LORE I have read with interest Mr. Stuart-Glennie's excellent article on "Animism"; and as in a footnote (see foot of page 298, vol. iii, No. 3) he refers to one of the Lincolnshire legends contributed by me, I wish to correct a slight misapprehension, for which I am perhaps myself responsible. I write at a disadvantage, as I have not the original by me to refer to; but if I said what Mr. Stuart-Glennie quotes, I expressed myself badly. I did not mean to assert that "bogles" meant "corpses (or emanations from them), etc., etc. . . . till corruption had completed its work", for this would have been a sweeping assertion, and would have inferred that these only were "bogles", and "bogles" were always these.

I meant that these emanations were called "bogles" certainly; but the name was also applied to all kinds of supernatural appearances, and I have heard it used where a sound or voice only was concerned. In fact, I heard no

other word employed. I think—though I do not wish to be too certain—that the “bogles” of persons recently dead were more dreaded, and considered more generally unlucky, than any other kind.

I have only to add that I quite confess my “perversity” as regards the title; I regretted having used the word afterwards when I realised its “foreign” look. I am afraid that, as I wanted a name of some sort, and wanted it in a hurry, I took the first one that suggested itself, and the result is, certainly, unhappy.

CLOTHILDE BALFOUR.

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### CHAINED IMAGES.

(*Tóvea Festival*.)

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—You kindly gave me space in a recent number of FOLK-LORE in which to ask for any facts likely to throw light on the meaning of the Greek festival of the Tóvea, and of the appearance in ritual and myth of *chained gods*.

The interest of this festival, and of the curious myths in question, and the hope expressed by Mr. Hartland in the last number of the Journal that the matter might be pursued, will perhaps excuse my troubling you again. I would now ask specially for any custom of binding or “fettering” in burial rites, whether of savage or peasant folk.

The rites celebrated to Hera in the Tóvea festival at Samos were, it will be remembered, *yearly*; and included the hiding of the image of the goddess “tightly bound in willow branches” according to the legend (*Athenæus*, xv, c. 13; Bohn trans., p. 1073). The nearer we approach to a knowledge of the religious calendar of primitive times, the more the dual seasons of death and rebirth, or recall, seem to dominate the cycle of ritual worship; and to the period of the death or absence of the god, or, as it is generally called, the Chthonic phase, belong of course the funeral rites so well known in Greek worship—such,



for example, as those of Adonis and Attis, where images of the god were "carried out as to burial".

It seems probable that the worship of Hera was performed in a yearly cycle of connected festivals, of which a central point would be the celebrated Holy Wedding, the *ἱερός γάμος*. That such a festival year should include a day of mourning and burial, would be in full harmony, not only with what we are learning of ancient Greek religion, but with the traces of primitive and religious thought which survive, fossilised, among European peasants. (See such usages as the "Carrying out Death"—"Hinaustragung und Eingrabung"—fully dealt with by W. Mannhardt, *Baumkultus*, ch. iv, pp. 406 *sqq.*; cf. *Golden Bough*, J. G. Frazer, i, 253 *sqq.*) One must not hope, perhaps, to arrive at the full meaning of her Samos festival; but I think much interesting light might be thrown on it, and through it on early Greek religious thought, from parallel primitive usage, and, considering the above probabilities especially from funeral rites. Funeral rites of the god one would most wish for—or of sacred creatures or men; but also any similar ceremonies at the burial of tribesman or peasant.

The closest analogy that I have yet been able to note is the following Troglodyte custom, quoted by Strabo (Strabo, c. 776): "Some among the Troglodytes, when they bury their dead, *bind them firmly from back to feet with briar branches.*" A writer in the *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie* (vol. vii, 19) comments on this passage: "The latter custom is like that of the Hottentots, who formerly not only bound their dead, like other African races, but ceremonially swathed them." Would anyone, learned in African ways, tell us who these races are, and where one may find the references the *Zeitschrift* omits to supply?

Perhaps by such aid one might arrive at the idea which moved primitive man to perform these ritual acts at the burial of his dead; and at the origin of the old Greek festival at which each year the image of Hera was bound, and carried away, to be hidden on the Samos sea-shore.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

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AMONG the articles in the forthcoming June number of FOLK-LORE will be Mr. Ordish's paper on the English Folk-Drama, a continuation of Mr. Dames' Balochi Tales, and a series of articles on Miss Roalfe Cox's variants of Cinderella. Mr. Alfred Nutt will open the series at the March Meeting of the Folk-lore Society with one entitled "Cinderella and Britain".

THE *Transactions* of the Folk-lore Congress of 1891 have been issued to subscribers, and will shortly be published. As there will be a large deficit on the Congress, which can only be covered by the sale of this volume, it is to be hoped that members of the Congress or of the Folk-lore Society who have not yet subscribed to it will do so at once. The price to such members is half-a-guinea.

MRS. GOMME'S work on British Games is now passing through the press, and may be expected shortly. It will be arranged alphabetically under the names of the games and will contain much unpublished material.

MISS ROALFE COX'S volume on Cinderella has been issued to members of the Society as the volume for 1892. It is introduced by an essay by Mr. Andrew Lang, defending his views on Folk-tales against recent criticisms by M. Cosquin and Mr. Joseph Jacobs.

AMONG immediately forthcoming works of interest to folk-lorists may be noted :—Rev. James Macdonald, *Myth and Religion in S. Africa*. G. B. Grinnell, *Pawnee Hero*

*Stories and Folk-Tales.* G. B. Grinnell, *Blackfoot Lodge Tales.*

THE newly constituted Irish Literary Society held its first meeting on March 1st, the opening address being given by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, who dwelt on the interest and charm of the mythic and traditional literature of the Celts. It is sincerely to be hoped that the new Society may be able to rouse enthusiasm for, and direct energy towards, the collecting and preservation of Irish legend and folk-lore. In so doing it may count upon the sympathy and support of the Folk-lore Society. The Hon. Sec. of the Irish Literary Society is Mr. T. W. Rolleston, Hart Street, Bloomsbury.

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

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## FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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### FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

JANUARY 25TH, 1893.

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THE principal undertakings of the Society during the year 1892 have been: (1) The inauguration of the work recommended by the Council in their last Annual Report, viz., collecting the Folk-lore of the different counties; (2) closely allied with and arising out of this work: the institution of a joint conference of the learned societies interested in the subject, for the discussion of the best means of obtaining a complete ethnographic survey of the United Kingdom.

As regards the first point, the Council drew up the following recommendation for the guidance of the Local Committees, viz:—

I. That the Committee be called the ..... Local Committee for Folk-lore.

II. That the Committee be invited to attach itself to the Folk-lore Society as a member.

III. That all items of Folk-lore from printed sources, such as Chronicles, Local Histories, Newspapers, Notes and Queries, and Archæological Publications, be copied out by the Local Committee, to be printed by the Folk-lore Society.

IV. That the current Folk-lore of the county be collected orally, to include (a) Folk Tales and Nursery Tales; (b) Hero Tales; (c) Traditional Ballads and Songs; (d) Place Legends and Traditions; (e) Fairy Lore and Goblindom; (f) Witchcraft and Charms; (g) Folk Medicine; (h) Superstitions; (i) Local Customs; (j) Festival Customs; (k) Ceremonial Customs; (l) Games; (m) Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, etc.; (n) Proverbs; (o) Old Saws—rhymed and unrhymed; (p) Nicknames, Place Names, and Sayings; (q) War Cries; (r) Folk Etymology.

V. That each item, whether from printed or oral sources, be clearly written on one side only of a separate slip of paper, with a full reference to the authority, (*a*) when derived from a printed source, the title, author's name, date, and pages of reference, and (*b*) in the case of items collected orally, a note of the name, age, occupation, and sex of the narrator, and of the locality to which the item relates.

VI. That a list be drawn up of Folk-lore objects in all the Museums and Private Collections in the county, such as Amulets, Feasten Cakes, Harvest Trophies, Objects left at Holy Wells, Specimens of Mumming and other Costumes, etc.

VII. That in the event of any question or difficulty arising in carrying out the work of the Local Committee, the Secretary of the Committee communicate with the Secretary of the Folk-lore Society.

In Leicestershire, thanks to the exertions of Mr. C. J. Billson, a Local Committee for the collection of the folk-lore of the county has been formed on the lines sketched out in the recommendations, and Mr. Hartland, who attended the inauguration of the Committee to represent the Council, reports most favourably on the prospect of good work being done by them. In Gloucestershire, Mr. E. S. Hartland has transcribed the folk-lore of the county from printed sources, and his collection has been printed and published for the Society, and issued to members as the first instalment of a volume of County Folk-lore. In Suffolk, Lady Camilla Gurdon has completed her collection of folk-lore from printed sources, and it is now in the printer's hands for issue as Part II of the same series. With reference to the other counties of England, to Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, members of the Society or their friends are undertaking the task of collecting from printed sources for the Society, on the understanding that the work, when approved by the Council, is to be published as opportunity offers. The following table shows what is being done in this direction :

<i>Name of County.</i>	<i>Name of Collector.</i>	<i>Address of Collector.</i>
Northumberland	Mrs. M. A. Balfour . . .	West Street, Belford.
Lancashire . .	Miss M. Dendy . . . . .	140, Upper Brook St., Manchester.
Yorkshire . .	Mrs. Gutch . . . . .	Holgate Lodge, York.
Staffordshire.	{ Miss C. S. Burne . . . . . }	Pyebirch, Eccleshall, Staffs.
	{ Miss Keary . . . . . }	

<i>Name of County.</i>	<i>Name of Collector.</i>	<i>Address of Collector.</i>
Leicestershire	The Folk-Lore Committee of the Leicester Lit. and Phil. Soc., c/o C. J. Billson, Esq.	St. John's Lodge, Clarendon Park Road, Leicester.
Rutland . . .		
Norfolk . . .	Miss Matthews. . . . .	The Hollies, Swaffham.
Suffolk . . .	Lady Canilla Gurdon . . .	Grundesburgh Hall, Woodbridge.
Middlesex . . .	J. P. Emslie, Esq. . . . .	47, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.
Gloucestershire . . .	E. S. Hartland, Esq., F.S.A.	Barnwood Court, Gloucester.
( <i>County Folk-Lore, Vol. I, Part I.</i> )		
Surrey . . . . .	F. Green, Esq. . . . .	Filstone, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.
Kent . . . . .		
Hampshire . . .	Lady Dorothea Rycroft . . .	East Anton Farm, Andover, Hants.
Orkney and Shetland . . .	G. F. Black, Esq. . . . .	Museum of Antiquities, Edin- burgh.
Fifeshire . . . .		
Nairnshire . . .	J. E. Simpkins, Esq. . . . .	Museum of Antiquities, Edin- burgh.
Nairnshire . . .	Dr. B. Cruickshank . . . . .	Maida Place, Nairn.
Buteshire . . .	Rev. J. King Hewison . . . .	The Manse, Rothesay.
Aberdeenshire . . .	J. E. Crombie, Esq., M.P. . .	Balgownie Lodge, Aberdeen.
Kincardineshire . . .		
Stirlingshire . . .	Hon. J. Abercromby . . . . .	62, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh.
Clackmannan . . .		
Antrim . . . . .	Rev. S. A. Brenan . . . . .	Knocknacarry, co. Antrim.
Tyrone . . . . .		
Dublin . . . . .	A. Eraut, Esq. . . . .	St. Columba's College, Dublin.
Isle of Man . . .	G. W. Wood, Esq. . . . .	

As regards the second point, the idea of a conference for discussing the best means of obtaining a complete ethnographic survey of the United Kingdom emanated from Prof. Haddon, and, at the invitation of the Council, the Society of Antiquaries and the Anthropological Institute at once appointed delegates to the Conference, the first meeting of which was held in July. In August, Mr. Brabrook, at the request of the Conference, very kindly brought the subject forward at the meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh. His observations were so warmly received, that an Association Committee was at once appointed, with Mr. Francis Galton as chairman, and Dr. Garson, Professor Haddon, and Dr. Joseph Anderson as members, to which were added, as representatives of this Society, the President, the Treasurer, and Mr. Jacobs. Representatives of other bodies were also appointed and the Council are encouraged to hope that some definite

steps may be taken during the ensuing year towards carrying out the objects they have in view.

It is proposed to record for certain typical villages and the neighbouring districts—

- (1) Physical Types of the Inhabitants.
- (2) Current Traditions and Beliefs.
- (3) Peculiarities of Dialect.
- (4) Monuments and other Remains of Ancient Culture; and
- (5) Historical Evidence as to Continuity of Race.

As a first step, the Committee formed a list of such villages in the United Kingdom as appeared especially to deserve ethnographic study, out of which a selection was made for the survey. The villages or districts selected are such as contain not less than a hundred adults, the large majority of whose forefathers have lived there so far back as can be traced, and of whom the desired physical measurements, with photographs, may be obtained.

The Council have had under consideration the question of the feasibility of securing in London a permanent habitation, and of forming a library and, if possible, a museum of folk-lore objects. Meanwhile the Secretary has collected at his rooms in Lincoln's Inn all the books and pamphlets which have from time to time come into the possession of the Society, whether by gift, exchange, or otherwise.

The Council have also under consideration a motion by the President that the annual meetings should be held at a different town in the United Kingdom in each year, and they hope that suggestions from members may be forthcoming to enable them to test the advisability of this new departure, and to make the necessary arrangements if this plan should prove practicable.

The Council are again anxious to impress upon every member the urgent need of help both in money and work. A larger share of help in both these directions is absolutely essential, and it rests with members of the Society to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of their friends, if the Society is to achieve the objects it has in view.

Evening meetings have been held on the following dates: January 13th, Feb. 10th, March 9th, April 13th, May 11th, June 15th, November 23rd, and December 21st.

The papers read at these meeting were—

- The Sin Eater. By Mr. E. S. Hartland, F.S.A.  
 Fians, Fairies, and Piets. By Mr. D. MacRitchie.  
 The Pied Piper of Hamelin. By Mrs. Gutch.  
 Divination among the Malagasy, together with Native Ideas as to Fate and Destiny. By the Rev. J. Sibree.  
 An Analysis of some Finnish Songs on the Origin of Things. By the Hon. J. Abercromby.  
 Armenian Folk-lore. By Prof. Tcheraz.  
 Some Queries as to Animism. Mr. J. Stuart-Glennie.  
 The Easter Hare. By Mr. C. J. Billson.  
 On a Marriage Custom of the Aborigines of Bengal. By Mr. E. S. Hartland, F.S.A.

Short papers were also read on the First-Foot Superstition, by Mr. T. W. E. Higgins; on the Buck's Leap, by Miss Burne; on a Wedding Dance Mask from co. Mayo, by Prof. A. C. Haddon; on Christmas Mumming Plays, by Mr. T. F. Ordish, F.S.A.; on Obeah Worship, by Mrs. Robinson; on the Sin-Eater, by Mrs. Murray Aynsley; on the Cow Mass formerly held at Dunkirk, by Mr. E. Peacock, F.S.A.; and a paper entitled *Miscellanea*, by Mr. M. J. Walhouse.

The publications for the year were: *Folk-Lore*, vol. iii, issued to members as usual in quarterly parts; *County Folk-lore*, Part I (Gloucestershire), and *Cinderella Story Variants*, edited by Miss Roalfe Cox, with an Introduction by Mr. Lang, which, it is expected, will be ready for delivery to members by Easter next. The Council also have in hand for 1893 the *Saxo Grammaticus*, translated by Mr. Oliver Elton, with an Introduction by Mr. York Powell, which is now in a forward state of preparation. Such parts of *County Folk-lore* as may be printed off will also be issued to members, and the second volume of *The Denham Tracts*, edited by Dr. Hardy, is also partly through the press.

During the year the Society has lost eight members by death, and twenty-five by withdrawal; but the Council



are glad to be able to state that these losses have been more than counterbalanced by the election of forty-three new members.

The accounts of the Society as audited are presented herewith. The balance to the credit of the Society stands at much the same figure as it did a year ago, beyond which there is a sum of £73 which has been advanced to the Congress Committee. Messrs. Nutt, having represented that the terms upon which they undertook to publish *Folk-Lore*, pursuant to their agreement with the Society which expired on December 31st, entailed a considerable loss, the Council took the matter into consideration, and resolved to increase the subsidy to *Folk-Lore* by £50 per annum so long as the size of the Journal remains unaltered. The only practical alternative to this course was to reduce the size of *Folk-Lore*, which appeared to be inexpedient. This arrangement has been entered into for a year only, and will then be reconsidered.

The Council recommend as *President* for 1893 Mr. G. L. Gomme, F.S.A.

As *Vice-Presidents*—Mr. A. Lang, Dr. Tylor, Sir J. Lubbock, General Pitt-Rivers, Professor A. H. Sayce, Professor Rhys, and the Hon. J. Abercromby.

As *Members of Council*—Mr. C. J. Billson, Dr. Karl Blind, Mr. E. W. Brabrook, Miss Burne, Miss M. Roalfe Cox, Mr. J. W. Crombie, Mr. J. P. Emslie, Mr. J. J. Foster, Mr. J. G. Frazer, Dr. Gaster, Professor A. C. Haddon, Mr. E. S. Hartland, Mr. J. Jacobs, Mr. Brynmôr Jones, Mr. W. F. Kirby, Mr. T. W. E. Higgins, Mr. J. T. Naaké, Mr. A. Nutt, Mr. T. F. Ordish, and Mr. H. B. Wheatley.

As *Treasurer*—Mr. E. Clodd.

As *Auditors*—Mr. G. L. Apperson and Mr. F. Green.

As *Secretary*, Mr. F. A. Milne.

G. LAURENCE GOMME, *President*.

F. A. MILNE, *Secretary*,

11, Old Square,  
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

RECEIPTS.

To Balance carried forward from 1891	£	s.	d.
" Subscriptions, 1893 (10)	...	193	2 8
" " " 1892 (319)	£10	10	0
" " " 1891 (17)	334	19	0
" " " earlier years (39)	17	17	0
" " " " "	40	19	0
" " " " "	1	14	5
-----	405	19	5
To sale of Publications, per Messrs. Nutt:—			
February account	£5	4	0
May " "	5	6	8
August " "	26	18	0
November " "	11	4	6
-----	48	13	2
" Compounding Fees	10	10	0
-----	58	23	2

PAYMENTS.

By Printing Account (Publications):—	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Nichols ( <i>Denham Tracts</i> )	£95	1	0
Messrs. Nutt ( <i>Folk-Lore</i> , Vol. iii)	110	0	0
Mr. C. J. Clark ( <i>County Folk-Lore</i> )	30	18	0
-----	235	19	0
" Printing Account (General):—			
Messrs. Whiting and Co.	£5	8	9
Misses Case	2	9	0
Mr. C. J. Clark	24	15	0
-----	32	12	9
" Postages, Despatch of Volumes, etc. (Messrs. Nutt)	...	...	...
" Binding Account (Simpson's)	...	...	...
" Advertising ( <i>Athenium</i> )	...	...	...
" Hire of Meeting Room (1891-92)	...	...	...
" Refreshments at Meetings	...	...	...
" Purchase of Bookcase	...	...	...
" Secretary's salary—Sept.-Dec., 1891	£7	2	6
" " " " Jan.-Dec., 1892	35	0	0
" " " " Poundage on Subscriptions	23	13	0
-----	65	15	6
" Payments for Translations (Cinderella)	...	...	...
" Petty Cash, per Secretary (postages, etc.)	£12	0	0
" " Mr. Hartland's expenses to Leicester	...	1	2 8
" " " Stamps on cheques, etc.	...	0	2 8
" " " Bank Discounts	...	0	2 0
-----	13	7	4
" Advance to Congress Committee	...	73	3 1
" Balance in hand	...	164	0 9
-----	£658	5	3

EDWARD CLODD, Treasurer.  
G. L. APPERSON, }  
F. G. GREEN, Auditors.

## FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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### PROCEEDINGS AT EVENING MEETINGS.

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AN Evening Meeting was held at 22, Albemarle Street, W., on Wednesday, November 23rd, 1892; the President (Mr. G. L. Gomme) in the chair.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The following new members were elected, viz.: Mr. H. Moore, Herr Voss' Sortiment, Lady D. Rycroft, Capt. Oldfield, Mr. D. C. Fraser, Mr. Belgrave Ninnis, Mr. W. D. Freshfield, Mr. C. B. Balfour, Mr. G. W. Ferrington, Mr. K. Varalaksana, Mr. W. G. Grierson, Mr. T. Gowland, Mrs. Chaworth Musters, and Miss A. C. Sargant.

On the motion of Dr. Gaster, seconded by Mr. Jacobs, it was resolved that the Society convey to the family of Dr. Köhler the expression of their sincere regret at the loss of one whose services in the study of Folk-lore have been so eminent.

The Chairman exhibited a Kern baby from Huntingdonshire, and photographs of a Wedding Dance-Mask from Co. Mayo, sent by Prof. Haddon, with an explanatory paper which he read. After some observations by Dr. Blind and Mr. Nutt, it was resolved that the thanks of the Society be given to the Professor for his paper, and that he be asked to procure a mask for the Society if possible.

Mr. Ordish read a short paper on "Christmas Mumming Plays", which was followed by a brief discussion, in which the Chairman and Mr. Jacobs took part.

Mr. M. J. Walhouse read a paper by Mrs. Robinson, on "Obeah Superstitions", and exhibited an Obeah.<sup>1</sup> A discussion followed, in which Drs. Blind and Gaster and Mr. Naaké took part.

Mr. Billson then read his paper on "The Easter Hare", which gave rise to an animated discussion, sustained by Drs. Gaster and Blind Mr. Nutt, and the Chairman, who concluded his observations by warmly thanking Mr. Billson for his instructive and interesting paper.

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<sup>1</sup> A drawing of this Obeah, kindly executed by Mr. J. P. Emslie, will appear in the next number of FOLK-LORE.—ED.

An Evening Meeting was held at 22, Albemarle Street, on Wednesday, December 21st, 1892; the President (Mr. G. L. Gomme) in the chair.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The following new members were elected: Mrs. Fuller Maitland and Mr. Egerton Beck.

Mrs. Gomme exhibited some rubbings of games cut on stones found at Norwich Castle, and exhibited at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries: (1) A Spiral Game (not at present known to survive in any modern form), consisting of a long line with a hole in the centre, and a series of smaller holes at equal distances along the line. (2) A roughly-drawn "3-squares", one inside the other. (3) The Fox and Geese game.

A printed version of the Mummings' Play, sent by Mr. W. H. Patterson of Garranard, Strandtown, Belfast, was also exhibited.

The Secretary read a short paper by Mrs. Murray Aynsley on "The Sin Eater", and a discussion followed, in which the Rev. C. Swynnerton and Mr. E. S. Hartland took part. The Secretary also read a short paper by Mr. E. Peacock on "The Cow Mass formerly held at Dunkirk".

Mr. E. S. Hartland then read his paper "On a Marriage Custom of the Aborigines of Bengal", and in the discussion which followed the Rev. C. Swynnerton, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. J. Stuart-Glennie, Mr. Nutt, Mr. Brynmôr Jones, and the President took part.

Short papers by Dr. Codrington ("The Story of Lata" from St. Cruz, and "The Story of Hole in his Back" from the Banks Group) and by Mr. E. Peacock on the Abolition of Scenic Processions, were also read.

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A Joint Meeting of the Folk-lore Society and the Cymmrodorion Society was held in the rooms of the latter, Lonsdale Chambers, 27, Chancery Lane, on Wednesday, January 11th, 1893; D. Brynmôr Jones, Esq., M.P. in the chair.

A paper was read by Professor John Rhys, M.A., on "The Folk-lore of certain Sacred Wells in Wales".

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The Annual Meeting was held at 22, Albemarle Street, on Wednesday, January 25th, 1893; the President (Mr. G. L. Gomme) in the chair.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of the following new members was announced, viz.: Dr. James Gow, the Rev. C. Swynnerton, Mr. H. K. Gow, Miss Lucy Garnett, and Miss Constance Tayler.

On the motion of the President, seconded by Mr. Clodd, it was resolved that the Annual Report and Balance Sheet be received and adopted, and that the name of Mr. F. Green be added as an auditor in the place of Mr. J. Tolhurst, resigned.

The President then delivered his Annual Address, which was followed by a discussion in which Dr. Gaster and Messrs. Clodd, Jacobs, Higgins, and Baverstock took part.

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An Evening Meeting was held at 22, Albemarle Street, on Wednesday, February 15th, 1893; the President (Mr. G. L. Gomme) in the chair.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The President laid on the table the volume of *Cinderella Variants*, by Miss Roalfe Cox; and upon his motion, seconded by Dr. Gaster, a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Cox was passed for the work she had done for the Society.

A Note, by Miss Lucy Broadwood, on "A Lenten Custom in the South of Italy", was read by the Secretary, and a discussion followed, in which Dr. Gaster, Mr. Baverstock, and the President took part.

The Secretary also read a short paper by Miss Lucy Garnett, entitled "The Merry Wassailers".

Mr. T. F. Ordish then read his paper on "Folk Drama", in the course of which he exhibited the following, viz. : Some versions of the Peace Egg play in chap-book form; photographs of Mummers from Hamble Cliff, near Netley Abbey, Hants; dresses worn and swords used by Mummers at Sherfield English, Hants; MS. versions of Mumming Plays, written by the performers; a Christmas Rhyme-book; dresses worn by Plough-Monday players in the Vale of Belvoir, lent by Mrs. Chaworth Musters; and photographs of the Horn Dance, as performed at Abbots Bromley, Staffordshire, sent by Mr. Udale of Uttoxeter.

At the conclusion of the paper a discussion followed, in which Miss Lucy Broadwood, Dr. Gaster, and the President took part.

On the motion of the President, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mrs. Chaworth Musters and Mr. Udale for the loan of the exhibits sent by them respectively.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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### NOTES ON WELSH FOLK-LORE.

(*Communicated through Mr. J. G. FRAZER.*)

**The White Horse.**—In South Wales, at a time of the early winter not very easy to determine—most people who remember it say at the end of November—young men go round from house to house with the white horse, expecting trifling presents in money. I remember it well in my young days, at Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire. The essential part of the thing was a framework in the shape of a horse's head, over which was fastened down a white drapery, which fell like a sheet over a boy's body. The white horses, I remember, had gay knots of coloured ribbon stuck on the head. The horse was led by a young man or youth, and the great purpose of it all seemed to be to run after, threaten to bite, and frighten the maids and children. Some of the horses had jaws, which the boy beneath could open and shut. I was told, in December last, that the white horse was put down by the police at Whitland, in Carmarthenshire, only about ten years ago, because there had been some servant girls frightened into fits; and another man in the neighbourhood told me that some very rough play was carried on sometimes in connection with it. The Principal of Cardiff College, Mr. Viriamu Jones, remembers the white horse in the Swansea Valley, as I do at Cowbridge. He suggested it might have to do with the invading and conquering white horse of King Arthur's legend. Is it in any way connected with the different white horses carved on chalk hills, such as the one in the Vale of White Horse, in Berkshire? Or is it connected with the pale or white horse of Death and the Erlkönig legend? Some say that the proper day for the white horse was the last day of November; others say that it came round shortly before Christmas.

**Round, flat, white Loaves distributed on old New Year's Day.**—In Pembrokeshire, on January 12th (old New Year's Day), people used to go round to neighbours' houses to fetch a present of a white wheaten loaf. My grandfather was a large yeoman-farmer in South Pembrokeshire; and a very intelligent man of 60, who has lived in the same part of the country all his life, and who worked as a lad on my grandfather's farm, remembers well this distribution of round white loaves. He says that there was quite a cartload of them piled up in readiness

in the kitchen, and that people came sometimes distances of twenty or thirty miles, gathering up the loaves at the different houses as they went along. The younger women and girls especially made a great holiday of it, and groups of them would go about together very merrily, and clothed in their best. In those days barley bread was commonly eaten, and wheaten bread was a treat to the peasantry. But does the date correspond with any festival of Ceres, and is not the round form of the loaf an unconscious survival of the custom of making round cakes as offerings to or in honour of Ceres, Isis, and other mother goddesses? The custom has now quite died out.

**The Neck Feast.**—At harvest-time, in South Pembrokeshire, the last ears of corn left standing in the field were tied together, and the harvesters then tried to cut this neck by throwing their hatchets at it. What happened afterwards appears to have varied somewhat. I have been told by one old man that the one who got possession of the neck would carry it over into some neighbouring field, leave it there, and take to his heels as fast as he could; for, if caught, he had a rough time of it. The men who caught him would shut him up in a barn without food, or belabour him soundly, or perhaps shoe him, as it was called, beating the soles of his feet with rods—a very severe and much-dreaded punishment. On my grandfather's farm the man used to make for the house as fast as possible, and try to carry in the neck. The maids were on the look out for him, and did their best to drench him with water. If they succeeded, they got the present of half-a-crown, which my grandfather always gave, and which was considered a very liberal present indeed. If the man was successful in dodging the maids, and getting the neck into the house without receiving the wetting, the half-crown became his. The neck was then hung up, and kept until the following year, at any rate, like the bunches of flowers or boughs gathered at the St. Jean, in the south of France. Sometimes the necks of many successive years were to be found hanging up together. In these two ways of disposing of the neck one sees the embodiment, no doubt, of the two ways of looking at the corn spirit, as good (to be kept) or as bad (to be passed on to the neighbour). The drenching with water may point to a very early period of origin, when moisture represented the female principle in nature.

37, Fitzroy Square, W.C.

FRANCES HOGGAN, M.D.

**A Wedding Dance-Mask from Co. Mayo.**—My friend the Rev. W. S. Green, H.M. Inspector of Irish Fisheries, has given me an account of a marriage-custom at Erris in Co. Mayo, which is so remarkable that it is worth a special notice.

Whenever a wedding takes place, gangs of men and boys appear

on the scene, dressed up in women's dresses, and with straw masks completely covering their heads, in order to dance at the wedding. A gang consists of twelve men; the captain of the gang asks the bride to dance with him. It is thought to bring bad luck if anyone recognises the "straw-boys", as they are called. In a letter dated "Belmullet, Sept. 28, 1892", Mr. Green writes: "At a wedding our fish-curers were at the other day, several gangs of straw-boys turned up in succession. They drank very little, but the dancing went on till 6 A.M."

I immediately wrote to Mr. Green, asking whether it was possible to procure a photograph of a dance or of the men dressed up. Unfortunately this was impossible, but I do not despair of obtaining one in the future. However, Mr. Green was good enough to bring me a mask. For the present I propose to deposit it in the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford.

This mask, which is entirely made of straw, is conical in shape, and surmounted by three rings of straw. It is oval in section, and the mask has a slight cant or rake. The mask is 21 inches in total height, and the extreme length in section is  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches; the interior dimensions of the opening are about  $10\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Mr. Green adds, "the captain's mask or cap is adorned with colours, the others are plain."

ALFRED C. HADDON.

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**Drinking the Moon.**—Mrs. Meer Hasan Ali, in her work on the *Manners and Customs of the Mussulmans of India*, describes a curious practice which seems to have escaped notice by European writers on Moon-lore: "A silver basin, being filled with water, is held in such a situation that the full moon may be reflected in it. The person to be benefited by the draught is required to look steadfastly on the moon in the basin, then shut his eyes and quaff the liquid at a draught. This remedy is advised by medical professors in nervous cases, and also for palpitation of the heart." (Vol. i, 275.)

W. A. CLOUSTON.

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**Am Urqueil**, III, xi. *M. Höfler*, Der Kultwald in der Volkmedizin (*cont. in xii*). *R. Ben Mordechai Brainin*, Der Dales (*cont. in xii*). Zu Fränkels Studie über V. Schumann. *K. Ed. Huase*, Sagen aus der Prignitz. *A. Treichel*, Wo ist der Pferdehimmel? Bastlöserime. Eine Umfrage von O. Schell. Beiträge von Böhm und Glöde. Hexenleiter. Eine Umfrage von R. Andree. Beitrag von H. Volksmann. *Carstensen*, Nordfriesische Rätsel. Geheime Sprachweisen. Eine Umfrage von Krauss. Beiträge von Ludmilla Kisslinger und Kaindl. *H. v. Wlislöcki*, Siebenbürgisch-deutsches Volklied. *Knauthe* und *Glöde*, Kleine Mitteilungen.—xii. *H. F. Feilberg*, Der Vampyr. *F. S. Krauss*, Der Eid im Volkleben. Lispelnde Schwestern. Eine Umfrage von A. Treichel. Beiträge von Anna Dörfler und H. v. Wlislöcki. Der Mann im Monde. Eine Umfrage von H. Volksmann. Beiträge von Dr. L. Fränkel und O. Schell. *K. Ed. Huase*, Sagen aus dem Havelande. *A. Treichel*, Geheime Sprachweisen. *K. Knauthe*, Spukgeschichten. *Th. Dragicevic*, *F. S. Krauss* und *K. Knauthe*, Kleine Mitteilungen.

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*Z. Nuttall*, On Ancient Mexican Shields. *F. S. A. de Clercq*, Die gegenwärtige Verbreitung des Blaserohrs und Bogens im malayischen Archipel. *Prof. H. H. Giglioli*, A Ceremonial Stone Adze from New Ireland.—2. *G. W. W. C. Baron van Hoevell*, Een Bezweringsfeest te Mooeton. *Dr. A. Ernst*, Notes on some Stone-yokes from Mexico. *R. Parkinson*, Ueber Tattowierung der Eingebornen im District Siarr. *Dr. A. O. Heikel*, Die Entwicklung und Verbreitung der Bautypen im Gebiet der finnischen Stämme. *Z. Nuttall*, On Ancient Mexican Shields. *H. H. Giglioli*, An important Archæological Collection formed in Central and South America.—3. *G. van Floten*, Les Drapeaux en usage à la Fête de Huceïn à Téhéran. *D. Pector*, Notice sur l'archéologie du Salvador précolombien. *F. Grabowsky*, Die Theogonée der Dajaken auf Borneo. *H. Vos*, Verbreitung der Anthropophagie auf dem asiatischen Festlande.—4. *Dr. W. Svoboda*, Die Bewohner des Nikobaren-Archipels. *Dr. Ed. Seler*, Altmexikanische Schilde. *J. D. E. Schmeltz*, Ceufs conservés du Tonkin et de la Chine. Zeichnenkunst der Buschmänner. *Dr. G. Schlegel*, Leichenbestattung auf Darnley Island. *C. M. Pleyte Wzn*, Some remarks in reference to "die gegenwärtige Verbreitung des Blaserohrs und Bogens im malayischen Archipel".—5 and 6. *Dr. W. Svoboda*, Die Bewohner des Nikobaren-Archipels. *D. Pector*, Ethnographie de l'Archipel Mangellanique. *Dr. T. Achelis*, Ueber die psychologische Bedeutung der Ethnologie. *J. D. E. Schmeltz*, Beiträge zur Ethnographie von Borneo. *H. Messikommer*, Aeltere Masken aus der Schweiz.—Supplement zu Band iv. *D. MacRitchie*, The Ainos.

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•• Dr. Schmidt's most sympathetic notice of Reinhold Köhler should be read by every folk-lorist. Appended is a full list of Köhler's articles and notes.

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## CINDERELLA AND BRITAIN.

*The following paper is the first of a series in which, it is hoped, students of folk-tales will discuss and criticise the immense mass of material brought together by Miss M. Roalfe Cox in her volume Cinderella, recently published by the Folk-lore Society. As, in spite of a sufficiently definite statement of the purport of this paper in the third paragraph, it seems to have been misapprehended by some of those who did me the honour of criticising it when it was read before the Folk-lore Society, I would again insist: (a) that I deal not with the Cinderella tale as a whole, but with certain elements of it alone; (b) that I deal with these briefly, and by way of reference to Miss Cox's pages, where fuller details should be sought; (c) that, with a few trifling exceptions, I confine myself to the material brought together by Miss Cox. All references, save where explicitly stated otherwise, are to Miss Cox's volume.*

THE Society, no less than Miss Cox, may be proud indeed of the noble volume in which are retold the varied chances and adventures that befell the despised stay-at-home sister, to whom in the end came riches, and power, and princely rank. Have we not here a symbol of our study's fate? Long relegated to the cinder-heap and the goose-green, is not Folk-lore now essaying her hidden robes of golden cloth and starry sheen? And may we not cherish the hope that she shall be set in her rightful place, to which the envious sisters have so long denied her access? When that comes, we may, I think, engage on her behalf that she will act like Perrault's heroine. Miss Cox like those fiercer representatives of a prehistoric age, a much later original.

whom we meet with outside Perrault's influence. There shall be no red-hot shoes, nor spiked barrels, but the arrogant stepsisters shall be wedded to gentlemen of the Court and suitably provided for.

May we not carry this symbolising process somewhat further? We all know how the Prince was twice deceived; how, but for the little bird, he would, seemingly, have contented himself with the "clipit" bride. Is not this the picture of official science and official literature which have so long taken all manner of deceiving phantoms for the true expression of what the folk believes and fancies? And may we not look upon the folk-lore student as the little bird whose duty it is to denounce the pretender and reveal, no matter how disfiguring her disguise, the true princess? Doubtless, too, though the history is silent concerning them, there were partisans enough of the false brides to vilify the little bird as a pedantic nuisance who couldn't be content with things as they seemed to be, but must needs go grubbing in the ingle-nook and other obscure and unsavoury places.

To duly synthesize the mass of facts Miss Cox has analysed is a task to try the hardest. Best perhaps that each student should select that aspect of the question to which he attaches special importance, and, neglecting all others, insist upon it alone. True, it will be forced into undue prominence, but amid the shock of conflicting pleas this defect will be remedied. This, at any rate, is the method I would here apply; the point which has struck me, and which I would impress upon you very briefly, and utilising solely the material brought together by Miss Cox, is the long and close connection between certain elements of the Cinderella story-group and the literature and legendary history of these islands.

Miss Cox's division of the Cinderella story-group is threefold (p. xxv), corresponding to the type-forms of *Catskin*, *Cap o' Rushes*. This last form opens with the heroine being driven forth on account of supposed

undutifulness to her father. As Mr. Hartland showed long ago (*The Outcast Child*, *Folk-Lore Journal*, IV), the earliest mediæval example of this incident is Geoffrey of Monmouth's story of Lear and his Daughters, a tale we may regard with every reason as drawn from then current Welsh tradition. So far, British origin (immediate origin, at least) of a not unimportant element of the story-cycle is certain. It should be noted that in this oldest example, the outcast heroine, daughter of a British king, weds a French prince, as happens in so many stories of the second type-form, now about to be discussed.

The second, the *Catskin* type-form, opens as a rule with the unnatural marriage incident. Moved by his daughter's likeness to, or by her ability to wear some special part of, the dead mother's attire, a king seeks his daughter in marriage. She resists, and is cast forth or flees. Often, her hands are hewed off and she is set adrift in a boat. The theme was a favourite one in the Middle Ages, and the numerous examples collected by Miss Cox (pp. xliii-lxvi) may be grouped as follows. I cite the continental versions (*i.e.*, such as are not written in England or by Englishmen) first:—

A. The father is a king or lord in France; the heroine seeks refuge in England, whose king she weds. Thus, in the fifteenth century Spanish romance *Victorial*, the story there being told to account for the origin of the wars between France and England.<sup>1</sup> A fifteenth century Italian version of the story by Bart. Fazio avows the same object, but the *rôles* are inverted: the unnatural father is an Edward of England, the heroine weds a French dauphin.<sup>2</sup> In the fifteenth century German romance of Hans der Böheler (p. liii) the heroine is a French princess, and it is at London that she weds the English king.

B. In the oldest<sup>3</sup> continental version, the twelfth century

<sup>1</sup> P. xlvi.

<sup>2</sup> P. lxiii.

<sup>3</sup> I give this on the authority of Merzdorf, quoted by Miss Cox (p. liii), who follows, however, as far as I can judge, a much later redaction than the alleged twelfth century original.

Alexandre de Bernai's French metrical romance, *De la belle Helayne de Constantinople*,<sup>1</sup> the heroine is a daughter of Antony, Emperor of Constantinople, and it is a Henry of England whom she weds. A widely-spread German chap-book goes back to this romance (p. lii).

C. The father is a king of Hungary, the daughter comes to Scotland. Thus, the *Roman de Manekine*,<sup>2</sup> one of the most popular of French thirteenth century romances, from which the fourteenth century French play, *Un Miracle de Nostre Dame*, seems derived (p. lix).

D. The story of St. Dipne (first met with in France at the end of the seventeenth century), daughter to a king of Ireland. In accordance with the hagiological nature of this story the heroine's fate is martyrdom and not wedlock (p. lxv).

So far the continental versions. I have not cited the forms from which the connection with Britain is absent, but these all seem to be later than and dependent upon the type-forms cited above.

On turning to stories written in England we are at once confronted with a remarkable counterpart<sup>3</sup> to the *Victorial* version in the Life of the second Offa by the thirteenth century Matthew Paris. This tells how a beautiful but evil Frankish princess, doomed to exposure on the sea, reaches England, is seen and beloved of the Angle king. Her explanation of her banishment is, it should be noted, that she was fleeing marriage with a suitor of lowly birth sought to be forced upon her. Otherwise, there is no hint in this story of the unnatural marriage incident, but this is found, in its orthodox form, in the same Matthew's Life of the first Offa, where the erring father is a king of York.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pp. liii, lv.

<sup>2</sup> P. xlix.

<sup>3</sup> I use the word counterpart not as implying any literary filiation between the stories, but as applied solely to the way in which the incidents of the narrative are presented.

<sup>4</sup> Some very curious questions are raised by the Offa lives, questions

A still more interesting English version is the story of Emare found in the early fifteenth century MS., Caligula, A.ii. The names of the heroine's father and mother—Artyus, Erayne—at once betray connection with the Arthurian cycle. Emare is put out to nurse on her mother's death, and it is a chance sight of her, dressed in a rich robe of golden cloth, that rouses the father's passion. She, too, is exposed in a boat, lands in "Galys" (*not* France, which country is separately mentioned), and weds its king (pp. l-li).

I think it may be taken as certain that the continental versions are derived from English sources, also that the oldest English and continental versions are not directly connected, but both come down from an older stratum of

which can only be very briefly glanced at here. Matthew's story of the second Offa has been connected with that told in Beowulf of Offa and Thrytho, but the Beowulf Offa is, of course, the first, the continental Offa. The Beowulf story explicitly, and that told by Matthew of the second Offa implicitly, seem to fall under the King Thrusheard formula, where a haughty and fierce princess, after disdainful and savage treatment of many suitors, is at length tamed by the right wooer.

This, the King Thrusheard formula, seems to be represented in Miss Cox's analogues by the *Pecorone* story (p. li), where the princess is also from France (the disagreeable suitor being a German), and escapes to England. Here again it is marriage, and not incestuous marriage, that is shunned. But if this is so, as it would seem to be, with the Matthew Paris second Offa story, how are we to account for the fact of its being such a decided counterpart to the Victorian version? Was that also originally a Thrusheard, rather than an unnatural marriage story? If so, the change must have been of old standing when the story was heard by its fifteenth century Spanish narrator, as the point of it (the explanation of the enmity between France and England) is implicated in the unnatural marriage opening, and could hardly arise with the other. (As to the Offa lives, cf. Ten Brink in Paul's *Grundriss*, ii, 534.) It should be noted that the after history of all these heroines belongs, as a rule, to the calumniated wife or Genoveva story-group, a story of great importance in early English literature, if, as seems likely, the eighth-ninth century poem, known as *The Wife's Complaint*, is a dramatic idyl based upon it.

story-telling, elaborated, if not originating, in Britain. We notice, then, that one English form, Matthew's Life of Offa, connects the incident with the legendary history of the Teutonic race-element of our people, whilst the other rather indicates a Celtic origin. The latter, again, is favoured by Alexandre's version, which makes the heroine St. Helena of Constantinople. The part played by Helena, wife of Constantius and mother of Constantine, in Welsh legend is too well known to need emphasising. And Cynewulf's poem of *Elene* shows that she was popular also among the Englishmen. In this connection it is worth noting that, in the version of the *Manekine* story found in the Anglo-Norman chronicle of Nicolas Trivet, the heroine's name is Constance, a name derived, I think, from the Romano-British cycle. In this version the Catskin opening is missing, as it also is in Chaucer and Gower, who seem to have followed Nicolas Trivet.<sup>1</sup> As regards Matthew, it has been said that he is influenced by Saxo Grammaticus; this is possible, but it only shifts back the question, as any legends told by Saxo of the Angle Offa are likely, to my mind, to be the reflex of tales heard by Saxo's Danish fellow-countrymen during their stay in England.

Personally, I see no reason to postulate the exclusive attribution of the incident to either Celts or Teutons. But those who are so minded can hardly fail to underestimate the import of the Irish story which I was able to communicate to Miss Cox in time to be noted on the last page of her volume. This tells how Raghallach, the seventh-century King of Connaught, being warned that evil would befall him from his offspring, charged his wife to have her child slain. But the swineherd to whom she

<sup>1</sup> Pp. l-li. I do not, of course, quote this with any view of connecting Chaucer's *Man of Lawe's* tale with the Cinderella group. I am content if a probability is shown that it, like certain elements in the Cinderella stories, may be traced back, on one side, to the same stratum of legendary fiction.

gave the babe for that purpose relents, and confides her to a hermit, by whom she is brought up. She becomes the fairest maid in Ireland, and her father, hearing of her beauty, and not knowing who she is, loves her, and takes her to himself. He refuses to put her away at the bidding of the saints of Ireland, is cursed by them, and dies a shameful death (p. 535).

The MS. in which this story is found is of the fifteenth century only; but the story forms a portion of annals which stop at the end of the tenth century. Parts of these same annals are found in eleventh century MSS., and the language of our story is, as Professor Meyer tells me, twelfth century in character. We shall not, then, do wrong in assigning the Raghallach story, as we have it, to the twelfth or preceding century, *i.e.*, it is at least of equal age with the oldest English or continental tales in which the unnatural marriage-incident occurs. But we can, I believe, look upon it as much older, substantially as old as the date of the personages it deals with, *i.e.*, as the seventh century. For the old war-chariot (which fell out of use during the period of the Viking invasions of Ireland, during, that is, the ninth and tenth centuries) is still the ordinary vehicle. We learn this from a delightful touch of the Irish story-teller, who, when he wishes to express the extent of Raghallach's passion, "his love towards her was such", says he, "that when her chariot went before, she must needs turn her face backwards upon him; whereas he, if his chariot led, would set his face to her. It is even thought that in Ireland none ever had done the like."

An interesting point in connection with this story is the air of probability it wears. Grant the premiss—the exposed child (a commonplace of early Irish story-telling<sup>1</sup>)—and the sequence of incidents is a possible one, involving no such shock to our moral sense as do the other versions.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Folk-Lore*, ii, p. 87, "An early Irish version of the jealous stepmother and exposed child."

I do not attempt to decide whether this is a mark of age, or the reverse.

But, it may be said, to establish the fact that the unnatural marriage-opening was a commonplace of story-telling in the British Isles is but a slight contribution to the solution of the Cinderella problem. Granted; yet the fact is interesting in itself, especially when taken in conjunction with the wide and long-standing spread of the Catskin-Cinderella form in this country. If, now, we turn to the first of Miss Cox's group-types, to **Cinderella** proper, we cannot, it is true, trace such early connection of any essential element with these islands, as we have done in the case of the **Catskin** and **Cap-o'-Rushes** types.<sup>1</sup> But we *can* show that of all existing versions of the true **Cinderella** tale it is one collected in these islands which presents obviously archaic features (which have well-nigh disappeared from the literary versions) in their most crude and striking form. I allude to the remarkable Gaelic tale, "The Sheep's

<sup>1</sup> If we could, we might safely regard the Cinderella problem as solved. What the terms of that problem are must be steadily borne in mind by all investigators. The earliest recorded *true Cinderella* story appears in Italy, in the first half of the seventeenth century (Basile's *La Gatta Cenerentola*); before that date we only find recorded two **Catskin** stories, both of the first half of the sixteenth century, one (which is without the unnatural marriage opening) French (Bona-venture des Periers), one Italian (Straparola). There is, so far as we at present know, neither in Classic, Oriental, Teutonic, or Celtic myth or saga, nor in mediæval romance or legend, any definite sequence of incidents which we could claim as being the ultimate origin of the Cinderella group, or from the existence of which we could argue the existence of that group at a date prior to that of the sixteenth-seventeenth century examples. There is, I believe, no other folk-tale of the same character and of equal importance with Cinderella of which this can be said. The Sleeping Beauty, The Calumniated Wife, The Supplanted Bride, The Exposed Child, all the familiar *dramatis personæ* of the *märchen*, are also familiar figures of pre-mediæval and mediæval myth, saga, and romance. Not so Cinderella. At the same time it is impossible (or, rather, it is absurd, for all things are possible to the paradox-monger) to maintain that the sixteenth-seventeenth century versions have originated the mass of Cinderella variants noted subsequently;



Daughter," which I was only able to communicate to Miss Cox in time for her to print it on the last page but one of her book (p. 535). Here the animal parentage of the heroine, vaguely hinted at in so many versions, is definitely affirmed, here, too, and here alone to my knowledge, here and heroine are half-brother and sister. Note, again, that whilst the *Cinderella* type proper is absent from England, rich, on the contrary, in *Catskin* forms, an essential feature of which can be traced there so far back, Scotland, which yields us this archaic *Cinderella*, yields also half-a-dozen other *Cinderella* variants (p. xxvii).

To sum up. As regards two type-forms of the *Cinderella* group (the least important of the group, it is true), Britain yields the earliest literary treatment of essential elements; as regards the first type-form, it yields one of the most, if not *the* most archaic example.

I refrain from any dogmatic induction. May this be imputed to me for righteousness, when it is remembered how many proudly-soaring theories are built upon a far narrower and less solid basis! But I do claim that others should refrain from dogmatising likewise. And if any patriotic soul loves to think of the cinder-wench as starting forth from our land to conquer the world, I cannot deny there are grounds for holding this to be more than a mere pious opinion.

on the contrary, although one of these examples, Perrault's *Cendrillon* is perhaps the most famous of all literary folk-tales, they have practically not influenced this mass of later variants at all; throughout Europe we still find traces of a far ruder, wilder, more archaic version than that which confronts us in the pages of Bonaventure or Basile, Straparola or Perrault.

Thus we have to account for the non-appearance in any form of the story, as a whole, prior to the sixteenth century (that certain elements appear, and appear abundantly, has been shown, I trust, sufficiently), and also to account for the singular peculiarities of its actual spread throughout Europe.

ALFRED NUTT.

## THE FALSE BRIDE.

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Δαιδάλω and Grozdanka.

A BULGARIAN story has lately fallen under my notice to which I should be glad to draw attention, in relation to the Greek festival of the Dædala, and to some rites and customs of the European peasantry.

The tale is widespread in Europe, and the following version is not perhaps the fullest, but I give it as a typical example; the likeness between the myth as told by Plutarch and this Bulgarian peasant legend will be at once apparent:—

### GROZDANKA.

“Slunce, on St. George’s Day, drew up to him, as his bride, Grozdanka in a golden cradle; when for nine years she became dumb.

“On which account she must needs make way for another bride, and she herself appear at the wedding as a bridesmaid.

“Thereat the veil of the false bride took fire, and . . . Grozdanka regained her speech, and became the wife of Slunce.” (W. Mannhardt, “Lettischen Sonnenmythen,” *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, vol. vii, p. 236.)

In a parallel legend given by Hahn, and quoted by Mannhardt, p. 284, the true bride is called the “Laurel-child” (Lorbeerkind) grows up as a laurel tree, and emerges, Dryad-like, from the cleft bark on the appearance of her future husband.

### DÆDALA.

“It is better to relate the primitive form of the story.

“It is said that Zeus, when Hera quarrelled with him, wandered about till taught to deceive her by simulating another marriage.

“He adorned an oak-tree like a bride, shaped it, and called it Dædala. Then they sang the bridal hymn, and brought lustral water; when Hera, filled with anger, came to Zeus.

“When the trick was discovered she was reconciled to Zeus with tears and laughter, and herself led the bridal procession. The image of Dædala she burnt.” (Plutarch, *Fragments*, ix, 6. Cf. Pausanias, ix, 3.)

Pausanias says that Hera tore off the False Bride’s clothes, and found beneath a wooden image instead of a young bride.

This tale of a false bride temporarily supplanting the true bride is common, with many delightful variations and additions, to Bulgaria (Grozdanka), Albania or Greece (Lorbeerkind), Denmark (Allerliebste Freund), and Germany (Gänsemagd of the Grimms); and it also occurs in the thirteenth-century compilations of Saxo Grammaticus (Sigrid), and in the Italian collection of the seventeenth century known as the *Pentamerone*.<sup>1</sup> It may be possible to sift and criticise this group of legends when fuller evidence, and especially evidence of the savage parallels which probably exist, has come to light. At present, I am chiefly anxious to draw attention to their presence and diffusion. Any further versions would be acceptable, but savage parallels would be of the greatest value, and have as yet eluded discovery.

Any criticism, therefore, of these stories, as of a group of legends, would as yet seem premature. But their literary interest, is, I think, their least claim to attention. The real interest of the group seems to me to lie in the possibility of these tales having originated in certain primitive ideas and usages, which at present can be only guessed at, but which it may be quite possible to trace and follow out

<sup>1</sup> I owe to Dr. Weinhold, President of the Verein für Volkskunde, the reference to the "False Bride" in the article on Saxo Grammaticus published by Herr Olrik in the *Zeitschrift des Vereins für Volkskunde*, vol. ii, No. 3, p. 252; in Herr Olrik's article will be found the Danish "Allerliebste Freund", and others. The remaining references are: Kreck, *Trad. Lit.*, p. 82; *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, vol. vii, p. 236-7, where Mannhardt gives many further references, and speaks of the tale as one widely diffused through South Europe; Hahn, *Griechische und Albanische Märchen*, p. 163, No. 21; "Goose Girl", Grimm's *German Stories*, English ed., Reprint, p. 151; *Pentamerone*, iv, 7. Mr. Jacobs informs me that the mention in his paper on the "Science of Fairy Tales" (Folk-lore Congress, 1891, *Report*, p. 77) of the Substituted Bride as a type in folk-tales, referred to such stories as the Goose-Girl. The *Handbook of Folk-lore* recently issued by the Society classifies, in the section on Folk-tale Types, the *Pentamerone* version as Type No. 26, and names it the "Bertha Type".

in the light of further knowledge. Taking, for clearness' sake, Grozdanka as a type of the legends, it may be well to justify this appeal for more facts by noting the chief points of interest.

The Greek version has all the appearance of that commonest form of Greek myth—technically known as the ætiological myth; in which a popular story grows up round some ancient rite, of which rite the old meaning has become obsolete in the progress of thought and idea, but of which the prescribed ritual is still faithfully observed. This is not the place in which to discuss the ætiology of the Greek sacred legend; so, only noting that an ancient religious rite (*i.e.*, the Dædala festival) will probably be found to stand behind, or beside, the Greek myth, one asks, Is there any European rite or custom that may account for the parallel European legend?

The gist of Grozdanka's story seems to be the date, St. George's Day (April 23rd); the nine years' dumbness<sup>1</sup>; the consequent supplanting by the False Bride; the discovery of the fraud; and reunion of bride and bridegroom.

I should like, first, to specially emphasise the time of year, which this version has preserved, scanty though its other details are. Can anyone quote any other legends of False Brides discovered, and true brides reinstated and happily married, in the spring or early summer? Or—which would be far more valuable—any temple or popular ceremonies where a Sacred Wedding is celebrated with these traits? I should expect to find the latter in India: can anyone versed in Indian cults supply any clue or reference?

The Spring Bride is, of course, of universal occurrence in European peasant custom; the *Maibraut*, and our own

<sup>1</sup> This tempts comparison with the exact parallel of the Greek ἐννοετηρίς. See *Handbuch der griechischen Chronologie*, Adolf Schmidt, i, § 8, p. 56; and p. 420.

Lady of the May, will occur to every reader of Mannhardt and of English folk-lore. But we want a Spring bride temporarily supplanted. Is she to be found? <sup>1</sup> The possibility of the Greek and European myths having some connection with Spring rites is of course strengthened by the theory that Hera's Dædala festival was celebrated in the Spring (J. G. Frazer, *Golden Bough*, i, p. 100).

Secondly, I would note the separation of true bride and bridegroom—the wandering of Zeus, and the dumbness of Grozdanka. To students of Greek cults, the wandering will at once suggest a chthonic phase: it is interesting to note that dumbness is regarded by H. D. Müller<sup>2</sup> as a special attribute of deities of winter, night, death, and the lower world—in other words, as a chthonic characteristic. Is there any evidence among European or other False Brides that they ever enacted the "Death" or "Winter" which is almost as common to peasant folk-custom as the May Bride or Queen of the May, and which is generally destroyed, driven, or carried out, in village festival early in Spring, as a preliminary rite to the joyful fetching in of the May Bride or "Summer"? I need not refer in detail to this universal custom. W. Mannhardt, J. G. Frazer, and all folk-lore collections abound in examples.<sup>3</sup>

The Golden Cradle is a tempting detail to enlarge

<sup>1</sup> Mannhardt (*Zeit. für Ethnologie*, vii, p. 285), in commenting on the "Lorbeerkind", says "*the exchange of the true bride for a false one is a known mythical expression for Night and Winter*". I do not like to lay stress on this remark, as the essay was published in 1875, after which date Mannhardt reversed many of the views he once held; but the passage at least seems to indicate the diffusion of the stories, and to confirm in some measure the above suggestion.

<sup>2</sup> H. D. Müller, *Mythologie der griechischen Stämme*, vol. ii, p. 52; vol. i, p. 182, etc.

<sup>3</sup> In this connection may be noted the *burning* of the false bride's veil, and the *destruction* of the Dædala image; both in the myth as told by Plutarch, and in the festival rite described by Pausanias.

upon, but more evidence is needed to allow the indulgence of theorising ; as also the fact that Grozdanka is drawn up (cf. the *ἀνοδος* of Greek rites) to her bridegroom.

Thus it seems possible that fuller evidence may reveal in the Dædala myth, and in the Grozdanka group of legends, primitive "May Brides", supplanted by the powers of winter, released and wedded in triumph in the spring. If this should prove to be the case, such an instance of primitive ideas and rites centred round the year and its recurring seasons, of their dominance in Greek religion, and their power of survival among the European peasantry, would in itself be of sufficient value.

But the False Bride hints at another significance. It is possible that she may be simply a necessary part of the marriage ceremony of our primitive Aryan ancestors, and that she has thus got into the Greek myth of the Sacred Wedding (*ἱερὸς γάμος*), and into the many legends which turn on the temporary separation of bride and bridegroom and their final happy reunion.

This, again, it is impossible to discuss till fuller evidence is obtained ; and these possibilities and premature theories are only put forward in the hope of thereby eliciting fuller facts from which light may come. Therefore I would emphatically disclaim any attempt at present to demonstrate that in the Dædala festival and myth, and in the many European parallels, traits of a primitive, perhaps Indo-Aryan, marriage ceremony have been preserved, with singular exactness ; or further, that in the Dædala festival the marriage of the god was celebrated in this manner. But the following incidental remarks of Dr. Winternitz, Prof. Jevons, and Mr. E. S. Hartland, taken together with the declared prevalence of the "False Bride" legends, seem to justify a search into both Aryan and non-Aryan wedding customs.

Dr. Winternitz says : "The custom of *substituting an old woman for the bride* is certainly one of the most prevalent

customs among Slavonic, Teutonic, and Romance peoples."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hartland, in discussing the paper by Dr. Winternitz, spoke of the custom of disguising the bride as found in more than one Indo-European race, and "notably in the Balkan peninsula."<sup>2</sup> A closer acquaintance with this *disguised bride* is much to be desired.

Prof. Jevons says: "The practice of substituting an old woman in disguise for the bride when the groom comes to take her to the church, is found in many places in Germany, amongst the Poles, the Wends, the Winds, the Servians, the Roumanians, the Swiss, the French."<sup>3</sup>

Dr. Schroeder thinks that Usener has made it probable that the curious myth in Ovid (*Fasti*, iii, 677) of the wedding of Mars and Minerva (*Nerio*) reflects the existence of the custom among the Romans; this again looks as if we were on the right track for solving the Dædala riddle.<sup>4</sup>

Dr. Schroeder cites the custom from all parts of Europe, and gives some variations, the interest of which only increases the desire for more details: such as the enacting of the False Bride among the Esthonians by the bride's brother in woman's clothes; in Bavaria, by a bearded man called the "Wilde Braut"; in Poland, by an old woman veiled in white, and *lame*; again, among the Esthonians, by an old woman with a *birch-bark* crown; in Brittany, where the substitutes are first a little girl, then the mistress of the house, and lastly the grandmother.<sup>5</sup>

These rites and myths would, I think, prove of interest to all who care for the thoughts and ways of classical or

<sup>1</sup> *Report*, Folk-lore Congress, 1891, p. 269.

<sup>2</sup> *Report*, Folk-lore Congress, 1891, p. 289.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 342.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. L. V. Schroeder, *Die Hochzeitsbrauche der Esten in Vergl. mit denen der Indogermanischen Völker*, 1888, p. 72; H. Usener, *Italische Mythen*, Rhein. Museum, xxx, 183.

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Schroeder, p. 72.

peasant folk, could we by help of further evidence approach nearer to their meaning and disentangle their complexities. And I would lay special stress on the hope they afford of gaining light on (1) the primitive religious year, with its successive seasons of ordered ritual; and (2) the occurrence in sacred festivals, and complex ritual, of ceremonies belonging to the primitive social life.

GERTRUDE M. GODDEN.

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## ENGLISH FOLK-DRAMA.<sup>1</sup>

### II.

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BEFORE plunging into the second instalment of my notes on what I call English Folk-Drama, I should like to say that, in addressing folk-lorists on such a subject, I lay claim to no particular knowledge, but fully recognise that amongst those present at this meeting there are probably some whose knowledge of these traditions is more extensive than mine, whose insight into their import is deeper and more widely reaching, whose skill in handling the instruments of the folk-lore laboratory is more expert. But, knowing as I do—as no doubt you all do—that these traditions, within the last few years, have been exhibiting signs of rapid decay, I am glad to be the humble means of introducing the subject to the consideration of the Society this evening, knowing well that my deficiencies will be made good from the knowledge of those whom I am addressing. I may say at once that this will be the burden of my remarks—the value of folk-drama as a vehicle of tradition; the bearing and influence—undoubted in my mind—of folk-drama upon the evolution of the drama of our nation; the very incomplete collection which has been made of the various forms or phases of folk-drama; their present alarmingly rapid decay. I am convinced that if a systematic collection had been made after Mr. Udal gave us his very interesting paper on the Mummings-Plays of Dorsetshire in 1880, much that is now irretrievably lost would have been on record. It is not only that the traditions have utterly died out in so many districts,

<sup>1</sup> A paper read before the Folk-lore Society, February 15th, 1893.

but in other places where they have survived they have become attenuated, and show an altogether feeble existence compared with what they were only a few years ago. The urgency of appeal which lies in these circumstances will, I am sure, be felt by the Folk-lore Society, and I will not harp upon the string of lamentation throughout the short time at my disposal. Indeed, to show the rewards which await the collector even now, I have a few freshly-gathered items to bring before you this evening, along with two dresses worn by English folk-players, and some photographs. What I shall have to urge is that the Society spread its net—which it can now effectively do by means of its local organisation—all over the country, and collect together all the fragments of folk-drama and dramatic custom which remain to us.

It would be taking a very limited view of folk-drama if we were to restrict our attention to what are known as the mumming-plays associated with Christmastide. But they are the most generally known—indeed, I fear that by some they are considered to represent the whole stock of English folk-drama—and I will address myself to this class of folk-play first. Well known as they are, I do not think the traditional import of these plays is always considered. When Mr. Christopher Burne, with our esteemed Secretary, and their friends, gave us a reproduction of the Staffordshire variant of the mumming, called the Guisers' Play, in Mercers' Hall, it was said, in my hearing, by a distinguished folk-lorist, with a somewhat weary air of disappointment, "It's all St. George and the Dragon." This seems to suggest the advisability of taking some account of the traditions which have descended to us through the means of the mumming-plays happily not yet extinct in our land.

Throughout a long period in our history, beginning as far back as the Conquest, we can trace the operation of a process by which traditional observances, at one time marking various stages in the year's passage, gradually

became concentrated upon one or more festivals, chiefly Christmas and Easter. The result of this process—due to economical and political causes—was a mixture of rites, observances, and celebrations; so that in the mumming-plays we have rites of Yule-tide, along with dramatic reminiscences of the legend of St. George, which figures more individually in connection with Easter. But, if we take the St. George element of the Pace-Egg and the mumming-plays, and, collating them, compare the result with the earliest recorded dramatic presentation of the legend of St. George and the Dragon, we find that various features have been added, and, of these features, that some are common to both types, while in all important instances they are archaic, and belong to the earliest traditions.

But, granting for the moment that the main stem of the mumming-play is the legend of St. George, what does that represent, to begin with? It is an example of the skill with which the Church supplanted the pagan Pantheon. Yet was the policy hardly so successful as it appeared to be. For whether St. George represents the adoption by the Church of an important feature in the Northern mythology under another name, or the legend were of Eastern or Southern origin, the effect and result were the same. Under the first hypothesis we have Northern paganism thinly disguised; under the second we have a legend adopted in the country because it recognisably represented, let us say, Odin and his horse Sleipner, and the dragon suggested the dragon Nidhug, which dwelt by the fountain Hvergelmer in Niflheim. To dismiss the first hypothesis does not dispose of the second; and to prove that St. George was a Christian product would not dispose of the circumstance that, while the missionaries taught one thing, the folk were thinking of something else, superficially very much like it, but in fact totally different. On the supposition, then, that the main stem of the mumming-play is the St. George and Dragon legend, it places us in connection with the earliest history of our race in this

country. Indeed, if we trace the course of its descent, we find that it has reverted to its original type, to use a cant phrase in science; more correctly, it has thrown off the cloak fastened upon it by the Church, and now, in this *fin de siècle* period, when Culture is cultivating æsthetic Paganism, the mumming-play of the backward class, as it is distinguished by some folk-lorists, has become more pagan. The dragon, conflict with which may have symbolised some spiritual idea, has disappeared, and the mummers fight together with high boasting; they glory in their deeds; and when they are slain they do not die, but live to fight again. This is a reversion to something extremely like Valhal. I trust the folk-lorists of a future age will not connect it with the æsthetic paganism of our time.

As we are entering the warlike atmosphere of the Northern mythology, I will not lack boldness, but will for a moment refer to the instances of the pageant of St. George in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, mentioned in my previous paper, as it was performed when the Roman Church was at the height of its power, and the St. George's pageant had its place among the miracle-plays which were an institution in the land. In these instances we have the Christian knight rescuing the King of Egypt's daughter from the dragon; but even here there is an element that betrays the northern soil into which the legend was transplanted. The representations invariably took place by a well or water-conduit; and the association with the dragon suggests the fountain Hvergelmer, and its guardian or tenant, the dragon Widhug, or possibly Thor overcoming the serpent Midgard, whom he slew in the waters?

So much at present for the pageant of St. George and the Dragon, reminiscences of which, as it was performed by the Guilds of St. George on April 23rd, we find in the Christmas mumming-plays. But how short of the truth it is to say that these plays consist of nothing but the St. George and Dragon legend, will appear as the analysis proceeds.

Of the three important divisions or types of English folk-drama, viz., the Christmas Mumming-play, the Plough-Monday Play, and the Easter or Pace-Egg Play, the first and the last contain the character of St. George, with allusions to the legend, while in the Plough-Monday play that element is absent. But there is another element, which is common to all three groups, and that is the sword-dance. In the northern counties—Durham, for example—there is a sword-dancer's play or interlude, performed at Christmas, in which the traditional movements and evolutions of the sword-dance take place to the accompaniment of a song by the chief character, who is strictly the chorus of the piece, for he characterises each of the characters as they step in and join the performance. At the end of the dance the carefully concerted movements are abandoned, and fighting ensues: the parish clergyman rushes in to prevent bloodshed, receives a death-blow, and is cured by a doctor. Even from this description it is obvious that, in spite of the absence of St. George, this play presents points of resemblance to both the Mumming and the Pace-Egg types. First, a circle is drawn by one of the characters with his sword, and the performance takes place within that circle: the mumming and Pace-Egg plays are invariably prefaced by one of the characters claiming a space for the performance, sometimes with a broom sweeping round a circle, sometimes by "footing it round", as it was called; second, the characters fight together—in the mumming and Pace-Egg types they fight in couples successively; third, the doctor cures the slain—this feature is practically the same in the sword-dance play, and the mumming and Pace-Egg plays.

This sword-dance Christmas play found its way as far south as Devonshire; while versions of the mumming and Pace-Egg plays obtained in all parts of the country. The sword-dance itself, which underlies them all, continued its traditional existence chiefly, if not entirely, in the northern counties.

It will be seen that the Christmas mumming-play in its various forms is not all St. George and the Dragon. It is not all of anything—but an amalgam. The word “mumming” itself puts us upon the trail of another of its elements, that is, the disguising or masking. The masks were made in imitation of various animals—goats, oxen, deer, foxes, asses, and what not—a custom which found its niche of immortality in the palace of Shakespeare’s creations, in the person of Bottom the weaver. The wearing of such masks is essentially of savage origin, and, because their survival has entered into the pageantry of the dominant classes of society, it has never occurred to me to suppose that the stationary portion of society received them by a process of precipitation from the top stratum of the social system—although I quite expect to hear that view propounded presently. I should as soon be convinced that heraldry, instead of being a development from totemism, set the fashion of wearing totem signs, which gradually percolated down to savagery. The wearing of masks by the mummers has died out to a great extent, but I do not think it is extinct; there are several recorded cases within the present century. The disguising, or wearing of strange dresses, continues apparently without diminution. In the demand for drink usually made by the first mummer who enters, and the songs sung in several versions, we have the survival of the rite of the wassail-bowl.

There remains to be considered the structure of the typical mumming-play—the characters represented, the dialogue, and development of the action. All this presents only slight variations from the Easter or Pace-Egg play. By the operation of that law of concentration which we have already discussed, the Pace-Egg play, from being performed at Christmas, became mixed up with the mumming or guizing—that is, disguising—and this mixture is the typical Christmas mumming-play, which is regarded as being nothing more interesting than a debased rendering of the pageant of St. George and the Dragon.

The Easter, or Pace-Egg play—so called from its being performed in connection with the well-known custom of Pace-Egging—now calls for our notice, and must take us for the time from Christmas and the mumming-play. Collating two versions of the play (which have found their way into print, and copies of which I exhibit), we find it contains the following characters: Fool; St. George; Slasher; Doctor; Prince of Paradine; King of Egypt; Hector; Beelzebub; Devil-Doubt. The action consists of a fight between St. George and Slasher; Slasher being wounded, is cured by a doctor. Then St. George boasts as follows:

“I am St. George, that noble champion bold,  
And with my trusty sword I won ten thousand pounds in gold.  
’Twas I that fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to the  
slaughter,  
And by those means I won the King of Egypt’s daughter.”

Whereupon the Prince of Paradine enters, and, after exchanging defiance, in course of which St. George calls the prince “thou black Morocco dog”, they fight, and the prince is slain. Then we get a palpable interpolation; for the King of Egypt comes in and laments the prince as his son, calling upon Hector to come and avenge him. So that St. George, having won the King of Egypt’s daughter, slays his son. Moreover, the king calls St. George “cursed Christian”. In this we can perceive the clumsy joinery of the Crusade element and the pageant of St. George and the Dragon. The next point in the action is the fight between St. George and Hector, who goes off wounded. The Fool then challenges St. George, who says:

“I’ll cross the water at the hour of five,  
And meet you there, Sir, if I be alive,”

and goes off, having occupied the stage from the beginning. The play concludes with the entry of Beelzebub, whose business it evidently was to raise a laugh, and little

Devil-Doubt with his broom comes in to receive the largess of the spectators.

Now, at a first glance, that looks as if it were all made up of reminiscences of the St. George and Dragon pageant and the Crusades. People who would hail that interpretation with satisfaction, conceive all such things as having an individual origin. Some individual composed that pageant of St. George; some other individual composed a play about the Crusades; and the stupid, ignorant people mixed it all up. The other method of interpretation takes a wider view. It proceeds upon a generalization of all the past of human life, which shows collectively a faculty of continuity throughout the generations of men: a continuity which leads to the conception of the individuality of human life as a whole, and causes disbelief in sudden and arbitrary origins. It is a conception strictly in accord with the observed phenomena of nature—the seed, the tender shoot, the sapling, the tree, maturity—the seed to the ground; the process repeated; and with this identity modifications occurring with a slowness which it requires a great effort to realise. Let us look a little deeper into this Easter play, and not hastily accept an explanation because it is obvious and simple. Let us look for continuity, and not accept modification for origin.

The Pace-Egg play was performed at Easter. The Christian Easter was fastened upon the Aryan Spring festival, substituting for the celebration of the regeneration of nature the more spiritual celebration of the immortality of the soul of man, so that the egg which symbolised the one attained a higher significance in the other. But the connection between them is indisputable: there is continuity and modification. Similarly, in the Easter or Pace-Egg play the Aryan root of the matter remained under changed conditions and altered signification, as may be illustrated from the Northern mythology.

The Elder Edda thus refers to the death of Balder, the personification of summer and light:



“ I saw the concealed  
Fate of Balder,  
The blood-stained god,  
The son of Odin.  
In the fields  
There stood grown up,  
Slender and passing fair,  
The mistletoe.  
From that shrub was made,  
As to me it seemed,  
A deadly noxious dart ;  
Hoder shot it forth ;  
But Frigg bewailed  
In Fensal  
Valhal’s calamity.  
Understand ye yet, or what ? ”

In the Balder myth, Hermod undertakes to ride to the lower world and offer a ransom to Hel if she will permit Balder to return to Asgard. He mounts Odin’s horse Sleipner and gallops off on his journey. Arrived at the abode of Hel, he finds Balder occupying the most distinguished seat in the hall. To his entreaties for Balder’s release, Hel replies that it should now be tried whether Balder was so universally beloved as he was said to be : if all things in the world, animate and inanimate, will weep for him, then he shall return to the gods ; but, if anything refuse to weep, Hel will keep him. Balder and his wife Nanna then give Hermod those keepsakes for Odin and Frigg, which are construed as earnest of their return, and Hermod rides back to Asgard. The gods then send messengers throughout the world, beseeching everything to weep, and men, animals, earth, stones, trees, metals, all willingly obey, except a giantess, Thok, supposed to be Loke Laufeyarson himself in another form, who caused the death of Balder, by the hand of Hoder, who threw the fatal mistletoe shaft.

The contest between Thok and Balder was represented

at the Spring festival. Two champions were dressed up, one in foliage and flowers, the other in straw and moss, and the conflict of course ended in the victory of Balder, or Summer. This custom prevailed all over Norseland, in Germany, and in this country. In the myth, the victory over Thok is vague; but it seems to be implicated with Odin's victory over Vafthrudner by means of a riddle which led to the giant forfeiting his head. In the Easter play St. George says :

“ I followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,  
 Confined in dungeons deep to meet her fate ;  
 There I resolved, with true knight errantry,  
 To burst the door and set the prisoner free,  
 When a giant almost struck me dead,  
 But by my valour, I struck off his head.”

I merely note this at present because, whether by accident or no, it contains allusions which appear to bear upon the Balder myth.

I note next these words spoken by Slasher in his defiance of St. George :

“ How canst thou break my head ?  
 My head is made of iron,  
 And my body's made of steel,  
 My hands and feet of knuckle-bone—  
 I challenge to make thee feel.”

The allusion may be to armour. But if the allusions in the former passage spoken by St. George were proved to be derived from the myth, we should scarcely hesitate to identify Slasher with the champion of Winter, interpreting the iron and steel and knuckle-bone as descriptive of the frost-bound earth. We should then have in St. George and Slasher the renamed representatives of the two champions, Summer and Winter, whose contest was a principal feature in the Spring festival.

The next point to be noted is that the episode of the St. George and Slasher contest individualises itself in the

Easter play. It ends in the cure by the doctor, who does not reappear to cure the subsequent combatants. In fact, so clearly is the episode marked off from the rest of the play, that, having noted the distinction from the internal evidence, I was not a little surprised to find afterwards that in the versions which I exhibit it had been clearly differentiated by making it a separate and distinct act, the remainder of the play being called Act II.

The element of the doctor and his cure of the wounded or slain combatant is common to the sword-dance play, the Plough-Monday play, and the first portion of the Easter play. Whatever the vagaries of nomenclature may be—I am stating as briefly as possible the result of a very wide and extended collation of versions—we have here the trunk of this body of tradition. Around it all kinds of mutations and changes occur, but itself persists, because it is archaic. And it has nothing to do with the St. George and Dragon pageant, nothing to do with the Crusades. Take the rest of the Easter play—the second part—and you will find it quite distinct and separate, a thing made up of the pageant of St. George and the Crusades, with Beelzebub and the little Devil from some mediæval miracle-play. In the Easter play we have the elements of Pagan and Christian, as the egg, typical of the regeneration of life, became the symbol of the resurrection after death.

Before recurring to the Christmas mumming-play, into which the Easter play was imported, let us finish the analysis. We have to account for the doctor who cures the wounded Slasher, and, on our theory of continuity, we have to account for the second portion of the play.

According to the traditions of the contest between the Winter and Summer champions, there were other combatants, armed with staves, who also contended, how, or in what order, is not known. This traditional contest was performed at some date very near St. George's Day, the 23rd April, when the pageant was performed, to be followed a few days later by the May-Day games, which celebrated

the victory of Summer. This presents us with the conditions of an amalgamation, which seems to have taken place at about the period of the Crusades. The Summer champion became St. George; St. George himself became the type or representative of England; and, in place of the dragon of the pageant, one or more of the combatants in the Winter and Summer contest represented Mohammedan warriors, over whom the Christian St. George of England is, of course, victorious. When the dialogue was added we do not know; there were probably spoken words of defiance by the champions in thirteenth-century English, and on this modifications and developments were made, until the play reached the shape in which we know it in more or less debased forms. But in the determination of that shape there was a factor which remains to be considered, and that was the sword-dance. In this performance a circle was drawn by the Chorus, called "First Clown" in the version given by Henderson in his *Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*, and "Captain" in the version in Sir Cuthbert Sharp's *Bishoprick Garland*, who, after walking round the circle, summons the other performers in verses of a song, as thus:

"Now, the first that I call on  
Is George, our noble king;  
Long time he's been at wars,  
Good tidings back he'll bring."

The introduced actor walks round the ring, and the Chorus proceeds:

"The next that I call on  
He is"—(so and so).

In this way all the characters are brought in before the concerted movements of the dance itself take place.

Now, the formula—"In comes I"—spoken by the characters as they enter in the Plough-Monday play, in which the element of the sword-dance is indisputable, supplies us with the development of dialogue from chorus. In the

mumming-plays, the characters announce themselves in the same way. The sword-dance has retained the integrity of its descent more clearly than any of the other elements of folk-drama; and the association of swords and fighting in the Easter play suggests a connection with the sword-dance, which becomes clearer upon examination. The Fool in the Easter play, who first enters and claims room for the play, summons St. George to enter; and this equates with the Chorus of the sword-dance, who summons the actors in turn. From this point the Fool is silent, and the characters announce themselves, as:

“I am the Black Prince of Paradine, born of high renown,”  
and the familiar:

“In comes I, the Turkish Knight,”

of the mumming-play.

It seems to me we can see the ground-plan of the Easter play and the mumming-play in the sword-dance with its chorus. In fact, we have the chorus in the Easter play, as the Fool, a part taken by Father Christmas in the mumming-plays.

I have now exhausted the constituents of the Easter play, with the exception of the character of the Doctor, which factor I leave over to the Plough-Monday play, with which it is common.

That there was some form of dramatic representation at Christmas, on to which the St. George or Easter play was engrafted, is what the law of continuity with modification would lead us to expect; and what evidence we have points to this conclusion. Grimm tells us that “at Christmas a sacrificial play is still performed in parts of Gothland, acted by young fellows in disguise, who blacken and rouge their faces. One, wrapped in fur, sits in a chair as the *victim*, holding in his mouth a bunch of straw-stalks cut fine, which reach as far as his ears, and have the appearance of sow-bridles: by this is meant the boar sacrificed at Yule, which in England is decked with laurel

and rosemary." Here we have the Scandinavian or Teutonic original of the mumming-play, with which the Scandinavian sword-dance became combined after passing through the Easter play. Henderson tells us that throughout Yorkshire mummers go round visiting at houses where they know they are likely to meet with entertainment, disguised in finery of different sorts, with blackened faces or masks, and carrying with them an image of a white horse. Mr. Baring Gould tells us that "at Wakefield and Stanby the mummers enter a house, and, if it be in a foul state, they proceed to sweep the hearth and clean the kitchen-range, humming all the time 'mum-m-m'." This seems to suggest some connection with the good fairies who perform tasks of housework if properly propitiated. In Scotland, where the mummers are called Gysards, when a party of these visitants enter a house, one of them precedes the rest, carrying a besom, and sweeps a ring or space for the Gysards to dance in. This ceremony is strictly observed; and it has been supposed is connected with the tradition concerning the light dances of the fairies, one of whom is always represented as sweeping the spot appropriated to their festivity. This may be so; but I am inclined to connect it with the sword-dance circle.

Summarising this analysis of the Christmas mumming-play, we find that it consists of the following elements combined by the natural dramatic instincts of the folk:—

- (a) The Christmas Masking or Disguising.
- (b) The Sword-Dance: the character of Father Christmas being a modification of the Chorus of the Sword-Dance Play.
- (c) The Pace-Egg or Easter Play.
- (d) The Wassailing Rite or Custom.

I will now communicate some versions of the Christmas mumming or masking play, which I have been the means of collecting during the last two years. I have two versions fresh from Hampshire this last Christmas, one collected by

myself, together with a specimen of the dress worn by—take actors of this version, which I exhibit, along with wooden swords used by them; the other communicated to me by Mr. S. Pepler of Hamble Cliff, near Southampton, together with photographs of the actors in this version, also exhibited.

I have also a version from Northamptonshire, kindly communicated to me by Miss Burne; and two versions communicated through Mrs. Gomme, one from Marlborough, sent by Mr. H. S. May, and another from Romsey, sent by Miss E. L. Merck.

[Extracts were read to the meeting; and the differences between the versions were pointed out. The mummer's dress was made in a scaly pattern throughout; and it was suggested that this device was intended to represent the dragon which no longer accompanies the mummers, a parallel to the dress of the Plough-Monday players.]

I have not succeeded in getting a printed version of the mumming-play in chap-book form like the two Pace-Egg plays exhibited. The nearest approach to it is the curious little book called *The New Christmas Rhyme Book*, from Belfast, sent to Mrs. Gomme by Mr. W. H. Patterson. But I believe the mumming-play has been printed and sold as a chap-book; and this leads me to propound a question, to which, perhaps, some of our friends present would give an answer different from that which I should give. Does the fact of writing down or of printing destroy tradition? At the present time the mumming-play is performed in three ways—(a) by those who learn it from printed book; (b) by those who learn it from MS.; (c) by those who learn it by oral tradition. This seems to me to furnish an admirable test-case to the believers and unbelievers in literary origins.

The next branch of folk-drama on which I have to offer a few notes is the Plough-Monday play; and here I may proceed more summarily, as I do not conceive how the champions of literary origin can bring their battery to bear

his tradition. It has evolved and descended from Aryan custom, possibly some sacrificial rite in dramatic form to the goddess Gefjun, the goddess of agriculture—Gefjun personifying the ploughed land as Frigg represents the fruit-bearing earth. In the myth of Thor and Hrungner we see how the thunder god crushes the mountain of rock to prepare the way for agriculture; and the Gefjun myth about the ploughing with four oxen represents the subsequent tillage. In Blomefield's *History of Norfolk* we read: "Anciently, a light called the 'Plough Light' was maintained by old and young persons who were husbandmen, before images in some churches, and on Plough-Monday they had a feast, and went about with a plough and dancers to get money to support the plough-light. The Reformation put out these lights, but the practice of going about with the plough begging for money remains." No doubt the begging in the first place was for the maintenance of the lights, a derivation, possibly, of sacrifice to the goddess Gefjun.

The dancers alluded to by Blomefield were the sword-dancers; and here again we have the phenomena of amalgamation and continuity with modification. The result was a play called the Plough-Monday play, the process being analogous to that we have already discussed, where the sword-dance entered into and gave shape and coherence to existing dramatic traditions.

It is impossible for me to do more now than indicate the outline of this important branch of English folk-drama. With the plough we get the horse, and the horse again places us in connection with the fabulous horses of Aryan mythology. These godlike animals, commemorated in English traditions, become identified with the horses familiar in agriculture: thus we get the hobby-horse, and a whole cycle of observance, of which the effigy of a horse, or a horse's head, is the pivot. This element is a common factor in the problem of folk-drama; this and the doctor who cures the wounded combatants, or raises them to life



when slain, and both of them—like the sword-dance—take us straight back to Scandinavia. By way of illustrating this permanence of the archaic in dramatic tradition, let me select two instances. A version of the St. George drama is concluded with the introduction of a hobby-horse, over whom a song of several verses is sung, the horse snapping his jaws by way of chorus after each verse, by a device familiar on the stage, when Bottom in his ass's head moves the ass's jaws when speaking. The fourth verse is as follows :—

“ Behold how this horse stands upon the stones!  
He is short in the leg, but full in the bone,  
He has an eye like a hawk, a ear like a dove ;  
As many wrinkles in his forehead as there is in an  
acre of ploughed ground.”

That last line is an obvious interpolation, connecting the horse with the plough. In the whole song it is the only line which utterly escapes the metre. Counting the syllables, it makes about two-and-a-half lines of the verse in the rest of the piece. It is clearly an interpolation ; it belongs to the traditionary observance which survived from the sacrificial rite to the Scandinavian goddess of agriculture.

Another instance : another version of the same song in another county. At the close of the song, which is one of lamentation over the poor old horse, past his prime, the animal, or rather its representative, drops down as if dead. Same dialogue ensues, the upshot of which is that the horse gets a new lease of life, like the wounded combatants in the St. George and mumming plays ; and the horse proceeds to worry a blacksmith who endeavours to shoe him. The affair is concluded by the singing of the following stanza :—

“ The man that shod this horse, Sir,  
That was no use at all,  
He likened to worry the blacksmith,  
His hammer and nails and all.”

These lines, says the recorder, are sung with great noise

and histrionic display: for mentioning which fact I am extremely obliged to him; we know that noise and tumult were always associated with the traditions of Thor, and this episode presents in the blacksmith with his hammer a pretty clear reminiscence of Thor's connection with agriculture in the Scandinavian mythology.

I have mentioned these instances because they occur in dramatic songs, which at a superficial glance appear to be quite modern and commonplace, for which reason they admirably exemplify the survival of the archaic in the midst of later accretions.

It is with great pleasure that I bring to your notice now a version of the Plough-Monday play which has been communicated to me by Mrs. Chaworth Musters, along with the most interesting dress worn by the actors of this version as repeatedly witnessed by Mrs. Chaworth Musters at her residence, Wiverton Hall, near Bingham, Nottinghamshire. The version wears a modern look, but, like the hobby-horse performances just noticed, it has its elements of archaism which persist. I should like first to read an extract from a letter I received from Mrs. Musters, as it is in effect a message to the Society, and brings before us the aspects of the play as they impressed themselves on an eye-witness:—

“I hope that if all is well another year, I may have the pleasure of seeing some members of the Folk-lore Society here for Plough-Monday, and I hope the play will not die out in this neighbourhood for long, as the actors this time were all youths who had learnt their parts by word of mouth. I had some difficulty in getting a copy of the words a few years ago, as it seems never to have been written down; but I did get it, very ill-spelt and difficult to make out, except that I had heard it several times, and I had it printed in the appendix of a Notts story I wrote, so that it might be preserved. I enclose the book. The same version seems to be known in Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire. I wish I could have got a photograph of the performers, but they could only come in the evening, being fa-<sub>ie</sub>

labourers. The man who is called 'Hopper Joe' has a basket slung before him, as if he was going to sow seeds, in which you put any money you like to give. The sergeant gets hold of any bit of old uniform he can meet with, and the young lady always has a veil, Beelzebub a blacked face, and either a besom of straw or a club with a bladder fastened to the end of it. The chief feature of the play is the raising to life of the old woman (who is knocked down by Beelzebub) by the doctor, who is always dressed in the smartest modern clothes, with a riding-whip and top hat if possible. This year the men had no cut-out figures on their shirts, only ribbons and rosettes and feathers stuck in their hats, and the brass ornaments of their horse's harness hanging down in front. But I have generally seen them with small horses, and ploughs in red and black, stuck on. They do not bring a plough with them here. Little boys with ribbons on come round begging in all the villages in the vale of Belvoir here, on Plough-Monday, but no women or girls ever seem to take part in it."

Mrs. Musters subsequently sent me the dress exhibited. In a letter which accompanied it she said: "The group of men are intended to represent the Plough-Monday boys. . . . . The idea of the man who made it is that all the live creatures connected with a farm ought to be represented." Mrs. Musters also sent me a copy of the verses sung on the occasion of the play. These have never before been recorded. I exhibit the MS. of the Ploughman who sang them on Plough-Monday last, and who wrote them down for Mrs. Musters.

I also exhibit the figure of a horse cut out to be worn on the dress, which I received from Mrs. Musters before I received the dress. When I learnt from Mrs. Musters the interesting fact that although these players no longer bring a plough with them they figure it on the dress, I begged her to obtain a specimen of the dress for exhibition this evening, a request with which she at once complied. It was made by the man from whom she had obtained the figure of the horse. The dress seems to present us with an example of picture-writing and such

a survival must be very encouraging to the anthropologist and folk-lore collector. I shall hope to hear presently from the President and others their views on this point. It will be observed that the execution of the letters is not superior, but rather the reverse, to that of the figures.

[The scaly pattern of the mummer's dress from Hampshire was again referred to, and the likelihood of a similar desire for representation having caused this reminiscence of the dragon was pointed out.]

It is a curious fact to contemplate that at the present time we have in this country, living simultaneously in rural districts, representatives of two distinct levels of culture. There is the younger generation, equipped with a uniform education tending to make all minds of one type; and there is in the generation dying out a quite different mental aspect—a culture varying in degree and kind, but united by an underlying system of tradition. Picture-writing and gesture-language in the age of Board schools suggest conditions which may make us wonder if the law of continuity with modification is about to cease.

Quite recently, I heard of an interesting case of an old couple living in Surrey, between Woking and Guildford, which illustrates the use of picture-writing in the age of newspapers. The old lady always takes the *Police News*, and she explained to my friend that she does this because she hears the news from her neighbours who read the newspapers, and then she can take her picture-paper and make it all out. This is strictly analogous to the use of picture-writing by savage tribes. The old lady went on to explain that her old man knew no more about the news than she did, although he *could* read a bit: he knew that "S-t-o-k-e" spelt Guildford, but she could find her way there by the direction-post as well as he.

With regard to what was said as to the idea of the man who prepared the dress, that all the live creatures on a farm should be represented, this is doubtless the idea of

the tradition. In Lincolnshire, representatives of all the branches of farming industry joined the procession. First came the plough, to which it was not unusual to see as many as a score of sons of the soil yoke themselves; hence the name Plough Bullocks applied to them, or, in Yorkshire, Plough Stotts. Ploughmen from neighbouring hamlets joined the procession, dressed in clean smock-frocks, decked out with ribbons by the maids. Some wore bunches of corn in their hats. Often "the procession was joined by threshers carrying their flails, reapers with sickles, and carters with their long whips, which they were ever cracking to add to the noise; while even the smith and the miller were among their number, for the one sharpened the ploughshare, and the other ground the corn." Here we have the idea of representation which we see in the dress exhibited.

The same eye-witness gives a description of a curious custom in connection with Plough-Monday, which I give in his words, as follows:—"But the great event of the day was when they came before some house which bore signs that the owner was well-to-do in the world, and nothing was given them. Bessy rattled his box and the ploughmen danced, while the country lads blew their bullocks' horns or shouted with all their might; but, if there was still no sign, no coming forth of either bread-and-cheese or ale, then the word was given, the ploughshare driven into the ground before the door or window, the whole twenty men yoked pulling like one, and, in a minute or two, the ground before the house was as brown, barren, and ridgy as a newly-ploughed field. . . . . We are not aware that the ploughmen were ever summoned to answer for such a breach of the law, for they believe, to use their own expressive language, 'they can stand by it, and no law in the world can touch 'em, 'cause it's an old charter'."

One of the mummers in the Lincolnshire Plough-Monday procession usually wears a fox's skin in the form of a hood;

the Bessy, a bullock's tail behind, under his gown, which he held in his hand while dancing.

From a rare book, dated in 1814, I have the following note of the custom in Yorkshire :

“THE FOOL PLOUGH.—This is the name given to it by Strutt, though it is better known in Yorkshire under the title of ‘Plough Stotts’. Plough-Monday, or the first Monday after Twelfth-Day, has been considered as the ploughman's holiday, and the annexed plate represents a ludicrous procession on that day, not unlike that of the Mummings, or Morris-Dancers, at Christmas. The principal characters in this farce are the conductors of the plough ; the plough-driver, with a blown bladder at the end of a stick by way of whip ; the fiddler ; a huge clown in female attire ; and the commander-in-chief, ‘Captain Cauf Tail’, dressed out with a cockade and a genuine calf's tail, fantastically crossed with various coloured ribands. This whimsical hero is also an orator and a dancer, and is ably supported by the manual wit of the plough-driver, who applies the bladder with great and sounding effect to the heads and shoulders of his team.”

With this formless procession and dance the sword-dance became combined, as described in Young's *History of Whitby*, and the result of the union was the Plough-Monday play. Here we have a repetition of the process I described in connection with the Easter and mumming plays. The shaping factor in folk-drama was the sword-dance, with its circle, chorus, and carefully concerted movements.

I will now read the version of the play, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Chaworth Musters. I do this because, although that lady has happily insured its preservation—an act which I feel this Society ought gratefully to acknowledge—it is far less familiar than the mumming or Easter plays ; and I think its communication this evening may strengthen my plea for the speedy and exhaustive collection of all the remains of English folk-drama still surviving. Also, it is a very pleasant tradition, which seems to take us into the midst of country life in mid-winter, a sensation which Mrs. Musters has kindly offered to allow some of us

to realise next January. I have spoken of the modern aspect which the piece bears, but the archaism of the latter portion will be evident from my interpretation of the Easter and mumming plays.

[Extracts were read to the meeting.]

I do not think I need greatly insist on the archaism of the latter portion of this play—the episode of Beelzebub, Dame Jane, and the Doctor. It is clearly distinct in itself—as distinct as the episode of the fight between St. George and the Slasher, and the curing by the Doctor in the Easter play, which we have identified with the Summer and Winter contest of the Spring festival. It is, in fact, the same element, with modifications and change of characters: Beelzebub enacts the part of St. George, and Dame Jane that of the Slasher; though whether the episode has been imported from the Easter play, or is another version of the original, is precisely the question for discussion. In the absence of the evidence here furnished, I can quite conceive that those who object to allow that we have in English tradition anything peculiar to the race, would give an explanation of the episode quite different from mine. The words:

“My head is made of iron,  
My body is made of steel,  
My hands and feet of knuckle-bone,  
I think nobody can make me feel,”

which I am disposed to regard as a metaphorical description of the earth when possessed by winter, they would doubtless interpret as descriptive of armour worn by the knight. But how can that be, when the words are spoken by a female character? We may grant that in the mutations which occur in folk-drama the episode may have been imported from the Easter play without much idea of fitness; and then the question of interpretation remains as before. But if the object is to get at the root of the matter, surely we have here a good working factor in the problem; and I am by no means disposed to get rid of it, put it on

one side, get it out of the way, by just affixing to it a label which at a glance appears to belong to it. I prefer to keep the elements before me, unlabelled, in a state of solution, ready to be readjusted in accordance with any fresh evidence that may come to hand. If I were asked to define the greatest danger which besets folk-lore, I should say it was the obvious. It was the obvious which caused the significance of children's games to be so long overlooked. It was the obvious which dismissed the Staffordshire Guisers' play as all St. George and the Dragon. It was the obvious which classified all the mumming-plays and the Easter plays as "versions of some dramatic piece written in commemoration of the Holy Wars". And I suppose Mr. Obvious, if he is here—or perhaps I should say the Messrs. Obvious—will have no patience with me because I hint that in the Easter play and this Plough-Monday play we have an episode which continues the tradition of the Summer and Winter champions.

I have a good deal to say about the character of the Doctor, which seems to be a kind of common denominator in these traditions; but I think I must leave this over. Perhaps I may have another opportunity of reading some further notes on this widely-reaching subject.

I must, however, add a few words on another topic, the Horn-Dance. I exhibit three copies of an enlargement of the photograph, kindly sent to me by Mr. Frank Udale of Uttoxeter. One of these he presents to the Society, the others he presents to me personally. I shall look forward to seeing the photograph in the collection of the Society in the proposed Album. Mr. Udale has been extremely kind in his response to my requests: I feel greatly indebted to him; and I should feel gratified if a message of recognition were sent to him by the Society. The Rev. Dr. Cox has visited Abbots Bromley to inspect the horns, and he tells me he has not the slightest doubt that they are reindeer horns. This opens a vista into which at present I can only peer with the eyes of conjecture. When I have seen the



horns and handled them—as I hope to do early in the coming summer—I will report further on the matter. Not that I doubt they are reindeer horns—not for a moment would I doubt the deliberate opinion of Dr. Cox on such a point—but they may possibly be fossilised ; in which case one's imagination would run riot over the time when the reindeer was a denizen of this land ; or, turning to the alternative of their importation from Norseland, the fossilization would be fraught with possibilities of discovery as to why fossilised horns should be brought over. Again, one thinks of the reindeer tribes of France and the discoveries made by M. Lartet and Christy in the caverns of Périgord ; and the idea of relics of the Stone Age reaching this country from the south, without the least regard for one's predilection for northern origins, is quite distracting. Mr. Udale says he is “of opinion they came over at the Conquest with the Bagots—now Lord Bagot—of Blithfield, near Abbots Bromley. In his park are some goats, huge things, the descendants of a stock they brought over with them at or near the Conquest.” If so, they may be relics of the reindeer tribes and the Stone Age in France? All conjecture : but conjecture is the investigator's lantern. I will read an extract from a letter which the Vicar of Abbots Bromley kindly sent me on the subject :—

“I hardly know how to begin about the Horn-Dance. I know very little about it, as I have only been here a short time ; and I am sorry to say that in the time of my predecessor and *his* predecessor, comprising some ninety-six years, many interesting particulars about this and other matters have been allowed to die out, and details cannot now be recovered. At present, the six pairs of horns, with a bow and arrow, and the frame of a hobby-horse, are kept in the church tower, together with a curious old pot with a handle, all of wood, in which the money is collected at the dance. The Horn-Dance takes place now only on the Monday after ‘Wakes’ day, which is the Sunday next to September 4th. The tradition is, that, some two hundred years ago, the dance took place on several consecutive Sundays, after morning service, in the churchyard—

presumably in the summer months—and that the money so collected was devoted to the relief of the poor and the repairs of the church. *When* the dance began is quite unknown, but there were other places in Staffordshire where it lingered until the end of the eighteenth or beginning of this century—notably, Stafford itself, and Seighford, a small village near it. There was a special tune played for the Horn-Dance, by a man with a fiddle, within the memory of some still living; but the tune is lost, and I have quite failed to recover it: now somebody plays a concertina, with ordinary dance-music of any kind. The under-jaw of the hobby-horse is loose, and is moved with a string, so that it ‘clacks’ against the upper-jaw in time with the music. The same is done with the arrow and the bow. Six men have each a pair of horns; then there is a woman who holds the pot and collects the money—probably ‘Maid Marian’; a lad with the bow (? Robin Hood); a jester; and another with the hobby-horse—ten in all. They have a traditional sort of figure, which they dance over and over again. I am afraid I cannot tell you much else about the dance: we are on the borders of what used to be ‘Needwood Forest’, and probably it had some woodland meaning. But the curious thing is that the horns are *reindeer*. This has been settled quite satisfactorily just lately by Dr. Cox, the editor of *The Antiquary*, who came here to see them. *Two* pairs are very large, larger than any reindeer-horns I have ever seen myself in Russia or Norway. How they came here is a mystery.”

Whatever the origin of the horns may be, I think we need entertain little doubt that the dance was, as Mr Bryant suggests, of some woodland character and significance; and from the bow and arrow, and the circumstance of the gifts to the poor, it seems to stand in relation to the Robin Hood epos. The presence of the hobby-horse again, is curious. Like the Doctor, the Hobby-horse requires a paper to himself. He figures largely in the May Day games, as well as in the winter plays; and in his without doubt—or so it seems to me—we have the tradition of Odin’s horse Sleipner; and probably his ubiquity, tradition suggests reminiscences of the other fabulous steed of Asgard.

Such is the view that we have been able to take of English Folk-Drama so far as is possible within the compass of a short paper. It is a diminished heritage: much had to be lost before the value of that which we are losing could make itself felt. It is for us to make the best and the most of what remains to us, and, by analysis and careful study, make good, as far as we can, what is now irrecoverable; science, I am sure, can do much to strengthen the links which have become worn and thin in the chain of our traditions; and truly it is a glorious thing to feel that we inherit a right to the mythology of the North, of which that chain is the evidence. Thanks to the peasantry of England, who have preserved the traditions which testify to our birthright! It has come to *us* to see and to know and to understand, and knowledge is sublime; but, in the presence of that unconscious perpetuation by generation upon generation of men and women of our race, in obedience to the instincts of their blood, I feel myself in the presence of something *more* than human knowledge—something mighty and *organic*, in which consciousness and unconsciousness are simply phases of the same thing. Let us not paralyse ourselves with doubt, but hastily snatch up all the fragments and scraps that have fallen from the table of the gods. Let us believe all to be of value rather than cast aside one morsel. We shall have ages of civilisation in which to sort out and arrange the items and squabble about interpretation. But we shall not get another Norse mythology, nor another body of English custom and tradition. It is all vanishing—quietly dying out without giving sign. I urge upon the Society to undertake immediately the thorough and systematic collection of English Folk-Dramas.

T. FAIRMAN ORDISH.

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*FOLK-LORE GLEANINGS FROM  
COUNTY LEITRIM.*

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THE district from whence these notes are derived lies to the south-east of the lower end of Lough Allen, and comprises part of the parishes of Kiltubrid and Fenagh, in County Leitrim, the latter better known on account of the *Book of Fenagh* and the remains of St. Caillin's Abbey. This part of the county is fairly hilly, with wide stretches of bog, and many lakes; while towards the north of Kiltubrid lies the wild mountain district of Slieve-an-iarain. At the present time it is devoid of timber, except such as has been planted round the houses of the gentry, and this absence of trees and hedges gives the whole district a rather desolate appearance. Until the Cavan, Leitrim, and Roscommon Light Railway was constructed, a few years ago, Kiltubrid was quite cut off from outside influence. Carrick-on-Shannon is ten miles off; and Drumshanbo and Ballinamore, five and seven miles away respectively, are only small country towns. The people, therefore, have not yet lost the old traditions of the place, in spite of the fact that the native tongue has almost died out; but they are fast disappearing, and it is to be feared will ere long be extinct, as they have become under similar circumstances elsewhere.

The stories in English which I have heard told by the peasantry in co. Leitrim are, of course, not to be compared with those collected in Irish by Dr. Hyde in the next county (Roscommon), but they are interesting, I think, as showing the form that the tales have taken at the present day. As regards the general superstitions, etc., current in the district, my informants were as a rule people of over

forty years of age, who referred to such matters as having been told them by their parents, who were Irish speakers.

The tales were related to me by a "little lad" of fourteen, whose mother, in her turn, heard them in her youth from her father, John Tighe, of the townland of Cordery Peyton, the son of Peter Tighe of Corrick-beside-Laheen Peyton (co. Leitrim), both of whom were Irish speakers, and spoken of as great story-tellers. The lad, Michael McManus by name, son of Patrick McManus of Aughrim in Kiltubrid, very kindly wrote the tales down for me—for which I owe him my best thanks—and I have thought it proper to put them forward here in his own words without alteration. It may be worth while to add that, so far as the family knew, the tales had never appeared in print.

There do not appear to be any customs peculiar to the immediate neighbourhood, but it may here be noted that fires are still lighted on the hills and along the sides of the roads on Saint John's Eve.

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#### THE GOOD PEOPLE.

That the fairies are fallen angels is a widely spread belief, but still it is interesting to compare the ideas of the people in different localities on this subject. This is the Kiltubrid version: "Who are the fairies?" I asked one evening of a country woman. "The Good People (God speed them!) is it?" said she. "Well, I have heard that when there was war in heaven, and the wicked angels were being cast out, that St. John asked the Almighty would he waste the whole heavens and earth? So God said, 'Let everything stand as it is!' and so everything remained as it was that instant, and that is why there are fairies in the air (you've heard noises in the air, haven't you?), and on the earth, and under the earth."

A belief in the "good people" is, of course, very general. Cashels or forts in the fields—those round earthworks, common in many parts of the country—are held to be

specially the place of meeting, and no one would willingly disturb one. There are stories of persons being struck dead for even cutting bushes round a fort. It is also said to be unwise to attempt to build on a "walk"; buildings so put up are invariably thrown down during the night. A tale is told of a man who attempted to add an outbuilding to his house, in spite of the advice of a friend—for it is in that way the fairies dissuade one from building. What he built in the day was promptly thrown down at night, because the "good people" had a walk on that side of the house, and he finally had to take his friend's advice and build on the other side.

That the "good people" take away infants from their parents, and leave "an old stick of a thief" in the guise of a child in their place is also believed. There are several tales of these changelings and their doings. Here is one: Once on a time there was a woman whose child was taken away, and an old thief left in its place, yet was he so disguised that the woman never found out the difference. Now, there lived in the same house a tailor, and one day when the woman had gone into the town, to the tailor's surprise, the baby got out some pipes and began to play. He played away merrily until he thought the woman would be returning, and then he told the tailor that he must on no account tell her, or it would be no more tunes he'd be playing him. However, the tailor did tell the woman, and sent her out to the town with directions to return speedily. So she came back in a short time and found the "young old man" sitting up in the cradle and playing to the tailor; but when she came in at the door he put the pipes under the pillow, and was as though he were an infant again. The woman was afraid when she saw that it was not her child, for when she heard the pipes going she knew the "good people" had changed them, so she took counsel with the tailor as to what was to be done. "Take the old man on your back", said he, "as though for a walk, and when you come to the stream, go to cross it,

and when you are in the middle, throw him down into the water and drown him." So she did so ; but when she got halfway over the stream, and went to throw the old "thing" into the water, he turned upon her and threw her in instead, and drowned her, and made his escape!<sup>1</sup>

Another tale is told, showing how useless it is to try and outwit the changelings left in the baby's place.

One night, a man was returning home, when, as he passed a house, the window was opened, and a baby was pushed into his arms. He said nothing, though rather surprised, perhaps guessing the truth, but made his way home and told his wife what had happened, and they agreed to keep and take care of the child until its parents should claim it. Now it happened that the fairies had made a mistake that time, for they thought it was to one of themselves they were giving the child. However, they, as usual, left an "old thing" in its place. The father of the child one day happened to see the people to whom he had been given, and from them he learnt the truth. So when he went home he made a great fire on the hearth and waited until it was well hot, and then he took up the supposed baby and threw it on the fire. He was ill-advised, for after a few moments the old man gave three great puffs and blew the fire all over the room, and set the house on fire, and they were all burnt. The changeling doubtless made good his escape.

The fairies sometimes pay domiciliary visits, and do not hesitate to avail themselves of anything there may be in the house ; indeed, it is unlucky to have nothing ready for them, as the following story shows :—

One night, after retiring to rest, a woman was disturbed by a great noise in her kitchen, and, on going to the door, she found that the "good people" were in possession, some toasting bread at the fire, others getting ready the meal.

<sup>1</sup> Kennedy has a tale about the Changeling and his Bagpipes, but it is quite different from that told here. Yet another will be found in Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends*.

On attempting to enter the kitchen, the fairies shouted to her as with one voice, "Go back!" so there was nothing for it but to retire to bed again and leave them alone. The next morning she found everything as usual, save that one pail was full of blood—"which same was a parable to her", said my informant, "and for that reason the country people always leave a gallon of water in the kitchen at night, lest the 'good people' should come and want it."

#### THE LEPRACAUN.

The Lepracaun is sometimes to be seen, so I am told; at least some years ago, down Fenagh way, a man was working in a field and heard a noise behind him, when, turning round, what should he see but a Lepracaun seated under a big leaf, cobbling away merrily at a shoe. Before the little man had time to escape he found himself in the peasant's grasp, and was frightened almost out of his life, for the Lepracaun is always impressed with the idea that if he is caught he will be killed. His captor, however, knew right well how to turn his opportunity to account, and told the little man he would let him go if he would show him where treasure was hid, with the knowledge of which the Lepracaun is credited. Glad to escape, he showed the man where he would find a pot of gold, and was rewarded by being set at liberty.

#### BEWITCHED BUTTER.

There are throughout Ireland stories of milk stealing and butter bewitching. In the district under notice there are many tales of butter being taken from the milk, and consequently of antidotes therefor. One way is to tie a rope with *nine* knots in it round the churn: this will bring the butter back, supposing it to have been stolen; or you may put a harrow-pin and a crooked sixpence in the four corners of the house. A common method is to place a half-burnt turf under the churn, or a piece of heather, or a branch of rowan-berries (mountain ash) is said to be efficacious.



Once on a time there lived in the parish of Fenagh a family whose supply of milk invariably turned sour, and no butter was to be obtained. It chanced that there came to them one day an old traveller who asked for a drink. "Well", said the woman of the house, "I cannot give you milk, for all we have is bad."

"How is that?" said the traveller.

So he was told all they knew about the matter.

"If you give me a lodging this night", said he, "I will get your butter back for you"; and thinking things could not be much worse, they let him remain.

After sunset the traveller barred every door and window in the place, and made a great fire of turf, and in the fire he placed *nine* irons. Now, as the irons got hot, a loud roaring was heard without, and an old woman who dwelt near was seen beating at the door and windows and shouting to be let in.

"Take the irons from the fire, they have me burnt!" she said. But the traveller answered that until she brought back the butter she had taken the irons would remain in the fire to burn her. Then she tore round the house in a fury, and got upon the roof to try and get in that way to take the irons from the fire; but finding it was useless, she went home, roaring all the time for the pain she was in, and brought the butter in a barrel to the door, upon which the irons were taken from the fire, and she was released. From that time the family had no cause to complain of their milk.

#### THE STRAY SOD.

Among the minor superstitions current is that of the "stray sod". The old folk say that wherever an unbaptised child is buried there is a "stray sod", so that at night, if you walk in that field and chance upon the particular spot, you have no power but to set off wandering all that night. A man, they say, whilst walking in the fields one night, happened on a "stray sod", and immediately found himself

wandering. He was carried up and down a "quick" or set hedge, until he was wearied, and although he turned his coat and hat (said usually to be an antidote), yet he could not find his way out, and at last, when day broke, he was miles and miles away from home, and had to find his way back as best he could.

#### HOLY WELLS.

In the northern part of the parish of Kiltubrid, just under Slieve-an-iarain, there is a holy well dedicated to Saint Patrick, regarding which a story is told common to many other similar wells. The people say that here there dwelt a trout and a salmon, but that one day an impious angler caught them both and took them home. When, however, they were placed in the pan over the fire they both hopped out on to the ground and made their way back to the well.

#### WELL-DRESSING.

On the last Sunday in July every year, called Garland Sunday, the young people still make garlands of flowers and place them round certain wells. One of these, Tober-a-dony, is in the parish of Kiltoghert, and besides the wells there is a cavern-like fissure in the side of the mountain above mentioned, Slieve-an-iarain, known as Polthicoghlan, or familiarly as Polthi, which is similarly treated. Into this hole-without-a-bottom runs a stream of water from the mountain which is supposed to flow into one of the lakes some way off.

Behind Kiltubrid Church is a small lake known as Lough Caogh (the blind lake), the water of which possesses medicinal qualities and is much resorted to. It is said to be especially good for erysipelas, or for swellings either on man or beast. The story is that it was only a small well, just large enough to put down a gallon measure, but that St. Augustine came and enlarged it to its present size. Mondays and Thursdays are best for taking the water,

which must be fetched in three bottles, an *Ave* and a *Pater* being said as each bottle is filled, and on leaving the place it is strictly forbidden to look behind one, or the effect of the water will be lost.

It is small wonder that all sorts of stories are told about the lake, and that it is said to be enchanted, and no one will go near it after dark. There are also said to be water-horses in it, to which the following bears witness :

Once on a time a gossoon, who was working in the field hard by the lake, caught what he thought was a tame horse, and began to harrow with him. He was, however, a water-horse in disguise, and presently he ran away, and dragging harrow, gossoon, and all after him, disappeared into the lough. The unfortunate lad, when he found himself going, cried out for help, but when the other men who were working there came up to the lake, they could see nothing but blood. It is said that the gossoon with the horse and harrow is sometimes to be seen wandering round the margin of the lough.

#### FEAR-GORTA.

The *fear-gorta* (hungry man) is usually said to appear at famine times, and to wander about asking for food. In Kiltubrid, however, the term is applied to a hunger which is said to seize you whilst on the mountains, and which is fatal if not speedily satisfied. There is also said to be a *fear-gorta* stone at the base of Slieve-an-iarain, upon which if you tread you are seized with this unappeasable hunger.

#### WITCHES.

Witches seem to have disappeared from this part of the country ; at least, I could not hear of any person who was regarded in the light of one. There are also few tales of their former performances, save a general idea that they assumed a hare's shape at times when it suited them to do so. The story—common to many other places—is told of how a hare one day, chased by dogs, fled to a house near at

hand, but as it was entering the door, one of the dogs managed to tear a piece of the skin from a leg. The hunters, on entering the house, found only an old woman there with her side bleeding, by which token they knew she was a witch.

There is also a prejudice against eating hares on the part of some of the people, lest they should turn out to be witches. A cry would, however, be heard, I was informed, when the hare was being cut up.

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The following stories: (1) "Whittlegaire"; (2) "You're a Liar"; (3) "The Glass Mountains", were, as stated above, written down at my request by the narrator, and are in his own language:—

#### WHITTEGAIRE.

There were a long time ago three brothers, and two of them went out to seek their fortune. There was a little lad, and they were going to leave him behind, as he was no use, and they told him that if he attempted to stir out of the house they would kill him.

So they went on, and it was evening, and they looked behind them—they were about twenty miles from home—and they see the little lad after them. They went back with him and left him in the house again, and they went away the next morning. In the evening he was after them again, and they said that it was better to let him come with them, as it might be in him the luck was.

They went on to a big house; there was no one in it but an old woman and three daughters. They asked lodging. She said she would give them lodging, but the two elder brothers would have to lie on the floor; "and as for you, Whittlegaire", said she, turning to the little one, "you will have to lie in the corner, for there's no other room for you." They were soon asleep, except the little boy, and he was watching her, and saw her tie two ribbons

on her daughters' necks. When the old woman went away he took the ribbons off and tied them on his two brothers' necks. So when she came down again she killed her two daughters.

Whittlegaire, when she was asleep again, called his brothers and brought them out, and told them to bring their clothes and not to wait, and when he got them out he told them all. The next morning they went to a farmer's house. He asked them where did they lodge all night, and they told him "in that old house there below"; and he asked them how they escaped, for no one ever yet lodged in that house but was killed. They told the farmer all, and how Whittlegaire saved them. The farmer said he would give them work and his eldest daughter to be married to the eldest brother if Whittlegaire would go and steal the Quilt of Diamonds on the old witch's bed. So Whittlegaire went and got a long crook, and put it down the chimney, and hooked it in the Quilt, and pulled it up the chimney, and made off. The old woman followed him, and she said: "Whittlegaire, you killed my two daughters, and now you've stolen my Quilt of Diamonds!"

"Go along, you old rap, you killed them yourself," said he; "and I'll do more than that to you."

The farmer said he never knew a little boy so good; and he said that he'd get his second daughter married to Whittlegaire's second brother if he would go and steal him the Boots of Swiftness.

He went to the house and stole the boots, which were under the bed, and he put the boots on. The old woman followed him, but he gave a mile in every step, and went across a big river and waited until she came down, because, as she was a witch, she could not cross the river.

"Whittlegaire," she said, "you killed my two daughters, and stole my Quilt of Diamonds and the Boots of Swiftness!"

"Go along, you old rap," said he; "I'll do more than that to you."

He gave the Boots of Swiftness to the farmer, who said he wouldn't get them married unless Whittlegaire brought him the Sword of Lightning.

So Whittlegaire went, and he brought a little bag of salt with him, and went up on the house. There was a pot of meat on the fire boiling, and he began shaking down the salt until he dried up all the water and it began to burn. The old woman told her daughter to go out for a gallon of water.

"Oh!" said the daughter, "if Whittlegaire catches me, sure he will kill me."

"Oh, bring the Sword of Lightning with you," said the old woman; "and if he's coming, you will surely see him."

So when the girl stooped to the well to lift the gallon of water, he threw her in and drowned her, and snatched the Sword of Lightning and ran away with it.

The old woman came out and saw him run, and when he got over the river he waited.

"Whittlegaire," she says, "you killed my three daughters, you stole my Quilt of Diamonds, and my Boots of Swiftness, and now you have my Sword of Lightning."

"Go along, you old rap," said he; "I'll do more than that to you!"

So he brought the Sword of Lightning to the farmer.

The farmer then promised his youngest daughter to Whittlegaire himself, and said he would give them a good farm if he would bring him the Steed of Bells which was in the old woman's stable. This steed had his hair plaited, and on every plait there was a bell. Whittlegaire went to steal the steed, and the horse shook, and every bell rang.

The old woman came out. "Whittlegaire," you're here," said she; "and if I get you, I'll kill you." So she looked through the whole stable, and she couldn't find him, for he hid.

When he got her asleep again he went to steal the

horse, and every bell rang again, and waked the woman. She came out, and she says: "Whittlegaire, I'll not go in till I get you." She looked, and she got him.

"Whittlegaire, I have you," she says.

"Well, you have," said he.

"I don't know what death will be hard enough to give you."

"Well, I don't know, for I've earned a hard death; so the worst death you can give me is to put down a pot and boil a pot of stirabout, and put lots of butter in it, and let me eat until I'm not able to stir, and put me into a bag, tie me in, and get a stick and beat me until the butter comes out through the bag!"

"Well, that's the very death I'll give you."

So she put down the pot, and boiled the stirabout, and put lots of butter in it, and let him eat it till he wasn't able to stir, and put him in the bag, and tied him in.

She had ne'er a stick heavy enough to beat him, and she had to go away to get one. When he got her away, he took out his knife and cut the bag, got out and filled it up with stones, and tied it up again. The old woman came back with the stick and began to beat the bag, and she beat it a long time.

"Whittlegaire," she says, "I think I have killed you enough, though the butter isn't coming through the bag." So she opened the sack and shook out—all the stones!

She ran out to the stable, but the steed was gone; and she looked and saw Whittlegaire galloping with the horse, which soon leaped the river. Then he waited. "Whittlegaire," she said, "you killed my three daughters, you stole my Quilt of Diamonds, and Boots of Swiftness, and Sword of Lightning, and now you have my Steed of Bells; you have all from me now."

He came back a few days after, and he found the old woman dead in the house. He got a room full of gold, and a room full of silver, and a room full of dead people

she had killed. So he married the farmer's daughter, and

"They put down the kettle and made tay ;  
And "if they don't live happy,  
That we may"—

says Whittlegaire.

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The above ending is tacked on to all tales in this district.

The people were unable to explain the name of the hero "Whittlegaire". *Whittle* was said to be a corruption of "Whistle". *Gaire* was declared by one to mean "laughter", while another said it should be *g'éur* (sharp).

#### JACK AND THE KING, OR YOU'RE A LIAR!

Long ago there was a king, and anyone that would get him to say "You are a liar", he would get his daughter married to him. So there went hundreds of young men, and none of them could get him to say "You are a liar".

There was a servant-boy, and he asked his master to buy him a suit of clothes; so the master did, and he went to the king's house. He said to the servant, "I want to see the king."

The king came out and asked what was the matter with him. He said he came to see if he could get him to say "You are a liar".

Then said the king, "Come here until I show you a great tree which grows here below." So they went down.

Said the king, "Did you ever see such a tree in your life?" Replied Jack, "The smallest tree in our wood is bigger than that."

Then said the king, "Come down farther until you see the meadow that is here below." So they went down.

Said the king, "Did you ever see such grass as that in



your life?" Then said Jack, "The after-grass in our meadow is better than that."

"Well", said the king, "come here until I show you a great turnip which grows here beyond." So they went over.

"Did you ever see such a turnip as that?" said the king.

Then said Jack, "When we were pulling our turnips, the little ones we were leaving after us, the smallest of them was bigger than that. When we had them all pulled we let in the sheep to the turnip-ground. One of them began to eat on the side of a turnip, and in three weeks she came out on the other side with two lambs!"

"Very good", said the king; "come up to the garden until you see a beanstalk which grows there." So they went up.

Said the king, "Did you ever see such a beanstalk as that in your life?"

"I did", said Jack; "there grew one in our garden. When it was two months old you could not see the top of it; so I prepared one day to climb the beanstalk. I was two days climbing, and I sat down and ate my supper, and I slept all night in the branches. I started to climb in the morning, and on the approach of evening I heard a great noise over my head; what was it but a nest of bees; so I went in on the door of the nest. The old queen-bee met me, she went to sting me, I drew my sword and cut off her right wing, it fell on me, and I lay under it for two days, for I could not get up; but the weather was so very warm the wing began to decay. The third day I got out from under it, so I went on further. I heard another great noise over my head; what was it but a nest of wasps. I got afraid, and says I to myself, 'I will leap'; so I did, and sank to my shoulders in the rock! I could not get out, so I cut off my head and sent it away for help to take me out of the rock. A fox came out of a den and began snarling at my head. I gave one leap, and I bursted the rock for two miles, and I ran over and hit the fox one kick, and I

knocked three kings out of him, and the worst of them was a better man than you!" said Jack.

"You are a liar!" said the king.

So Jack had to get the king's daughter married to him, and they lived happy ever afterwards.

#### THE GLASS MOUNTAINS.

Long ago there was a young gentleman, a beautiful young man, he got married to a young lady. He was enchanted. He said to her, "Which would you rather I would be, a man at night and a bull in the daytime, or a bull at night and a man in the daytime?" She said, "I would rather have you a man at night and a bull in the day."

When they were one year married there was a young son born for them, and he told her, if anything would happen the child not to cry one tear. So a big black dog came down the chimney and took the child out of her arms, and brought it with him. She never shed a tear.

The next year there was another boy born for them. Her husband told her, if anything would happen the second child not to shed a tear. The black dog came a second time, and brought the other child with him. She never shed a tear.

The third year there was a daughter born for them. The husband told her, "If anything happens this child, if you shed one tear you will never see me again." The black dog came down the chimney and took the daughter with him out of her mother's arms. The mother shed one tear, and her husband never returned. She was grieved and heart-broken, and she said she would go in search of her husband.

The first day she travelled a long journey, and she came to a little house. There was only an old man and woman and a little boy in the house. She asked lodging for the night, so they gave her lodging. In the morning, when

she was going away, the little boy gave her a comb. He told her to mind it, that any person who combed their hair with it would be the nicest person in the world.

The next day, late in the evening, she came to another little house. There was an old man and woman and a little boy in it. She asked lodging for the night. She got it. The next morning, when she was going away, the little boy gave her a scissors, and he said, "Mind this, the worst clothes you will cut with this will become the nicest in the world."

The next day, late in the evening, she came to another little house, at the foot of the Glass Mountains. There was an old man and woman and a pretty little girl. She was blind of one eye. She asked lodging for the night. The old man said he would make a pair of glass slippers for her, if she would stop seven years with him, and that she could climb the Glass Mountains. The old man told her that her husband was living at the back of the Glass Mountains, and that he was married to another lady, and that all his enchantments were gone at the end of the seven years.

When she was going away the little girl gave her an egg, and told her when she would break it, there would come four horses and a carriage out of it. So she climbed the Glass Mountains. There was a beautiful castle at the back of them. She walked about the avenue, and the lady came out and asked her what she wanted. She said she was hungry. She brought her in and gave her breakfast.

She took out the comb, and said that any person that would comb their hair with that would be the nicest person in the world, and if she let her sleep one night with her husband, she would give her the comb. So she said she would.

So night came on, and when her husband went to bed she gave him a drink, and put sleeping-drops on it, so she let her to bed with him. She said :

“Three babes I bore for thee,  
Three basin-full of tears  
I shed for thee.  
Seven long years I spent  
Climbing up the glass mountains,  
And my bonny bull of oranges (*sic*),  
Will you not turn to me?”

She continued saying this the whole night, but he was so fast asleep he never found her.

She had to rise early before he awoke, and the mistress hid her until the gentleman went away shooting. She took out the scissors, and told her anything she would cut with that would be the nicest thing in the world, and she would give it to her if she would let her sleep another night with her husband. She said she would. So she gave him a drink the next night, and put sleeping-drops on it, so she let her sleep with her husband the second night. She said :

“Three babes I bore for thee,  
Three basin-full of tears  
I shed for thee.  
Seven long years I spent  
Climbing up the glass mountains,  
And my bonny bull of oranges (*sic*),  
Will you turn to me ?”

He was so fast asleep that he never found her. She had to arise early before he awoke. The mistress hid her. The gentleman arose and went away shooting. There was another young gentleman that slept in the next bedroom to them. He said to the gentleman next day, “There is a ghost in your bedroom, did you not hear it? I have heard it say for the last two nights :

‘Three babes I bore for thee,  
Three basin-full of tears  
I shed for thee.  
Seven long years I spent

Climbing up the glass mountains,  
And my bonny bull of oranges (*sic*),  
Will you turn to me?’

I never slept a wink for the last two nights but listening to it.”

The gentleman said, “My wife gave me a drink for the last two nights, it made me sick” (*i.e.*, ill).

The other gentleman said to him, “Do not take that drink to-night, but try and stop awake until you see would you find it.”

The woman took out the egg and broke it, and there came a coach and four horses out of it. She said she would give it to her if she would let her sleep the third night with her husband. She said she would. When her husband went to bed she brought him a drink with sleeping-drops on it. He said he would not drink it until she would bring him a cut of bread. She went for the bread, and he threw the drink in the grate, and he let on he was fast asleep. She let the woman go to bed to him. She said again :

“Three babes I bore for three,  
Three basin-full of tears  
I shed for thee.  
Seven long years I spent  
Climbing up the glass mountains,  
And my bonny bull of oranges (*sic*),  
Will you turn to me?’”

The gentleman did not speak for a long time ; at last he turned to her and asked her was she his first wife, and she said “Yes”. He told her that they were her three children that were in the three little houses ; and that it was the one tear that she dropped that blinded the little girl’s eye. He told her when she would rise in the morning, and take breakfast, to go away to the foot of the Glass Mountains, and that he would be there as soon as her, and so he was. They two crossed the Glass Mountains, and brought their

three children home to their own castle, and lived happy ever afterwards.

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This tale is substantially the same as that in Mr. Curtin's *Irish Myths and Tales*, under the name of "The Three Daughters of Coluath O'Hara, King of Desmond", where the enchantment is caused by the Queen of Tir-na-n-og. There are, however, many differences between the two versions. Mr. Curtin's version makes no mention of the Glass Mountains, an important incident here ; neither is the night song of the wife given by him. On the other hand, the first part of the story is much fuller in his version, and that told here has undoubtedly suffered in the process of translation into English.

"My bonny bull *of oranges*" the narrator could not explain ; it was as he had always heard it. It is suggested that it is a corruption of "Bull of Norroway".

LELAND L. DUNCAN.

## BALOCHI TALES.

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### VIII.

#### THE THREE FOOLS.

THREE foolish Baloches went out one day to rob. When they came to a distant land, they met a rider. The rider stopped some way off and made a salaam. He thought in his heart : "They are three, and I am one; may be they'll attack me." Then those three men went on their way, and the rider went on his way. The three men on foot began to talk together, and each of them said : "The horseman salaamed to me," and they began to quarrel about it. Then one of them said : "Come on! let us ask the horseman himself to which of us he salaamed." So they started off after the horseman, and he thought they were coming to attack him. So he spurred on ahead, and they followed behind, till he came to a village, and, as soon as he stopped there to exchange greetings, up came the foot-men behind him, and said : "We want only to ask you one question : to which of us did you salaam?" The horseman said : "I salaamed to the biggest fool of you." Then they said : "Let us tell stories of our foolishness, and see who is the biggest fool." The first one said :

#### THE FIRST FOOL'S STORY.

One night I was sleeping in my house with my wife. I told her to get up and shut the door, and she said : "Get up and shut the door yourself." At last we settled it that the one who spoke first should have to shut the door. Now there was a thief listening to what we said, who had made his way into the house. First he robbed our house, and I see him, and my wife sees him; but

neither of us says a word, lest we should have to shut the door. Then the thief tied our things up in a bundle, and carried it out, and put it down outside. Then he came back and rubbed his hand on the bottom of the griddle, and came and rubbed it over the faces of both of us, man and wife, and made both our faces black, and then went out and walked off with our things. But we did not say a word. In the morning, when it was day, my wife called out: "Man, your face is black!" and I called out: "Well done, wife! Now you get up and shut the door." This is the story of my foolishness.

#### THE SECOND FOOL'S STORY.

Then the next one said: My foolishness is as follows! I had two wives. One day one of my wives, who was searching my head for vermin, noticed a white hair in my head, and she pulled out that white hair. Then my other wife said: "I saw that white hair, that you have pulled out, every day; now, what have you pulled it out for?" Then I said: "Wife, don't quarrel; you pull out a black hair." So she pulled out a black hair. On this the first wife said: "I only pulled out a white one, why have you gone and pulled out a black one?" I said: "Don't quarrel; you pull out a black one, too." So she also pulled out a black one. Then the second said: I have only pulled out one, and she has pulled out two!" I said to her: "You can pull out another." Then the first wife complained, saying: "Hers are both black, but mine are one black and one white." I said: "Don't be vexed; pull out another black one." So they went on quarrelling till they pulled out all my hair, and my beard, and my love-locks; they rooted out everything. This was my foolishness, that I would not vex my wives, and have lost all my hair, and am left quite bald.

#### THE THIRD FOOL'S STORY.

Then the third said: My foolishness is as follows. I had a herd of cattle, and one day I was grazing my herd,



when a man passed by me. I called out to this man: "Look for a wife for me." One day, as fate would have it, this man came back again while I was grazing my herd, and said: "I have just come from performing your betrothal." So I divided my cattle into shares, and gave him one-third. After a year had passed the man came back again, and said: "I have now celebrated your wedding." On this I gave him another third part of my herd. Another year passed, and again he came back, and said: "A son has been born to you." I then gave him the third that was left, and said: "Take them away. Now show me my wife and show me my son." He went in front, and I went behind, till we came to a village. A woman was sitting there, rocking a child in a swinging cradle. The man said: "Go on, that's your wife, and that's your son." So I went up close to the woman. Just then the child began to cry. I said to the woman: "Rock the child!" She said nothing, but went on rocking. The child cried again, and again I called out: "Woman! why aren't you rocking the child?" She said: "My curse upon you! who are you, to come chattering to me?" I said: "Woman! you are my wife, this is my child; I have given a whole herd of cattle for you! Why do you make a disturbance?" On this she called out to her husband and brother, and when they came up she said: "This coward has been calling me names!" They seized me by the arm, and said: "Who are you?" I said: "I am the master here; that's my wife and child." On this these two men bound me and dragged me before the king, and accused me of being a thief. I was condemned, and lay in prison for a year, and after a year I was let out. This is the story of my foolishness. Now which of these three was the biggest fool? The horseman said: "The biggest fool was the cowherd, for he gave up all he had without ever seeing wife or child. It was to him that I salaamed."

## IX.

## THE GOATHERD WHO BECAME KING.

A certain king went out to hunt with his followers, and when they came to a certain place the king gave this order: "When any hunter puts up any game he must pursue it alone: no one else must go with him." By God's order it so happened that the king put up a buck. The buck went off and the king after it; no one else came. But the king's wazir followed a long way behind, thinking to keep himself informed of what the king did. As the buck bounded on he alighted in the midst of a flock of goats. The goatherd shouted to the king: "Who are you, scattering my herd?" The king said nothing. Then the goatherd struck at him with his hatchet, and hit him on the head; the king fell off his mare dead. Up came the wazir on his track. "You have killed the king," said he to the goatherd. "I didn't know he was the king," said the goatherd; "he scattered my herd and so I struck him, and he fell down dead. You can do whatever you think proper." "Dig a hole," said the wazir, "and let us bury him." So the goatherd dug a hole. The wazir then took off the king's clothes, and he took off his weapons, and gave them to the goatherd. They buried the king there, and then the wazir said: "Now you are king, come now and take the king's place." So the goatherd hid his face from the army, and the wazir said to the army: "The king is not well; he has caught a fever. You are dismissed; I will take the king home myself." So all the king's followers returned, each man to his own house, and the wazir brought the king home. Now the king had two wives, and the wazir said to them: "Your former husband is dead, now this man is your husband." They said: "If this is the man, we accept him." Then the wazir said to the goatherd: "You must stay in the house, and not go out. You are king, but I will administer justice myself." So for some days he stayed in the house and did not go out,

till one day he said to himself : " I have now become a king, let me go to the court-house and see what law and justice are." When he came there he sees the wazir sitting on a throne ; so he came up, thinking he would sit on the throne with the wazir, but the wazir said : " Keep off! You are a goatherd, and have a goatherd's wit!" He turned back and went home. Next day he went again while the wazir was seated on the throne, and again the wazir told him to get away, and that day also he went home. The third day he came again, and the wazir again spoke as before. Then the goatherd struck the wazir, and drove him away, and threw him off the throne, and cast him forth out of the town. The wazir fled away, and the goatherd exercised the royal sway, and sat upon the throne. The wazir became poor and hungry, and one day he went out and sat on the river-bank. He sees a flower come floating down on the water, and he put out his hand and pulled it out. He saw it was a flower of heavenly beauty, and thought he would take it to the king, and perchance he would show him some favour. So he took it to the king, and the king took it into his house and gave it to his wives. The two wives began to quarrel about the flower, each one saying, " I will have it." The king came back to the wazir, and said : " Bring me another flower like this by to-morrow morning, or I will rip you up." The wazir returned, and sat down on the river-bank, thinking, " Where can I find another such flower?" He sat there all day, and passed the night there too. When the sun rose in the morning, he said to himself : " Now there is no way back for me ; if I go back the king will rip me up ; rather than go back to die, I will here and now jump into the river." With that he threw himself into the river. When he got to the bottom he sees a heavenly garden laid out, and, going on, he sees a lordly fort built there. He went in, and there, God be praised ! the Holy Prophet was holding his court, and the goatherd who had become the new king was standing before him, and fanning him to keep off flies!

When the wazir turned back he filled a basketful of the flowers and took it with him. Then he closed his eyes, and opening them again, he sees that he is still standing on the river-bank. The wazir took up the basket of flowers, and went and presented them to the king. The king asked him whence he had brought them, and the wazir told him how it had happened. The king said: "Did you recognise anyone there?" "Yes, my lord," said the wazir, "I recognised thee!" "Where was I?" said he. "Thou wast waving a fan before the Prophet," said the wazir. "Then do not call me Goatherd," said the king, "for God has given me the kingdom. Now you can return to your own place as wazir, and I will rule as king myself."

So the king ruled as king, and the wazir served as wazir.

## X.

### BALACH AND THE BULETHIS.

A certain Bulethi dwelt in the land of Sangsila; he had much cattle but no son. And in that place he grew a crop of millet. One day he went to stroll round the field, and saw that a herd of cattle had been eating the millet. So he looked for their tracks all round the field to see which side they had come from. But he could find no track outside the banks, although the herd had grazed down the millet inside. The next day when he came he found the millet again grazed down, and again he searched for the tracks, but no track went outside the bank. Then he made a smoky fire, and left it burning at the millet-field that the cattle might come to it, for it is the custom of cattle to collect round a fire. When he came the third day he sees that the cattle, after grazing on the millet, had come and lain down by the fire. Then he knew in his heart that this herd had come from heaven. There were nineteen cows in the herd; he drove them off and brought them home. His wife's name was Sammi. He gave the

herd to Sammi, saying : " This herd is yours ; for when I die the heir will not give you the rest of my cattle." After this he moved away and went to live under the protection of Doda Gorgezh, and he said to Doda : " When I die, let my heirs carry off all the rest of my cattle, but this herd is Sammi's ; do not then give them up to anyone, for they are under your guardianship." One day Sammi's husband died, and the heirs came and demanded his cattle. Doda gave them all the rest of the cattle, but did not give up Sammi's herd. One day soon after, the Bulethis came and carried off that herd. Doda went in pursuit, and came up with them at Garmāf, and there they fought. Doda was slain by the Bulethis, and his tomb is still there. After this the Bulethis came again, and drove off a herd of camels belonging to Rāis, Doda's cousin. Rāis, with his brethren Kāuri, Chandrām, Tota, Murid, and Summen, pursued them, overtook them, and gave them battle, but they were all slain there by the Bulethis, together with Rāis. Only one brother was left, named Balach, who was a man of no spirit. Then Balach went to the shrine of Sakhi-Sarwar, and for three years he fetched water for the visitors at the shrine. After three years were passed, one night he saw a dream : Sakhi-Sarwar came to Balach, and roused him, saying, " Go and fight with the Bulethis." Getting up, he went and bought a bow, and at night he took it and unstrung it. When he arose next morning he finds the bow strung. Then Sakhi-Sarwar gave him his dismissal,— " Now thy bow is strung, go and fight thy enemies." So Balach went and waged war on the Bulethis ; he had only one companion, Nakhifo by name (they were half-brothers, their father being Hassan, but Nakhifo's mother was a slave). No one else was with him. They fought in the Sham and Nesao plains, in Barkhan, and Syahaf, and Kahan, for in those days all that country belonged to the Bulethis. When men lay down to rest at night they would discharge their arrows at them ; three-score-and-one men they slew. Then the Bulethis left the

hill country, and marched down into the Indus plains. When Balach grew old he made his dwelling at Sangsila, and there a band of Bulethi horsemen fell upon him, and slew him, and lost one of their own men too. This was how it happened. The Bulethis, as they came up, called out to Balach: "Balach! give up that money you carried off!" Balach said: "Come nearer; I am deaf in my ears." So they came close up, and again demanded it. Then Balach said: "In byegone days, when I had the money by me, you never asked for it; but now, when it has all melted away from me, now you come asking for it." He had a razor in his hand, and he plunged it into the belly of the Bulethi, saying, "There's your money for you." The Bulethi fell dead, and then they fell upon Balach and slew him. 'Twas thus the Bulethis and the Gorgezhes fought.

## XI.

### THE PRINCE, THE WAZIR, THE KOTWAL, AND THE SLAVE.

There was once a king, and he had no son, till, as it fell out, a fakir prayed that a son might be born to him. After this a son was born. When the king's son grew up, they made him a bow and clay pellets to play with, and one day, when a woman came to fetch a pot of water, he let fly a pellet at her, and broke her water-pot. So he went on breaking them, till the whole tribe assembled and complained to the king, saying: "Thy son fires pellets at us and breaks our water-pots." Then the king issued orders to the coppersmiths to make copper water-pots for all whose vessels were broken. So they made them copper water-pots. On this the king's son made him steel bullets, and when the women carried forth their water-pots to fetch water he discharged these steel bullets at them, and broke their water-pots. Again the tribe gathered together and came to the king, and said:

"Either be a friend to your people, or a friend to your son!" The king said: "Come back to-morrow; I will think it over to-night, and to-morrow I will give you an answer." On the morrow the people came back, and the king answered and said to them: "I will drive away my son, but not my people." Then he said to a maidservant: "When you take my son his food, turn both his shoes upside down and leave them so." So, when the maidservant carried the prince his food she turned his shoes upside down. When he had eaten his food, and got up, he saw that both his shoes were turned upside down, and he said in his heart: "My father has given me my dismissal."

There was a great friendship between the prince and the wazir's son, so, having taken his leave, he went to the wazir's son, and said to him: "My father has turned me out, and, as you are my friend, I am come to take leave of you." The wazir's son said, "I'll go with you," and prepared himself to depart. Then he said: "The kotwal's son is a friend of mine; let us go and say farewell to him." So they went to him, and told him what had happened, and he said: "I'm with you, too." Then he said that he had a friend, a slave's son, to whom he wished to say good-bye; so they went and told the slave's son, and he also came with them. So these four set out, and determined that they would go and seek service in another kingdom. They started off, and at nightfall they halted on the bank of a river. They said to the slave: "Fetch some water, and we will eat something." But when the slave went down to fill a pot with water, a crocodile made a snap at him and carried him off and ate him. Next day the three others went on, and camped at nightfall in a desert place. They told the kotwal to gather some wood to cook their food. He went out to gather wood, when a tiger fell upon him and slew him.

The other two, the prince and the wazir's son, went on to a town, and the wazir said: "King, do you stop here

while I go on to get some food." He went to the bazaar and bought bread and ghee, and then he thought that he would buy some meat, too. So he went to a butcher named Hanūd, and asked for some meat. The butcher said, "Come along, I'll give you some meat," and he made him pass on into the inside of his house, and there he bound him and left him. Now the practice of this butcher Hanūd was this: every day he used to kill a man, and mix up his flesh with the flesh of sheep and goats, and sell it.

Now, as the wazir was a long time away, the prince followed him, and came into the town. It so happened that the king of that town had just died, leaving no son. The palace door was shut, and on it this legend was written: "He whose hand shall open this door shall be king of this city." The prince came and read this, and then, saying "Bismi'llāh", he pushed the door, and the door opened. The prince entered, and seated himself on the throne, and became king of the land. The people heard the news that a new king had come, and the tidings reached the wazir, who had been imprisoned by Hanūd, and he said to Hanūd: "Get me an ell of cloth, and I will make a design of a handkerchief on it; take it and present it to the new king, and he will reward you." Hanūd fetched the cloth for him, and he drew a design on it, and wrote these words in it:—

"A wondrous thing I have to tell,  
 Now list to what I say:  
 Four wanderers came unto a town  
 To beg upon a day.  
 And one was swallowed by a fish,  
 A tiger one did slay,  
 And one was seated on a throne,  
 And one in prison lay."

He took the kerchief and carried it to the king. The king rewarded Hanūd, and then he wrote as follows on the kerchief, and gave it back to him:—



“Four wanderers came unto a town,  
I ween, upon a day :  
Which one was swallowed by a fish ?  
The tiger which did slay ?  
And which was seated on a throne ?  
And which in prison lay ?”

Hanūd, full of joy, came back to the wazir, who was lying in bonds. The wazir looked at the kerchief, and read what was on it, and then he wrote again on the back of it :—

“Four wanderers came unto a town  
To beg, upon a day.  
The slave was swallowed by a fish,  
The kotwal did the tiger slay,  
The king on the throne was seated,  
The wazir in prison lay.”

Hanūd took the kerchief back and gave it to the king. When he had read it, he knew that his wazir was in prison. He carried off Hanūd to the lock-up, and went to his house and loosed the wazir and the other twenty men who were tied up there. Hanūd and all his household he wrapped up in straw mats and set fire to them, and Hanūd and all his family were burnt. Then the king made the wazir his own wazir.

## XII.

### THE THREE WONDERFUL GIFTS.

There were once two brothers, one of whom had three sons, and the other one daughter. The one who had three sons died, and his sons said to their uncle : “Give us your daughter, betroth her to us.” The uncle said : “My daughter is one and you are three ; to which of you shall I give her ? I will give you three hundred rupees : go and trade with it, and bring back your merchandise. Whichever one of you makes the greatest profit, he shall have my

daughter." The first went and bought a bead with his hundred rupees. The next went and bought a flying-couch with his hundred rupees. The third went and bought a looking-glass with his hundred rupees. The three of them all came together in one place, and they asked the second what his flying-couch was good for. He said: "My flying-couch is good for this: if you get up and sit in it, it will fly off and carry you a hundred miles in a moment." Then they asked the first what good his bead was. He said: "If anyone dies, take this bead and wash it, and put the water it was washed in into his mouth, and he will come to life." Then they asked the third what his looking-glass was good for. He said: "It is good for this: if you look at any place a hundred miles off you will be able to see everything in that looking-glass, and all that is going on at your home." And with that he looked in his looking-glass, and said: "While we have been trading for the sake of our uncle's daughter, she is lying dead; nay, they have lifted her up and carried her away to bury her!" Then they said to the second: "Bring your flying-couch, and let us go and assist at the funeral." So the three of them mounted in it, and that moment they were present there. Then they took the bead, and washed it, and put the water in her mouth, and she came to life. Then they went to their uncle, and said: "Now give us your daughter." He said: "Go to the king, and get a decision between you. I will marry her to the one he awards her to." The king said: "According to the law I give her to him who first saw her while the women were washing her, as he saw her undressed, and she would be ashamed in his presence!" So he then married her to that brother who saw her in the looking-glass.

M. LONGWORTH DAMES.

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## OBEAH WORSHIP IN EAST AND WEST INDIES.

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### I.—IN JAMAICA.

THE mystery with which the professors of "Obeah" have always surrounded themselves, and the dread negroes have always had, and still have, of their power, have made it very difficult to find out much about the worship or superstition.

The best account is that contained in Edward's *History of the British Colonies in the West Indies*, published in 1793, and was transmitted by the Agent of Jamaica to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council, and by them subjoined to their report on the Slave Trade.

"The term *Obeah* is now become in Jamaica the general term to denote those Africans who in that island practise witchcraft or sorcery, comprehending also the class of what are called Myal-men, or those who, by means of a narcotic potion made with the juice of an herb, which occasions a trance or profound sleep of a certain duration, endeavour to convince the deluded spectators of their power to reanimate dead bodies.

"As far as we are able to decide from our own experience and information, when we lived in the island, and from the current testimony of all the negroes we have ever conversed with on the subject, the possessors of *Obi* are, and always were, natives of Africa and none other; and they have brought the science with them to Jamaica, where it is so universally practised that we believe there are few of the large estates, possessing native Africans, which have not one or more of them. The oldest and most crafty are those who attract the greatest devotion

and confidence ; those whose hoary heads and a somewhat peculiarly harsh and forbidding aspect, together with some skill in plants of the medicinal and poisonous species, have qualified them for successful imposition on the weak and credulous. The negroes in general, whether Africans or creoles (*i.e.*, born in Jamaica), revere, consult, and fear them ; to these oracles they resort, and with the most implicit faith, upon all occasions, whether for the cure of disorders, the obtaining revenge for injuries or insults, the conciliation of favours, the discovery and punishment of the thief or adulterer, and the prediction of future events. The trade which these impostors carry on is extremely lucrative ; they manufacture and sell their *Obies*, adapted to different cases, and at different prices. A veil of mystery is studiously thrown over their incantations, to which the midnight hours are allotted, and every precaution is taken to conceal them from the knowledge and discovery of the white people. The deluded negroes, who thoroughly believe in their supernatural power, become the willing accomplices of their concealment, and the stoutest among them tremble at the very sight of the ragged bundle, the bottle, or the egg-shells, which are stuck in the thatch, or hung over the door of a hut, or upon the branch of a plantation-tree, to deter marauders.

“ In cases of poison, the natural effects of it are, by the ignorant negroes, ascribed entirely to the potent workings of *Obi*. The wiser negroes hesitate to reveal their suspicions through a dread of incurring the terrible vengeance which is fulminated by the Obeah-men against any who should betray them. It is very difficult, therefore, for the white proprietor to distinguish the Obeah possessor from any other negro upon his plantation ; and so infatuated are the blacks in general that but few instances occur of their having courage enough to impeach these miscreants. With minds so firmly prepossessed, they no sooner find *Obi set for them*, near the door of their house, or in the path which leads to it, than they give themselves

up for lost. When a negro is robbed of a fowl or a hog he applies directly to the Obeah-man or woman; it is then made known among his fellow-blacks that *Obi* is set for the thief, and as soon as the latter hears the dreadful news his terrified imagination begins to work; no resource is left but in the superior skill of some more eminent black man of the neighbourhood, who may counteract the magical operations of the other; but if no one can be found of higher rank or ability, or if, after gaining such an ally, he should still fancy himself affected, he presently falls into a decline, under the incessant horror of impending calamities. The slightest painful sensation in the head, or any part, any casual loss or hurt, confirms his apprehensions, and he believes himself the devoted victim of an invisible and irresistible agency. Sleep, appetite, and cheerfulness forsake him, his strength decays, his disturbed imagination is haunted without respite, his features wear the settled gloom of despondency; dirt, or any other unwholesome substance, becomes his only food; he contracts a morbid habit of body, and gradually sinks into the grave.

“A negro who is taken ill inquires of the Obeah-man the cause of his sickness, whether it will prove mortal or not, and within what time he shall die or recover. The oracle generally ascribes the distemper to *Obi*, the malice of some particular person, and advises to set *Obi* for that person. . . . . Considering the multitude of occasions which may provoke the negroes to exercise the powers of *Obi* against each other, and the astonishing influence of the superstition on their minds, we cannot but attribute a very considerable portion of the annual mortality among the negroes of Jamaica to this fascinating mischief. In the year 1760, when a formidable insurrection of the Koromantyn, or Gold-Coast negroes, broke out in the parish of St. Mary's, and spread through almost every other district of the island, an old Koromantyn negro, the chief instigator and oracle of the insurgents in that parish, who had admin-

istered the fetish or solemn oath to the conspirators, and furnished them with a magical preparation which was to render them invulnerable, was fortunately apprehended, convicted, and hung, with all his feathers and trumperies about him, and his execution struck the insurgents with a general panic. The examinations which were taken at that time first opened the eyes of the public to the very dangerous tendency of Obeah practices, and gave birth to the law for their suppression and punishment. But neither the terror of this law, nor the strict investigation which has ever since been made after the possessors of *Obi*, nor the many examples of those who from time to time have been hanged or transported, have hitherto produced the desired effect. We conclude, therefore, that either this sect, like others, has flourished under persecution, or that fresh supplies are annually introduced from the African seminaries. The *Obi* is usually composed of a farrago of materials, most of which are enumerated in the Jamaica law passed in 1760, viz., blood, feathers, parrots' beaks, dogs' teeth, alligators' teeth, broken bottles, grave-dirt, rum, and egg-shells."

Obeah practices of the present day seem similar to those of a hundred years ago, and information about them has been kindly supplied to me by Mr. Thomas, Inspector Jamaica Constabulary, and gleaned from his interesting pamphlet, *Something about Obeah*. In addition to the law of 1760, another law for the suppression of Obeah was passed in 1845, which gave to the executive authorities very comprehensive powers to deal, not only with the Obeah-men themselves, but also with those who sought their services. This Act was further amended, and the powers increased. Under these Acts, prosecutions are brought up to the present day. So the fangs of the Obeah-man have been drawn, and cases of murder are rare; but he still exercises an evil and wide-spreading influence, and the difficulty of getting evidence against them is extreme:—"A strong man will turn the colour of

ashes, and sweat will run down his cheeks, while in the witness-box, having the evidence wrested from him piece by piece, and having constantly to be ordered to look at the bench instead of at the Obeah-man at the bar fixing him with a stony stare."

Professional Obeah-men may be divided into two classes. First, the grossly ignorant, generally an African by birth or parentage, who firmly believes in the art which he professes; he usually has a "wall eye", or a "sore foot", or some deformity, and is miserably poor, to outward appearance; and his fee is small, but he does a good trade. The second class of Obeah-man is often of strikingly good physique, respectable appearance, and always decently dressed. He does more in the "duppy-catching" line, and does not accept a small fee; and generally has too much intelligence to believe in the efficacy of his charms, his motives for adopting the calling being the ease with which it earns for him an ample competence, and the facilities it affords him for gratifying his animal passions, debauchery being the principal feature of his ceremonial. Of that ceremonial little is really known, and the orgies on grand occasions are said to be beyond description, and any white man venturing to intrude on them would do so at the peril of his life. "Duppy-catching" finds a great many votaries. A child suffers from epileptic fits, a woman is barren, or a man has an incurable ulcer; the "duppy-catcher" is consulted, and they are told so-and-so has "set a duppy" on them, which he, for a consideration, undertakes to catch. A night is fixed for the operation, rum is provided, perhaps a white cock is killed (one of the breed known as "senseh"), feasting, drinking, and drumming, with occasional intervals of manipulation of the body of the patient, continue all night, and, if successful, the duppy is caught, enclosed in a bottle, taken away, and buried.

This little Obeah figure was brought to England in 1888 by Com. Hastings, R.N., and had been taken from a negro named Alexander Ellis, who was arrested in

Morant Bay, Jamaica May 1887. The police had suspected him of being an Obeah-man, and his possession of this little figure proved it. Ellis was tried on the 11th May before N. S. Haughton, Esq., acting stipendiary magistrate, under a local statute which renders any person,



“being by habit or repute an Obeah- or Myal-man”, who is found in possession of charms, liable to imprisonment for two months with hard labour. Ellis was convicted, and sentenced to fifteen days’ imprisonment. The figure was regarded as a particularly powerful and evil Obeah,



and no negro would willingly touch it, or be in the room with it. It is decorated with "senseh" fowls' feathers. The figure was sent out again to Jamaica, to form part of Mr. Thomas's collection of Obeah-charms at the Jamaica Exhibition, where at first it proved an attraction, and was described, outside the building, as "Amphitrite, the living Obeah"; but, after a short time (ten days or so), the Executive Committee requested it might be removed, as they considered it an "undesirable exhibit"—a recognition, no doubt, of its malign influences, which, fortunately, since its return to England, it no longer exerts.

MAY ROBINSON.

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EXAMPLES OF OBEAH CHARMS SEIZED IN POSSESSION OF  
VARIOUS OBEAH-MEN.

1. Horn of a young antelope, filled with snake and alligator fat, and a jegga, or small shell, with a threepenny-piece on top.
2. A number of blood-stained pieces of calabash strung together, called a "jeggeh".
3. A bag containing pieces of horse-shoe nails and broken bottle.
4. Phial containing quicksilver, the cork stuck with pins.
5. Packet containing myrrh, grey human hair, bladder, *assa-fœtida*, and herb roots.
6. Doll's head, bandaged with black cloth.

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II.—SOME EAST INDIAN OBEAHS.

The Nilgiri mountains, in the south of the Madras Presidency, near the Western or Malabar Coast, have long been interesting to the antiquary and anthropologist as abounding in cairns and megalithic remains, and the abode of that remarkable picturesque race, the Todas, and other peculiar hill-tribes. They include a lofty and extensive table-land, with forest-clad sides descending steeply to the plains below. In 1849 I was for some time on these mountains,

and made frequent excursions amidst their ridges and valleys in search of game, but always with an eye to any prehistoric remains I might meet with.

When at the delightful station of Coonoor, near the southern range of the plateau, and inquiring after cairns and the like, I was told by a Toda that something of the kind existed near his mand or village. So setting forth one morning, crossing a great ravine, and ascending the other side, I reached a cleft between two peaks, where the Toda met and guided me by an extremely steep and difficult track for fully 1,000 feet down to a secluded hollow, where on three sides the slopes descended precipitously, enclosing a small platform in front of which the mountain-side fell steeply to the low country. On the middle of the platform stood a large cromlech, or rather row of cromlechs, forming five compartments: three large ones in the centre, of equal height, covered with overlapping capstones, closed in with upright slabs at the back, with the front or southern side open, and a much smaller cromlech at each end. A man could easily have sat inside the central compartments, on the supporting slabs of which some indistinct figures were rudely carved, and in the middle partition lay a polished piece of the leg-bone of the large deer known as the elk or sambur, apparently much hacked with a knife.

I had some of the hill-people with me, and whilst examining this curious structure I noticed they all stood aloof, and on telling them to bring me out the leg-bone, all shrank back, looking aghast. I then found out that the hollow and cromlech were the haunt and abode of the most dreaded and malignant of the hill-deities, who was believed to be represented by that bone, which carried her power, and any meddling with it would be resented.

The bone had been laid there by the Kurumbar, a half-savage dwarfish race, few in number and seldom to be seen, inhabiting the thick, feverish jungles on the sides of the range, where only they can live. They seem to be a

remnant of the primitive possessors of the plains, driven thence at some unknown period by waves of invasion to the almost inaccessible jungle fastnesses. The tradition of them still survives, and all over the low country circles of stones and entrenched mounds are popularly called Kurumbar forts.

The few communities existing in the jungles are extremely shy, shunning intercourse with the people cultivating the table-land, who, whilst hating, hold them in great awe as witches and enchanters having an understanding and influence with the malevolent village deities. Yet at the beginning of the cultivating season one of this despised race must be called from his jungle habitation and guide the plough that turns the first furrow, and also be present at the initiation of some other village ceremonials. One of these Kurumbas was believed to have placed the bone in the cromlech, commissioned by the evil demon of the spot, who had invested it with her power. On certain occasions deputations from the villages on the plateau above came down and laid flowers, rice, and turmeric before it. After all this I said no more to the Hindu villagers with me, but turned to a Mussulman shikarri, who carried my gun, and told him to take up the bone ; but he too shuffled uneasily and hung back ; so I said to him, "Why, Cassim Sahib, you a true believer, are you afraid of these idolators' devils?" He answered, "True, Sahib, these are idolatrous pigs, and their shaitans accursed ; but this shaitan is most spiteful, something bad might happen."

I record this incident as showing how the superstitious ideas of one tribe may infect others of a vehemently antagonistic race and creed. The only man who seemed careless of the *genius loci* was my Toda guide, who stood apart, wrapt toga-wise in his mantle, almost gigantic in stature, looking scornfully on the others. He and his tribe, of unknown origin, immemorially masters of the Nilgeris, acknowledged as such by the other hill-races, have their own gods and worship, and care nothing for other deities.

I proceeded onwards; most of the people with me hurrying on in advance to escape from that spot of ill-omen. I had, however, a strong wish to get that magic bone, and some days after opened negotiations with my Toda friend, who, without many words or express agreement, signified that it might be brought for a consideration—I suspect, too, with some secret feeling of contempt. In effect, a few days after, he met me mysteriously, and produced the bone from under his mantle. I heard no more at the time, but, to end the story, some few years after I again visited the spot, and found the curious cromlech all thrown down, broken and scattered, the work, I am afraid, of European planters, who had been opening a coffee estate in a neighbouring forest. The bone now on the table seems in the days of its power to have been analogous to the West Indian and African Obeahs.

Human bones, too, are often used in the Madras districts to form “a spell of powerful trouble” still more resembling Obeahs: a bone must be taken from a native burial-ground, where skulls and bones are always lying about, and the man who desires to kill or injure his enemy must take it by night to some lonely spot, and, holding it in his right hand and his chain of rudrāksha beads (*i.e.*, “tears of Siva”, a magical ornament) in his left, must recite a hundred times over the bone the powerful Malayâla Māntra or spell, “Om, Hrām! Hrām! Swine-faced goddess! seize him, seize him as a victim! Drink, drink his blood! Eat, eat his flesh! O image of imminent death, “Bhāgāvāti of Malayâla, let his destruction be swift!” The bone thus charmed, thrown or hidden in an enemy’s house, will cause his death or ruin. Malayâla, or Malabar, is the land of sorcery and magic, and the most malevolent demons reside there. Seven of the most powerful and most dreaded have their abode in the Dharmastâla Temple, in a remote jungle tract of South Canara, where round stones, into which the power of the demons is transfused, are sold by the officials, carrying the power with them, and can be used, it is be-

lieved, with deadly effect. These stones, too, seem to rank with Obeahs. I can also adduce another instance of how an object used for evil purposes may become something very like an Obeah.

Whilst officiating as judge in the South Canara district a very cruel murder-case was brought before me, in which a man was proved to have been held down by three or four others and his throat cut or sawn through with a little sharp instrument five inches long—in fact, a steel spur, such as is attached to the heels of fighting-cocks. The charge was conclusively proved; and some time afterwards it came to my ears that the spur with which the murder (which was shown to have been prompted by jealousy) had been effected, had been abstracted from the Court, to which all things employed in murders were forfeited, and been deposited in a Bhūstān or Devil-temple, and was being much resorted to with vows and offerings by persons stung by jealousy, especially women.

It should be explained here that, though the Brahmanical gods are known and revered, demon-worship is the popular country cultus in Southern India. The demons are malignant spirits or ghosts, commonly known as Bhūtas, and are very generally the ghosts of notorious bad characters, robbers, or men dreaded in life for violence and cruelty. Such persons after death become Bhūtas, as dreaded and malignant as they were in life. Those, too, who have met with violent deaths in any way are liable to become Bhūtas, and afflict their neighbourhoods; children are often named after them, as it is believed they will spare any who bear their names.

I remember an instance of a notorious leader of dacoits in the Trichinopoly and Madura borders, who had been guilty of great cruelties, and, after being at last captured and executed, the children born all over that country-side for many months were named after him, as it was believed he would surely become a most terrible Bhūta. So in the case just described, the murdered man was believed to

have become a Bhūta as ruthless as the manner of his death had been, and his power had been concentrated in the little instrument with which he had been so cruelly murdered. So people who wished to wreak revenge came and made offerings at the little shrine in which it had been placed, in the faith that some evil would thereby befall their enemies. I sent to bring the spur away, for it properly belonged to the Court, and so broke the spell.

I remember, too, a Brahman Munshi attached to me, an intelligent man, well versed in English, being in great perturbation at finding, on coming from his house in the morning, a parcel containing sticks, hair, and some other objects, wrapt in a plantain-leaf, laid upon his threshold. He believed it had been placed there by an enemy with incantations meant to bring misfortune or sickness on himself or family. That, too, appears to have been essentially an Obeah, and on the same lines as the curious clay object, laid not long ago with malicious intent upon the threshold of a house in Scotland, and now placed by Dr. Tylor in the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford.

M. J. WALHOUSE.

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*THE*  
*OLDEST ICELANDIC FOLK-LORE.*

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THE Landnámabók, or History of the Settlement of Iceland, a document such as no other country can boast of, is of value not only for the student of Northern history, but also for the folk-lorist. The interminable genealogies which form the bulk of the work (comprising over 5,000 names in all) are relieved now and then by anecdotes concerning the persons named, and in most instances these stories, when they are not merely ones of quarrel and bloodshed, contain some trait of popular belief, which is thus at least as old as the eleventh century, and may very well go back to the tenth or ninth. In general, these tales agree with the common folk-lore of Scandinavia, at least as we find it in the other sagas of Iceland and Norway; and, beyond the few Christian elements in connection with Christian settlers from the Hebrides, etc., show no trace of the Celtic influence which some have thought must have resulted from contact with Celts and from settlers of Celtic descent. These latter, however, do not number one per cent. of the persons named in the Landnáma, and so their influence was not likely to be very extensive.

To extract and arrange these tales is the object of this article, and, beyond the translation, few notes have been added; but the exact meaning of the original terms is explained in the index. In some cases the stories apparently do not go back to the original version of the Landnáma, but have been inserted by later scribes, sometimes perhaps from local tradition, but sometimes from

other sagas. The most striking of these are also included in this collection.<sup>1</sup>

A.—Landing in Iceland.

1. A number of the early settlers carried with them the posts on either side of their "high seat" in the hall or temple (*öndvegís sílur*), and, on coming near to Iceland, threw these overboard, and afterwards settled where they found them on the shore. Among those mentioned are Ingolf (1. 6), Thorolf mostrarskegg (2. 12. Thor was carved on his<sup>2</sup>), Lodmund (4. 5), Thord skeggi (4. 7), and Hrollaug (4. 9). Kveldulf, who died on the voyage, ordered them to throw his coffin overboard and tell his son Grim to settle where it landed (1. 18). Flóki hallowed three ravens before leaving Norway (v. No. 12), and let them off when out at sea: the first flew backwards; the second up in the air and back to the ship again; the third forward in the direction of land (1. 2).

2. In some cases the settlers were directed beforehand where they were to find a home, as in the case of Orlyg, who was told by his foster-father Bishop Patrick, in the Hebrides, that he was to settle where he saw two fells from the sea, with a dale in each of the fells, and he was to take up his abode under the south-most of these, and there make a church and dedicate it to St. Columba.<sup>3</sup> Some accounts add that, as he was sailing along the coast, an iron bell fell overboard, and was found among the seaweed where he landed (1. 12). In other cases, wise-women were the directors or foretellers (v. No. 24).

B.—Beliefs connected with religion, heathen or Christian.

3. The famous Aud the wealthy "was buried between high and low water, as she had previously ordered, because, having

<sup>1</sup> A few of the quotations, along with similar passages from the Sagas, are given in Du Chaillu's *Viking Age*, vol. i, c. 20-22, etc.

<sup>2</sup> A longer account of Thorolf's pillars is given in *Eyrbyggja Saga*, c. 4.

<sup>3</sup> Some of his friends are said to have believed in "Kolumkilla, though they were not baptised". (*Hauksbók*.)



been baptised, she would not lie in unconsecrated earth". (2. 19.)

4. Thorkell máni the law-speaker "had lived the best life of all heathen men so far as is known. During his last illness he made them carry him out into the sunlight, and commended himself to the god who had shaped the sun" (1. 9. So in the extract from Vatnsdæla Saga found in some MSS. "Thorsteinn called on *him who shaped the sun*, that the berserksgang should pass off Thórir", 3. 4).

5. "When Hjalti's sons went to the thing, they were so splendidly arrayed that men thought the Æsir were come. This verse was made on the subject:—

'Never a man thought anything else than that the all-glorious Æsir fared there, when hardy Hjalti's sons came to Thorskafirth thing with their helms of awe.'" (3. 10.)

6. Helgi the lean went to Iceland with his wife and children, and his son-in-law Hámund hell-skin. His religion was rather mixed; he believed in Christ, but called on Thor for seafaring and adventurous acts. (3. 12.)

7. Thorolf took land from Stafá in as far as Thorsá, and called all that Thorsness. He had so much faith in the hill that stood on the ness, and which he called Helgafell, that no man was allowed to look on it unwashed, and it was so great a sanctuary that no harm could be done to anything on the fell, whether man or beast, unless it left it of its own accord. It was the belief of Thorolf and his kinsmen *that they all passed into the fell at death*. On the ness there, where Thor came ashore, Thorolf held all the courts, and there was set the district-thing. While men were at the thing there no one was allowed to ease himself<sup>1</sup> on land; for that purpose there was assigned the reef called Dritsker, because they would not defile such a sacred piece of ground. But when Thorolf was dead, and his son Thorsteinn was young, Thorgrim Kjallak's son and Asgeirr his kinsman would not go to the reef for their errands; the Thorsness men would not stand this, and so they fought with them there at the thing, and some fell and

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<sup>1</sup> The phrase used is *hafsa álfræka*, elf-drivings, *i.e.*, the defilement drove away the elves.

many were wounded before they were separated. Thord gellir reconciled them, but, since neither of them would give way, the place was made unhallowed with blood of vengeance. (2. 12.)

8. Aud had her home at Cross-knolls, and there she had crosses set up, because she was baptised and a good believer. Her kinsfolk after that had great faith in the knolls. An altar (*hörg*) was raised there when sacrificing began: they believed, too, *that they passed into the knolls at death.* Thord gellir was led into them before he rose to honour, as is said in his saga. (2. 16.)

9. Thorhadd the old was temple-priest at Thrandheim in Mæri: he took the idea to go to Iceland, but first he took down the temple and carried off with him the temple-earth and the pillars. He came to Stödvarfirth and laid the Mæri sanctuary on all the firth, and allowed nothing to be killed there except home-cattle. (4. 6.)

10. Thorir the voyager had a ship built for him in Sogn (in Norway), which was hallowed by Bishop Sigurd. From that ship come the beaks before the door at Miklagarth (in Axarfirth) which foretell the weather. (3. 19.)

11. Ketill, from the Hebrides, a Christian, lived at Kirkjubæ. Papar had been there before, and no heathen men could live there. . . . "Hildir wished to shift his homestead to Kirkby after Ketill's death, thinking that a heathen could live there, but when he came near to the farmyard enclosure, he fell down dead." (4. 11.)

C.—Closely connected with the foregoing are the passages referring to sacrificial and other religious ceremonies, denoted by *blót* and the verb *blóta* (with accusative = to worship or hallow; with dative = to sacrifice). A full account of the procedure at a great *blót* is given in the *Hákonar Saga*, c. 14. 18. When Hjörleif is murdered by his thralls, his friend Ingolf attributes it to the fact that he would never *blóta*. (1. 7.)

12. (Floki on his voyage to Iceland) resorted to a great religious ceremony (*blót*), and hallowed three ravens, which should show him the way, because seafarers had no loadstone at that

time in the North. They built up a cairn where the sacrifice had been, and called it *Flokavarda*: it lies at the meeting of *Hörðaland* and *Rogaland*. . . . Then he sailed out to sea with the three ravens that he had hallowed in Norway. (1. 2. in some MSS.)

13. Hall the godless, son of *Helgi* the godless. Father and son would not worship (*blóta*), but trusted in their own might. (1. 11.)

14. *Thorolf Smjör* was the son of *Thorsteinn Skrofi*, son of that *Grim* who was worshipped after death on account of his popularity, and was called *Kamban*. (1. 14.)

15. There (on *Thorsness*) stands still *Thor's* stone, on which they broke the men whom they sacrificed, and near by is the judgment-ring where sentence of sacrifice was passed. (2. 12.)

16. *Hallstein*, son of *Thorolf mostrarkegg*, lived at *Hallsteinsness*. He sacrificed [and gave his son for the purpose] that *Thor* might send him high-seat pillars. Thereafter a tree came ashore on his land, sixty-three ells long and two fathoms thick, which he used for his pillars, and from which those in nearly every farm there were made. (2. 23.)

17. *Geirr* was a distinguished man in *Sögn* (in Norway): he was called *Végeirr* (sanctuary-*Geirr*) because he was a great *blót*-man. (All his children were called by names beginning with *Vé*.) After his death his son *Vebjörn* quarrelled with *Earl Hakon*, and so the brothers and their sister went to Iceland. They had a long and hard voyage, and landed in autumn at *Hloduvik* to the west of *Horn*, and thereupon *Vebjörn* began to sacrifice a great *blót*, for he said *Earl Hakon* was that day sacrificing for misfortune to fall on them, but, as he was engaged on it, his brothers urged him to leave again; he neglected the *blót*, and they put out to sea, and the same day their ship was wrecked in a storm under great cliffs. (2. 29.)

18. *Thorsteinn* sent his attendant to *As* to get information (about *Hrolleif*): he recited twelve verses before going to the doors, and saw a heap of clothes on the door-beaks, and a red dress sticking out beneath them. *Thorsteinn* said that *Hrolleif* had been there, and *Ljót* (his mother) must have sacrificed for long life for him (v. No. 25). (3. 4.)

19. *Thorsteinn red-nose* was a great *blót*-man: he worshipped

the waterfall, and all remnants had to be thrown into it: he was also very skilled in the future. . . . The night he died all his sheep drove down into the waterfall. (5. 6.)

20. Lopt went to Norway every third summer to sacrifice, on behalf of himself and Flosi, his mother's brother, at the temple of which his mother's father, Thorbjörn had been custodian. (Flosi could not go in person, being at enmity with King Harald.) (5. 8.)

D.—Frequent mention is made of magical arts, as practised by witches (*völva*, *fjölknungr kona*), or more rarely by men (*fjölknungr maðr*). The art itself is generally called *fjölkyngi* (much knowledge), or *fróðleikr* (wisdom, learning). There are also persons who have the second-sight (are *ófreskir*) or have supernatural strength (*rammaukin*), or who can change their shape (*hamranmr*). To these beliefs the following series relates.

21. Asolf came from Ireland to the Eastfirths. He was a Christian, and would have no dealings with heathen men, would not even take food from them. He made a hut for himself under Eyjafell, and dealt with no one. They were curious to know what he had to eat, and saw many fish in the hut, and on their going to the stream which ran past the hut, they found it full of fish, so that they thought they had never seen such a marvel; but when the men of the district heard of it they drove him away, and would not let him enjoy this good. Then Asolf shifted his dwelling to Midskáli, and stayed there. All the fish disappeared from the brook when men went to take them, and when they came to Asolf the waterfall beside his hut was full of fish. Again he was driven away, and went to the westmost Asólfsskáli, and things went just the same as before. . . . [The longer version adds: "*The settlers called that sorcery*, but Thorgeirr (who had driven Asolf away) said he was of the opinion they were good men."] (1. 15. 16.)

22. A whale was driven ashore on Lón-Einarr's beach, and he had cut up part of it, when a storm carried it off and drove it ashore on the land of Einarr Sigmundarson. Lón-Einarr attributed this to the magic of Hildigunn. (He went in search of the whale, and found Einarr with his men cutting it up, and killed one of them, but retired, as he had fewer men. He again came to attack Einarr,

and found him from home. Einarr returned immediately and pursued him.) Then Einarr ran as hard as he could, and as he came by Drangar he saw a *troll carl* sitting up there, rowing with his feet so that they struck the surf, and beating them together so that the spray rose from them, and he repeated a verse. (The verse is very obscure and corrupt, but to all appearance is unimportant.) Einarr gave no heed to this. They met at Mannfallsbrekkur, and fought there. No iron could cut Einarr's kirtle (which he had got from Hildigunn). (2. 7. in some MSS.)

Einarr was buried a short distance from Sigmund's mound, and his mound is always green, winter and summer. (*Ibid.*)

23. Thorbjörn the stout summoned Geirríð, daughter of Bægi-fót, on a charge of witchcraft, as his son Gunnlaug had died from injury when he went to learn (magical) wisdom from Geirríð. She was the mother of Thorarinn in Máfahlíð, . . . who took an oath by the altar ring, and so stopped the case. (2. 9.)

24. (Of Ingimund.) Heid the witch predicted that they should all settle in a land as yet undiscovered, west over the sea.<sup>1</sup> Ingimund said he would take care of that, but the witch said he would be unable to prevent it, and told him for a token that a *hlutr* (see below) had disappeared out of his purse, and would be found again when he dug the holes for his hall-pillars in that land. [Ingimund assisted King Harald at Hafrsfirth; the king encouraged him to go to Iceland, as he was discontented with Norway.] Ingimund said he had not intended to do so, but he sent two Finns in charmed shapes (*hamfarir*) to Iceland, to look for his *hlutr*; it was an image of Freyr, and made of silver. The Finns returned, and had discovered the *hlutr*, but were unable to get hold of it. They directed Ingimund to a dale between two woods, and told him all the lie of the land where he was to settle. [The place was Hof in Vatnsdal, in the N. of Iceland.<sup>2</sup>] (3. 2.)

25. [Thorsteinn and his brothers attack Hrolleif, and chase him away from his own house.] By this time Ljót (his mother) had come out, and walked backwards with her head between her legs

<sup>1</sup> Similarly it is said of Thorsteinn luan, "it was foretold him that he should die in a land which was then uninhabited." (5. 7.)

<sup>2</sup> The details of his finding of the image are given in *Vatnsdæla Saga*, c. 15.

and her clothes over her back. Jökull cut off Hrolleif's head and threw it in her face; then she said she had been too late, or the earth would have turned round before her eyes,<sup>1</sup> and they would all have gone mad (v. No. 18). (3. 4.)

26. Groa invited Thorsteinn and his brothers to a harvest-feast. Thorsteinn dreamed three times that he should not go. Then Groa by witchcraft brought down a landslip on all the men that were there. (3. 4.)

27. Steinraud the strong . . . who did good to many a man to whom other evil spirits did injury. There was a woman called Geirhild, a witch, and one who injured others. Second-sighted men saw Steinraud come upon her unawares, but she turned herself into the shape of a leathern sack full of water. Steinraud was an ironsmith, and had a large iron rod in his hand. This verse was made about their meeting.

“The sounder of hammers lets the rod resound on the water(?)—bag of Geirhild ever the more with all his might. The troll's ribs are swollen; the high iron staff shapes a heavy shower for the carline's side at Hjalta-eyri.” (3. 14.)

28. Lodmund the old . . . was superhumanly strong and a wizard. He threw his hall-pillars overboard and said he would settle where they came on shore. He took Lodmund's firch, and lived there that winter; then he heard of his hall-pillars to the southward. He put all his possessions on board ship, and when the sail was drawn up he lay down and said that no one was to venture to pronounce his name. He had only lain a short time when a loud noise was heard, and they saw a great landslip rush down on the homestead where Lodmund had lived. Thereupon he sat up and said, “That is my spell, that the ship that sails out here shall never escape safe from the sea.” Then he held south by Horn, and then west along the coast, and took the land where his pillars had come ashore, between Hafr-river and Fúla-brook, which is now called Jökul-river, at Solheimasand. He lived in Lodmund's vale, and called it Solheimar. When he was old, there lived in Skógar one Thrasi, who was also a wizard. One morning Thrasi saw a great rush of water coming down, and by magic turned it

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<sup>1</sup> This power was attributed to the Finns. (*Haralds Saga*, c. 36.)

east toward Solheimar. Lodmund's thrall saw it, and said that a sea was coming down on them from the north. Lodmund was blind by this time, and told the thrall to lead him to this bucket-full that he called a sea, and when he returned, said, "I don't think this is a sea." Then he bade the thrall accompany him to the water, "and stick the point of my staff into it." There was a ring on the staff, and Lodmund held the staff with both hands, and the ring in his teeth. Then the water began to fall west again toward Skogar, and so both he and Thrasi continued each to turn the water from themselves until they met at some deep clefts, and agreed that the water should flow down there the shortest way to the sea. That is now called Jokuls-river, and separates the districts. (4. 5.)

Thrasi was also *rammaukinn*. (5. 1.)

29. Thorarinn korni was very "*hamrammr*". (2. 8.)

30. [Arngeirr had two sons, Thorgils and Odd.]

Arngeirr and Thorgils left home in drift to search for their sheep, and did not return. Odd went to look for them, and found them both dead, killed by a white bear, which was drinking their blood when he came on it. Odd killed the bear and took it home, and it is said that he ate the whole of it, saying that he avenged his father in killing the bear and his brother in eating it. After this he became ill-tempered and difficult to deal with; he was so *hamrammr*, that he left home one time in the evening, and reached Thjórárdal next morning to help his sister, whom the Thjórdsdale men were going to stone to death. (3. 20.)

31. Dufthak was very "*hamrammr*" (5. 3); so was Thorkell bundinfoti (*id.*).

Dufthak of Dufthaksholt was the freedman of the brothers Hildir and Hallgeirr (who came from the British settlements). He was very *hamrammr*, and so was Stórólf Hængsson, who lived at Hvoll; the two of them quarrelled about pasturage. A second-sighted man saw one evening, just about sunset, a huge bear going from Hvoll, and a bull from Dufthaksholt: they met at Stórólfsvöll, and fought fiercely, but the bear had the best of it. In the morning it was seen that the dale where they had met was as if the earth had been turned up. Both of them were severely injured. (5. 5.)

E.—The following relate to the *landvættir*, or guardian spirits of the country, and other such beings. The first does not belong to the Landnáma proper, but is evidently of very early origin.

32. [It was the beginning of the heathen law that no one should have at sea a ship with a carved head on it; if they did, they were to take it off before they came in sight of land, and not sail to land with gaping heads or yawning snouts, lest the land-spirits might be frightened. (4. 7.)]

33. Björn dreamed one night that a hill-giant came to him and asked him to enter into partnership with him, and he thought that he assented. After that a buck came to his goats, and his stock increased so rapidly that he was soon very rich. Second-sighted men saw that the land-spirits followed Hafr-Björn to the thing, and Thorsteinn and Thord his brothers when they went hunting or fishing. (4. 12.)

34. Olver, son of Eysteinn, took the land to the east of Grimsriver, where no one had ventured to settle since Hjörleif was killed, on account of the land-spirits. (4. 13.)

35. In the autumn, Grim rowed out to fish with his men; his boy Thorir lay in the bow in a sealskin bag, drawn close round his neck. Grim caught a merman (*marmennil*), and when he came up Grim asked: "What can you tell us about our future, or where we shall settle in Iceland?" The merman answers: "There is no need for me to foretell about you; but as for the boy who lies in the sealskin bag, he shall settle and take land where Skalm your mare lies down under her load"; and no more could they get out of him. (2. 5.)

36. In the autumn, Audunn saw an apple-grey horse run down from Hjardarvatn to his stud-horses, and overcome the stallion. Then Audunn went up and took the grey horse, harnessed him to a two-ox sledge, and drove all his hay together. The horse was easy to manage during the middle of the day, but as the day wore on he sank into the field up to his pasterns, and when the sun had set he broke all the harness, ran to the water, and was never seen again.

[In the margin of one MS. is "Waterhorse, which some now call Nikur-horse".] (2. 10.)



37. Thorvald holbarki "went up to Surt's cave and there recited the poem he had made about the giant in the cave". (3. 10.)

F.—There are few remarkable dreams, but the following two may be given :

38. When Asof grew old he retired and lived by himself. His cell was where the church now stands, and there he died and was buried at Holm. When Halldorr, the son of Illugi the red, lived there, one of the byre-maids was in the habit of wiping her feet on the mound which covered the grave of Asof. She dreamed then that Asof came and rebuked her for wiping her dirty feet on his house, "but there will be peace between us", he said, "if you tell Halldorr your dream." She did so, but he said women's dreams were of no importance, and never heeded it. When Bishop Hrodolf left Bæ, where he had lived nineteen years, three monks remained behind, and one of these dreamed that Asof said to him, "Send your servant to Halldorr at Holm, and buy from him the mound that is on the byre-path; give a mark of silver for it." The monk did so; the servant bought the mound, dug in the earth, and found a man's bones, which he lifted and took home with him. The next night Halldorr dreamed that Asof came to him and said that both his eyes would start out of his head unless he bought his bones for the same amount as he had sold the mound for. Halldorr bought Asof's bones, and made a wooden shrine for them, and placed it over the altar. He sent his son Illugi out to get wood to build a church, and on his return, when he came between Rekjanes and Snjofjallsnes, the steersmen would not let him land where he wished. Then he threw all the wood overboard, and bade it come ashore where Asof willed. The night after the wood came ashore at Kirksand in Holm, except two trees which landed at Raufarnes. Halldorr had a church built, 30 ells long, and roofed with wood, and dedicated it to Kolumkilla (St. Columba). (1. 15. in some MSS.)

39. Hrafnkell came out late in the settlement time. The first winter he was in Broad-dale, in the spring he went up by the fell, and stopped to rest in Skridudal, where he fell asleep. Then he dreamed that a man came to him and told him to get up and go away as fast as he could. He woke up and left the place, and

before he had gone far, all the fell came rushing down, burying under it a boar and a bull that he had. (Hence Skridudal = Landslip-dale.) (4. 3.)

G.—Most of the settlers were pretty quiet after death, but some of them, like Asolf, were not quite at peace. Other two are mentioned besides him.

40. Asmund was buried in Asmund's-grave, laid in a ship, and his thrall beside him. A man as he went past heard this verse repeated in his grave-mound :

“Alone I dwell in the stone-heap,  
In the sea-raven's stem-room ;  
No throng on the deck is standing  
Of men : I dwell on the sea-steed.  
Room for the brave one is better  
(I know how to steer the wave-deer ;  
Long shall that be remembered  
By men) than a bad companion.”

Then they searched the mound, and took the thrall out of the ship. (2. 6.)

41. [Thorkell farserkr, who had supernatural strength (was *rammaukinn*). He crossed half a sea-mile on an old gelding.] Th. was buried in the farmyard in Hvalseyfirth (in Greenland), and has always haunted the homestead. (2. 14.)

H.—In this the croaking of a raven is an omen of death.

42. One morning a raven lighted on the light-hole at Brekka and croaked loudly. Hromund said :

“Out in the dawn of morning  
Croaking I hear the black-feathered  
Swan of the wound-thorn's sweat-drops  
(Prey wakens the wary-minded).  
So came the war-hawk croaking  
Of old when the princes of people  
Were death-doomed, and birds of Odin  
Foretold the boding of battle.”

Thorbjörn said :

“The mew of the war-heap's billow  
Cries with hail besprinkled  
When it comes to seek the corpse-sea

(Its mind craves food at morning).  
Thus of yore sat croaking  
The bird of sword-slain corpses  
On ancient tree, when ravens  
For warrior's mead were thirsting." (2. 33.)

(These verses are among the finest of all those composed in the skaldic metre *dróttkvætt*; the first in particular shows great feeling and poetic taste.)

I.—Two stories on the common theme of buried treasure.

43. Thorsteinn Asgrim's son.—In his days there came a ship into Rángárós with great sickness on board. No one would help the crew, but Thorsteinn went to them and removed them to the place now called Tentstead, and made tents for them there, and attended to them himself so long as they lived. All of them died, however, and the last survivor buried a great quantity of treasure, which has never been found since. (5. 6.)

44. Ketilbjörn was so wealthy in money that he offered his sons to make a cross-tree of silver for the temple that they had made, but they refused it. Then he drove the silver up to the mountain on two oxen, along with Haki, his thrall, and Bót, his maidservant, and there they buried the money, so that it has never been found. Then he killed Haki at Hakaskard and Bót at Bótarskard. (5. 12.)

K.—An anecdote of a child protesting against being exposed to die, a practice abolished at the introduction of Christianity into Iceland. (*Kristni Saga*, c. 11.)

45. Thorkatla, Asgrim's wife, gave birth to a male child, which Asgrim ordered to be exposed. A thrall was sharpening a hoe to dig a grave for it, and the child was lying on the floor, when they all heard it make this verse :

“ Let the child to its mother !  
It is cold for me here on the floor.  
Where for a boy more fitting  
Than by his father's hearth ?  
No need to sharpen the iron,  
Nor to cut the earth-turf.  
Cease from a work so hateful.  
I shall yet live among men.”

The child was then sprinkled with water, and called Thorsteinn.  
5. 6. in some MSS.)

## INDEX.

- álag* (on-lay), a spell or imprecation pronounced on a place. (28.)  
*álfreka*, hafa, to defile a place so that the elves are driven away from it. (7.)  
*bergbúi*, an inhabitant of the hills, a giant. (33.)  
*blót*, a religious ceremony, a sacrifice, or sacrificial feast; *blótmaðr*, one addicted to such observances; *blóta*, to worship, hallow, or sacrifice (12-20). *blóta til óthurftar*, to perform ceremonies for another's harm. (17.)  
*brandir vedrspáir*, ship's beaks, which foretell the weather. (10. 18.)  
*bregða sér*, to change one's shape by sorcery. (27.)  
*deyja í fjall, í hóla*, to pass into the fell (knolls) at death. (7. 8.)  
*fjölkyngi* (much knowledge), magic, knowledge of magical arts (21. 22. 23); also adj. *fjölkunniðr*, possessed of magical knowledge. (27. 28.)  
*framsynn*, gifted with insight into the future. (19.)  
*fridr*, sanctuary, inviolability. *Mæri fridr*, so named from the Temple of *Mæri* at Thrandheim. (9.)  
*fróðleikr*, learning, knowledge, with added idea of sorcery. (23.)  
*hamfarir*, in the phrase *í hamförum*, travelling in an assumed shape, a power possessed by wizards. (24.)  
*hamrammr*, having the power of putting on other shapes. (29. 30. 31.)  
*hlutr*, a small image (e.g., of Freyr or Thor) carried about as a talisman (24). Hallfred was accused of carrying one of Thor after he had become a Christian (*Flateybk.*, i, 329).  
*hörgr*, a heathen place of worship, being an altar erected on some high place. (8.)  
*landvættir*, the guardian spirits of a country (fairies, etc.). (32. 33. 34.)  
*marmennill*, a merman, man of the sea. (35.)  
*meinvættir*, spirits who do injury to one. (27.)  
*nikurhestr* = *vatushestr*, a river-horse, "kelpie". (36.)  
*ófreskr*, second-sighted, in the sense of being able to see things going on in the spiritual world which are hid from ordinary mortals. (27. 31. 33.)  
*rammaukinn*, possessed of more than mortal strength. (28. 41.)  
*trollkarl*, a male-troll, a giant. (22.)  
*völva*, the general name for a witch. (24.)

W. A. CRAIGIE.

## THE FOLK.<sup>1</sup>

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DURING the discussions which took place some years ago in the Folk-lore Society as to the nature of folk-lore, there was one curious omission. Much was said about what the Folk believed, what the Folk did, and how these sayings and doings of the Folk should be arranged and classified. But very little indeed was said as to what the Folk was that said and did these things, and nothing at all was said as to how they said and did them, and especially as to how they began to say and do them. In short, in dealing with Folk-lore, much was said of the Lore, almost nothing was said of the Folk. I propose to supply that omission so far as the short space at my disposal will allow.

We all know the way in which the currency of a folk-custom is described. "It has arisen among the people"; "it is universally the custom"; "everybody does it or thinks it", and so on. These phrases are adequate enough as far as they go, though even here it is worth while recording that at times the custom is not universal, or has important variations. Thus at times it is unlucky to have a man step over your threshold first in the New Year; at times, *horresco referens*, it is one of the fairer sex whom the Folk are so ungallant as to taboo on that occasion. At times the first-foot should be of light complexion, at others he should be dark, and so on. So that even for purposes of universal custom we have to split up that mysterious entity, the Folk, into various segments of mutually conflicting opinions.

The Folk is many-headed, it would seem, and often

<sup>1</sup> A paper read—as a stopgap—before the Folk-lore Society.

many-minded, while often it does not know its own mind. That is its present-day aspect when it has nothing to do but to hear and remember. But I am more concerned to come to close quarters with the Folk regarded as originator. For the matter of that, everything must have originated among the Folk, including language, *ars conservatrix omnium artium*. Yet when we come to realise what we mean by saying a custom, a tale, a myth arose from the Folk, I fear we must come to the conclusion that the said Folk is a fraud, a delusion, a myth. These be bold words to utter in the presence of this honourable assembly of folk-lorists; but, as usual with bold words, they admit of explanation in a parliamentary sense.

Let us try to realise in imagination what must have happened when, for the first time, the saying was uttered that was afterwards to become a proverb, or a tale that was destined to be a folk- or fairy-tale, was first told. Was it the Folk that said the one or told the other? Did the collective Folk assembled in folk-moot simultaneously shout, "When the wine's in, the wit's out", or "Penny wise, pound foolish"? No, it was some bucolic wit, already the chartered libertine of his social circle, who first raised hearty guffaws by those homely pieces of wisdom. The proverbial description of a proverb, "The wisdom of many, the wit of one", recognises that truth. George Eliot in *Adam Bede* records the process. Mrs. Poyser—her own stepmother, it is said—described Mr. Craig, the Scotch gardener, as "welly like the cock that thinks the sun rose to hear him crow". Later on in the book Parson Irwine refers to the phrase, and calls it as good as Æsop. Production by the local wit, appreciation by the local circle, record by the social observer—of such is the making of proverbs.

Can it have been much different with the initial production of folk-tales? Can we imagine the Folk inventing *Cinderella* or *Puss-in-Boots*, or any of the innumerable novelettes of the nursery? The process is unthinkable.

These little masterpieces of narrative art emanated from an artist, who had the grin of conscious creation on his face as he told *Cinderella*, *Puss-in-Boots*, or *Rumpelstiltskin* for the first time in the world's history. Artistry is individual: that cannot come from the Folk no more than novels can arise spontaneously and simultaneously among the subscribers of Messrs. Mudie and Smith.

Even when it comes to custom, even custom which involves the simultaneous doing of some one thing by two or more persons, we must search for the individual among the Folk, at least for the initiative. The feeling of horror or of worship may be in common, but the expression of that feeling must in the first instance have come from the initiative of an individual. When Northumberland House still existed, one of a sporting turn earned a heavy bet that he would cause a crowd in front of it without apparent cause. He simply stood on the opposite pavement, and stared steadily at the lion that surmounted the edifice. By-and-bye a crowd collected, all staring at the lion. A myth arose, I have been told, that the lion had been seen to wag his iron tail. But whether that be so or no, the sportsman had won his wager, and incidentally had given an apt illustration of the way in which folk-lore arises. The sportsman initiated the folk-lore, the crowd was the Folk.

Here I am at issue with Dr. Tylor and his followers. They would say that at a certain stage of social culture it would be natural for all men in all countries to look at lions that did not wag their tails on tops of conspicuous buildings. Even then I would contend it needs some one to begin the staring before the crowd collects, even though it is the crowd that makes the Folk and constitutes the staring folk-lore. If I heard of the same joke being played at Paris or Berlin, I should feel inclined to bet that it had been played by one who had heard of him who had twisted the tail of the Northumberland House lion.

You see where I am pointing. The Folk is simply a

name for our ignorance: we do not know to whom a proverb, a tale, a custom, a myth owes its origin, so we say it originated among the Folk. The author of the myth of Cronus, of the tale of Medea and Jason, was a Great Unknown; "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." The Folk is a publishing syndicate that exploits the productions of that voluminous author, Anon. We have under our very noses a pertinent example of what is always going on. During the last fifteen years or so, the Folk-lore Society has been doing much for the science, and great has been the fame of the Council thereof. But I think we could all of us point out the one or two men who have initiated, and in large measure carried out that work. Yes, I repeat it, the Folk is a fraud, a delusion, a myth.

"Yes," you will say, "all that is very pretty, and tolerably obvious, especially now that you have pointed it out. But what of it? What is the practical application of the consideration?" Well, in the first place, it would be well to realise the individual initiative in discussing origins, and we are chiefly interested in origins nowadays. When we find similar customs in far-distant lands, we shall find it more difficult to suppose them to have originated independently, if we have to recognise that they arose with individuals. The probabilities of borrowing are much greater if this fact is recognised. Even assuming that the same story or custom could have originated independently, if we had all time to deal with, it becomes more difficult to do so when prehistoric time is, comparatively speaking, limited. The custom of junior right, say, could have independently arisen in England, if England had been isolated for all time. But if England is in culture-contact, mediate or immediate, with countries where junior right exists, it becomes a race between independent origin and borrowing; and to assume independent origin is to bet against the bank of Time with its unlimited means.



Again, we shall have to go more minutely into the *modus operandi* of tradition if this conception of individual origin of folk-lore be firmly grasped. Just at present, we are content to say such and such a creation is spread from John-o'-Groat's to Land's End. The assumption is usually made, if only implicitly, that it arose independently in all the places of its occurrence, owing to the similarity of social conditions and the like. From the new standpoint we shall want to know *how* it thus spread, and where it took its rise, since from that standpoint it must have originated in one mind in one spot. And when we learn how it spreads in one country, we may get to know how it spreads from one country to another.

Again, from our individualistic standpoint we shall have to break down the rather hard and fast line we draw between folk-lore and literature. While a story passes *per ora virum* we call it folk-lore, the moment it gets written down we call it literature, and it ceases to have interest for us *quá* folk-lorists. I cannot recognise any such hard and fast distinction. Books are but so many telephones preserving the lore of the Folk, or more often burying it and embalming it. For, after all, we are the Folk as well as the rustic, though their lore may be other than ours, as ours will be different from that of those that follow us.

And finally, recognising this initiative among the Folk, and breaking down the distinction between the Folk of the past and of the present, we shall be able to study the lore of the present with happy results, I am sure, for our study of the lore of the past. Survivals are folk-lore, but folk-lore need not be all survivals. We ought to learn valuable hints as to the spread of folk-lore by studying the Folk of to-day. The music-hall, from this point of view, will have its charm for the folk-lorist, who will there find the *Folkslieder* of to-day. The spread of popular sayings, even the rise of new words, provided they be folk-words, should be regarded as a part of the study of folk-lore. It would be

interesting in this connection to find out and put on record the whole folk-lore of a single person, so as to ascertain how far contradictory conceptions can coexist in the popular mind.

Thus, I think that at any rate in our study of folk-lore we should pay attention not alone to the Lore, but also to the Folk.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

## REVIEW.

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EXCAVATIONS IN BOKERLY AND WANSDYKE, DORSET AND WILTS, 1888-91. By Lieutenant-General PITT-RIVERS, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., Inspector of Ancient Monuments in Great Britain, etc. With Observations on the Human Remains, by J. G. GARSON, M.D. Vol. III. Printed privately. 1892.

IF any apology were necessary for bringing under the notice of the readers of FOLK-LORE a work of the national importance of General Pitt-Rivers' *Excavations*, it would be found in the fact that the first two volumes were reviewed in the earlier series of this periodical, when it was known as *The Archaeological Review*. There a general outline was given of the results of the excavation of two Romano-British villages on the author's property at Cranborne Chase, and of an ancient camp on Winkelbury Hill. The main interest of the two former volumes undoubtedly consisted in the remarkable discoveries at Cranborne Chase. The two villages, called Woodcuts and Rotherley from the modern names of their sites, were occupied during Roman times by a people of dwarfs, who seem to have lived an agricultural and pastoral life, but whose poverty had been touched with a slight gleam of the luxury of their conquerors. Of their material civilisation the relics told something. The pottery, the bronze and other personal ornaments, the knives and spoons, the nails, the keys, locks, hinges, horse-shoes, and other articles of iron, the quern-stones, whetstones, flints—all told their tale. But of the mental and religious attainments, of the worship and the social rites and intercourse of these strange, forgotten villagers we learned absolutely nothing. No altars,

no images, no funeral urns were found—nothing to enable us to

“ throw  
 An arch across the gulf of years,  
 That we may travel back, and know  
 The brooding thoughts and haunting fears  
 And clinging faiths”

that occupied the minds and looked through the eyes wherewith they surveyed the dark wet forest and upland clearing around their rude homes of wattle and clay in those far-off times.

General Pitt-Rivers' new volume is marked by the same admirable characteristics as the previous ones. As before, we are impressed with his minute accuracy, his anxiety to lay before the reader all the facts, independently of any theory, so as to put him in a position to judge for himself on the questions disputed, his careful reasoning, and his wide anthropological learning. The volume is chiefly concerned with explorations of Bokerly Dyke (a rampart about four miles long, which yet throughout the greater part of its length forms the boundary between Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, and runs in a south-easterly direction), and of Wansdyke at places not very far from Silbury. Both these ramparts have been thrown up for purposes of defence against the north and north-east. The frontier defended by Wansdyke seems to have run along the valley of the Avon to a point above Bath, where the dyke crosses the river and appears to join the Roman road from Bath to Marlborough, running continuously with the latter until it reaches the valley of the Kennet. Before the road enters the valley the dyke parts company with it, and continues along the heights through Savernake Forest to the borders of Berkshire, where it turns to the south and is lost. In point of construction, both Bokerly and Wansdyke are similar, consisting of a ditch with a small external mound and a higher rampart within. They are not of uniform height; and in

places both are lost, without any reason to suppose that the loss is due to effacement by agricultural operations. General Pitt-Rivers conjectures that these places may have been formerly occupied by forest, and that it was there easier to make an *abattis* of felled trees.

In all cases the excavations were continued down to the undisturbed chalk beneath the ditch and the mounds. They revealed, both in the rampart and on the old surface under it, pieces of Samian ware, cleats, and other objects of iron, and, in the case of Bokerly Dyke, Roman coins, which proved that both dykes were erected during, or subsequent to, Roman times. In what circumstances, or during what war, however, the dykes were built is still undetermined. The object evidently was the defence of the south-western corner of the island from enemies coming from the north and east. But who were the enemies, or who the defenders, is a problem that further researches have yet to make manifest.

But, however interesting the problems connected with the dykes may be, the student of folk-lore will naturally turn rather to the village at Woodyates. This is the third ancient village discovered in the course of the author's excavations. It will be remembered that the race who had occupied the villages described in the former volumes averaged, the men 5 feet 2.6 inches, and the women 4 feet 10.9 inches in height. The village called Woodyates, from the name of a modern cluster of buildings a short distance to the south-west of the site, was occupied by a people answering to a similar description. Bokerly Dyke runs through it at the point where the dyke crosses the Roman road from Badbury Rings to Old Sarum. The portion of the settlement examined is chiefly on the outside of the dyke; and how much of it was inside, or how much more outside, is yet unknown. The village, as indicated by the turn just here of the Roman road, appears to have been in existence before the road was made; but some of the drains bear evidence of having been cut

subsequently, arguing the continued existence and prosperity of the community. Lastly, the dyke was constructed, the earliest part of it not before the reign of Maximinus II, in the beginning of the fourth century, as is shown by a coin of that emperor found beneath the rampart on the old surface-line. At or after the departure of the Romans, a change, probably to render it more defensible at this point, was made in the direction of a portion of the dyke; and we may perhaps be permitted to surmise that the renewal of troubles, which this alteration indicates, led to the final destruction or abandonment of the settlement.

Before these excavations were begun not a trace of the village was to be seen, and its very existence had been forgotten. In the *Itinerary* of Antoninus the name of Vindogladia occurs on this line of road, and the distance between it and Sorbiodunum (Old Sarum) is put down as twelve Roman miles. Where Vindogladia was has hitherto been a matter of conjecture. General Pitt-Rivers suggests that it was precisely Woodyates, the distance from Sorbiodunum answering the requirements as nearly as possible. And he points to the fact that preceding antiquaries, though unaware of the existence of Woodyates, have interpreted the name to mean the White Rampart, from two Celtic words, *vint*, white, and *gladh*, a ditch or rampart—a name very suitable to Bokerly Dyke when the chalk out of which it was cut was fresh.

As in the case of the former villages, the number and size of the drains are one of its most impressive features. No wells were uncovered like those at Woodcuts and Rotherley; but the drains alone bore witness to a much heavier rainfall than at present. Some of them seem to have been afterwards filled up while the occupation of the site continued. This was found to have been the case also in the other villages, and the excavator has been much puzzled to account for it. Whether these particular drains became unnecessary owing to a diminished rainfall, or whether the

ground was wanted for other purposes, must be left for the present among the many unsolved questions concerning these settlements. The general account of the civilisation of the inhabitants of Woodcuts and Rotherley given in the second volume of *The Archæological Review* applies also to those of Woodyates. But their pottery, which included numerous specimens of Samian and other ornamental ware, their glass, their bronze fibulæ, brooches, spoons, torques, bangles, rings, their iron scythes, cleats, nails, keys, knives, hooks, and other objects of both metals, and above all the hoards of money—1,210 coins have been found in all—though chiefly of brass, and consequently of small intrinsic value, indicate, as perhaps we might expect in a station upon an important road, more trade and somewhat more wealth than were known to the remoter villages in what is now Cranborne Chase.

It is around their burials that the principal interest of folk-lore students will concentrate; for here, if anywhere, we may look for intimations of their beliefs. The relics of material civilisation may be no more than a veneer, entering as little into their real life as the iron axes and glass beads of modern traders do into the life of the savage Papuan. The rites paid to the dead are different. The supreme importance of the three chief moments of human life—birth, marriage, and death—in the investigation of savage and barbarous culture is well recognised. We look to the ceremonies attending them for the expression of the native mind, the outcome of its inmost hopes and fears, of its dearest joys and most poignant sorrows, long after the conditions that ordinarily beset a tribe have been modified by an intrusive civilisation, and even its religion has been changed. Unfortunately, in digging up the relics of a vanished barbarism, we find no record of the ceremonies attending birth and marriage, the remains of funeral ceremonies are all that we can recover; and we seek the more eagerly for what they can disclose to us. At Woodcuts and at Rotherley we were able to learn nothing. We are

somewhat better off at Woodyates. A smaller proportion of the bodies were buried in a crouching position than in either of the other villages, fifteen out of seventeen having been buried extended, some lying on the back, others on the side. Five bodies buried in a square enclosure, whose use is one of the problems left open, were in graves nearly east and west, with their heads to the west; but it is impossible to say whether this was done from regard to a religious motive, or simply from convenience of situation. Elsewhere it seems clear that convenience only was consulted. Some of the bodies were buried in coffins either of oak or of some coniferous wood, fragments of which—the only fragments left—were found adhering by rust to the nails. In several instances hobnails were found about the feet, showing that they must have been buried in boots. A bronze fibula, which had no doubt fastened the dress, was found on the thigh of one; and a portion of an iron torque was on the neck of a female skeleton, while a bronze torque was also found in the soil of the same grave.

It is quite possible that in these observances we have a belief in future life indicated. Burial in boots may have reference to the journey which the soul must take to the spirit-land; and the finery wherein the bodies were enveloped, and the care taken to preserve them as far as possible by the use of coffins, may have been due to a regard for the after-life. As much as this, however, was found in the village graves at Cranborne Chase; nor could anything beyond the barest conjecture be based upon it. But the dwellers at Woodyates, in their care for their dead, have told us more. Out of the seventeen skeletons, three had each a coin in its mouth. Under the leg of another, half a brass coin was lying. A fifth skeleton had a coin on its pelvis. Some little doubt may perhaps attach to the last case. The skeleton in question was one of two buried in a grave cut out partly from the undisturbed chalk, and partly in the filling of the ditch of a portion of the



rampart. They were both buried lying on the right side; and this skeleton had both hands lying behind it, in such a position that they *might* have been tied. Moreover, there were at least four other coins of the same period in adjacent parts of the silting of the ditch, two of them within the limits of the grave, but far above the bodies; so that they may all have been dropped in by accident in filling up the ditch and the grave. The other cases, however, may be taken to be undoubtedly instances of coins having been given to the corpse to pay the fare of the dead into the other world, the classic toll of Charon.<sup>1</sup>

Nor is this all. Pottery, both whole and broken, was deposited with three of the bodies in the square enclosure. The skeleton of a man was found with the fragments of a small bowl, or tazza, of cream-coloured ware at its feet. The skeleton of a young person of doubtful sex had fragments of a similar vessel, but of a somewhat more elegant shape and of imitation Samian ware, at its right foot, and under its left leg a fragment of New Forest cream-coloured ware. In neither of these cases was it found possible to piece together an entire vessel out of the fragments; probably, therefore, the bowls were broken when buried. This points, of course, to the belief that it was necessary to break the vessel, so that its soul might accompany the soul of the dead into the spirit-world. On the other hand, a small pitcher, 6.8 inches high, was found entire in an adult female's grave. The lady had been buried in an unusually strong coffin, or covered bier; and the pitcher was placed either upon or beside the coffin, not inside it. It is, however, well known that it is by no

<sup>1</sup> There is some evidence, however, that the object of giving the corpse this money is more general, namely, to provide for the wants of the dead in the spirit-world, in which case it is probably a relic of a previous custom of putting more valuable coins, or other articles, into the corpse's mouth. See Dr. De Groot's *Religious System of China*, vol. i, pp. 278-9.

means necessary to place the articles intended for the use of the deceased inside the coffin.

This lady was further remarkable, because upon her breast lay a comb of bone, having on one side fine teeth, and on the other coarse ones. It was evidently meant for her toilette in the next world. How necessary it was considered, we may guess from the frequency with which combs are found, both here and on the Continent, in graves of the period in question, or later. In fact, no respectable, well-to-do corpse—of a woman, at all events—would think of being buried without one. Its importance to the toilette in the next world would doubtless be measured by the requirements of this. Of such requirements we have ample proof in the habits of too many civilised peoples; and these requirements have left a large impress on the folklore of Europe. We may probably regard the owner of the comb at Woodyates as being a person of some position.

One other interment only need here be noticed. It was that of a body which had been cremated, and the ashes of which had been enclosed in a dug-out coffin and buried at the bottom of a drain after the drain had been, for some reason or other, filled up. Fragments of pottery of a fine description were found mixed with the ashes. This was a burial which could only have taken place comparatively late in the history of the settlement; and it affords evidence that the custom of cremation went on side by side with that of unburnt inhumation.

On the whole, as at Woodcuts and Rotherley, so at Woodyates, there is no proof that Christianity had been adopted by the inhabitants. This is the more remarkable, because the latter place was situated on one of the great highways. But it must be remembered that a portion only of the village has been uncovered. Further researches may reveal traces of Christian influence, though not of Christian predominance. On the other hand, we learn that the dwellers at Woodyates believed in the existence of a spirit-world, whither the departed soul must

journey, for the entrance to which he must pay toll, and where he would lead some such life as that of earth. Thus much may be said of their predecessors of the bronze and stone ages, and of almost all other races. At Woodcuts and at Rotherley, however, there were no relics which told us thus much. And the manner in which the dead were, at those villages, often flung into rubbish-pits, and in one case thrust into the flue of a hypocaust, suggests small reverence for their remains. Little, indeed, it is that Woodyates tells us on these matters. What would we not give for more? If we could only know what gods the diminutive folk of the south of Britain adored, what were their tribal divisions, their marriage customs, their solemn festivals, it would enable us to rewrite a page of human history that has disappeared. We cannot hope ever to win this knowledge; but more light may yet be thrown on some of their doings, perhaps on some of their beliefs, by further excavations conducted on the truly scientific methods of General Pitt-Rivers.

The pages of FOLK-LORE are hardly the place for discussing the details of the coins, the pottery, and other material relics of art, native and imported, or the human and other bones, to all of which the most careful and impartial attention has been given. They belong rather to other departments of study, though by no means without their interest and their lessons for students of tradition. Meanwhile, it is evident that researches like those before us are complementary to the work which the Folk-lore Society is seeking to do throughout the counties. The present population is the descendant of the past; and excavations that illustrate the former populations and their condition will help us to understand the peculiarities of the practices and beliefs of later generations. But it is of vital importance that they be conducted by trained explorers, who will both observe and record, not merely what seems important to them at the moment, but also what seems trivial and uninteresting; for in this way only can

we have a body of evidence preserved so as to be available for the discussion of the fresh problems continually arising with the progress of our knowledge. For such a band of explorers, and for such modes of procedure, the Inspector of Ancient Monuments has eloquently pleaded both in word and deed. If Parliament could be persuaded to accord him large and compulsory powers for the preservation and investigation of the monuments, which are a national inheritance and a trust, alas! too little regarded, it would confer a lustre on itself, and earn the thanks of all who are interested, not merely in British history, but in anthropological science.

It only remains to call attention again to the museum at Farnham, organised on similar principles to that at Oxford, where General Pitt-Rivers has deposited the bulk of the objects recovered during his excavations, side by side with similar objects from foreign countries, and with a valuable and extensive series of models of the villages and of various stages of the excavations (showing the positions of the human and other remains), as well as of other ancient monuments. His anxiety to render these things accessible and attractive is shown by the erection of a small hotel close at hand, and by attention in other ways to the wants and comfort of persons who visit the museum. So successful has the effort proved, that last year 7,000 persons were recorded as visitors. His account of it in the Appendices to the present volume is one of justifiable pride and satisfaction.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### CHAINED IMAGES.<sup>1</sup>

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—There are two instances in Burma to my knowledge in which a tradition remains of images of Buddha having been formerly shackled. One is at Pegu, in the Shwênathâ Pagoda, and the other is in the Mahâmuni Pagoda at Mandalay. Both images are of presumably foreign (Indian) origin. The image in the Shwênathâ Pagoda is said to have once fled from Pegu! And the people are said to be afraid that the image in the Mahâmuni Pagoda at Mandalay will go back to the original Mahâmuni Pagoda which is at Mrôhaung in Arakan, whence it was taken in 1784.

*Rangoon.*

R. C. TEMPLE.

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### RED-HAIRED MEN.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—It can hardly be that the objection to red-haired men is of Hebrew origin, as suggested by Mr. Clouston on p. 558 of last year's FOLK-LORE. The dislike is Egyptian: the Egyptians heaped insults upon red-haired men and also sacrificed the ass to Set (Typhon), because he was supposed to be red-haired and ass-coloured in complexion (τῶν μὲν ἀνθρώπων τοὺς πυρροὺς προπηλακίζοντες, ὄνον δὲ καὶ κατακρημνίζοντες, ὡς Κοπτῖται, διὰ τὸ πυρρὸν γεγονέναι τὸν Τυφῶνα καὶ ὀνώδη τὴν χροάν, Plutarch, *Isis and Osiris*,

<sup>1</sup> See vol. iii, p. 546.

chap. 30. *Πυρρὸς* may fairly be taken to imply red hair. A red complexion would usually have reddish hair with it). From a comparison of this passage with chap. 73 and Diodorus, i, 88 (quoted by Parthey *ad loc.*), we may infer that these red-haired men were *sacrificed* to Set-Typhon.

I do not venture to suggest any reason why these men should be disliked: whether the prejudice was racial (we are told that only a few of the *πυρροὶ* were Egyptians, most foreigners), or connected with the *colour* (red asses, as we saw, were sacrificed, and so were red oxen); but it would seem premature to explain the European prejudice in a way which does not explain this. Did the Hebrews get it from Egypt?

W. H. D. ROUSE.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

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THE next number of FOLK-LORE will contain, among other articles, a selection of Szekely folk-tales, a further study on Miss Cox's *Cinderella*, and a report by Mr. Alfred Nutt on recent research in Celtic myth and saga.

THERE are two Folk-lore Congresses to be held in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago: one in June, to be held in connection with Literature; the other in September, to be associated with Anthropology. The local Chicago committee is organising the first; the American Folk-lore Society will have much to do with the latter. It is unfortunate that the folk-lore forces are thus divided. It has been decided by the International Folk-lore Council not to interfere with either.

MR. JOSEPH JACOBS is preparing a sequel to his *English Fairy Tales* for next Christmas. The book will be illustrated by Mr. Batten, and will be accompanied by notes, some reaching the length of an *excursus*, as with the three preceding volumes of the series.

IT is contemplated holding the Annual Meetings of the Society in provincial cities after the manner of the British Association and the two Archæological Societies.

NEGOTIATIONS are on hand between the Folk-lore Society and the Anthropological Institute with the idea of amalgamating forces that are so near allied. An opportunity will be afforded the members of the Folk-lore Society

to express their views on any scheme which may be arrived at by the joint Councils of the two bodies.

*The Folk-lore of County Suffolk* is now passing through the press, and will soon be ready as a companion Part to Mr. Hartland's collection for Gloucester. Lady Camilla Gurdon has collected for Suffolk.

THE second volume of the *Denham Tracts* is passing through the press as well as the *Saxo Grammaticus*.

ARTICLES, etc., for the next (September) number of FOLK-LORE should reach the office, 270, Strand, on or before August 1st.

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## FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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### PROCEEDINGS AT EVENING MEETINGS.

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AN Evening Meeting was held at 22, Albemarle Street, W., on Wednesday, March 15th, 1893; the President (Mr. G. L. Gomme) in the chair.

The following new members were elected, viz. : Mr. Goddard, Mr. H. Orpen, Dr. J. Todhunter, and Mr. D. Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Gomme exhibited the following objects:—(1) A carnival-mask from Verona ; (2) A trumpet from Rome ; and (3) A cake bought from a stall of similar cakes at Frascati on the Eve of the Epiphany.

Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, who kindly presents the two former objects to the Society's proposed Museum, writes as to the trumpet:—"On the evening of the Eve of the Epiphany a fair is held at Rome in the Piazza Navona. The proper thing for everybody to do is to buy one of these horns or trumpets, and blow it with all his might. They parade the streets to the sound of it, often carrying grotesque lay figures, which they move by means of strings." As to the cake, which was also sent by Mr. Rouse, he says "he believes the shape to be traditional, although animals and the same cakes were for sale elsewhere, because, at one shop in Geuzdas near by, a stall of these cakes was presided over by a life-size figure of a woman with curious open bosom to the dress like the cake."

Mr. Clodd read a short paper by Mr. Nutt, entitled "Cinderella in Britain", and in the discussion which followed Dr. Furnivall, Dr. Gaster, Messrs. Jacobs, Higgins, and Clodd, and the President took part.

Mr. Leland L. Duncan read a paper on "The Folk-lore of Co. Leitrim", and exhibited a map of the county and some photographs of the natives, and of the country around Kiltubrid and

Fenagh. At the conclusion of his paper there was a short discussion, in which Messrs. Jacobs, Clodd, and Naaké, and Dr. Gaster took part, and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Duncan.

Mr. M. J. Walhouse then read a paper on "Some Indian Obeahs", and exhibited some photos of Kurumbars, and a piece of the bone of an elk and an iron cock's spur, with which a man had been murdered, both of which had been regarded as Obeahs. Mr. Emslie also exhibited his drawing of the Obeah from Jamaica, exhibited by Mr. Robertson at a former meeting, and, after a few observations by Mr. Clodd, the thanks of the meeting were duly accorded to Mr. Walhouse for his paper.

A paper by the Rev. W. Gregor on "The Folk-lore of Domesticated Birds", and some notes on "The Folk-lore of Co. Antrim", by the Rev. S. A. Brenan, were also read.

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An Evening Meeting was held at 22, Albemarle Street, on Wednesday, April 19th, 1893; the President (Mr. G. L. Gomme) in the chair.

The election of the following new members was announced, viz.: Prof. B. A. C. Windle, Mr. L. L. Duncan, Mr. H. Wissendorf, and Miss E. Sawyer.

Mr. Jacobs read a short paper, entitled "The Folk", which was followed by a discussion, in which Dr. Gaster, Mr. Nutt, and the President took part.

The President read the fragment of a story by Mrs. Gomme, which she had heard as a child, entitled "The Green Lady".

In the absence of the Rev. W. S. Lach-Syzrma, the Secretary read his paper on "Cornish Folk-lore", and a discussion followed, in which Professors Rhys and Haddon, Dr. Gaster, Messrs. Nutt, Higgens, Baverstock, and Jacobs, and the President took part.

A letter from Miss Lucy Broadwood was read by the President as to a Beltane Custom at Skene in Norway.

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An Evening Meeting was held on Wednesday, May 17th, 1893, at 22, Albemarle Street; the President (Mr. G. L. Gomme) in the chair.

The election of the following new members was announced, viz.: The Johns Hopkins University, Mr. W. Beer, and Mr. J. Trist.

The Secretary read a variant on the story of "The Green Lady", sent by Mr. Gerish, and told by an old Norfolk woman aged ninety-five, upon which Mr. Jacobs and Dr. Gaster offered some observations.

The President then read a tale, entitled "The Enchanted Gentleman", told in the summer of 1892 by a working woman living at Deptford to a lady who communicated it to Mrs. Gomme, the tale having first been written down and read over to the narrator, and corrected by her.

A folk-tale from Kumaon, by Pandit Bhagwan Das Sarma, was also read.

Mr. Baverstock read a short paper on "Some May-Day Observances in a mountain village in Co. Sligo", by Mr. Bree, and a discussion followed, in which the President, Dr. Gaster, and Mr. Baverstock took part.

Dr. Gaster then read his paper on "The oldest European Fairy Tale", and, subsequently, the tale itself translated from the Hebrew. A discussion followed, in which Messrs. Jacobs and Nutt, and the President took part.

A vote of thanks was accorded to all the readers of papers.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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**Sorcery: Melting Wax Images of Intended Victims.**—A more elaborate form of this widespread practice seems to be found in the *Mahābhārata*, Book IX, “Calya Parva”, sect. 41, pp. 161-3 of the English translation, by Chandra Roy, in the course of periodical publication at Calcutta.

An ascetic named Dálvya-vaka, who by his austere penances had acquired great supernatural powers, having given away all his calves to some *rishis*, to enable them to complete a sacrifice, he went to the king and requested some animals of him. Just then a number of the king's cattle had died, without any apparent cause, and the king told the ascetic that he might have the carcasses. Enraged at having been thus insulted before the king's courtiers, the ascetic resolves upon the monarch's destruction, and accepts the carcasses.

“Cutting the flesh from off the dead animals, that best of sages, having ignited a (sacrificial) fire on the *tirtha* of the Saraswati, poured those pieces as libations for the destruction of Dhritarāshtra's kingdom. Observant of rigid vows, the great Dálvya-vaka poured Dhritarāshtra's kingdom as a libation on the fire with the aid of those pieces of meat. [The translator explains that ‘pouring a kingdom on the fire means pouring libations on the fire, for the purpose of destroying a kingdom.’] Upon the commencement of that fierce sacrifice, according to due rites, the kingdom of Dhritarāshtra began to waste away, even as a large forest begins to disappear when men proceed to cut it down.”

The king's counsellors advise him to propitiate the ascetic; so he goes and confesses his fault to him, and Vaka, feeling compassion, freed his kingdom by again pouring libations on the fire, and the king presented Vaka with many animals.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

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**Smelling the Head in Token of Affection.**—In the *Mahābhārata*, Book IX, “Calya Parva”, sect. 51, a *rishi*, having obtained a child by a celestial damsel, “through affection, that foremost of Bráhmanas then *smelt the head* of his son, and held him in close embrace for some time.” So, too, in the Hindú drama of *Málati and Madhava*, opening of Act iv, Kámandakí *smells the heads* of the hero and heroine as they return to consciousness. Dr. H. H. Wilson, in a note on this incident

(*Theatre of the Hindús*), compares it with that of the patriarch Isaac smelling his son Jacob (Gen. xxvii, 27); but there seems little analogy, I think, since Isaac was blind, and, not being satisfied with the pretended Esau having "the voice of Jacob", endeavoured to ascertain the fact by the sense of smell, after which he exclaimed, "See, the smell of my son is as the smell of the field which the Lord hath blessed." It is well known that the senses are remarkably acute among savage and semi-civilised peoples. American Indians (outside of Fenimore Cooper and Capt. Mayne Reed) have been known to unerringly track an enemy after having smelt his footprints in the ground.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

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**Naxian Superstitions** (*extracted from an Article by Mr. MARCOPOLIS in the 'Εστία for May 17th, 1891*).—1. During the first five days of August no woman must wash clothes in the river; for the wind hears the noise of her beating the clothes, and blows so strongly, that it uproots the trees. 2. It is a sin for three men to stand in the doorway of the house where a dead body lies; for the angels go in and out, and they are in their way. 3. When a man dies, his soul goes about inside the house for three days; so you must put a jug of water beside a lighted candle, in order that the soul may find the water when it is thirsty [formerly the custom in Calymnos.—W. R. PATON.] 4. None of the women who follow the bier must turn round and look behind her; for if she do, she will die on the spot, or else one of her relations will die. 5. When anyone dies in your house you must not throw the sweepings out into the street; for the soul remains three days in the house, and it may be among the sweepings which you throw out [formerly so in Calymnos.—W. R. P.] 6. All the while that they are boiling the *κόλυβα* (corn boiled and distributed the day after the funeral) in the pot, the soul is on its way to paradise; therefore a woman must always stand over the pot, holding the "hanging lamp" alight to light the soul on its way. If she does not do this, the soul is tossed about like the *κόλυβα* boiling in the pot. 7. On the vigil of St. Basil (the last night of the year) the oxen speak; whoever hears them will die soon [common, I think, in Greece.—W. R. P.] 8. When you first see the swallow, you must stop and dig where your left foot rests; you will find a piece of charcoal, which, dissolved in water, cures the moonstruck. 9. If you have a young child you must not throw out the sweepings into the street, for the luck (*Μοῖρα*) of the child may be thus lost. (Cp. 5. One of the things which is forbidden in the law of Julius in Ceos relating to funerals is "to carry the sweepings to the tomb" [*τὰ καλλύσματα φέρειν ἐπὶ τὸ σῆμα*.—W. R. P.]

**Tokens of Death.**—*Joseph.* Well, Sir, I do believe in tokens afore death. I do, for I sin em, Sir. The folks in this row says as a crow flyin over the roof is a sign o death. An a dog howlin.

*His daughter.* Yes, a dog howlin is a token, I believe.

*Joseph.* But I sin em, Sir. When I was a lad, me an me two brothers was down be the hedge, when, “Hullo!” says I, “tharr’s a white rabbit!” An we chased un as furr as the hedge, an then a was clear gone—not a track of him nowhurr! An up we went to the house, an first thing we saw was mother at the gate a cryin an sayin, as how father had been taken that very hinstant. Me an my brother, we seed it, an thot we’d got a prize; an ’twas but a token o death, Sir. An tharr was some lads in a arrchard—a happle-orchard (*sic*)—an says they, “Let’s have a bit o them apples!” So up tha climbs, an tharr tha was, a settin in the tree, on the branches like, Sir, when—“Lor bless us”, says one, “tharr’s a tame rabbit, a white ’n!”—an the rabbit run right under the tree. An ’twas a token of thurr master’s death, an die a did. I have a heerd tell by men as I knows, an they sin it themselves, that a Christmas eve, at a certain hour, all the cattle an beasts, be they what you will, ’ll kneel down wharr tha be. No, Sir, I haven’t sin em meself, but I knows them as have.—[Taken down from the lips of Joseph Pearce, a blind man, who lives at Droitwich in Worcestershire.]

W. H. D. ROUSE.

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**How to Locate a Drowned Body.**—*The Suffolk Times and Mirror* of Friday, November 4, 1892, under the head of “A Norfolk Superstition”, gives the following account:—“Last week (writes our Thetford correspondent) information was received at Thetford that a middle-aged woman had been missing from Brandon since October 11th, and had been seen at Thetford. Her friends naturally became alarmed about her, and had serious fears as to her safety, and, as they could hear nothing about her, they asked that the river between Thetford and Brandon might be dragged. Instead of this, recourse was had to a very curious procedure, in which, it appears, some people really believe. On Tuesday afternoon the Navigation Superintendent got a boat and rowed down the river accompanied by a policeman, who was mildly and slowly beating a big drum. It was stated that, if they came to any part of the river in which there might be a dead body, a difference in the sound of the drum would be distinctly noticed. The experiment, however, was a failure, and, later on, it was reported that a person answering to the description of the missing woman was at Elvedon. This proved to be correct, and she was ultimately taken home, to the great relief of her friends.” I fancy this belief is uncommon in Norfolk—at least, I have never met

with it in this part of the county. I should be glad if any other member can give me any information respecting it.

*Blythburgh House, South Town,  
Great Yarmouth.*

W. B. GERISH.

**The Overflowing of Magic Wells** (FOLK-LORE, IV, i, 66).—The legends told by Dr. Rhys about the origin of certain lakes in Wales and Ireland remind me of the story in Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, of the origin of Loch Ness. This tale, unfortunately, does not explain why the well overflowed.

“Where Loch Ness now is, there was long ago a fine glen. A woman went one day to the well to fetch water, and she found the spring flowing so fast that she got frightened, and left her pitcher, and ran for her life; she never stopped till she got to the top of a high hill; and when there, she turned about and saw the glen filled with water. Not a house or a field was to be seen! ‘Aha!’ said she, ‘tha Loch ann a nis’ (Ha Loch an a neesh)—‘There is a lake in it now’—and so the lake was called Loch Ness (neesh).” (Campbell, *Tales*, II, xxxiv, 147.)

At p. 145 Campbell speaks of a witches' well in Islay, and of holy healing wells, such as that on an island in Loch Maree, and the one in the Black Isle of Cromarty. Other magic and sacred Scottish wells are mentioned by Sir F. G. Dalrymple in his *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, and by Mr. W. G. Black in *Folk-Medicine*.

MARGARET STUART.

**Immuring Alive.**—Mr. S. Baring-Gould, in his volume on *Strange Survivals*, has brought together a very curious and interesting collection of details and observances relative to Folk-lore and Anthropology. In his chapter on Foundations he recounts several instances of the immurement of living persons, always women, in the walls of new buildings to ensure their stability. This belief, involving the idea of sacrifice, prevails in the Eastern as well as in the Western world, and it may be perhaps worth while to relate some instances within my own experience.

Nearly in the centre of the Indian peninsula, but far southward in the Madras Presidency, two great mountain ranges, the Pulneys and the Arnemallies, joining at the centre, run east and west. It is the watershed of the peninsula, for the Ambrawutty river, issuing from the great gorge where the Pulney and Arnemally ranges unite, and fed by torrents from the slopes of both, flows to the Bay of Bengal, and another stream, descending from the mountains a few miles to the west, runs to the Malabar coast and the Indian Ocean. Once, in pur-

suit of game I penetrated far up the gorge of the Ambrawutty river. It was a wild jungle country, overgrown with a thick thorn-jungle of mimosa-bushes, close-grown, painful and difficult to thread. Far up in the valley where it began to narrow, and the great mountain-slopes on either side to approach, I saw in the centre a rocky hill, rising solitary 400 or 500 feet above the jungle, and showing some indications of buildings on the top. The people with me said it was an old hill-fort of the Polygar days before Clive, where the robber chief took refuge alike from the wrath of native rajah and, later, from European invaders. With difficulty I made way through the jungle to the foot of the hill: the briar-rose growth that guarded the approach to the enchanted castle of the Sleeping Princess was slight and trivial compared to the thorns of that forest. The hill stood quite solitary, rising steeply all round to the summit: for two-thirds of the ascent covered with scrub jungle and masses of rock, then rising in a cone of sheer bare rock, precipitous all round, except at one point where a narrow cleft or rift ran down, by which it was possible to climb with difficulty. Using hands and feet, by this I climbed and reached the top, where I found a small area with a rough wall running round the rim, and heaps of large stones piled long ago, especially where the rift came out on the top, evidently to roll down on any assailants, but now overgrown with bushes and rank herbage. There were also some ruined buildings, a miniature tank to retain water, and a small temple, long since deserted and mostly fallen. The almost perpendicular rocky sides of the peak seemed to render the low wall encircling the summit unnecessary; indeed, it was but about four feet high, built of loose lumps of rock, without mortar, and had crumbled and toppled over at three or four points. Close, however, above the rift of access, it rose to a height of eight or ten feet, and a kind of rounded buttress projected from it, built more compactly with mortar. On this a good-sized banyan-tree had taken root and split and displaced the masonry, showing that the buttress was hollow within. The natives with me then said that it had long been a tradition that when the fort was constructed a living girl had been built into the wall to render the Droog impregnable. In looking into the fissure caused by the roots it could be seen that the buttress contained a hollow large enough to hold a small human being, and I have no doubt that it once did, but had no time or means to pull down and open out the death-chamber and ascertain whether it contained any vestiges.

Another instance of girl-sacrifice is recorded in a curious chronicle named *The Wars of the Rajahs*, written in the Telugu language, translated by the late C. P. Brown. The story contains graphic details of an incident very characteristic of Hindu life and thought, and probably not unfrequent in village history in the little-known past



centuries. The passage runs thus.—“While Bucca Rayalu ruled Vijayanagar, his chief servant, in the year Krodhi (A.D. 1364), built a tank near Bucca Raya Samudram, in the present district of Bellary, North Madras. After some time this tank became so full of water that the two sluices did not suffice to let it off, and the embankment was crumbling under the flood. While the villagers beheld this, a goddess possessed a woman, and she exclaimed, ‘I am Ganga Bhavāni; if you will feed me with a human sacrifice I will stop here, if not I will not stop!’ While the villagers and the elders took counsel about making the sacrifice, Ganga Devi possessed a girl, not yet grown up, named Mūsālāmma. She was the seventh and youngest daughter-in-law of Bāsi Reddi. The goddess said to her, ‘Become thou the sacrifice!’ She accordingly was prepared to become a sacrifice: she adorned herself as a bride with red and yellow paint, wearing a pure vest, and holding a lime in her hand. She set out in a procession from her home, and came up on the embankment. She adored the feet of her father-in-law, Bāsi Reddi, and did homage to the townsfolk. She said: ‘I have received the commands of Ganga Bhavāni; I am going to become a sacrifice!’ Thirty feet from the sluice there was now a gap, between which and the bank a chasm had opened. She went and stood in the chasm, and they poured in earth and stones upon her, so the bank stood firm. The following day this Mūsālāmma, who had thus become a sacrifice, possessed the females of the village. She said, ‘Make a stone image of me, place it under a tree, and worship it!’ Accordingly they erected it and worship her, but there is no chapel. Besides, if people who passed near cried out ‘Mūsālāmma!’ she used to reply ‘Hoh!’ But one evening, as men went for grass and called to her in the usual manner, on her answering, they replied, ‘Though thou art dead, thou art still proud.’ From that time she never answers, but is still worshipped.” I have never been in the Bellary district, but have ascertained that the tank, though much silted up and nearly useless, still exists, and that a mound on the bank is popularly associated with a remembrance of sacrifice.

One other variant of sacrificial burials may be noticed. In the Coimbatore district of Madras, where prehistoric remains, circles of stones, kistvaens, etc., are especially numerous, I found in several spots on the western border large flat stones laid on the ground, which were found to cover huge jars, usually five feet high by four in girth, wide-mouthed, and tapering to a point, of thick red earthenware. These were buried in the ground, with no circle around or cairn above, but only a great flat stone laid over the mouth, by which in time they had become cracked or crushed in: it was rare to find one perfect. The jars were mostly filled with earth that had filtered in, and at their bottom there were some small bones much broken. The natives

in Coimbatore had no traditions or beliefs regarding them, except vaguely that they denoted burials ; but the Rev. Henry Baker, of the Travancore Mission, informed me that the same kind of jars occur in the Travancore low country, and are there called *Mānchāra*, "earth-jars", generally covered with heavy slabs, and containing pieces of bone and iron. There, however, the natives say they contain the remains of sacrificed virgins, and that all the petty Rajahs in times past used to sacrifice virgins on their boundaries to protect them, and confirm treaties with neighbouring chiefs. The girls were buried in these jars on the boundaries, but whether buried alive or killed previously—as Mr. Baker, from the pieces of iron found with the bones, conjectured might have been the case—there was no tradition to show. Analogies, however, would indicate that the burial of only living victims would make the charm firm and good. These jars, too, have been often found in the adjacent province of Malabar.<sup>1</sup>

M. J. WALHOUSE.

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<sup>1</sup> An instance of living entombment in pots is mentioned in Mr. Bent's *Journeys in Mashonaland*. There, in Altoko's country, the birth of twins is held unnatural, and the "unfortunate infants are put into one of their big pots, with a stone on the top, and left to their fate" (p. 277).

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# Folk-Lore.

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## CINDERELLA IN BRITAIN.

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THE first word anyone interested in folk-tales must say about Miss Roalfe Cox's remarkable volume of variants of *Cinderella* is one of congratulation. Her industry is scarcely more conspicuous than her taste. It required both tact and knowledge to pick out in the more elaborate analyses of the tales just those points of the original that deserved particular attention, and at every stage Miss Cox has shown that knowledge and tact. Then again, Miss Cox has obviously kept herself free from any *parti pris*, and her collection is thus absolutely and scientifically impartial in its tone and arrangement. We of the Folklore Society required a collection of variants of a single folk-tale "radicle" that should be tolerably complete, absolutely impartial, and conveniently arranged. We have got it.

I cannot say that we are altogether happy now that we have got our ideal collection. In the first place, it has become clear that some international plan must be arrived at for such a collection. It is impossible for a single person, however loyally assisted, as was Miss Cox, to cope with a problem which is essentially international. Even for the British Isles, Miss Cox has failed, as we shall see, in making her collection exhaustive of matter already printed, while the remarkable variant contributed at the last moment by Mr. Macleod (*Cinderella*, p. 534) will serve

to show what rich harvests still remain to be gleaned from the folk-memory.

Again, Cinderella has proved not so desirable a choice for the exercise of Miss Cox's industry and skill as might have been desired. Among the most pressing problems that we should like to solve by means of such a collection are: (1) Has there been continued existence of folk-tales from pre-historic times to the present? (2) Are folk-tales with "savage" elements necessarily prior to the same without those elements, or have those elements been introduced? (3) Is India the sole or chief source of folk-telling?

Now with regard to (1), Cinderella does not happen to be a good type of story to be used as a test. The essence of the tale is the rise in social position of a girl who makes a fortunate marriage. Possibly there are such cases in savage or in pre-historic societies; but the whole conception strikes one as mediæval, almost as feudal. It would therefore be idle to look for its origin in societies where there was little variation of social position. Dr. Westermarck has indeed shown that girls have more freedom of choice in savage or semi-savage society than we had previously thought. But the monogamous condition which is at the root of the slipper-test does away with the probability that Cinderella arose in any but a tolerably advanced state of civilisation, and consequently its variants do not form a good subject for dealing with, or deciding our first question as to the comparative age and longevity of fairy tales.

Then as regards the vexed question of an Indian origin, *Cinderella* is specially unfortunate as a test case, since India is essentially a shoeless country, and the characteristic incident of the tale in its present form is the shoe test. We need not therefore be surprised that Miss Cox's collection gives a negative result as regards India. I, for one, have never contended that all fairy tales come from India; and M. Cosquin, in a private communication

to me, points out that he has likewise guarded himself from any assertion of the exclusive Indian origin of folk-tales. I am quite prepared to admit the possibility of India borrowing from Europe, and the *locale* and character of the three Indian variants (Nos. 25, 235, 307) are sufficient to show the probability of such borrowing in the case of Cinderella. Miss Frere's collection was mainly from an ayah from Goa, whose family had been Christian for several generations; Salsette has long been open to European influence, and so has Bombay.

With regard, however, to the important methodological problem which I have placed second above, Miss Cox's collection has much instruction to give. The very fact that in its inception Cinderella, as we now have it, cannot have arisen in a savage stage of society, renders it certain that the "savage" elements in certain forms of it—animal parentage, dead-mother aid, bones together, and the like—may have been introduced into the story after it had obtained currency, or, if in the original form, may have been introduced as conventional episodes of the folk-tale which had a far more remote origin. The archæological value of such incidents is accordingly much reduced by such considerations.

One thing, however, comes out quite clearly from Miss Cox's labours, and as it is a thing on which I have insisted throughout my own folk-tale studies, I am naturally jubilant over the result. Here we have 133 variants of type A—the Cinderella type pure and simple—scattered over all the lands of civilisation. Yet no one, I take it, would be prepared to contend that any single one of these was independently created, and was without relationship, cognate or agnate, to any one of the rest. The Borrowing Theory of explaining the similarities in folk-tale plots comes out triumphant as the sole working hypothesis that will explain the same story existing in so many lands. That in this particular case the borrowing is not from India does not affect the general question.

When, however, we come to the question who originated and who borrowed, we come to the problem of problems and the further research to which Miss Cox's labours lead us: *hic labor, hoc opus*. It would require more time than I could devote to the subject at present, more ingenuity than I could bring to bear on it at any time, to arrive at even an approximate solution of this intricate question. It is, in fact, a case for a European Concert, as indeed Miss Cox's book shows. The folk-lorists of each country might be called upon to determine from their local knowledge and further collections what was the original form in the particular country, and then our problem would be reduced to its simplest elements. We should perhaps be able to determine which was the original form of the tale, and where it exists at the present day in a form closest to the original. Whether this locality could then be fixed upon as the original home of the story would then have to be determined by various criteria. All this, however, is in the future, though, thanks to Miss Cox, it may be no distant future; for the present we may content ourselves with the first reduction of the problem so far as it relates to the British Isles. In other words, what was the original form in which the three types of story dealt with in Miss Cox's book—Cinderella, Catskin, Cap o' Rushes—appeared in these islands?

Before doing so, however, I would venture to point out one aspect of our subject which lends it considerable importance. We have to deal here with various versions of a series of incidents preserved by tradition and reduced to writing after many days. Now this, to compare great things with small, is exactly the problem of the Synoptic Gospels. It is not by any means improbable that folk-tale research, by arriving at the laws governing the transmission of narratives by tradition, may ultimately come to the aid of theological science in determining the relative age of the gospels and settling the amount and character of the alterations undergone by the narratives during the process

of tradition. But this is a digression, and we must again turn to the particular case of folk-tradition we have before us in the diffusion of tales of the Cinderella type through Great Britain and Ireland.

A. "Cinderella, or the Fortunate Marriage of a despised Scullery-maid by aid of an *Animal* Godmother through the Test of a Slipper"—such might be the explanatory title of a chap-book dealing with the pure type of Cinderella. This is represented in Miss Cox's book, so far as the British Isles are concerned, by no less than seven variants, as follows :

(1) Dr. Blind, in *Archæological Review*, iii, 24-7, "Ashpittel" (from neighbourhood of Glasgow). (2) A. Lang, in *Revue Celtique*, t. iii, reprinted in FOLK-LORE, September 1890, "Rashin Coatic" (from Morayshire). (3) Mr. Gregor, in *Folk-Lore Journal*, ii, 72-4 (from Aberdeenshire), "The Red Calf"—all these in Lowland Scots. (4) Campbell, *Popular Tales*, No. XLIII, ii, 286 *seq.*, "The Sharp Grey Sheep." (5) Mr. Sinclair, in *Celtic Mag.*, xiii, 454-65, "Snow-white Maiden." (6) Mr. Macleod's variant communicated through Mr. Nutt to Miss Cox's volume, p. 534; and (7) Curtin, *Myths of Ireland*, pp. 78-92, "Fair, Brown, and Trembling"—these four in Gaelic, the last in Erse. To these I would add (8, 9) Chambers' two versions in *Pop. Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 66-8, "Rashie Coat," though Miss Cox assimilates them to Type B. Cat-skin; and (10) a variant of Dr. Blind's version, unknown to Miss Cox, but given in *7 Notes and Queries*, xi, 461.

Now in going over these various versions, the first and perhaps most striking thing that comes out is the substantial agreement of the variants in each *language*. The English, *i.e.*, Scotch, variants go together; the Gaelic ones agree to differ from the English. I can best display this important agreement and difference by the accompanying two tables, which give, in parallel columns, Miss Cox's abstracts of her tabulations, in which each incident is shortly given in technical phraseology. These abstracts

have proved fully as useful and valuable as I anticipated in recommending them: it is practically impossible to use the long tabulations for comparative purposes without some such shorthand. For the purpose of our inquiry we will find it more convenient to arrange the incidents vertically, and not, as in Miss Cox's book, finish the tabulation of one story before beginning that of another. By this means we are enabled to display parallelism graphically.

## ENGLISH VARIANTS OF "CINDERELLA".

GREGOR.	LANG.	CHAMBERS, I and II. <sup>1</sup>	BLIND.
Ill-treated heroine (by parents).	Calf given by dying mother.	<i>Heroine dislikes husband.</i> <sup>2</sup>	Ill-treated heroine (by stepmother).
Helpful animal (red calf).	Ill-treated heroine (by stepmother and sisters).	<i>Henwife aid.</i>	Menial heroine.
Spy on heroine.	Heroine disguise (rashin coatie).	<i>Countertasks.</i>	Helpful animal (black sheep).
Slaying of helpful animal threatened.	Hearth abode.	<i>Heroine disguise.</i>	Ear conuocopia.
Heroine flight.	Helpful animal.	<i>Heroine flight.</i>	Spy on heroine.
Heroine disguise (rashin coatie).	Slaying of helpful animal.	Menial heroine.	Slaying of helpful animal.
Menial heroine.	Revivified bones. Help at grave. Dinner cooked (by helpful animal).	(Fairy) aid.	Old woman advice. Revivified bones. Task-performing animal.
Magic dresses (given by calf).	Magic dresses.	Magic dresses.	Meeting-place (church).
Meeting-place (church).	Meeting-place (church).	Meeting-place (church).	Dresses (not magic).
Flight.	Flight threefold.	Flight threefold.	Flight twofold.
Lost shoe.	Lost shoe.	Lost shoe.	Lost shoe.
Shoe marriage test.	Shoe marriage test.	Shoe marriage test.	Shoe marriage test.
Mutilated foot (housewife's daugh.)	Mutilated foot.	Mutilated foot.	Mutilated foot.
Bird witness.	False bride.	False bride.	False bride.
Happy marriage.	Bird witness.	Bird witness.	Bird witness (raven).
House for red calf.	Happy marriage.	Happy marriage.	Happy marriage.

<sup>1</sup> The second variant in Chambers does not contain the incidents marked in italics.

<sup>2</sup> The incidents marked in italics are clearly derived from some version of the Catskin type of story.

## CELTIC VARIANTS OF "CINDERELLA".

MACLEOD.	CAMPBELL.	SINCLAIR.	CURTIN.
Heroine, daughter of sheep, king's wife.	Ill-treated heroine (by stepmother).	Ill-treated heroine (by stepmother and sisters).	Ill-treated heroine (by elder sisters).
Spy on heroine.	Menial heroine. Helpful animal. Spy on heroine.	Menial heroine. Helpful cantrips. Magic dresses (+ starlings on shoulders).	Menial heroine. Henwife aid. Magic dresses (honey-bird, finger and stud).
Eye sleep threefold.	Eye sleep.	Meeting-place (church).	Meeting-place (church).
Slaying of helpful animal mother.	Slaying of helpful animal.	Flight twofold.	Flight threefold.
Revivified bones.	Revivified bones.	Lost shoe.	Lost shoe.
	Stepsister substitute.	Shoe marriage test.	Shoe marriage test.
Magic dresses.	Golden shoe gift (from hero).	Heroine under washtub.	Mutilated foot.
Meeting-place (feast).	Meeting-place (sermon).	Happy marriage.	Happy marriage.
Flight threefold.	Flight threefold.	Substituted bride.	Substituted bride (eldest sister).
Lost shoe (golden).	Lost shoe.	Jonah heroine.	Jonah heroine.
Shoe marriage test.	Shoe marriage test.	Three reappearances.	Three reappearances.
Mutilated foot.	Mutilated foot. False bride.	Reunion.	Reunion. Villain Nemesis.
Bird witness.	Bird witness.		
Happy marriage.	Happy marriage.		

Now in the "English" versions there is practical unanimity in the concluding portions of the tale. *Magic dresses—Meeting-place (Church)—Flight—Lost shoe—Shoe marriage-test—Mutilated foot—False bride—Bird witness—Happy marriage*, follow one another with exemplary regularity in all four (six) versions.<sup>1</sup> The introductory incidents vary somewhat. Chambers has evidently a maimed version of the introduction of Catskin. The remaining three enable us, however, to restore with some confidence the *Ur-Cinderella* in English, somewhat as follows: *Helpful*

<sup>1</sup> Chambers, II, consists entirely and solely of these incidents.

*animal given by dying mother—Ill-treated heroine—Menial heroine—Ear cornucopia—Spy on heroine—Slaying by helpful animal—Tasks—Revivified bones.* I have attempted to reconstruct the "English" Cinderella according to this formula in my forthcoming *More English Fairy Tales*. It will be observed that the helpful animal is helpful in two ways—(a) in helping the heroine to perform tasks; (b) in providing her with magic dresses. It is the same with the Grimms' Aschenputtel and other Continental variants.

Turning to the Celtic variants, these divide into two sets. Campbell's and Macleod's versions are practically at one with the English formula, the latter with an important variation which will concern us later. But the other two, Curtin's and Sinclair's, one collected in Ireland and the other in Scotland, both continue the formula with the conclusion of the Sea Maiden tale (on which see the notes of my *Celtic Fairy Tales*, No. XVII). This is a specifically Celtic formula, and would seem therefore to claim Cinderella for the Celts. But the welding of the Sea Maiden ending on to the Cinderella formula is clearly a later and inartistic junction, and implies rather imperfect assimilation of the Cinderella formula. To determine the question of origin we must turn to the purer type given by the other two Celtic versions.

Campbell's tale can clearly lay no claim to represent the original type of Cinderella. The golden shoes are a gift of the hero to the heroine which destroys the whole point of the *Shoe marriage-test*, and cannot have been in the original, wherever it originated. Mr. Macleod's version, however, contains an incident which seems to bring us nearer to the original form than any version contained in Miss Cox's book. Throughout the variants it will be observed what an important function is played by the helpful animal. This in some of the versions is left as a legacy by the heroine's dying mother. But in Mr. Macleod's version the helpful animal, a sheep, is the heroine's mother herself!



This is indeed an archaic touch which seems to hark back to primitive times and totemistic beliefs. And more important still, it is a touch which vitalises the other variants in which the helpful animal is rather dragged in by the horns. Mr. Nutt's lucky find at the last moment seems to throw more light on the origin of the tale than almost the whole of the remaining collection.

But does this find necessarily prove an original Celtic origin for Cinderella? Scarcely. It remains to be proved that this introductory part of the story with helpful animal was necessarily part of the original. Having regard to the feudal character underlying the whole conception, it remains possible that the earlier part was ingeniously dovetailed on to the latter from some pre-existing and more archaic tale, perhaps that represented by the Grimms' "One Eye, Two Eyes and Three Eyes". The possibility of the introduction of an archaic formula which had become a convention of folk-telling cannot be left out of account when we consider our next type.

B. "Catskin, or the wandering Gentlewomen", now exists in English only in two chapbook ballads. But, as can be seen above, Chambers' first variant of Cinderella begins with the Catskin formula in a euphonised form. The full formula may be said to run, in abbreviated form—*Death-bed promise—Deceased wife's resemblance marriage test—Unnatural father* (desiring to marry his own daughter)—*Helpful animal—Counter-tasks—Magic dresses—Heroine flight—Heroine disguise—Menial heroine—Meeting-place—Token objects named—Threefold flight—Love-sick prince—Recognition ring—Happy marriage*. Of these the chapbook versions contain scarcely anything of the opening *motifs*. Yet they existed in England, for Miss Isabella Barclay, in a variant which Miss Cox has overlooked (FOLK-LORE, i, App., p. 149), remembers having heard the Unnatural Father incident from a Cornish servant-girl. Campbell's two versions also contain the incident from which one of them receives its name. One wonders in what

form Mr. Burchell knew Catskin, for "he gave the [Primrose] children the Buck of Beverland<sup>1</sup> with the History of Patient Grissel, the adventures of Catskin and the Fair Rosamond's Bower" (*Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766, c. vi). Pity that "Goldy" did not tell the story himself as he had probably heard it in Ireland, where Kennedy gives a poor version in his *Fireside Stories*.

Yet, imperfect as the chapbook versions are, they yet retain not a few archaic touches. It is clear from them at any rate that the Heroine was at one time transformed into a Cat. For when the basin of water is thrown in her face she "shakes her ears" just as a cat would. Again, before putting on her magic dresses she bathes in a pellucid pool. Now Prof. Child has pointed out in his notes on Tamlane and elsewhere (*English and Scotch Ballads*, i, 338; ii, 505; iii, 505) that dipping into water or milk is necessary before transformation can take place. It is clear, therefore, that Catskin was originally transformed into an animal by the spirit of her mother, also transformed into an animal.

If I understand Mr. Nutt rightly (FOLK-LORE, iv, 133, *seq.*), he is inclined to think, from the evidence of the hero-tales which have the unsavoury *motif* of the Unnatural Father, that the original home of the story was England, where most of the hero-tales locate the incident. I would merely remark on this that there are only very slight traces of the story in these islands nowadays, while it abounds in Italy, which possesses one almost perfect version of the formula (Miss Cox, No. 142, from Sardinia). It is at any rate an interesting result of the abstract analysis of the story that the whole has to be printed in Clarendon type as being entirely composed of the formula.

Mr. Newell, on the other hand (*American Folk-Lore Journal*, vi, 160), considers Catskin the earliest of the three types contained in Miss Cox's book, and considers that Cinderella was derived from this as a softening of the

<sup>1</sup> Who knows the Buck of Beverland nowadays?

original. His chief reason appears to be the earlier appearance of Catskin in Straparola,<sup>1</sup> 1550, a hundred years earlier than Cinderella in Basile, 1636. This appears to be a somewhat insufficient basis for such a conclusion. Nor is there, after all, so close a relation between the two types in their full development as to necessitate the derivation of one from the other.

C. Cap o' Rushes is chiefly of interest as being similar to King Lear. Mr. Newell, *l. c.*, suggests a direct relationship. Catskin, according to him, is derived from Godfrey of Monmouth. But the "loving like salt" formula (for which see Cosquin, i, 288) has a distinct folk-flavour about it, and I think it more likely that both Godfrey and Cap o' Rushes are derived from an English, perhaps British, folk-tale.

D. "Tattercoats," the original of which will appear in my forthcoming book, is of interest chiefly as being without any "fairy" or supernatural elements, unless the Herd-boy with his persuasive pipe be regarded as such an element. It is practically a prose variant of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid", and is thus an instance of the folk-novel pure and simple, without any admixture of those unnatural incidents which transform the folk-novel into the serious folk-tale as we are accustomed to have it. Which is the prior, folk-novel or tale, it would be hard to say.

Our inquiries into the various forms of Cinderella and kindred types which have been observed by Miss Cox in Great Britain and Ireland have not led to any definite result, a result not to be wondered at. What is required is that similar investigation should be made for each country or linguistic area, with a view of ascertaining the earliest and most original form of each type in each country. We shall then be in a position, perhaps, to say where the story originated and how it got transmitted to other places.

<sup>1</sup> It is practically in Des Periers, *Récitations*, 1544.

And now a few words *pro domo*. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his Preface to Miss Cox's volume, has done me the honour of replying to some remarks of mine on his views, read before the International Folk-lore Congress, and published in its *Transactions*, pp. 76-86. I there "went for", with as cunning a mixture of vigour and courtesy as I could command, the view that the resemblances in folk-tales of distant countries is due to casual similarity arising independently, owing to the similarity of minds in a primitive stage. I was all for the resemblances having arisen in the most natural way, by nations borrowing one from the other: the other view seemed to me to overlook the improbability on the doctrine of chances of a complicated series of incidents occurring independently and casually in several localities. Thus, a story of twelve incidents could only occur casually with the same order of incidents in two different places once in 479,001,599 times; in other words, it is, roughly speaking, five hundred millions to one against its thus occurring alike by chance<sup>1</sup> in two different places. One does not want any greater certainty than that to be against the Casual Theory of the resemblances in folk-tales, and I therefore protested as vigorously as I could against it, and coupled with it the names of Mr. Lang and Mr. Hartland.

Well, it seems that, with regard to Mr. Lang, I was altogether unjustified in connecting such a theory with his name. He points out, fairly enough, that he has never unreservedly pinned his faith to the Casual Theory. He has "hedged" by granting that "something may be due to transmission", and now further supplements this by allowing that he should have said "much". Generally

<sup>1</sup> A modification would have to be made, however, when, as in most cases, the incidents are to some extent fixed in order. Thus, in *Cinderella*, the Happy Marriage cannot come before the Shoe Marriage Test. But *Cinderella* has seventeen incidents (*supra*, pp. 275-6), and these linkages would not reduce them to less than twelve complex incidents.

speaking, he claims to win on this point whether obverse or reverse turns up. But in making my strictures, I was not so much thinking of Mr. Lang's general remarks on this subject as his specific treatment of definite tales. He has given to the world some dozen delightful studies of special fairy tales: in only two of these, *Puss in Boots* and *Jason* ("A Far-travelled Tale" in *Custom and Myth*), has he allowed the possibility of borrowing, and in the latter case I still fail to gather whether he would allow that the Samoan variant must have been borrowed from abroad. In the other cases Mr. Lang was chiefly engaged in showing the underlying savage ideas which might have given rise to the story, presumably independently in different countries. It was this I was thinking of in fathering the Casual Theory on Mr. Lang, and in this I was far from being alone.

M. Cosquin took the same view of Mr. Lang's theories as I did. Professor Krohn shares the misunderstanding in his *Bär und Fuchs*. Here in England, among Mr. Lang's journalistic friends, there is nothing to be heard of but the Casual Theory. The young lions of the *National Observer* and the more elderly lioncels of the *Saturday Review*, are sublimely certain that resemblance in folk-tales is due to chance, not transmission. M. Sudre, in his recent study of the Reynard cycle, puts it that "l'anthropologiste Lang" is the author of the view "que tout conte est autochtone et a des représentants sur tous les points du globe parce que les idées primitives de l'humanité étaient partout semblables" (*Les Sources du Renard*, Paris, 1893, p. 8). M. Bédier, in his recent study of *Les Fabliaux*, is quite the casualist, and quotes Mr. Lang as his authority. Is it not too unkind of Mr. Lang to give away his English friends and French disciples with such a *cœur léger*? Nay, even after Mr. Lang has repudiated casuality and all its works, I observe that Lieutenant Basset, in reviewing the *Cinderella* volume, in which his palinode appears, sums up Mr. Lang's position naïvely: "Mr. Lang frankly acknowledges that he

believes the details have been independently developed" (*Folklorist*, i, 177). It is clear that if I have misunderstood Mr. Lang, I have done so in good company. He will doubtless be deeply grateful to M. Cosquin and myself for giving him occasion to combat so widespread an error.

But is it an error? Is it not rather an essential adjunct of Mr. Lang's anthropological method of dealing with folk-tales to hold that the savage elements have existed everywhere, and that therefore the tales that embody them could have arisen anywhere independently? If the stories have been imported into civilised countries, the savage element in them cannot prove anything as to the primitive conceptions of those civilised lands, and the anthropological value of folk-tales is *nil*. I have already urged this objection in these columns (*FOLK-LORE*, ii, 125), and I was not convinced by Mr. Hartland's reply in his Chairman's Address at the Congress. Mr. Lang seemingly yields his whole position in granting the probabilities of diffusion by borrowing, and we would like to know how far he has been convinced against his will.

It was mainly for this reason that I have urged the necessity of attacking the problem of diffusion first, as, till that is solved, the anthropological use of the stories is unjustified. Mr. Lang rebukes me, good humouredly enough, for not recognising his merits in pointing out the savage origin of the unnatural incidents of folk-tales. I willingly do so, though a word should be said for the interesting savage parallels drawn before Mr. Lang, by Mr. J. A. Farrer, in his *Primitive Manners and Customs*.<sup>1</sup> But in emphasising these savage elements Mr. Lang has, in my opinion, diverted attention from the real nature of folk-tales, and the true method of dealing with him. By laying stress on the savage ideas in folk-tales Mr. Lang has associated them with myths and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Farrer is equally agnostic on the problem of Diffusion, *Prim. Man.*, pp. 282-3.

customs; they become with him and his followers in this regard, Mr. Hartland and Mr. Gomme, parts of primitive science. I contend that they are literature, folk-literature, if you will, but still literature, and so a part of savage or primitive art. It was for this reason that I ventured to express my surprise that Mr. Lang, a literary man *par excellence*, should have seemingly shown such little interest in fairy tales as literature. So far as his researches showed, he seemed interested in them not as gems of folk-literature, but as containing "survivals". Here, again, I appear to have misunderstood him, and he is indebted to me for an opportunity of disavowing such a heresy.

I know what Mr. Lang will reply to all this; he has so often explained his position that it is not difficult to apriorise the necessary deductions from that position. His chief concern was with the unnatural incidents in folk-tales. He had to rescue these from the mythological interpretations of the school of Kuhn and Max Müller. Instead of being degraded sun-myths, he has proved—it is not too strong a word—that they are "survivals" of savage customs. These he further considers to have existed among the European peasantry when they were in a savage state. With regard to the similarity in folk-tales, he is frankly an agnostic. Agnosticism is cheap to-day, as they say at the fruiterers. It may be scientific caution, but, on the other hand, it may be intellectual inertia. At any rate, it is particularly unfortunate that we should be made to halt between two ways on this question of diffusion, as upon it depends the whole value of the research after "survivals".

Mr. Lang is aware that for a certain class of folk-tales the problem of diffusion has been solved, for the derivation of a certain number of drolls from India has been, *pace* M. Bédier, definitely proved. Why may we not hope that we can also trace the paths of diffusion even when we are deprived of the aid of literary proof of transmission, as in the Indian cases? At any rate, it is in this hope that collections like those of Miss Cox are compiled. They may

not trace folk-tales back to India ; but they will certainly result in tracing each of them back to a probable birth-place, and it will be only for that birth-place that the doctrine of "survivals" will apply. For I cannot admit that because a peasantry receives and repeats a folk-tale with "unnatural" incidents, the peasants believe in the real occurrence of those incidents. It is of the essence of folk-tales that they are not believed to be true. Those that are so believed are myths, sagas, or legends, which are thus differentiated from folk-tales. Or is Mr. Lang of opinion that English children believe in speaking frogs or conversational tables because they enjoy *The Well of the World's End*, or *Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse* ?

JOSEPH JACOBS.

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## BALOCHI TALES.

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### XIII.

#### THE PRINCE, THE GOATHERD, AND NAINA BAI.

A CERTAIN king, who had no son, went and turned his bedstead upside down, and laid himself down on it by the gate of his fort. A faqīr passing by said to him, "How is it that thou, the king of this land, art lying here in this way?" He replied, "Faqīr, if I tell you, what can you do?" The faqīr said, "Tell me." The king said, "The reason is that I have no son." The faqīr then said, "To-morrow morning I will tell you what to do." Next morning the king went to the faqīr, who handed him two kunar-fruits,<sup>1</sup> saying, "Eat one yourself and give one to your wife." The king took away the two kunars and ate one, and gave one to his wife. His wife conceived, and in the tenth month she gave birth to a son.

Then the king made a proclamation as follows: "If a son has to-day been born to anyone let him bring him to me, to be brought up with my own son." There was a Baloch goatherd in whose house a son had been born that day. He brought his son to the king, and the king brought up the two boys together. After four or five years had passed, the Baloch came to the king, saying, "My lord, let my son go; let me take away my own." The king said, "I will let him go, and mine with him; take them both, and let them stay with you for a year." So the Baloch took the prince and his own son away to his house, and sent them out to graze the kids. After two or three years the king sent one of his servants to fetch his son, but the

<sup>1</sup> The *kunar* is the *Zizyphus Jujuba*, well known in Northern India as the *Ber*.

prince sent back a reply that he would not come. On this, the king sent the wazir to fetch his son ; but when the wazir came, the prince said, " I will not leave my brother, I am a Baloch, I will not go." When the wazir came back with this answer, the king was much grieved, thinking, " Have I a son or not?" So he made a proclamation, promising such and such lands rent free to anyone who should get his son back for him. An old woman then came forward, saying, " I'll bring him back for you." The old woman then went to the place where the boys were grazing the kids, and began to pick up the goat's dung and put it in a basket. Then she called out, " One of you boys come here, and help me to collect the goat's dung ; I have something to whisper to you." The prince said to his brother, " Go and ask what it is, and help her to gather the dung." The goatherd boy came and helped her, and then said, " Tell me what it is." She put her mouth to his ear and whispered, " I'll tell you a fine thing to-morrow morning." He went back to the prince, his brother, who said, " What did she tell you?" The lad said, " She told me nothing, but said she would tell me to-morrow." This made the prince suspicious ; and next day, when the old woman came back and began to gather dung as before, and said, " One of you come and help me," he said to the Baloch, " Go again ; perhaps she will tell you to-day." So he went ; but the old woman again put him off to the next day. When he came back to the flock of kids, the prince asked what she had told him, and he said, " She told me nothing." The prince's suspicions were strengthened, and he thought the goatherd was concealing something from him. The third day the old woman came again as before, and the Baloch said to the prince, " You go this time." As soon as the prince came up, the old woman said to him, " That Baloch, whom you have made your brother, keeps urging me to arrange a meeting with your sister for him, as he wishes to be her lover." On this the prince fell into a violent rage, and rode off to his father's town, and when he got

there he sat down, and was very sad. The king asked him what made him so sad. He said, "I shall never be happy until you kill that goatherd boy, and pull out his eyes, and put them in a cup, and bring them and show them to me." The king guessed this was the result of the old woman's trickery, so he sent his wazir to warn the goatherd to hide his son, and told him to kill a kid and take out its eyes, and bring them in a cup. The wazir went to the Baloch, who did as he was told ; he killed a kid, and put its eyes in a cup, and took away his son and hid him. The wazir brought the eyes and showed them to the prince, and told him they were the eyes of the goatherd boy ; and the prince rejoiced greatly.

One day, by chance, the prince went out to hunt on the river bank, and he saw a boat go by. In that boat a most beautiful woman was sitting. Her eyes met the prince's eyes, and they fell in love from that moment. For a little while the boat was quite close to the prince, and they continued gazing at each other. Then the river-way led away from that bank towards the other side, and the fair one placed her hand on her head ; then again she put her hand on her eyes ; a third time she put her hand on her other arm ; thus she signalled to him. The prince returned home and was very sorrowful ; and when the king asked him what was the matter, he said, "I have seen a woman in a boat, so beautiful that my heart is set on her. If I can get her, well ; if not, I will kill myself." The king asked the wazir to explain the meaning of the signs which the woman had made to his son, but the wazir said he knew nothing of their meaning. The prince then cried out, "If that Baloch, my brother, were well again, I would forgive him everything ; bring him to me!" The wazir brought the boy, who came to the prince, and said, "Are you ill ; tell me what it is?" The prince told him how he had seen a woman passing in a boat, and described the signs she had made. Then the lad said, "I'll bring about a meeting between you ; by those signs she told you every-

thing. Thus, when she put her hand on her head, she meant, 'I live in the town of Choti';<sup>1</sup> and when she put her hand on her eyes, she meant, 'My name is Naina Bai';<sup>2</sup> and when she put her hand on her arm, she meant, 'I am by caste a Chūrīgar.'<sup>3</sup> Come, let us start, and I will arrange matters between you." So they filled two saddle-bags, and mounted their mares, and came to Choti town, inquiring as they went along. There they made themselves out to be merchants, and alighted at an old woman's house, and unloaded their baggage, and went into the town in the guise of Khojas.<sup>4</sup> They got some silk and women's goods, and began selling them in the town; and, seeking as they went, they arrived at last at the Chūrīgars' ward, and there made this proclamation: "We deal in silk, and in beads, and in thread; who'll buy?" The women-folk gathered to buy, and when any of them brought a rupee's worth of goods, they gave her two rupees' worth; everyone got double value. Naina Bai heard of this, and she, too, came out to buy. As soon as she saw the prince she recognised him, and at once went home and put back her money, and came back again with her skirt full of corn, and asked for some silk. In payment she gave him three measures full of corn, and the fourth only three-quarters full. The goatherd saw who it was, and immediately gave her all the goods they had, and said to the prince, "Let us rise and go home." When they got outside the town he asked the prince whether he had recognised anyone. The prince said he had not. Then the goatherd said, "That was Naina Bai, who brought the corn to barter for goods, and

<sup>1</sup> The word *Choti* in Balochi means "hair", and is also the name of a town in the district of Dera Ghazi Khan.

<sup>2</sup> Another punning allusion; the word *Nain* meaning "eye" in several Indian dialects.

<sup>3</sup> The Chūrīgar is a maker of bangles of lac or metal, which are worn by women on the forearm. Naina Bai conveys this information by placing her hand on her arm.

<sup>4</sup> A Khoja is a Muhammadan merchant.

not only that, but, by giving you three measures full, and the last three-quarters full, she meant to tell you of a domed tomb outside the town, which has three minarets whole, and the fourth broken, and that she will come there to meet you in the evening." In the evening they went to the tomb, and sat there till after midnight, when Naina Bai came, and went in. The goatherd came out, leaving the prince and Naina Bai together. Now, in front of that tomb there dwelt a faqir. The goatherd went to him and gave him three or four rupees, and said, "Do this for me; if you see anyone coming towards the tomb, call out thus: 'O owner of the dun bull, if you have understood, 'tis well, and if not, in the morning the bull will become public property,' and then I shall know, but do not call out if there is no need." Now, the king of that town was in love with Naina Bai, and had consulted a soothsayer, and asked him to tell by augury what Naina Bai was doing at that moment, whether she was asleep, or awake, or what; and the soothsayer, after examining the omens, said, "O king! Naina Bai, at this moment, is sitting with a strange man, in such-and-such a tomb." On this the king ordered his army to go out and surround that tomb, and let no one pass in or out, and said he would come himself in the morning and open the door, and see for himself who was there. The army came and surrounded the tomb on all four sides. On this, the faqir called out as he had been instructed by the goatherd. As soon as the goatherd heard the call, he went up to the top of the house, and, looking round, he saw a merchant's wife spinning thread, and said to her, "Lend me your jewellery and clothes, and I'll leave a thousand rupees with you as security. If I bring them back I'll give you a hundred rupees as your profit on the business, and if I don't come, you can keep the thousand." She agreed, and he put on her clothes and jewels, and left his own clothes there. He then went off to the bazaar and bought some sweetmeats, and an intoxicating drug which he mixed up with the sweetmeats. Then he placed the

sweetmeats on a tray, and lit a lamp and put it on the tray,<sup>1</sup> and went towards the tomb. The king's army was drawn up in front of it, and the soldiers asked who he was. He replied, "I am a certain merchant's wife; my husband went away on a journey, and I made a vow on this tomb, that if God brought my husband back safe I would have no intercourse with him until I had paid my devotions to the Saint of the Tomb, and had made a distribution of sweetmeats. Now, after many years my man has come back, allow me to fulfil my vow, and pay my devotions according to my faith as a Hindu, and then I can go and meet my husband."

One of them said, "She is but a Hindu trader's wife, let her go." So she took her sweetmeats, and distributed them to the troops, and they ate them, and immediately became stupefied by the drug.

The goatherd went into the tomb, and he gave Naina Bai the clothes and the jewels and the tray, and said, "Get out at once and go to your home." Naina Bai went home, and the two brothers lay down together in the tomb.

When day broke the king mounted his horse and came to explore the tomb, but when he explored it he saw nothing but two youths lying asleep! Then he called his soothsayer, and said, "You made a false charge against Naina Bai last night; I'll have you ripped up." Then the soothsayer said: "Dig a trench, and try her by the fire ordeal. Bring Naina Bai and make her walk through the trench (filled with live charcoal), and then, if she is false, do not blame me, and if she is cleared, you are king to do what you please."

So they dug a trench, and filled it with charcoal,<sup>2</sup> and lit

<sup>1</sup> The usual practice of sweetmeat sellers.

<sup>2</sup> I have met with a case of the ordeal by fire in the present day among the Bozdars, a Baloch tribe of the Sulaiman Mountains. The condition was that the man should walk from end to end of the trench without getting out on either side. He was not expected to escape being burnt.—M. L. D.

it, and the king summoned Naina Bai. All the people crowded together to see the sight of Naina Bai undergoing the ordeal by fire.

The goatherd perceived that Naina Bai, being false, would have to be protected from the effects of the fire by some trick. So he dressed his brother the prince in the dress of a faqīr, he made him like a half-witted beggar, and stationed him in the crowd, and instructed him, when Naina Bai came to the end of the trench, to rush up like a madman and throw his arms round her, and cry out, "King, why are you going to throw such a beauty into the fire?"

When all was ready Naina Bai came up to the fire, and a faqīr ran up and threw his arms round her neck, and called out to the king in the words taught him by the goatherd. Then Naina Bai turned towards the king and said: "I have never been embraced by any other than my husband, and by this faqīr whom God has sent me, and by the king my lover. No other has touched me, and if I speak falsely may the fire burn me!" Then she entered into the trench, and as she spoke true she was cleared.<sup>1</sup>

The king gave Naina Bai leave to depart, and she went to her home. The king returned to his palace and sent for the soothsayer, and told him to beware against making false charges against Naina Bai again, but pardoned him that time.

What was the goatherd's next trick, but to dress up his own prince as a woman! He made him into a beautiful woman, and took him to the house of Naina Bai's father-in-law, and said to him: "I have come to this town from outside, and everyone tells me that yours is the most respectable ward of the town. This woman is my brother's wife, and I want you to take charge of her, and keep her in your ward, and look after her until I come back with my brother to take her away." The father-in-law agreed,

<sup>1</sup> As long as the words used were literally true, her actual guilt or innocence did not matter.

and took her by the hand, and led her to Naina Bai, and said, "Take care of her till her husband and her brother-in-law come back." That day they spent at the house.

Then Naina Bai's husband came home, and seeing this beautiful woman, he said to Naina Bai, "You must arrange for me to get possession of her, and if you don't I'll carry her off to another country." Naina Bai went to her father-in-law and said, "Your son is in love with this woman; you should know this."

Twenty days passed, and one day Naina Bai's husband began to make advances to the disguised prince; and the prince gave him a kick. This killed him, and the prince dug a hole and buried him inside his house, and then went off and joined his brother the goatherd. Naina Bai went to her father-in-law, and said, "Last night your son ran off with that woman." Her father-in-law begged her to tell no one of it. For eight or nine days he hunted for his son and the woman, but found nothing. Then the two brothers, the prince and the goatherd, mounted their mares and came to the father-in-law, and the goatherd said, "I have seen my brother and returned; now bring out the woman, and we will return to our own country."

The father-in-law saw that he was in a difficult situation, so he drew the goatherd aside, and said: "My son has carried off the woman, and has gone off to some other country. I know not where he has gone. Attend to me for God's sake, and do not tell anyone else. The king of this place is a dreadful tyrant, and if he hears of it he will destroy me. There is my son's wife, Naina Bai her name is; I'll give her to you, take her instead of the other."

The goatherd was angry, and said: "How is it that people said you were a trustworthy man? You have done me great injustice, and made away with the woman entrusted to you. I shall report it to the king." The father-in-law took off his turban and threw it at the goatherd's feet, saying, "My son has disgraced me; take Naina Bai, and



put any fine you like on me as well, but do not let news of it get about."

So Naina Bai's father-in-law gave him a fine of two thousand rupees, as well as Naina Bai herself, and the goatherd accepted it.

They set out from the town, taking Naina Bai with them, and at night they made a halt. In the night the goatherd had a dream, and in the dream he saw that a snake would bite his brother the prince, and he would die; and if he escaped that, then he would drink some curds and would die, for the curds were poisoned; and if he escaped the poison, and arrived at his home, he would die there, for a snake would bite him the first night; and if he was saved from that, the man who saved him would become a stone for a year. And he might be restored to life in this way: a son would be born to the prince and Naina Bai; if they were to bring their son and slay him on the stone, and sprinkle the stone with his blood, it would become a living man.

Next morning they started on their way, and saw a leather thong (used as a whip) lying on the ground. The goatherd told the prince to go on while he picked it up. He got down and saw it was a snake, and killed it. They went on, and a woman came up bearing a bowl of curds, and the prince bought it and said he would drink it; but the goatherd said, "My lord, let me carry it; let us go a little further, and then drink it." He took up the bowl, and then threw it down and broke it. The prince said, "Why did you break it?" But he said, "It slipped out of my hands." Riding on, they came to the prince's town, and in the evening he arrived at his home, and the goatherd said, "I made a vow that when we arrived at the town, I myself would keep watch over you the first night." So the prince and Naina Bai lay down to sleep, and the goatherd mounted guard over them. Towards midnight he saw a black snake come crawling along towards the prince; he struck it with his sword and killed it. A drop

of its blood spurting out, it fell on Naina Bai's face. The goatherd thought that if the prince were to awake and kiss Naina Bai's face, he would die from the poison in the snake's blood, so he wound some cotton round his ramrod, and tried to wipe the blood off her face with it. On this Naina Bai woke and roused the prince, and said, "This brother of yours was standing here in front of me, touching me with his hand; he has become false to you." The prince arose and was very angry, and accused him of being in love with Naina Bai. Then the goatherd told him the whole story of his dream, and showed him the snake lying dead, and, said he, "Now I have told you all, and I shall become a stone for a year. A son will be born to you, and if you kill him and sprinkle his blood over me I shall be restored; and if not, I shall remain a stone." Having said this he became a stone.

After this the prince and Naina Bai never ate any food till they had first sprinkled some on the stone. After a year a son was born to them, and they took him out and slew him, and sprinkled his blood over the stone, and the goatherd rose up alive, and all was well again.

Now choose which did the most, the prince or the goatherd?

#### XIV.

##### THE PROPHET DRĪS AND HIS FORTY CHILDREN.

[The name Drīs, given to the hero of this story, is a shortened form of Idrīs, a prophet of the Muhammadans often identified with the Enoch of the Old Testament. The only resemblance here traceable is in the conclusion of the narrative, where it is related in what manner Drīs left the earth. The legend of the exposure of the thirty-nine children is related also of Hazrat Ghaus, and localised on Mount Chihl-tan, near Quelta. See Masson's *Travels in Balochistan*, ii, 85.]

There was once a prophet named Drīs, and though he

possessed great abundance of cattle, yet he was childless. He daily asked for the prayers of mendicants, that God might give him a son. One day a faqīr came along and begged from him, saying, "O prophet Drīs! in God's name give me something!" But Drīs replied, "Here have I been giving and giving day by day, in God's name, and yet I have no son. I will give you nothing." The faqīr said, "I will pronounce a blessing on you, and God will give you a son." Then he blessed him, and said, "I have presented you with forty sons in one day."

The prophet's wife conceived, and bore forty sons at a birth. Then the prophet consulted with his wife, and said, "We cannot keep forty sons. This is what we must do: keep one, and take the other nine-and-thirty out into the wilderness and leave them there." So the mother kept one, and the nine-and-thirty he took out and left in the wilderness.

After a year had passed, a goatherd happened to drive out his flock to graze to the spot where the prophet had cast away his offspring, and what should he see but forty children, save one, all playing there together! The goatherd was frightened, for, he thought, "This place is waste and deserted, who can those children be? Are they jinns, or some other of God's mysteries?" In the evening he told his master that he had seen forty children in the wilderness, and knew not what they were. The news of this spread among the people, and at last came to the ears of Drīs the prophet. He said, "I will ask the goatherd about it," but in his own heart he knew they were his children. He went and inquired of the goatherd, who said, "I will send away my flock, and go myself with you, and show you the place." So Drīs set out with the goatherd, and he showed him the place; but now there was no one there, though their tracks could be seen. Drīs sat down there, and the goatherd drove away his flock. Drīs hid himself and waited, hoping for them to come. Then he saw the children coming towards him, and perceived

that they were indeed his children, and were all one like the other. He came out and showed himself, and said, "I am your father, you are my children," but the children took to flight. He called after them, "Do not go! come back!" but they would not stop, and ran off. Drīs waited there a night and a day, hoping they would come back, but they did not again come to play in that place. Drīs then returned to his home, and went to a mulla and told him the whole story, and asked how he could get possession of the children. The mulla said, "The only way you can get them is this: let their mother take out their brother, the one you have with you, and go to the spot where they play, and put him down there and hide herself. When the children come to play they will see their brother, and perhaps they may be attracted by him and stay there. If she sees that they are staying, let her show herself but say nothing; and if they run away, let her speak thus, 'For ten months I bore you in my womb, now give me my rights.' They can be secured in no other way."

The mother then took her son, and carried him out to the playing-spot, and put him down and hid herself. The children appeared, and began to play with their brother. Then she came out of her hiding-place, and they all ran away, and she cried out, "I bore you in my womb for ten months, do not go, but give me my rights." Then the children came back, and she petted them and gave them some sweetmeats she had brought with her, and made them accustomed to her. When they had got to know her, she took them away with her and brought them home. The prophet Drīs was very glad, and gave away much in charity in God's name. He taught all the forty to read the Kurān, and say their prayers in the mosque. But the angel Arzāil (Izrāil) received an order from God to take the breath of all the forty at the same time; and a few days after their breath left them, and they died, and they carried them out and buried them. Then the prophet Drīs said to his wife, "I can no longer stay in this country;

come with me if you like, or if not, I am going myself." His wife said, "I will stay here by my children's graves; I will not go with you."

Drīs thereupon set out, and when night fell he slept in the desert, and in the morning he again went forward. Coming to a field, he saw that there was a crop of water-melons there. He plucked one and took it with him, intending to eat it further on, and just then he noticed a body of horsemen coming up behind him. Coming up to the prophet Drīs, they salaamed to him, and asked him if he had seen anything of the king's son, who was missing. Drīs said he had seen nothing. He had tied up the water-melon in a knot of his scarf, and seeing it, the horsemen asked him what was tied up in the knot. He said, "It is a water-melon"; and they said, "Untie it and let us see it." When he untied it, they saw the king's son's head! On this they seized Drīs, and said, "You have killed the prince; you have his head with you!" They carried him before the king, and by the king's order they cut off his hands and they cut off his feet, and they put out his eyes, and cast him forth and left him.

A certain potter saw him, and said, "I am childless, and if the king gives me permission, I will take this man home with me and heal him, and look after him, for God's sake." The king said, "Take him, and look after him." So the potter took him home and healed him, and attended to him. Then Drīs said, "You have cured me, and now seat me on the well-board, that I may drive the oxen and work the well."<sup>1</sup> So they took him and seated him there. Now this well was close to the king's palace, and the king's daughter used to rise early in the morning and read the Kurān. The prophet Drīs used to listen to her voice, and he too, as he worked the well, would repeat passages from

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to the Persian wheel for raising water from a well. It is worked by oxen, which go round in a circle, and are yoked to a board on which the driver sits. This work could be done by a blind and lame man.

the Kurān. The king's daughter then laid down her own Kurān, and fixed the ears of her heart on him, for his voice sounded sweet to her. Every morning she did this.

One day the king's daughter said to her father, "It is now time for me to have a husband ; let me marry. Get the people together, and let me choose a husband for myself." The king called all the people together, and they assembled there. The prophet Drīs asked the potter to take him also to the assembly. The potter carried him to the place in an open basket, and put him down there. The king's daughter filled a cup full of water, and gave it to her handmaiden, saying, "Take this and sprinkle it over that maimed man." The maidservant took it and sprinkled it as ordered. The king was not pleased, and he said, "To-day's assembly has turned out a failure. Let everyone come again to-morrow." The next day, again, the king's daughter sent her handmaiden with orders to sprinkle water over the maimed man, and she sprinkled it. Then the king perceived in his mind that his daughter had set her heart on this man, and said, "Let her take him." So he married them, and took Drīs into the palace, and made him an allowance for his maintenance.

One day three men appeared before the king and demanded a judgment from him on a certain case. The king said, "Wait here while I wash my face and hands. I will then decide your case." Then they said one to the other, "This king will not settle our case ; let us go to the prophet Drīs, and he will settle it for us." The king overheard what they said. They at once started off, and the king sent a man after them to watch where they went to see the prophet Drīs. They went straight to the king's son-in-law and salaamed to him, saying, "O prophet Drīs ! do us justice !" He said, "Who are you, that I should do you justice?" The first said, "My name is Health"; and the second said, "My name is Fortune"; and the third said, "My name is Wisdom." Then Drīs said, "I have been

hungering after you ; now I am happy." Then they embraced Drīs, and he became whole at that very moment, and with that the three men vanished away.

People came to offer their congratulations to the king, saying, "Your son-in-law is well again." The king was much pleased, and came to see the prophet Drīs. Drīs related to him all that had happened to him, and said, "Now dig up that head which you had buried." So they went and dug it up, and lo ! it was a water-melon !

Then the king was very sad, thinking, "I have done a very unjust deed." But Drīs said, "Do not be sad ; what was done to me was done by God ; now pray yourself, and I will pray that God may restore your son to you." They both prayed, and after a day or two congratulations came to the king, because his son was coming home again, bringing his bride with him. Then the king was very joyful, and he prayed that the sons of the prophet Drīs might be restored to life again.

Drīs then declared his intention of starting for his own country ; and the king said, "Go ! and my daughter will go with you, and I will send a band of horsemen for your protection." Drīs set out and came to his own land ; and, on arriving, he found his forty sons all alive and saying their prayers in the mosque. And he was very happy.

God made a promise to the prophet Drīs, as follows : "One day I will show thee my face, but thou must also promise that having seen me once thou wilt then depart and go forth." Then Drīs went to pay his devotions to God, and he sat with God. And then God said to him, "Now depart !" He went outside, saying, "I go," but he was not able to leave God's presence, and having gone outside, he came back again. Then God said, "Why hast thou returned ?" Drīs said, "I forgot my shoes here," but he lied. He came and sat down. Then God said, "Didst thou not promise thou wouldst depart ? now, why dost thou not go ?" Then Drīs said, "I made one promise that I would depart and go forth, and I have kept that promise.

I did go out, and I am come back again. Now I will not depart." Thenceforward he sat there in God's presence, and did not return to the earth.

## XV.

### THE KING AND THE FOUR THIEVES.

[This story, with slight variations, will be found in the collection of Pashto stories known as the *Kilid-i-Afghāni*, Story 40, p. 96. The king in the Pashto version is Mahmūd Ghaznawī.]

A certain king had four watchmen, who kept watch at night. One night a burglary took place in the town, and the man who had been robbed came and complained to the king. The king summoned his watchmen, and said, "Have you seen any thief about while you were keeping watch?" They replied, "My lord! we have seen none." Then the king ordered that all four should be taken out and hanged; so they took them out and hanged them. Then the king thought to himself, "To-night I will keep watch in the town myself." He changed his clothes and went out, and at night he patrolled the town, and while doing so he saw four men coming towards him. The king challenged them, "Who are you?" They said, "We are thieves. Who are you?" The king said, "I am a thief too." Then they agreed together to break into a house. The king said, "Has any of you committed a burglary in this town before?" They said, "Yes, once before." "Did anyone see you?" "No one saw us." "Didn't the watchmen see you?" They said, "We have a secret, by means of which they did not see us." Then the king said, "What are your secrets?" One of them said, "If I approach a watchman and cough, the watchman becomes blind." The second said, "I have this gift: if I lay my hand on a door, the door will open." The third said, "I have this gift: if a jackal howls, or if a dog barks, I can understand their



meaning." And the fourth said, "I have this gift: if I ever see a man in the darkest night, I can recognise that man again, if I see him by day amongst a hundred others." Then the thieves said, "Now tell us what gift you have, for we have become comrades." The king said, "If anyone seizes my comrades, I will escape, though they may be taken, and if the king captures them, and they are taken away to be hanged, if I shake my head no one will hang them, and they, too, will go free." Then the five of them set out in company to commit a burglary. The king said, "I know where the money is kept in the king's palace; let us carry off that money." When they came near the palace they said to the first thief, "Now the watchmen are near us, give a cough." He coughed, and the watchmen became blind. Then they said to the second, "Now show your accomplishment, and open the door." He laid his hand on the door, and said, "Bismillah," and the door opened. Then a jackal howled and a dog barked, and one of them said to the third, "What did the jackal and dog say?" He said, "The jackal said to the dog, 'Thieves are breaking into the king's palace, why do you keep silent?' and the dog answered, 'What can I do, when the king is breaking into his own palace?'" They all said to him, "Your power is only pretence; you understand nothing; how could the king break into his own house?" Then they took two boxes full of treasure out of the palace, and carried them out and hid them. Then the king said, "It is now morning, go to such and such a faqīr's house, I will go to my own house, which is in the town, and next night we will come and take out the money and divide it." They concealed the money, and the four thieves went to the faqīr's house. The king went to his home, and made a proclamation that his palace had been broken into, and summoned his men to arrest the thieves. When the people had assembled, the king said, "My thieves are not here; go and arrest four men who are at such and such a faqīr's house." They arrested the four men, and brought them before the king.

The king said, "Take them away and hang them ; but if you hear them say anything to one another, bring them back again to me." They sent them off to be hanged, and then one of them said to another, "You said that if you saw a man on a dark night you would recognize him again anywhere by day." The other replied, "I have recognized him ; our companion was the king." They brought them back again to the king, and he asked them what they had been saying to one another. That man said, "I recognized our companion as the king, but now before the king I can say nothing." Then the king said, "I promised my companions that if I shook my head the king would not hang them, and now I have done what I promised." He presented them with one box of treasure, and took back the other, and made them promise never to commit theft again, and then let them go.

M. LONGWORTH DAMES.

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## THE COW-MASS.

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THE scenic processions, half religious, half secular, which were so common in the Middle Ages, have been abolished, or if in a few cases they still exist, are now but a faint shadow of what they once were. They almost all perished during the storms of the sixteenth century in those countries which accepted the teaching of the Reformers; for a time they survived in Catholic lands, but during the latter years of the seventeenth, and the greater part of the eighteenth century, they had to encounter an adversary, in the then prevalent Jansenistic opinions, which were as inimical to these traditional festivals as the Reformers themselves had been. The persistent dislike of those things which gave pleasure to the populace was exhibited in many forms. In proof of what we say we may refer to the warfare which, in the last century, a large and powerful section of the French clergy waged on the representations of Saint Christopher. As one example of this, out of the many that might be quoted, we will mention the fate of the sculptured figure of this saint, which once ornamented the Cathedral Church of St. Etienne of Auxerre. It was destroyed in 1768 by the Chapter, because "it was found that it only served as an object of entertainment to the common people".<sup>1</sup>

That many of the popular processions had been abolished before the great changes which took place in consequence of the wars following on the French Revolution does not admit of doubt. The few that had vigorous life in them up to that time seem for the most part to have been swept away by those fierce storms. When, after the

<sup>1</sup> Louisa Stuart Costello, *A Pilgrimage to Auvergne*, 1842, vol. i, p. 233.

fall of the first French Empire, an endeavour was made to restore the old form of things in Church and State, the popular festivals were for the most part forgotten, or past by unheeded. Old laws, whether ecclesiastical or civil, may be re-enacted, but when a popular rite has been suspended for years, the spirit that animated it has died out, and revival is impossible. Such things exist by living tradition. When the cord that binds the present with the past has once been snapped, no reunion is possible.

Of the Cow-Mass formerly held at Dunkirk we had never heard until we came upon the following account of it in the October number of *The Sporting Magazine* for 1799. We have no idea who was the writer. That he had himself witnessed the festivity seems highly probable, if not certain, from the way in which he describes it. As he speaks of it as "being continued till lately", it is probable that it went on till the Revolution. Why it was called the Cow-Mass the writer does not inform us, and we, of course, cannot make a reasonable guess as to the origin of the name. Most likely it arose from some local reason, which nobody but one intimately acquainted with the social history of the place can be in a position to explain.

It is difficult to believe that a rite of this kind can have been instituted by Charles the Fifth. Its whole character points to an earlier origin; it may well be, however, that the Emperor patronised it and added to its splendour.

The writer makes a slight slip in speaking of June the 24th as St. John's Day; it is really the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. Has not he made two other errors? Have not ideas become inverted in his mind, when he tells us of the Devil "leading St. Michael the Archangel in chains"? We apprehend that the saint was represented as the captor and Lucifer as the prisoner. We think, too, that the flight of Our Blessed Lady and Saint Joseph *into* Egypt was what was intended to be represented, not the return of the Holy Family therefrom.

Both these subjects have been represented in works of art, but the former occurs much the more frequently.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

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*“ To the Editor of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.*

“SIR,—The Cow-Mass, a show at Dunkirk, scarce exceeded by any in the known world, being continued till lately, may not be unamusing to your readers. It was first instituted by Charles V to amuse the turbulent and seditious inhabitants of that place.

“This very extraordinary show is on St. John’s Day, the 24th of June. The morning is ushered in by the merry peals of the corillons (or bell-pulling). The streets are very early lined with soldiers; and by eight o’clock every house-top and window is filled with spectators, at least forty thousand, exclusive of inhabitants; and about ten o’clock, after High-Mass at the great church, the show begins by the townsmen being classed according to the different trades, walking two-and-two, each holding a burning wax candle, at least a yard long, and each dressed, not in their best apparel, but in the oldest and oddest fashion of their ancestors. After the several companies comes a pageant, containing an emblematical representation of its trade, and this pageant is followed by patron saints, most of which are of solid silver adorned with jewels. Bands of music, vocal and instrumental, attend the companies, the choruses of which are very solemn; then followed the friars and regular clergy, two-and-two, in the habits of their different Orders, slow in their motion, and with the appearance of solemn piety. Then came the abbot in a most magnificent dress, richly adorned with silver and gold, his train supported by two men in the dress of cardinals; the host was borne before him by an old white-bearded man of a most venerable aspect, surrounded by a great number of boys in white surplices, who strewed frankincense and myrrh under his feet, and four men supported a large canopy of wrought silver over his head, while four others sustained a large silver lanthorn, with a light in it, at the end of a pole. They then proceeded to the bottom of the street, where there was elevated a grand altar, ascended by a flight of steps, and there the procession stopped,

while the abbot came from under his canopy and took the host from the old man ; then, ascending the altar, he held up the host in his elevated hands, and the vast multitude instantly fell on their knees, from the house-tops down to the dirt in the streets below. After this solemnity was over, gaiety in the face of everyone appeared, and the procession recommenced ; other pageants came forth from the great church, followed by a vast moving machine, consisting of several circular stages. On the bottom stages appeared many friars and nuns, each holding white lilies in their hands, and on the uppermost stage but one were two figures, representing Adam and Eve, and several winged angels, in white flowing garments. On the uppermost stage was one figure only, to represent God, on whom all the eyes of the lower figures were directed, with looks of adoration and humility ; and this machine, drawn by horses, was to represent heaven. Then followed on an enormous figure something like an elephant, with a large head and eyes, and a pair of horns, on which several little devils, or rather boys dressed like devils, were sitting. The monster was hollow within, and the lower jaw was movable, by moving of which it frequently exhibited the inward contents, which was filled with full-grown devils, and who poured out liquid fire from the jaws of hell ; at the same time the figure was surrounded by a great number of external devils, dressed in crape, with hideous masks and curled tails. But I should have observed that between the figures which represented heaven and hell several young ladies passed with wreaths of flowers on their heads, and palms in their hands, riding in elegant carriages. Then followed old Lucifer himself, armed with a pitchfork, and leading St. Michael the Archangel in chains. Michael and Lucifer were followed by a person dressed in a harlequin's coat hung round with bells, holding a hoop in his hands, through which he frequently jumped, and showed many other feats of activity ; but what, or who, he represented, I cannot say. Then came a grand carriage, covered with a superb canopy, from the middle of which hung a little dove ; under the dove was a table covered with a carpet, at which were sitting two women dressed in white, and with wings pointing upwards to the dove, and they representing the salutation of the Virgin Mary. Next followed a group of dancing boys surrounding a stable, in which was seen the Virgin

Mary again, and the Child in the manger; and this machine was followed by another fool, like the former, with a hoop and bells.

“The next machine was a fish, fifteen feet long, moved by men on wheels concealed within; upon its back sat a boy, richly dressed, and playing upon a harp. The gold, silver, and jewels which decorated this fish were valued at ten thousand pounds, and were furnished by the city merchants, whose sons and daughters were the principal actors in the show.

“After the fish came another fool with a hoop, as before; then appeared Joseph, as flying from Egypt—a woman representing a virgin with a young child upon her lap, and mounted on an ass, which was led by Joseph, who had a basket of tools on his back, and a long staff in his hand. Joseph and his spouse were attended by several devils, who beat off the people that crowded too close to the procession; these two were followed by a third hoop-dancer.

“Then came a large and magnificent carriage, on which sat a person representing the Grand Monarch on a throne, dressed in his robes, with a crown, ball, and sceptre lying before him on a table covered with embroidered velvet. His most Christian Majesty was attended by several devils, hoop-dancers, and banner-bearers; then followed another machine, bearing the queen, also in her royal robes, attended by a great many ladies and maids of honour; the jewels of her crown were said to be of vast value. On this stage there was a grand band of music, and many dancers richly attired. Then followed Bacchus, a large, fat figure, dressed in coloured silk, attended by a great number of Bacchanals holding goblets up to their mouths as in the act of drinking, with a few more devils and hoop-dancers.

“Then followed a kind of a sea triumph, in front of which appeared Neptune, with his trident and crown, in a large shell, surrounded by boys dressed in white, who were throwing out and drawing in a deep-sea lead, as sounding for land. After them six men followed in white shirts, with poles twenty-five feet long, decorated with bells and flowers, frequently shaking their poles, or endeavouring to break them: for he who could break one was exempted a whole year from all parish duty.

“The pole-bearers were followed by a large ship, representing a ship of war, drawn on wheels by horses, with sails spread, colours

flying, and brass guns on board fired off very briskly. On the quarter-deck stood the admiral, captain, and boatswain, who, when he whistled, brought forth the sailors, some dancing, others heaving the log, and the tops filled with boys.

“The ship was followed by the representation of a large wood, with men in it dressed in green; a green, scaly skin was drawn over their own, and their faces were masked, to appear as savages, each squirting water at the people from large pewter syringes. This piece of machinery, which was very noble, was the production of a Jesuits’ college, and caused great jollity among the common people. The wood was followed by a very tall man, dressed like an infant in a body-coat, and walking in a go-cart with a rattle in his hand; and this infant was followed by a man fifty-five feet high, with a boy looking out of his pocket shaking a rattle, and calling out, ‘Grandpapa! grandpapa!’ He was clothed in blue and gold, which reached quite to the ground, and concealed a body of men, who moved it, and made it dance.

“After him followed a figure nearly of the same stature, mounted on a horse of suitable size for the enormous rider, which made a most striking and elegant appearance, both man and horse being executed in a masterly manner; it was made in a moving posture, two of the feet being raised from the ground. Then followed a woman of equal stature, and not inferior in elegance to those which preceded. She had a watch at her side as large as a warming-pan, and her head and breast richly decorated with jewels; her eyes and head turned very naturally; and as she moved along she frequently danced, and not inelegantly. Thus ended the Cow-Mass.”—*The Sporting Magazine*, vol. xv, pp. 26-28.

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## *FIRST-FOOTING IN SCOTLAND.*

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**F**IRST-FOOTING is enacted with great glee and vivacity in various parts of Scotland, but more especially so in Edinburgh. The origin of this nocturnal visit and welcome, and subsequent merrymaking, arose from marriage customs, mostly in Galloway and Wigtonshires, where marriages were generally celebrated on New Year's Day. About a century ago the young maidens of the district, who might be courting, would, on the approach of New Year's Eve, in a coaxing kind of a way, invite their sweethearts and companions to be their first-foot on New Year's morning; of course the hint was always readily accepted, and generally ending in due course by marriage on a subsequent New Year's Day; and even at the present time the custom is still kept up of domestic servants (and especially so in Edinburgh) inviting their sweethearts to be their first-foot—for good luck, and, if need be, for marriage. A dark-complexioned young man was always considered lucky, and a likely suitor. The mode and hour of visit of the first-foot was, as near as possible, just after midnight, and in some instances parties of young people would visit the favoured ones, and sometimes quite a carousal took place, drinking, eating, singing, and dancing, and sometimes ending in a fight between the jealous rivals, and thus breaking up the merry gathering.

The mode of visit, as I have said, was just after midnight. The family visited, of course, expected someone to be their first-foot, and had preparations made accordingly, in the shape of refreshments, and in some instances the household were aroused out of bed. In others the daughter or daughters were prepared for the nocturnal visitor or visitors, and thus the first-footer was not kept waiting

outside for his welcome; storms being considered of no account on such occasions, but rather added to the glee.

The first-foot, on crossing the threshold, at once announced "A gude New Year to ane and a', and mony may ye see," or "A happy New Year tae ye, and God's blessing"; then kissing the young woman, and shaking her by both hands, they passed into the household. If the visitor had not been seen for some time, the news of the families were gone into, and other matters of that sort; then the whisky-drinking, with health-giving toasts, eating of shortbread, currant loaf, scones, oat-cakes, and cheese were all heartily consumed, then song-singing, sometimes a dance, then more drinking, and at last came the parting, in much hilarity and glee, the "toozling" (or hugging) and kissing of the young woman or women, and then off went the nocturnal visitor or visitors for other calls, until daylight appearing stopped their fun; or else the first-footers kept on making their calls, drinking and carousing all through New Year's Day, and even on, far on, New Year's Night, when, possibly, they were worn out, and utterly prostrated with fatigue and want of sleep. Of course the first-footing only strengthened the courtship, the regular visiting continuing, and generally ending in marriage on a subsequent New Year's Day.

In "Auld Reekie", the custom of first-footing ("first-fittin", in Scotch) dates from time immemorial; generally, the preparations for the midnight orgies of New Year's Eve begin to show themselves in the early part of the evening in the stir and bustle of the leading thoroughfares of the city; groups of young men moving listlessly about, as evidently wearying for the fun to begin. The church of the *Tron Men*, or labourers of the city, has long been the gathering-place or rendezvous of the first-footers. Some sixty or seventy years ago, first-footing in Edinburgh required ingenuity and courage on the part of young men who went first-footing from the Tron Church, owing to the danger and rioting and fighting

amongst the first-footers ; the whisky-shops, as they were then called, being open all night (and any amount of whisky to be had cheap, very cheap, say one shilling and twopence, or one shilling and threepence per bottle of five gills, and very good then), enabled the revellers to keep up continued supplies in their bottles. Then there were the "Baxters", or "Batchies Bow wow wows" (as they were termed then, bakers), and who were known by their peculiar trade-signal or whistle (and who were a powerful body of men, requiring great strength of neck and head to carry, say, forty or forty-five loaves on a large board or tray, placed on the head) ; they, leaving off their work, would sally forth into the streets, and join in the revelry. Then the students attending the University would likewise turn in and join the crowds, and if perchance a wrong expression or slighting word crept from one of the students towards a "batchie", then woe betide all : bottles and glasses were smashed, blows were exchanged freely, a regular *mêlée* occurring, and everyone fleeing his or her own way out of the shindy, until the row dwindled down or was fought out, leaving many a cut and scar to be accounted for.

This mode of procedure of first-footing is as followed now in Edinburgh. The Anglican element is slowly but surely invading Scotland at this period in Edinburgh ; it begins about the first of December in the display of Christmas cards in shop-windows and on the counters of our leading dry-goods shops. Then on comes Christmas Day, which in the New Town principal shops make an afternoon holiday of it, and in some instances closed for the day. Some of the Presbyterian churches hold service, and altogether the day has an appearance of a holiday in the city. The festivities continue through the week, the schools are closed, and the people generally preparing for the great event of the year in Scotland, namely, the ushering in of New Year's Day in real earnest Scotch fashion. From the appearance of the leading thoroughfares, it is evident there is an expectancy of something about to take place in the

city ; groups of young men and maidens move listlessly about, others coming into the city from the country districts. Then, towards evening, the thoroughfares become thronged with the youth of the city, and by ten o'clock, in the neighbourhood of the Tron Church, small crowds of young men begin to gather, and to grow impatient for the midnight hour of carousal, first-footing, and general welcoming in of the New Year, say 1893. Next, as the midnight hour approaches, drinking of healths becomes frequent, and some are already intoxicated ; the crowds become denser, the police are moving actively about regulating the traffic, which is fast becoming congested at this point, namely, the North and South Bridge Streets crossing the High Street at the "Tron". The public-houses are now closed, it is past eleven o'clock, the streets have become darker, the crowds very dense, and the hum of the voices louder and louder, when suddenly a great coloured light appears from some elevated point in the High Street. One after another of these coloured lights continue, then the bells or tubes of bronze of St. Giles now begin to ring for the midnight service, when, altogether, the scene is one of a most awe-inspiring nature. The eyes of the immense crowd are ever being turned towards the lighted clock-face of the "Auld and Faithfu" Tron, the hour approaches, the hands seem to stand still, but in one second more the hurraing, the cheering, the hand-shaking, the health-drinking, the swaying to and fro of the immense throng, is all kept up as long as the clock continues to ring out the much-longed-for midnight hour. Many a one has there met and shaken hands for the first time and the last with the stranger, never to see or meet each other again. The crowds slowly disperse, the much intoxicated and helpless ones being hustled about a good deal, the police urging them on out of harm's way. The first-footers are off and away, flying in every direction through the city, singing, cheering, and shaking hands with all and sundry ; "A gude New Year and mony o'

them"; "A happy New Year and many returns"; "A guid New Year and a' the better than the last yin"; "A gude New Year tae you and yours, and may yere meal-poke ne'er be empty" (empty), and so forth, and so forth, according as the well-wisher or first-footer has learned in his or her own local district at such a time the New Year's good wishes.

The first-footing has thus begun in real earnest throughout the city, the windows of some of the houses are all ablaze with light, and, to add zest to all, away far up on the ramparts of the grand historical pile, the Castle, stand the band of the Highland Regiment therein stationed at that time; then shaking hands and wishing each other "A gude New Year", you hear the strains of "A guid New Year in Scotia yet", "For auld lang syne", "God save the Queen", and a final round of cheers, then all is still.

The old Scotch families who keep up the old customs encourage their domestics to come in and first-foot them for good luck in their home, wishing them "a lucky gude" New Year, generally accompanied with a gift of money or dress. Then again, grandparents are pleased to have their grandchildren first-foot them, and in many, many cases this rhyme was sung or said by the children visiting the old people :

"Get up, guid wife, and shake yere feathers,  
An dinna think that we are beggars,  
For we 're yere bairns come oot the day,  
So rise and gie 's oor Hogmonay ;"

which was accordingly done with great glee. The older children sometimes were given "ginger cordial", now called wine, with shortbread, currant loaf, scones, oat-cake, cheese, and sometimes an orange or an apple added, with of course the New Year's *penny* for "guid luck". This, then, was a child's first-footing to grannie. Then, in the case of the seniors, as before described, there was the nocturnal welcome, the love-making, the health-drinking, the song-sing-

ing, the dancing, the toozling, the "pairtin" (or leave-taking), and at last the "first-fittin is ower" (is over).

Then out on the streets all is bustle and commotion, hurrying to and fro of young people, cheering and singing, some drinking and health-toasting, every possible and conceivable portable musical instrument brought into play; cheer after cheer, chorus after chorus, rend the air of the early morn, and not until daylight sends them home do the streets of Edinburgh resume their usual wont and quiet; and thus all this stir, all this commotion, all this hubbub, over the old, old custom of "first-fittin", the first lucky foot to cross a threshold on the New Year's morn, and to be sure and not to go in "empty-handed" (without a gift), to some one, and especially the loved one, else bad or ill luck or poverty thereafter.

Since the passing of the Forbes MacKenzie Act, closing the public-houses at eleven o'clock, the increase of our police forces, the action of the Early Rechabites and total abstainers, in conjunction with temperance societies of every grade, and the evangelistic workers in all our churches, all uniting in one grand endeavour to stay the forces of the evil of intoxication at such a time as New Year, and now the inducements of recreation and amusements of every description instead, is fast bringing into disuse and distaste the "auld, auld custom of 'first-fittin' in Guid Auld Scotia".

G. HASTIE.

[Mr. Hastie's account of First-Footing in Edinburgh is valuable as giving the actual experience of an old resident of the town, and has therefore been left untouched.—ED. F.-L.]

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## FIRST-FOOTING IN ABERDEENSHIRE.

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FIRST-FOOTING is still practised in some parts of this county on the morning of the New Year ; but, as a rule, little, if any, importance is attached to the first-foot. It is generally engaged in merely for the “fun of the thing”, and sometimes, perhaps, for the sake of the dram, which is generally offered and shared on those occasions, and which it would be unlucky to refuse. The drinking is, however, by no means a recent introduction. One of my informants, the Rev. Dr. Cock of Rathen, a parish in the north-east of the county of Aberdeen, where he succeeded his father as minister, tells me that about sixty years ago, when he was a boy, he recollects that spiced ale was generally carried by the first-foot, and shared with all whom he met, or at whose houses he visited. Readers of Chambers’s *Book of Days* will find on page 28 of vol. i the recipe for the spiced ale, and an account of its use in Edinburgh by the first-foot on a similar occasion. The whisky-bottle has nowadays entirely superseded the more picturesque, but probably hardly less intoxicating wassail-kettle, mentioned by Chambers, though the reason which prompted the carrying of either on these first-footing visits was identical. Everywhere it seems to have been considered most important for luck in the coming year to the family on which he calls that the first-foot should not make his entry empty-handed. A whisky-bottle certainly met this requirement, inasmuch as it filled the bearer’s hand ; and even if its contents sometimes filled his head also, before he had gone his round, he and his bottle were still welcomed by the superstitious housewife, because they set her mind at rest about another super-

stitious practice, the neglect of which was considered most ominous of ill luck, and for the carrying out of which she was mainly responsible. This was the belief that nothing must be carried out of a house on the morning of the New Year till something had been brought in.

An informant in the parish of New Machar (Mr. Wm. Porter), tells me that his parents are still living, and that they can recollect that in the beginning of the present century it was customary to go out and bring grass and water into a house on New Year's morning, before anything was taken out. This was to ensure plenty of food for man and beast all the ensuing year. A Stonehaven correspondent informs me that a green sod is brought in and laid on the grate cheek. While in the Tarland district of Aberdeenshire, the Rev. Mr. Skinner tells me that there it used to be customary to bring water from the well and peats from the stack the moment the New Year came in. The fetching of water from the well—"creaming the well," as it was called—appears from replies to my inquiries in different parts of the county to have been almost universally the first thing done on New Year's Day morning. An early call by the first-foot and his whisky-bottle obviated much of this worry.

Sometimes, instead of a whisky-bottle, the first-foot carries shortbread, oatcakes, "sweeties", and last, but not least, sowens. For the information of such as are unacquainted with the delicacies of the Scotch *menu*, I may say that sowens is a concoction something like gruel, but is made from the dust of oatmeal, mixed with the husks of the corn, which are left to steep till they become sour. The carrying of sowens is not, however, so much a custom of the first-footing of the present New Year's Day as of a parallel procedure on the eve of Old Yule; nor are the sowens, like the whisky or spiced ale, for internal application only. The Rev. Mr. Michie of Dinnet writes me as follows: "The carrying of sowens on Old Yule was mainly a token of hospitality. In this part of the country



those carrying it from house to house were generally a band of young folks of both sexes ; they approached each house in turn (there was no first-foot among them), chanting this ditty :

“ Rise up, good wife, and shake your feathers,  
Rise up and dinna sweer,  
For here we’ve come wi’ our Yule sowens,  
And fain would taste your cheer.”

If they were refused admittance, the door was liberally bespattered with sowens in revenge.” And this is still practised in the district.

In some respects Mr. Michie’s account differs from the other stories I have heard. All whom I have consulted do not agree that the sowens were sprinkled in revenge for non-admittance. For example, another correspondent, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson of Old Machar, whose experience of parish work extends over half a century, writes : “ The practice of carrying sowens by the first-foot on the morning of Old Yule, to sprinkle on the doors of persons he wishes well to, was common enough.” And he goes on to relate how, on one occasion, about fifty years ago, he went, as a young preacher, to a manse on the last day of the year (a Saturday), and was awakened after twelve o’clock by the offer from the servants of a bowl of sowens.

From Tarland and Fintray I get further confirmation of the carrying of sowens by the Old Yule first-foot. My Fintray informant tells me of how the aspersion was made : “ The man gets a pail like what we use to water horses with. This he fills with sowens, and then having procured a brush, similar to those painters use for whitewashing walls, he goes round the houses of those he wishes well to, sprinkling doors and windows with the concoction.”

Besides New Year’s Day and Old Yule, there were other occasions when some attention was paid to the first person met, and omens drawn regarding the fortune, or misfortune, that would attend the enterprise the observer

was engaged on. These were : Going to or from a wedding ; after the birth of a child ; taking a child to church to be baptised ; when "streckan" the plough in spring, *i.e.*, taking the first yoking ; when going fishing or fowling ; generally when undertaking anything the success of which depended on luck.

In the case of weddings, I am informed that it was not unusual for the party to carry a whisky-bottle, and treat the first person they met. I have myself seen this done near Braemar, within the last twenty years, but, as far as I remember, everyone they met got a sip.

In carrying a child to be baptised I find it was once very general for the mother to carry bread and cheese or oat-cake, wrapped up in the folds of the infant's dress, to give to the first-foot, partly with a view, no doubt, to propitiating him, and partly from the belief that lavishness on the part of the infant on this occasion would ensure his always having plenty through his life. Down near Coupar Angus, in Perthshire, I have heard of this christening custom having been practised by one family very recently, and as the mother was known to carry sweet biscuits in place of oat-cake, the boys in the neighbourhood used to look forward to the baptisms of successive members of the family with much interest, and lie in ambush for the party, in order to obtain the good things.

My inquiry as to what persons or things are or were considered lucky or unlucky, as first-footers or to first-footers, has resulted in a somewhat long list. The following were considered lucky : Friends, neighbours, and all well-wishers ; a kind man ; a good man ; a sweetheart ; people who spread out their feet (Old Machar) ; those who were born with their feet foremost (Old Machar) ; a man on horseback ; a man with a horse and cart ; the minister (?) ; a hen.

One of the clearest cases of the luck considered to attend the meeting of a horse and cart comes to me from New Machar. On the 16th December 1841, the old lady to

whom I am indebted for the information had just been married, and, when proceeding along with her husband to her new home, met a man with a horse and cart in a narrow part of the road. The man apologised for not turning his horse and cart at once, and accompanying the party a short distance, as was the custom, because the narrowness of the road prevented his so doing, but the moment he came to a suitable spot he turned and followed them part of the way home.

That the minister should be a lucky first-foot is perhaps to be expected in Scotland, but certainly the priest is by no means universally regarded in this light. *Among the Greek Women of Turkey*, p. 151, Miss Garnett mentions that it is considered most unlucky to meet a priest. She couples him with a funeral and a hare! And Mr. Rodd fully confirms this on p. 157 of his *Custom and Lore of Modern Greece*. The instances communicated to me illustrative of the contrary view held in Aberdeenshire regarding the minister, both occurred in the parish of Old Machar to the present incumbent. On one occasion, he tells me, he happened to be the first-foot when a farmer was flitting to a new farm, and he had to turn and go part of the way with the *ménage*. On another occasion he was compelled by the salmon-fishers at the Bridge of Don to accompany them in their boat when they made their next shot, for precisely the same reason. Against that we must set the superstition current among fishermen, on the Kincardine coast at any rate, that it is unlucky to name the minister at sea. He is then spoken of as "The lad wi' the black coat." The catalogue of lucky persons or objects is small compared with the list of unlucky ones. The business with which I am connected employs a large number of women as power-loom weavers. The majority of them are young, but there are one or two old women who have been in the service of the firm for a long time. I am told that one of these is considered most unlucky, and some of the other weavers, if they meet her going

down to work in the morning, or enter the factory gate at the same time, feel certain that they will have trouble with their work on that day. I have never succeeded in discovering why this should be so.

The following are some of the persons or objects considered as unlucky for first-footers:—Thieves; persons who walked with their toes turned in; persons who were deformed, or whose senses were impaired—cripples, for instance; a stingy man; an immoral man; a false pretender to religion; the hangman; the gravedigger; the midwife (New Machar); women generally; and all who were suspected of being addicted to witchcraft; those whose eyebrows met, and males who had red hair. Among animals, the cat, the pig, and the hare.

The cat is universally held in detestation by first-footers in Aberdeenshire. In the parish of Rathen, the Rev. Dr. Cock tells me he has heard of the cat being immediately shut up whenever anyone dies in a house, to prevent its jumping over the corpse; because, if it was allowed to do so, and then got out, the first person who met it would be struck blind. So much for the cat's first-foot.

Various devices have been tried to render innocuous the meeting with persons or things of evil repute. If it is a person, the thing is to "have the first word of him". Some people spit; others make a cross on the road and spit. It is generally the custom to spit over the track of an unlucky animal when it presents itself. In Tarland, two twigs of rowan crossed and tied with a red thread is used as a specific. But in a great many places the people, very rightly thinking that prevention is better than cure, take means to prevent an unlucky first-foot presenting himself at all. Thus, in New Machar, when the midwife was seen approaching, people shut their doors and paid no attention to her knocks. In some places it was customary to fasten the house door of a reputedly unlucky person from the outside. For instance, my mother tells me that fifty years ago, when she was a girl, and went a good deal to Fort

William, it was a regular practice for those starting upon an expedition of any kind to go by stealth the evening before, and nail up the door of the man who performed as district-hangman, and who was regarded as a most ill-omened first-foot. In some of the fishing villages of the coast I have heard of a boat being drawn up against the door of a churlish individual to prevent his getting out.

But generally speaking the belief in the first-foot has vanished, like Hans Breitmann's famous party, and "goned" away, like the lager beer, away to the Ewigkeit.

JAMES E. CROMBIE.

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## THE GLASS MOUNTAIN.

A NOTE ON FOLK-LORE GLEANINGS FROM COUNTY  
LEITRIM.

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THE following imperfect variant of *The Glass Mountain* was related to me when I was a child by a rough, illiterate, farmhouse servant, a native of Brigg in North Lincolnshire, or of one of the adjacent villages. The story has no point of resemblance with any of our local folk-beliefs, so, I imagine, the girl heard it from a member of the colony of Irish labouring people at Brigg, an opinion which is confirmed by the fact that she told the tale with an air of great reserve and mystery, as something particularly extraordinary and uncanny, cautioning me never to "let on" that I was acquainted with it, which she would scarcely have thought of doing had one of our own commonplace traditions of boggard, ghost, or wizard been in question.

The legend ran in this fashion :

A very long time back, I don't know how long, there was a woman who lived in a lone cottage with her three daughters. Well, one evening when it was getting on to dusk, a man knocked at the door and asked if he could not spend the night there, as he had come a long way, and no other shelter was near at hand. The woman did not much like taking a stranger in, but hers was the only house for miles round, so she could not very well turn him away ; and the end of it was she let him lie down by the fire. Then, when morning came, nothing would do for him but he must have the youngest of the three daughters for his wife ; and the lass, she liked his looks well enough, so it was settled that way. They were married, and he

took her off home with him. A fine, big place she found his house was, with everything in it anybody could want so she thought she should do well enough there. But there was just one thing that was out of the way queer. When the grey of night-time began to come on, the man said to her : " Now, you have got to choose which way it is to be : I must take the shape of a bull either by day or by night, one or the other ; how will you have it ? " [See the corresponding incident in Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. i, p. 63.]

" You shall be a bull by day, and a man by night," the girl answered ; and so it always was. At sunrise he turned into a bull, then at sundown he was a man again.

Well, use is everything, so after a while his wife got to think as much of him as if he had been like other folks. However, when a year had gone by, and she was likely to have a bairn, she began to think long of seeing her mother and sisters again, and asked her husband to let her go home to them for her confinement. He did not like that : he was quite against it, for fear she should let out what he was. " If you ever opened your mouth to anyone about what you know, ill-luck would come of it," he said.

But still she hankered after her mother, and begged so hard that, being as she was, he could not deny her, and she got her own way.

Well, that time everything went as right as could be. The child was a boy, and fine and proud she was when her husband came to see it. The only trouble she had was that her mother and sisters were as curious as curious to find out why he never came to see her by daylight ; and they had no end to their questions. So at last, when she was strong again, she was glad to go away home with him.

Still, the year after, the same thing happened again. She took such a longing to be nursed by her mother when the next bairn was to be born, that, willing or not, her husband had to let her have her liking. " But mind," he

said, "we shall have the blackest of trouble if you ever tell what you know of me." Then she promised by all that was good to keep a quiet tongue about him ; and she held to her word. Whenever her mother and sisters began to wonder and to ask, she put them off with one thing or another, so that when she took her second boy home with her she left them no wiser than they were before.

Well, the next year another child was coming, and then she had just the same tale to her husband : she must go back to her mother, she could not bide away from her.

"If you will, why you will," said the man, "but remember what will come of it if you speak;" and then, though it went sorely against him, he let her and the children go.

This time, do as she would, her mother and sisters gave her no peace ; they were fairly bursting with curiousness to know the far-end of her husband's comings and goings ; and at last, on the day her third boy was born, they plagued her so much with their inquisitiveness that she could not hold out, and just told them the truth of it. Well, when evening drew on, she thought her husband would be coming to see the child, but the sunset went by, and the dusk went by, and the night went by, without a sight or sign of him. Then, after that, days and days slipped past, but still he stayed away.

When she was up and about again she grew that sick of waiting and waiting, that she took her bairns with her and set off to seek him. . . . .

[Here the story is defective. I believe the wife returned to her husband's house, and, finding it desolate, wandered out into the world in search of him, meeting with adventures analogous to those which befel the heroine of the Leitrim legend. My memory takes up the tale at the point where she is endeavouring to release her husband from the spell which prevents him recognising her.]

So she sat down outside his door, combing her hair, and sang:—



“ Bare bull of Orange, return to me,  
For three fine babes I have borne to thee,  
And climbed a glass hill for thee,  
Bare bull of Orange, return to me.”

[Compare this rhyme with the ditty sung by the wife in the Welsh story told in Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. iv, p. 295.]

But his stepmother had given him a sleeping-drink, so he never heard her. . . . Then on the second night she came to his door again, and sat combing her hair, and sang :—

“ Bare bull of Orange, return to me,  
For three fine babes I have borne to thee,  
And climbed a glass hill for thee,  
Bare bull of Orange, return to me.”

And this time he turned in his bed and groaned, but his stepmother's sleeping-drink hindered him knowing that he heard his wife's voice. . . . Then on the third night it was her last chance, and she sat outside the threshold of his door, and combed her hair, and sang :—

“ Bare bull of Orange, return to me,  
For three fine babes I have borne to thee,  
And climbed a glass hill for thee,  
Bare bull of Orange, return to me.”

And he started up and opened his chamber door ; and so the stepmother's spells were all broken. He had his shape again by day and by night like other men, and they lived with their three children in peace and quietness ever after.

The invocation, “ Bare bull of Orange,” commencing the night-song of the wife, has always puzzled me ; but if the story is of Irish origin, it is possible that the words represent the sound rather than the sense of some phrase difficult to render out of Erse, when the story was put into English form.

Another legend relating to the “ Bull of Orange ” is to be

found in the fifth chapter of Mary Hallock Foote's tale, "The Last Assembly Ball," in *The Century Magazine*, 1889, p. 788. The story is there quoted from a fairy-legend, originally related by an Irish woman from County Tyrone, and is adapted by the person to whom she is supposed to have recounted it, so as to serve as an illustration of a situation in the novel.

This episode in the bull's career is as follows :—

Well, once there was a king who had six beautiful daughters ; and in one room of the palace stood the wishing-chair on a dais, with a curtain before it, and on her sixteenth birthday each of the princesses, in turn, was allowed to sit in the wishing-chair and wish the wish of a lifetime. The youngest princess was a mad-cap. She made fun of the stupid old chair, and of her sisters' wishes. . . . She said, when her turn came she would wish a wish that would show what the old chair could do.

There was a prince in that county of Ireland very wealthy and powerful, and he was bewitched, so that he was obliged to spend half his time roaming the country in the shape of a terrible wild roan bull, and he was called the Roan Bull of Orange. Now, the youngest princess, when she got into the chair . . . wished . . . that she might be the bride of the Roan Bull of Orange, and then she flew out of the chair . . . and said it was all nonsense—the chair was as deaf as a post, and the Roan Bull would never hear of her wish.

However, he came that night, trampling and bellowing about the house, and demanded the princess. The princess went and hid behind her mother's bed. They took the daughter of the hen-wife instead, and dressed her up in the princess's clothes . . . ; and when the Bull had carried her on his back across the hills and valleys to his castle, he gave her an ivory wand, and charged her, on her life, to tell him what she would do with it, and she sobbed out she would "shoo" her mother's hens to roost with it. So

the Roan Bull took her on his back again, and over the mountains with her . . . and demanded his princess. After they had heard the hen-wife's daughter's story, they took the daughter of the swineherd, and charged her, if the Roan Bull gave her an ivory wand, she was to say she would guide her milk-white steeds with it ; and so should she save the life of her dear little princess. But she thought as much of her own life, it seems, as she did of the princess's, or perhaps she was so frightened she could not speak anything but the truth ; for when the Roan Bull gave her the wand, and gared at her with his awful eyes, she . . . whispered she would drive her father's pigs with it. So back she went, like the first one . . . and this time the Bull fairly raved for his princess. They had an awful night of it in the palace, for the princess had "got her mad up". . . She took the Bull by the horns, as it were, and off she went . . . ; and when the wand was given to her, she said, without the least hesitation, that it would be very convenient to beat the maid with who did her hair, when she pulled the tangles in it. So the Roan Bull knew he had got the right one at last.

In this story, also, there is no explanation of the word "Orange". The hero was the "Bull of Orange", but the wherefore remains enveloped in darkness.

MABEL PEACOCK.

## SZÉKELY TALES.

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THE south-eastern part of the Hungarian territory, better known as Transylvania, is inhabited by many a remnant of the old nationalities which played so important a rôle in the Middle Ages. The migration of the Turanian peoples from their homes in the East followed certain distinct routes by which one after the other invaded Europe. Two at least of these routes lead through the Carpathian mountains, one from the south and one from the north: the first through Wallachia (nowadays Roumania), the other through Moldavia.

As soon as one of those ancient tribes was dislodged from their seat by the tribes that attacked them, and they in their turn were also pushed westwards, they invariably took to one of those routes. These offered a double advantage: first they formed the easiest access to the rich countries behind, and, on the other hand, they formed "natural fortresses", easily to be defended against new invaders. Transylvania, a mountainous country, is also very rich in fastnesses, to which the dwellers of the plain could retreat when overwhelmed by the enemy. Such fastnesses exist in great numbers, and are almost impregnable. Hence the peculiar mixture of nationalities that are crowded into that small space of territory, and yet have been able to maintain their independence of character, language, and even religion.

One of the three *recognised* nationalities (at a Diet sitting in the sixteenth century) is the mysterious nationality of the Székelyek. The other two separate nations were the Hungarians, and the German Saxons, settled there as colonists in the thirteenth century. Of the unrecognised

nationalities, I mention the *Wallachians*, who were afterwards reduced to *serfs*.

The Székelyek were therefore recognised as totally differing from the Hungarians, forming a nationality apart. They must have had a language of their own, as they had a distinct separate administration and organization.

Various theories have been advanced in order to solve the problem of the origin of the Székelyek. According to one theory they are identical with the Hungarians, and belong to the Finno- Altaic group; according to another they belong to the Turko-Tartar tribes of families. It is this latter which seems to be the more probable. I am inclined to see in them the remnants, *not* of the Avars (Huns is too collective a name to designate a special family), but of the *Cumans* and of the *Hazars*, both undoubtedly Turko-Tartar tribes. The Cumans had occupied Wallachia of to-day for many centuries, until the wave of new-comers swept them across the Carpathians. Cuman districts were known to exist in Hungary for a very long time, and only in the last century died the last man who spoke Cumanian. The *Hazars* were the next to follow, and these, as can be shown by documentary evidence, held very high positions among the Hungarians, whom they preceded in the invasion of *Pannonia*. Other minor elements, driven thither by the fury of the succeeding invasions, may have been absorbed into that new community that arose in the fastness of Transylvania. Out of these grew the Székelyek, who held their own for centuries, often waging war with the Saxons, Wallachians, and Turks. Nowadays they also have succumbed to the influence of the dominant race, and have become almost entirely Hungarians, considering themselves, and being considered too by others, as the aristocratic and racially pure representatives of the ancient Hungarians. Their *folk-lore* is, therefore, of the highest interest to the student of ethnopsychology. If the boast of the Székelyek be true, one

ought to find in their traditions, customs, beliefs, etc., the old Hungarian or pre-Hungarian mythology.

Without prejudicing the case, it is, however, noteworthy that, as far as fairy tales are concerned, the stock of the Székely is almost the same as that which is known to exist among the other nationalities inhabiting Transylvania. True, they are all tinged with a national colouring, but the substance is the same.

This fact is prominently brought out by the fairy tales which are published here by Miss Gaye, who has translated them from the collection of Benedek. A number of Székely fairy tales are included in the valuable publications of Messrs. Jones and Kropf, of Magyar folk-tales. They are taken from Erdely's and Kriza's collections; whilst those published here for the first time in English translation are told by Benedek Elek, himself a Székely, like Kriza. In these the original form seems to have been better preserved than in those two collections named above. None of the heroes has any special modern name; they are either anonymous or bear popular names.

Some of Miss Gaye's collection are variants of the usual folk-tales, and it has been thought unnecessary to reproduce them here again; others are either totally different or vary in essential points. Of these the following have been selected for publication.

The importance of this similarity is by no means to be undervalued. It affords a powerful aid to the theory of migration of fairy tales. If fairy tales resemble one another among nations that are known to be totally different from one another, racially and historically, who have nothing in common with the other nations, neither language nor religion, who trace their descent from a source entirely remote from any of the other nations, nay, who may be the result of an amalgamation of various nationalities—how could these fairy tales be the heirlooms of a hoary antiquity or the residue of an ancient mythology?

In the notes which accompany these tales special

reference is made to the fairy tales of the surrounding nations. Saxons, Roumanians, (Wallachians), Serbians or Bulgarians, Albanians and Greeks, represent as many distinct nationalities as names, and still the Székelys, otherwise totally differing from each of these, have the same tales in common. Only the theory that tales are borrowed from one nation and transmitted to another can explain this mysterious coincidence.

Herein lies the paramount value of the folk-lore of the Hungarian, Székely, and other similar nationalities. They throw a flood of light on the problems of ethnopsychology.

M. GASTER.

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### I.—THE GENIUS.

There was once a king. This king had but one only son; but, the good God alone knows why, he was so furiously angry with him one day that he drove him out of the house to go where he liked—up or down! In vain the queen took his part, in vain she made the whole village weep for the dear child torn from her heart; there was no pardon; the little prince must go away.

The prince set out then very sadly; he went strolling on over hill and dale. As he goes, he hears someone, very much out of breath, running behind him, and calling out his name. He turns back, and sees a servant from the court. He has brought him a watch, sent after him by his dear mother. The prince took the watch, put it in his pocket, and then went on.

As he goes along he takes the watch out and opens the case, and then! some invisible being, or something, speaks, and says: "What are your commands, my soul, my dear good master?"

The prince was astonished at this, very much so; his astonishment was so great that he did not say a single word, but put the watch back in his pocket.

All at once the road branched off in two directions ; the one leading to a huge great wood, the other to a large city. He considered which he should take. It would be well to go into the town and pass the night there, but he had not a single stray kreuzer. He therefore went towards the wood, thinking that he can at least make a fire there, perhaps, too, he will be able to catch a bird, then he will gather strawberries and mushrooms, and have such a supper that the king himself can't do better.

He went into the wood, therefore, and there chose out a great tree, under which he sat down. He takes out his watch to see what o'clock it is, then that invisible being, or something, speaks again, and asks him, "What are your commands, my soul, my dear good master?"

Thus answered the prince : "Well, if you want me to give commands, then make me something to eat, and out of the ground too."

Scarcely had the prince looked round when there before him stood a table spread with all sorts of good dainty dishes. The little prince fell to manfully ; then he lay down in the soft grass, and did not get up till the sun shone on his stomach.

He started off again and went strolling on until he came to such a great high mountain that it was impossible to see either the end, or the length, or the top of it. He looked right, he looked left, he looked up, he went round about, this way and that, but he could not find any means of getting over it in any way, it was so lofty and so steep. But he looked and looked about until he found a hole which led into the mountain. He entered this hole, but he had hardly gone the distance of a good gun-shot when he got into such intense darkness that he could not move either backwards or forwards. He puts his hand in his pocket to get a match, and while he was feeling for a match the watch touched his hand, and he took it out.

"What are your commands, my soul, my dear good master?" asked the genius again.



“I command you”, said the prince, “to get me some light from somewhere.”

As he gave the command, a lighted wax-taper was already in his hand, and by its light he strolled further on. He went deeper and deeper in, until all at once the passage began to widen out. There he found a house. He pushed the door open, and there finds an old dwarf. He greets him in a becoming manner.

“God give you good day, my dear Mr. father; pray how are you, how does your precious health serve you?”<sup>1</sup>

“Good day”, answered the dwarf; “I am well; but who are you, and what sort of business are you upon that you come here, where not even a mouse comes?”

The prince told the story of his sad fate with very bitter lamentations, so that the dwarf’s heart was sad for him. He encouraged and comforted him, telling him not to grieve at all, for he will procure him just such a place as the one he has left. Then he told him that beyond the mountain there was a powerful but good-hearted king; he, too, had had an only son, but he had been lost in the wars. Now, if he will go to this king, who will soon be killed by grief, and will say that he is his lost son, the king would grieve no more, and he would not be a world-wanderer.

The prince resolved upon this, and the dwarf carefully instructed him what he was to say to the king. “Say that you are called Paul, that you left home seven years ago, and did not write because you were taken prisoner, and kept in such grievous captivity that you were unable either to write a letter or send a message. Then ask this, too, whether the three little sisters whom you left alive at the time of your departure are still living.”

The prince thanked him much for his good advice, took leave of the dwarf, and with that set off out of the mountain. When he got out he took out his watch and gave this command to the genius: “Take me to the other side

<sup>1</sup> A usual expression, especially amongst the lower classes.

of this mountain, to the king whose only son was lost while soldiering."

"Good, my soul, my dear good master", said the genius, "only shut your eyes."

The prince shut his eyes, and felt that his feet did not touch the ground, and that he was flying as quick as thought. But this did not last long; again his feet touched the ground, and then the genius said:

"Now open your eyes!"

The prince opened them and looked round; and then— behold a wonder!—he was standing before the gateway of a palace, which was even more splendid than his father's. When he had taken a good look round at the palace and its environs, he pushed the gate open and went at once to the king. He did not trouble himself much, to be sure, but fell upon the king's neck at once, embraced him and kissed him, saying, "My precious dear good father, my illustrious father, my lord, I have not seen you for just seven years, and I began to think I should never see you again in this life!"

The king was amazed and astounded, looked at the boy from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, before, behind, and every way, but still he could not exactly recognise him as his own dear son. However, he answered all questions in such a way that the king distrusted him no longer, and in his great joy he made such a feast that even the Wallachian parson had wine instead of brandy with his *puliszka*,<sup>1</sup> and even the lame began to dance.

All three princesses were living, and the prince thought it would be a good thing to present his "sisters" with some handsome gift. He took out his watch and ordered the genius to bring the three girls three bouquets of golden flowers, such as human eye had never seen. Not an hour had passed, when all three golden bouquets were there. He sent them to the rooms of the three young ladies as

<sup>1</sup> Maize-porridge and curds.

secretly as possible, so that one knew nothing about the other.

Well, time waxes and wanes. One evening there was a great ball at the royal palace, and the youngest princess placed the beautiful golden bouquet in her bosom. Then, all at once, there was such a brilliant light that they might just as well have put out the wax candles. The elder princesses did not bring their bouquets, and each thought that their sister had stolen hers. They set upon her to make her give back their flowers.

"I shall certainly not give them up!" said the little princess. "If you have any too, fetch them out; they are sure to be where you put them."

At this both the girls run away, and come back each with a golden bouquet. And then there was such a flood of light that not even the sun could have shone more brightly.

News of this went through the whole land; everyone talked of nothing but the wonderful golden bouquets. The king could not praise his son enough for having thought of his sisters even in his captivity, and for having managed to be so economical as to be able to buy three golden bouquets. But the major-domo shook his head, and said to the king:

"Now, my illustrious king, don't be angry, but there is some *diablerie* in this, and I wager that if your Majesty commands that a golden bridge shall be built from your Majesty's palace to my palace by to-morrow morning, the duke will do this, too."

The king laughed the major-domo to scorn, but the latter persisted, until at last he promised to put his son to the test.

The king had his son up, and told him of his desire. He was an old man, but he liked what was fine, and he thought that, as a person who had seen the world, he would perhaps know some possible way of building a golden bridge.

The prince told him just to wait till the morning, as he could not say anything until then. Then, when they had separated, the prince took out his watch, and told the genius of the king's wish.

"It is no matter, my soul, my dear good master", said the spirit ; "the bridge will be there by morning."

And so it was ! But it was so beautiful, so glittering, that when the king got up and looked out of window he almost fell backwards in his great astonishment. He had his son called at once, and said to him, "Well, you have done this well, my son ; but if you can do so much, then you can do more also. If you don't build a palace of pure, fine gold, seven storeys high, by to-morrow morning, and if this palace does not stand upon a slender diamond foot, I will have your head cut off !"

The king thought, however, that his son would not be able to do this, and he was already rejoicing that he would be able to put him to death ; for he was afraid that he would send him to hell with his *diablerie*. The prince himself did not believe that the genius would be able to build such a palace ; nevertheless, he told him what the king wanted. Thereupon he went to bed, and in the morning he got up. And pray, was not the seven-storeyed palace standing before his window ! He was almost killed with astonishment ; and the king still more. They were obliged to sprinkle him with cold water, he was so faint with intense amazement.

But the king had still not had wonders enough. The next day a courtyard was wanted for the golden palace. When he had this, he wished for a garden, in which all, even to the smallest blade of grass, should be of gold and diamonds. For this he allowed three days.

"Good", thought the prince, "I will do this, too ; but if he is not satisfied with this, I will leave him, as St. Paul did the Wallachians."

For he had only stayed till now for the sake of the little princess. But the major-domo proposed to the king

that they should go out hunting until the turn came for the garden, and take the duke with them; for he remembered that before the war he was very fond of hunting. They at once determined that they would go hunting. But before they set out, the major-domo told the prince that it would be well for him to leave that beautiful watch of his at home, for it might easily be spoilt in the forest, and then there was no master-workman to mend it here, as there was abroad. The prince took his advice, and left the watch in his room. But they had scarcely reached the forest when the major-domo, who had watched the prince when he was talking to his watch one night, ran home, climbed up into the prince's room by the window, took the watch out, and opened it. The genius sprang out as usual, but he asked a different question. This is what he asked:

"What are your commands, you thief, my robber-master?"

"I command you to take me to a place where even the wind seldom goes, and no one but a mouse ever comes."

In an instant the major-domo was where he wished to be, and the prince's watch with him.

The prince comes home from hunting in the evening, goes straight to his room, and looks for his watch the first thing. He looks for it, but does not find it. He turns over and looks through everything, but in vain: his watch is gone! gone! gone! Oh, the prince is sad! For what is he to do without a watch? There will be an end to his life if he does not suddenly make himself scarce. As quick as thought he ran out of the palace, and went straight ahead.<sup>1</sup>

For seven days and seven nights he went on and on without stopping, he made inquiries in all directions, but did not come upon any trace of the precious treasure. On the eighth day, just at sundown, he reached a little hut. He pushes the door open. And then he finds that the

<sup>1</sup> Lit., where his eyes saw.

Sun himself lives there, and was just then about to go to bed. He wishes him good-evening properly, and begs pardon for disturbing him so late.

“Pray what is your business, my son?” the Sun asked him.

He tells him that he is looking for such and such a major-domo.

“Oh, my dear son”, answered the Sun, “I travel round the world, but only from east to west, and he whom you seek does not go that way, or I should certainly have seen him. But see, not far from here lives the King of the Winds; his sons travel over all parts of the world, he will certainly know about your major-domo.”

The prince thanked him for the good advice, wished the Sun a peaceful good-night, and with that he went to the King of the Winds. But he, too, only said that neither he nor his sons had seen any such major-domo, and he must certainly have crept into some place such as the wind itself very seldom wanders into. Perhaps the King of the Mice would be able to direct him.

He went to the King of the Mice. The King of the Mice immediately summoned all the mice there were, and inquired whether they had not seen such and such a major-domo.

“Might their eyes fall out if they had seen him,” so answered they every one.

The prince was just going to turn back very sadly, when there hobbled forward a lame mouse. The King of the Mice asks him, too, whether he had not seen a major-domo.

“Why, to be sure I have seen him”, answered the lame mouse; “I have just come from there; but he lives underground, in a stone cave, and in such a small hole that even I can scarcely get in.”

The prince was delighted, and asked the mouse only to take him to the cave, and they will soon contrive something when they are there. They came to the cave, and there they began to consult what they were to do now.

At last they determined that the mouse should creep into the hole, gnaw through the watch-chain while the major-domo was asleep, and bring the watch out to the prince.

When a good half-hour had passed, the mouse came with the watch ; and in return the prince caused the genius to fetch so much corn that the mouse was able to live like a lord upon it all his life. The major-domo they left in the cave, where he neither lived nor died, and whence he would never escape by his own efforts.

The prince now went back to the court of his second father, and they were just then burying him !

The kingdom he had left to his youngest daughter, for she was the cleverest. They had only just buried the king when the two elder girls married two kings' sons, and he asked the youngest. We must say, by the way, he confessed that he was not the princesses' brother, and had only given himself out as the king's son to comfort him, and by advice of the dwarf.

Well, the youngest princess did not need much asking. They quickly took boards, made benches and tables, and held three such wedding-feasts all at once that, maybe, they have not come to an end yet.

NOTE.—“ Szalmakirály,” the Straw-king, in Erdélyi's *A nép Költésze*, 2nd Part, is a longer version of this story of the “ Genius”. The prince is a gardener's son, he marries the princess, and both his wife and watch are carried off by the king's minister.

## II.—THE LAD WHO KNEW EVERYTHING.

There was once a poor lad. All the great efforts he made were to no purpose, he could not make anything of them, and he only became more of a beggar every day. The poor lad was much worried and very low-spirited to find that he was always unsuccessful in everything, whatever he attempted, and that he would have to remain a beggar all his life. Really he would not torment himself any more, he would put an end to this miserable life. All

that he possessed was a rope, and with this he went into the wood, intending to hang himself.

While he was wandering sadly in the huge wood, he heard a sound of piteous lamentation ; he goes towards it, and then he sees a little tiny snake writhing about on the top of a tree-trunk, which was on fire, but it was unable to escape, for it was surrounded by flames and red-hot embers, and it would be killed if it went near them.

“But”, said the poor lad to himself, “I won’t let this unreasoning animal die an innocent death, though I have determined to die myself.” With that he went up to the burning trunk, stretched out a good firm bough, and lifted the little snakelet down on it.

Ha ! how profusely the poor little snake thanked him ! And it would not leave its life-preserver any peace until he accompanied it to its father’s home, and allowed him also to thank him for his kindness.

“God bless you”, thought the lad, “it will prolong my life a little, at all events.”

For, words are words, but the poor lad was afraid of death. He therefore accompanied the little snakelet to his father’s home. They went slowly on until they reached a large cave. It was here that the young snake’s father lived, and he was the very King of the Snakes himself. Eh ! behold a wonder ! the King of the Snakes was just as big as a hay-fork, and in his head there shone such a large diamond that the poor lad almost lost the sight of his eyes when he stepped in. There lay the King of the Snakes in the middle of the cave, and when the lad stepped in he fixed his great eyes upon him.

“Well”, thought the lad, “I shall have no need to hang myself, for this snake will gobble me up at once.”

But when the aged king knew that the poor lad had preserved his son’s life, his countenance changed at once, and he said to the lad : “God bless you, you poor boy, for saving my son’s life. In return I will make you fortunate all your life, and your descendants fortunate too ; only I



warn you of this, not to tell anyone in the world of my gift, for the very moment you do, your life will come to an end."

Now the King of the Snakes whispered something in the lad's ear, and then the poor lad felt at once that from that moment he was not the same person that he had been before. All at once he knew everything, and he knew everything in such sort that he was equally well able to talk to human beings and animals, and he could even understand the humming of the flies besides.

He thanked the King of the Snakes over and over again for his valuable gift, and said: "I thank you, illustrious King of the Snakes, for your invisible gift. I saved your child's life, and you have saved mine, for I was resolved upon dying a horrible death!"

With that he took his leave, commending the King of the Snakes, with his entire family and all his people, to God, and then set out towards home. He went sauntering on through the wood, and all at once he hears the sparrows twittering in a tree overhead. The oldest sparrow was just then speaking and saying: "Ah! if this poor lad could know what I know, he certainly would not think of putting an end to his life, but he would grow so rich that he would not exchange even with the king."

"You don't say so!" said the other sparrows. "How would it be possible?"

"Why, this way, to be sure", said the other sparrow; "by digging up the pan of gold which is beneath the hollow willow-tree, and he would be rich all his life, even if he were to distribute half to the poor."

"Hem", thinks the poor lad to himself, "I will try, anyhow, whether the old sparrow speaks the truth."

He went home, procured a spade and hoe, and in the evening returned to the wood, to the hollow tree. He began to dig, and he dug until his spade clinked against the pan.

Hurrah! he hurriedly seized hold of the pan, and the

sweat just dropped from his face while he lifted the pan full of gold out of the hole.

For indeed it was full of gold to the top ; the old sparrow had not lied. He took the gold home too that same evening, and the next morning he began at the lower end of the village, and did not stop until he had distributed half among the poor.

He gained great esteem in the village, you may be sure ! And then, moreover, when his neighbour's cow fell ill, and he knew from its lowing what was the matter with it, and was able to cure it besides, the whole village and the neighbourhood too, for a great distance round, came to him, bringing all their sick animals, and he cured them.

But when he had nothing else to do, he always wandered out in the woods and fields, and listened to what the birds were saying. One day, being very tired with wandering about so much, he sat down on the roots of a tree. While he was lying there idly, a raven overhead spoke and said, " Ah ! if the person who is dozing under the tree knew what I know, he would be the king's son-in-law in a week ! "

" If he knew what, then ? " asked the other ravens.

" Why, this, that the king's daughter has lost her precious gold cross, and now she has bound herself not to marry anyone but the man who shall produce the gold cross, for it is a keepsake from her dear mother. Well, indeed, she will keep her pártá<sup>1</sup> all her life, for the man who can find it is not yet born into this world. It is in a good place here, in the hollow of the tree. The old king, however, has had a proclamation made throughout the whole kingdom that he will give his daughter and half his kingdom to whoever produces the gold cross."

The lad laughed to himself, and thought, " You have spoken just at the right time, you chattering raven ! "

He waited for them to fly away, and then he climbed up the tree, and actually found the gold cross in the hollow.

<sup>1</sup> Snood, ribbon tying back the hair.

He hastened home immediately, but before he went to the king, he had such a palace built for him that there was not its fellow for a distance of seventh-seven lands; then he sent for a tailor, and ordered such a brilliant gunya<sup>1</sup> that he might even have been taken for a duke. When both the palace and his cloak were ready, and he had looked at himself repeatedly from head to foot in the pier-glass to see whether he looked like a gentleman (which he did, of course!), he took the gold cross and set out with it to the king's court. He went straight up into the princess's room, and told a great lie, saying that he had taken the cross away from twelve robbers.

Ah! the princess was so delighted, she could not think of anything in her great delight. Then, when she had had a good look at the lad, and saw that he was a handsome, knightly-looking youth, she certainly did not take back her word, but said: "Here is my hand, I am yours till death, till my coffin is closed!"

After that there was a wedding, but such a wedding that the whole country rang with it, and it was talked of besides more than seven times seven lands off. The young couple lived happily, only the wife was not pleased at her husband's always wandering in the woods and fields, nor at his constantly forgetting himself even when they went out together, and listening to the songs of all the birds. They often quarrelled about this, but then they made peace again.

One day they rode out on horseback into the wood. For a good while they kept close together, but then the mistress's horse lagged a little behind. The master's horse neighed back at it:

"I say, you, why are you lagging behind?"

"It is easy for you", answered the mistress's horse. "You have only one to go with besides yourself, and I have three."

On hearing this the master laughed very much.

<sup>1</sup> Short, peasant's cloak.

“What are you laughing at so heartily?” asked his wife.

“That I can’t tell you”, answered her husband.

There was great wrath at this! “Her husband was laughing at her! who could tell what he did not think about her! But she would not leave him any peace until he told her.”

“Very well”, said her husband, “I will tell you, but, believe me, I shall die that same instant. Do you wish me to die?”

“Don’t make game of me!” burst forth the lady. “You won’t die just for telling a secret to your wife.”

“Well then, I will tell you. If you desire my death, let it be as you wish.”

The lady only laughed. She did not believe her husband.

However, he told her from beginning to end his adventure with the snake, and when he had come to the end of his story, that moment he fell from his horse and died suddenly.

Now, indeed, the lady believed that her husband was right, but it was too late. The wonder-working doctor who could raise her husband up was not yet born. She was never comforted, not entirely even when her beautiful little golden-haired son was born, and grew up into just such a gallant lad as his father had been. The one thing she taught her son was to keep any promise once made lest the same thing should happen to him as to his dear father.

So it was, that was the end, it was true. If anyone does not believe it, let him go and see.

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*THE CHICAGO FOLK-LORE CONGRESS*  
*OF 1893.*

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SPACE prevents my giving more than a very brief summary of the results of the above Congress, which must be pronounced a decided success, in spite of many preliminary obstacles. The actual work began on July 11, with an address by Lieut. Bassett, the extremely energetic Secretary of the Chicago Folk-Lore Society. The following papers, forty-nine in number, were then read, though not in every instance by the author:—"Unspoken", by the Rev. Walter Gregor of Pitsligo, Scotland; "Notes on Cinderella", by Mr. Sidney Hartland; "The Superstitions, Customs, and Burial Rites of the Tribes of North-Western America", by Mr. J. Deans of Victoria, B.C.; "The Fatality of Certain Places to Certain Persons", by Miss Hawkins Dempster; "The Rise of Empiricism in Savagery", by Prof. Otis Mason; "The Northern Trolls", by Mr. David MacRitchie; "The Pre-historic Worship of the Hop among the Slavs, and its Relation to Soma", by Mr. E. Majewski of Poland; "Pottery and its Relation to Superstition, with the Influence of Woman in its Making", by Mons. T. Bilbaut; "The Cliff Dwellers of South-Western America", by Mrs. Palmer Henderson of Minneapolis; "Myths, Symbols, and Magic of the East Africans", by Mrs. French Sheldon; "Some Sacred Objects of Navajo Rites", by Surgeon Washington Matthews, U.S.A.; "Sepulchres and Funeral Rites among the Ancient and Modern South Slavs", by Vid Vucasović of Dalmatia; "Telling the Bees", by Mr. Eugene Field; "Comparative Afro-American Folk-lore", by Mrs. Anna Watson of Tennessee; "Creole Folk-Songs", sung by Mr. George Cable of Massachusetts.

On July 12 were read:—"The Symbolism of the Vase in

Mythology, Ideography, etc.", by Dr. Stanilaus Prato of Italy; "Sioux Mythology", by Dr. Chas. Eastman of St. Paul, who is himself a full-blood Indian; "Buried Alive", by the Rev. H. Feilberg of Denmark; "Modern Greek Mythology", by Miss Lucy Garnett of England; "The Magic Poetry of the Finns, and its Application in Practice", by Myself; "The Sign Language of the Indians, with Demonstrations on four Sioux Chiefs", by Lieut. Scott, U.S.A.; "Voodooism", by Miss Mary Owen of St. Joseph, Miss.; "Bulgarian Wedding Ceremonies, illustrated with costumed figures", by Dr. V. Shopoff of Bulgaria.

On the following day came "Japanese Folk-lore", by the Rev. W. Griffis of Ithaca, N.Y.; "Maui the Prometheus of Hawaii", by Dr. N. Emerson of Honolulu; "Corean Folk-lore", by Prof. Homer Hulbert of Zanesville; "Folk-lore of Bassa, Liberia", by the Rev. J. M. Arlis of Liberia; "Tamaro the Terrible", by the Rev. Wyatt Gill of Sydney; "Venezuelan Folk-lore", by Dr. Teofilo Rodriguez; "The Symbolism of Diurnal Birds of Prey among the People of New Spain", by Count H. de Charencey; "The Musical Instruments of British Guiana", by the Hon. J. Quelch, British Commissioner; "Pigments in the Ceremonial of the Hopi", by Mr. A. M. Stephen of Arizona.

On Friday, the 14th, after various Servian and Polish Folk-Songs, came a paper, "How San Geronimo came to Taos", by Mrs. McClurg of New York. This was followed by a series of songs, chants, and prayers of the Navajos, reproduced through a phonograph, by Dr. W. Mathews, U.S.A. In the afternoon the following papers were read:— "Why Popular Epics are Written: a Study of Bosnian and Herzogovinian Guzlar Songs", by Dr. Friedrich Krauss of Vienna; "Marriage Customs in Rumania", by Mr. Arthur Gorovei; "A Lett Heroic Epic", by Mr. H. Wissendorff of St. Petersburg; "A Sort of Worship of Ancestors in Finland", by Prof. Kaarle Krohn; "On Excavations in Cyprus", by Dr. Richter of Berlin; "The Primitive

Horde: a Study of the Rite of Circumcision", by Ludwig Krzywicki; "On the Antiquity of the Folk-lore of the North-American Indians", by Miss K. Stanbery of Zanesville.

On the 15th came "Popular Tradition in France from 1889 to 1893", by M. Paul Sébillot of Paris; "Oral Literature of the French Creoles", by the Marquis Chasseloup de Laubat; "The Taming of the Shrew in Okraine Popular Tradition", by Prof. M. Dragomanov; "Certain Modern Egyptian Superstitions coming from Antiquity", by Prof. G. Maspero; "Customs, Superstitions, etc., of the Argentine Ganchos", by M. Paul Groussac of Buenos Ayres; "The Present State of Research into Letto-Lithuanian Mythology", by Mr. E. Wolter of St. Petersburg.

On the last day a paper was read on the "History of the Svastika", by Mr. M. Smigrodzki; "Studies of the Lihguotnes: Songs of St. John's Eve", by Mr. A. Jurjan of Kharkov, with illustrations on the piano.

On the evening of the 14th an excellent concert of folk-music and folk-song was given, in which performers from about twenty different countries took part, including natives of Japan, Hindustan, Ceylon, Turkey, Ecuador, and other less remote places.

It is not easy to judge of the respective merits of a series of papers which one has only heard and not read. This is especially true in the present instance, for it happened unfortunately that the building where the Congress was held lay in very close proximity to the Illinois Central Railway. It therefore fell out that every five minutes, or thereabouts, a most unearthly din of screeching engines, coupled with the cling-clang of their warning bells, made hearing an impossibility. Again, in other instances, the voice of the reader was inadequate, and listening under such circumstances is an uncomfortable task. But certainly the papers by Messrs. Krzywicki, Majewski, and Jurjan seemed to me more suggestive and interesting than the

others, and the first had the merit of taking its hearers back to an extremely remote period, and giving an intelligible reason for the horrible initiation rites of the Australians in a way I have not met with before.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

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## A BATCH OF IRISH FOLK-LORE.

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FOR the past year or two I have been endeavouring to get people to collect Irish folk-lore, but hitherto I have not obtained as much as I had hoped. Rather than delay any longer, I now publish what I have received, exactly as it was sent to me.

Miss Emily Fitzgerald, of Glanleam, Valencia Island, co. Kerry, was the first to respond, and she enlisted the assistance of Miss Sinclair, of Bonny Glen, Donegal.

Mr. Daniel H. Lane, of Cork, obtained some very interesting items from Connemara, chiefly through the instrumentality of a local doctor. Dr. C. R. Browne's additional notes are of great value, as they extend over several counties.

Mr. G. C. Campbell, of Londonderry, gives a collection of folk-tales and cures from Londonderry and Donegal, which have the additional value of being, as far as possible, in the narrator's own words, and he, with the instinct of a true collector, has added the source of his information. I have to thank Mr. Robert Patterson, of Belfast, for interesting Mr. Campbell, and for adding a few notes of his own.

Miss Alice Watson, of Seapoint, Dublin, has quite recently kindly sent me some observations she has made in Queen's County and co. Dublin.

Some notes on folk-lore and customs will be found in a recently published paper by Dr. Browne and myself.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The Ethnography of the Aran Islands, County Galway," by Prof. A. C. Haddon and Dr. C. R. Browne, *Proc. Royal Irish Acad.*, 3rd Ser., vol. ii, 1893, p. 768.

I may as well take this opportunity to record the following :

In Innisbofin, co. Galway, the people have a very firm belief in fairies. Mr. Allies, who resides there, informed me that one old man told him that he saw a number of fairy girls, dressed in brown, around him one day when he (Mr. Allies) was shooting rabbits. Mr. Allies offered £50 if a fairy could be shown to him, and £100 if he took a photograph of one. Mr. Allies has not yet paid away any money. Mr. Allies and his brother were quarrying a rock by the side of the harbour, and at last the men refused to work at it any longer, as it was so full of the "good people" as to be hot. This was two or three years ago. Mr. Lane gives an amusing instance of the solicitude of the old women for Mrs. Allies' baby (see p. 358).

My first batch of folk-notes are those contributed by Miss Emily Fitzgerald, with the aid, for Donegal, of Miss Sinclair :—

*Valencia.*—In illness the "old people" say any improvement taking place on Friday or Sunday is unlucky. Not likely to last.

*Cure for Erysipelas* (Kerry, Valencia).—To arrest erysipelas, the name of the patient must be written round the part affected in the blood of a black cat, a cat that has not a single white hair.

*"Febrifuge"* (Valencia).—The first egg laid by a little black hen, eaten the very first thing in the morning, will keep you from fever for the year.

*Cure for Erysipelas* (Donegal).—Rub the part affected with butter made from the milk of the cows belonging to a married couple, who both had the same name before their marriage.—MISS SINCLAIR, Bonny Glen, Donegal.

*Cure for Erysipelas* (Donegal, Arranmore).—Send the son or daughter of a couple who each had the same name before their marriage to the bog for bog-water, and bathe the part affected with it.—IDEM.

Apply the blood of anyone of the name of McCaul to the affected part.—IDEM.

*For Ulcerated Sore-throat* (Donegal).—Take the patient by the two ears and “shake the devil out of him or her”.—IDEM.

(This Miss S. knows to be a fact, for it was done to one of their labourer’s sons.)

Dried fox’s tongue has many virtues ; e.g., it will draw thorns however deep.—IDEM.

*Cure for the Evil*.—A robin’s breast rubbed on the place.—IDEM.

*Cure for a Sick Cow* (Donegal).—Cut off the piece of turf on which the cow first treads when getting up, and hang it on the wall, and the cow will recover.—IDEM.

*Cure for a Sore Mouth* (Donegal).—A posthumous child will cure a sore mouth.—IDEM.

*Cure for Whooping-Cough* (Kerry).—Some milk to be poured into a saucer, a ferret to drink some of it, and the rest to be given to the patient.—Miss BUTLER, Waterville.

*St. John’s Eve Fires* (Kerry).—Fires were (and are still in a less degree) lighted all over the country on St. John’s Eve, especially little fires across the road ; if you drove through them it brought you luck for the year. Cattle were also driven through the fires.

When anyone is lying dead in a room the walls must be hung with sheets, and the door left open (because the spirit hovers in the room after it has left the body, and must have free egress), five candles must be round the coffin, one of which is not to be lighted. As the coffin is being taken out of the door the sheets are to be taken down. — Mrs. O’CONNELL, Darrynane.

The first child that dies in a family must be buried in the children’s burial-ground (there are numbers of them about the country for unbaptised children), otherwise two others will follow if the first is buried in the churchyard.

Water that has been used to bathe the feet must be put outside the door at night for fear of fairies.

A gentleman I know at Listowel remembers, about eight years ago, being very much astonished when a cloud of dust was being blown along a road, seeing an old woman rush to the side and drag handfuls of grass out of the fence, which she threw in great haste into the cloud of dust. He inquired, and learned that this was

in order to give *something* to the fairies that were flying along in the dust.

People had assured him, and no laughing could get them out of the belief, that they had seen a field full of fairies—little people two or three feet high.—Mr. CREAGH.

A headless coach—that is, without horses—was said to career about the neighbourhood of Listowel when any misfortune was about to take place. Mr. Creagh remembers, as a boy, servants assuring him that they had seen it.

There was a common belief, though it is not much heard of now, that priests could turn people into hares.

Country people in Kerry don't eat hares; the souls of their grandmothers are supposed to have entered into them. (February 1891.)

The following notes were contributed in June, 1892, by Mr. G. C. Campbell, as nearly as possible in the actual words of his various informants:—

*The Origin of the Fairies.*—The fairies are fallen angels. The time when Lucifer was head-angel, he was cast out of heaven. Pride put Lucifer down. There was wans o' the angels took part wi' the Almighty, and there was wans took part wi' Lucifer. The wans that sided wi' the Almighty, they stayed in heaven, an' the wans that sided wi' Lucifer they went straight to hell. But there was a third party, wans that kep' silent, an' the Almighty sent them out o' heaven into the rocks, an' sea, an' bushes, an' land; an' they are the gentry, the wee-folk. They say if there's wan drap o' blood in them at the Judgment Day they'll be pardoned, but I don't believe they have wan drap o' blood in them.—Informant, KATIE MAHON, Londonderry, beggar.

Added to this.—They say some are hanging by the heels in the elements yet.—MARGARET FARREN, co. Derry, farmer's wife.

*Fairy Story.*—There was a young married lady, an' she was very rich, an' the fairies took her away the night her first baby was born; so they could not find her no road. They had a coachman, an' he was always listenin' at the door of the fairies. So on Hallowe'en night he went back to the door; with that they opened the door, an' got him listenin', and let him in. So when

he went in, he got his eye on this one (the lady), he got a houl't of her, an' took her out wi' him; he won her from them, an' took her home to her own house.

Says they, "Ye have her with ye now, but she'll not be much use to ye now, for she's both deaf an' dumb. . . ." That night twelve-month the coachman went back to the door again, an' he heard them saying, "Well, this night twelve-month we lost a noble lady; she was not much service to them, though, for we left her both deaf an' dumb." "Well," says one fairy, speakin' out, "it wouldn't be hard for them to cure her, for if they would go to a spring-well where the water-grass grows, an' take some water-grass an' squeeze the juice out of it, an' put some of it in her ears, an' give her the rest to drink, it would cure her."

The coachman then went straight to a spring-well and got the water-grass, an' did just what they said, an' the lady got all right, an' was never bothered with the wee-folk again.—NANCY SWEENEY, Derry, pedlar.

*Fairy Story.*—I heard my mother tell of a young man, an' he lived up bye there. One Hallowe'en night he went out for a bit of a daunder; an' just as he was comin' off the lane into the road he saw a whole troop of fairies comin' along the road, an' what had they but a girl wi' them; an' he seen she wasn't one of the fairies, so he caught a houl't of her, an' at that they turned into everything—horses, and all that. But he wasn't feared o' any o' them, an' kep' a houl't of her until he got her right intil his mother's. An' the girl she could speak noan—for ye know the wee-folk puts a thing in their mouth that they can't speak. The mother she came forrard an' shook hands wi' her, an' said she was right glad to see her, an' the girl she laughed, but said nothin'. She stayed wi' them, an' did all the work for them.

An' Hallowe'en night was a twelve-month. The young fellow he was goin' out, an' his mother she wasn't for him goin' out, but the girl she was glad like to see him goin', an' signed with her hand to him to go on. An' when he got forenenst<sup>1</sup> the place he got the girl, he caught sight of the fairies again, an' he kep' back, an' he heard them talking, an' says one to the other: "This night

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<sup>1</sup> Opposite to.

twelve-month they got a girl from us here." "But not much good to them was she," says another, speaking up, "for we left her that she couldn't speak a word." "An'," says another wee one, speakin' out, "they could soon cure her o' that; for if they would go an' take that black cock that's on the roost, an' give her three sopes<sup>1</sup> o' water out of his skull, she would soon speak for them."

So the young fellow he started off home, an' went straight an' pulled the black cock off the roost an' killed him. An' says his mother, "What's come on my boy? Is he losing his senses?" But the girl she laughed, an' he gave her the three sopes o' water out of the black cock's skull, an' then she spoke rightly, an' told them she was from Connaught, an' that she had just gone to the door for some water when the wee-folk came an' carried her wi' them, an' left a big lump in her place (her mother and all the people thought it was her lying dead, an' they buried it).

So thin the young fellow an' his mother an' the girl they all went off to Connaught, an' left Moville. An' when they got to Connaught they went straight to her mother's house, an' asked if she could lodge them for a night. At that she began to cry, an' she said she couldn't lodge them. Says she, "I can't help cryin', for Hallowe'en night was a twelve-month my daughter dropped dead at the door, an' I never saw one that minded me more on her than that girl." "Oh," says the young fellow, speaking up, "an' may be it is her!" "No," says she, "how could it be her, for she's dead and buried." "Well," says he, "had she any kind of mark on her ye would know her by." "Yes," says she, "she had a big mole on her left shoulder." "Well," says he to the girl, "show her your left shoulder." An' when the woman saw the mole she knew it was her own daughter, an' then they had the great feasting, an' the young fellow he married the girl. An' the way the people about here knew about it was that they wrote an' told them all that happened.

By the Holy that's true, for I heard my mother telling it many's the time.—ANN HEGARTY, Moville, farmer's wife.

*Fairy Story.*—There was a man at Carrowkeel (co. Donegal), an' he left his own house for Derry to buy something he needed.

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<sup>1</sup> Drinks.

An' when he went home, his next door neighbour was dead, an' he met the fairies coming along the road, and this woman was with them. The fairies had taken her—she had just had a baby that night—an' they just left an ould lump of wood in her place, in the shape of a woman. So he heard one fairy sayin' to another that such an a man would be sorry for his wife, "but he has as much in her place now as will do him." With that the man threw an iron hoop round her an' his own coat—they say, if you can get an iron hoop an' a man's coat roun' any one the wee-folk can't touch them—an' he got a houl't of her, an' the fairies they kicked an' blackened him, but he held on like grim death, an' he took her from them, an' took her to his own house. An' when he went in with her, his own wife was at the wake next door. He put her into bed an' gave her a drap o' warm milk; they were both all clabber with the wrastling with the wee-folk.

So he took his own supper, an' then he went up to the wake; an' he took in kreels an' kreels of turf an' piled on a big fire. His own wife came for-ead, an' says she: "In the name of God, are you goin' out of your senses, an' what do you mean at all puttin' on such a fire? what do you want? sure the people's too warm." "Hold your tongue," says he; "if I am goin' wrong in the mind I'll be worse before long." Then says he to a boy, says he: "Come up here an' get a houl't of this in the bed, an' I'll soon roast it." So the boy he came up, an' got her by the heels, an' he got her by the two show'ers, an' they threw her into the fire. She went up the chimly, an' spat back at them. Says he to her husband: "Come on down to my house; your wife's safe an' sound in my house." An' he went an' got his wife back safe an' sound.—N. SWEENEY, Derry, pedlar.

*Cures for Warts.*—Cut a potato, and cut it into ten slices count out nine, and throw away the tenth. Rub the warts with the nine, then bury them, and as they rot the warts will go away.—MARY DEENY, co. Derry, domestic servant, and others.

Look at the new moon. As you keep your eye on her, stoop down an' lift some dust from under your right foot, an' rub the wart with it, an' as the moon wanes the wart dies.—WM. FLEMING, co. Derry, labourer.

If you see a funeral passing, stoop down an' lift some clay from under your right foot, an' throw it in the same road that the

funeral is going, an' say, "Corpse of clay, carry my warts away," an' do this three times, an' as the corpse decays in the grave, your warts will go away.—MARY FEENEY, co. Donegal, old beggar.

Get ten knots of barley straw, count out nine and throw away the tenth; rub the wart with the nine of them, then roll them up in a bit of paper an' throw them before a funeral, an' then the wart will wear away.\*<sup>1</sup>—KATIE MAHON, Londonderry, beggar, and others.

If you were goin' along the road, an' happen on a wee drap o' water in the hollow of a stone, where you would not expect to find it, take an' wash the wart with it three times, an' the wart will wear away.\*—MARY DICK, Londonderry, beggar, and many others.

If you happen to come on a big black snail, rub it across your wart an' stick it on a thorn, an' as the snail withers so will the wart.\*—M. FARREN, co. Derry, farmer's wife, and many others.

Take a wee bit of raw beef an' rub it across the wart, an' then bury it. Be sure an' let no one see it, an' as the beef rots so will the wart.†<sup>2</sup>—NANCY SWEENEY, Londonderry, pedlar.

*Cures for Whooping-Cough or Chin-Cough.*—Take the child to a donkey, an' pass it under a jackass three times. Then give the donkey a bit of oaten bread, an' give what the donkey doesn't eat to the child, an' if the child is too young to eat it, soften it down an' give it to it, and this will cure the chin-cough.\*—M. FARREN, co. Derry, farmer's wife, and others.

Lots of people come to our Jane for a bit of bread, for she an' her husband are of the one name; for if you can get a bit of bread from a couple of the one name it will cure the whooping-cough.\*—M. FARREN, co. Derry, farmer's wife, and others.

*Cure for Sty on the Eye.*—Take ten gooseberry jags, throw the tenth away, an' point the nine at the sty, an' throw them away, an' this will cure it.\*<sup>3</sup>—M. FARREN, co. Derry, farmer's wife, and others.

<sup>1</sup> \* = from Glenavy, co. Antrim.

<sup>2</sup> † = from Strangford, co. Down.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Robert Patterson of Belfast, who asked Mr. Campbell to collect folk-lore, adds that "those cures which I mark with \* or † I have been told by two of my servants in the same words, so they are known in Antrim and Down, as well as in Donegal and Derry."



The following items were forwarded to me by Mr. Daniel H. Lane of Cork ; most of them were given to him by the doctor of Kilkeiran and Carna, South Connemara. (April 1892.)

1. Immediately after birth the child is sometimes spat on by the father.

2. Child *very generally* given a piece of sugar after birth.

3. On May 1st, Shrove Tuesday, and certain Mondays in the year, the country people will not give food or fire or any commodity out of their houses.

4. Woman, before childbirth, *occasionally* wears coat of father of expected child, with the idea that he should share in the pains of childbirth.

5. There is a witch of great repute in the neighbourhood of Carna. When consulted by a rich person she goes into the fields, collects certain herbs not known to anyone but herself, performs secret rites and incantations, and, when these are over, the first living thing she sees is affected by the malady of the sick person, who immediately recovers. A man who saw her performing the incantations crawled away on his face and hands, to avoid being the first living thing seen by her.

6. At Letterard, two sisters tried to cure a sick brother by walking three times round three houses adjacent to one another, the tenants of which all had the same name.

7. A posthumous *son* (not daughter) is supposed to have healing power by breathing or expectorating on part affected.

8. A seventh son is also supposed to possess the power of healing by stepping across the body of diseased person.

9. A pregnant woman will not take an oath in a Court of Justice. This custom is recognised by the local magistrates.

10. A pregnant woman considers it unlucky to meet a hare.

11. A drowned body is searched for by floating a bundle of straws on the surface of the water ; it is supposed to stop and quiver over the body.

12. When anyone dies a violent death, a heap of stones is placed on the spot, and passers-by keep adding to it.

13. Bodies always carried *not* by the shortest way to the grave-

yard ; the same custom has come under my observation occasionally in Cork.

14. No grave allowed to be dug on Monday.

15. The gravediggers, once having commenced, *must* finish the digging, no change of diggers being allowed.

16. On Handsel Monday (first Monday in the year) the country people will not pay any money for anything if possible.

17. Doctor not allowed to take lymph from arm of child until he gives it some present, however trifling.

18. Chalking the backs of unmarried girls is practised on the last Sunday before Lent at Galway and elsewhere.

19. If a child falls accidentally, an old women makes him take three tastes of salt ; the idea being that the fairies caused the fall in trying to run away with the child, and salt is an antidote against fairies.

20. Weasels, so-called (properly stoats), are greatly respected, and addressed as "Pretty Lady" in Irish, with raised hat.

21. Dwarf or misshapen children are held to be given to a mother by the fairies in place of a healthy child they have stolen from her to renew the stock of fairies, and who, while the dwarf lives, is supposed to be a sort of fairy apprentice. When the dwarf dies, the healthy child it supplanted is supposed to have been admitted into the fairy band, and mothers assert at death of dwarf that they see the healthy child that should have been theirs.

22. When in a graveyard it is customary to walk as much as possible "with the sun", with the right hand towards centre of circle.

23. At Innisbofin, when the old women natives meet Mrs. Alhes' baby out with its nurse, they spit on the ground all round it in a circle, to keep fairies from it ; an interesting but disagreeable custom.

The following were given to Mr. Lane by Dr. T. V. Costello of Bealadangan :—

On Lettermore Island, which also is in South Connemara, immediately after the birth of a child—which, by the way, is always delivered with the mother in a kneeling posture—the father throws (counting as he does so) *nine* articles of clothing over the mother : the number never varies.

A piece of the ash from the remains of the peat-fire is tied up in a red rag and attached to the cow's tail, to prevent the fairies milking her during night.

Part of the ashes from the bonfire on the 24th June is thrown into sown fields to make their produce abundant.

After marriage, the bride and bridegroom go out of the church door simultaneously, as, if one went in front of the other, the former would be the first to die. I have heard of this custom elsewhere.

There also exist "knowledgeable women" and "herb women", which are the meanings of their Irish names, who live by fortune-telling and herb-healing. The Doctor is going to collect particulars of their remedies, and how they are applied.

Dr. C. R. Browne, as I have mentioned above, was good enough to give me the accompanying notes on most of Mr. Lane's items. They are derived from an exceptionally wide experience. (May 1892.)

1. This custom must be local, as in other parts of the country the father is carefully kept well out of the way on these occasions.

2. Child is given sugar after birth if it is in danger of death; also on the way to chapel when taken to be christened, in the same case (Wicklow and Dublin). Child after birth sometimes given salt for luck. Salt is considered very lucky, and no poor person ever refuses salt to a neighbour, even though it may be the last in the house, which it is unlucky to give away, as it brings want to the house, but it would bring worse luck to refuse, as giving is a charitable act (Tipperary).

3. On Shrove Tuesday and All Souls' Day souls of the departed come out of Purgatory. Lamps and fires are lit for them, and chairs set, and no one will give food or fire out of the house, as that would bring great misfortune (Wicklow). In Tipperary and Limerick the country people object to giving away anything on a Monday, or going into a new situation on that day.

4. In the counties mentioned, women in childbirth often wear the trousers of the father of child round the neck, the effect of which is supposed to be the lightening of the pains of labour. I have myself seen a case of this in Dublin, about two years ago.

I have come across a case in which a county Wicklow witch is

supposed to have cured a girl by gathering carrabone-beg and other herbs and making use of incantations. Witch, 100 years old, still alive.

8. A seventh son is supposed to have the power of curing "St. Anthony's fire" by touch; also to be able to cure tubercular affections by bleeding his gums and rubbing the blood on part affected (Wicklow). In Tipperary, *the seventh son of a seventh son* is supposed to have the power of healing many affections by touch, or in case of cross-birth to be able to bring about a happy result by lifting the woman in his arms three times, and shaking her gently. It is especially lucky if he has red hair or is left-handed.

9. No information on this point.

10. Pregnant woman is afraid to meet a hare for fear of the child being born with a hare-lip.

11. The custom of floating straw down a river, in the expectation that it will stop over a drowned body and indicate the spot, prevails in Cork and Tipperary. I have (when a school-boy) seen it done at Cork.

12. Cairn custom used to prevail in Tipperary; I am not sure whether it is still kept up. In the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, the spot where a man meets with a violent death is marked by scooping a cross out of the earth, into which passers-by throw pebbles. Sometimes the branches of a hedge, if there be one at the spot, are twisted into the form of a cross. In Cork I have seen the spot where a man was shot by the police in a fight, marked with a cross. The people pray at the spot for the rest of the soul of departed, especially on moonlight nights.

13. I believe it is a custom in most, if not all, small towns in the south for a body to be carried, on its way to the graveyard, round the town by the longest way to bid its last farewell to the place. If the body be that of a murdered man, it is, if possible, carried past the house of the murderer. In county Wicklow, if an old church lies on way to the grave the body is borne round it three times.

15. This custom prevails in Wicklow. In a case I know of, the gravedigger became ill while digging a grave; no one else could finish it; so he had to get out of his bed to do so.

16. Hansel Monday custom obtains in most parts of Ireland.

Paying money on that day supposed to bring poverty for the year. Any money the people receive on this day they spit on for luck.

17. When I was vaccinated (in co. Tipperary) my nurse said that my arm kept inflamed because doctor did not put silver in my hand when taking lymph from me.

18. In Tipperary the first Sunday in Lent is called Chalk Sunday, and men and boys chalk a cross on the back of any unmarried person who may pass. This sometimes gives rise to very amusing scenes.

19. This custom prevails in Tipperary and Wicklow.

20. Weasels in Tipperary and Wicklow hunted down and dreaded, and they are supposed to be able to spit fire and injure men and beasts. They are supposed to steal the milk from cows.

21. Belief in changelings *was* very common in Munster. If child was weak and pining it was supposed to be a changeling, and was put out at night on a hot shovel. A case occurred in Tipperary some years ago, but parents were acquitted.

23. In Wicklow they spit on a child for good luck, the first day it is brought out after birth.

I hope to be able to give you some notes on other points soon. I forgot to mention that a case of the cross in the hedge at scene of death may be seen near Rathfarnham, co. Dublin. Hansel custom, not confined to Hansel Monday, but silver is spit upon and considered specially lucky on Monday. Bargains are concluded by spitting on hand or luck-penny; a match is made by breaking a stick and spitting on the hands of the matchmakers. If a thing or animal is sold on a Sunday, the Wicklow people will not take a luck-penny.

Finally, I may add some notes kindly forwarded to me by Miss A. Watson. (May 1893.)

*Queen's County.*—When we were children Hallow Eve was always an occasion for practising mysterious rites, the end and aim of each being to foretell the future. The first thing always was to get an old iron spoon, filled with lead in scraps; this was held over a hot fire till it melted. Then a key, which *must* be the hall-door key, was held over a tub of cold water, and the hot lead was poured through the wards of the key. The lead cooled

in falling through the water, and when it had all settled in the bottom of the tub, the old nurse proceeded to read its surface. I don't know whether there was originally one especial story of the "willow pattern" description, but I do know that the many I have heard all bore a family likeness. There was always a castle with a tower here, and a narrow window there, and a knight riding to the door to deliver a beautiful lady who was imprisoned there. And of course the lady was the round-eyed child who was listening with bated breath, and who was eventually to marry said knight. (If anyone likes to try the experiment, he will find that the lead falls in wriggles like snakes, with no possible pretensions to any shape or form.)

There was also something we did with salt, earth, and water, which I have quite forgotten.

Then there was bobbing for apples, which sometimes consisted in an apple being put at the bottom of a tub of water, to be fetched up by the teeth; and sometimes by suspending a piece of wood from a hook, with an apple at one end and a candle at the other. The wood was set revolving, and the victim, with open mouth, endeavoured to get a bite from the apple; he sometimes bit the candle instead.

Then you go out to the garden blindfolded, and each pull up a cabbage. If the cabbage was well grown the girl was to have a handsome husband, but woe betide the unlucky damsel who got one with a crooked stalk; her husband would be a stingy old man.

Then comes nut-burning, as an antidote to all this boisterous fun. You put two nuts on the bar and name them, but must not mention the names or all luck will vanish. If one hops off, then that pair will not marry; if one burns to a cinder and not the other, it is a case of unrequited love; but if both burn away steadily, they will marry and live happy ever after.

*County Dublin.*—You must always bow when you meet a sweep, or even see one in the distance. If you don't, you will never have any luck.

You must bow when you see a magpie; if it flies off, turn and bow in that direction, and say, "How do you do?" This will avert all ill-luck.

*Magpie Rhyme.*—“ One for sorrow,  
Two for joy,  
Three for a girl,  
Four for a boy,  
Five for heaven,  
Six for hell,  
Seven 's the de'il's own sel !

It is very unlucky to meet a red-haired person first thing in the morning.

If you pass a house where there is building or painting going on, you must never walk underneath a ladder ; always go out in the road.

If you find a little spider on any article of dress, or in the china closet, etc., don't brush it off. If you leave it alone someone may give you a new one of whatever the spider was on.

It is a common superstition amongst the Irish peasantry that the last person who has been buried has no rest, as they have to keep watch over the rest. Consequently, when two deaths occur near together, their friends make a great rush to see who shall be buried first. Near Renvyle, co. Galway, the relatives provide a quantity of new pipes and parcels of tobacco, which are distributed amongst those who attend the funeral, who sit about and smoke while the grave is being dug. They believe that the departed spirit, while watching the other graves, might like the solace of a little tobacco, so that all unused pipes and parcels of tobacco are left in the graveyard, but the people are at liberty to take away the pipes they have used.

A thread is sometimes tied round a toe of a corpse.

I don't know if the following can be included in folk-lore ; it is more curious than edifying, but I can vouch for it absolutely, as my cousin has seen a seventh son do what follows. The seventh son of a seventh son has always been dowered with miraculous powers ; in the co. Meath they do this : When the child is born, the nurse puts a worm in a piece of muslin into each hand, and ties the hand up till the worm dies. One worm must be male, the other female. When the worms die they are thrown away and nothing more is done. When the boy grows up, you may get him to draw a line or a circle or any mark in the road,

put a worm near that mark, it will crawl towards the mark and then draw back as if terrified, repeating this action again and again till it really crosses the line and remains motionless. If you examine it you will find it is dead. The actions of the worm are described as giving you the impression that it is mesmerised. If that same boy puts his finger into a pail of worms, every single one will die almost at once. My cousin says that the country people, having got a pail of worms for fishing with, will avoid meeting the seventh son of a seventh son (who are sure to be well known) lest their trouble should go for nothing and the worms should die.

A. C. HADDON.

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## CELTIC MYTH AND SAGA.

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### REPORT OF RESEARCH DURING THE YEARS 1892 AND 1893.

1. *Todd Lectures, No. IV. Cath Ruis na Rig*, with Preface, Translation, and Indices, by E. Hogan, S.J.
  2. *The Tumuli and Inscribed Stones at New Grange, Dowth, and Knowth*, by G. Coffey.
  3. *Silva Gadelica* (i-xxx). A collection of Tales in Irish, with Extracts illustrating Persons and Places. Edited from MSS. and translated by Standish Hayes O'Grady.
  4. *Nennius Vindictatus*. Ueber Entstehung, Geschichte und Quellen der Historia Brittonum, von Heinrich Zimmer.
  5. *Love-Songs of Connaught*. Collected, edited, and translated by Douglas Hyde.
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IT is but fitting that FOLK-LORE, the one review published in England which concerns itself with the history and literature of the Celtic races, should pay its tribute of sorrowful respect to the memory of two veterans of Celtic study departed within the last year.

Hector Maclean was the right-hand man of Campbell of Islay in his admirably achieved task of collecting and preserving the oral literature of the Gaelic Highlanders. He had all the qualifications of a great collector, intimate knowledge of the people, mastery of and sympathy with their modes of thought and expression, keen enthusiasm, and untiring patience. No higher praise can be given him than that he was worthy to be Campbell's lieutenant.<sup>1</sup>

Hector Maclean was a collector. Geheimrath Albert Schulz, better known by his pseudonym of San Marte, was a book-scholar. He shared with Maclean a keen and

<sup>1</sup> A full and sympathetic account of Hector Maclean appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* for March 1893. To this I would refer the reader who wishes to know more of a singularly fine and brave character.

lasting interest in all that related to the legendary past of the Celt. It was but the other day (FOLK-LORE, 1890, p. 255, *note*) that I noticed the last work of the veteran, a contribution to that elucidation of Wolfram's great Grail poem which he had begun sixty years previously, and which engaged his best energies throughout his life. In addition to his work on Wolfram, he first made the *Mabinogion* known on the Continent; he edited Gildas, Nennius, and Geoffrey of Monmouth; he collected and edited the texts relating to or connected with Merlin; he was one of the first to systematically investigate the origin and development of the Arthur romantic cycle. His works, outgrown in many respects as they are by the progress of study, will always remain landmarks in the history of Celtic scholarship, and even if they cease to be consulted, will be kept alive by the generous and lofty enthusiasm which inspires them.

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The important text edited by Father Hogan raises afresh the question of the origin, date, and development of the Irish epic romances. It should be premised that the tale in question, the Battle of Ruis na Rig, is obviously a sequel to the Tain bo Cuailgne, intended to satisfy the curiosity, felt at all times and in all countries, concerning the after history of the heroes of a famous story. The existence of a considerable mass of heroic saga, as well as that of a school of epic narrators, are thus presupposed by our text, and any results which legitimately arise from a consideration of the way in which it has come down to us apply with far greater force to the older stratum of storytelling. Two versions are known, that of the *Book of Leinster* (the redaction of which cannot be later than 1150) and that of a number of modern MSS. belonging to the 17th-18th centuries. These latter represent a form of the saga differing from that in the *Book of Leinster*, a form which, as shown by the details of life and customs, must have

been redacted at a considerably later date. But the MSS. of this later version, although of comparatively recent date, "exhibit many archaic inflexions, old vocables, and Middle-Irish survivals" which, in the editor's opinion, "seem to show that this version represents one coeval with that found in the *Book of Leinster*."

We thus have two texts substantially dating back to the 12th century, and neither of which, in its present form, can have been redacted before the 11th century, as is proved both by the texture of the language and the occurrence of personal and geographical names unknown in Ireland much before that time. But one of these texts, that preserved by the later MSS., must, substantially, be considerably younger than the other, as facts to be adduced presently amply prove. What follows? That the *Book of Leinster* version, although in language, and occasionally in geographical and historical nomenclature, a product of the 11th-12th centuries, belongs, so far as the matter is concerned, to a far earlier period.

What then are the differences between the two versions which warrant their assignment to different periods of national development? In the younger version the heroes wear coats of mail, "stout wonderful foreign armour"; "foreign cavalry" form a part of the forces; the war chariots, though mentioned, play no part. In the *Book of Leinster* version, on the contrary, the chariot is still the material unit of the army; the hero is practically armourless, and covers himself solely with shield and sword. In fact, the one version pictures the fighting of pre-Viking (*i.e.*, pre-800 A.D.), the other that of post-Viking Ireland.

Thus we see how, when the stress of the Viking incursions had died away, the storytellers and scribes who gathered up the tales of olden time went to work. In some cases—*e.g.*, the *Book of Leinster* version of our tale—they contented themselves with putting the old saga into language of the day and embellishing it with foreign names, in others they translated the material conditions as

well as the language of their models. In this instance the second mode approved itself the more acceptable. The *Book of Leinster* version was apparently neglected by later copyists, whereas the rival one must have been transcribed frequently before reaching the 17th–18th century texts which alone have come down to us.

The literary problems which the story raises are perhaps more interesting than the tale itself, yet it contains some picturesque and admirable touches; we assist at the bivouac of the invading Ulstermen: "their fires were kindled, cooking of food and drink was made; baths of clean-bathing were made by them, and their hair was smooth-combed; their persons were cleansed, and tunes and merry songs and eulogies were sung by them." Nor can we easily find a finer example of old Irish chivalry of feeling (by the modern editor rightly and characteristically condemned as foolishness) than the statement: "for Conchobar concealed not even from his enemy the place in which he would take station or camp, that they might not say that it was fear or dread that caused him not to say it." Most characteristic, too, is the way in which the heroes revile their adversaries and belaud themselves, as well the habit of rapid sententious dialogue, so pithy that each phrase is almost a proverb.

Like many of the oldest examples of Irish storytelling, the Battle of Ruis na Rig is in alternate prose and verse, the great variety and complexity of metre in the latter being remarkable. But it is noticeable that the apparently oldest verse portions are in the so-called *rosca*, a measure distinguished by no stanzaic form and no rhyme, but by alliteration and a "certain laconic and oracular diction". In this measure have likewise come down to us pieces that profess and approve themselves among the oldest remains of Irish speech, such as the so-called *lorica* of Patrick, the formulæ of the Brehon laws, etc. It has generally been held that metrical complexity and rhyme are both early characteristics of Irish verse which in these respects, it has

been maintained, has influenced both Latin and Scandinavian versification. But *rosce* would seem to be the protoplasm out of which the very complex Irish metres developed, and its persistence in texts so comparatively modern as the 11th–12th century would show either that the complex metres are younger than is generally supposed, or throws back the date of the *rosce* poems to a very early period, proving, moreover, that there must have been a written or a very strong oral tradition to allow of their preservation.

Mr. Coffey's admirable monograph upon the great group of funereal tumuli and inscribed stones at New Grange forms, though only incidentally, one of the most important contributions ever made from the archæological side to the study of Irish legend and romance. It would be important merely for the fact that it prints and translates a number of 10th–11th century texts relating to these monuments. But it does far more than this. Mr. Coffey's archæological inquiry defines with as much precision as is likely to be obtained the nature and date of these monuments, and thus furnishes a series of fixed points by which we can estimate the nature of the traditions he prints from mediæval Irish sources. Mr. Coffey, on purely archæological grounds, is inclined to date the New Grange tumulus "approximately about the first century (A.D.)", the Dowth tumulus being possibly somewhat earlier. Now the passages quoted by Mr. Coffey from texts which *cannot* be later than the early 10th century show that the antiquaries of the time had a tradition that the burial-place at Brugh was used by the kings of Ireland from the days of Crimthann Niadh-nar to that of Loeghaire, son of Niall, with the exception of three kings, Art mac Conn, Cormac mac Art, and Niall of the Nine Hostages. Elaborate stories are told to account for the absence of the first two of these monarchs from the customary burial-place of their race, the purport of which is to connect them with Christianity, and thus, implicitly, to insist upon the

pagan nature and associations of the New Grange monuments.

The date of Crimthann is given by the *Four Masters* as A.D. 9, that of Loeghaire (the contemporary of St. Patrick) as A.D. 429. As Mr. Coffey remarks, "the evidence discussed in regard to New Grange would bring some of the tumuli in question within that period."

Here we have apparently a very remarkable convergence of testimony archæological and historical, and there would seem good warrant for asserting both that the New Grange graveyard was started in the early years of the Christian era by the high-kings of Ireland, and also that the dates ascribed to these kings by the 10th-12th century annalists are substantially correct. But the question is a great deal more complicated than appears at first sight. For the very same texts which mention the fact that Crimthann was the first high-king of Ireland buried at New Grange, also insist most strongly upon the importance of the district as the burial-place of the Tuatha de Danann, that euhemerised race of ancient deities who, in the 10th-12th century annals, figure as genuine kings and heroes A.M. 3300-500. Indeed, Crimthann is definitely stated to have fixed his burial-place at Brugh, instead of at Cruachan, where his ancestors were interred, because his wife Nar was of the Tuatha De.

All later romantic tradition in Ireland connected with the Brugh district is concerned, not with what we may provisionally assume to be historic, the first-fifth century burial-place of the high-kings of Ireland, but solely with the legendary burial-place of the Tuatha De.

Mr. Coffey would account for these facts as follows. "The association of particular monuments with the Dagda and other divinities and heroes of Irish mythology implies that the actual persons for whom they were erected had been forgotten, the pagan traditions being probably broken by the introduction of Christianity. The mythical ancestors of the heroes and kings interred at Brugh, who, probably,

were even contemporarily associated with the cemetery, no doubt subsequently overshadowed in tradition the actual persons interred there" (p. 82).

But is it likely that the "contemporary association", which Mr. Coffey assumes, existed unless there was some basis of fact for it, unless, that is, Crimthann really did choose an ancient hallowed spot for his burial-place? And is it not strange that the introduction of Christianity should, *ex hypothesi*, have "broken the pagan traditions" connected with the high-kings of Ireland and left whole the far more pagan traditions connected with the Tuatha de Danann?

Future archæological investigation may perhaps tell us if there are in the Brugh district traces of older burial than that of the first century Irish kings, or of an overlapping or mixture of races such as would seem to be implied by the historical tradition.

One point should be noted in view of recent controversies as to the origin of the belief in fairies. This belief, as still held by the Gaelic-speaking peasants of Ireland and Scotland, is, essentially, the same as that found in the Irish pre-mediæval and mediæval romances concerning the Tuatha de Danann. As early as the 10th century at least, and probably very much earlier, the Tuatha De were prominently associated with the monuments in the Brugh district, and these monuments are *not* the dwelling-places of any former dwarf races, but, without doubt, served as a burial-place to the ancestors of present Irishmen.

To praise Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica* is an easy matter. The first requisite in the study of Celtic antiquity and literature is still the publication and translation of texts, so that the bringer of such a stately pile of sheaves gathered from eight centuries of Irish storytelling and comprising many of the remains of Irish romance most interesting to the artist, most valuable to the historian, cannot but be sure of a hearty welcome. And when the gathering is made by a scholar who joins to a native knowledge of the Irish language and literature

greater than that of any other living man, wide familiarity with literature at large, and acquaintance with the methods and results of historical and philological criticism, the welcome is intensified. A work such as Mr. O'Grady's at once takes rank as a classic in its line of study, and the critic best pays his due of admiration and respect when he treats it as a classic to be studied with minute and searching attention. In the remarks that follow I shall take it for granted that the book is in the hands of every serious student of Celtic lore, to whom I shall endeavour to be of use by supplementing the information to be found therein or by challenging statements and conclusions for which there seems to me to be insufficient warrant.

As it is probable that Mr. O'Grady's version will for some time to come be the standard of quotation for non-specialist students of Celtic matters, it is necessary to say a few words as to the way in which he has dealt with his texts. I do not refer to the Irish original; I must needs, it is true, point out that in the opinion of other Irish scholars Mr. O'Grady has deprived his collection of value to the philological student of Irish by his practice of largely modernising the texts he draws from MSS. ranging in date from the 11th to the 18th centuries. He has, in fact, edited his Irish on the system used by Mr. Henry Craik in his recently published *English Prose from the 14th to the 16th Century*. The system is a defensible one, and as folklorists the matter does not affect us save remotely. But if an editor deliberately discards philological merit for his texts, is it too much to ask that he should also discard the shackles which strict philological accuracy imposes! Of what use is it to print an imperfect 11th-century text when a perfect 14th-century one exists, save as a specimen of 11th-century form of speech? Yet Mr. O'Grady, while refusing to supplement the 11th-century scribe even where the latter can be proved to have skipped a couple of lines in his transcript from an earlier MS., as steadily refuses to give the exact grammatical



forms of the version he in other respects slavishly follows ! An example will make this plain.

The *Boroma* is one of the most important tales edited and translated by Mr. O'Grady. It so happens that Mr. Whitley Stokes, whilst *Silva Gadelica* was passing through the press, published text and version of the same tale in vol. xii of the *Revue Celtique*. Means is thus afforded to the non-Celtic student of testing the method of editing and translating of both scholars. One singularly reassuring result of the comparison between the two versions is that for practical purposes Middle Irish has been mastered ; substantially, the two renderings, made independently of each other, agree.<sup>1</sup> The *Boroma*, which tells of the tribute levied upon Leinster by an over-king of Ireland in the second century, and continued by his successors until the seventh century, is preserved mainly in two MSS., the 12th-century *Book of Leinster* and the 15th-century *Book of Lecan*. Mr. O'Grady prints the former version, which is incomplete, at the end, and leaves out a number of passages found in Lecan. Mr. Stokes supplies all deficiencies in the Leinster text from that in Lecan, bracketing the passages thus dealt with. I select a few of the passages to show what is lost in Mr. O'Grady's version.

In the course of the tale it is told how Aed, son of Ainmire, is defeated and slain in his attempt to levy the tribute. Lecan adds : " but though Aed fell on account of the *Boroma* he had levied it twice without a battle." Now whether this be addition to the original text by a non-Leinster scribe, or its absence in the *Book of Leinster* be due to deliberate omission from patriotic motives, there can be no doubt as to the importance of the passage for estimating the historic value of the narrative. When Aed dies his wife laments as follows :

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<sup>1</sup> This applies to the prose. Very considerable differences exist in the renderings of the verse.

“ Dear to me were the three sides  
Whereon I shall never look again:  
Telltown’s little side, Tara’s side.  
And the side of Aed, son of Ainmire.”

Telltown being, so to say, the religious, and Tara the political headquarters of the Irish kings. This exquisite quatrain is only found in Lecan, and is thus absent from Mr. O’Grady’s pages, the chief object of which is to bring the beauty of Irish romance home to the English reader!

The next passage is of greater importance and of special interest to folk-lorists as presenting the oldest example of a familiar incident of Gaelic story-telling—the counterspell. It is told how Cummascach, son of the high-king of Ireland, starts forth on a “free circuit of youth” throughout Ireland. It was the custom of the free circuiter to “sleep one night with the wife of every king of Erin”, whence it may be gathered that the “free circuit” was not an institution favourably beheld of the under-kings. Cummascach comes to the court of Leinster’s king, Brandub, and, to quote from Mr. Whitley Stokes’ version (*Rev. Celt.*, xii, p. 59): “Then said the king of Erin’s son, ‘Where is Brandub’s wife?’ A message was sent by him to the queen. The queen came to converse with him, and bade welcome to the king of Erin’s son.

[“Then the king of Erin’s son said to Brandub’s wife, ‘Let a boon be granted by thee to me.’ ‘What boon dost thou ask?’ says the lady. ‘Not hard to say,’ quoth he. ‘Thou to stay with me that I may sleep with thee.’”]

“‘Grant thou a boon to me,’ she saith. ‘What boon doth thou ask?’ says the king of Erin’s son.

“‘Not hard to say,’ she replied. ‘A respite, not to detain me until I have finished distributing food to the host, so that I may purchase my honour from them.’”

Of course the queen escapes, and Cummascach is slain by Brandub’s men.

The bracketed passage in above extract is omitted by

the Leinster scribe, obviously owing to his having skipped the first boon through inattention in copying. As Lecan gives the full passage we have here ample proof that the 15th century MS. is not copied from the 12th century one, but goes back to the common original, a fact in itself of the utmost interest and import. Again, without the omitted phrases the whole passage loses all point and meaning. Yet Mr. O'Grady prints the Leinster text, nonsense though it be, and takes no account of the omitted passage, precious as it is to the folk-lorist and the textual critic.

These examples will suffice, I think, to justify regret that Mr. O'Grady should have given forth an incomplete and mutilated version when better ones lay ready to his hands. Unfortunately, I have to add that Mr. O'Grady does not even translate the whole of the text he prints. A single example will show this. The cause of the levying of the Boroma tribute was this: the king of Leinster's son weds one of the two daughters of the over-king of Ireland. After a while, pretending she was dead, he sought for and obtained the other in marriage. The two sisters meet, and to quote from Mr. Stokes' translation: "But when Fithir beheld Dárfine she dies at once of shame. When Darfine beheld her sister's death she dies of grief. [Thereafter the washing of the two maidens was performed in Ath Toncha, so that everyone said 'Rough is this washing'. Hence the neighbouring fortress 'Rough Washing' is so called.]"

Mr. O'Grady prints the Irish of the bracketed portion, but does not translate it, nor does he in any way indicate that he has omitted a very curious and important passage. In the first place we have plainly here an interpolation from the *Dinnshenchas*, that remarkable early mediæval list of Irish topographical legends, a portion of which recently appeared in these pages, which is thus proved to have existed before the composition of the Boroma; in the second place we have an allusion to an incident no trace of which survives otherwise in the story.

It is not necessary to multiply examples of this most

regrettable practice, nor would I have mentioned this one were it not that important questions of Irish literary history are concerned. Some of Mr. O'Grady's omissions seem due to a mistaken standard of delicacy. The few naturalistic touches of the original might well have been left entire, considering the cost and bulk of Mr. O'Grady's work.

For the student not the least important section of *Silva Gadelica* consists of the illustrative extracts, occupying, in English, forty-eight closely printed pages. An immense amount of valuable matter is here brought together and for the first time rendered accessible to the non-Irish-speaking student. But here, even more than in the body of the work, there are grave defects of editing, the effect of which is to seriously diminish the value and utility of this section to the mass of readers. How is the non-specialist to know that MD at the end of an extract means that it is from the *Martyrology of Donegal*? A number of passages are quoted from the Kilbride MSS. 3 and 16, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, but no information is given as to the date of these MSS. ; nor, more important still, is one told from what tracts the passages are taken. Now both of these, like nearly every other early Irish MS., are libraries in themselves, made up of pieces of various date and provenance. To refer simply to the MS. is much as if an English editor should refer to *Parl. Deb.* or *Stat. at Large*, without vouchsafing a hint as to the date and nature of the passages referred to. The same remark applies to the citation from the *Books of Leinster, Lecan, and Ballymote* ; but of these MSS. facsimile editions exist, and it is possible by an expenditure of £15 and several hours' work to trace the passages quoted by Mr. O'Grady and to form some idea as to their nature and value. One class of references to the *Books of Leinster* and *Ballymote* requires special mention. Mr. O'Grady has—and one cannot be too thankful to him for it—translated a considerable portion of the *Dinnshenchas*, but this is a fact the ordinary reader would never find out,

as the references are simply to LL or BB, the quotations being impartially drawn sometimes from the 12th century and sometimes from the 14th century text.<sup>1</sup>

In other respects the student is left in the lurch just where he requires the expert editor's guidance. Thus, p. 522, Mr. O'Grady quotes as follows respecting Ossian: "*Blae Dherg* from the rushing *Banba*, the formidable Ossian's mother. In a doe's shape she used to come and join the outlawed band; and thus it was that Ossian was begotten upon *Blae Dherg* disguised as a doe, LL. 164, marg. sup." It is evident that the value of this passage for the criticism of the Ossianic romance generally depends largely upon its date. The ordinary reader, knowing that LL stands for the 12th century *Book of Leinster*, naturally concludes that we have here a genuine 12th century testimony to the animal parentage of Ossian. It may well be so; on the other hand it may possibly not be so. For the quotation comes from a marginal note, and what one expects of the editor is that he should give us the benefit of his knowledge as to the date of this gloss. Is it in the same handwriting as the body of the MS.? does it present the same linguistic features as the text to which it is appended? These are questions Mr. O'Grady could answer but does not, and in the meantime the reference is useless, or misleading, to anyone ignorant of Irish palæography and linguistics.

The criticisms I have felt bound to make could, it will be seen, have been obviated by more definite ideas of the editorial function, and by a very slight extra expenditure of time, work, and space. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. O'Grady and his publishers will receive sufficient encouragement to continue the issue of *Silva Gadelica*, and that the editor will, in future, bear the requirements of the ordinary student more fully in mind than he has done in the present volume.

<sup>1</sup> These extracts can as a rule be identified by their beginning with "Whence"; e.g., p. 512 (No. vii), "Whence Loch Con," etc.

The contents of the volume (already given in full, FOLK-LORE, ii, p. 125) are of too miscellaneous a character to allow of detailed criticism. Suffice to say that whilst the earliest stratum of Irish story-telling is practically unrepresented, the middle and later stages are fully illustrated. These stages are of especial interest to the student of oral literature still surviving among the Celtic-speaking populations of these islands. The wonderful continuity of mode of thought and expression, upon which I have so often insisted, is once more brought into relief. The Gaelic story-tellers of to-day work in a convention which has subsisted for over a thousand years.

Undoubtedly the most important text translated by Mr. O'Grady is the *Agallamh na Senorach*, or Colloquy with the Ancients, the chief representative of the second stage of the Ossianic romance, and one of the most characteristic specimens extant of Irish story-telling, with its fondness for annalistic and topographical *minutiæ*, its mingling of dreamy romance and would-be historic accuracy. Renewed acquaintance with this text has not led me to modify the opinions I expressed concerning its nature and date three years ago (MacInnes, p. 411), nor to view with added favour Prof. Zimmer's hypothesis concerning the origin of the Fenian cycle.

Mr. O'Grady has been as chary of exegetical as of critical comment, and this is greatly to be regretted. A romantic literature such as is the Irish, singularly self-contained and cast in a traditional mould equally familiar to reciter and to hearer, offers many pitfalls to the outsider. It is so easy to attach undue importance to an expression or an epithet in a particular passage before one learns that it is merely a conventional *cliché*. Mr. O'Grady's unrivalled knowledge of Irish romance would enable him, if he but would, to give precious assistance to the student. The few *obiter dicta* scattered through the volume are pregnant and illuminating. But I must confess my disbelief in the soundness of one, and as the question is of interest to the

student of Celtic belief and custom, I will briefly set forth Mr. O'Grady's view and my grounds for taking exception to it.

A number of stories are extant in which the Irish saints play a part that assorts singularly ill with our idea of the saintly character; they show themselves vehement and unscrupulous partisans, they resort to trick and dodge to achieve their ends. But the interesting point is that whilst they approve themselves to be on the same moral level as the pagan Druid, they likewise approve themselves to be on the same intellectual level. There is the same belief in the irresistible power of the formula, in the irrevocable nature of the oath, in the efficacy of symbol and spell. Mr. O'Grady is much chagrined by these stories, and, says he, "it is idle to suppose that the native Irish writers of remote times, whose general tone indubitably is that of gentlemen writing for gentlemen, knew no better than to seriously credit men like S. Columbkil and Adamnan, for instance, with conduct worthy of Til Eulenspiegel" (p. xviii). So he concludes "these episodes have all the appearance of broad caricatures drawn to raise a laugh." That the mediæval Irishman was quite capable of enjoying a laugh at the expense of an eminent saint I am willing to believe, but is it certain that he would have seen anything laughable in the trick by which Molling procured the remission of the *Boroma* owing to the double meaning of the word *Luath* (Monday and Doomsday), or in how Adamnan outwitted the King of Ireland? The two, namely, were fasting and performing penance against each other, and neither got ahead of the other. So Adamnan dressed up one of his clerics in his semblance, and when the king, who was averse to works of supererogation, sent to ask the saint what he was doing that night, the cleric answered, "I banquet and sleep." The king felt he could do likewise. But meanwhile Adamnan kept fast and vigil, and tarried all night in the river, and so got power over the king. The story is a delightful one—to us—but would it have struck the

mediæval Irishman as a joke, and would he have considered the trick as ungentlemanly? I doubt it exceedingly, but what I chiefly doubt is that an Irish story-teller would have woven these jokes into historic and hagiological tales which were obviously meant to be taken *au sérieux*, if not to edify. Yet such is the case with nearly all the tales that exercise Mr. O'Grady. I submit that it is far simpler to treat these stories as evidences of the fact, in itself most probable, that the early Irish saints were just tribal medicine-men with a Christian instead of a pagan bag of tricks, and to regard them as surviving by force of tradition, than to imagine that several generations of Irish story-tellers, after centuries of Christianity, went out of their way to vilify their national saints by harking back to archaic and pre-Christian modes of thought and act.

What makes it still more unlikely that these stories, in which no trace of humorous *intent* is perceptible, were meant by way of caricature, is the existence of a mediæval Irish tale conceived in the truest and broadest vein of caricature. I allude to the *Vision of Mac Conglinne*. The parodist spares neither heroic saga, nor saint's legend, nor even the gospel narrative, and his work, precious as testifying to the existence in serious literature of the incidents and modes of expression which he caricatures, is still more precious as affording conclusive proof that the mediæval Irishman's appreciation and expression of grotesque humour were essentially the same as our own.

Hitherto we have been considering collections of new material, and have had little to discuss in way of contributions to a constructive criticism of the mythic literature of the Irish. But Professor Zimmer, in the important work on Nennius<sup>1</sup> which he has just published, amongst many valuable hints towards the proper understanding of the Irish literary records in the pre-mediæval and mediæval periods, makes two suggestions the effect of which upon

<sup>1</sup> Fully summarised by me in *The Academy*, Aug. 12th and 19th, 1893.



current views of Irish myth and saga cannot easily be over-estimated. There is a well-known legend to the effect that the bards of the early seventh century were unable to recall in its entirety the greatest of Irish epic tales, the *Tain bó Cuailgne*; so they sent to Brittany "to learn the Tain, which that wise man (*insui*) had taken to the East in exchange for the Cuilmenn." This story has generally been interpreted in the sense which critics attach to the finding of the Law under Josiah, *i.e.*, as implying that the Tain assumed its definite shape in the early seventh century. But Prof. Zimmer seems inclined to take it *au pied de la lettre*. For him *insui*, "that wise man", can only apply to Gildas, with his standing epithet of *Sapiens*, who did come from Brittany (returning thither to die) to Ireland in the middle of the sixth century, and who, he conjectures, carried off a MS. of the Tain in exchange for the *Cuilmenn*, an historical work dealing with the early history of mankind in supplement of the biblical account, which was held in high esteem in mediæval Ireland.

If this is really so, our MS. tradition for the Tain, and inferentially for other portions of the Ultonian cycle, is thrown back to the early sixth century, and we have the proof that, probably following the firm establishment of Christianity in Ireland, the old heroic literature suffered an eclipse during the sixth century and experienced a revival in the seventh century, thanks to King Guaire of Connaught and to the chief bard Senchan Torpeist. The prominence of both these personages in the romantic history of the period is clear evidence that they did take part in a bardic movement of some sort, and perhaps the hypothesis that they represented a national and semi-pagan reaction against Christian culture best fits in with all the facts of the case.

The possibilities of the other suggestion are even more pregnant. Prof. Zimmer has always insisted upon the Viking period (800-950 A.D.) as forming a chasm in the social and intellectual development of Ireland. The

intense and vigorous culture of the sixth-eighth centuries was wrecked and shattered, and the renaissance of the late tenth and eleventh centuries is a building anew the ancient fabric with the scattered fragments remaining, and also with much that had worked itself into the national consciousness during the years of storm and stress. It is, as a rule, the renaissance post-Viking recension of the monuments of early Irish culture that has been preserved to us, amongst others of the *Lebor Gabala*, the legendary pre-history of Ireland. But with the aid of Nennius, who at the end of the eighth century had access to an older form of the *L. G.* than any which has come down to us, we can form an idea of the pre-Viking recension of this text. The section concerning the Tuatha de Danann was, so Prof. Zimmer asserts, much less detailed. The ordinary, post-Viking, recension describes them as addicted to "druidism, heathendom, and devil's lore, skilled in every art, wrapped in cloud caps and dark mists." Here we have the trace of stories concerning the spell-crafty Norsemen and the invisible-capped Siegfried. So at least it seems to Prof. Zimmer.

The suggestion is thrown out casually, and is not followed up. But it is easy to see to what far-reaching consequences it might lead. The Tuatha de Danann represent what at first sight seems to be the only genuine mythological portion of Irish romance; the beliefs concerning them have practically survived to the present day as the fairy mythology of the Gaelic-speaking peasant. It would indeed be a triumph for the "revelationist" could it be proved that the vast structure of romance connected with the Tuath Dea had its basis in tenth-eleventh century amplifications of monkish imaginings drawn from biblical and classic fable with matter derived from the heathen Norsemen invaders. There would not be wanting peculiarities in the tradition of these stories to lend countenance to such a view. The fact which I instanced in discussing Mr. Coffey's monograph on the New Grange

monuments, namely, that the historic connection with the kings of the early centuries of our era had faded from the popular memory, whilst the, according to the usual view, far older connection with the Tuatha De retained its full vitality, this fact would be explained at once ; the alleged earlier set of traditions would be, as a matter of fact, hundreds of years younger than the other. Nor need we be puzzled, as we must be now, by the curious way in which considerable masses of the so-called mythological cycle stand aloof in literary tradition from any sort of connection with the oldest heroic cycle, that of Conchobor and Cuchulainn. Smaller difficulties, such as the curious parallelism between a passage in the Second Battle of Moytura and one in the Voluspa, to which I called attention in these pages (*ante*, iii, p. 391), would also disappear.

I may say at once that I do not think a theory, such as I have sketched, likely to be true. I believe it will be found that the Irish mythological cycle is made up of old and genuine Gaelic elements. None the less do I think that a searching examination, starting from the hypothesis of a late and largely foreign origin of this most interesting and problematic portion of Gaelic legend, would throw much light upon it.

A passage in Prof. Zimmer's book is instructive, if the facts and inferences contained in it be admitted, as to the possibility of apparently genuine and archaic tradition being originated by late and erroneous views of history. In the Red Book Triads, in a poem of the Book of Taliessin, and in other mediæval Welsh texts, we find mention of *Beli mawr ab Mynogan*, obviously the *Bellinus filius Minocanni* of Nennius. Nennius obtained this personage from Orosius, who mentions a *Minocenobellinus*, which the Welsh scribe misread as *Minocanni bellinus* (*i.e.*, *Bellinus* son of *Minocannus*). But the mention of Orosius rests upon a mistranscribed and misunderstood passage of Suetonius (*Caligula* 44) relating to "*Adminio Cynobellini filio*". Thus the carelessness of copyists and the ignorance

of compilers have combined to invent a British worthy who might, had the literary conditions been favourable, have become the centre of a great romantic cycle.

Beli the Great takes us from Ireland to Britain. Prof. Zimmer's work is chiefly valuable to the student of Welsh history and literary history; its importance for the student of romance lies in the insistence on the early and long-continued relations between Gael and Cymry, relations which have suddenly been carried backwards in point of time and eastwards in point of territory by the unexpected discovery of an Ogham inscription at Silchester.<sup>1</sup> What Prof. Zimmer says about the historic Arthur is sound, but neither novel nor concerned with the serious difficulties of the orthodox view.<sup>2</sup>

In the preceding Reports I sketched Prof. Zimmer's theory of the specific Breton origin of the Arthurian romance as we find it in the French romances of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. That theory was complicated—and compromised—by connection with Prof. Förster's attack upon M. Gaston Paris for arguing that the North-French romance writers received their material from Anglo-Norman intermediaries. Not a trace of these hypothetical intermediaries survives, urged Prof. Förster; the French poets got their material from Brittany, urged Prof. Zimmer. M. Loth, in the *Revue Celtique* for October 1892, has to my mind conclusively disproved the Försterian side of the argument. His reasons can be appreciated by those who are unfamiliar with the minutiae of historical phonology. He urges that the name Yvains in the French romances can only go back to a *written* Welsh Ywein. If the name had come to the French orally they would have attempted to

<sup>1</sup> See Prof. Rhys in *The Academy* for Aug. 19.

<sup>2</sup> Difficulties which would be singularly lessened (though still graver ones would make their appearance) if Mr. Anscombe's startling ascription of Gildas' *Epistola* to the year 498 be correct. (A. Anscombe, *Chron. Tracts*, No. ii: St. Gildas of Ruys and the Irish Regal Chronology of the 6th Century.)

render the sound of the Cymric *y*, which is something between a French *e muet* and a short *o* (Ywein = the modern Welsh Owen), and would have written something like Ewen; their retention of the *y* (which they undoubtedly sounded like a long *e*) conclusively shows that they only knew the name by sight, and not by ear. Again, the French romance writers, finding a *written* Caradoc Breich-Bras (*i.e.*, in Welsh, C. of the strong arms), and misled by similarity of look between Welsh *Bras* = strong, and French *Bras* = arm, transcribed it as C. Brie-Bras (or, in French, C. short arms), which they never could have done had they heard the word *pronounced*, for in accordance with the rules of Cymric phonology the initial consonants suffered change, so that the epithet was sounded Vreichvras. The demonstration seems conclusive as against Professor Förster, for it is obvious that the French romance writers had no access to Welsh MSS., and could only have derived the Welsh forms from Anglo-Norman sources; but Prof. Zimmer might retort that these Welsh written versions came into existence *after* the Norman Conquest had brought the Breton romances to the knowledge of the Welsh, but *before* the French romance writers knew of them. M. Loth, however, whilst cordially recognising, as every true student must do, that Prof. Zimmer has successfully vindicated for Brittany many features of the Arthurian romance as we possess it, has little difficulty in showing that he has, *more suo*, driven his theory too hard, and altogether underrated the Welsh element in the romance. For the moment at least the centre of gravity of Arthurian study has been shifted back from Brittany to Britain. But little has been done towards that adequate solution of the Arthurian problem which must, I think, take into account the following factors: (*a*) the relation of the legendary account, preserved by the Welsh sources alone, to that found in the French romances; (*b*) the relation of both accounts to the substratum of fact connected with the historical Arthur; (*c*) the nature, whether in its origin racial and

mythological, or borrowed and literary, of this legendary portion; (*d*) the relation of Cymric and Gaelic legend generally. Professor Rhys has made many acute suggestions under head (*a*); M. Gaston Paris, under head (*c*), has, in his study of the Lancelot story, made the most valuable existing contribution towards the explanation of the Arthurian romance; under head (*d*) there are scattered suggestions due to Prof. Zimmer, M. Loth, and myself, and I may claim to have clearly seen from the outset the importance of the factor. But much remains to be done, and no more fascinating field of study could be chosen.

I may here note a pamphlet on the Grail story, which I have unfortunately mislaid, sent to me from America by, I think, a Mr. Maclean. In addition to some spirited renderings from Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival* it contained one ingenious suggestion—a comparison of Peredur's adventure with the Addanc of the lake, as told in the Welsh story of Peredur, son of Evrawc, and Sigurd's adventures with Fafnir and Sigrdrifa, as told in the Volsunga saga.

The foregoing Report has been largely concerned with critical questions, but I have, I trust, succeeded in bringing out the importance of what may appear at first blush to be mere dry-as-dust exhibitions of pedantry. It is only by the most exact and searching examination, conducted with all the appliances of the philologist, the palæographer, the historian, and the archaeologist, of all the remains written, figured, and oral of Celtic romance, that we can hope to trace its development and to set forth its true nature. The truth at which we thus arrive, by means which may be deemed pedantic and wearisome, is far more beautiful than those lazy imaginings we spin out of our own consciousness. And meanwhile we have the spring of as fair and clear a stream of romance as ever welled forth from the imagination of man to cheer and refresh us in our march through the Sahara of criticism. Merely as a story-book Mr. O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica* is excellent reading, and if one takes it up side by side with the

exquisite little volume devoted to the love-songs of Connaught which Dr. Hyde has just brought out, the oneness of the Celtic genius throughout the reach of centuries, as well as its unique and penetrating charm, are borne in upon the mind with irresistible force. The Celtic folk-muse greets us from Dr. Hyde's pages like one of her own heroines :

“The taste of her kisses is sweeter than the honey of the bees  
on the table,  
And to be drinking it in berry-red brandy.”

Whoso has tasted those kisses, whoso has heard her fairy-song, like Connla Ruad, will not stay afar from her, but if he may, will follow and dwell with her in the land where she is queen.

ALFRED NUTT.

## REVIEW.

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LA MYTHOLOGIE DU NORD, éclairée par des Inscriptions latines en Germanie, en Gaule et dans la Bretagne ancienne des premiers siècles de notre ère, études par FRÉDÉRIC SANDER. 8vo. Stockholm: Norstedt. N.D. [1893.]

IT is useless to do more than give a few specimens of the method and manner of this book, nor, since it is an honest but ineffectual attempt to treat a difficult subject, is it desirable to say more about it, save to warn students that they will not find their knowledge increased by reading it.

The following citations, chosen almost at hazard, are fair examples of its author's work:—

C.I.L., No. 1064 Addenda. Deo Marti tari Pirumestu. “*Tares* de ahd : *tara* . . . cf. ahd : *tamjan* . . . d'où *Farnhut*, *tarn-kappe*. Piru-mes-tumari, celui qui abuse de la poire, de *pira* poire, mës = missi, et ahd : *tumari*, histrion, comédien, aventurier.”

C.I.L., xii, No. 248. L. Valerius Quartus Carpanto V.S.L.M. “Le nom celtique du dieu *Carpantus* me paraît dériver de *car*, cher, précieux, et de *banneth*, *bennath*, *bennet* (bénédictio) : le cher bénisseur ou bienfaiteur, qui peut être difficilement un autre que Balder. . . .”

C.I.L., xii, No. 5848. Alambrimae Seuerus Perpetui fil. exs. not.

“Une inscription celtique en honneur d'Idune de *lamh* main et *brime* correspondant au Grec *βριμη* colère. Alam-brima la courroucée prise par la main. . . .”

C.I.L., vii, No. 140. Deus nodenti Silulanus, etc.

*Nodentes* is made the nominative = *nodenter* = *nauδr*, need, and *entenδr* from *endjan* to end. “*Silulanus* est sans



aucun doute la vraie leçon, et le nom vient de *silv* = *silf*, *self* même, et de *lan-us* de *linén*, *linen*, *hünén*, compter sur; cf. isl : lán coupir, prêter, donc : celui qui compte sur lui-même. *Senicianus* est une latinisation de *snikjaner* part. de ags. *Snikja* être avide du bien d'autrui."

The Julia Alpinula inscription (Orelli, No. 400) is genuine according to our author, and dates from the year 70 A.D. The common British *Deo Viteri* or *Veteri* is interpreted as referring to the god Widar, brother of Wale.

It is impossible not to regret the pains spent in the composition of this book, for of such theories as it exposes the sad and disappointed folk-lorist can only say with Vanini's pupil, "Rationem hanc nisi exemplis et experimento confirmes, non admitto."

F. YORK POWELL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### LENTEN CUSTOM IN THE SOUTH OF ITALY.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—Seven years ago, whilst I was at Castellamare (below Naples), I noticed in the old town that a cord was hanging from one side of the narrow street to the other, fastened to the upper part of the many-storied houses. From the middle of the cord hung a roughly-made puppet, about a foot long, dressed all in black, rather like a nun in general appearance, and from the skirts of the puppet came five or six hen's feathers, rather like feather legs in arrangement. I asked a peasant what was the meaning of the doll, and he said, with true Italian vagueness, "It is merely Lent." However, by means of questions, in my very limited Italian, I found that, at the expiration of every week throughout Lent, one feather leg was pulled off the puppet, and that it was finally destroyed on the last day of Lent. If I remember well, Mr. Story, the sculptor, refers to a similar custom in his *Saints and Superstitions*, which I have not got by me, but he does not mention the feather legs. Mr. Story wrote of the custom a good many years ago as being one which was fast dying out in Italy.

Could any folk-lorist explain why feathers should be used? Would there be any connection between them and the Easter hens and Easter eggs which are so much seen in Italy? The destruction of the black doll no doubt has the same meaning as the Easter customs mentioned in Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, as being so widely spread, and, I suppose, typifies the destruction of Winter and Death?

LUCY E. BROADWOOD.

## KEY MAGIC.

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—The key, either in conjunction with the Bible or alone, played an important part in our East-Anglian divination ceremonies. But a use to which it was put is, I think, almost unique, namely, to influence wind and tide on behalf of a vessel coming into or leaving port.

The following is a brief account supplied by our friend and representative for Norfolk, Miss Matthews ; and it is the more interesting as it is corroborated by a friend at Lynn, who states in a letter to me that he well remembers seeing the action, but did not attach any value or interest to it at the time (not being a folk-lorist, perhaps). But since I told him of the information I had received he called it to mind ; but, though he has since been on the look-out at intervals for its recurrence, he has not been able to trace even an isolated instance of its survival at this date. If it does still exist he has not been fortunate enough to observe it. Possibly the decrease in the shipping may partly account for this ; or possibly it has been proved to be *ineffectual* in its results. But in any case it does not appear popular with the younger generation of seamen's wives, and will probably be, ere long, entirely forgotten. The following is the account supplied to Miss Matthews by a friend.

“At a time when there were no docks at Lynn, and all ships trading to the port moored in the harbour, I have seen groups of women, no doubt the wives and sweethearts of the sailors, assembled on the quay, watching for the arrival or departure of a ship, in the crew of which one or all might have an interest. Each carried in her hand a key, generally apparently the key of the house-door ; and if she was watching for a vessel expected ‘up with the tide’ she would, by inserting one finger in the bow of it,

and placing a finger of the other hand in the angle of the wards and the stem, continue turning the key towards herself until the vessel arrived, or until the tide turned and its coming was, for a time, hopeless. The object of the winding motion was to bring the vessel home. If, however, the person was watching the departure of a ship, the key would be turned in the same manner, but in the contrary direction, viz., from the holder, which act was supposed to invoke good luck for the vessel and the crew. I have little doubt that the custom is still (1891) observed, though now probably to only a very limited extent."

I should be glad if any member could give other examples of a similar custom elsewhere.

*Great Yarmouth.*

W. B. GERISH.

### "THE SIN-EATER."

*To the Editor of FOLK-LORE.*

SIR,—In connection with Mr. Hartland's article on "The Sin-Eater" in FOLK-LORE for June 1892, the following occurrence at a funeral near Market Drayton in Shropshire may interest you.

The funeral took place on the first of this present month.

The minister of the chapel where the deceased woman had been a regular attendant held a short service in the cottage before the coffin was removed.

The lady, who gave me the particulars, arrived rather early, and found the bearers enjoying a good lunch in the only downstairs room. Shortly afterwards the coffin was brought down and placed on two chairs in the centre of the room, and the mourners having gathered round it the service proceeded. Directly the minister ended, the woman in charge of the arrangements poured out four glasses of wine and handed one to each bearer present across the coffin, with a biscuit called a "funeral biscuit".

One of the bearers being absent at the moment, the fourth glass of wine and biscuit were offered to the eldest son of the deceased woman, who, however, refused to take them, and was not obliged to do so.

The biscuits were ordinary sponge biscuits, usually called "sponge fingers" or "lady's fingers". They are, however, also known in the shops of Market Drayton as "funeral biscuits".

The minister, who had lately come from Pembrokeshire, remarked to my informant that he was sorry to see that pagan custom still observed. He had been able to put an end to it in the Pembrokeshire village where he had formerly been.

*July 27, 1893.*

GERTRUDE HOPE.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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AMONG the papers in the forthcoming number will be one by Mr. Duncan on "Folk-lore in Wills"; by Mr. E. Sidney Hartland on "Pin-wells and Rag-bushes"; by Miss Godden on "Holy Islands"; and a Report on Recent Research on Animal Tales, by Mr. Joseph Jacobs.

THE forthcoming publishing season does not offer the usual prospects of any large number of works relating to Folk-lore. The following seem to exhaust the list :

- Mrs. Gomme, *English Singing Games*. (Nutt.)  
Sir D. Campbell, *Scots Folk-Tales*. (Scott.)  
A. M. Fielde, *Chinese Fairy Tales*. (S.P.C.K.)  
J. Jacobs, *More English Fairy Tales*. (Nutt.)

AS far as yet settled, the following is the programme of the forthcoming session of the Folk-lore Society:—

1893.  
Nov. 15th.—On Indian Village Festivals. By Fred. Fawcett.  
Manx Proverbs. By G. W. Wood, F.C.S.  
Dec. 20th.—Old Northern Folk-Lore and Folk-Faith. By F. York Powell, F.S.A.  
Scripture Tableaux in Italian Churches, with notes on  
1894. Italian Votive Offerings. By W. H. D. Rouse.  
Jan. 17th.—Annual Meeting and Annual Address by the President.  
Feb. 21st.—Gipsy Fairy Tales from Roumania. By Rev. Dr. Gaster.  
Mar. 21st.—Polish and Serbian Demonology as exemplified in their Folk-Tales. By J. T. Naake.  
April 18th.—The Western Folk of Ireland and their Lore. (Illustrated by Lantern Slides.) By Prof. A. C. Haddon, F.L.S.  
May 23rd.—The Omens of the Thugs and their relation to European Folk-Lore of Birds and Beasts. By F. Sessions.  
The Sacred Wells of Man. By A. W. Moore.  
Ditto. G. W. Wood, F.C.S.

June 20th.—The Old Norwegian Speculum Regale. By Prof. Kuno Meyer.

Armenian Folk-Lore. By Prof. M. Tcheraz.

BESIDES the more special Congress devoted to Folk-lore at Chicago in July, the Anthropological Congress of September had a section devoted to Folk-lore, the organisation of which was entrusted to the capable hands of Messrs. W. W. Newell and F. Boas.

THE section of county Folk-lore relating to Suffolk, and compiled by Lady Camilla Gurdon, will be issued at once to members of the Folk-lore Society. Mr. E. Clodd contributes a Preface, pointing out the interest and importance of the county collection.

THE Report on the Ethnographic Survey of the British Isles, presented at the Nottingham meeting of the British Association, contained a section dealing with Folk-lore, which is thus recognised as one of the means of ethnographic research.

THE volume of translation of the mythical portions of *Saxo Grammaticus*, translated by Mr. O. Elton and introduced by Mr. F. York Powell, is almost through the press, and will be issued to the Society as the volume for 1893.

MR. W. W. NEWELL has been for some time collecting the English Folk-tales that are still current in the United States. It is anticipated that his collection will be published during the course of 1894.

PAPERS and other communications for the next number of FOLK-LORE must be sent to the Office, 270, Strand, on or before November 1, 1893.

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## FOLK-LORE MISCELLANEA.

**Folk-lore Items from** *North Indian Notes and Queries*, edited by  
WILLIAM CROOKE, B.A. (Constable and Co.)

(*The references are by volume and paragraph. The current volume is II, and these notes begin with January of the present year.*)

**Popular Religion.**—611. N.W. Provinces. A long song, text and translation. Sāhū Sālār, in digging the foundations of a watch-house, unearths a demon. [This throws light on the human sacrifice so often used in beginning a building, which must be propitiatory.]

613. *Customs of the Sultani Sikhs.* (Those who cannot go on the great pilgrimage of these people *sleep at home at least one night on the ground* as a substitute.)

717. Hindu annual festival of snake-worship or appeasing, and fast on Feb. 16th.

726. Instances of *Mother Satti*, mothers dying by satti with their sons, not their husbands (Rajputana).

729. Yearly ceremony of snake-worship, and charm against snake-bite (Agarwāla Banyas). [The Atharva Veda has numbers of charms against snake-bites.]

**Sociology.**—615, 627, 680. Hoshiarpur. Marriage regulations.

616. Ludhiana. Birth ceremonies. (Midwife ties *iron ring* over the door.)

623. Ludhiana. Jat betrothal ceremonies. (Brides are often purchased.)

624. Marriage ceremonies among the Jats of Ludhiana. (Walking round the fire.)

626. Muhammadan marriage customs: Jalandhar.

681. " " " Ludhiana.

687. " " " Agarwālas.

695. " " (polyandry) Dehra Dun.

708. " " " the Khurwars.

682. Land tenure.

691. Manorial dues: Garhwal.

693, 694. Death ceremonies.

731. Couvade in India.



732. Birth, betrothal, and marriage among the Agarwāla Banyas. (The clothes of the bride and bridegroom are tied in a knot.)

733. Tattooing of women (N.W. Prov.). Conciliates the mysterious opponents who beset the path traversed after death. Imitations of ornaments, since no other ornament can be taken to the next world. Remedy for disease and barrenness.

738. Procedure of sorcerers to cure disease (Kumaon). The usual ecstasies, and instances of second-sight more or less correct. The writer vouches for one of them ; he tested the man himself.

**Folk-lore.**—633. The Princess who got the gift of patience. The tale contains incidents like that of Psyche. The fairy prince visits his bride only at night, when she turns a magic fan upside down. Envious sisters grind glass fine, and lay it under the sheet. The prince falls into horrible pain, and the princess finds out what is the matter, and how to cure it, by hearing birds talk.

634. Superstitions of husbandry.

643. Another version of the Fairy Gift legend. A saint gives a herdsman a handful of barley, which turns into gold at home.

699. Tale of an ass which dropped money.

703. "Scapegoat" animal carries off disease.

704. The Magic Ring of Lord Solomon. Contains the following incidents : Wishing Ring (cp. Lang's *Blue Fairy Tale Book*, No. 1) ; prince leaves a cup of milk with his mother, saying, "As long as this milk does not turn sour, know that I am alive." The princess throws three hairs into the river, and a king who finds them falls in love with her. A witch gets the ring, and spirits the princess away. A dog and cat get the ring back by aid of a mouse. [Almost the same story from South India in Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fictions* i, 337.]

739. The pranks of Hop-o'-my-Thumb (Mirzapur).

740. Shekh Chilli and the Thieves : "four corners and one above."

742. A monster who boiled boys in oil. The hero throws him in, boils him, and sprinkles the oil on the bones which lie about. The boys previously boiled come to life again (Mirzapur).

743. The Man who Fought with God. Three questions asked on the way by people whom he came across, which he gets answered (Mirzapur).

744. *Princess Pomegranate*. Prince plucks a pomegranate off a tree, but is told to take no more. He at first does so, and is killed ; then he only took one, and it burst, and a princess came out. Envious woman, who kills the princess, and takes her place ; princess returns in form of a flower, which is pricked to pieces, from which a pomegranate-tree grew, and bore one fruit, from which the princess came

out again. Envious woman had her killed, and *ate her liver*. At length she is restored, and marries her prince (Mirzapur).

745. *Tasks of the Witch Queen*. The witch maligns a young queen, and, after many misfortunes have befallen the young queen, her son learns that the witch's life *rests in a parrot*, which he kills.

**Ethnology.**—651. (Goat-butchers will not kill cows, and *vice versâ*.)

654. Montgomery—Ioya Tribe. “*Iot* means a wife, and it would seem as if the tribe got its name from no one knowing who their male ancestor was.”

648, 705. Physical differences between Europeans and Asiatics worked out in great detail. The writer holds that “in using force, even to the most trifling matter, the European appears to depend chiefly on his *extensoral* development, and the Asiatic on his *flexoral*.”

W. H. D. ROUSE.

**The Sin-Eater.**—In his work on Turkestân,<sup>1</sup> Dr. Schuyler speaks of a custom existing in that country which is worth noting in connection with Mr. Sidney Hartland's paper on this subject in the June number of FOLK-LORE, 1892. “Life in Ach Kûrgân”, Dr. S. says, “was rather dull, amusement there was none, all games being strictly forbidden. Such things as jugglery, dancing, and comic performances are, I am told, forbidden in the Kanate, the licentious Khan having seen the error of his ways, and having put on, for his people at least, the semblance of virtue. Of praying there was very little; occasionally in the afternoon at sunset some few pious individuals would spread out a rug and make their supplications to Allah. One poor old man, however, I noticed, who seemed constantly engaged in prayer. On calling attention to him, I was told that he was an *iskachi*, a person who makes his living by taking upon himself the sins of the *dead*, and thenceforward devoting his life to prayer for their souls. He corresponds to the *sin-eater* of the Welsh border.”

In Kashmir, on the borders of Central Asia, where the present writer now is, it is the *living*, apparently, who need a *sin-eater*.

We have just passed through a terrible visitation of cholera; when the outbreak was at its worst, the deaths in the native city rose to nearly three hundred daily. An order then came from the Maharaja (who was at Janu, his second capital<sup>2</sup>) that a couple or more bulls

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ii, p. 28.

<sup>2</sup> The chief town of a fief belonging to the Maharaja of Kashmir's progenitors for two or more generations before Kashmir was given over to that family.

were to be bought, and driven for some hours round and about the streets and the lanes of the city, and then turned out loose to wander at will, in order to remove the pestilence.

It was accordingly done, and the effect this would seem to have had on the minds of the people was something marvellous; the seizures diminished, and the death-rate suddenly declined in a most marked manner. It would appear that the Kashmiris believed either that these animals bore away the disease, or the sins and shortcomings which had brought this scourge upon them.

At Jamu itself, some years ago, the writer saw numerous ownerless cattle wandering about the native city and its environs, and was then told that these were animals which, by a particular ceremony, had had the sins of certain persons laid upon them; they looked sleek and well-fed, living most probably upon the charity of the general public.

The notion regarding the *sin*-eater in Southern Italy becomes even more directly personal, as the following anecdote serves to show. The writer had it from a Roman lady who had then resided some years in Naples, she knew one of the parties concerned, and spoke of it as a singular piece of superstition. A family of her acquaintance had settled themselves down in an apartment in that city; not long afterwards another flat in the same house was taken by a lady whom the first-comers believed possessed the *Mal' Occhio* = the Evil Eye. They were in despair, and, in order to avert any bad consequences which might result to themselves, they caused a bull to be brought to the house, and had it driven through the entrance archway, and led round and round the courtyard for some hours. There seems a remarkable connection between the sin-eater of Central Asia and of the Welsh border, the bull of Kashmir, and the Neapolitan custom.

H. G. M. MURRAY-AVNSLEY.

*Srinagar, Kashmir, July 28, 1892.*

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**John Aller.**—The following story was told me in the summer of 1885 by a farmer at Aller in Somersetshire (Mr. Dudridge), to account for the origin of the name of the village.

He also informed me that there was a monument to Aller in the church, but this was incorrect.

The village of Aller is distant about two miles from Curry Rivell, both villages are on the sides of hills, and the intervening country is flat and marshy.

The spot pointed out to me as the site of the encounter is a bare patch of sand, very noticeable on the green hill-side as you approach by the Langport road.

The rector of Aller had never heard the story.

“Many years ago a fiery flying dragon lived at Curry Rivell. At certain times it used to fly across the marsh to Aller and destroy the crops and all it came near, with its fiery breath. This continued for a long time. At last one John Aller, a brave and valiant man, who lived at Aller, vowed that he would kill it. He laid in wait, and when next the dragon flew across to Aller hill he attacked it, and, after a fierce struggle, slew it, and cut off its head. Then its fiery blood ran out, and scorched up all the grass around, and from that day to this grass has never grown on the spot. John Aller was so burnt by the dragon’s breath that he died almost at the same moment as the dragon. The people took up his body, buried it in the church, and called the village after him.”

T. W. E. HIGGENS.

**The Flitting Gnomes.**—It may be assumed that folk-lorists are acquainted with Crofton Cooke’s delightful *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, and will remember, in the section devoted to “The Clericaune” (vol. ii, p. 163), how an old Quaker gentleman, haunted by one of these fairies, desired to get rid of him, and for that purpose took another house, and had all his furniture packed on carts, when, as the last casks were being put on, the Clericaune was seen to jump on to the car, and into the bunghole of an empty cask, and cry: “Here, master, here we all go together.” Whereupon the Quaker said: “In that case let the cars be unpacked; we are just as well where we are!” Another similar instance of the Danish Nis is also adduced. In *The Land of Manfred*, by Miss Janet Ross, a book rich in folk-lore, a like being with the same story is described as popularly believed in in the extreme South of Italy. When near Tasanto, Miss Ross relates (pp. 127-8), “I observed that some of the flock an old shepherd was guarding looked tired, and hung their heads wearily. I asked whether they were ill, and he answered: ‘No, but I must get rid of them, because the Lauro has taken an antipathy to them.’ On further inquiry he told me that the Lauro was a little man, only thirty centimètres high, always dressed in velvet, and wearing a Calabreze hat with a feather stuck into it. The Lauro is most capricious: to some who ask him for money he gives a sackful of broken potsherds; to others who ask for sand he give old coins. He took a particular dislike to a cousin of the old shepherd, sitting on her chest at night and giving her terrible dreams. At last she was so worried by the Lauro that she determined to leave her house. All the household goods and chattels were on the cart; nothing was left but an old broom, and when the goodwife went to fetch it the Lauro suddenly appeared, saying: ‘I’ll take that; let us be off to the new house.’ His antipathies or likings are unaccount-

able ; he will steal corn from one horse or mule to give it to another ; twist up their manes and tails in a fantastic way, or shave them in queer patterns. The Lauro could not allow the sheep I had asked about to rest at night, and any animal he hated had to be sold." Thus a being with the same attributes and story attached is known in Denmark, Ireland, and the far South of Italy.

**The Monaciello of Naples.**—Belief in the Monaciello, or Little Monk, still prevails all around the Bay of Naples ; he is described as broad, sturdy, and dwarfish ; wearing a monk's dress, but a broad-brimmed hat. He is mischievous and tricky, sometimes spiteful ; often alluded to in the *Pentamerone*. In one of the tales, "Vardiello," a house is mentioned that had been deserted on account of the annoyances occasioned by the Monaciello. Except that he is never associated with the Will-o'-the-Wisp he would seem to be somewhat akin to the English Friar Rush. It is, however, in Sorrento that the Monacielli appear to have their headquarters. Visitors to Sorrento will remember the extraordinarily deep, narrow ravines which traverse the town ; these are at the present day believed to be peopled by Monacielli, who elsewhere appear to be of solitary habits. When at Sorrento, four years ago, I had a fancy of trying to get to the bottom of one of those very deep precipitous clefts. No one, however, would go with me, and I was strongly dissuaded from the attempt, as there was no telling what might befall an intruder in those haunted depths. Beside the Monaciello, one hears stories of a sort of house-spirit known as the Bella 'Mbriana, that tenants many of the houses in St. Agata, Massa, and other villages near Sorrento. It is not easy to get any distinct idea of this being. Unlike house-spirits in general, she is female and never seen ; but her presence in the house is always acknowledged and spoken of with great deference, and the epithet "bella" is no doubt placatory, like the "good people" applied to the fairies ; for, though generally beneficent, she can be malicious, and, while exacting the greatest courtesy, dislikes being spoken of directly. The village people may have clearer ideas of her, but it is difficult for strangers to get at them.

**Dwarfs in the East.**—Mr. Keightley, in his *Fairy Mythology*, expressed his conviction that the ancients knew of no diminutive beings like British Fairies or Northern Duerger. Neither does popular belief know of any such throughout the East. In India rings are not uncommonly seen in the grass after rain, but no popular superstition is connected with them ; no beings, like elves or fairies, find place in village traditions or belief. The Hindu mind inclines more to the idea of hideous malevolent demons, especially female. A belief in dwarfs,

not unlike the Duergar, is, however, much more familiar, for dwarfs hold a distinct place in Hindu mythology ; they appear sculptured on all temples. Siva is accompanied by a bodyguard of dwarfs, one of whom, the three-legged Bhiringi, dances nimbly. But coming nearer to Northern legend, the cromlechs and kistvaens which abound over Southern India are believed to have been built by a dwarf race, a cubit high, who could nevertheless move and handle the huge stones easily. The villagers call them *Pândayar*. In the Chingalpat district, near Madras, there is a large mound said to be inhabited by a bearded race of *Pândayar*, three feet high, whose king lives in the top of the mound. This nearly approaches the traditions of hill-dwarfs in Norway ; but no skill or habit of working in metal is associated with them. The late Mr. Fergusson (*Tree and Serpent Worship*, p. 79) held that "all the Fairy Mythology of East and West belongs to the Turanian races"; and the late learned Bishop Caldwell, who laboured for a lifetime amongst the people in Southern India, suggested that the Tamil word *pey*—demon or goblin—may be the origin of the word "fairy", but their attributes respectively, as popularly understood, seem too widely diverse. It may be noted, however, that in Scandinavian mythology we hear of the dark Alfar, or malignant elves. Brotier thinks the word "Alf" may be derived from the Teutonic deity Alcis, mentioned by Tacitus (*Germania*, 43), identified by him with Castor and Pollux in their jack-o'-lantern appearances.

**Dwarfs in the West.**—The Rev. Baring Gould, in his pleasant and instructive volume, *In Troubadour Land*, published in the present year, relates a curious experience of his boyish days. While sitting on the box of his father's carriage crossing the Cran, a wide, desolate, stony tract in Provence, he suddenly saw a number of little figures of men with peaked caps, running about the horses and making attempts to scramble up them. For some time he continued to see these dwarfs running among the pebbles of the Cran, jumping over tufts of grass, or careering along the road by the carriage, making faces at him ; but gradually their number decreased, and he failed to see any more (pp. 65-6). They were visible only to him, and on saying something about it to his father, he was sent inside the carriage, on the supposition that the sun was too hot for his head. Mr. Gould adds an anecdote of his wife, "who never deviated from the truth in her life, and who walking one day, when a girl of thirteen, beside a quickset hedge, her brother on the other side looking for birds' nests, all at once saw a little man dressed entirely in green, with jacket and high peaked hat, seated in the hedge staring at her. She was paralysed with terror for a moment, then called her brother to come round and see the little green man. When he arrived the dwarf had

disappeared." Mr. Gould supposes this vision, too, would be ascribed to a too hot sun on the head, but is evidently dissatisfied with that explanation, and asks why a hot sun should call up visions of dwarfs and fairies. It is the fashion now to make light of the tone and sensible avouch of our own eyes, but, railways notwithstanding, fairies may still exist for those who have the gift of seeing them. Mrs. Baring Gould's experience, however, recalls a story current on the eastern border of the Dartmoor, where still stands a farm-house, of which it is told that some years ago the farmer who lived there was coming home from market rather late, and saw in the hedge, not far from his house, a tiny little woman sitting dressed all in green. She was a pixy, and the farmer, probably bold after sundry drops at the market-town, picked her up and carried her home. There he told his wife, who had gone to bed, what he had found, and asked what he should do with her. The wife answered, sleepily: "Tie her to the bed-post with your garter." The farmer did so, and went off to sleep. In the morning he looked at once at the bed-post, and there was his garter as he had tied it the evening before, but no little green lady in it, only a long green leek! Disgusted at this, he seized the leek, and opening the door, threw it out into the yard, when, as it left his hand, it changed back into the woman in green, and he saw himself suddenly surrounded by a swarm of tiny beings, mounted on little horses, who presently vanished, clapping their hands, and crying: "We have got her again! we have got her again!"

M. L. C.

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**May-Day at Watford, Herts.**—On May-Day, in this parish, groups of children, almost entirely girls, go about the streets from door to door, and sing the accompanying verses. They are dressed in white for preference, and decorate themselves with gay ribbons and sashes of various colours; I cannot find that any particular colours are prescribed by tradition. Two of the girls carry between them on a stick what they call "the garland", which, in its simplest form, is made of two circular hoops, intersecting each other at right angles; a more elaborate form has, in addition, smaller semicircles inserted in the four angles formed by the meeting of the hoops at the top of "the garland". These hoops are covered with any wild-flowers in season, and are further ornamented with ribbons. The "garland" in shape reminds me of the "Christmas" which used to form the centre of the Christmas decorations in Yorkshire some few years ago, except that the latter had a bunch of mistletoe inside the hoops.

One of the children generally carries a purse or small bag to hold the coppers which may be collected. The group, of which I have a photograph, was one taken quite at hap-hazard, as it passed the

photographer's door. In this a boy with a bunch of flowers on a stick accompanies them, but this is not very usual.

*Verses sung by Children at Watford, Herts, on May-Day.*

1. Here begins the merry month of May,  
The bright time of the year,  
When Christ our Saviour died for us,  
Who loved us so dear.
2. So dear, so dear, Christ loved us,  
And all our sins to save ;  
We 'd better leave off our wickedness,  
And turn to the Lord again.
3. I have been travelling all this night,  
And best part of this day,  
And now I have returned again,  
I've brought you a branch of May ;
4. A branch of May I have brought you,  
And at your door I stand,  
It is but a bud, but it's well spreaded out,  
By the work of our Lord's hand.
5. A garland, a garland, a very pretty garland,  
As ever you wish to see,  
'Tis fit for the Queen Victoria,  
So please remember me.
6. I have a little purse within my pocket,  
Dressed up in silk and string,  
And all I want is a little piece of money,  
So please to put within.
7. My song is done—I must be gone,  
No longer can I stay ;  
God bless you all, both great and small ;  
I wish you a merry month of May.

*Variants.*

3. We have been walking all the night,  
And the best part of this day ;  
And now returning back again,  
We bring you a branch of May.
4. A branch of May we have brought you,  
And at your door it stands ;  
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out,  
In the shape of our Lord's hands.



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[No. IV.

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## CINDERELLA AND THE DIFFUSION OF TALES.

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“WE mortal millions live alone”, and, at best, can only make ourselves approximately understood. In the question as to the origin and distribution of *Popular Tales*, I feel, for one, as if I were speaking into a telephone to other antiquaries very remote in space, and, may I say, a little hard of hearing. Some words in the message seem to be caught, others are obviously inaudible, others are misconceived. Perhaps the voice is indistinct.

There can be no doubt, perhaps, that I have been very generally supposed to deny that *märchen* can be borrowed by one people from another, very generally believed to maintain that *märchen*, in each country, are indigenous growths, blossoming out of the same soil of human fancy. Even my friend, M. Henri Gaidoz, reviewing Miss Cox's *Cinderella*, says that I am not a foe of transmission, *aujourd'hui*. But when was I? Perhaps in 1872, not since. How far I am thought to carry the Casual Theory, I know not. Perhaps I am credited with disbelieving that a tale can pass from Fife to Galloway, or from Scotland to England, or from France to Italy, from Russia to the Lapps, or *vice versa*. Well, these are not, and never have been my ideas, though, of course, in thirty long years, those ideas have been modified in many ways. But M. Cosquin

thinks, or thought, that I believed in the "Casual Theory" exclusively ; so it seems does Professor Krohn. M. Bédier was of the same mind, but M. Bédier is *not* a Casualist, for he employed against me certain smooth pebbles from the wallet of M. Cosquin. Mr. Jacobs, indeed (FOLK-LORE, iv, 3, 281), calls M. Bédier "quite the casualist". *Tête de Monsieur Bédier!* as Gyp says. The young *savant* was rebuking *me* for being a Casualist, and he is accused of being a Casualist himself !

So far, I am not alone in misfortune. He "quotes Mr. Lang as his authority". Why, on this point, he assails me, and would assail me justly, if only I held the opinions which he believed to be mine. M. Sudre, whom I have not read, says (it seems) that, to my mind, *tout conte est autochthone*. I am not certain that there is such a thing as an autochthonous *man*, still less an autochthonous *conte*, on the globe at this moment. The race has been shuffled and cut too often. Finally, Lieutenant Basset, with whose works and name I have the misfortune to be unacquainted, says that I "frankly acknowledge that I believe the details have been independently developed".

Lieutenant Basset is perfectly right ; I *do* believe that many of the *details* of story have been, or may have been, independently invented. But that has nothing, or nothing very obvious, to do with the question of the diffusion of *story-plots*. The details—magic, cannibalism, talking trees, helpful beasts, or heavenly bodies, many items of custom, and so forth—I certainly believe to have been evolved by human fancy everywhere, to have been part of the universal stuff of Belief. Of course man may have spread from a single centre, he may have developed the characteristic features of savage metaphysics, and opinion, and custom (the matter that *märchen* are made of) before he left that centre. These questions belong to a different science. If man had these intellectual opinions, and told tales, before he left the one cradle of the race, then there is no question of the separate invention, in different lands, of all the matters

into which we are inquiring. If man was created, or evolved, in several places, or if he left his one centre before he had developed the ideas of magic, of a personal and animated nature, and various odd customs, then, to my mind, many of these "details" were of independent invention. The details of Pawnee and Attic ritual (in the *Bouphonia*) can hardly be so similar because they were diffused, or borrowed from the old Greek, by the western world. *That* similarity, I think, arises from the existence of similar ideas in similar minds. Nature-myths, also, myths explanatory of the world, and myths explanatory of customs, are like each other in the remotest lands, I imagine, because similar minds were at work on similar matter: on nature, and on analogous customs.

Thus I have ever tried to explain *those* similarities, though imitation must also be allowed for. Thus I explain the similarity of many *details* in stories, they are simply examples of early belief everywhere. *But the details are not the tale.* The problem of stories is different; we have to account, not for similar details, but for a similar arrangement of those details. If we find a story in Samoa and in ancient Greece, with a very close resemblance in the arrangement of details, in the development of plot, then the hypothesis of diffusion, of transmission, is infinitely the more probable. This I alleged in 1884 (in *Custom and Myth*), when discussing the widely-spread stories akin to the Jason legend. I have often done more, I have pointed out many methods, many channels, by which a story might be diffused. In 1886, in *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* (ii, 320), I said: "Wherever human communication is, or has been possible, there the story may go, and the space of time during which the courses of the sea and the paths of the land have been open to story is dateless and unknown." I say much the same thing in *Perrault*, p. cxv (1888); and in Mrs. Hunt's *Grimm*, p. lxx (1884): "The diffusion of plots is much more difficult to explain" (than that of details), "nor do we

venture to explain it, except by the chances of *transmission*, in the long past of the human race." Now I challenge any reasonable being to read these words, written nine, seven, and five years ago, and to maintain that I deny the possibility of the diffusion of stories, of the borrowing of stories by one race from another. In *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* (ii, 312), I show how an ancient Egyptian *märchen* may have reached Greece, Libya, the Great Lakes, and ultimately arrived among the ancestors of the Amazulu. M. Cosquin wonders that I find so much difficulty in conceiving transmission to the Zulus. What I doubt is *recent* transmission from Europeans. M. Cosquin suggests Islamite influence, and may be right, but prehistoric diffusion is very probable.

Of course people need not read one's writings, but how, if they do read them, they can regard me as a Casualist, or rather, as exclusively a Casualist, I fail to understand. But Mr. Jacobs holds the same opinion about poor M. Bédier; *he* is a Casualist, though he actually assails the Casual Theory in my person. And I am *not* a Casualist, or only at once a Casualist, and a "Diffusionist", to coin a hideous word. That Mr. Jacobs should rebuke M. Bédier for being a Casualist, when M. Bédier is rebuking me for the same crime, while neither M. Bédier nor I be Casualists, is—casual.

How the myth that I am a hard and fast Casualist arose, is a question for the mythologist. Generally the belief rests on the fact that I once said "something is due to transmission".<sup>1</sup> A man denies transmission, that is

<sup>1</sup> I have burned my faggot as to this remark. "Something" is due to transmission—I should have said "much", or even "most" is due to transmission. The remark is in Mrs. Hunt's *Grimm*, and qualifies too much the passage from it already quoted. I here seemed to limit the chances of diffusion more than I should have done, more than, perhaps, I intended. But the whole drift of the passages I cite from *Custom and Myth*, and *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, might, perhaps, have been allowed by my critics to have weight against an isolated

plain, for does he not say openly that "something is due to transmission"? This is a quaint logic. But the origin of the myth which makes me a Casual hero I take to be this: I have tried to explain many curious similarities in human culture by the theory of similar minds working on similar matter. Therefore the scholars who did me the honour to dip into my books, expected to find me explaining the similarity of *märchen* by that theory, and by no other. It was a case of "expectant attention"—or inattention. What they expected to find, they found, only, as it happened, what they expected to find was not there, or, if there, was greatly qualified, as I have shown. They *did* find my statement "wherever human communication is or has been possible, there the story can go" (1886). They did find similar remarks, about the drifting of a tale as far as Samoa, in *Custom and Myth* (p. 97, 1884). But that was not what they had expected to find, so "they heard as if they heard me not", and found something else. Thus "expectant inattention" explains the myth in part, but not wholly. For scholars who looked into my arid pages also discovered that I was not prepared to deny the possibilities of independent evolution. In *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* (ii, 319) I say that "it is better to confess ignorance of the original centre of the *märchen*, and inability to decide dogmatically which stories must have been invented, only once for all, and which may have come together by the mere blending of the universal elements of imagination." Here, of course, there is no assertion of the Casual Theory as absolute, I only confess that I was (or that we were?) in 1886, unable to say which tales were diffused by borrowing, and which were separately evolved. Now I may think that I can discriminate better, though, in face of modern coincidences, not positively. I went on to remark that only one thing was certain, namely, that "no

phrase. Other admissions of phrases dubious, or misleading, or no longer expressive of my views, I have made in the Preface to Miss Cox's *Cinderella*.

limit can be put to a story's flight, *vivū per ora virum*." Mr. Jacobs says, "I still fail to gather whether Mr. Lang would allow that the Samoan variety" (of the Jason myth) "must have been borrowed from abroad." I am sorry to have been so indistinct. I say (*Custom and Myth*, p. 97), "Our position is that, in the shiftings and migrations of peoples, the Jason tale has somehow been swept, like a piece of driftwood, on to the coasts of Samoa."<sup>1</sup> This is a strong expression for a Casualist, for one who denies the possibility of transmission. On p. 101 I give all three conceivable alternatives—spread from a single human centre—coincidence—and transmission. On p. 7 I say, "There seems no reason why it should have been invented separately." And my "position" is that stated on p. 97.

Here, then, and elsewhere, I left a place for the possibilities of the "Casual" Theory, for possible independent evolution. Mr. Jacobs now says that I have "never unreservedly pinned my faith to the Casual Theory". Apparently I have not, as I have distinctly said that no limit can be set to the chances of diffusion. I have "hedged", it is asserted, and I "claim to win on this point whether obverse or reverse turns up". If this means that I believe in the possibility of independent development, in certain cases, I do. I hold that both causes, transmission and separate evolution, may have been at work. Of transmission I feel certain; we sometimes (as M. Bédier proves by an interesting example) catch transmission in the act. Of independent evolution I am less assured, but I am very strongly of opinion that it occurs. The difficulty is to prove a negative, to prove that this or the other analogous story has *not* been borrowed. We can never be *certain* of this, as we can be certain of the positive fact that transmission occurs. Mr. Jacobs observes

<sup>1</sup> By the Jason tale I meant, not a form of the Greek myth, but a similar story of a hero helped by the daughter of a hostile father. I am not prejudging the question whether the Samoans acquired the Greek myth, or whether Greek poets and Samoans worked up an earlier folk-tale independently.

that I “practically yield my whole position in granting the probabilities of diffusion by borrowing, and we would gladly know how far he has been convinced against his will.” As to “yielding my position”, we shall see whether I do or not, and as to being “convinced against my will”, to the best of my belief I have *always* allowed for borrowing.<sup>1</sup> My will, my taste, has never been set against it. I have argued (*M. R. R.*, ii, 316) against the probability of *recent* borrowing, in cases like that of the Huarochiris. But the hypothesis of *prehistoric* diffusion, in the unknown past, seems to my taste attractive and romantic. I conceive that many Algonquin *märchen* really are of quite recent introduction: about the Zulu case I doubt; about the Huarochiris and Samoans I feel nearly convinced that the borrowing was not done in recent ages, say since 1540, in the former case. The remote Eskimo are so distant that, as their tales rarely resemble ours, we may doubt if they have borrowed much from recent Europeans.

My first writing on the subject was done about 1863, when I was an undergraduate at St. Andrew's. Then I merely published two tales, which I call Scotch, in the *St. Andrew's University Magazine*. I had only read Mr. Max Müller, Perrault, Dasent, and Chambers, and, on the problem as it now stands, had no right to an opinion. But about 1871-72 I wrote an article for *The Fortnightly Review*. There I stated my whole theory: *Märchen* were of extreme antiquity, of savage origin, and were the stuff of the great classical epics. This essay was published five or six years before Mr. Farrer advocated similar ideas in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1878), and in his *Primitive Manners and Customs* (1879). In the prose translation of the *Odyssey*

<sup>1</sup> This was written before I read again my old *Fortnightly Review* article published in May, 1873. There I say that mythologists do not accept the theory of borrowing. A remark of Mr. Max Müller's was in my mind: twenty years ago I knew little, and thought that Urvasi was—the Dawn! But I do not suppose that my critics will pin me down to opinions so long ago abandoned.

(1879) I again stated some of my notions. I had published them, between 1872 and 1879, in many periodicals, notably *The Saturday Review*.<sup>1</sup> It is thus hardly correct to say that the "savage parallels were drawn before Mr. Lang by Mr. Farrer". My friend, Mr. Farrer, was writing, however, in complete independence of me. It was not a case of borrowing, but of independent evolution. Now, in 1872, I was probably more under the influence of Hegel than at present, and I may have, somehow, been inclined to a mystic theory of *märchen*-forms, everywhere present in the human intellect.

The more I have reflected on these matters, the more has borrowing seemed to me the general and prevalent cause of the likeness in the *märchen* of the world. In *Custom and Myth* (pp. 101-2), writing in 1883-84, I give the methods in which diffusion might be effected—by traders, slaves, captives in war, and women: comparing an Oriental and European story, found in Samoa or Peru, to an Indian Ocean shell, said to have been discovered in a Polish cave, among prehistoric remains. Wherever the shell could be handed on, the story might go: yet I am a hard and fast Casualist, according to many British and foreign folklorists.

One is not *all* Transmissionist, however; one still maintains a belief that casual, or independent evolution may account for *some* cases of resemblance. Thus (*Custom and Myth*, p. 85), one says, "We think it a reasonable hypothesis that tales *on the pattern* of 'Cupid and Psyche' might have been evolved wherever a curious nuptial taboo required to be sanctioned, or explained, by a myth." Now to say this is not to say that the legend, exactly as in

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jacobs says that the "elderly lioncels of *The Saturday Review* are sublimely certain that resemblance in folk-tales is due to chance, not to transmission." As one of those animals, I think it doubtful that I am "sublimely certain", in *The Saturday Review*, of what I do not hold (except in the modified form to be explained) in my own books.



Apuleius, or exactly as in our European form, might be independently developed. Every detail in the story is either universally human, or universal in early society. That all the details should be accidentally shaken, by Red Men and Greeks, into *exactly* the same pattern, is beyond my belief, and the fact does not occur. But that there should be developed, without borrowing, a tale of a broken marriage taboo, and of its consequences, wherever such a taboo existed, is well within my belief. I gave an Ojibway example and a Zulu example. They are so far on the classical pattern that the central situations of the transformed husband, in Zulu, and of the broken taboo and lost bride, in Ojibway, occur. But the details, in all other respects, vary from the legend in Apuleius so much, that transmission and corruption can scarcely account for the analogy. At the same time I add, even here, that "there is also a chance" of transmission by borrowing, "in the unknown past of our scattered and wandering race." Mr. Jacobs observes that "in only two" out of some dozen of tales which I have analyzed, have I "allowed the possibility of borrowing". A man who has allowed the possibility in even two cases out of twelve (not denying it in the ten) is, of course, no foe of transmission. But Mr. Jacobs is inaccurate. In treating of "Cupid and Psyche", I repeat (*Custom and Myth*, p. 85, 1884), I especially allow for the chance of transmission, yet tales analogous to "Cupid and Psyche" are, I think, of all others the least unlikely to have been independently evolved. This was not meant as a "hedge", but as a scientific statement. I believe that the Zulu and Ojibway stories are not corrupted forms of the legend of "Cupid and Psyche", but I cannot dogmatise.

By the way, to suppose that a taboo may have given rise to part of a *märchen*, is *not* to maintain that, wherever this *märchen* is now found, there the taboo has existed. The tale might reach a people who had never possessed such a taboo. The tale merely raises a presumption that, wherever it was first developed, there a taboo was in

force. We know that it has been in force in many places ; we do not suggest that it has been in force wherever the story now encounters us. It *may* have been in force, in each case, thousands of years ago, we do not pretend to say that it has been. The curious may also notice the Iroquois form of the Eurydice legend, published by Mrs. Erminie Smith in the series of the Smithsonian Bureau of Ethnology. One fancies that this pathetic tale *may* have grown out of the loves, and regrets, and beliefs of a rude American tribe, quite independently of any transmission from Greece, at any period. I have examined the Turkish, mediæval, and Iroquois versions, in *Murray's Magazine*, and here, too, I must remain in a balance of opinion. The story deserves the attention of students.

Thus far I am guilty of the Casual hypothesis, and I think no further, since my *Fortnightly* article. But I am not prepared to assert dogmatically that all is plain sailing even in the case of *Cinderella*. I only throw out a few hints of difficulties even here. Let us examine Mr. Jacobs' remarks. He does not think (1) *Cinderella* a good test of the continued existence of folk-tales from prehistoric times to the present. Certainly better tests might be chosen. The essence of the tale, he says, "is the rise in social condition of a girl who makes a fortunate marriage. Possibly there are such cases in savage or in prehistoric societies, . . . but it would be idle to look for its origin in societies where there was little variation of social position. . . . In its inception, *Cinderella*, as we now have it, cannot have arisen in a savage society" (*F.-L.*, iv, 3, pp. 270-271). Mr. Jacobs' argument is, *Cinderella*, in essence (in the matter of the marriage), is not savage, but feudal or mediæval, for savages have not the necessary distinctions of rank. The savage details may have been introduced later, or carried on into the original form, not as things contemporary, when that form was invented, but as conventional episodes of far more remote origin. Still, these details would be, originally, savage. But we shall see

whether the argument from distinction of rank is valid. In any case, certainly, the tale could not have been invented by shoeless savages, *as we now have it*. But we have it in many forms, from Perrault's refinements to the almost Totemistic rudeness of Mr. McLeod's Celtic form, where the heroine is the daughter of an ewe. Who can tell what form of *Cinderella* existed behind that wild shape? The tales (in my belief) have filtered down through uncounted generations, clearly not unaltered. Perrault, for instance, drops the helpful beast, the talking birds; and Scotch and Celtic forms, apart from Mr. McLeod's, drop the bestial mother. The inference is obvious. *Cinderella, as we now have it*, cannot have arisen in a shoeless country; mocassins, at lowest, had been invented when the tale, as we now possess it, was told. But in Kaffir and Santhal, as in old Egyptian, the place of the "Shoe-recognition" is taken by recognition of a lock of hair. There is no reason why *Cinderella* should not once have included recognition by a lock of hair; the shoe may be no more ancient than the tale of Rhodopis. Say that the hero cuts a lock of the girl's hair—will marry a girl whose hair answers to *that*. This involves many alterations, but my argument is that long ages do and must alter a story.

Again, the essence (as we now have it) is the rise in social life, or the restoration to an order from which she has fallen, of a girl who makes a fortunate marriage. But why should this not occur in savage or prehistoric life? Except Australians, Eskimo, Bushmen, and Fuegians, I know of few savages who are not aristocratic. There is not "little variation" (variety?), but great variety of hereditary social status among Zulus, and, eminently, among Maoris. Thus it is *not* "idle" to look for the origin of the tale in such societies. A Rangatira Maori is more remote from a slave, or a simple freeman, than a marquis from a dustman. "But *Cinderella* is monogamous." The change from polygamy or polyandry to monogamy is so ancient, in civilised countries, that, if the tale arose among a polygamous people,

which became civilised, the necessary alteration in the story is not beyond the possibility of change. Further, in some tales, as in Santhal and Kaffir, not to mention others from Europe, in Miss Roalfe Cox's book, we have Cinderellus, not Cinderella, a boy, not a girl. On the whole, then, Mr. Jacobs' argument that *Cinderella* "cannot have arisen in a savage stage of society" seems inconclusive, as far as it is based on a belief that savages have little distinction of rank. As to shoes, again, the tale could get on without shoes, and the differences of rank exist in great force, in some shoeless societies. It would not be the tale "as we have it" without the shoe, but what proves that the tale as we have it (in which version?) is the original form? We have shown that, even in the tale as we have it, there are different degrees of barbarism. But we should remember that as the incident of the ewe mother, in Mr. McLeod's version, *may* be the freak, or the confusion, of a modern narrator, it were unwise to lay much stress on it.

If we attempt to get back to the *original* tale, we are lost. Take the Santhal and Kaffir varieties. These may be very remote from our time, may be comparatively near the beginning; or they may be very much depraved from the central, the prevalent type of the tale. Here I must "hedge", I do not know which alternative is right. But, if these forms are comparatively near the beginning, then those forms are in a nebulous undecided state. We can hardly say whether the tale is more akin to *Cinderella*, or to *The Black Bull o' Norway*. It looks as if it might develop either way, and there is much of *The Black Bull* in some Scandinavian variants of *Cinderella*. Were I to hazard a hypothesis, it would be that the story was, originally, thus nebulous and indeterminate. It might take many forms, the hero or heroine might follow many of the diverging paths in the forest of romance. But at some time, somewhere, the prevalent type was hit upon, and, being the fittest, it survived and spread, remaining more savage among the Celts and people of the Levant, becoming more domestic

and kindly, in Lowland Scotland and in France, for example. Meanwhile, the very nature of the incidents—a bestial mother (totemism, or worse?), a helpful beast (Manitou), a magical tree, a talking bird—are of that kind which the savage fancy undeniably and universally evolves. These things, as Sainte-Beuve says, would not be introduced now, could not be invented now, without the old examples, inherited, as I suggest, from a period of barbarism. “But”, it may be urged, “if you allow that polygamous might be altered into monogamous details, why should men have retained beast-mothers, talking birds, helpful animals, revived bones?” Well, first, even polygamous peoples have romantic love affairs. The polygamy need never have been conspicuous in the story, and, at most, a jealous co-wife could easily become a jealous step-mother. Secondly, without the talking birds, helpful animals, revived bones, talking trees, you no longer have the story. You have to do what Perrault did, and to introduce a new “machinery”, a fairy godmother (new, here), transformed rats (even that, in essence, is as old as Circe), and though Monsieur Perrault could do all this, it was a task rather beyond peasant grandmothers. To drop polygamy, if ever there was a trace of it in the tale, was very much more easy. But, even in a polygamous country, the institution need not have been introduced into *Cinderella*.

Thus I see no proof that a tale full of savage fancy, most manifest in the forms which seem oldest, and are rudest, did not arise in a savage state of society. I admit that the tale has been diffused, the tale as it stands in most versions, shoe and all, but, as Mr. Jacobs allows, this present version may not be the original. He suggests “a later and inartistic junction of the sea maiden formula” in the conclusion of some Celtic versions, and an ingenious dovetailing in of elements from another and more archaic tale, in “the earlier part”. How much then is left of the original? What *is* the original? In truth, any tale may

shift into any other, almost ; *Cinderella* probably began as an inchoate shape, and even now many variants wander a good deal from the type, as it were, of the tale. A type we have, somewhat vague, indeed, but still a type. That must, to my mind, have been evolved, once for all, out of something less definite, and must have wandered far and wide. But, if so, it is urged, "if the stories have been imported into civilised lands, the savage element in them cannot prove anything as to the primitive conceptions of these civilised lands." When a civilised land had "primitive conceptions", I fancy that those were very like other primitive conceptions. A land of primitive conceptions is hardly a civilised land. The United States are a civilised land, but the primitive conceptions of the land were such as arise in the minds of Hurons and Eskimo. Again, I never supposed that savage tales were pitch-forked, except as recognised folk-lore, into the midst of a civilised people, and that the savage element in the tales took root there. To my mind the chief of the borrowing, say the drifting of a tale from ancient Egypt, or where you will, to Samoa, or Lake Superior, was done very long ago. The Germans may well have handed, for example, their form of *Cinderella* to the Gauls, long before the days of Arminius, or the Gauls may have given it to the Celts, or both may have known it before the "Aryan separation". Long ere Germany was civilised these tales were old in the Egypt of the Ramessids. Palæolithic man may have had his own forms of them. Diffusion, in such times, was not like the importation of Callaway's *Tales from the Zulu* into England. That does not infect us with savage ideas ; the old borrowers and lenders, our remote ancestors, were on a very different footing. This seems obvious. There are very few considerable cases of modern borrowing in civilised times. England took over Perrault, wholesale ; that is a rare instance. But England had no *Cinderella* of her own, no *Sleeping Beauty*, no *Puss in Boots* ; she was obliged to borrow.

Not much remains to say. I am not a Casualist, as to tales, but a Diffusionist, who believes that there has also, probably, been independent development. As to centre of origin, I am an "Agnostic". I don't know where the tales first arose, nor where language was first spoken, and flints first chipped, and fire first intentionally kindled by man. It is a very ancient art: I shall be interested in the place of discovery, and manner of diffusion of the fire-stick, when the truth is known.

Mr. Jacobs asks whether I think that English children believe in speaking frogs or conversational tables, because they like tales of such things? The question shows how remote the querist is from comprehending the subject of discussion as I "envisage" it. I do not say that savages, or peasants, believe their folk-tales, though some may. I say (Mr. Jacobs cannot, I know, see the difference) that many incidents in these tales were invented when men were capable of believing in Balaam's ass, when sorcerers could understand the speech of birds, as in Zululand, when people, like the modern Australian black fellows, put questions to and took answers from the brutes. What in the world has this to do with asserting that a peasant, who inherits a tale composed when all nature was personal, believes the tale? Yet, when he tells the bees of a death, he is not very remote from the condition in which bees might tell him something. Nor are children remote from that frame of mind. Living in fastasy as they do, talking to animals, making appointments with familiar spirits, their playfellows, who can say what a child does, at certain moments, and in certain moods, believe, or disbelieve?

As to belief in "conversational tables", ask the Psychological Society!

There seems to exist, in some minds, the notion that persons who do not recognise India as the fountain-head of the majority of folk-tales, are Casualists. Thus M. Bédier, in his work on the *Fabliaux*, deals what seems a

death-blow to the Indian hypothesis. No doubt the friends of the hypothesis are insensible of the wound. But M. Bédier, so far from being a Casualist (as has been said), replies to my supposed Casualism with the arguments of M. Cosquin. It is, apparently, because he rejects the Indian theory, that the charge of Casualism, and of quoting me (whom he here rejects) as his authority, is brought against M. Bédier. He says that I put aside the Indian theory, without argument. In fact, he employs, only far more successfully than I, many of my own arguments. He shows, as I have often shown, that ancient Egypt and pre-Homeric Greece were rich in *märchen* of the common type, while nothing suggests that Egypt and Greece borrowed from an India of which they probably knew nothing. Though they knew not India, tales *may* have filtered to them thence, but there is no proof of it: we cannot say that there were tale-tellers of the usual type in India before the age of the Ramessids. Probably there were, but it is just as likely that their stories had come to them from Egypt, or anywhere else, as the reverse. This argument, combined with the utter absence of features peculiarly Indian in the diffused tales (where all is characteristic of early humanity in general), is, by itself, fatal to the Indian theory. It used to be alleged that the *contes*, everywhere, contained traces of ideas purely Indian. I have shown that the ideas are universal. "It is possible", says M. Cosquin, (indeed it is certain), "but the true argument against the Indian origin would be to prove that they are in contradiction with Indian ideas." To say this is to confess defeat. Why should the ideas be in contradiction with early Indian ideas? They, too, are human. But one does not expect this to be recognised by the advocates of that hypothesis. If they will not hear M. Bédier, certainly they will not hear me.

As to the propriety of calling a tale "English", which occurs six or seven times in Scotland, in England (so far) never, it is needless to argue. The Lowland Scots and



Celtic variants of *Cinderella* are, to my mind, closely akin, though one Celtic version seems more primitive, and others are "contaminated" by "One Eye, Two Eyes, and Three Eyes", or wander into a conclusion derived from another formula. These peculiarities occur elsewhere in Europe, not in the Highlands alone. The exclusive believers in borrowing, of all people, should not deny that the Lowland Scots may have borrowed from their Highland neighbours and kindred, tales which, whether they were ever popular in England or not, are now, in England, conspicuous by their absence. I have little doubt that the English people, at one time, possessed a *Cinderella* and a *Nicht, Nought, Nothing*. To have lost them, if they are really lost, is, in my opinion, a characteristic misfortune of the English people. To have kept them, is a characteristic good fortune of the Scotch people. About origins, I know nothing. But, if the Lowland Scots never had these tales, or, having had them, lost them, they might, more readily than the English, acquire or recover them from the Celts. The two tales which I collected as a boy, the Scotch *Cinderella*, the Scotch *Jason*, were told by my maternal great-aunt, Miss Margaret Craig, of Darliston, Elgin, and she had forgotten, or imperfectly remembered others. Her family was Lowland, connected, I believe, with the Craigs of Riccarton. But, behind Miss Craig, comes the Celtic figure of Miss Nelly McWilliam, whose young romance was stained with loyal blood in the Forty-Five. Miss Nelly was the family heroine, a *Celte Celtisante*, and it would not be surprising if these particular versions of two tales came into a Lowland Scots household from a Celtic source. I am not Casualist enough, at least, to deny this possibility. In Galloway, too, we have found the Hesione *märchen* connected with the tumulus of St. John's town of Dalry; the *Whuppity Stoorie* tale, and others, published some years ago in *The Academy*. Galloway is full of Celtic blood, and it is said that Gaelic has only been extinct for some two hundred years. For all that I

know, Celtic may be the source of Lowland Scots tales as they now exist.

Finally, my own position has been marked, since 1872, by a growing tendency towards the Borrowing Theory. Argument and reflection convince me that, being *vera causa*, it is the better cause, the cause on which most stress should be laid. I conceive that the *details*, the incredible incidents, are universal, are the natural evolution of the human mind everywhere. And everywhere, I think, since men began the art of romantic composition, those details have been diversely combined. In this or that place, at this or that remote period, the more fortunate and artistic combinations of details were made, and, being the fittest, survived, and were diffused. But these forms could, at any moment, shift and glide into other forms, like the visionary faces which we see between asleep and awake, in *illusions hypnagogiques*. Miss Cox's volume is full of such fluid, shifting, only partially successful faces of Cinderella, or of Cinderellus, who, for all that we can certainly say, may be older than his sister. The Marquis de Carabas is brother of Cendrillon. A lass makes a good marriage by aid of a helpful beast: a lad makes a good marriage by aid of a helpful beast. But it must be very long ago that the Marquis and Cendrillon took separate paths, his course more *rusi'* and morally reckless, hers more kindly, more feminine. Thus the details are everywhere, while, more and more clearly, since 1872, I have seen that the combination of details, where it is prolonged, and keeps closely to a type, must descend, must almost beyond possibility of chance descend, from a type. In face of the coincident inventions of modern novelists, I cannot absolutely deny the possibilities of the least probable coincidences. But, at least as early as 1884, I made the most strenuous assertion of the limitless freedom in which a story may have wandered round the world, and, at the same time, distinguished, in "Cupid and Psyche", the cases in which a similar

custom, a similar *point de repère*, may stimulate to a similar, or partially similar, picture in the crystal ball of imagination.

As to priority in the theory of savage invention of *märchen*, it is perhaps enough to say that, in my early *Fortnightly* article, I pointed out the possibility of *Jüngsten Recht* suggesting the preference for the youngest child, in *märchen*, a thing to which I now attach no value. I also showed how the birth of the *Wunder-Kind*, in some tales, corresponds to certain savage magical methods of actually *making* a supernatural being, and I gave other instances. Very likely, or certainly, all this had been said many times before: without the work of Mr. Tylor and Mr. McLennan the whole hypothesis would never have occurred to me. Yet I cannot grant that my friend, Mr. Farrer, was before me in this little matter, for chronology does not admit of that conclusion. Were it correct, I should have been singularly ungrateful to Mr. Farrer, whose desertion of fields in which he is such a skilled workman I always regret. Nay, I believe his book is out of print, and this is a hardship for folk-lorists. But my critics cannot be basing the charge of Casualism on my ancient article. Probably they never heard of it; Mr. Jacobs certainly has not, otherwise he could not think that I plough with Mr. Farrer's heifer.

I am charged with diverting attention from the real nature of folk-tales, which are "literature", are "art". The *Odyssey* is art, but one does not divert attention from that pretty obvious truth by pointing out that it is a congeries of folk-tales. In editing Perrault, in a place where literary criticism was appropriate, I did speak my mind about the charm of folk-tales, quoting the apt and elegant praises of Nodier and of Saint-Victor, and adding my own humble but hearty applause. The tales need no such eulogium; we can do no more than repeat, as men, our expressions of pleasure, uttered when we were children. Now, no doubt, we can praise more subtly, but not more sincerely. But

why should we be always doing this, not only in place (where we speak as literary critics), but also out of place, where our object is, so to say, scientific? It is hard for us to improve on the garlands which Nodier, Sainte-Beuve, Saint-Victor, have thrown to the Fairy Queen. But it has not been so hard to push the science of the subject further than they pushed it. If anyone thinks that to be interested in the science of the fairy world is to neglect its enchantments, I may refer him, for my own part, to my edition of Perrault, and to the preface of my *Red Fairy Book* (large paper edition). But better words far than mine for the fairy folk, he will find in the Memoirs of Dr. Adam Clarke, the biographer of the Wesleys. There the good man acknowledges his debt, not for amusement alone, nor for imaginative delight alone, but for the courage and chivalry in his character, to the ancient tales of fairyland, to the old indomitable boy heroes of those earliest romances. Being partly responsible for their circulation as school-books, I trust that the new generation may know something about fairies, as well as too much "about their own insides". In any case I do not observe that other folklorists, M. Sébillot, M. Cosquin, M. Gaidoz, Professor Rhys, think it necessary to cry "How good! how artistic! how literary!" over each fairy tale, before analysing it and comparing it with others. "The most literary fellow in the world", the successor of Mr. Chevy Slime, might find these praises out of place, if frequently repeated in works which, after all, take it for granted that we regard popular tales as good reading, and in which we endeavour to show what they are, in addition to being "art" and "literature".

I am naturally grateful to all the distinguished students who have given me such copious opportunities of disavowing heresies which I do not hold. But I would have been still more grateful if they had not, somehow, evolved the myths that I am a Casualist, *pur sang*, and indifferent to literary merit in *märchen*. If a gentleman says that one robbed

a church, or strangled one's grandmother, he certainly gives one a chance of disavowing such solecisms. The newspapers, when they have brought accusations not wholly correct against anyone, always take refuge in the *diché* about our "opportunity of denying" the charge. But Folklore would really benefit by the practice of not making, for the innocent, these enviable opportunities of clearing their character. To be less personal, I wish all good fortune to the spirited and courageous quest for the place of origin. In *Puss in Boots*, I have suggested Arabia, and my arguments are as valid as many other antiquarian arguments. But I am not my own dupe. Others may be more fortunate, or more amenable to self-suggestion.

A. LANG.

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SOME RECENT UTTERANCES OF  
MR. NEWELL AND MR. JACOBS.

A CRITICISM.<sup>1</sup>

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IT is the merit of every considerable body of facts, arranged methodically, to further the cause of study, not only by stimulating fresh research, but by crystallising theory as to the explanation of the facts. Such crystallisation is indispensable to that searching criticism of theory the outcome of which is a closer approximation to truth. That Miss Cox's *Cinderella* has this merit few will deny who have read Mr. Newell's brief but pregnant review (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, No. XXI), and Mr. Jacobs' article in the September number of FOLK-LORE.<sup>2</sup> Both scholars have, it seems to me, put their theory, I will not say into a more definite form than heretofore, but into one more definitely correlated with particular facts, and thereby more susceptible of profitable discussion. Whilst differing from each other in important respects, both scholars are agreed as to the correct solution of certain elements in the folk-tale problem. Their utterances may therefore be considered together with advantage, although I would premise that, owing to the differences I have just spoken of, points scored against the one are by no means necessarily scored against both.

I assume that Mr. Newell's views, fully set forth in his "Lady Featherflight" in the *Transactions of the Second International Folk-Congress*, are familiar to my hearers. He regards the folk-tale as originating from the more intellectual and artistic minds of the race, after it has already attained a, relatively, high level of intellectual and

<sup>1</sup> Read before the Folk-lore Society, 15th Nov. 1893.

<sup>2</sup> All references to Mr. Jacobs, unless otherwise stated, are to this paper.

artistic culture, and as percolating downwards both among the ruder, less advanced members of the particular section of the race to which its originators belonged, and among such ruder and less advanced sections of the race generally as may come into culture contact with the centre of origination. In the course of this process, the tale, which in its first shape may be comparatively free from what we call archaic features, acquires them, and it is this acquisition by degradation that gives them a false look of primitiveness to the eye of the modern folk-lorist.

Mr. Jacobs has certainly not formulated his views in an equally uncompromising way, but I think I am not doing him an injustice in saying that he shares with Mr. Newell the belief in a comparatively late origin of the bulk of our folk-tales, in a definite centre of origin for each tale, and in an absolutely late period of dispersion for a very considerable proportion of tales. Moreover, for him India is certainly the centre of origin in a large number of cases, and the period of dispersion is that during which India has been in culture contact with Europe. Such contact has been intermittent, and successive phases of contact have introduced successive strata of folk-literature from India into Europe, or, at all events as far as the later phases are concerned, from Europe into India.

It is worth while pausing a moment to ask why these particular explanations of an exceedingly complex group of facts should have commended themselves to these two scholars, neither of whom would deny that alternative explanations have much in their favour. In the case of Mr. Newell I cannot doubt that he has been influenced by his work on games, on the merit of which it would be superfluous to enlarge. In a large number of cases the origin of children's games has been successfully sought for in the imitation of rites and customs of grown-up people, rites and customs which may often have completely died out save in the survival due to the imitative propensity of the child. Substitute "folk" for "child", and generalise

from games to folk-lore (or rather folk-literature) at large, and one approximates to Mr. Newell's theory. But a more potent factor with Mr. Newell, as certainly it is the most potent factor with Mr. Jacobs, is what may be termed, in no invidious sense, the "literary-historical idol". In dealing with the history of individualistic, consciously artistic literature we attach, and rightly, extreme importance to questions of date. In the case of two writers dealing with the same theme, dependence of the later upon the earlier writer is the obvious explanation of any similarity. The same principle is applied to folk-literature; the date of appearance of a folk-theme is treated as its date of origin, the earliest recorded version is, half unconsciously, regarded as being in some way the fount of later versions. That I am not overstating the case is, I think, evident from an admission of Mr. Newell's. In speaking of the *Cinderella* story he says: "The separate incidents are, of course, of indefinite antiquity." But if this be so, why must the combination be regarded as modern? Simply because, as a matter of fact, it is not recorded as a whole until modern times, and the literary student is not willing to go behind his chronological data. For there is obviously no reason in the nature of things why a story first recorded in modern times, and presenting a mixture of modern and archaic elements, should not have acquired its modern features in the course of the ages. The prejudice of the literary student in favour of the simultaneity of origin and record causes him to reject this, the natural explanation, and leads him to look upon the archaic as the extraneous element. So, too, with regard to the "Indian" hypothesis. No one will deny that, whatever reasons it may rest upon now, it was at first due to observation of the prior publication, so to say, of Indian tale collections, and was in fact nothing but a gigantic exemplification of the principle *post hoc ergo propter hoc*.

Bearing all these facts in mind, let us see how the two scholars approach the *Cinderella* problem. Mr. Newell is



inclined to look upon the Catskin form as the eldest, and to hold that it originated in the thirteenth or fourteenth century somewhere in Central Europe, whence it has spread over the world. Here I note at once a tacit admission. The earliest recorded version goes back to the early sixteenth century, yet the origin is dated back to the fourteenth or thirteenth century. So that during a period of two or three centuries it must have been current orally. To this I have of course no objection, but how does it fit in with Mr. Newell's theory? According to him, the story is a definite combination of incidents due to a definite thirteenth or fourteenth century minstrel. But there is absolutely no traceable literary connection between this unknown minstrel and the sixteenth century Straparola or Bonaventure. His tale must therefore have gone at once into the popular story-store, and there remained buried until it was dug forth again in the sixteenth century. Yet if this is admitted, who does not see that the attribution to the thirteenth or fourteenth century rests upon no certain foundation, and that we might substitute fifth or fifteenth without either strengthening or invalidating the argument? The point to note is that Mr. Newell is forced to postulate a lengthened period of purely oral transmission, the determination of that period being purely arbitrary, and that he deprives himself of any, to him, secure foothold for working back to the original form of the story; for who can tell what modification it may not have undergone during its two hundred years of oral life?

Mr. Jacobs' conclusions are in general agreement with those of Mr. Newell. He detects a "feudal character underlying the whole conception" (of the *Cinderella* story), which would fall in with Mr. Newell's dates. Is this "feudal" character due to the fact that the hero is a king's son, and that he has apparently unlimited rights in the way of throwing the handkerchief? But, centuries before feudalism, Psyche was the daughter of a king and queen who lived once upon a time, and we have the testimony of

Irish and Scandinavian sagas quite unaffected by feudalism properly so called, that the chief's son was of as much interest to the maidens of his day as he would be in the Middle Ages or at the present time. Indeed, it might rather be argued that the mediæval story-teller would insist upon good blood in his heroine—beautiful, of course, she must needs be, or she were not a heroine at all, but in addition she must also turn out to be a king's daughter, or else she were no mate for a king's son. So that internal evidence seems to me rather against than in favour of the "feudal" origin of the story, if "feudal" is used to design a definite historical period characterised by definite political and social institutions. Again, in his comment on the "Tattercoats" variant, Mr. Jacobs says: "It is an instance of the folk-novel pure and simple, without any admixture of those unnatural incidents which transform the folk-novel into the serious folk-tale as we are accustomed to have it. Which is the prior, folk-novel or tale, it would be hard to say." Mr. Newell would probably disavow the dubitative turn of the last sentence, and would unhesitatingly assert the priority of the folk-novel "transformed by the admixture of unnatural incidents" into the fairy tale we all know.

Here we are brought face to face with the real crux of the *märchen* or "serious folk-tale", namely, the presence of "unnatural incidents". How skilfully does Mr. Jacobs suggest that this element is extraneous by his use of the word "admixture"! Yet that is the very point that has to be decided, and the word is a wholly question-begging one. How then is the crux dealt with? It need hardly be said that in *Cinderella*, almost more than in any other folk-tale, it is indeed *the* crux. For in the *Cinderella* group we find animal parentage, animal help, speaking animals, resuscitation from bones, magic dresses, transformation, mutilation, all of which are certainly "unnatural" incidents, if by unnatural is meant out of accord with the observed facts of life.

Mr. Newell has no doubt upon the subject: "Archaic additions", says he, "are always made by savage races to tales which they have received from civilised peoples." Whence we may conclude that the "unnatural" incidents I have just cited are additions made by the "savage" folk of Central Europe to the tale of the "civilised" thirteenth or fourteenth century minstrel. Nay, we can determine the date of this "admixture" yet more closely; for, as I have shown, Mr. Newell's view postulates the oral transmission of the proto-Catskin (the earliest form of the whole group, according to him) during a period of some 200 years. And during this period the admixture cannot have taken place, for the tale as we find it in Bonaventure and Straparola is singularly free from "archaic" incidents. Nor will it be denied that the "fairy godmother" of Perrault is less archaic than the mother transformed after death into an animal of countless modern versions. *Ergo*, in Perrault's time the full archaisation of the tale had not taken place, and this must be ascribed to the West European savages of the last two centuries.

I had almost added the Euclidean "which is absurd". Yet the conclusion flows logically from Mr. Newell's premises. For him *Cinderella* starts with a Catskin story of the thirteenth or fourteenth century; for him archaism is no test of age, savage races receiving their tales from civilised peoples and spicing them with archaic traits; for him *Cinderella*, as a whole, is a purely European creation, the few non-European variants being due to quite recent transmission. What explanation remains, then, save that the "unnatural" incidents have been foisted in during the century of reason and enlightenment which lies between Perrault and the Grimms?

Mr. Jacobs has thought the matter out more warily. He refuses assent to Mr. Newell's postulate of the priority of Catskin over all other forms of the *Cinderella*, justly observing that the appearance of Catskin in Straparola 100 years earlier than the first recorded true *Cinderella* in

Basile is a "somewhat insufficient basis for such a conclusion". For a moment he hesitates, but only for a moment. "It remains to be proved", says he, "that the introductory part of the story with the helpful animal was necessarily part of the original." Heretical doctrine this from an adherent of the principle that a tale is a definite combination of incidents; but let that pass. He then goes on: "The possibility of the introduction of an archaic formula which had become a convention of folk-telling cannot be left out of account."

It is amazing that a scholar of Mr. Jacobs' acuteness should not see that this argument from convention not only gives away his own case but practically establishes that of his opponents. What is a convention? A form of incident or wording accepted as appropriate in a given situation owing to long use in similar situations. It must be accepted as appropriate by both reciter and hearers, and acceptance is mainly determined by familiarity due to long use. The rapidity with which a new convention establishes itself depends chiefly upon the degree of advance and variation in a society. In a backward, conservative society such as that of the peasantry in many parts of modern Europe, conventions live long and die hard; as a matter of fact, the Gaelic story-teller of to-day, both in Ireland and Scotland, habitually uses conventions which we know to have been in force for over a thousand years. If, therefore, the archaic traits in *Cinderella* are really due to conventional analogy, the existence of a folk-literature of immemorial antiquity is thereby amply and irrefragably proved. You cannot have conventions without literature, whether written and conscious, or oral and unconscious. The theory to which Mr. Newell and Mr. Jacobs have, with varying degrees of confidence, pinned their faith may be stated as follows: Fairy tales are not really old, but are stuffed full of imitations of old fairy tales which have disappeared. One is reminded of the famous theory that Shakspeare's plays

were not written by Shakespeare, but by another fellow of the same name.

Thus, accept the convention theory, and the main point in dispute between Mr. Newell and Mr. Jacobs on the one hand, and numerous folk-lorists, myself amongst them, on the other, is conceded in our favour : there has existed from of very old in Europe a body of folk-literature presenting archaic traits. But more follows. Mr. Jacobs' favourite grievance against the anthropologists is deprived of all point, though, strangely enough, he is blind to the fact. You use folk-tales, says he, as evidence of the social and intellectual condition of a race ; error ! the race may have borrowed its tales. But if the tales came to the borrowing race destitute of those traits upon which the anthropologist relies, and if these were so engrained in the mental and artistic equipment of the race that it could not refrain from introducing them into its borrowed literature, surely "the archæological value of such traits is much enhanced"—no, says Mr. Jacobs, *reduced*—"by such considerations."

Is it possible, I ask, to go farther astray ? Yet Mr. Jacobs' *errements* are almost inevitable consequences from his acceptance of a postulate not only false but unnecessary. And I am not without hopes that by setting forth the straits into which he is driven he may be induced to see that his starting-point is false. Let yourself be dominated by the idea that the folk-tale is a conscious creation, the origin of which is more or less contemporaneous with its first appearance in literature, and at every step you will be driven to such expedients as I have just discussed ; accept, on the other hand, the theory that the folk-tale is merely a new combination of extremely familiar incidents of great antiquity, and that citation in literature, whilst of the highest value in enabling us to determine a *terminus ad quem*, is of absolutely no value whatever (if I could use stronger words I would) in determining a *terminus a quo*—questions of origin and diffusion assume a new aspect, and

such difficulties as beset Mr. Newell in his attempt to account for the development of the *Cinderella* group within the last 500 years, simply do not arise at all.

I confess that Mr. Jacobs' polemic against the anthropologists leaves me as cold as does much of Mr. Lang's polemic against the nature mythologists. It is so largely unnecessary. What is the utmost claim of the anthropologist? That a number of tales originate in a social and intellectual stage out of which our own race has emerged, and in which other races have remained. Had we only the evidence of nursery tales as to this stage, I could understand the pother, but their evidence is, at the best, subsidiary. We have so much more evidence, and evidence of such infinitely greater cogency, that I cannot understand why Mr. Jacobs who accepts that evidence, who is, in sociology, an evolutionist, should hesitate to accept evolution in folk-literature, should range himself on the side of the revelationist and "degradationist", if I may coin an ugly word for an irrational thing.<sup>1</sup> Has man struggled upwards from savagery? If so, then most assuredly his tales have struggled upwards with him. If not, let us frankly confess we have all been wrong, and that Bryant and Mr. Casaubon are in the right.

The error, if I may venture to say so, lies in considering folk-literature apart from folk-lore at large, and folk-lore itself apart from the history of all the various phases of man's activity. I would fain for a moment glance at universal history from the sole standpoint of our studies. From the earliest date to which we can penetrate backwards in the story of our race down to the appearance of Christianity, we find man governed by certain religious and social conceptions, manifesting themselves in divers forms according to the varying genius of each race, but all animated by a common spirit. Parallels and similars to

<sup>1</sup> I do not, of course, deny the possibility of degradation, I merely refuse to look upon it as the sole, or even the chief, or even a very influential factor in the formation of folk-literature.

these conceptions, manifestations of this common spirit, are furnished at the present day by races and classes wholly or partially unaffected by Christian civilisation. That the spirit was one, though the forms of its manifestation were diverse, explains the ease with which these acted and reacted upon each other. Grasp this point, and much discussion about the borrowed nature of Hellenic mythology, for instance, becomes meaningless. No psychological obstacle forbade the attribution to Zeus of that which elsewhere was attributed to Ammon Ra or to Bel; all three were resultants of man's fancy working from a common set of intellectual, moral, and artistic data. To assign mythology to any one race, to treat all other races as its debtors in this respect, is irrational. We can only note that each race puts its own impress upon the common hoard of mythic material.

The common spirit underlying and animating a number of closely related conceptions of the universe may be styled the antique, in contradistinction to the modern, which is partly the result of Christianity, partly the result of forces independent of Christianity. Prior to the establishment of Christianity the antique spirit had its strongest support in religious organisation. The State had already begun to discard it, to introduce new conceptions. For the antique theory of the world flourished best, as it still does, in small communities strongly individualised against other communities, but internally socialistic; whereas the tendency of the State is to fuse small communities into one, and, by freeing the individual from socialistic shackles, to increase his taxable value. This tendency, which in the ancient world culminated in the Roman Empire, received tremendous impetus from the establishment of Christianity. For the first time, so far as we know certainly, the might of religion was arrayed against the antique theory of things; the local sanctuary, the strongest bulwark of the small community against the centralising State, was menaced with destruction. The Church,

indeed, outstripped the State, and for a time there was fierce antagonism, but with the acceptance of Christianity by the Empire the two dominating forces that shape the fate of mankind were again, after a divorce of centuries, animated by a common theory of life. Then, however, the forces of the older world were reinforced, all at once and incalculably, by the barbarian invasions. Church and State had to compromise all along the line, to what extent as regards Christianity we can trace in saints' lives and local festivals, whilst decrees of councils, episcopal charges, penitentials, witness the bitterness of the struggle against paganism. As regards the Empire, the compromise resulted in feudalism, a state of society resembling in many and not unimportant respects that which had formerly obtained both among the barbarian conquerors of the Empire and among the ancestors of the Greeks and Romans: a state of society singularly favourable to the growth of heroic romance. As regards Christianity, there came into existence a common stock of legendary romance, the scope and framework of which were as rigidly determined by psychological considerations as had been those of the mythological romance of antiquity, and the diverse forms of which acted and reacted upon each as freely as had the diverse forms of pre-Christian mythology.

The compromise was, upon the whole, more permanently satisfying to the Church, which indeed contrived to embody under its sway an ideal singularly beautiful and achieved, than to the State; although the Reformation may be regarded as a step onwards in the strife of Christian and pre-Christian theories of life, so that Puritanism, the most logical exponent of the Reformation, became of necessity the deadly foe of folk-lore. But at the present day it is the modern State, with its centralised, uniformitarian system of education, that threatens with imminent destruction that older interpretation of the universe which more than any other partially fulfils the test of catholicity, for it has, so far as



we can learn, been held of all peoples and from immemorial antiquity.

Correlate these broad groupings of historic fact with the record of literature. This, in its earliest forms, is wholly mythic and heroic ; it has a common fund of personages and situations which are differentiated chiefly by association with the origin and fortunes of small, strongly individualised communities. The vital power of this literature had well-nigh faded away by the time Christianity established itself, though it lived on as a subject of literary or academic exercise. During the first seven or eight centuries of Christianity mythico-heroic literature disappears. The classic form died away owing to the divorce between the highest thought and fancy of dying paganism and the conceptions upon which the older literature was based ; the barbaric forms could not attain to expression so long as the strife between the invaders and the Empire was engaging all the energies of both sides. They emerged as soon as the compromise in Church and State had finally been settled, and then proved to be essentially of the same character as the mythico-heroic literature of classic and oriental antiquity. Mingling with the scattered remnants of this latter that had survived the shocks of the invasion period, mingling with and influenced by Christian legendary romance, they formed the staple of the highest literary art so long as the feudal state of society lasted. With the waning of feudalism, with the advent of the modern State, mediæval romance waned also, gradually deserted as it was by the best imaginative and creative thought and fancy of the race.

The agreement between the historic and the literary record is perfect down to a comparatively recent period. Then, apparently without originating cause, an immense mass of popular literature, mythic and heroic in its essence, clad in comparatively novel form, comes to light. This phenomenon it is that has led to the false theory I have endeavoured to combat ; observed of late, it must, so it is

held, be of recent origin, and that origin must be external, and, being of foreign introduction, the phenomenon cannot be correlated with intellectual and artistic conceptions to the existence of which on European soil we have unbroken testimony of 3,000 years' standing. So easily does an unnecessary postulate lead to circular reasoning.

That the postulate is unnecessary seems to me hardly to require demonstration. The explanation of the phenomenon is so simple. As long as the whole of literature was mythico-heroic in essence and spirit, the lower forms were inevitably disregarded. To the men who told of Apollo the Python Slayer, or of Sigurd Fafnerbane, a story such as Jack the Giant Killer must have seemed an inferior variant of what they possessed in perfect form. Not until the divorce between culture and traditional literature was complete could the folk-version of that literature stand a chance of recognition.<sup>1</sup> And then it shared the attention bestowed for the first time upon folk-lore generally, because for the first time that lore, ceasing to be a living factor in the higher ethics and philosophy, became susceptible of disinterested scientific examination. But the apparent new birth of folk-literature was chiefly determined by a rebirth of artistic literature. The consideration of this point will, I trust, enable me to make my peace both with Mr. Newell and with Mr. Jacobs.

The antique theory of life, whether as a mere survival, or still in full force, manifests itself in three ways: in religion, politico-legal organisation, and literature. But whilst polity, whether spiritual or secular, having once discarded the antique conceptions, became actually hostile to them, it was otherwise with literature. For this aims at depicting man in the sum total of his activities and emotions, whilst religion and law aim at disciplining and modifying

<sup>1</sup> This is as true of classic antiquity as of modern times. In the second century the ancients were feeling their way to an independent interest in and study of folk-literature and folk-lore generally. Apuleius is a fifteen century earlier precursor of Basile and l'errault.

him. Literature then cannot disassociate itself from the past of the race: for the artist, what has been, is. Nay more; literature by its nature is bound to be, in the Miltonic phrase, simple, sensuous, and passionate, conditions fulfilled far more perfectly in the antique societies which gave birth to romance than in the present day. The greatest literature of the world has its roots in myth and romance, and these are the spring-heads at which modern literature drinks when it would fain renew its youth and strength.

Thus a survival in folk-literature cannot be treated in the same way as a survival in folk-belief or folk-custom. In the one case the communion between the folk-spirit and the higher culture has been broken, in the other it still exists, and were it to disappear, one might almost predict the disappearance of literature itself. This much I admit, but not that folk-literature must therefore be investigated by the same critical method as artistic conscious literature. Here I join issue with Mr. Newell and Mr. Jacobs, as well as with other scholars.

As regards *Cinderella* I am not without hopes that further discussion as to whether the tale has sprung fully equipped into existence during the last six centuries may be held unnecessary. But I may also illustrate the difference in point of view between Mr. Jacobs and myself by reference to a couple of stories included in his *More English Fairy Tales*. One is a version of the Pied Piper, located at Newport in the Isle of Wight, on the authority of Abraham Elder, who wrote in 1830. Mr. Jacobs would hold this to be a forged transfer, so to say, of the well-known Hameln legend. The utmost he admits is that a local disappearance of children legend may have suggested to Elder the idea of giving a new home to the Hameln story. I cannot agree. I am willing to admit that had the Hameln story never become famous, never worked its way through Howell and Verstegan into English literature, we should not have had the Newport version of the Pied Piper legend. But this, because Elder would not have

transcribed it, not because it would not have existed. For the collector is often a professed man of letters, and he is naturally attracted by anything at all akin to what is familiar to him from his reading. And I also admit that Elder, in shaping for the press the story, whatever it was, that he heard at Newport, was in all probability largely influenced by the Hameln legend. But it seems to me extremely unlikely that he simply transferred the story, body and bones, from the pages of Howell or Verstegan to the shores of the Solent. Mr. Jacobs' proof of this seems to me a disproof. He knew and cited Verstegan, says Mr. Jacobs. Just so. Would he have cited Verstegan had the latter been his sole authority? Would he not, had he been a mere forger, have endeavoured to cover his tracks?

No better instance of two diverse methods in storiological investigation could be well chosen than Mr. Jacobs' and Mr. Baring Gould's treatment of the Pied Piper. The latter accumulates a vast mass of interesting legendary parallels, but the whole discussion hangs in the air, and is never brought to the touch of historic or literary criticism; the former establishes to his own satisfaction the dependence of the English upon the German version, and there leaves the matter. Neither method seems to me satisfactory.

Mr. Jacobs finds in England a version of the Blinded Giant story. For him "there can be little doubt that it is ultimately to be traced back to the *Odyssey*". I see no reason to assume this. For it further involves the assumption that the *Odyssey* version is the origin of the legend, an assumption to which I emphatically demur. The story existed before the author of the *Odyssey* worked it into his epic; it would have gone on existing had he not done so; in the latter case it probably would not have been so widely spread as it now is, but even this is conjectural, a point upon which dogmatism is impossible.

In both these cases the defect of the purely literary

method is patent; concerned solely with the literary record of the story, it neglects the really interesting and important point, the sociological and ethnologic significance.

Mr. Jacobs made an undoubted hit with the epithet "casual" applied to the anthropological school. Prof. Rhys, as may be remembered, was converted on the spot, and Mr. Lang has, seemingly, felt his withers wrung, though, if an outsider may guess, because he denied rather than because he admitted the justice of the taunt. A fair retort is to style Mr. Jacobs' the "spontaneous generation" school. Practically, it postulates creation *ex nihilo* by the exercise of individual fancy. It thus ignores the fact that every story has a past far older than the first recorded example, that the first combination into a story is merely the grouping together of incidents and conceptions familiar both to tellers and hearers; and, by insistence solely upon the combination and the tracking of its possible wanderings, it obscures for us the earlier history and real meaning of those incidents and conceptions.

Finally, I would note Mr. Jacobs' assertion concerning *Cinderella*: "The Borrowing Theory . . . comes out triumphant as the sole working hypothesis that will explain the same story existing in so many lands. That in this particular case the borrowing is not from India does not affect the general question." Does it not? I should have thought it did.<sup>1</sup> But I accept Mr. Jacobs' assertion, for it reduces

<sup>1</sup> For Mr. Jacobs, that is. For he, to his great credit be it said, was the first of the Indianists to perceive that the ordinary explanations of the school lacked a scientific basis. A fact was stated, the priority of certain Indian collections, but no theory of causation was suggested, yet if India had a complete or practical monopoly of tale invention there must be a cause. Mr. Jacobs sought this "in the vitality of animism or metempsychosis in India throughout all historic time" (*Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 234). Yet here we have an "animistic" fairy tale apparently wholly unconnected with India. Does not this cut the ground from under Mr. Jacobs' feet? So that it is hardly necessary to enquire whether India has the monopoly of an unbroken belief in "animism or metempsychosis".

the Borrowing Theory to the statement that tales can and do spread. With that statement, provided it be added—so long as the sociological and psychological conditions are favourable—I have no quarrel. What I have always opposed is the theory, whether openly or tacitly maintained, that *all* tales are borrowed from *one* country. The moment it is admitted that tales may spring up everywhere, provided the conditions be favourable, the question of borrowing becomes a secondary one.

A. NUTT.

NOTE.—I have not dealt with a number of subsidiary assertions made either by Mr. Newell or Mr. Jacobs, preferring not to obscure the issue between us ; but I do not wish to be held to assent to whatever I have not formally challenged. Mr. Newell's notice of *Cinderella* in especial contains many statements which seem to me very difficult, if not impossible, to prove.

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## *PIN-WELLS AND RAG-BUSHES.*<sup>1</sup>

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THE customs of throwing pins into sacred wells and of tying rags to bushes, especially to bushes growing about sacred wells, have exercised students of folk-lore ever since folk-lore came to be studied. They seem such odd, senseless practices that, until one has learned that most human practices, however odd and senseless they appear, have their reasons and are not mere caprices, it is not easy to suppose they ever had a reasonable basis. And even when one is assured that there is an underlying reason, the question, What is that reason? has been found a very perplexing one. During the last year or two it has been brought into prominence by the enquiries of Professor Dr. Rhys in Wales and the Isle of Man; and he has discussed it with the Folk-lore Society and elsewhere without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. If I offer a suggestion for which I have looked in vain in the reported discussions, it is hardly in the hope of settling the matter, so much as of drawing attention to a habit of archaic thought running through many a habit of archaic practice, and possibly therefore affecting these customs.

Let us first endeavour to obtain a clear idea of the customs with which we are dealing. One or two examples will suffice for this purpose. I take them from Professor Rhys' paper, read before a joint meeting of the Cymmrodion and Folk-lore Societies, on the 11th January 1893. He quotes a correspondent as saying of Ffynnon Cae Moch, about halfway between Coychurch and Bridgend in Glamorganshire: "People suffering from rheumatism go there.

<sup>1</sup> A paper read to the British Association (Section H) at its meeting at Nottingham, September 1893.

They bathe the part affected with water, and afterwards tie a piece of rag to the tree which overhangs the well. The rag is not put in the water at all, but is only put on the tree for luck. It is a stunted but very old tree, and is simply covered with rags." In another case, that of Ffynnon Eilian (Elian's Well), near Abergele in Denbighshire, of which Professor Rhys was informed by Mrs. Evans, the late wife of Canon Silvan Evans, some bushes near the well had once been covered with bits of rag left by those who frequented it. The rags used to be tied to the bushes by means of wool—not woollen yarn, but wool in its natural state. Corks with pins stuck in them were floating in the well when Mrs. Evans visited it, though the rags had apparently disappeared from the bushes. The well in question, it is noted, had once been in great repute as "a well to which people resorted for the kindly purpose of bewitching those whom they hated". The Ffynnon Cefn Lleithfan, or Well of the Lleithfan Ridge, on the eastern slope of Mynydd y Rhiw, in the parish of Bryn croes, in the west of Carnarvonshire, is a resort for the cure of warts. The sacred character of the well may be inferred from the silence in which it is necessary to go and come, and from the prohibition to turn or look back. The wart is to be bathed at the well with a rag or clout, which has grease on it. The clout must then be carefully concealed beneath the stone at the mouth of the well. The Professor, repeating this account of the well, given him by a Welsh collector of folk-lore, says: "This brings to my mind the fact that I have, more than once, years ago, noticed rags underneath stones in the water flowing from wells in Wales, and sometimes thrust into holes in the walls of wells, but I had no notion how they came there." This is an experience we have probably all shared.

Professor Rhys mentions several wells wherein it was usual to drop pins; but the most detailed account was afterwards furnished by Mr. T. E. Morris, from a correspondent who supplied him with the following information



relating to Ffynnon Faglan (St. Baglan's Well) in the parish of Llanfaglan, Carnarvonshire: "The old people who would be likely to know anything about Ffynnon Faglan have all died. The two oldest inhabitants, who have always lived in this parish (Llanfaglan), remember the well being used for healing purposes. One told me his mother used to take him to it, when he was a child, for sore eyes, bathe them with the water, and then drop in a pin. The other man, when he was young, bathed in it for rheumatism, and until quite lately people used to fetch away the water for medicinal purposes. The latter, who lives near the well at Tan-y-graig, said that he remembered it being cleared out about fifty years ago, when two basins-full of pins were taken out, but no coin of any kind. The pins were all bent, and I conclude the intention was to exorcise the evil spirit supposed to afflict the person who dropped them in, or, as the Welsh say, *dadwitsio*. No doubt some ominous words were also used. The well is at present nearly dry, the field where it lies having been drained some years ago, and the water in consequence withdrawn from it. It was much used for the cure of warts. The wart was washed, then pricked with a pin, which, after being bent, was thrown into the well."<sup>1</sup>

Such being the rites, we will next attempt to sketch the geographical distribution of these and some apparently analogous superstitions. Pin-wells and Rag-bushes are found all over the British Isles. The observances, however, are not confined to the exact form described by Professor Rhys and his correspondents. Sir Arthur Mitchell mentions a well renowned for the cure of insanity on the island of Maelrubha in Loch Marce. Near the well is an oak tree covered with nails, to each of which was formerly attached a portion of the clothing of an afflicted person who had been brought thither; and a few ribbons are said to be still flying

<sup>1</sup> Professor Rhys' paper is printed in *FOLK-LORE*, iv, 55, and Mr. Morris' observations follow it. For other wells in the British Isles see Brand and Ellis, *Popular Antiquities*, ii, 259 *et seqq.*

from one or two of them. Two gilt buttons and two buckles are also nailed to the tree. Many of the nails are believed to be covered with the bark, which appears to be growing over them all.<sup>1</sup> This resembles the ceremony prescribed for hernia in Mecklenburg. A cross is made over the affected part with a nail on a Friday; and the nail is then driven, in unbroken silence, into a young beech or oak. The operation is repeated on the two Fridays following. A variant prescription directs the part to be touched with a coffin-nail, which is then to be driven over its head into the tree by the sufferer, barefoot and silent. As the nail is overgrown by the bark, the hernia will be healed.<sup>2</sup>

In Belgium, halfway between Braine l'Alleud and the wood of Le Foriet, two hollow, and therefore doubtless very ancient, roads cross one another. Two aged pine-trees are planted at the top of the bank at one of the corners; and formerly there stood between them a cross, which has disappeared for some thirty years. It was a very ancient custom to bury in the pines, and even in the cross, pins or nails, in order to obtain the cure of persons attacked by fevers of various kinds. The pins and nails thus employed must have been previously in contact with the patient or his clothes. If anyone took out one of these pins or nails from the pines or the cross, and carried it home, it was believed that the disease would certainly have been communicated to some member of his family. The custom is said to have fallen out of use. Yet M. Schepers, who visited the place in September 1891, and to whose article on the subject in *Wallonia*, a periodical published at Liège, I am indebted for these particulars, found not only rusty nails in the pines, but also pins quite recently planted. He was told that it was equally customary to roll round the pines, or the arms of the cross, some band of cloth or other stuff which had touched the sufferer. As soon as the nail or pin had been driven in, or the ribbon fastened, the operator

<sup>1</sup> *Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot.*, iv, 253, cited by Gaidoz, *Mélusine*, vi, 156.

<sup>2</sup> Bartsch, *Sagen, etc., aus Meklenburg*, ii, 104.

used to run away as hard as he could go. The spot was called *A l'ercwè Saint Zè*, St. Etto's Cross, or *Aux deux Sapins*, The two pine-trees. Saint Etto, it seems, was an Irish missionary to these parts in the seventh century.<sup>1</sup>

At Croisic, in Upper Brittany, there is a well, called the well of Saint Goustan, into which pins are thrown by those who wish to be married during the year. If the wish be granted, the pin will fall straight to the bottom. Similar practices are said to be performed in Lower Brittany, and in Poitou and Elsass.<sup>2</sup> Girls used to resort to the little shrine of Saint Guirec, which stands on an isolated rock below high-water-mark on the beach at Perros Guirec in Lower Brittany, to pray for husbands. The worshipper, her prayer concluded, stuck a pin into the wooden statue of the saint; and when I saw the shrine, in the year 1889, the figure was riddled from top to toe with pinholes. It was said that the prayer for a husband would infallibly be granted within a year. On the other side of Brittany, in the Morbihan, there is a chapel dedicated to Saint Uférier, credited with a similar reputation. The saint's foot, if I may be guilty of a bull, is almost entirely composed of holes. It is, however, necessary here that the pin should be a new one and quite straight; not that the prayer will not be granted otherwise, but the husband will be crooked, hump-backed, and lame. In Upper Brittany, at Saint Lawrence's Chapel near Quintin, and elsewhere, the condition is that the pin be planted at the first blow; the marriage will then take place within the year.<sup>3</sup>

All over France the like practices exist, or have died out only within comparatively recent years. In the Protestant villages of Montbéliard, between the Vosges and the Jura, at the moment of celebration of a wedding a nail was planted in the gallery (or, in some places, in the

<sup>1</sup> *Wallonia*, No. 3, 1893.

<sup>2</sup> Sébillot, *Coutumes de la Haute Bretagne*, 96.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 97, quoting Fouquet, *Légendes du Morbihan*. As to St. Guirec's shrine, see also *Arch. Camb.*, 5th Ser., vii, 175.

floor) of the church, to "nail" or fasten the marriage. In various parts of the country there are stone or iron crosses which have doubtless replaced wooden ones. In the new crosses it is of course impossible to hammer nails, or stick pins. Devotees, therefore, content themselves with depositing pins upon the arms or pedestal, or in the joints.<sup>1</sup> The well of Moniès in the department of Tarn had, at the beginning of the present century, a great renown for the cure of various diseases. The rags which had been used in bathing with the sacred water the diseased members were left stretched out on the neighbouring bushes.<sup>2</sup> An instance where the honour and glory, not to say the substantial gains attendant on the superstition, were early annexed by the Church is that of St. Michel-la-Rivière in the diocese of Bordeaux. Both the honour and the gains were considerable in the seventeenth century, as appears from orders made, and quarrels between the *curé* and the *fabricateur* of the church decided, by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. The sick man was required to pass through a hole called a *veyrine* at the end of the apse; and the patients left offerings not merely of linen, but also of money, wax, and other things.<sup>3</sup> Nor was this case at all singular; for similar practices obtained wherever in the diocese was a church dedicated to St. Michael. In a North-German example the object of veneration was an oak-tree; and the pilgrim, after creeping through the hole in the prescribed manner, completed the performance by burying a piece of money under the roots. As many as a hundred patients a day are said to have visited it.<sup>4</sup> Here the Church had neglected her opportunities.

Passing the Pyrenees, let us note that in the seventeenth

<sup>1</sup> Gaïdoz, in *Rev. de l'hist. des Rel.*, vi, 10, 12. See also *Notes and Queries*, 8th Ser., iv, 186.

<sup>2</sup> Gaïdoz, *Un vieux rite médical*, 29, quoting Clos, *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de France*.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 41, quoting *Mémoires de la Société Archéologique de Bordeaux*.

<sup>4</sup> Bartsch, i, 418.

century it was usual to stick needles or pins in a certain tree belonging to the church of Saint Christopher, situated on a high mountain near the city of Pampeluna.<sup>1</sup> In Mediterranean lands we must not forget the rite practised from very early times at Rome. From the date of the erection of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus it was the custom on the festival of the dedication, the Ides of September, for the highest person of the state to drive a nail into the right wall of the *Cella Jovis*. This was usually done by the consuls or prætor; but in case of the appointment of a dictator the latter performed the ceremony. After it was dropped as an annual performance, recourse was occasionally had to it for the staying of a pestilence, or as an atonement for crime.<sup>2</sup> Two curious parallels to this Roman custom existed almost down to the present day in modern Europe. Near Angers was an oak which bore the singular name of *Lapalud*. It was regarded as of the same antiquity as the town, and was covered with nails to the height of ten feet or thereabouts. From time immemorial every journeyman carpenter, joiner, or mason who passed it, used to stick a nail in it. Near the cathedral at Vienna was the stock of an old tree, called the *Stock im Eisen*, said to be the last remnant of an ancient forest which covered the neighbourhood. Every workman who passed through Vienna was expected to fasten a nail in it; and it was in fact covered with a complete coat of mail, consisting entirely of the heads of the nails it had thus received.<sup>3</sup>

At Athens, mothers bring their sick children to the little church of Santa Marina, under the Observatory Hill, and there undress them, leaving the old clothes behind. There is a dripping well near Kotzanes, in Macedonia, "said to issue from the Nereids' breasts, and to cure all human ills.

<sup>1</sup> Liebrecht, *Geru. Tilb.*, 244, quoting Jean Baptiste Thiers, *Traité des Superstitions* (Paris, 1697).

<sup>2</sup> Preller, *Röm. Myth.*, i, 258.

<sup>3</sup> Gaidoz, *Rev. de l'hist. des Rel.*, vii, 9.

Those who would drink of it must enter the cave with a torch or lamp in one hand and pitcher in the other, which they must fill with the water, and, leaving some scrap of their clothing behind them, must turn round without being scared by the noises they may hear within, and quit the cave without ever looking back."<sup>1</sup>

In the district of Vynnytzia, government of Podolia in Ukraina, there is a mineral spring much resorted to. The sick, after bathing, hang to the branches of the trees their shirts, handkerchiefs, and other articles, "as a mark", says M. Volkov, who reports the case, "that their diseases are left there".<sup>2</sup> Whether this be the original notion we shall consider presently.

Parallel superstitions exist in India. A festival called Melá is held at the beginning of the month of Mággha (about the middle of January) at the island of Sággar, at the mouth of the Hugli. A temple of Kapila, who is held to be an incarnation of Vishnu, stands on the island, and in front of it is (or was) a Bur tree, beneath which were images of Ráma and Hanumán, while an image of Kapila, nearly of life-size, was within the temple. The pilgrims who crowd thither at the festival commonly write their names on the walls, with a short prayer to Kapila, or suspend a piece of earth or brick to a bough of the tree, offering at the same time a prayer and a promise, if the prayer be granted, to make a gift to some divinity.<sup>3</sup> Elsewhere in India, as well as in Arabia and Persia, strips of cloth are suspended from shrubs and trees, which, for some reason or other, are venerated; and, in Persia at all events, not only are rags, amulets, and other votive offerings found upon the trees, but the trees are also covered with nails.<sup>4</sup>

Mr. J. F. Campbell records having found in Japan "strips

<sup>1</sup> Rodd, *The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece*, 165, 176.

<sup>2</sup> *Rev. des Trad. Pop.*, vii, 56, citing Bojzdowsky, *Kievskaiia Starina*.

<sup>3</sup> H. H. Wilson, *Works*, ii, 169.

<sup>4</sup> Burton, *Sindh*, 177; Gaidoz, *Rev. de Phist. des Rel.*, vii, 9, quoting Ouseley, *Travels in Various Countries of the East*.

of cloth, bits of rope, slips of paper, writings, bamboo strings, flags, tags, and prayers hanging from every temple", and small piles of stones at the foot of every image and memorial stone, and on every altar by the wayside; and he draws attention to the similarity of the practices implied to those of his native country.<sup>1</sup> Another traveller in Japan states that women who desire children go to a certain sacred stone on the holy hill of Nikko, and throw pebbles at it. If they succeed in hitting it their wish is granted. They seem very clever at the game, he says maliciously. Further, the same writer speaks of a seated statue of Buddha in the park of Uyeno at Tokio, on whose knees women flung stones with the same object. Describing a temple elsewhere, he records that the grotesque figures placed at the door were covered—or, as he more accurately puts it, constellated—with pellets of chewed paper shot through the railing that surrounded them by persons who had some wish to be fulfilled. A successful shot implied the probability of the attainment of the shooter's desire.<sup>2</sup>

As might be anticipated, practices of this kind are not confined to Europe and Asia. A French traveller in the region of the Congo relates with astonishment concerning the *n'doké*—which he portrays as "fetishes important enough to occupy a special hut, and confided to the care of a sort of priests, who alone are reputed to have the means of making them speak"—that when it is desired to invoke the fetish, one or more pieces of native cloth, and the like, are offered to the fetish, or to the fetish priest; and the worshipper is then admitted to plant a nail in the statue, the priest meanwhile, or the worshipper himself, formulating his prayer or his desires.<sup>3</sup>

To sum up. We find widely spread in Europe the practice of throwing pins into sacred wells, or sticking pins

<sup>1</sup> Campbell, *My Circular Notes*, i, 350.

<sup>2</sup> *Mélusine*, vi, 154, 155, quoting the *Temps*.

<sup>3</sup> Gaidoz, *Rev. de l'hist. des Rel.*, vii, 7, quoting Charles de Rouvre, *Bull. de la Soc. de Géog.*, Oct. 1880.

or nails into sacred images or trees, or into the wall of a temple, or floor of a church, and—sometimes accompanying this, more usually alone—a practice of tying rags or leaving portions of clothing upon a sacred tree or bush, or a tree or bush overhanging, or adjacent to, a sacred well, or of depositing them in or about the well. The object of this rite is generally the attainment of some wish, or the granting of some prayer, as for a husband, or for recovery from sickness. In the Roman instance it was a solemn religious act, to which (in historical times at least) no definite meaning seems to have been attached ; and the last semblance of a religious character has vanished from the analogous performances at Angers and Vienna. In Asia we have the corresponding customs of writing the name on the walls of a temple, suspending some apparently trivial article upon the boughs of a sacred tree, flinging pellets of chewed paper or stones at sacred images and cairns, and attaching rags, writings, and other things to the temples. On the Congo the practice is that of driving a nail into an idol, in the Breton manner. It cannot be doubted that the purpose and origin of all these customs are identical, and that an explanation of one will explain all.

The most usual explanations are, first, that the articles left are offerings to the god or presiding spirit, and, secondly, that they contain the disease of which one desires to be rid, and transfer it to anyone who touches or removes them. These two explanations appear to be mutually exclusive, though Professor Rhys suggests that a distinction is to be drawn between the pins and the rags. The pins, he thinks, may be offerings ; and it is noteworthy that in some cases they are replaced by buttons or small coins. The rags, on the other hand, may be, in his view, the vehicles of the disease. If this opinion were correct, one would expect to find both ceremonies performed by the same patient at the same well : he would throw in the pin and also place the rag on the bush, or wherever its proper place might be. The performance of *both* cere-



monies is, however, I think, exceptional. Where the pin or button is dropped into the well, the patient does not trouble about the rag, and *vice versa*. Professor Rhys only cites one case to the contrary. There the visit to the well was prescribed as a remedy for warts. Each wart was to be pricked with a pin, and the pin bent and thrown into the well. The warts were then to be rubbed with tufts of wool collected on the way to the well, and the wool was to be put on the first whitethorn the patient could find. As the wind scattered the wool the warts would disappear. Upon this one or two observations may be made. It may be assumed that, when *any* tree, or *any* tree of a special kind, is prescribed, rather than some particular tree, for the doing of such an act as this, the rite only survives in a degraded form, and that originally some definite sacred tree was its object. If this be so, the rite is here duplicated. For if the pins were really offerings, to be distinguished in character from the deposits of wool, the prescription to touch the warts with them would be meaningless. But we must surely deem that whatever value attached to the rubbing of the warts with wool would equally attach to their pricking with the pins.

Moreover, the curious detail mentioned by Mrs. Evans in reference to the rags tied on the bushes at Elian's Well—namely, that they must be tied on with wool—points to a further degradation of the rite in the case we are now examining. Probably at one time rags were used, and simply tied to the sacred tree with wool. What may have been the reason for using wool remains to be discovered. But it is easy to see how, if the reason were lost, the wool might be looked upon as the essential condition of the due performance of the ceremony, and so continue after the disuse of the rags.

Nor can we stop here. From all we know of the process of ceremonial decay, we may be tolerably sure that the rags represent entire articles of clothing, which were at an earlier period deposited. There is no need to discuss

the principle of substitution and representation, so familiar to all students of folk-lore. It is sufficient to point out that, since the rite is almost everywhere in a state of decay, the presumption is in favour of entire garments having been originally deposited ; and that, in fact, we do find this original form of the rite in the Ukrainian example I have cited and (as I read the record) at Saint Michel-la-Rivière and elsewhere in the diocese of Bordeaux, under the fostering care of ecclesiastical officials. If we may trust the somewhat slovenly compilation of Mr. R. C. Hope on the holy wells of Scotland, a traveller in 1798 relates of the Holy Pool of Strathfillan in Perthshire, that "each person gathers up nine stones in the pool, and, after bathing, walks to a hill near the water, where there are three cairns, round each of which he performs three turns, at each turn depositing a stone ; and if it is for any bodily pain, fractured limb, or sore, that they are bathing, they throw upon one of those cairns that part of their clothing which covered the part affected ; also, if they have at home any beast that is diseased, they have only to bring some of the meal which it feeds upon, and make it into paste with these waters, and afterwards give it to him to eat, which will prove an infallible cure ; but they must likewise throw upon the cairn the rope or halter with which he was led. Consequently the cairns are covered with old halters, gloves, shoes, bonnets, night-caps, rags of all sorts, kilts, petticoats, garters, and smocks. Sometimes they go as far as to throw away their halfpence."<sup>1</sup> From this account it appears that stones from the pool, rags, garments which had covered the diseased parts of the devotees, and halfpence, had all the same value. The stones could not have been offerings, and it was evidently not usual to throw away halfpence. The gifts of rags and articles of clothing are ambiguous. If we must choose between regarding

<sup>1</sup> *Antiquary* (April 1893), xxvii, 169. Heron's *Journey* is quoted in a note, Brand and Ellis, ii, 268, in reference to the same pool and its reputed cures of lunacy.

them as offerings and as vehicles of disease, the analogy of the gifts at the shrine of Saint Michel-la-Rivière favours the former. Under ecclesiastical patronage, however, the rite had doubtless been manipulated to the benefit of the officials ; and we can use the instance no further than as proof that the deposit of garments was ambiguous enough to develop sometimes into pious gifts, if it developed at other times into devices for the shuffling of disease off the patient on another person.

M. Monseur, fixing his attention on instances like those of the Croix Saint Zè and Saint Guirec, in which pins or nails were stuck into the cross, or tree, or figure of the saint, suggests that the aim was, by causing pain or inconvenience to the object of worship, to keep in his memory the worshipper's prayer. And he refers, by way of illustration, to the tortures inflicted on children at the beating of boundaries, and to the flogging said to have been given to children in Lorraine on the occasion of a capital punishment, the intention of which incontestably was to preserve a recollection of the place or the incident.<sup>1</sup> M. Gaidoz, dealing with similar cases, and similar cases only, propounded ten years ago a theory somewhat different. In replying recently to M. Monseur, he recalls his previous exposition, and reiterates it in these words : " The idol is a god who always appears somewhat stupid ; it moves not, it speaks not, and, peradventure, it does not hear very well. It must be made to understand by a sign, and a sign which will be at the same time a memento. In touching the idol, especially in touching the member corresponding to that which suffers, its attention is directed to the prayer. And more than that is done in leaving a nail or a pin in its body, for this is a material memento for the idol." In putting it in this way, the learned professor does not desire to exclude the ideas of an offering and a transfer of disease, for he expressly adds that both these ideas are mingled with that of a memento.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Bulletin de Folklore*, i, 250.

<sup>2</sup> *Méhusine*, vi, 155.

Let us take stock of the conditions to be fulfilled in order to a satisfactory solution of the problem. It must be equally applicable to sacred images, crosses, trees, wells, cairns, and temples. It must account not merely for the pins in wells and the rags on trees, but also for the nails in trees, the pins in images, the earth or bricks hung on the sacred tree in India, the stones or cairns, the pellets which constellate Japanese idols, the strips of cloth and other articles which decorate Japanese temples, the pilgrims' names written on the walls of the temple of Kapila, on the banks of the Hugli, the nails fixed by the consuls in the Cella Jovis at Rome, and those driven into the galleries or floors of Protestant churches in Eastern France. These are the outcome of equivalent practices, and the solution of their meaning, if a true one, must fit them all. M. Gaidoz' suggestion of a memento comes nearer to this ideal than any other hitherto put forward. But does it touch cases like those of the Lapalud, the Stock im Eisen, and the Cella Jovis, where the rite was unaccompanied by any prayer? The two former cases, indeed, if they stood alone, might be deemed worn and degraded relics of a rite once gracious with adoration, prayer, and thanksgiving. But nothing of the sort accompanied the driving of a nail into the wall of the temple of Jupiter, nor, so far as we can learn, the yet older custom observed by the Etruscans at Vulsinii, of sticking a nail every year in the temple of Nortia, the fate-goddess. On the contrary, in both these classical instances was the rite so bare and so ill-understood, that it was looked upon merely as an annual register or record. Almost as little does M. Gaidoz' explanation seem to fit the throwing of pins into a well, the burial of a coin, as in Mecklenburg, under a tree, or the marriage-nails of Montbéliard. Like M. Monseur's theory, it is applicable in its full significance only to examples of the rite as practised on statues, and it assumes that trees and crosses and other rude forms are mere makeshifts for the carven image, deteriorated survivals of idols strictly so

called. But this is to put the cart before the horse. There is no reason to suppose that the practices I have described originated later than the carving of sacred images, and were at first a peculiarity of their worship. There is every reason to suppose exactly the reverse. And in this connection it is significant that neither at Rome nor at Vulturnii (the earliest examples we have in point of time) were the nails fastened into the image, but into the temple wall.

I believe that a profounder thought forms the common ground in which all the customs we are discussing—or, as I should prefer to say, all the variations of a single custom—are rooted. When a witch is desirous of injuring a person, the first step is to get hold of something that once formed part of her foe's body, such as hair, fingernails, or excrement. Upon this she may work her will; and whatsoever she does to it will be done to the body of which it once formed part. Wherefore men everywhere burn, or hide, the combings or the cuttings of their hair, the shavings of their nails, the teeth extracted from their heads. Failing these things, however, the earth from their footprints, the remnants of their food, any articles of clothing they have once worn, or indeed any other portions of their property, are obnoxious to the same danger. Even their names may be used for the same end. A rough image is made: it is identified with the person who is to be bewitched by being dubbed with his name: any injury thenceforth inflicted on the image is inflicted on the bearer of the name, wherever he may be. These are means and methods of witchcraft all over the world. And they are based upon the hypothesis that, although the hair, the nails, the clothing, or property may be to all appearance severed from the object of the witch's wrath, yet there is, notwithstanding, a subtle physical connection still subsisting between the one and the other, just as if no severance had taken place. Equality of reasoning applies to the name, which is looked upon as a part of its owner, and, being conferred on an

effigy, identifies the effigy with the real owner of the name I will not waste time in illustrating either the practices or the hypothesis. What I want to suggest is that, in the customs to which I have called your attention at wells and trees and temples, we have simply another application of the same reasoning as that which underlies the practices of witchcraft. If an article of my clothing in a witch's hands may cause me to suffer, the same article in contact with a beneficent power may relieve my pain, restore me to health, or promote my general prosperity. A pin that has pricked my wart, even if not covered with my blood, has by its contact, by the wound it has inflicted, acquired a peculiar bond with the wart; the rag that has rubbed the wart has by that friction acquired a similar bond; so that whatever is done to the pin or the rag, whatever influences the pin or the rag may undergo, the same influences are by that very act brought to bear upon the wart. If, instead of using a rag, or making a pilgrimage to a sacred well, I rub my warts with raw meat and then bury the meat, the wart will decay and disappear with the decay and dissolution of the meat. The principle was once exalted into serious surgery, when, three centuries ago, the learned chirurgian used to anoint and dress the weapon, instead of the wound which the weapon had caused. In like manner my shirt or stocking, or a rag to represent it, placed upon a sacred bush, or thrust into a sacred well—my name written upon the walls of a temple—a stone or a pellet from my hand cast upon a sacred image or a sacred cairn—is thenceforth in continual contact with divinity; and the effluence of divinity, reaching and involving it, will reach and involve me. In this way I may become permanently united with the god.

This is an explanation which I think will cover every case. Of course, I cannot deny that there are instances, like some of the Japanese and Breton cases, where, the real object of the rite having been forgotten, the practice has become to a slight extent deflected from its earlier

form. But it is not difficult to trace the steps whereby the idea and practice of divination became substituted for that of union with the object of devotion. Still less can I deny that, where the practice has not been deflected, the real intention has in most places been obscured. These phenomena are familiar to us everywhere, and will mislead no one who understands that the real meaning is not what the people who practise a rite say about it, but that which emerges from a comparison of analogous observances.

Let me, before closing, refer to one or two other practices having some bearing on those we have been discussing. The Athenian women who for the first time became pregnant used to hang up their girdles in the temple of Artemis. Here surely the meaning is clear, if read in the light of the ceremonies of witchcraft. And not less clear is the meaning of the converse case of the Ursuline nuns of Quintin. They keep one of the principal schools in Brittany. When a girl who has been their pupil marries and enters the interesting situation of the Athenian women just referred to, the pious nuns send her a white silken ribbon, painted in blue (the Virgin's colour) with the words: "Notre Dame de Délivrance, protégez-nous." Before sending it off, they touch with it the reliquary of the parish church, which contains a fragment of the Virgin Mary's zone. The recipient hastens to put the ribbon around her waist, and does not cease to wear it until her baby is born.<sup>1</sup> For the ribbon, having thus been in contact with divinity, though that contact has ceased to outward appearance, is still in some subtle connection with the goddess.

This is a method of conveying the divine effluence parallel to one which was a favourite during the Middle Ages. The latter consisted in measuring with a string or fillet the body of a saint, and passing the string afterwards round the patient. Many miracles performed in this way were attributed to Simon de Montfort. Pope Clement VIII

<sup>1</sup> Ploss, *Das Weib*, i, 504.

is said to have given his sanction to a similar measurement purporting to be the "true and correct length of Our Lord Jesus Christ", found in the Holy Sepulchre. Copies of this measurement were current in Germany up to a comparatively late date.<sup>1</sup>

It may be worth while to ask whether the offerings of the worshippers' own blood, as practised by the peoples of Central America, had not for their object not so much the gratification of the gods as the union of the worshippers with the deity. Dr. Stoll describes the priest in Guatemala as drawing blood from his tongue and other members and anointing with it the feet and hands of the image.<sup>2</sup> I am led to put this question because I find that, among the ceremonies of purification imposed by some of the non-Aryan tribes of Bengal upon women after childbirth, is that of smearing with vermilion the edge of the village well.<sup>3</sup> Now the vermilion in use in the wedding and other ceremonies of these peoples is, there can be little doubt, a substitute for blood. It would seem probable, therefore, that the well was originally smeared with blood, and *that* blood drawn from the offerer's veins. Other ceremonies point to the sacred character of the well, and I can only suggest that the smearing with blood had the same object as that I have ascribed to the observances at holy wells in Europe. By the ceremonial union thus effected with the divinity the woman would be purified.

A German writer, whose authority for the statement I have been unable to trace, mentions another ceremony performed at wells in Wales. He says it is the custom for a bride and bridegroom to go and lie down beside a well or fountain and throw in pins as a pledge of the new relation into which they have entered. And he adds that in clearing out an old Roman well in the Isle of Wight, some forty

<sup>1</sup> *Zeits. des Vereins für Volksk.*, ii, 168.

<sup>2</sup> Stoll, *Ethnologie der Indianerstämme von Guatemala*, 47.

<sup>3</sup> Risley, *The Tribes and Castes of Bengal*, i, 504, 535, and other places.



or fifty years ago, a number of ancient British pins for the clothes was found.<sup>1</sup> Whether or not the British pins are to be connected with the alleged custom in Wales, it is difficult to account for a collection of pins in such a situation except upon the supposition that they were purposely thrown into the well. At Gumfreyston, in Pembrokeshire, there is a holy well to which the villagers used to repair on Easter Day, when each of them would throw a crooked pin into the water. This was called "throwing Lent away"<sup>2</sup>—a name which has probably arisen since the original meaning of the ceremony has been forgotten. Both these Welsh practices (if the former be a genuine one) point to the interpretation I have placed upon the observances at pin-wells. For it will be observed that in neither case is there any disease to be got rid of, nor any prayer offered. If we could find the early shape of the former, we should probably recognise a solemn consecration of the one spouse to the domestic divinity of the other, a ritual reception into the kin. The analogy with the marriage custom of the Montbéliard Protestants is obvious, and may help to explain it. The Pembrokeshire custom may be conjectured to be a periodical renewal of union with the divinity, removed under Christian influences from the day of the pagan festival (perhaps May-day) to the nearest great feast-day of the Church.

I venture to submit, then, that the practices of throwing pins into wells, of tying rags on bushes and trees, of driving nails into trees and stocks, and the analogous practices throughout the Old World, are to be interpreted as acts of ceremonial union with the spirit identified with well, with tree, or stock. In course of time, as the real intention of the rite has been forgotten, it has been resorted to (notably in Christian countries) chiefly for the cure of diseases, and the meaning has been overlaid by the idea of the transfer of the disease. This idea belongs to the same category as

<sup>1</sup> Kolbe, *Hessische Volks-Sitten*, 163.

<sup>2</sup> *Folk-Lore Journal*, ii, 349.

that of the union by means of the nail or the rag with divinity, but apparently to a somewhat later stratum of thought. Since the spread of Christianity the reason for the sacredness of many trees or wells has passed from memory ; and it has consequently been natural to substitute any tree or any well for a particular one. This substitution has favoured the idea of transfer of disease, which has thus become the ordinary intention of the rite in later times.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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## THE EDINBURGH DINNSHENCHAS.

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**A**MONG the little-known Gaelic manuscripts preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, M. Henri Gaidoz<sup>1</sup> discovered five leaves of a vellum copy of the Dinnsenchas, written (I should say) at the end of the fifteenth century, and now marked XVI Kilbride. For a loan of these leaves I am indebted to the kindness of the Curators and the Librarian, Mr. J. T. Clark. Like all the other copies of this curious collection of topographical legends, XVI Kilbride is imperfect; but, so far as it goes, it agrees closely, both in contents and arrangement, with the Oxford Dinnsenchas published in *Folk-Lore*, vol. iii, pp. 469-515. The articles still remaining in the Edinburgh copy are as follows:

- fo. 1<sup>a</sup>. The Introduction, and part of Cuan O'Lochan's poem, *Temair, Taillti, tír n-oeanaig*, etc., both now almost wholly illegible.
- 1<sup>b</sup> 1. End of Cuan O'Lochan's poem — Teamhair — Magh mBreagh.
- 1<sup>b</sup> 2. Laighin, incomplete. Here a leaf is lost.
- 2<sup>a</sup> 1. Nine quatrains of Eochu Eolach's poem on Loch Garman, of which there is a complete copy in the Book of Leinster, p. 196—Fidh nGaible.
- 2<sup>a</sup> 2. Midhe—Ethne.
- 2<sup>b</sup> 1. Brí Léith—Tond Clidhna.
- 2<sup>b</sup> 2. Slíabh Bladma.
- 3<sup>a</sup> 1. Magh Roigne—Tebtha [leg. Tethba]—Loch n-Ainnind.

<sup>1</sup> See the *Revue Celtique*, vi, 113.

- 3<sup>a</sup> 2. Berbha—Magh Femhin—Sliabh Mis—Loch Léin.  
 3<sup>b</sup> 1. Sliabh Cua—Luimnech—Sliabh n-Echtga.  
 3<sup>b</sup> 2. Magh n-Aighni [leg. n-Aidhni]—Port Lairgi.  
 Here, probably, three leaves are lost.  
 4<sup>a</sup> 1. The final quatrain of the article Tuagh Inbhir;  
 Bard Maile's poem about Tuagh Inbir, also in  
 the Book of Leinster, pp. 152<sup>b</sup>, 153<sup>a</sup>,—Beann  
 Bogaine.  
 4<sup>a</sup> 2. Magh Coraind—Loch n-Echach.  
 4<sup>b</sup> 1. Loch n-Eirne—Sliabh Beatha.  
 4<sup>b</sup> 2. Coire mBrecan—Beann Foibhne—Ard Fothaidh  
 —Ard Macha.  
 5<sup>a</sup> 1. Magh Coba—Sliabh Callainn—Sliabh Fuait.  
 5<sup>a</sup> 2. Lia Lindgadain—Magh Mughna.  
 5<sup>b</sup> 1. Findloch Cera—Magh Tailten—Beand Bairchi—  
 —Tráigh Tuirbhc—Lusmagh.  
 5<sup>b</sup> 2. Beand Codhail—Tlachtga—Inbher Cichmaini.

It will be seen that the Oxford Dinnshenchas does not contain the last twenty-two of these articles, and the primary object of this paper is to print the twenty-two faithfully, with literal translations and such notes as seem likely to elucidate what often, in spite of all my efforts, remains obscure. I have added, by way of supplement, three other articles found in Egerton 1781, a vellum in the British Museum, and hitherto, so far as I know, unpublished. The articles now printed are numbered consecutively, in continuation of the fifty-two already published in this Journal. Those most likely to interest folklorists are Nos. 55, 61, 64, 67, 69, 70, 73. In the notes, "BB." means the Book of Ballymote; "H." the Dublin vellum H. 3. 3; "Lec." the Book of Lecan; "LL." the Book of Leinster; and "R." the Irish MS. at Rennes.

W. S.

## THE EDINBURGH DINNSENCHAS.

(Kilbride XVI, fo. 4<sup>a</sup> 1.)

[53. BENN BOGUINE.]—Beand Bogaine, cid dia ta?

Beand Bogaine .i. bo di bhuaib Flidaisi mna Oizilla Find adrullai ind, [f. 4 2] ʒ fiadhaigheastar ann sil na bo sin go rugastar da læg .i. lægh fireand ʒ lægh boineand, go silastar ʒ go fiadhaigsedar<sup>1</sup> annsin a sil go nach feta ni doib. in tarbh robai aco intan rogeisead dothigdis buar Erenn fua ʒ noreithdis go maidheadh a cridhe. Robi Findchad mac Neill for altrom la hinghin n-Uatha. Luid in bo bai 'na beolo sein fo gheim in tairb isin sliab. Luidh mac Neill ina degheidh<sup>2</sup> a buair, ʒ gonais a buair ʒ gonais go slegaib na bu, *conaca* imbi in martghail sin, *con-ebert* "is boghuine so", ol se, diamba<sup>3</sup> Beand Boghuine go so.

Beand Boghuine is de dotha  
 rocuadar fir is mna,  
 don martgail[s]e, go lin ngal,  
 rognídh go fir la Findchad.

Benn Boguine, whence is it?

Benn Boguine, to wit, thither escaped a cow of the kine of Flidais, wife of Ailil the Fair, and the offspring of that cow became wild. And the cow brought forth two calves, a male calf and a female calf, and her offspring went wild therein so that nought could be done with them. When the bull they had would bellow (all) the cattle of Ireland would go to him, and run so that their hearts were broken.

Finnchad, son of Niall, was in fosterage with Anè, daughter of Uath. The cow that was feeding him went at the roar of the bull to the mountain. Niall's son (at his foster-mother's command) followed the cattle and killed the kine with spears. And when he saw that ox-slaughter, he said: "This a killing of kine," quoth he. Whence *Benn Boguine*, "Peak of Kine-killing," hitherto.

Benn Boguine, hence it is,  
 Men and women have heard,  
 From this ox-slaughter, with a number of fights,  
 Which was wrought truly by Finnchad.

Also in LL. 165 a 45, and, more fully, in BB. 397 a; H. 55 b; and L. 504 b. *Benn Boguine* has not, so far as I know, been identified. A man's name *Bogaine* occurs, LÜ. 70 b 14.

As to Flidais, see LL. 247 a 33—248 a 11.

[54. MAG CORAINN.]—Mag Coraind, cid dia ta? Ni *ansa*.

Corand cruitire sidhe do Dianche[ch]d, mac in Dag[hd]ai, go roghart sein asa croit Cælcheis do mhuccaibh Dreibrinde. Roraith

<sup>1</sup> MS. fiagaigsedar.<sup>2</sup> MS. deghaigh.<sup>3</sup> MS. ciamba.

fothuaidh<sup>1</sup> a niurt a chnamb, roraith a niurt retha læchradh  
Ollnegmacht ⁊ a chuanart 'na degheadh, go rige Ceis Coraind. Unde  
Ceis [Coraind] ⁊ Mag Coraing. Unde poeta cecinit :

Corand cruitire creachach,  
mac in Dagh[d]a dianbhreathach.  
ba guirt fri feis d'fanim sluind<sup>2</sup>  
triana chruit go ceis Coraind.

Magh Coraind, whence is it ?

Not hard (to say). Corann, he was harper to the Dagda's son, Dianchécht, and out of his harp he summoned Caelcheis, one of the swine of Drebbrenn. Northwards it ran with (all) the strength of its limbs. After it ran the champions of Connaught with (all) their strength of running, their hounds following them as far as Céis Coraind. Whence Céis Coraind and Magh Coraind. Whence (also) a poet sang :

Corand, a plundering harper,  
The swift-judging son of Diancecht,  
Through his harp to Céis Corann.

Also in LL. 165 a 35; BB. 389 a 17; H. 47 a; Lec. 494 b; R. 114 b 2; Versified, LL. 212 a 14. See, too, *Silva Gadelica*, ii, 536.

*Céis Coraind* is a hill in the barony of Corran, county of Sligo. *Magh Coraind* is, I suppose, the plain from which it rises.

*Dian-chécht* was the leech, and the Dagdae was the king, of the Tuatha Dé Danann, who gave Corand a grant of land for his excellent harping (*Tucsat Tuath De . . . ferand diles ar degsheinn*, LL. 212 a 16).

As to the swine of Drebbrenn, see *Folk-Lore*, iii, 495.

[55. LOCH N-ECHACH.]—Loch n-Eachach, canas rohainmñigh-eadh?

Ri[b] mac Maireada ⁊ Echo mac *Maireadha* dolodar anneas a hIrluachair andis for imirce ⁊ rodeagailset andis og Beluch da Liag. Luidh indalanai siar .i. Eochu for Breogha go rogabh for Brugh<sup>3</sup> Meic in Og. Doluid sein chucu ir-richt brughad, ⁊ a gerran ina laimh, ⁊ dlomais doib *cona* bedis isin Brugh.<sup>3</sup> Atbertadar tris nad bai acu cumang do imachur in ealma ellaig bai oga gen chaipliu. "Cuiridhsi," ol se, "lan in maighe i taid do eiribh *cona* n-irsibh ar in gearran sa ⁊ beraidh libh go maigin i laigfe foa." Dochodar as iarumh go rangadar Liathmuine. Laighid leo an gerran i suidhiu ⁊ dobeir a mun ann, *conderna* tobar dhe, go tanic thairsiu, *conid* e Loch nEachach .i. Eochu in rí ⁊ fual a eich roleath ann.

Doluid *immorro* Rib féin timcheall síar gor' gabh i maigh Fhind:

<sup>1</sup> MS. fothuaigh.      <sup>2</sup> This line is corrupt. In LL. 165<sup>a</sup> it is :  
rogart in muicc fri séis slaind.      <sup>3</sup> MS. brudh.

ba head on Tir Cluichi Midhir ⁊ Maic in Og. Luid<sup>1</sup> fon indas cetna Midhir ⁊ [fo. 4<sup>b</sup> 1] cucu ⁊ capall cengalta lais, gon rallsat a crod fair, gonos-rug leo gorigi Mag nDairbthean forsa ta in loch. Laighid in gerran ann ⁊ dobeir a mhun gor'bo tiprat, gor' muidh tairsib. Ribh ainm in ríg. baiter in Ríbh. Unde Loch Rí[bh] ⁊ Loch nEchach nominata sunt.

Baidhis Ængus Eocho uais  
tre fhual a eich go n-athluais,  
doluidh Midhir, brigh ron-lean,  
gor' baidh Rib i Maigh Dairbthenn.

Loch n-Echach, whence was it named?

Ríbh, son of Mairid, and Eocho, son of Mairid, the twain went from the south out of Irluachair on a flitting, and separated at Belach dá Liacc, "the Pass of the two Flagstones". One of the twain, even Eocho, went westward on Bregia and set up on the Plain of Mac ind Oc. He (the Mac ind Oc) went to them in the shape of a land-holder, with his nag in his hand, and told them that they should not bide on the Plain. They said to him that they had no power to carry their load of goods (?) without pack-horses. "Put," says he, "the full of the plain wherein ye stand into bundles with their straps upon this nag, and he will carry them with you to the place where he will lie down thereunder." So they went thence till they reached Liathmuine. Therein the nag lies down beside them, and there he stales, and made of his urine a well which came over them. So *that* is Loch n-Echach, to wit, Eochu the king and his horse's water, which there spread out.

Howbeit Ríbh himself went around westward and set up on Magh Find: now that was the Playing-ground of Midir and of Mac ind Oc. In the same way Midir went to them, having a haltered horse with him, and they put their wealth upon the horse, and he carried it off with them as far as Magh Dairbthenn, whereon the lake now lies. There the nag lies down and passes his urine until it became a well, which broke over them. Ribh is the king's name. Ríbh is drowned.

Whence Loch Ríbh and Loch nEchach were (so) called.

Oengus drowned haughty Echo  
By means of his steed's urine, with great speed:  
Midir went—force followed him—  
And drowned Ribh on Magh Dairbthenn.

Also in BB. 390 a 31; H. 49 a; and Lec. 496 a, where the story is more fully told. Printed, without a translation, in *Silva Gadelica*, ii, 484, 532. See also *Aided Echach maic Maireda*, LL. 39 a—39 b, edited by Crowe in 1870, from which it appears that the "flitting" was an elopement with Eochaid's stepmother Ebliu.

*Irluachair*, in the south-east of the county of Kerry.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Luig.

*Belach dá Liacc.* Not identified. *Breg-mag*, a plain in East Meath.

*Brug* (or *Mag*) *Maic ind Oc*, the plain through which the Boyne runs.

*Liathmuine*, "grey brake," somewhere in Ulster.

*Loch n-Echach*, now Lough Neagh, between the counties of Antrim, Londonderry, Down, Armagh, and Tyrone.

*Oengus*, also called *Mac ind Oc*, son of the Dagda. See *Folk-Lore*, iii, 479.

*Midir* of Bri Leith. See *Folk-Lore*, iii, 493.

[56. LOCH N-ÉRNE.]—Loch nÉirne, cid dia ta?

Eirne ingen Buirg Buireadhaigh meic Manchin, banchoimheadaie do chir comraraib Meadbha Cruachan, ʒ bantaiseach ingenraidhe fer Ollnegmacht. Intan iarumh doluidh Olca ái a huaimh Cruachan do chomrag fri Amhairghin Iarghiundach rochroith a ulcha ann<sup>1</sup> doibh [ʒ roben a déta,] go ndeachadar for dasacht macrada ʒ ingenradha in tiri, go ndernadh a n-aidhead ann ar a omhon. Da reith dano Eirne cona hingenraidh go Loch nEirne, go ros-baidh in loch. Is desin ata Loch nEirne.

Eirne go n-uail, comoll nglain,  
inghean Buirg buain Buireadhaich,  
si rotheich, ni gnim n-uabhair,  
fo loch Erne ar imuamain.<sup>2</sup>

*Nó* ba ferann do Ernaib fecht n-aile go robris Fiacho Labrainne mac Senbotha meic Tighernmais cath forro goros-dilgend,<sup>3</sup> comidh iarsin do melbaidh in loch fo tir nEreenn. *Unde est* Loch nEirne, *et quod uerius est.*

Lough Erne, whence is it?

Erne, daughter of Borg the Bellowing, son of Manchin, was the keeperess of Medb of Cruachu's comb-caskets, and leader of the maidens of the men of Connaught. Now when Olca Ai went out of the cave of Cruachu to contend against Amargen the Black-haired, he shook his beard at them and gnashed his teeth, so that the boys and girls of the country went mad, and their tragical death was caused by dread of him. Then Erne with her maidens ran to Lough Erne, and the lough drowned them. Thence is (the name) *Loch n-Erne*.

Erne with pride, a pure union,  
Daughter of good Borg the Bellowing,  
She fled—no deed to boast of—  
Under Lough Erne for exceeding fear.

Or it [the bed of Lough Erne] was once the territory of the Ernai, until Fiacha Labrainne, son of Senboth, son of Tighernmas, routed them in battle and destroyed them; and thereafter the

<sup>1</sup> MS. rochraith a chulcan.

<sup>2</sup> In the MS. this quatrain is at the end of the article.

<sup>3</sup> MS. -dligeandh.



lake burst throughout the land of Erin. Whence is *Loch n'Érne*, and this is truer.

The first paragraph is also in BB. 391 a 18; H. 49 b; and Lec. 498 a.

*Loch n'Érne*, now Lough Erne, in the county of Fermanagh.

*Medb* of Cruachu, the famous queen of Connaught.

*Amargen*, father of Conall Cernach.

[57. SLIAB BETHA.]—Slíabh Beatha, cidh día ta?

Bith mac Nai meic Lamhiach ⁊ Cessair ingen Betha ⁊ Ladru a luamh ⁊ Findtan mac Bochra a maccaem dolodar for teicheadh cethrachad laithi ria ndilind fodeigh doruimenadar na badh do airimh in betha in t-innsrad iartharach don bith o muir Thorriam<sup>1</sup> siar, ⁊ asbert Næ mac Lamhiach nis-leicfeadh son i n-airc. Dolodar a ceathair ar imgabhail na dilend sin go torachtadar Erin ⁊ ros-baidh in dili amaíl dos-tarraidh in gach aird .i. Bith i Slíabh Betha, Ladru i nArd Ladrann, Cessair i Cuil Cessra, Finntan i Fert Findtain os Tul Tuinde. Robi bliadan lan i mbadhadh conid iarum ron-athnai arisi, ⁊ in barc i tudchadar<sup>2</sup> isi go mbrui in lear imon carraig ig Dun Barc iarna dusgudh a huisci dia cind bliadne. Unde Sli-[fo. 4<sup>b</sup> 2]-ab Beatha.

Rofhuair Bit[h] bas forsín t[s]leib  
mac Lamhiach luchair lainfeil,  
rombáidh<sup>3</sup> in dili dedla  
ua Malaleiz mor echta.

Sliab Betha, whence is it?

Bith, son of Noah, son of Lamech, and Cessair, Bith's daughter, and Ladru his pilot, and Finntan, son of Bochra, his boy, went in flight, forty days before the Deluge, because they thought that the western islands of the world, from the Tyrrhene sea westward, would not be counted as belonging to the world, and Noah, son of Lamech, had said that he would not let them into the ark. To avoid that flood the four fared on till they reached Erin, and the Flood drowned them as it overtook them at each point, to wit, Bith on Sliab Betha, Ladru on Ard Ladrann, Cessair in Cuil Cessra, and Finntan in Fert Finntain over Tul Tuinne. (Each) was for a whole year beneath the waves,<sup>4</sup> and then (the sea) gave them up again; but as to the ship wherein they had arrived the sea dashed it on a rock at Dún Barc on the last day of the year after it had been raised out of the water. Whence is *Sliab Betha*.

Bith found death on the mountain.

(Bith), son [leg. grandson?] of Lamech the bright, fully-hospitable,

<sup>1</sup> MS. thorriam.

<sup>2</sup> MS. tudchaidhar.

<sup>3</sup> MS. rombaigh.

<sup>4</sup> Literally, "in drowning."

The bold Flood drowned him,  
The grandson of great-deeded Methusalem.

The corresponding story in BB. 397 b 18; H. 56 b; and Lec. 505 a, is much briefer. Keating (p. 107 of O'Mahony's version) gives a tale more nearly resembling ours. See also BB. 22 b, and the *Four Masters*, A.M. 2242.

*Sliab Betha*, "Bith's Mountain," now Slieve Beagh, a mountain on the confines of Fermanagh and Monaghan.

*Árd Ladrann*, somewhere on the sea-coast of the co. Wexford.

*Cúil Cessra*, "Cessair's Recess," said to be Coolcasragh, near Knockmea, in the co. of Clare. In BB. 22 b 15, we have *Ceassair o ta Carn Cúilí Ceasrac i Connachtaibh*; but see O'Donovan's note *h*, *Four Masters*, A.M. 2242.

*Fert Finntain*, "Finntan's Grave," in the territory of Lough Derg.

*Dún Barc*, also *Dún na mbarc*, now Dunamark, in the barony of Bantry and county of Cork.

[58. COIRE MBRECCÁIN.]—Coire mBrecaín, can as rohainmn-  
iged?

Brecaín mac Partholoin dochuaidh ar uaill 7 ingaire go tríun sloig Erenn umi fo chumcha inbeatha for dimus. Is eadh leath rola, forsin fairrgi mbaileadhaigh fothuaidh,<sup>1</sup> gorige in sæbchoiri, 7 go robaidhead ann, conid de ata Coire mBrecaín.

Mac Partholoin, gnim gen gloir,  
rofhúair samthoghail<sup>2</sup> sirbroin.

Brecaín na læchraidhe ille  
ron-sluig sæbhchoire suighthe.<sup>3</sup>

*Nó gomad Brecaín mac Maine meic Neill robaidhedh ann. Is e a asna adracht fo churach Coluim chilli dia ndebert: "Is condalbh sin, a shen-Brecaín," et quod est uerius.*

Coire mBreccáin, whence was it named?

Brecaín, son of Partholan, went, for pride and impiety (?), with a third of the host of Erin around him, throughout the world's straits. This is the direction in which he went, northwards over the furious sea, as far as the whirlpool (so called), and there he was drowned. So thence is the name *Coire mBreccáin*, "Breccáin's Caldron."

Partholan's son, deed without glory,  
Found a very mournful destruction.  
Breccáin of the heroes hither,  
A whirlpool sucking down swallowed him.

Or it may be that Breccáin, son of Maine, son of Niall (of the Nine Hostages), was drowned therein. It is his rib that rose up under Colomb cille's boat, when the saint said: "That is friendly, thou old Breccáin," and this is truer.

Similar tales are in BB. 398 a, and Lec. 505 b. They are translated in Reeves' *Vita Columbæ*, pp. 262, 263. See also Cormac's Glossary, s. v. *Coire Brecaín*.

The *Coire mBreccáin* here mentioned is, according to Reeves, the dangerous sea

<sup>1</sup> MS. fothuaigh.

<sup>2</sup> MS. samhthodhail.

<sup>3</sup> In the MS. this quatrain is at the end of the article.

between Rathlin Island and the north coast of Ireland, and not the strait between Scarba and Jura, which is now called Corryvreckan, *Vita Columbae*, pp. 29, 121.

As to Partholan, see LL. 127 a, and O'Mahony's *Keating*, pp. 83, 114-116.

[59. BENN FOIBNI.]—Beann Foibhne, can as rohainmnigheadh? Ni *ansa*.

Foibne feinnidh, is e rombuail Illand mac Erclaim<sup>1</sup> *meic* Doithre *for* lar Temrach os gualaind Eachach Ailtleathain *meic* Ailella Caisfhiaclauch. Luidh iarum fothuaidh<sup>2</sup> arfud Breag. Ros-lac Feargna Fear Ga[i] Leatha[i]n ina dhiaidh, j immusracht<sup>3</sup> remhi as gach beinn in-aroile go riacht in beind ud, *conidh* ann sin rodoimeart. Unde Bean Foibhne.

Foibhne feinnidh, fuachdha in fear,  
luidh o Themhraigh i tír mBreagh.  
i cinaidh Illaind na n-ead  
rombi Fearghna, ba frithbhed.

Benn Foibni, whence was it named?

Not hard (to say). Foibne the champion, 'tis he who struck Illann, son of Erclam, son of Doithre (the king of Sliab Mòduirn), in the midst of Tara, above the shoulder of Eochaid of the Broad Joints, son of Ailill of the Twisted Teeth. Then he went northward throughout Bregia. Fergna Fer Gái Leathain, "the Man of the Broad Spear," hurled himself after him, and drove Foibne before him from one peak to another, till he reached that peak, and there Fergna killed him. Whence *Benn Foibni*, "Foibne's Peak."

Foibne the champion, surly was the man,  
Went from Tara into the land of Bregia.  
In revenge for Illann of the jealousies  
Fergna slew him—'twas a counter-hurt.

Also in BB. 399 a; H. 57 b; Lec. 506 b.

*Benn Foibni* has not been identified.

Foibne is described in the other MSS. as Eochaid Atlethan's cupbearer (*deogbairé*).

*Eochaid Atlethan*, said to have been over-king of Ireland from A.M. 4788 to A.M. 4804, as was his father, Ailill Casfhiaclauch, from A.M. 4758 to A.M. 4782.

[60. ARD FOTHUID.]—Ard Fothuidh,<sup>4</sup> cid dia ta? Ni *ansa*.

Fothadh gonatuil ann go ceand naí mis fñi foghur circi Boirci dia mbai *for* a *echtra*. Unde Ard Fothaid.

<sup>1</sup> MS. is e rombai il laim lam. <sup>2</sup> MS. fothuaigh. <sup>3</sup> MS. imriacht, but BB. has *imusracht*, and H. has *musracht*. <sup>4</sup> MS. fothaigh.

Fothad Airg[th]each, glan a gluais,  
 ro thuil ann *cona* athluais,  
 fri re nai mis, monor ngle,  
 fri fogor circi Boirche.

Ard Fothaid, whence is it?

Not hard (to say). Fothad slept there till the end of nine months at the sound of Boirche's hen, when he was on his adventure. Whence is *Ard Fothaid*, "Fothad's Height."

Fothad Airgthech, clear his movement,  
 Slept there with his great speed.  
 For nine months' space, brilliant deed,  
 At the sound of Boirche's hen.

Also in BB. 309 a 32; H. 58 a; Lec. 506 b; and Rennes 116 a 2, where the "nine months" is reduced to "three fortnights". See, too, *Silva Gadelica*, ii, 531.

*Ard Fothaid*. This seems the same as the *Ard Fothadh* of the Four Masters, A.D. 639, "the name of a fort on a hill near Ballymagrorty . . . in the co. of Donegal" (?). See also Reeves, *Vita Columbae*, p. 38, *note*. It is spelt *Ard Fothaid* in the *Tripartite Life*, Rolls ed., p. 148, and *Ardd Fothid* in the Book of Armagh, fo. 18 b 2.

*Fothad Airgthech*, a son of Mac-con, was slain in battle A.D. 285. There is a story about the identification of his tomb in LU. 133 b, which is printed and translated in Petrie's *Round Towers*, pp. 107, 108. The allusion to Boirche's hen is to me obscure.

[61. ARD MACHA.]—Ard Macha, cid dia ta? Ni *ansa*.

Macha ben Nemidh *meic* Agnomain atbath ann, ʒ ba he in dara magh deg roslecht la Nemhead, ʒ do breatha dia mhnai go mbeith a ainm uasa, ʒ is i adchonnaire i n-aislinge foda reimhe a *techt* ina ndernad do ulc im Thain bho Cuailngi ina cotludh tarfas di uile ann rocesad do ulc and do droibhelaib ʒ do midhrennaib, go romhuidh a *críde* inti. *Unde* Ard Macha.

*Nó* Macha ingen *Ædha Ruaidh meic* Baduirnn, is le rotoirneadh Eo-[fo. 5<sup>a</sup> 1]-muin<sup>1</sup> Macha, ʒ is and roadnacht dia ros-marbh *Rechtaid*<sup>2</sup> Rírgerg, is dia gubhu rognídh *ænach* Macha. *Unde* Macha *magh*.

*Ailiter*, Macha *dano* bean Cruind *meic* Agnomhain doriacht ann do comrith ann ri heocho *Conchobair*, ar atbert a fear ba luathe a bean inaid na heocho. Amlaidh *dano* bai in bean sin, inbhadach, go ro chuindigh cairde go ro thæd abru, ʒ ní tugadh di, ʒ dogní in comhrith iarum ʒ ba luaithiamh si, ʒ o roshiacht cend in chede *berid mac* ʒ ingin, Fir ʒ Fíal a n-anmann, ʒ atbert go mbeidis Ulaidh fo cheas<sup>3</sup> oitedh in gach uair dos-figead eigin, *conid* de baí in cheas *for* Ultu *fri* re nomaide<sup>4</sup> o re *Conchobhair* go *flaith* Mail *meic* Rocraide, ʒ adberar ba sí *Grian Banchure* ingean Midhir *Bri Léith*, ʒ

<sup>1</sup> MS. *imui*. <sup>2</sup> MS. *rosumarb* *rechtaig*. <sup>3</sup> MS. inserts *ʒ*. <sup>4</sup> MS. *xxde*.

adbeb iar suidhiu 7 focreas a fert i nArd Macha, 7 focer a gubha, 7 roclannad a lía. Unde Ard Macha.

Atchonnaire Macha marglic  
tri fhis, ratha na raidmid,  
tuirthechta trimsa Cuailghne  
fa gnim ndimsa nimuaibre.

Ard Macha, whence is it?

Not hard (to say). Macha, wife of Nemed, son of Agnoman, died there, and it was the twelfth plain which was cleared by Nemed, and it was bestowed on his wife that her name might be over it, and 'tis she that saw in a dream, long before it came to pass, all the evil that was done in the Driving of the Kine of Cualnge. In her sleep there was shown to her all the evil that was suffered therein, and the hardships and the wicked quarrels : so that her heart broke in her. Whence *Ard Macha*, "Macha's Height."

Macha, the very shrewd, beheld  
Through a vision—graces which we say not—  
Descriptions of the times (?) of Cualgne—  
Twas a deed of pride, not of boasting.

Or, Macha, daughter of Aed the Red, son of Badurn : 'tis by her that Emain Macha was marked out, and there she was buried when Rechtaid Red-arm killed her. To lament her *Oenach Macha*, "Macha's Assembly," was held. Whence *Macha Magh*.

*Aliter*. Macha, now, wife of Crunn, son of Agnoman, came there to run against the horses of King Conor. For her husband had declared that his wife was swifter than the horses. Thus then was that woman pregnant : so she asked a respite till her womb had fallen, and this was not granted to her. So then she ran the race, and she was the swiftest. And when she reached the end of the green she brings forth a boy and a girl—Fír and Fíal were their names—and she said that the Ulaid would abide under debility of childbed whensoever need should befall them. So thence was the debility on the Ulaid for the space of five days and four nights (at a time) from the era of Conor to the reign of Mál, son of Rochraide (A.D. 107). And 'tis said that she was Grian Banchure, "the Sun of Womanfolk," daughter of Midir of Brí Léith. And after this she died, and her tomb was raised on Ard Macha, and her lamentation was made, and her pillar-stone was planted. Whence is *Ard Macha*, "Macha's Height."

Also in BB. 400 b 49 ; H. 61 b ; Lec. 510 b ; and R. 117 b 1. But none of these copies contain the account of the first Macha's dream, or the quatrain referring thereto. That the second Macha marked out Emain is told also in Cormac's Glossary, and LL. 20 b 48. The story of the third Macha's race with Conor's horses, and of the birth of her twins, is related more fully in LL. 125 b 42, whence it has been published by the late Sir Samuel Ferguson in a note to his *Congal*, pp. 189, 190, with a Latin version, and by Prof. Windisch in the *Berichte* of the Royal Saxon Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften, 1884, pp. 336-347, with a German translation.

[62. MAG COBA.]—Mag Coba, cid día ta? Ni *ansa*.

Mag Coba cuthchaire. *Nó* Coba cuthchaire feisín .i. cuthchaire Eremoin *meic* Míleadh, is e *cétna* roindlestair cuithigh i n*Erinn*. Atnaigh a chois indi *das* in bad doith ina cuithigh, go romuidh buinde a sliasta ʒ a da dhoid, *con*-ablád de. Is de sin ata Mag Cobha. *Unde* poeta *dí*vít :

Cobha cuthcaire go ngloir  
ardri[g] Erend Eremhoin,  
is e rosdeadhlad de  
Coba cennmhar cuthchaire.

Mag Coba, whence is it?

Not hard to say. The plain of Coba the pitfall-maker. Or, Coba the pitfall-maker himself, that is, the pitfall-maker of Eremón, son of Míl. He first in Erin arranged a pitfall. And he put his foot into it to see whether it was . . . in his pitfall, whereupon his thighbone (?) broke, and his two forearms, so that he died thereof. Thence is *Mag Coba*, and hence the poet said :

Coba the glorious pitfall-maker,  
Of Erin's over-king Eremón :  
'Tis he that would sever himself from him,  
Great-headed Coba the pitfall-maker.

Also in BB. 400 b 34 ; H. 61 b ; Lec. 510 b ; and Rennes 117 a 2.

*Mag Coba* seems to have been the old name for a portion of the baronies of Iveagh in Ulster. See Reeves, *Ecl. Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore*, p. 349, where *cuthchaire* is misrendered by "huntsman".

As to Eremón, son of Míl, see the *Four Masters*, A.M. 3501, and *infra*, No. 76.

[63. SLIAB CALLAINN.]—Sliab Kallan, cid dia ta? Ni *ansa*.

Callann *conbhuachail* Buidhe *meic* Bain blaidh *meic* *Fórgamhna* *forobar*[t] in Donn Cuailghni in mí riana re coir .i. dairi in-t[s]easgraidhi imbi forobartar ʒ in cu [oc cosnam in tsescraigh co torcair in cu di sodain—*BB.*] *Nó* gomadh ig tabairt na tana comcomult in choin arin talamh. *Unde* Sliab Kalland.

Calland *conbhuachail* *crethaigh* [leg. *crethaidh*?]  
Buidhe mac Bain bithbreathaig.  
gleacais *frissin* nDonn Cuailghne  
ba *forlonn fri* heduailghne [leg. *étuailngi*?].

Sliab Callann, whence is it?

Not hard (to say). Callann the sheep-dog of Buide, son of Ban blaidh, son of *Fórgamuin*. The Donn of Cualgne, the month before his proper time, proceeded to bull the dry cows around him. He and the dog began to contend for the dry cows, till the dog fell by him. Or it may be that at the taking the drove he crushed the dog on the ground. Whence *Sliab Callann*.

Callann, the skilful (?) sheep-dog  
Of Buide, son of ever-judging Ban,  
Fought with the Brown Bull of Cualgne.  
He was savage at wrong.

Also in BB. 404 b 1; H. 64 b; Lec. 514 b; and R. 119 b 2, where there is an additional paragraph stating that the dog was a pup of Daol, the hound of Celtchar, which had been found in the skull of Conganchnes ("Hornskin"), along with the hounds of Culann the Brazier and Mac dá Thó. As to this see the note in the left margin of LU. 61 a.

The Edinburgh codex is here so corrupt and incomplete that I have not ventured to punctuate, and my version is merely tentative.

*Sliab Callann* is now Slieve Gallion, a mountain in the county of Londonderry, on the borders of Tyrone.

The Donn of Cualgne (now Cooley in the co. of Louth) is the famous brown bull to obtain which was the object of the expedition known as the *Táin bó Cualngi*, "Driving of the kine of Cualgne."

[64. SLIAB FUAIT.]—Sliab Fuait, canas rohainmniged?

Fuad mac Bile meic Breoghain, is é robo rí Ua mBreoghain. Taraill inse<sup>1</sup> ar in fairrge [oc tuidecht la macaib Miled] dochum nErend, 7 gach æn nofuirmheadh a bond *fuirri* ni abrad gai nó breig. Tug fod firindi lais [fo. 5<sup>a</sup> 2] asin indsi. intan adbereadh gai dochuiredh<sup>2</sup> a fægul suas, 7 intan atbered firindi dochuiredh a chain suas. Ata in fod sin isin tshleib *beus*, 7 is fair dorochair in graindi o gheran Padraic, *conidh* adrad sruith[i] ardaigh na firinde do choimhet. Unde Sliabh Fuait.

*Nó* gomad in [leg. ón] fod doradad for Ceand mBerridi do imarchur, ar rothairgsead *Ulaid* righe don ænfhir noberadh corp *Conchobhair* go hEamain oda Mag Lamhraidhe gen fhuirmeadh, go rogabh Ceann Berride fair, go roisead Sliabh Fuait, go tard a bonn fri lár i Sleib Fuait. Adbertadar *Ulaid* na bad rí aire sin e. Atbert som fod go leithead a bonn do thabairt fair. Doradadh on go roacht Emhain. *Conid* ann dohbath, *conidh* desin ata "righe Chind Berride".

Fuat mac Bile chæimh cruadhaigh,<sup>3</sup>  
ua Breaguin buirr bithbuadaig,<sup>4</sup>  
tuc ar rod fear luchta ille  
fod fors'tuc[tha] firinde.

Sliab Fuait, whence was it named?

Fuat, son of Bile, son of Breogan, 'tis he that was king of Húi Breogain. As he was coming to Erin with the sons of Míl he landed on an island in the ocean, and no one who set his sole thereon would utter a lie or a falsehood. Out of the island he brought a *fót* (sod) of truth, whereon he sat when dealing doom and deciding questions. When he uttered falsehood it would put

<sup>1</sup> For *inse* the MS. has (corruptly) for in fairgecht.

<sup>2</sup> Here the

MS. inserts: a chain suas ata in fod.

<sup>3</sup> MS. cruaghaigh.

<sup>4</sup> MS. bithbuagaig.

its earthy side upwards, and when he uttered truth it would put its grassy side upwards. That sod is still on the mountain, and 'tis on it the single grain fell from St. Patrick's nag. Wherefore sages honour it because of preserving the truth.

Or it may be from the *fót* (sod) which was put upon Cenn Berridi to be carried; for the Ulaid had promised the realm to the one man who should carry (King) Conor's corpse from Magh Lamraide to Emain without laying it down. So Cenn Berridi took it up and reached Sliab Fuait, and on Sliab Fuait he put his sole to the ground. For that reason the Ulaid declared that he should not be king. He told them to put upon him a sod as broad as his sole. This was done, and he got to Emain, but there he (straightway) died. Whence is (the proverb), "Cenn Berride's Kingdom."

Fuat, son of dear hardy Billè,  
Grandson of rough, ever-victorious Breogan,  
The man of the burden brought hither on a road  
A sod whereon truth was put.

Also in BB. 404 a 31; Lec. 514 a; and R. 119 b 2, where the name of the island is given as *Inis Magdena*, or *Moagdada*, id est *mór, óg, diada*, "great, perfect, divine"; and where the mountain's name is also derived from that of Fuat. See also *Silva Gadetica*, ii, 521.

H. adds the story of Cenn Berridhe. See as to this LL. 124 a 32-37, and O'Mahony's *Keating*, p. 273.

*Emain*, now the Navan Fort, near Armagh. *Sliab Fuait*, a mountain near Newtown Hamilton, in the county of Armagh.

Other ancient Irish ordeals are described in *Irische Texte*, 3. Serie, 1 Heft, pp. 185 *et seq.*

The story of the grain of wheat is told in the *Tripartite Life*, Rolls ed., p. 240.

[65. LIA LINGADAIN.]—Lia Lindghadain, cid dia ta?

Li[ngadan Labar, issé no chosced slú]agh Erenn i flaith Find meic Findtain, 7 ní lamtha labhrad leis for muir na for tír gan íarfaighidh do son, ar is e robo sluag-rechtaire ser nErenn. Rolab-rasdar fecht n-and íria di chulaidh asin carraig [in] mac alla a gotha. Minsai<sup>1</sup> íris anall do dhíghail a gotha fair. Dan-arraidh barr<sup>2</sup> na murthuinde 7 ran-esart írisin carraig, conidh romarbh fodiadh.<sup>3</sup> is and bai ceand a shæghail. Unde dictum est:

Linga labor, fear go mblaid,  
robai i n-aimsir Fhindtain.  
rofæn in[fh]airrgi go foll  
ria thæbh chairrgi gan chomhlaind.

Lia Lingadain, whence is it?

Lingadan the Arrogant, 'tis he that used to control the host of Erin in the reign of Find, son of Finntan, and no one durst

<sup>1</sup> MS. imrai.

<sup>2</sup> MS. danearraidh bara.

<sup>3</sup> MS. fodiagh.



speak with him, on sea or on land, without being asked by him, for he was the host-steward of the men of Erin. Once upon a time the echo of his (own) voice spoke out of the crag behind him. He turned towards it to take vengeance upon it for speaking, and the crest of the sea-wave overtook him and dashed him against the crag, so that, finally, he died. There was the end of his life. Whence was said :

Linga the Arrogant, a man with fame,  
Lived in the time of Finntan,  
The sea threw him backwards violently,<sup>1</sup>  
Against the side of a crag, without conflict.

Also in LL. 165 b 25 ; BB. 407 b 3 ; H. (I omitted to note the page) ; and Lec. 519 b.

Of "Find, son of Finntan", I know nothing.

[66. MAG MUGNA.]—Magh Mughna, canas rohainmnigheadh ?

Maighnia nó Mairgnia .i. morgnimh feadha daurbhile mora roasai ann, comtír coimhleathna a mbarr frissin magh. teora toirthi fodocheardais in gach bliadain [.i. dearcaim 7 ubla 7 cnai.] Intan dothuited in dearcu dedhenach is and nofhasadh blaith na ce[t]dercan dib, comdh taibhdeisdear Ninne eigeas, go ro leagh riamh *condergan* ailind de .i. níth nemhannach, 7 is desin ata Magh Mugna.

Mughna durbhile gan on  
forsa mbid meas is torudh.  
ba comhleathan a barr *becht*  
frisin magh mor gan eigeart .i. aine orda.

Mag Mughna, whence was it named ?

*Maighnia* or *mair-gnia*, "great sister's son," to wit, a great deed. *Here there is a lacuna.*

Woods, great oak-trees grew there, so that their tops were as broad as the plain. Three fruits they used to yield in every year, to wit, acorns and apples, and nuts. When the last acorn fell, then the blossom of the first of these acorns would grow, so that Ninine the poet . . . . .  
and thence is Magh Mugna.

Mughna's oak-tree without blemish,  
Whereon were mast and fruit,  
Its top was as broad precisely  
As the great plain without . . . .

Also in BB. 368 b 26 ; H. 23 a ; Lec. 466 a ; and R. 101 b. All the copies are obscure, and the Edinburgh copy is incomplete.

In a note to the *Calendar of Oengus*, Dec. 11, Mugna is said to have been a

<sup>1</sup> This line is a mere guess. I take *rofaen* to be 3rd sg. pret. of a denominative from *faen* = Lat. *supinus*, and *foll* to be *oll* .i. *mór* (O'Cl.), with prothetic *f*. The compar. *f-ulliu* occurs in LU. 22<sup>b</sup> 40.

tree 30 cubits in girth and 300 cubits in height, which bore fruit thrice a year, and remained hidden from the Deluge till the birth of Conn of the Hundred Battles. And in LL. 200a 12, we read that it fell southwards over Mag n-Ailbi, that it bore 900 sacks of acorns, and yielded three crops every year—"apples, wonderful, marvellous; nuts, round, blood-red; and acorns, brown, ridgy."

[67. FINDLOCH CERA.]—[fo. 5<sup>b</sup> 1] Find loch Cera, cid dia ta? Ni *ansa*.

Enlaith tiri tairngiri dodheachadar and do fhailte f<sup>ri</sup> Padraig dia mbai i Cruaich Aigle. Rofearsat gles f<sup>orsin</sup> loch goma findithir lemnacht, ⁊ rochansat ceol ann gen bhai Padraic f<sup>orsin</sup> cruaiach, Coimidh de sin ata Findloch Ceara. Doluidhset tar muir alle enlaith tire tairngire gor gellsad in loch darlibh i coindi Padraig portghil.

Findloch ["White Lake"] of Cera, whence is it?

Not hard (to say). A flock of birds of the Land of Promise came there to welcome St. Patrick when he was on Cruach Aigle. They struck the lake (with their wings) till it was white as new milk, and they sang music there so long as Patrick remained on the Cruach. So thence is Findloch ("White-lake") of Cera. The birds of the Land of Promise fared hither over sea. . . .

Also in H. 44 b; Lec. 487 a; and R. 112 b 2. Versified LL. 158 b. The last sentence I cannot translate.

*Findloch Cera*, now Lough Carra, in the co. of Mayo.

*The Land of Promise*, one of the Irish names for Fairyland.

*Cruach Aigle*, now Croaghpatrick in Connaught.

[68. MAG TAILTEN.]—Mag Tailden, cid dia ta? Ni *ansa*.

Tailltiu inghen Magmhoir rig Espaine, ben Eachach Gairbh meic Duach Feimhin. Ba si mumi Loga meic Eithleann, ⁊ isi ro-claidheadh in magh. *Nó* is and atbath. Dia taide fogumhair roladh a fert ⁊ doronadh a gubha ⁊ roacht a<sup>1</sup> nasad la Lugh [unde Lugnasa(d) dicimus. Coic cet bliadan immorro ⁊ mili ria ngein Crist andsin, ⁊ nognithe ind ænach la cach rig nogeibed Eiri co tainic Patraic, ⁊ coic cet ænach i Tailltin o Patraic co Duboenach Dondchada (meic Flaínd) meic Mail-sechlainn]. *Ocus* it e teora gesa Tailtean: *techt* tairse gen tairleim, a deagsain tara ghualaind clí ig taidhecht<sup>2</sup> uaithi, faisdibhrugudh fuirri iar fuineadh ngreine. Unde Magh Tailten.

Tailltiu ingean Magmhoir mhoill,  
is i sin ro ben in choill,  
bumi Logha luaidhit fir,  
baile in teidi-sea im Thailtin.

Mag Tailten, whence is it?

Not hard (to say). Tailltiu, daughter of Magmhor, King of

<sup>1</sup> *an* erased.

<sup>2</sup> MS. taighecht.

Spain, wife of Eochaid the Rough, son of Dua the Dark-grey. She was Lugh mac Ethlenn's foster-mother, and 'tis she that used to dig the plain.<sup>1</sup> Or 'tis there that she died. On the first day of autumn her tomb was built, and her lamentation was made and her funeral game was held by Lugh [whence we say *Lughnasadh*, "Lammastide". Five hundred years and a thousand before Christ's birth was that, and that assembly was held by every king who took Ireland until Patrick came, and there were five hundred assemblies in Taitiu from Patrick down to the Black Assembly of Donnchad, son of Flann, son of Maelsechlainn]. And these are the three tabus of Taitiu: crossing it without alighting; looking at it over one's left shoulder when coming from it; idly casting at it after sunset. Whence *Magh Tailten*, "Taitiu's Plain."

Taitiu, slow Magmor's daughter,  
'Tis she that cut down the forest.  
Lugh's foster-mother, men declare,  
The place of this assembly (is) round Taitiu.

Also in BB. 403 a 30; H. 10 b; Lec. 513 a; and R. 119 a 1, from which the words in brackets have been taken. See also *Silva Gadelica*, ii, 514.

*Taitiu*, now Teltown, in Meath. For traditions relating to the assembly or fair held there, see O'Mahony's *Keating*, p. 301, and the *Four Masters*, A.M. 3370.

The above etymology of *Lughnasadh* is also in Cormac's Glossary.

Donnchad, son of Flann Sinna, son of Mael-shechlainn, was over-king of Ireland from A.D. 918 to A.D. 942. The "Black Assembly" means, perhaps, the assembly which, in A.D. 925, was prevented by Muirchertach, son of Niall.

[69. BENN BAIRCHI.]—Beand Bairchi, cidh dia ta? Ni *ansa*.

.i. Bairche boaire Rosa Ruaidhbuidhi, ba headh a shuidhi mbuachalla, in bheand, 7 is cuma argairead gach mboin oda Dun Sobairce go rige in mBoaind, 7 ni geilead mil dib mir *foroil* seach araile, *conaidh* desin ata Beand Bairchi, *amail asbert*:

Bairchi boaire gu mbladh<sup>2</sup>  
baí ag Rosa [leg. Ross] Ruadh roneartmhar  
in beand, nach tlaith re duba,  
a suidhi blaith buachalla.

Benn Bairchi, whence is it?

Not hard (to say). Bairche, Ross Ruddy-yellow's cowherd, this was his herdsman's seat, the Benn, and (there) equally would he herd every cow from Dunseverick to the Boyne: and no (one) beast of them would graze a bit in excess of another. So thence is *Benn Bairchi*, "Bairche's Peak," as said (the poet):

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, to dig up the roots of the trees with which the plain was covered.

<sup>2</sup> MS. mblaidh.

Bairche, the famous cowherd,  
 Who belonged to very mighty Ross the Red :  
 The peak was the soft seat of the herdsman,  
 Who was not weak against sadness.

Also in BB. 403 a ; H. 64 a ; Lec. 512 b ; and R. 118 b 2. See also *Silva Gadelica*, ii, 527. BB., H., and Lec. add the following :

*Aliter*, Bannan mac mBrice, hind romarb Ibel mac Manannan i ndul coa mhnaí .i. Leccon ingen Lodair a hainm sen, *conid* he sin fath darroleic Manannan a tri lomniand cumad dia cridiu .i. Loch Ruide, Loch Cuan, Loch Dachæch, 7 romarb Bendan iarsin for a benn ut. Unde Benn *Bennain* dicitur.

"Otherwise : Bannan, son of Brec : thereon he killed Ibel, son of Manannan, for going to his wife, whose name was Leccon, daughter of Lodar. So this was the cause why Manannan cast from his heart his three draughts of grief, (which became) Loch Ruide, Strangford Lough, Waterford Harbour. And he afterwards killed Bannan on yon peak. Hence it is called *Benn Bennain*, "Bennan's Peak."

*Beanna Boirche*, the Peaks of Boirche, "is still applied to that part of the Mourne Mountains, in the county of Down, in which the river Bann has its source," *Four Masters*, 1493, note j.

*Loch Ruide* not identified.

*Ross Ruad-buide* (or *Rigbuide*, "yellow-forearmed"), King of Ulaid in the third century.

[70. TRÁIG TUIRBE.]—Traig Tuirbe, cidh dia ta? Ni *ansa*.

Turbe Trághmar, athair Gobain sair, [is e rodon-seilb. Is on forbbai—*BB.*] is e focheirdeadh a urchur dia biaill<sup>1</sup> i<sup>2</sup> Telaigh Bela inaghaidh in tuile, *co n-ergaradh* in fairrgi [j ni tuidhead tairis—*BB.*]. *Ocus* ni fes a geinelach<sup>3</sup> *acht* masa dinibh teasbadhchaibh æsa dana atrulliath a Temraigh ria Sam-ildanach fail i ndiamraib Breagh. Unde *Tráig Tuirbe*.

Tuirbe trághmar<sup>4</sup> ba fear feimh,<sup>5</sup>  
 athair Gobain go nglainmhein,  
 ni fes a geinelach<sup>6</sup> gle :  
 uad ainmnigther Traig Turbe.

Tráig Tuirbi, whence is it?

Not hard (to say). Tuirbe Trághmar, father of Gobbán the Wright, 'tis he that owned it. 'Tis from that heritage he, (standing) on Telach Bela ("the Hill of the Axe"), would hurl a cast of his axe in the face of the floodtide, so that he forbade the sea, which then would not come over the axe. And his pedigree is not known, unless he be one of the defectives of the men of art who fled out of Tara before Samildánach, (and whose posterity) is in the secret parts of Bregia. Whence *Tráig Tuirbi*, "Turbe's Strand."

<sup>1</sup> MS. biailli.    <sup>2</sup> MS. ai.    <sup>3</sup> MS. geinedhlach.    <sup>4</sup> MS. tradmar.  
<sup>5</sup> *feimh* [leg. *féimh* ?] negligent, neglectful, O'Reilly.    <sup>6</sup> MS.  
 geineadhach.

Tuirbe Trágmar was a negligent man,  
 Father of Gobbán with pure desire.  
 Unknown is his bright pedigree,  
 From him Traíg Tuirbi is named.

Also in BB. 408 b; H. 68 a; Lec. 520 b; and R. 124 b 1. See also Petrie's *Round Towers*, pp. 382, 383; O'Curry's *Manners and Customs*, iii, 41; and O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica*, ii, 518.

According to Petrie, Traíg Tuirbi is now Turvey, on the northern coast of the co. of Dublin, and the *Diamra Breagh* are now Diamor in Meath.

The *Gobbán Saer* was an architect who flourished (according to Petrie) early in the seventh century.

*Samildánach*, "skilled-in-many-arts-together," *συμπολύτεχνος*, if one may coin a Greek word, was a name for Lugh mac Ethlenn. See "The Second Battle of Moytura", *Rev. Celtique*, xii, pp. 74, 76, 78, 80.

The tale of Tuirbe and his axe is a tolerably close parallel to that of Paraçurâma. "This hero, after the destruction of the Kshatriya race, bestowed the earth upon the Brâhmans, who repaid the obligation by banishing him as a homicide from amongst them. Being thus at a loss for a domicile, he solicited one of the ocean, and its regent-deity consented to yield him as much land as he could hurl his battle-axe<sup>1</sup> along. Paraçurâma threw the weapon from Gokernam to Kumâri, and the retiring ocean yielded him the coast of Malabar, below the latitude of 15°," H. H. Wilson, *Catalogue of the Mackenzie Collection*, 2nd ed., Madras, 1882, p. 56.

So in his *Glossary of Judicial and Revenue Terms*, London, 1855, p. 401: "PARAÇURAMA . . . An avatar of Vishnu, to whom is ascribed the recovery from the sea of Kerala, or Malabar, by casting his axe from a point of the coast, Mount Dilli . . . to the extreme south; the sea retiring from the part over which the axe flew."

[71. LUSMAG.]—Lusmag, cid dia ta? Ni ansa.

IS as tug Diancecht gach lus n-ice conammalt ar<sup>2</sup> thiprait  
 Slain[gi i n-Achad Abl] fri Mag Tuired aniarthuaith, intan bai  
 cath etir Tuatha De Danann [fo. 5<sup>b</sup> 2] 7 Fomhoire. [Gach aen  
 do Thuathaib De Danann no laigtis fon lind lusraid sin atraiged  
 slemun slancrehtac[h]—BB.] Unde Lusmag.

Diancecht dorat leis alle  
 gach lus o Lusmhaigh luaidhe [leg. luaighne?],  
 go tiprait na slainti suaill  
 fri Magh Tuiread aniarthuaidh.<sup>3</sup>

Lusmag, whence is it?

Not hard (to say). 'Tis thence that Diancecht brought every herb of healing and grated them on Slainge's Well in Achad Abl, north-west of Moytura, when there was a battle between the Tuatha De Danann and the Fomorian. Every one of the Tuatha De Danann whom they would lay under that water of herbs would arise smooth and healed of his wounds. Whence *Lusmag*, "Herb-plain."

<sup>1</sup> *paraçû-s* = Gr. *πέλεκυς*, cognate perhaps with Welsh *elech*, "saxum". <sup>2</sup> MS. om̄s a. <sup>3</sup> MS. -thuaigh.

Diancecht brought with him hither  
Every herb from precious<sup>1</sup> Lusmag  
To the well of the little healths,  
North-west of Moytura.

Also in BB. 406 a ; H. 44 b ; Lec. 488 a ; and R. 112 b 2.

*Lusmag*, "Herb-plain," now perhaps Lusmagh in King's County. The *Achad Abla*, "Field of the Apple-tree," here mentioned, has not, so far as I know, been identified. Northern *Magh Tuiredh*, the battlefield here mentioned, is now a townland in the barony of Tirerrell, co. of Sligo. For a romantic account of the battle, see *Revue Celtique*, xii, 56-110. The healing-well is mentioned *ibid.*, pp. 94, 96.

[72. BENN CODAIL.]—Beand Codhail can a[s] rohainmnigeadh ?  
Ni *ansa*.

Codhol Coirrchicheach is e rob<sup>2</sup> aide do Eirind diata Inis *Ereun*, ʝ is ann tairbreadh a dalta *for* in beind ud, ʝ nach tairbert dobeiread *furri conogbhadh* in talamh foaib, ʝ mairberead Eiriu atumadar suas go tiagat a goth gæithe fu domhnaib a cluass man[i]abrād (sí) sin ʝ nofhasfadh gomadh reil Eire uile as, ʝ an la domela comarba *Ereun* no rí Temrach tuara Codhail *nó* ní d'enlaith *nó* d'fiaduch<sup>3</sup> *nó* di iasc, *forbraid* a ghal ʝ a slainte. *Unde* Beand Codhail.

Codhal Coirrchicheach go n-aibh  
topghais Erind abradchain,  
manbadh Eriu cæmh monur  
cia cia bad leiriu cæmhchodhul.

Benn Codail, whence was it named ?

Not hard (to say). Codal, the Round-breasted, 'tis he that was fosterer to Eriu, from whom is the island of Erin, and on yon peak he used to feed (?) his fosterling, and with every . . . he would put upon her the ground would rise up under them, and Eriu . . . . And the day that Erin's *coarb* (successor) or Tara's king shall partake of Codal's food, or aught of birds or venison or fish, his valour and his health increase. Whence *Benn Codail*, "Codal's Peak."

The rest of the prose, and the quatrain, are so corrupt and obscure in the Edinburgh codex and the other MSS. (BB. 406 a ; H. 13 b ; L. 516 a ; and R. 121 a 1) that I do not venture to translate them.

*Benn Codail* has not been identified.

*Eriu* is perhaps the queen of the Tuatha Dé Danann, mentioned in LL. 10 a, and O'Mahony's *Keating*, pp. 82, 141, 198.

[73. TLACHTGA.]—Flachtgha canas rohainmnigheadh? Ni *ansa*.  
Flachtgha ingean Mogha<sup>4</sup> Roith *fordos-reibleangadar tri meic*  
Simoin druadh<sup>5</sup> dia luidh le hat[h]air da foglaim druidhechta i

<sup>1</sup> luaigne .i. logmar, O'Dav.  
*f* inserted by the corrector.

<sup>2</sup> MS. romb.

<sup>3</sup> MS. dfiaguch, the

<sup>4</sup> MS. modha.

<sup>5</sup> MS. druagh.

n-airthiur in betha, fodeigh is i doroihni in Roth Ramach do Thriun 7 in lia i Forcarthu 7 in coir[th]i i Cnamhchail. Ternai iaramh anair [7] in dedha sin le go torracht tealaigh Tlachtga. Fordos-lamnad annsin iarum go mberdais tri maccu .i. Doirb, dia ta Magh nDoirbi, 7 Cuma, dia ta Magh Cuma, 7 Múach, dia ta Magh Mu[a]ich. I cein dano beid in[na] anmand sin i cuimni fear nErenn ní thora dígal n-echtrann docum nErenn. Ocus atbath dia hassaid,<sup>1</sup> 7 is uirri dorindeadh in dun. Unde Tlachtga.

Tlachtga inghen Modha moir  
ros-lebhlan[g]adar meic Simoin.  
onn uair thanic dar muir mas  
is di ata Tlachtgha tæbghlas.

Tlachtga, whence was it named ?

Not hard (to say). Tlachtga, daughter of Mogh Ruith, three sons of Simon Magus ravished her when she went with her father to learn wizardry in the eastern part of the world, because 'tis she that had made the Rowing Wheel for Trian (?) and the Stone in Forcarthu, and the Pillar-stone in Cnámchoill.

Then she escaped from the east, bringing those two things with her till she reached the hill of Tlachtga. There, then, she lay in, and three sons were born, to wit, Doirb, from whom Mag nDoirbe (is named), Cumma, from whom is Mag Cumma, and Muach, from whom is Mag Muaich. So long as these names shall remain in the memory of the men of Erin, foreigners' vengeance shall not visit Ireland. And she died in childbed, and over her the fortress was built, whence *Tlachtga*.

Tlachtga, daughter of great Mogh,  
Simon's sons ravished her.

From the hour that she came over the beautiful sea  
After her green-sided Tlachtga is (named).

Also in BB. 406 b; H. 13 b; Lec. 516 b; and R. 121 a. See also *Situa Gadetica*, ii, 511.

*Tlachtga* is now the Hill of Ward, near Athboy in Meath, *Four Masters*, A.D. 1172, note i, and *Book of Rights*, p. 10, note t.

*Forcarthu* is near Rathcoole and *Cnámchail* in Tipperary.

As to the wizard Mogh Ruith and the Rowing Wheel, which is to roll over Europe before Doomsday, see the Bodleian MS. Laud 610, fo. 109 a 1, and O'Curry's *Lectures*, pp. 272, 385, 401, 421, 423, 428. Of the Pillar-stone of Cnámchoill it is said in Laud 610, fo. 109 a 2: Dall cach oen notn-aicfe, bodar cach oen nod-cluifne, marb cach óen risi mbenfa. "Blind (will be) every one who shall see it; deaf every one who shall hear it; and dead every one against whom it shall strike."

*Mag Cumma* (in Húi Neill, *Four Masters*, A.M. 3529), like *Mag nDoirbe* and *Mag Muaich*, is now unknown.

[74. INBER CICHMAINI.]—INber Cichmaine can as rohainm-nigheadh? Ni ansa.

<sup>1</sup> MS. hassaidh.

Cich-maine<sup>1</sup> Adhnai mac Ailella ⁊ Meadhbha, ar ba Maine Adnai in *sechtmad* mac do Ailill ⁊ do Meidhbh, ut *supra* diximus. IS e dano in Maine sin *forruidbigh* Feargna mac Finnchoime oc cosnam<sup>2</sup> churaigh *forsin* tracht.

*Nó* Cichmuine mac Ailella find fuaradar araile iasgaire ic telach<sup>3</sup> [al lin ⁊ a cocholl, coro marbsat isin inbiur (ucut). Unde *Inber Cichmaini*.]

*Inber Cichmaini*, whence was it named?

Not hard (to say). Cich-maine Adnoe, son of Ailill and Medb, for Maine Adnoe was the seventh son of Ailill and Medb, as we said above. 'Tis that Maine, then, that Fergna, son of Findchoem, slew (?) while contending for a boat on the strand.

Or Cich-maine, son of Ailill the Fair, certain fishermen found loosing their nets and their hoods.<sup>4</sup> So they killed him in yon estuary, and hence *Inber Cichmaini* is named.

Also in BB. 405 a; H. 12 a; L. 515 a; and R. 120 a 2. From R. the words in brackets have been taken.

*Inber Cichmaini* has not, so far as I know, been identified. O'Curry, *Manners and Customs*, iii, 162, 188, says it is on the east coast of Ulster. Etain was reared there, LU. 129 a 23.

(Egerton 1781, fo. 75<sup>b</sup>.)

[75. LOCH CÉ.]—Loch Cé, *canus* rohainmnigheadh?

*Ni ansa*. Cé .i. drái Nuadhat Airgetlaim meic Echteaigh meic Eterlaim rotáet a *cath Maige Turedh* iarna guin isin cath co rainic Carn Coirslébbi ⁊ co rainic in Magh Airni a fuil in loch, ⁊ docer Cae ann sin, *conid* ica idhnacal ro mebaidh in loch. Unde Loch Cé.

Loch Cé, whence was it named?

Not hard (to say). Cé, the wizard of Nuada Silverhand, entered the battle of Magh Turedh. Having been wounded in the fight, he went to Corshlébhe, and (then) he went to Magh Airni, where the lake is. And there Cé fell, and at his burial the lake burst forth. Whence is *Loch Cé*, "Cé's Lake."

Also in H. 66 b; and Lec. 490. Edited (with a translation) from the latter MS. by Hennessy, in the preface to his *Annals of Loch Cé*, pp. xxxvi-xxxix. The copy in H. 66 b has never been published, and is as follows:

Loch Ce, *canas* roainmniged?

*Ni ansa*. Antan rofechta cath Muighi Tuiredh eter Fomorchuib et Toatha De Danann, rogonadh dno ann drui Nuadat Arccetlaim maic Echteaigh a fritguin an imair[i]g. Cé a ainm-side. La sodain doriecht roimi sierdes on muigh co torracht Carn

<sup>1</sup> MS. ciachmhaine.    <sup>2</sup> MS. finnchoinne ochosnam.    <sup>3</sup> telach .i. sgaoileadh, O'Clery.    <sup>4</sup> *cocholl*, borrowed from Lat. *cucullus*.  
P. O'Connell has *cohall*, a net, a fishing net.



Corrslébe, co ndeissed as-suidiu iar scis ghona et uamain 7 imtechtaí acht chena is suaill nar 'bo marb focetoir. asiu rofaccadh in carn forar' dheissed. Rosill uaid sairtuaidh cachndireach co facca in mag minscothach. Ba lainn lais rochtain an muighe atconnairc. Luid rome for an amhas for indus sin co larmhedón in muighe, ait a mbei carrac cobsaidh comadbul, conadh [ón] drai rohainmnigthe .i. Carrac Ce, conadh fon cairn roladh fo talmain iarna eibelt. Intan iarum roclas a fert is ann [ba] tomaidm an locha taris et tar[s]in magh olchena. Unde Loch Ce.

Loch Cé, whence was it named?

Not hard (to say). When the battle of Magh Tuiredh was fought between the Fomorians and the Tuatha Dé Danann the wizard of Nuada Silverhand, son of Echtach, was wounded there in the brunt of the contest. Cé was his name. Thereat he fared forward south-west from the plain till he reached Carn Corrslébe, and sat down thereon (so) wearied with his wounding and fear and travel, that he almost died forthwith. From this was seen the cairn on which he sat. He looked due north-east, and he saw the smooth and flowerful plain. Fain was he to reach the plain that he saw. On he went on the . . . in that wise to the very centre of the plain, where there was a rock, firm and huge, which was (afterwards) named from the wizard, to wit *Carrac Cé*. And under the cairn he was interred after he had perished. Now when his tomb was dug there was an outburst of the lake over it, and over the rest of the plain. Whence is *Loch Cé*.

*Loch Cé*, now Lough Key, is a lake in the county of Roscommon, near the town of Boyle. *Corrshliabh*, the Curlew Mountains, also near Boyle.

As to the battle of Magh Tuiredh, see *supra*, No. 71, and *Rev. Celtique*, xii, 52 *et seq.*

As to Nuada and his silver hand, *ibid.*, 58, 66; *L.L.* 9 a, 127 a; and the *Four Masters*, A.M. 3303.

[76. MAG NDUMACH.]—Magh nDumach, cidh dia ta?

Ni *ansa*. Cath doratadh imna trí druimnibh ada dech báí a nErinn .i. Druim Crecht [fo. 76<sup>b</sup> 2] 7 Druim Betach a cuit Eremoin 7 Druim Fingin a cuit Ebir. Ba bec la hEber ændruim isin leth thes 7 a dó sa tir tuaidh, 7 atbert Erimon na bad athroinn uad dia cuit. Fertar cath etarru. Romebaid tra for Eber, condorcair ann Eber 7 Palap mac Eremon la Commæl mac Cathbad, 7 rogniad dumad[a] ar in lechraidh annsin. Unde Magh nDumach, 7 Tendais a ainm ar tus. Unde dicitur:

San cath for Tenndais na treabh  
sin muigh a dorchair Eber,  
a dorcradar ann malle  
Goistin,<sup>1</sup> Sétga ocus Suirge.

<sup>1</sup> MS. gorestin.

A tochar *etir* da magh  
 in cl. *fri* bothar n-air  
 Eber mac Miled cobecht  
 is ed a *leacht* anasb.

Unde Mag nDumach *dicit*[ur].

Magh nDumach, whence was it named ?

Not hard (to say). A battle was there delivered (between Eber and Eremon, two sons of Míl) concerning the three ridges which were best in Ireland, to wit, Druim Crecht [*Cresach—L. Clasaigh—F. M.*] and Druim Bethach in Eremon's portion, and Druim Fingin in Eber's portion. To Eber it seemed petty to have one ridge in the southern half and two in the northern country. And Eremon said that there would be no repartition by him of his share. (So) a battle is fought between them. Eber was routed, and therein fell Eber and Palap, son of Eremon, by Conmael, son of Cathbad, and mounds were built over the heroes there, whence *Magh nDumach*, "the mounded Plain," and Tendais had been its name originally. Whence is said:

In the battle on Tendais of the habitations,  
 In the plain where Eber fell,  
 There fell together  
 Goisten, Sétga, and Suirge.<sup>1</sup>

On a causeway between two plains  
 . . . . to the east of a road,  
 Eber, son of Míl, certainly  
 This is his grave . . . .

Also in Lec. 524 b, but, so far as I am aware, nowhere else.

*Magh nDumach* is perhaps the place called by the Four Masters, A D. 858, *Magh Duma*, which O'Donovan says is now called Moy, adjoining Charlemont, on the Tyrone side of the Blackwater.

As to Eber and Eremon and their dispute, see the *Four Masters*, A.M. 3501.

*Druim Clasaigh* is a long hill in Hy-Many, between Lough Ree and the river Suck. *Druim Beathaigh* was the name of a ridge across the plain of Maenmagh, near the town of Loughrea, in the county of Galway. *Druim Fingin* is a ridge extending from near Castle-Lyons in the co. of Cork to the south side of the Bay of Dungarvan.

[77. CNUCHA.]—Cnucha, *canas* rohainmnighedh ?

Ni *ansa*. Dia tangatar .u. meic Dela meic Loith cho *Erinn*,  
 Gann ʒ Genann ʒ Rudraige ʒ Sengann ʒ Slaine, doratsat .u.  
 righna leo .i. Fuat ben Slaine a quo (*sic*) nominatur Sliabh Fuait  
 ʒ inisin Fuata, Etar ben Gainn, isí atbath i nEtur, ʒ is uaithi

<sup>1</sup> These were, according to the *Four Masters*, "three distinguished chieftains of the people of Eremon." I cannot translate the following quatrain.

ainmnigther Etar, Anust ben Sengainn, Lí ben Rudraigi, Cnucha ben Genainn, is i *conapaid* 'sin tilaig sin, ʝ is inti roadhnocht, *conidh* uaithi ainmnigther Cnucha.

Coig mna tucsatar aleth [leg. ille]  
*coig meic* Dela can duilgi,  
 da mnai dibh Cnucha co mbladh  
 is Etur o *trocht* imglan.

Atbath Cnucha sunna tra  
 san cnuc ria n-abar Cnucha,  
 atbath Etur ben Gainn gluair  
 a mBen[n] Etaire re henuair.

De sin ata Étar án  
 is Cnucha *cétach* comlán,  
 is inis Fuata can ail  
*ocus Sliabh* Fuait co morblaidh.

No Cnucha ingen Connaidh a hiathaiðh Luimnigh, buime *Cuinn Cétcathuig* docoid ann do tham ina tigh fen [ʝ do hadh-naicedh la Connaidh (?) isin chnuc ugad .i. Cnucha. Unde Cnucha dicitur].

Cnucha, whence was it named?

Not hard (to say). When the five sons of Dela, son of Loth, came to Erin, (to wit) Gann, Genann, Rudraige, Sengann, and Sláine, they brought five queens with them, to wit, Fuat, Sláine's wife (from whom is named Sliab Fuait and Inis Fuata), Etar, Gann's wife—'tis she that died on Etar, and from her it is named—Anust, wife of Sengann, Lí, wife of Rudraige, and Cnucha, wife of Genann. 'Tis she that died on that hill, and therein she was buried. Wherefore from her Cnucha is named.

Dela's five sons without trouble  
 Brought hither five wives:  
 Two of them were famous Cnucha  
 And Etar from the very clear strand.

Now Cnucha died here  
 On the hill called Cnucha,  
 And Etar, wife of pure Gann,  
 On Benn Etaire at the same hour.

Thence is splendid Etar  
 And Cnucha, the very full,  
 And Inis Fuata without shame,  
 And Sliab Fuait with great renown.

Or Cnucha, daughter of Connad from the lands of Luimnech, fostermother of Conn of the Hundred Battles. She died there

of the plague in her own house, [and she was buried by Conaing [leg. Connad?] in yon hill, namely, Cnucha. Whence *Cnucha* is said.

The last paragraph (but not the first, nor the verses) is contained in Lec. 525 a. I know of no other copy.

*Cnucha* is probably now Castleknock, near Dublin. See O'Donovan's note *f*, *Four Masters*, A.M. 3579.

As to the five sons of Dela, *ibid.*, A.M. 3266, and L.L. 127 a. As to their wives, BB. 283 a 5-8.

*Benn Etair*, now Howth.

For *Sliab Fuait* a different etymology is given *supra*, No. 64. *Inis Fuata* not identified.

## CORRIGENDA AND ADDENDA.

*Folk-Lore*, Vol. iii, pp. 470-516.

- P. 470, l. 13, *read* Breg[h]a.  
 ,, l. 29, *for* Tea of Bregia *read* Bregian Tea.  
 P. 473, l. 10, *for* the *read* its.  
 P. 475, l. 4, *for* ónd *read* ón dub.  
 ,, l. 19, *for* came *read* was let.  
 ,, l. 22, *before* river *insert* dark.  
 P. 476, l. 15, *for* Hateful *read* A bad smoke; and in note 3, *for* from . . . *mciden*, *read* made up, for the nonce, from the prefix *mt-* and *dé* "smoke".  
 P. 481, l. 7, *for* in dail *read* ind ail.  
 ,, l. 23, *for* beauty *read* defence (?).  
 ,, l. 26, *for* worded doom *read* shameful word.  
 P. 482, l. 18, *after* annu *insert* leg. a ndú.  
 ,, l. 39, *for* to-day *read* (is) their place.  
 P. 483, l. 21, *for* breast *read* belly.  
 P. 484, l. 30, *after* Miandais *insert* leg. Anais.  
 P. 485, l. 5, *after* other *insert* (now Slievemish).  
 P. 486, l. 14, *after* Samaisce *insert* [Ac Boibli dano robatar sain—L.L.].  
 ,, l. 25, *after* Samaisce *insert* Now those belonged to Boible.  
 ,, l. 37, *for* hardly . . . Ulster *read* in Kerry; see the *Four Masters*, ed. O'Donovan, i, p. 86.  
 P. 487, l. 2, *muccada* should perhaps be corrected into *múchtha*, "of smothering". The contest was, apparently, to see which of the two combatants could drown the other. Compare *Rev. Celt.*, v, 200.  
 P. 488, l. 17, *after* toeb *insert* Side.  
 ,, l. 35, *before* Nenta *insert* Sid.  
 P. 489, l. 13, *add* Sid Nenta was a fairy mansion in Connaught, O'Curry, *Lectures*, 286, 591.  
 ,, l. 22, *for* aib *read* aibda.  
 P. 491, l. 16, *add* Perhaps the latter is Magh Mossaidh, which O'Curry (*Lectures*, pp. 485, 486) says is part of the barony of Eliogarty, not far from Cashel.  
 P. 495, ll. 3, 4, *read* They, both hounds and men, drove the swine before them.  
 ,, ll. 28, 32, *for* hounds *read* wolves.  
 ,, l. 42, *for* hounds *read* wolves.  
 P. 502, l. 16, *for* Duiubliind *read* Duiuhliind.  
 P. 505, l. 11, *read* thabairt dochum.  
 ,, l. 19, *for* cre[d]umai forsin curuch *read* (with the corrector of L.L.) forsin curuch credumai, "on the boat of bronze".  
 P. 509, l. 20, *for* then *read* there.  
 P. 510, l. 10, *for* doaing *read* do[d]aing.  
 P. 516, col. 2, *insert* Mag Luirg, 30.

## INDEX OF PLACES.

- |                     |                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Achad Abla, 71      | Cúil Cesra, 57      | Mag nAirne, 75      |
| Ard Fothaid, 60     | Druim Bethaig, 76   | Mag Coba, 62        |
| Ard Ladrann, 57     | Druim Clasaig, 76   | Mag Corainn, 54     |
| Ard Macha, 61       | Druim Fingin, 76    | Mag Cúma, 73        |
| Belach dá Liacc, 55 | Dún na mBarc, 57    | Mag nDairbthenn, 55 |
| Benn Bairchi, 69    | Dún Sobairchi, 69   | Mag nDoirbe, 73     |
| Benn Boguine, 53    | Emain, 61, 64       | Mag nDumach, 76     |
| Benn Codail, 72     | Fert Finntain, 57   | Mag Find, 55        |
| Benn Etair, 77      | Findloch Cera, 67   | Mag Lamraide, 57    |
| Benn Foibni, 59     | Forcarthu, 73       | Mag Muaich, 73      |
| Brí Léith, 61       | Inber Cichmaini, 74 | Mag Mugna, 66       |
| Carn Corshlébe, 75  | Inis Fuata, 77      | Mag Tailten, 68     |
| Carrac Cé, 75       | Lia Lindgadin, 65   | Mag Tuired, 75      |
| Céis Corainn, 54    | Loch Cé, 75         | Sliab Betha, 57     |
| Cera, 67            | Loch Cuan, 69       | Sliab Callainn, 63  |
| Cnámchoill, 73      | Loch da Caech, 69   | Sliab Fuait, 64, 77 |
| Cnucha, 77          | Loch n-Echach, 55   | Tailtiu, 68         |
| Coire mBreccain, 58 | Loch n-Eirne, 56    | Telach Bela, 70     |
| Corshlíab, 75       | Loch Ríb, 55        | Tendais, 76         |
| Cruach Aigle, 67    | Loch Ruide, 69      | Tlachtga, 73        |
| Cruachu, 56         | Lusmag, 71          | Tráig Tuirbi, 70    |
| Cualnge, 61, 63     | Mag nAilbi, 66      | Tul Tuinne, 57      |

WHITLEY STOKES.

## THE SANCTUARY OF MOURIE.

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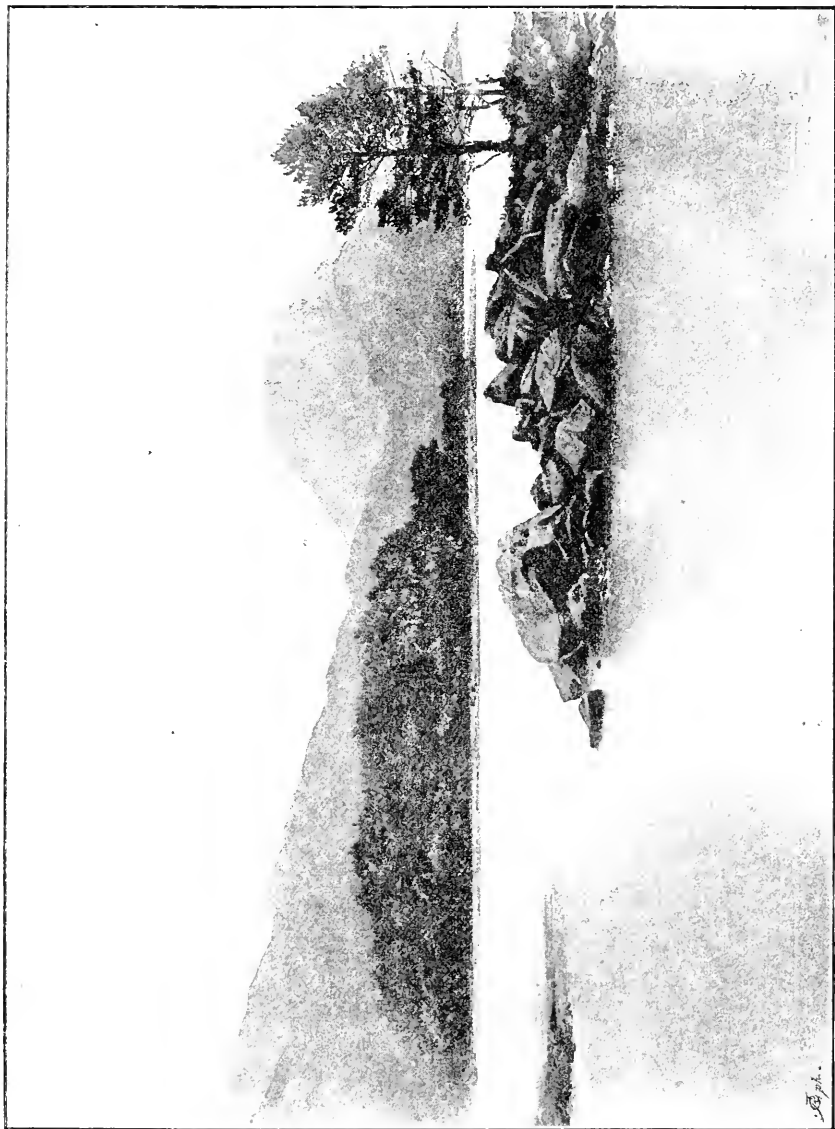
“When holy were the haunted forest boughs,  
Holy the air, the water, and the fire.”

**M**OST people who have fished over Northern Scotland are acquainted with Loch Maree. For the skilful angler the waters are full of silver-sided trout and possible salmon; he knows the haunts of the big fish in the deep channels and still pools of the islands, and among the wild bays of the southern shore. But the loch has also a human interest, dating far back into the unknown past of human thought, and still in evidence.

A bleak mountain chain overhangs the northern shore—a barrier of grey and treeless rock. Storm-gusts sweep down the narrow clefts and corries, blowing mist, and rain, and sunshine over the wide water; cloud masses drift over the dark shoulders, and fill the valleys, of the hills; the cry of the white gulls alone breaks the silence of untilled shores and of water where no sail ventures. Here and there the lower ground is covered by a mile or two of wood, but only as a passing break in the monotony of barrenness.

Under this northern rock wall is a small island, so covered with luxuriant foliage that a fragment of green forest seems to have been carved out and placed in the loch, set in a border of golden sand. This is the island of St. Maree, or Mourie—his names are many—beneath whose groves lie the sacred tree and healing well, the traditions of old rites, and legendary graves, which have made the place famous far over Scotland.

I will roughly sketch it as it now is, with such notes as I can gather of its observances, past and present. The illustration is from a photograph taken last August; the wooded island in the middle-distance is “Eilean Maree”.



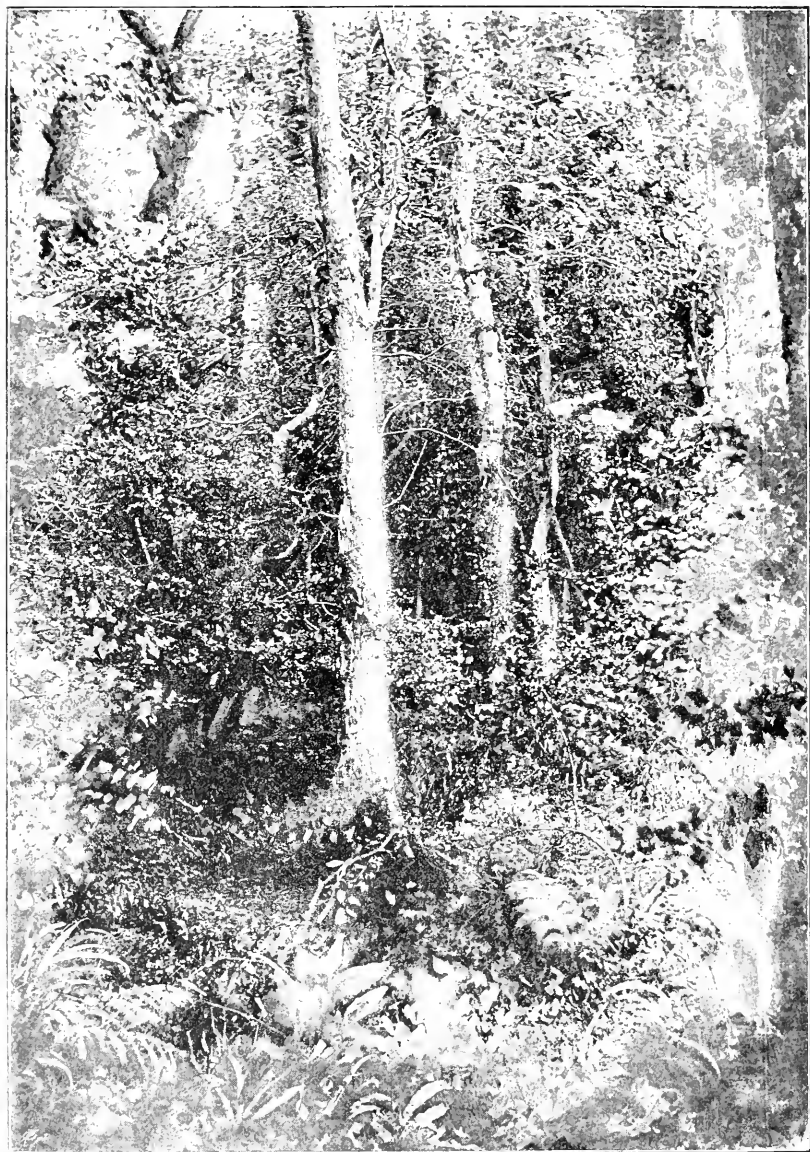
ISLE MARIE. — DISSEM VIEW.

1894









HOLY TREE, LOCH MAREE.  
*(From a Photograph, 1893.)*

If your gillie is told to take you to The Tree—you need not define it further—he rows you over to the southern side of the island, where the tangled wood meets the water's edge. From a landing-rock a narrow path is trodden through damp undergrowth, and trees linked bough in bough, till you step out into an open circle, whence the dark covert draws back on every side. In the centre of this space rises a slight white trunk—bare, branchless, leafless, with spreading foot, and jagged and broken top. The cracks and clefts in the stem are studded with coins, nails, screws, and rusty iron fragments. No sign of leaf or shoot remains to give the gaunt shaft any touch of common vegetation. It stands alone and inviolate—a Sacred Tree. In the damp ground at the tree's foot is a small dark hole, the sides of which are roughly formed by stones overhung with moss and grass. A cover of unwrought stone lies beside it, and it is filled up with dead leaves. This is the healing-well “of power unspeakable in cases of lunacy”. All the brief space is circled round by an impenetrable mesh of dripping bough and briar; ferns and grass luxuriate in the dim light; ivy and honeysuckle strands cling and fall; and damp depths of fallen leaves silence every step.

The tree is now a Wishing Tree, and the driving in of a bit of metal is the only necessary act. The accompanying reproduction of a photograph, taken by us this summer, shows the form of the stem as it now is, but brings the surrounding vegetation much too near. Writing in 1886, Mr. Dixon says: “It is said that if anyone removes an offering that has been attached to the tree, some misfortune, probably the taking fire of the house of the desecrator, is sure to follow.”<sup>1</sup> From which it appears that this tree can exercise retributive powers as sternly as any of the dread tree-dwelling spirits of Teutonic forest or savage grove.

In 1860, Sir A. Mitchell saw a faded ribbon attached to

<sup>1</sup> *Gairloch*, J. A. Dixon, F.S.A.Scot. Edinburgh, 1886.

one of the nails, the last relic of the countless offerings of sufferers who had been brought to the holy waters at its foot.<sup>1</sup> To each of the hundreds of nails, he says, "was originally attached a piece of the clothing of some patient who had visited the spot."

The earliest allusion to the healing powers of the well is the mention of it in 1656 as the resort of the lunatic.<sup>2</sup> In 1774, Thomas Pennant describes how the patient "is brought into the sacred island, is made to kneel before the altar, where his attendants leave an offering in money. He is then brought to the well, and sips some of the holy water. A second offering is made; that done, he is thrice dipped in the lake."<sup>3</sup> The last recorded appeal to the well was made about 1857. Sir A. Mitchell, writing in 1860, says: "In our own day, belief in the healing virtues of the well on Inch (Island) Maree, is general over all Ross-shire, but more especially over the western district. The lunatic is taken there without consideration of consent. As he leaves the island he is suddenly pitched out of the boat into the loch, a rope having been made fast to him; by this he is drawn into the boat again, to be a second, third, or fourth time unexpectedly thrown overboard during the boat's course round the island. He is then landed, made to drink of the waters, and an offering is attached to the tree."<sup>4</sup>

We asked our gillies how the healing waters had dried up, and were told of a man who desecrated the well by bringing a mad dog for cure. This incident Mr. Dixon relates in detail as told him by a Kirkton man.<sup>5</sup> The date given was 1830. The dog died the day following, and the

<sup>1</sup> Sir A. Mitchell, "The Various Superstitions in the N.W. Highlands and Islands of Scotland, especially in relation to Lunacy," *Proceedings Antiquarian Soc. Scotland*, vol. iv. Edinburgh, 1862.

<sup>2</sup> Sir A. Mitchell, *op. cit.*, p. 11.

<sup>3</sup> *A Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides*, Thomas Pennant, 1772-4. Part II, p. 330.

<sup>4</sup> Mitchell, *op. cit.*, p. 14.

<sup>5</sup> Dixon, *op. cit.*, p. 157.

shepherd the week after ; so the waters were potent for vengeance sixty years ago. Sir A. Mitchell's informant gave him a different version, viz., that the dog was cured and the healing virtue lost only for a time, and his account dates the occurrence as about 1845 or 1840. It is instructive to note the rapid growth and variation of popular explanatory legend. Pennant notes that the well possessed oracular as well as healing powers: "The visitants draw from the state of the well an omen of the disposition of St. Maree : if his well is full they suppose he will be propitious ; if not, they proceed in their operations with fears and doubts."<sup>1</sup> This belief continued to recent times. In 1836, the *New Statistical Account* says "it is considered a hopeful sign if the well is full."<sup>2</sup>

Who were the folk who first found at this oak-stem a meeting-place with unseen powers? Who first brought their sick for healing to the grove of Mourie? The loch is called the Loch of Mourie in local records of the seventeenth century ; the 25th August is mentioned as "dedicate to St. Mourie"; and one entry, to be quoted below, speaks of the "iland of St. Ruffus commonly called Ellan (island) Moury". The name also occurs as Maelrubha, Malrubius, Malrube, Mulray, "and as the last corruption, Maree."<sup>3</sup>

The life and acts of the saint are related by the annalist Tighernach, and in the ancient Irish MSS. and records.<sup>4</sup> I am indebted for references, and for the following brief outline, to the paper by Dr. Reeves on "Saint Maelrubha : His History and Churches", published in the *Proceedings* of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vol. iii, Part 2 1861.

Saint Maelrubha belongs to the roll of Ulster saints by

<sup>1</sup> Pennant, ii, p. 330.

<sup>2</sup> *New Stat. Ac.*, xiv, 2, p. 92, note.

<sup>3</sup> Sir A. Mitchell, p. 6.

<sup>4</sup> *Book of Lecan*, fol. 37bc ; *Book of Ballymote*, fol. 119ba ; *Annals of the Four Masters*, vol. i ; *Annals of Ulster*, s. a. 716 ; *The Feilire, or Festival-book of Aengus the Culdee* ; *Calendar of Donegall*.

both lines of descent. On his father's side he is stated to be descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages, Sovereign of Ireland; on his mother's side he was akin to Saint Comgall, the great Abbot of Bangor in county Down. He was born in 642, and became a member of St. Comgall's Society at Bangor, and possibly abbot of that church. When almost a youth, in 670 or 671, he crossed to Scotland, and after two years, according to Tighernach, "fundavit ecclesiam Apporcrosan." Here he ruled as abbot for fifty-one years, acquiring a reputation for sanctity that spread over all Ross-shire and the surrounding country and islands. "Eighty years was his age when he resigned his spirit", the *Calendar of Donegall* says. He died in 722, at Applecross, where he was interred. Dr. Reeves writes in 1859: "The spot which is supposed to be his grave is marked by a little hillock called the Clodh Marce. His tombstone, it is said, was sent from Norway by the king's daughter, and its material was red granite." He adds that some fragments of it were at that time lying about the churchyard, that it was broken when the manse was building, and with the *débris* of the old ruins was carted away for the walls of the dwelling-house. But in the midst of the proceedings the work was suspended in consequence of a dream which the master-mason had, warning him not to touch that stone. Soon after, he was thrown from the scaffolding, and on the stone his skull was fractured. In the faith of his countrymen the holy Malrubius can still punish modern sacrilege.

Dr. Reeves notes that "it is believed that a man who takes about his person a little earth from this churchyard may travel the world round, and that he will safely return to the neighbouring bay; also, that no one can commit suicide or otherwise injure himself when within view of this spot."

All the ancient Irish records expressly state that Malrubius died on April 21st. "It is in Alba he is—in Confur Crossan; and this (is) the festival of his death", is the gloss

against this date in the 10th–11th century *Feilire, or Festival-book of Aengus*.

The Scotch accounts vary considerably from those of the Irish documents. All the Scotch calendars and writers, with one exception, date the saint's festival on the 27th August. The Breviary of Aberdeen records his martyrdom at the hands of the pagan Norwegians on the eastern shores of Ross; that at the place where he suffered a chapel was erected, afterwards the church of Ferintosh; that his body was removed to Applecross, and that the lands of Applecross six miles round the church were sacred, as certain desecrating Danes found to their cost. The Breviary also tells how the saint succoured his worshippers when attacked by the "Islanders", who burnt his church at Contan with a hundred men and women in it, and of his power to enforce the holiness of his day. "It happened that one year some people . . . neglected to observe the saint's festival, being busily occupied in reaping, for which their houses took fire and were consumed."<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Reeves suggests that the double date of April 21st and August 27th may have arisen from a connection or confusion that seems to have existed between St. Maelrubha and a St. Ruffus of the Scotch and Irish calendars, the Ruphin of the beautiful quatrain in the *Feilire of Aengus* :—

"that pure martyr,  
Ruphin the gentle and sweet :  
To the king of the limitless clouds  
He went through a field of spears."

This confusion may account for the Scotch attribution of martyrdom to St. Maelrubha, and for the mention of Isle Maree as "the island of St. Ruffus", in the seventeenth century record.

Dr. Reeves says that on Isle Maree "there formerly existed an oratory of the saint".<sup>2</sup> There appears also to be

<sup>1</sup> *Breviarii Aberdonensis, Part. Estiv. Propr. Sanct.*, foll. 89bb-91aa (Reprint).

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Reeves, p. 286.

a record of his having founded a church in the island. Sir A. Mitchell found in the centre of the island "the remains of a small chapel".<sup>1</sup>

That the local saint succeeded to the rites of a local god seems scarcely doubtful. The name of Maree or Mourie is over all the country-side, always with primitive associations. Sir A. Mitchell, writing in 1860, says: "The people of the place speak often of the god Mourie instead of St. Mourie." An old man in the district told him the island's name "was originally Eilean mo Righ (the Island of my King), or Eilean-a-Mhor-Righ (the Island of the Great King), and that this king was long ago worshipped as a god in the district."<sup>2</sup> Near the head of Loch Maree "is a small well that still bears the name of Tobar Mhoire, or 'Mourie's Well'.<sup>3</sup>

Pennant, in 1774, says of Saint Maree: "The common oath of the country is by his name; if a traveller passes by any of his resting-places, they never neglect to leave an offering; but the saint is so moderate as not to put him to any expense—a stone, a stick, a bit of rag contents him."<sup>4</sup> In a note on this passage Dr. Reeves refers to a place, about two miles from the church of Applecross, "called Suidhe Maree, 'Maelrubha's Seat', which is said to have been a resting-place of the saint."<sup>5</sup> He also mentions a "Suidhe Maree" in the parish of Gairloch. There is a local tradition that his body was translated with miraculous ease from Ferintosh to Applecross, the bearers resting but twice on the way, at a place called *Suidhe* at Rennlochewe, and at *Bealach an tsuidhe*, between Shieldag and Applecross. It is tantalising to have no description of these "resting-places". The usage is identical with the well-known and world-wide savage rite of leaving offerings at appointed places on the way.

Dr. Reeves mentions that, in the Ross-shire parish of

<sup>1</sup> Sir A. Mitchell, p. 6.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Dixon, p. 415.

<sup>4</sup> Pennant, *op. cit.*

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Reeves, 1859, *op. cit.*, pp. 279, 281, and 289.



Contin, a fair called the *Feil Maree* was formerly held on the last Wednesday of August, O. S. ; he also cites a fair called after the saint at Portree, in Skye ; a commemoration of the saint's festival at Forres, in the north of Elgin or Morayshire by a fair held on the 27th of August ; a "Summaruff's Fair" on the last Tuesday of August at Fordyce, in Banff ; and a great fair at Keith, in Banff, called the Samarevis Fair, and held on the first Tuesday in September.<sup>1</sup>

In the parish of Contin is a burying-ground called "Praes Maree", or Maelrubha's Bush. In the parish of Strath, in Skye, there is a local tradition that here St. Maree used to preach, and "that he hung a bell in a tree, where it remained for centuries. It was dumb all the week till sunrise on Sunday morning, when it rang of its own accord till sunset. It was subsequently removed to the old church of Strath, where it ever afterwards remained dumb ; and the tree on which it had so long hung soon after withered away."<sup>2</sup>

But the most interesting record of the local cult is in the seventeenth-century observances. In 1656, the Dingwall presbytery made a strenuous effort to put down the "abominable and heathenish practices of the district", and inscribed a full account of their measures in the Presbytery Records.

On the 5th September 1656, "the presbyterie of Dingwall, according to the appoyntment of Synode for searching and censuring such principalls and superstitions as should be discovered thaire—having met at Appilcross, and findeing, amongst uther abominable and heathenish practices, that the people in that place were accustomed to sacrifice bulls at a certaine tyme uppon the 25 of August, which day is dedicate, as they conceive, to St. Mourie, as they call him ; and that there were frequent approaches to some ruinous chappells and circulateing of them ; and that future events, in reference especially to

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Reeves, p. 289 *sqq.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, *op. cit.*

lyfe and death, in takeing of Journeyis, was expect to be manifested by a holl of a round stone quherein they tried the entering of their heade, which (if they) could doe, to witt, be able to put in thair heade, they expect thair returning to that place, and failing, they considered it ominous; and withall their adoring of wells and uther superstitious monuments and stones, tedious to rehearse, Have appoynted as followes—That quhosoever sall be found to commit such abhominations, especiallie Sacrifices of any kynd, or at any tyme, sall publickly appear and be rebuked.” The opening of this minute specially mentions, among the “maine enormities” of the district, the “sacrificing at certaine tymes at the Loch of Mourie”. On the 9th September 1656: “The brethren, taking to their consideratione the abhominations within the parochia of Garloch, in sacrificing of beasts upon the 25 August, as also in pouring of milk upon hills as oblationes, quhose names ar not particularly signified as yit, refers to the diligence of the minister to mak search of these persons . . . . . and withall that by his private dilligence he have searchers and tryers in everie corner of the country, especiallie about the Lochmourie . . . . . and that such as are his elders be particularly poseit, concerning former practices in qwhat they knowe of these poore ones who are called Mourie his derilans, and ownes these titles, quho receaves the sacrifices and offerings upon accompt of Mourie his poore ones; . . . . . and such as heve boats about the loch to transport themselves or uthers to the Ile of Mourie, quherein ar monuments of Idolatrie, without warrand from the superiour and minister towards lawful ends. . . . . The brethren heiring be report that Miurie has his monuments and remembrances in severall paroches within the province, but more particularly in the paroches of Loch canon, Loch else, Kintaile, Contan, and Follertie and Lochbroome.”

Both these records refer to strangers and “these that comes from forren countreyes” as sharing in the “abhomi-

nable practices". The list of districts covers some fifty miles of the western coast.

In the second extract the "derilans" appear to receive the sacrifices. If this could be proved—the wording of the record is vague at the very point of interest—and if Mr. Dixon's suggested derivation from the Gaelic *deireoil*, "afflicted",<sup>1</sup> is correct, the lunatics would seem to have served as priests to the grove—a completely primitive conception of the holiness of the possessed man—and to have received the gifts of ordinary sufferers, the "poor ones" of Mourie. More accurate information is greatly to be desired on this curious point.

Twenty years later, in 1678, the mystic healing powers of the island are thus acknowledged: "At Dingwall, 6 August 1678. Inter alia, that Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, minister of Gerloch . . . summoned by his officer to this prebrie day Hector Mackenzie . . . in the parish of Gerloch, as also Johne Murdoch and Duncan Mackenzies, sons to the said Hector, as also Kenneth McKenzie his grandson, for sacrificing a bull in ane heathenish manner in the iland of St. Ruffus, commonly called Ellan Moury . . . for the recovering of the health of Cirstane Mackenzie, spouse to the said Hector Mackenzie, who was formerlie sicke and valetudinaire."<sup>2</sup>

With so little definite knowledge, it is impossible to say whether the saint took over some powerful local cult with its many sanctuaries, or whether all the varying strands and relics of the primitive worship of local powers, approached on mountain-tops, or in sacred groves, or by holy wells, were gradually gathered up into his dominant name; but the power of one personality, the tendency to unify belief, seems strangely hinted at in these records of the tenacious worships of "Mourie".

The beautiful legend of the two graves marked with the

<sup>1</sup> Dixon, p. 411.

<sup>2</sup> *Records of the Presbytery of Dingwall*, cited by Mr. Dixon. Appendix F.

runic cross, round which the thickly-set tombs of the centre of the island cluster, is in itself worth quoting in full. I have no means of analysing the early and late, and the religious and secular elements, and therefore refrain from conjecture. The burying-ground covers the centre of the island ; is deep in the damp profusion of grass and undergrowth ; and is surrounded by an oval dyke, now overgrown—in Pennant's time "a dyke of stones, with a regular, narrow entrance". Within the enclosure are two mounds, which would probably reward excavation.

I give Mr. Dixon's version of the legend, slightly condensed :—After the death of St. Maree, his cell on the island continued to be the resort of holy men. During the time of the Norwegian power in the district, a prince and princess of Norway were married by the island hermit, and here the prince left his bride when called away to war. Before parting they agreed that, when the prince returned, a white flag should be displayed from his barge if all was well, if not, a black flag ; the princess was to meet her husband with like signals of good or evil fate. The prince remained away, and meanwhile jealousy and doubt entered the heart of the princess. She determined to test his constancy, and when the prince's barge, flying the white flag, at length entered the loch, she commanded her barge to be launched. A black flag hung from the stern, a bier was placed on the centre, on which she lay counterfeiting death, her maidens mourning round her, and the barge was rowed slowly down the loch to meet the prince. Seeing the black flag, he leapt from his own deck, and, raising the shroud, seemed to see the face of his dead bride. In an agony of grief he stabbed himself ; and the princess, rising with a cry, drew the dagger from his heart and thrust it in her own. The two lovers were buried on the island, where their graves still lie, foot to foot, in the silence of the woodland, each marked by the runic cross.

GERTRUDE M. GODDEN.

## MELANESIAN FOLK-TALES.

### STORY OF LATA.

(Sta. Cruz.)

**B**EFORE Lata was born, an eel foretold that he would eat it. After his birth, his father caught the eel, cut off its tail, and gave it to the child to suck. When Lata was two days old, his father and mother went kite-fishing, and left the child covered under a wooden bowl. The parents were blown away out to sea, and the child grew by himself alone under the bowl. When he was grown, he saw the light under the edge of the bowl, threw it off, and came out into the light. Then he made himself toy canoes with larger and larger leaves in succession, till he made one in which he could sail about, and then, seeing a tree, began to cut it down for a real canoe. Every day, as he ceased working, one Ginota came and replaced what he had cut. At last he was unable to do so, because a chip had fallen into Lata's bag; so he waited till Lata came back in the morning, when the rattling of the chip in his bag betrayed him, and the two agreed to work together. The tree was properly shaped and carried down to the village, the various parts and sails made and fitted, and the proper feasts given to the people. When the canoe was launched, Lata's mother cautioned him against certain fish which would jump into it and break it; but these he caught in a net and brought back for her to cook. Next she warned him against a shark, and this he killed with a sharp stake. Then she warned him against a giant clam, and in his next voyage he found his canoe being carried by a current into the jaws of an enormous shell. He saved himself by thrusting an upright

log between the jaws, dug out the fish, and carried it to his mother to cook. Next she cautioned him against a bird which would swoop upon him and pierce him with its beak. He saved himself from this by setting up a banana-stalk in the canoe, while he hid himself below; the bird swooped and fastened its beak in the banana, Lata seized it, broke its wings, and took it to his mother to cook. His mother then warned him of one thing more, a huge sea monster, like a whale, which swallowed down canoes. Into this monster's stomach Lata was carried by a current which sucked in his canoe with sail standing; and in it he found a man and woman who had eaten their clothes and their hair for hunger. To feed them he made a fire with the wrecks of the canoes lying about, and cut off some of the whale's liver to roast. Lavalu, the monster, cried out that he was killing him; and Lata answered, that if he wished to live he must carry him home. This he did, making so high a tide that he was stranded on the shore of Sta. Cruz. Lata dragged out his canoe, and gave Lavalu over to the crabs. His mother next warned him of a tide that would break his canoe; but he took out hermit crabs, which bit the waves, so that he passed through safely. Then his mother warned him of the Tapakola at Nupani. He sailed, therefore, immediately to Nupani, and was invited by the Tapakola to her house, where she sat in ambush for him over the only door left open, intending to kill him as he stooped to enter. He pushed open another door, and came in unhurt. All the night she watched to kill him when asleep, but, though he slept, he had covered his eyes with shining shells, which made him appear to be awake. In the morning he invited Tapakola to come with him in his canoe, and drowned her on the voyage home.

The next adventure of Lata, in which he deceived a snake, is not of much interest.

After that his mother bade him remember that there remained the great Land Crab at Netepa (Taumako in

the Duff group). He sailed thither, and was invited by the Crab into its house, where, as before with the Tapakola, he escaped the ambush set for him by pushing open one of the shut doors. Then Lata, seeing the skulls of men devoured by the Crab, painted himself red, white, and black, so much to the Crab's admiration that it desired to know how it could be done. He undertook to produce the same beautiful effect, and persuaded the Crab to mount on the stage over the hearth, and to sit there while he lighted the fire and heaped on wood. The Crab turned red with the heat—the first stage, as Lata assured it, in the beautifying process; then the claws dropped off, and the Crab died. One claw he ate, the other he took home to his mother.

His further adventures, as he sailed about escaping from dangers and deceiving enemies, are very numerous.

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#### THE STORY OF HOLE-IN-HIS-BACK.

(Saddle Isle, Banks' Group.)

A party of boys were up in a tree eating the fruit. All went off but two brothers, the elder of whom warned the younger not to throw the kernels on the ground, lest that should happen of which their father had warned them; but he let a fruit drop himself, and immediately appeared under the tree Hole-in-his-Back himself, and begged the boys to throw him down some fruit. At first they were afraid, but after a while threw him down a bunch, which he caught in the hole in his back as in a sack. In this way he received all the fruit on the tree; then he begged them to come down to him, and, with much fear, they consented. He took them to his abode, a cave without an entrance; and, when he came to it, they heard him say: "Close, cave! be open, cave!" The cave opened, and they went in. He bade them stay while he went to get them food, and, as he went out, they heard him say: "Open, cave! be close, cave!" and the mouth of the cave

shut close upon them. On his return, they heard him open the cave's mouth with the same words, and he brought out of the hole in his back, in which he had stowed them, a pig and yams, which they cooked, and he ate raw. Thus they lived in the cave, while their parents and friends in the village counted the days for their death, ate the death-meals, and then forgot them. One day, when he was longer absent than usual, they agreed to try whether the cave would open and shut for them, as it did for him, at the sound of the same words, and they found that it would.

Now there was one part of the cave which Hole-in-his-Back always, when he went out, forbade them to go near; and here, when at last they ventured to approach, they found a heap of conch trumpets; and this was the reason why he had forbidden them to go there, because, being a *Vui*, he was afraid of the sound of a conch-shell trumpet. The boys began to plan a way of escape, and accordingly prepared for themselves *tamate* dresses, in which they proposed to show themselves in the village blowing shell trumpets, after the fashion of the *tamates* whose dress they were assuming. Accordingly, when all was ready, they put on each his *tamate* hat, and took each his conch trumpet in his hand, and waited for the return of Hole-in-his-Back with his pig and food. They heard him coming; they heard him saying: "Close, cave! be open, cave!" and, as the cave's mouth opened, before he could say a word, they ran out blowing their trumpets. He ran away affrighted, and they chased him into the village, through the village to the beach and on to the reef, blowing their trumpets as they ran; from the reef he leapt into the sea, the water poured into the hollow in his back, and he was drowned. The boys returned and made themselves known again to their parents in the village.

R. W. CODRINGTON.



## FOLK-LORE IN WILLS.

### NOTES FROM WEST KENT.

THOSE members of this Society who may have occasion to consult the wills at Somerset House or in the various District Probate Registries will doubtless have observed how full of local allusion many of these documents are; not only bequests to every saint's light in the church, but sometimes each field the testator owned is duly bequeathed by name. I take this opportunity of suggesting that, when opportunity offers, special note should be made of any reference to local customs. The harvest will not be a very full one, but such notes, when they do occur, will always be of interest, and may be of considerable value in tracing the continuity of a custom in a given district. I have lately been paying some attention to the wills of persons formerly resident in West Kent, and proved in the Consistory Court of Rochester, the records of which begin in 1440. The earlier wills are, of course, in Latin, but about 1480 English is more general, and the wills are not always in a stiff, legal mold, but frequently bear evidence of having been set down from the actual words used by the testators.

From them I have noted the following bequests for the keeping up of Ales:—

Stephen Jacobe, of St. Wereburge in Hoo, in his will, dated 18th August 1480 [Book III, fo. 265], says:

“Also I will that myne heirs shall haue v yerdis of land lieing in longefeld and v yerdis of land in pettefeld upon this condicon folowyng that thes shall make or doo make yerly a yefale on Trinite Eve and on the Trinite Sondaye and beryng chargis yerly v buschell of wethe and 1 seue of malt and xij*d.* in chese too

distribut at my place in the worship of the Trinite, and on euery Trinite Sondaye yerly myne heris to offer j masse peny in the worship of the Trinite. And in case be that myne heirs refuse to make that said yefale and the chargis aforsaid then the for said yefale is to be sold by my feffors and with the money therof resceyvid be disposid to the reparacon of the Trinite Yle by the discrecon of my feffors."

They were apparently rich in Yevales, or Giveales, in Hoo, for in 1528 Thomas Bedell has the following bequest in his will [Book VIII, fo. 193*b*] :

"Also Crystyan my wiff to haue the howse callid the Yevall howse at Grenhill w<sup>t</sup> all the lands thereto belonging, sufferyng the wardaynes and bredryen of the Yevall off Saynt Warborows to haue y<sup>e</sup> liberte there in w<sup>t</sup> frey goyng and fre comyng to occupye in the said howse xiiij days a fore Seynt Warborow day [either 3rd Feb. or 21st June] and xiiij days after, to holde there in y<sup>e</sup> yevall as hit haith been used and customed in tymes past, w<sup>t</sup> owt any interrupcion, and after the decess off y<sup>e</sup> said Crystian the said howse called y<sup>e</sup> yevall house w<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> londez holye remayne vnto Jone my doughter and to suffer the wardaynes and bredren a fore-seid to haue fre liberte in y<sup>e</sup> same as a for is rehersed, and if she dye w<sup>t</sup> owt heyres then my feoffes to infeoffe certayn persones of y<sup>e</sup> seid parishe in y<sup>e</sup> same howse and londs to y<sup>t</sup> use, that is to say, y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> wardanes and bredryn off Seynt Warborow affore said shall haue y<sup>e</sup> lettyng oughte of y<sup>e</sup> said tenement and londes callid ye yevall house for their yevall as afore is rehershede and to kepe an obitt for me, and Crystian, and all crysten soulls in my seid pariche church in y<sup>e</sup> day of Ashe Wedynesday."

Katherine Tutor of Stoke, widow, in 1491 [Book V, fo. 176*b*], left "a quarter of whete and a quarter of malt to make w<sup>t</sup> an ale."

In the will of Thomasyn Sheby, wydow, of East Grenewych, dated 1506 [Book VI, fo. 191*b*], is the following bequest :

"I bequeth to the church of Seynt Alphe a standyng cuppe, syluer and gylte w<sup>t</sup> a keueryng, weyng xxiiij on<sup>cs</sup>, vnder this condicion that euery brude that shalbe mareid in the church of Seynt

Alphe a forseyde shal haue the seyde cuppe to be boryn a fore them att the mariage yff they come to the church wardens and dezier itt."

I should be glad to know whether any other such bequests are on record, and also what special significance the bearing of a cup before the bride could have had.

One of the ancient revenues of the king was the *lathe-silver*, collected by *lathes* from each hundred of the county, the *lathe* for this purpose being sometimes farmed out by the sheriff. Its origin has, I believe, not been settled, and although it was a very small burden, it was—like most other taxes—considered a grievance. John Passey of Eltham, in his will, dated 5th July 1509 [Book VI, fo. 252*b*], consequently thought to do his friends a good turn, and so bequeaths

"after the death of Agnes my wife xiijs. iiij*d*. to the borowsolder of Eltham for the tyme beyng for thuse of our souerayne lord the kyng toward the discharge yerly of the seruants, inhabitants of Eltham, for euer, of and for a certen some of money callid *hedesiluer* other wise callid the *coman fyne*, payable yerly at Mihilmass lawdaye in Eltham, which usually is and in tymes passd hath be lovyed by the borowsolder ther yerly of the said inhabitants."

This *lathe-silver* has ceased to be paid in Kent for about a century.

In the will of William Colt of Sent Warborough, Hoo, dated 1516 [Book VII, fo. 83*a*], is a bequest for distributing cakes. He desires that

"On accar of land lyng in Northefeld, callyd Longland, shall remainn to John my son and to his heyrys on thys condycon, that he, hys heyrys, &c., euery Goode Fryday for euermore, do bake or cause to be bakyn, a bushell of goode whete in Wastell breede, and euery Wastell in valor of a ob., and so to be delyuered to poure people where ned ys most or shalbe in the chyrche of Hoo."

It was, I conclude, some such bequest as this which led

to the celebrated cakes at Biddenden, in this same county, on Easter Sunday.

I have only found one reference to fairs, viz., in the will of John Wadman of Milton next Gravesend, dated 2nd March 1549 [Book XI, fo. 51*b*]. He leaves to Johan his daughter

“furty pounds to be payed vnto the said Johan, xx*li*. at the feast of Saynt Edward called Gravisende Faire nexte comyng and at mydsomer than nexte following other xx*li*.”

Gravesend Fair is (according to Whitaker) now held on 24th October, whereas the Feast of the Translation of Saint Edward is 13th October.

Edward Nevyll, in 1514 [Book VII, fo. 29*a*], had left a banner with Our Lady on one side and St. Edward on the other, to the church of Gravesend, but I cannot find any other connection of that Saint with the town. The parish church was, in mediæval times, dedicated to St. Mary, and there was a chapel in the town dedicated to St. George, which is now the parish church.

We now come to the will of Roger Leche of Eltham, dated 14th June 1517 [Book VII, 87*b*], which contains perhaps the most interesting of any of these bequests :

“Also I will Rauff Letham shall kepe or cause to be kept yerly the Wedynsday in the crosse weke at the crosse before his dur, when the procession cumyth in brede and ale vj*d*.; and vpon Saint Thomas nyght after the fest of Seint John Baptist at the bonefyre in bred and ale vj*d*.”

Eltham Church is dedicated to St. John Baptist, and 24th June was doubtless observed with full honours by the good folk of that parish, who would not have forgotten the “bonefyre”; but there was apparently another lighted on “Seint Thomas nyght”, *i.e.*, 7th July. Do any other instances of this occur?

Besides the ordinary Church seasons I have not found many references to days by local names. Robert Dan of Brenchley, in 1511, says: “Item lego pro torche at hok

tyme xijd." Hock Monday was the second Monday after Easter, and certain dues were then paid to the churchwardens, as appears by the Accounts of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, printed in *Archæologia Cantiana*; but whether the torch was for use in church, or at some revel, is not certain.

Richard Longeman of Halstow, in his will, dated 1493 [Book V, fo. 224*a*], mentions Shere Thursday. The will is curious as showing the custom of proclaiming, or posting up, secular matters in church:

"I will the curates in eueri church of the saide hundrede [Hoo] shewe in their churches that yff ther be any yoman any yomans felow or womens son in the saide hundrede that wilbye all the londes and tenements sumtyme Richarde Longeman of Halgesto, and geve for them as they be worth and sonest paye and content their for, shall haue them wyth the folde table, chayre and fourme in the hall; a ladder, the queern stones w<sup>t</sup> the beddyng and a cawdron in a fourneys to be w<sup>t</sup> the sale of the saide londes and tenements, and eueri curate to haue for the proclamying of y<sup>t</sup> same iij*d.*, and I will my obyte be kepte yerely on Shere Thursdaye w<sup>t</sup> prestes and clarkes syngyng, redyng and prayeyng, and at after noone that same day at the washeyng of the auters there to haue bred and ale."

Into the religious side of all the above (and they all had a religious significance in the minds of the testators) I do not wish to enter, but I should like to direct the attention of members to the field that is open to them, especially in the District Probate Registries, which contain for the most part the wills of yeomen, small farmers, and persons of the labouring classes, and therefore all the more likely to refer to such matters as I have brought before you.

LELAND L. DUNCAN.

## BALOCHI TALES.

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### XVI.

#### THE ABDUCTION OF SAMRI.

[**ABDULLAH KHAN** was the Brahoi Chief or Khan of Kilat at the end of the last century. His dominions extended into the Indus Valley, and included a tract known as Harrand-Dajil, which adjoined the territory under the Mirrani Nawab of Dera Ghazi Khan, all nominally forming part of the kingdom of the Durannis. Jampur is the chief place in the Nawab's dominions, near the boundary of what was then the Khan of Kilat's country. 'Abdullah Khan invaded the Nawab's country, and during this invasion the adventure of Samri is supposed to have occurred.]

**W**HEN 'Abdullah Khan was Khan of Kilat, he went to war with the Nawab of Dera Ghazi Khan. He assembled an army, and came down by the way of Syahaf. At that time the chief of the Mazari tribe was Mitha Khan. 'Abdullah Khan sent for him, and told him to bring his armed followers also, and Mitha Khan joined the Khan with a hundred horsemen. All the Balochistan chiefs and feudatories, Highlanders and Lowlanders (Sarawan and Jahlawan), were with him, but the Gorchanis and Drishaks, and other tribes of the Indus Valley, did not join him. He marched by the Syah-Tankh Pass, by the Sham plain, and by the Chachar Pass, and came out into the plains at Harrand. There he heard that the Nawab had fixed on Jampur as the place at which his army was to assemble, so he gathered together all his Amirs for a consultation.

Mitha Khan advised him to strike direct at Dera Ghazi Khan, "for", he said, "when they hear that your army is marching on Dera, everyone will hurry away to protect his home and wife and children, and the Nawab's army will melt away. Then turn and fall upon Jampur, and seize it." 'Abdullah Khan said this was good advice, and he would follow it, so he set his face towards Dera, and the Nawab's army went to pieces. Then 'Abdullah Khan attacked Jampur and took it, and remained there for a month.

A certain Mochi (leather-dresser) who lived at Jampur had a very beautiful wife named Samri, and she was taken prisoner by Muhabbat Khan ('Abdullah Khan's son). After the victory, the army went back again to Khorasan,<sup>1</sup> and Muhabbat Khan took away Samri with him, and made her his concubine, and loved her greatly. Samri's husband followed her up, and went to 'Abdullah Khan at Kilat to complain, and begged him, in God's name, to give him Samri back again; but 'Abdullah Khan said: "Muhabbat Khan is that sort of man, that if he hears that Samri's husband has come, he will just kill you; but this I will do for you. Go round all through my country as far as my Khanship extends, and look round till you find a maiden to suit you, and I give you my word I will marry her to you." But the Mochi said, "I care for no other but Samri."

He stayed for a year at Kilat, but at last he was told to go, and he went away, and came down to the plains to the Shrine of Jive Lal,<sup>2</sup> and there he stayed for a year as a petitioner at the shrine, and fetched water for the pilgrims to the shrine. After a year had passed, one night an order came to him from Jive Lal as follows: "In Jampur there live certain eunuchs, and with them is a poor faqir who takes out their donkeys to graze. Go to

<sup>1</sup> That is, the plateau above the Sulamian Mountains; what is now Northern Balochistan and Southern Afghanistan, not the Khorassan of our maps.

<sup>2</sup> At Schwan in Sindh.

him ; he will get Samri back for you." So he returned thence, and came to Jampur, and went to look for the faqīr, and saw him grazing the donkeys. The faqīr saw the Mochi, and without waiting for him to speak, he said, "Had not Jive Lal power enough to do it himself, that he must send you to me?" The Mochi said, "He did send me to you." Then the faqīr said, "Now go home, and take your ease at your house, and come to me again on the day of the eunuchs' sports at Jampur. When I am dancing in the middle of them, and am happy, come up and give a pull at the hem of my garment." One day, when the eunuchs had a great dance, and the faqīr was intoxicated, and was dancing in the midst of them, the Mochi came up to him and pulled the hem of his garment. On this the faqīr clapped his hands and cried out, "Samri is come! Samri is come!" Just then a number of people came running up to congratulate the Mochi on Samri's return, and said, "Samri has come back, and is sitting at your house." The Mochi comes home and finds Samri sitting there with moist dough on her hands. They asked her how she had come, and she said, "I was at Kilat, and was kneading the dough for Muhabbat Khan's bread, for he loved me so that he would eat no bread made by the hands of anyone else, but I must bake it for him. As I kneaded, a green fly came flying round in front of my eyes. I closed my eyes and waved my hand to drive it away, and I know nothing more but that I found myself back in my house at Jampur."

And so the Mochi and Samri lived happy together, and Muhabbat Khan was left at Kilat.

## XVII.

### KISMAT PARI.

A king who was childless, and asked for the prayers of holy men, was told by one of them to send his wife to the bank of the river, and let her sit there and pray, and God



would grant him a son. So the king said to his wife: "Go and sit for a night on the river-bank; perchance God may grant our desire." The queen went out and sat by the river-side, and as she sat and as she prayed a white-bearded man<sup>1</sup> came forth from the waters of the river, and clapped her on the back with his hand, and said: "Go home and be happy; God will give you a son." The queen went home, and in full time she conceived and bore a son. After several years, the prince grew up, and by day he used to go out to hunt, and in the evening he would take the air in the garden. One day, while wandering round, he heard a splashing sound, as if some one was bathing in the pond. Coming closer up, he saw a Pari who had been bathing, and was putting on her clothes. The prince said, "Who are you?" and she replied, "I am a Pari. My name is Kismat Pari"; and, saying this, she spread her wings and flew away towards the sky. The prince came home and said nothing, but lay down to rest. Some days after the Wazir said to the king, "Why is your son so sad?" The king sent for his son and asked what was the matter with him; but the prince only said, "Oh, Kismat Pari!" Not another word would he say. Then the king said: "There is a faqir who lives outside the town; he will tell you about her." The prince went out to where the faqir lived, and found him with little boys playing all round him. Some were jumping over him, and others pushing him, and others pulling him by the ear. The prince stood there and said nothing. The faqir said, "Prince, why don't you come and play with me like the others?" But the prince only said, "Oh, show me Kismat Pari." Then the faqir pointed with his hand and said, "Do you see that town?" The prince looked in that direction, and a town became visible to him. Then the faqir said, "Go there"; and the prince started off. It was a long way off, though the faqir, by his magic, had made it appear near; and it took him eight days to

<sup>1</sup> This is Khwaja Khizr, the river-saint of the Indus.

get there. He went wandering round till he came to a garden, and in the garden he saw a bed, and bedding spread out upon it. The prince lay down on the bed and went to sleep. Now that bed belonged to Kismat Pari. She came up and saw a man sleeping on her bed. She woke him up, and said, "Who are you, sleeping on my bed?" The prince said: "I am the son of a king." Kismat Pari was delighted at hearing this, and said: "I made a vow that I would marry the man who came and lay down on my bed. Now I am very happy, because a king's son has come, and I will marry you." She went to her father and mother, and demanded that they should marry her to the prince at once. But they said: "We will not marry you to him, for these mortals have but a short life, while we Paris live for two thousand years." Kismat Pari said: "I made a vow I would marry no other; but her father replied, "But I say, and your mother says, that we will never give you to him." Kismat Pari said: "I am ready to marry him according to the law of the Kuran: it is not for you to stop me. Come with me, and let us go before the Prophet and obtain a judgment from him. If the Prophet permits me, I will marry him; and if he does not permit me, I will not marry him." Her father said: "Come, I will go with you." So Kismat Pari, and her father and mother, all started off and came before the Prophet's judgment-seat; and she stated her case, and her parents stated theirs. Just at that time a horse harnessed with golden trappings came to the prince and stood before him, and said: "Mount on my back, and I will show you a grand sight." The prince mounted, and the horse flew straight up to the Prophet's hall of judgment, and he saw Kismat Pari and her parents standing before the Prophet.

Then the horse turned round and came back to the place he started from. The prince alighted and sat down on the bed. Looking up, he saw that the horse had gone, and a donkey ready saddled was standing in its place. The

donkey said : " The horse showed you a fine sight, now mount on my back, and I'll show you a sight, too." He mounted the donkey, and it flew off with him to his own father's town, and there he got down. The prince and Kismat Pari never met again, but they say they are still wandering about the world looking for each other.

## XVIII.

## A LEGEND OF SHAH-JEHAN.

[This and the following story are related of Shah-Jehan, the celebrated Mughal Emperor, son of Jehangir and father of Aurangzeb. The first story is merely an example of the way in which old legends attach themselves to well-known names. The second story, on the other hand, is a popular version of an actual historical fact, the rebellion of Aurangzeb against his father. The allusion to Nur-Jehan, and the mysterious influence she had over her husband, is worth notice as a popular explanation of the power she exercised over her husband. Shah-Jehan is here substituted for his father Jehangir, who was Nur-Jehan's real husband.]

A certain man who had no son was accosted by a faqir, who begged for alms, but he said : " I have nothing to give you ; you faqirs plunder the country. But if you will pray that I may have a son I will give you whatever you ask for." The faqir said : " To-night I will rest at your house, and if I see anything I will pray for you, and if not, I will go my way." That night the faqir slept there, and in the morning he arose and said : " By the divine order a son will be born to you, but when your son grows up, King Shah-Jehan will kill him." The other replied, " I cannot hide him from God, but I can hide him from King Shah-Jehan"; and with that he gave the faqir a present, and he went his way.

By God's mercy a son was born to him, and he told his

wife and her handmaidens to carry the boy out into the wilderness and make a dwelling-place for him there. So they went into the wilderness and dug out a hollow place underground, and there they made his home. The father having arranged for their maintenance, left them there and came home.

Some years passed, and one day it so happened that two men had a dispute. One of them said that God could only do to each man what was written upon his forehead on the day of his birth, and the other said that God was bound by no writing, but could act according as He thought best. At last they said: "Come, let us go before King Shah-Jehan, and get a decision on this point." They came before the king, and cried out: "O King, judge between us." The king said: "State your case," and they told him all about their dispute. King Shah-Jehan said to them: "Wait here, while I go and wash my face and hands, and say my prayers; I will then come back and decide your case." The king took up a basin of water and went out. He put down the basin, and then he saw a most beautiful bird perched close by. The king thought to himself, "Before I wash I must catch that bird and look at it." He caught the bird by the leg, and it immediately soared into the air and carried Shah-Jehan with it up to the sky, and at last descended at a place in the midst of a barren wilderness. The bird flew off, and left the king there bewildered. The king began to walk about, and spied the tracks of men, and, following these tracks, he came upon a place hollowed out under the ground, and he saw a man sitting there. The place was fitted up as a dwelling-place, with a bedstead and other furniture. The man hailed him with "Welcome, King Shah-Jehan!" The king was astonished, and wondered how this man, whom he did not know, could recognise him. The man again called out, "King! come in here." The king went in, and said: "How did you know me?" The man replied, "You are my death-angel, and have come here to slay me." The

king replied, "Why should I slay you? Have I any quarrel with you?" The man then prepared some food, and laid it out, and they ate together. Shah-Jehan had a pair of scissors with which he ate his food, and put morsels into his companion's mouth also, but while he was doing this the man sneezed and the scissors ran into the back of his mouth, and he fell down dead. The king was much distressed that this man had met his death at his hands, and he immediately came out of the underground chamber, and saw the same bird which had brought him there standing by. Again he caught it by the leg, and again it flew up, carrying the king with it, and put him down at his own palace.

The basin filled with water was lying there, and the two men were waiting for the decision of their dispute. On seeing the king they said: "O king! how is it that you have been able to say your prayers and come back again so quickly?" The king thought to himself, "I have been carried away by a bird, and thrown down in the desert, and I have killed a man, and come all the way back again, and yet they say, 'How quick you have been about your prayers!'" Then he said to them: "What have you to do with my prayers? Attend to your own suit." On this they asked him for his decision, and Shah-Jehan said: "To every man that fate will come which was written on his first day," and so the suit was decided.

## XIX.

### SHAH-JEHAN AND AURANGZEB.

Shah-Jehan had a wife named Nur-Jehan,<sup>1</sup> whom he loved greatly. Whenever the king sat down to deliver judgments Nur-Jehan used to come and place her hand on the middle of his back (and so influence him). One day a

<sup>1</sup> Nur-Jehan was, as a matter of fact, the wife of the Emperor Jehangir. She is Moore's "Nourmahal".

poor man came and complained that Nur-Jehan's brother had robbed him of his wife. Shah-Jehan ordered two chaldrons of oil to be heated over a fire, and when the oil began to boil, and was as hot as fire, he sent for Nur-Jehan's brother, and asked him, "Did you carry off this poor man's wife?" "Yes," he answered, "I carried her off." Then the king said to his followers: "Take him and throw him into the oil; let him burn." When this had been done, Nur-Jehan said: "The king has done well, in that he has thrown him into boiling oil." Then the king said to Nur-Jehan, "The other chaldron was prepared for thee, and hadst thou said a word for thy brother, I had thrown thee into it." That was a judgment of King Shah-Jehan's!

Many years passed, and Shah-Jehan had three sons, whom he stationed each in a separate city. One day the king said to his wazir: "Go on a tour round the country, and see my sons also, and report to me which of them should be king after me." The wazir started off towards the town where the eldest son was stationed. The prince sent out his army to meet him, and received him honourably, and feasted and flattered him, thinking, "He may praise me to the king." The second prince, also, when the wazir came to him, served him in every way, and gave him presents. Then the wazir went off to Aurangzeb, the third prince. Aurangzeb neither sent out his troops to meet him, nor did him any honour. The wazir came and alighted outside the town, and sent this message to Aurangzeb: "I have come to visit you, and whenever it is your pleasure I will pay you my respects." Aurangzeb sent back, saying: "I will send for you myself in two days." When the next day but one arrived, Aurangzeb had all the ground round his palace inundated, and he sat in his palace in the middle, reading the Kuran. Then he sent to the wazir to come and pay his respects. The wazir came in a carriage from his camping-ground, and when he approached the palace he had to get down and wade through the water. When he was announced, Aurangzeb said: "I

have not finished my reading of the Kuran yet. He cannot come in ; let him wait." The staff-bearers stopped the wazir, saying: "Prince Aurangzeb has not done reading the Kuran yet ; when he has finished we will let you in." The wazir had to stand in the mud and water, and could not sit down for fear of dirtying his clothes. When Aurangzeb had had enough of the Kuran, he said: "Let the wazir come in." The wazir came in, and the prince took him by the hand, and greeted him, and, after a little conversation, he gave him his dismissal. The wazir went by forced marches, lading and unlading, to where King Shah-Jehan was. The king asked him which of the princes he thought would rule after him, and he replied: "Your youngest son, Aurangzeb."

A year afterwards Aurangzeb wrote to his father, saying: "I am at the point of death, come to see me, for you are my father." Shah-Jehan prepared to go ; saying: "My son is ill, I must go to see him." The wazir said: "Do not go, O king ; I will not allow you to go, Aurangzeb will seize you." But the king said: "Aurangzeb writes that he is very ill, and at the point of death. I will go to see him." The wazir still said: "And I tell you, do not go." The king said: "I certainly will go." Then the wazir said: "Since you are not to be stopped, but are determined to go, give me a letter to say that I warned you not to go, but you did not take my advice." The king then wrote a paper to this effect, and gave it to the wazir, and set out. Marching daily, he arrived at Aurangzeb's town. Aurangzeb had instructed his followers to say to the king, on his arrival, "Aurangzeb is very ill." On hearing this, the king came to Aurangzeb's palace. Aurangzeb directed his troops to surround the palace on all four sides. He came to meet his father, bringing with him some fetters of gold, and he said to his father: "Put these fetters on your feet respectfully, or I will have you killed." Shah-Jehan took the fetters and put them on his feet, and Aurangzeb kept him as a prisoner. He had the royal

kettle-drums beaten, and made a proclamation that Shah-Jehan was a prisoner, and Aurangzeb was king of the land. So Aurangzeb became king, and all the royal army and possessions came into his hands. He sent for the wazir and said: "I am going to have you hanged, because you had seen me and knew me, and yet you did not stop the king, but allowed him to come to visit me." The wazir replied, saying: "I told his majesty not to go, but he would not listen to me, and this paper which the king wrote and gave to me will prove it." Aurangzeb read it, and then said: "There is no doubt that you did warn him, and you are to be praised for it. I therefore appoint you my wazir."

M. LONGWORTH DAMES.

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## NOTES AND NEWS.

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THE present is the last number of FOLK-LORE which will appear under the joint direction of Messrs. Nutt and the Society. Henceforth the Journal will be the sole property of the Society, and will consist almost entirely of the Transactions and Proceedings of the Society. It is intended, however, to continue the Bibliography on the same lines as at present, and it is hoped to extend the reviews of folk-lore books.

MR. JOSEPH JACOBS finding himself unable by pressure of work to continue the editorship of FOLK-LORE, his place has been taken by Mr. Alfred Nutt, who will be assisted by a committee consisting of the President, the Treasurer, Miss Roalfe Cox, Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. W. F. Kirby. All communications with regard to Papers, etc., should be sent to Mr. Alfred Nutt, 270, Strand, London, and should bear on the envelope or wrapper, "*re* FOLK-LORE."

STILL another Folk-lore Society has come into existence at the initiative of Professor Angelo de Gubernatis, the author of *Zoological Mythology*. It is termed *Società nazionale del Folk-lore italiano*, and has already a membership roll of over 600. It is to publish a review, *Revista delle Tradizioni popolari italiane*, and a *Biblioteca* of independent treatises, which the members will be able to buy at a reduced price. It is to be presumed that the new Society will restrict its operations to Italy proper, Dr. Pitre doing all that is necessary for Sicily.

THE Italian Society has already set to work, and has been lucky enough to obtain the co-operation of the

Italian Government. Under its auspices Italy has been parcelled out into sections, the folk-lore of which is to be collected by local committees. Queen Margherita has accepted the presidency of one of these committees, and is now working submissively under Professor de Gubernatis. Fancy Mr. Asquith issuing the circulars of the Folk-lore Society, and the Princess of Wales reporting to Mr. Gomme!

AMONG forthcoming folk-tale collections is one of great interest to the student of Celtic folk-literature. Mr. Larminie's Irish folk-tales (E. Stock) have been directly collected from the folk; the Irish text is transcribed phonetically, and the translation aims at reproducing all the characteristic features of the original.

MR. AND MRS. GOMME'S *Dictionary of British Games* will be a larger work than was at first anticipated, and will appear in two volumes, the first of which will be issued early in 1894.

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AMONG the journals noticed in our bibliographical summary from time to time, the *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie* has found a place. It is published at Leyden six times a year, under the editorship of Dr. Kern and Dr. Schlegel, professors at the University, Dr. Dozy, and Mr. Schmeltz, the learned Curator of the Ethnographical Museum; and contains articles in Dutch, English, and German. Two out of the three chief articles in the present number are in English, that of Prof. Haddon being of special interest. It is now completing its sixth year, and so far, we regret to say, it has been carried on at a loss. The expense attending the production of the numerous beautiful and accurate plates and other illustrations has probably contributed largely to this result. Both the illustrations and the letterpress are of the highest value to all who are interested in folk-lore researches. The editors and pub-

lishers are appealing for subscriptions to enable them to continue the publication. They desire to form a fund by means of subscriptions of £2 per annum for this purpose. A contribution of this sum will entitle every subscriber to a copy of the *Archiv*, and of all supplements published during the year. A supplement is generally published every year, varying in price according to its size ; and to ordinary subscribers this price is in addition to the cost of the *Archiv*. The ordinary subscription is £1 1s. (£1 2s. 6d., post free) plus the supplement.

Dr. Krauss, the editor of *Am-Urquell*, is also appealing in a similar way for help to continue that periodical. Its principal value to folk-lore students lies in the details it publishes on the customs and beliefs of the various peoples of the Austrian Empire, which are but little known in England. The ordinary annual subscription is 5s. post free. Any additional help to the special fund recently started will also be welcomed.

We desire to commend both these periodicals to the notice of English students. It would be a loss to science if they were to be discontinued. Mr. David Nutt will be glad to take charge of subscriptions, either to the periodicals themselves or to the special funds.

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## *FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.*

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### PROCEEDINGS AT EVENING MEETINGS.

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AN Evening Meeting was held on Wednesday, June 21st, at 22, Albemarle Street; the President (Mr. G. L. Gomme) in the chair.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The following announcements were made: Death, Mr. J. H. Plowes. New member, Mr. J. H. Rossall.

Short papers on "Key Magic", sent by Miss E. Matthews, and on "May Day at Watford", by Mr. P. Manning, were read by the Secretary.

Mr. Leland L. Duncan read a paper on "Folk-lore in Wills", and a discussion ensued, in which the President, Mr. Baverstock, and Mr. Higgins took part.

Professor Tcheraz then read his paper "On Armenian Folk-lore", and in the discussion which followed, the President, Mr. Clodd, Miss Hawkins Dempster, Mr. Andrews, and Miss Lucy Garnett took part.

At the conclusion of the discussion a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to all who had read or sent papers.

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An Evening Meeting was held on Wednesday, November 15th, at 22, Albemarle Street; the President (Mr. G. L. Gomme) in the chair.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The following announcements were made, viz.: The resignation of Mrs. Rae, Mr. R. H. Wood, Mr. J. Curtis, Mr. J. C. Miles, Lady D. Rycroft, The Chicago Folk-lore Society, Mr. N. E. Hamilton, and M. Henri Bernés; and the election of the following new members, Miss Goodrich Freer, Mr. J. L. Morgan, jun., Mr. Alexander Wood, Prof. Kuno Meyer, M. Axel Olrik, Mr. P.

Merrick, Mr. G. F. Aston, The Aberdeen Public Library, Miss K. S. Stanbery, and The Meyrick Library.

A note on "Rescuing a Person from Drowning", by Mr. W. B. Gerish, was read by the Secretary.

Mr. E. Sewell, District and Sessions Judge of Chittoor (North Arcot), read a note on some incidents in two trials for murder which had taken place before him in S. India, and exhibited a photograph of a magic charm for causing the death of a person.

A short discussion followed, in which the President, Dr. Gaster, Miss Lucy Broadwood, and Miss Burne took part.

Mr. Fred Fawcett then read his paper "On some of the Earliest Existing Races of S. India", and at the conclusion of his paper some questions were put to him by the President, Mr. Nutt, and Miss Burne, and answered.

In the course of reading his paper Mr. Fawcett exhibited the following articles, viz., a Hindu marriage card, showing the trident-like marks of Vishnu; a string of beads; a silver ornament embossed with gold, worn by Kullen women and no other caste; heavy earrings; Kullen bomerangs, and an Australian bomerang for comparison; short drawers used by the Kullens during certain festivals; Kullen handkerchief tied round loins or head, and other Kullen cloths.

Mr. Nutt then read his paper on "Some recent Utterances of Mr. Newell and Mr. Jacobs", and a short discussion ensued, in which Dr. Gaster, Mr. Kirby, Mr. Higgens, Mr. Abercromby, and the President took part.

Papers by Mr. E. Peacock on "Magpie Folk-lore"; by Miss Burne on "The 5th of November"; and by Mrs. Murray Aynsley on "Masôck", a game played by Cinghalese fisher-boys, near Colombo, were also read.

The Meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Sewell, Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Nutt for their respective papers.

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## FOLK-LORE MISCELLANEA.

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Folk-lore Items from *North Indian Notes and Queries* (vol. iii),  
April-June, 1893.

### POPULAR RELIGION.

2. *Mirzapur. Worship of Birnath.*—Protector of cattle. Small platforms, on which are one, three, or five wooden posts with rude human head, on which oil or ghee is continually poured. Rice, milk, and cakes are also offered. Worship is always done in the morning.

5. *Dog-Worship.*—In W. India it is the custom to feed dogs as a sacred duty “each day in each month”. Crows are also sometimes fed.

7. *Legend of the Origin of the Seven Sub-classes of Sweepers*, as told by a Sweeper. (The hero becomes a Thug, and “every Brahman traveller he throttled, and hung his caste-thread on a holy fig-tree”.)

43. *Fire-making*, part of the ceremonial of Brahmanism. Still done by rubbing sticks.

44. *Jain Rosaries*, their make and meaning. 56, 57. Rosaries of snake-bones and other objects, and their comparative value. 84. More about Rosaries.

85. *Minor Gods worshipped by Hindus in Mirzapur.*—Amongst many curious things is mentioned that sometimes *rice and pulse* are put on the head of the victim [like Homer's *ὄλοχύται*]. One deity is simply a cloth twisted up roughly in form of a woman.

14. *Gorakhpur. Magahiya Doms.*—Their two chief deities. They offer milk to snakes. Their only sacred tree is the *pīpal*, and no M. will pick its leaves. Special superstition about *iron*, which they will not use for certain purposes. Any M. who breaks open a house with iron is outcast, and some day or other his eyes are put out. Mode of taking a solemn oath (iron, water, *pīpal* leaves, charcoal, a certain grass, and a wheel). Subdivided into seven clans, which intermarry. Each is headed by hereditary chief, succeeded on death by the eldest male kinsman. It is a crime to bring in a woman from an outside tribe. Adoption is practised. Polygamy; no polyandry; they bury the dead. (An interesting piece.)

46. A criminal tribe in Madras consecrate their "jemmy" to Perumal before setting out, and crave his aid.

47. *Sacred Arms at Amritsar.*

48. *Marriage by Capture in the House of Taimur.* 60. *Same in Tibet* (and a trace of matriarchate).

49. *Khamars.*—Worship of *Muchak Rani*, a small oblong stone, daubed with red lead. They marry it every three years (formerly it was once a year) with many ceremonies to a bridegroom who is supposed to reside in a cave, into which they drop it.

53. Two boys' games.

86-94. A variety of children's games, with the rhymes sung at them. Mention is made of the following curious fact: "On the 3rd of Sawan the women swing each other as a sort of religious ceremony."

[Similar to the *aiōpa* in Greece.]

95. Aboriginal houses.

96. Menstruation.

97. Details as to the Nat tribe.

99. If a woman loses her sons, she gets the nose of a newborn son bored, to pretend he is a girl. The nose-ring is worn till marriage, when it is removed by the bride's mother.

#### ANTHROPOLOGY.

8. *Kumaun Sorcery.*—Mode of "medicine" for disease, as practised on the writer's cousin. A formula is given. The usual noise is made. A light is lit, and must be kept burning during the whole period of treatment. *A net is brought, and cut bit by bit* by the family and bystanders (symbolical).

Cow's urine used for purification by a Brahman.

9. *South Mirzapur; Aborigines; Death-Ceremonies.*—Trace of the deceased shows itself in the footmark of a rat or weasel. Offerings of food to deceased spirit. Worship of the soul of the deceased, done (with offerings) in the family cooking-house (so elsewhere). The *Bhuiyars* put up the ridge-pole of the house always on a Friday. After it is put up, if a bird sits on it, or a crackling noise is heard in the wood, it is very unlucky. If this happens, they take down the ridge-pole, and will not use it again. [Cp. Hesiod, *Op.* 742: *μηδὲ ἴομον ποίων ἀνεπίξεστον καταλείπειν, μή τοι ἐφεξογήνη κρώξῃ λακέρνζα κορώνη.*]

—*Kharwars.* No one sits on the threshold of the house, or touches it (so others). At marriages, they tie on house-doors and wedding-shed a string of mango leaves, which, after the wedding, is thrown into a running stream. In epidemic of cholera and small-pox they hang before the door an old shoe or old broom.

11. *Almonds used as money.*

## FOLK-TALES.

15. *The Merchant, the Princess, and the Grateful Animals*.—Hero saves animals' lives, who reward him. Magic ring, with four attendant demons. Sympathetic plant (life index), which withers if the hero falls in misfortune. Four tasks for a suitor. *Wife's shoe* falls in the water, and a king finding it falls in love with its owner. The wife is tricked into yielding her husband's magic ring. This is recovered and the pair come together again by aid of the grateful beasts.

16. *How the Jackal got the Weaver married*.

17. *How the Manjhi won his Wife*.

18. *The Brahman and Mother Ganges*.

61. *The Tiger, the Brahman, and the Covetous Goldsmith*.

63. *The Rival Queens*. ("Cruel step-mother replaced by cruel co-wife.") A Nudity spell.

64. *The Four Fools* (two versions). Mention of "birth-present" given by husband to wife. The "Silent Couple".

101. *The Frog and the Snake*. 102. *Mr. Good and Mr. Evil*.

103. *The White Witch*.

104. Variant of the "Lament for Nothing" (Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse, Jacobs, *Eng. F.-T.*, p. 77).

105. *How silly a Woman can be*.

106. *The Parrot and the Mina* (a "cumulative cycle," like the House that Jack Built).

107. *The Prince and Sadhu* (contains a forbidden room).

## MISCELLANEA.

22. *Lucknow; Preservation of last Tree in the Grove*.

24. Charm for wasp-bite. 26. For snake-bite.

27. A wild man, covered with hair, shot in the grass.

21. Some jungle-tribes dig up corpses some time after burial, and hold a sort of wake.

32. Superstitions touching horses.

33. *Punjab: Periodical re-distribution of Fields*.

35. Legend of Creation of Man.

37. "Apparently a form of the Beth Gelert story."

40. Symbolic charms on the homœopathic principle.

66. *Cradle Songs of Hindustan*.

67. The Swastika.

68. *N.-W.P.: Means of discovering the animal form into which the soul of a deceased human being migrates*.

69. *Marriage Custom: Manipur*. On roof of parent's house are placed earthen pots with holes cut in them of various patterns, varying according to taste.



71. *N.-W.P.*—Barren woman prays for a child as she stands naked facing the sun.

75. Those who die at Ramnagar (near Benares), or in the Nagadha country, *become asses*.

76-83. Proverbs and saws.

111, 112, 114, 115. Various charms and spells, some consisting of arrangement of magic numbers.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

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**Smelling in Token of Affection.**—This custom still prevails amongst the Sinhalese, and takes the place of “kissing” amongst ourselves. They emigrated from Bengal to Ceylon about two thousand years ago, and, doubtless, brought the custom with them. I have never observed it among the Tamils.

W. B. HOPE.

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# INDEXES.

## SUBJECT-INDEX.

- Abduction of Samri, Balochi tale, 518-20  
 Abercromby, Hon. J., Chicago Folk-lore Congress of 1893, 345-8; Magic Songs of the Finns, v, 27-49  
 ——— Review of Prof. Comparetti on *Kalevala*, 102-5  
 Aberdeenshire, First-footing in, 315-22  
 Abererch, sacred well near, 63  
 Abergele, sacred well near, 57  
 Abstract qualities personified in Balochi folk-tale, 298  
 Afterbirth of sheep, superstition connected with, 5  
 Ale, spiced, on New Year's Day, 315  
 Ales, mentioned in mediæval wills, 513-14  
 Aller, John, legend about, 399  
 Alsace, folk-tales from, 99  
 Animal, helpful, 276  
 Animal mother, 276  
 Animals, language of, in Székely folk-tale, 344  
 Annual Address by President, 1-26  
 Annual Report of Council, 112-18  
 Annual Meeting in Provinces, 115  
 Anthropological method of folk-tale research, 282  
 Apples, bobbing for, 362  
 Archaism in folk-tales, 438 *et seq.*  
 Arthurian saga, Welsh element in, 385; Loth's criticism of Zimmer's views on, 384-85; factors in Arthurian problem, 385-86  
 Assignment by signs in folk-tales, 287  
 Balance-Sheet of Folk-lore Society, 1892, 118  
 Balder myth and the Pace-egg or Easter play, 156-58  
 Ralfour, Mrs., on Boggles and Ghosts, 107  
 Balochi Tales, by M. L. Dames, iii, 285-302; iv, 518 *et seq.*  
 "Bare Bull of Orange," 325  
 Barvas, Lewis, wall dormitories in, 19  
 Barlaam and Josaphat, Armenian version of, 96  
 Baxters or bakers at first-footing, 311  
 Bear, Great, Finnish myth about, 44  
 Beli Mawr, Zimmer's theory concerning, 383  
 Bewitched butter, 180-81  
 Bhuta = malignant vampire-like ghost in South India, 217-18  
 Boggles and Ghosts, 107  
 Bones as talismans in South Indies, 216  
 "Boroma" Irish saga, variations in text of, 373  
 Borrowing theory, 12, 449-50  
 Braemar, wedding custom at, 318  
 Bride, cup borne before, 515  
 Bridgend, sacred well near, 55  
 Brittany, incidents and folk-tales of, 92  
 Broadwood, Miss L. E., on Lenten custom in South Italy, 390  
 Brugh, tumuli at, 370  
 Bryn croes, sacred well near, 61  
 Burial customs of prehistoric population of Dorset and Wilts, 244  
 Buried treasure in ancient Iceland, 231  
 Bush-carrier in May-Day festivities, 51  
 Cairn for murdered person, 357  
 "Cap o' Rushes" story, 279  
 Carrickfergus, mother's custom anent last breast, 8  
 Carolina, negro legends of, 96  
 Casual theory of folk-tale resemblances, 280, 449  
 Cat as first-foot, 320  
 Catskin, story of, 272, 277; Goldsmith knew it, 278  
 Celtic Myth and Saga, A. Nutt on, 365-87  
 Celtic variants of Cinderella, 273, 275, 276  
 Ceremonial union with god, root idea of pin and rag-offering, 469 *et seq.*  
 Chaff in Eyes, origin of, Finnish magic song about, 41  
 Chained Images, Miss Godden on, 108; Major Temple on, in Burma, 247  
 Changelings, 358  
 Cheltenham, May-Day in, 50-54  
 Chicago Folk-lore Congress, 345-48  
 Child-exposure in heathen Iceland, 231  
 Children's burial-ground in Ireland, 351  
 Chimney sweeps, connection with May-Day, 53  
 Christmas plays, 119  
 Cinderella and Armenian Mythology, 96; in Britain, A. Nutt on, 133-41; J. Jacobs on, 269-84; and the Diffusion of Tales, A. Lang, 415-33; Mr.

- Newell's and Mr. Jacobs' views on, criticised, 434-50; Cinderella problem defined, 140; classification of English forms of, 274
- Cinderella shoe incident in India, 536
- Clouston, W. A., on drinking the moon, 124; on Mahabharata form of melted images superstition, 256; on smelling the head, 256-57
- Codrington, R. W., Melanesian folk-lore, 509-12
- Coffey, J., views on the Brugh tumuli discussed, 370-71
- "Colloquy of Ancients," Irish Ossianic saga, 378
- Combat between Father and Son, legends about, 87
- Comparetti, Prof. D., on the *Kalevala*, 102-5
- Congress Transactions, 81-9; Chicago, 345-48
- Connaught, love-songs of, 386
- Connemara, folk-lore in, 357
- Continuity of custom, 10, 17
- Convention in folk-literature, 440-41
- County folk-lore, collection of, 25, 112-14; list of counties taken up, 113
- Couvade in Ireland, 357
- Crowbridge, white horse at, 122
- Cow Mass, by E. Peacock, 303-8
- Cox, Miss Roalfe, Cinderella variants analysed by, 269
- Craigie, W. A., on Oldest Icelandic folk-lore, 219-32
- Crombie, J. E., on First-footing in Aberdeenshire, 315-22
- Cuchulainn Setanta, first name of, 71
- Curiosity in folk-tale, 324
- Cycle of ritual worship, 108
- Dædala, myth of, compared with folk-tale of False Bride, 142-47
- Dames, M. L., on Balochi Tales, 285-302, 518 *et seq.*
- Dark first-foot lucky, 309
- Dead kindred, fear of, 16
- Death, carrying out, 109
- Death, old Icelandic beliefs concerning life after, 221-2
- Death-omen in ancient Iceland, 230-31
- Death-tokens from Droitwich, 258
- Degradation in folk-lore, 7, 436-42
- Devil-stones, round, in South India, 216-17
- Dinnshenchas, largely translated in *Silva Gadelica*, 377; 25 articles of, edited and translated by Whitley Stokes, 471-97; index to place-names cited in 497
- Deluge myth, Andree upon, 92
- Dreanis in ancient Iceland, 229
- Dris and his Forty Children, Balochi folk-tale, 293
- Drowned body, Norfolk belief concerning, 258
- Duncan, L. L., Folk-lore from Leitrim, 176-194; Folk-lore in Wills, 513-17
- Dunkirk, Cow Mass at, 304
- Dwarfs in the East, 401; in the West, 402
- Earthly Paradise, work on, 93
- Edinburgh, First-footing in, 309-14
- Elian's Well, near Abergale, 57, 73
- Ellis, Alexander, an Obeah man, 211-12
- Erris, co. Mayo, marriage-custom in, 123
- Erysipelas, folk-remedy for, 350
- Ethnographic survey, 114
- European fairy-tales, Indian origin of, 89, 449
- External Soul, 91
- Extraordinary comrades in Balochi folk-tales, 301
- Fairies, origin of, 352
- Fairy-story, Irish, 352-54
- Faithful John in Balochi folk-tale, 293
- False Bride and myth of Dædala, 142-47; and Indo-European marriage-customs, 146-47; connection with May-bride rites, 145
- Fear-Gorta = hungry man, in Leitrim, 183
- Finns, Magic Songs of, 27-49
- Fire, godfather of, 33
- Fire, origin of, Finnish songs about, 30-35
- First-footing in Scotland, 309-114; in Aberdeenshire, 315-22
- Flight from Egypt in Cow-Mass procession, 307
- Folk-drama, English, possible archaic origin of, 149-75
- Folk-lore, local study of, 3
- Folk-medicine in Ireland, 350-53
- Folk-tale incidents, list of, 83, 92
- Folk-tale map, 82
- Folk-tale Research, report on, by E. S. Hartland, 80-101
- Folk-tales, savage elements in, 270-71
- Forty sons at a birth in Balochi folk-tale, 295
- Fre: circuit of youth (*droit du seigneur*), 3-4
- Frost, origin of, Finnish magic songs about, 46-8
- Gaidoz, M. H., on pin-offerings, 463 *et seq.*
- Garments as offerings at sacred wells, 58, 451-70
- Gaster, Dr., remarks on Székely tales, 328-29
- Gaye, Miss P., on Székely tales, i, 328-44
- Gefjun myth and the Plough-Monday play, 163-65
- Genius, the, Székely folk-tale, 331-39
- Geographical distribution of folk-lore, 20



- Gerish, W. B., on Key Magic, 391; a Norfolk belief concerning drowned bodies, 258-59
- Gesture language in folk-tales, 287
- Glamorganshire, sacred wells in, 56
- Glasfryn Lake, legend about, 73
- "Glass Mountain" folk-tale (= Black Bull o' Norway), 190-94; Miss M. Peacock on, 322-27
- Godden, Miss G. M., Chained Images, 103-9; the False Bride, 142-48; Sanctuary of Mourie, 408-508
- Good Friday Wastell bread, 515
- Good people = fairies, in Leitrim, 177-80
- Gnomes, flying, 400
- God, anthropomorphic ideas about, in Balochi folk-tale, 299
- Godfather and godmother of fire, 33
- Goldsmith on Catskin, 278
- Gomme, G. L., Annual Address as President, 1-26
- Gospel problem one of tradition, 272
- Grass brought in as first-foot, 316
- Grateful snake in Székely folk-tale, 340
- Graves marked by white pebbles in Scotland, 14
- Haddon, Prof. A. C., review of work by Troitzky, 105; marriage-mask, co. Mayo, 124; batch of Irish folk-lore, 349-64
- Hare, Easter, 119
- Hartland, E. S., Report on Folk-tale Research, 1892, 80-101; on Sin-Eaters, 106; Pin-Wells and Rag-Bushes, new theory of, 451-470; Review of General Pitt-Rivers' *Bokerly and Wausdyke*, 239-48
- Harvest custom in Pembrokeshire, 123
- Hastie, G., on First-footing in Scotland, 309-14
- Helpful animal in Cinderella, 276
- Hera, rites of, 108
- History, European, from folk-lore standpoint, 442-45
- Hock Monday torch, 517
- Hoggan, Dr. F., on Welsh folk-lore, 122
- Hole-in-his-Back, Melanesian tale, 511-12
- Holidays in Scotland, 311
- Hope, Miss G., on Sin-Eater, 392
- Horn dance, 172-75
- Horse, magic, 66; sacred, 6
- Iberians, relics of, in folk-lore, 72
- Iceland, oldest folk-lore of, 219-32; index to folk-lore terms, 232
- Images, chained, Miss Godden on, 108; Major Temple on, 249
- Images, wax, melted with injurious intent, in Mahabharata, 256
- Immuring alive in Madras, 259-61; of twins in Mashonaland, 262
- Incidents, folk-tale, 83, 92
- Indian Fairy Tales, 89, 94
- Indian folk-lore items, 397, 536
- Indian origin of folk-tales, 89, 270, 449
- Innisbofin, co. Galway, belief in fairies, etc., 350
- International Folk-lore Congress, review of transactions, by Mr. Hartland, 81-98
- Ireland, folk-medicine in, 350; Viking era in, 367; topographical legends of, 471-97
- Irish folk-lore, batch of, by Prof. A. C. Haddon, 349-64
- Irish epic romance, origin and date of, 396
- Irish Literary Society, 111
- Jack and King, folk-tale of (lying story), 188-190
- Jacobs, J., on Cinderella in Britain, 269-84; views concerning Cinderella criticised by A. Lang, 413-33; by A. Nutt, 434-50; discussion of the term "the folk", 235-38; review of his contributions to Congress vol., and of "Indian Fairy Tales", by Mr. Hartland, 81-91
- Jatakas, 90, 106
- Jevons, F. B., on Italian Animism, criticised by Mr. Gomme, 17
- Judgment of Solomon, 15
- Kalevala*, Prof. Comparetti on, 102-5
- Kern baby, 119
- Key Magic, by W. B. Gerish, 391
- Kismet Pari, Balochi tale, 520-23
- Köhler, Dr., vote of condolence on death of, 119
- Krohn, Dr. K., a geographical study of folk-lore, 20
- Kurumbars of Nilgiri district, superstitions of, 214-15
- Land-spirits in Old Iceland, 228
- Lang, A., views on Transmission, 280; discussion on Cinderella and Diffusion of Tales in answer to Mr. Jacobs, 413-31; priority over Mr. Farrer, 431
- Language of animals in Székely folk-tales, 344
- Lata, Melanesian tale of, 509-11
- Law-courts, origin of, Finnish magic song about, 41
- Lear story, source of, 279
- Legends of submergence, 72, 259
- Leinster, Book of*, Irish saga in, 367
- Leitrim, folk-lore from, 174-94
- Lenten Custom in South Italy, Miss Broadwood on, 390
- Lepra-caun, 180
- Literature and the folk-spirit, 447
- Llan-carvan, sacred well near, 56, 78
- Llangelynin, sacred well near, 59
- Llangybi, sacred well near, 63, 78
- Lleyn, sacred well in, 61

- Loth, M., on Zimmer, 384-85  
 Loving like salt incident, 279
- Maclean, Hector, death of, 365  
 Magie Fiddle, story of, among Santals, 95  
 Magie watch in Székely folk-tale, 331; flight in same, 334; bridge, 336  
 Map of folk-tales, 82  
 Magie, old Icelandic, 224-27; West Indian and Southern Indian, 208-18  
 Magic Songs of the Finns, by Hon. J. Abercromby, 27-49  
 Mareros, sacred well near, 56  
 Marriage-mask from Ireland, 2, 119, 124  
 Marriage and common residence, 21, 22  
 May-Day in Cheltenham, by W. H. D. Rouse, 50-54; at Watford, 403  
 May-bride, the, and the False Bride folk-tale, 145  
 May-poles in Germany, 54  
 Measurement of survival, 4  
 Melanesian Folk-tales, 509-12  
 Mice, king of, in Székely folk-tale, 338  
 Minister as first-foot, 319  
 Miraculous Birth, legends about, 87  
 Miraculous cure, 297  
 Moon, drinking the, 124  
 Monaciello of Naples, 401  
 Money not paid on Handsel Monday, 358  
 Monscur, M. Eug., on pin-trees, 463  
 Morgan, name of, 69  
 Mother-right, survivals of, 23  
 Mourie, sanctuary of, at Loch Maree, 453-54, 498-508  
 Mouse-nibbling, letter by W. H. D. Rouse, 156  
 Musters, Mrs. Ch., on Plough Monday observance, 166-67  
 Mynydd Mawr, tradition of the origin of the well, 64  
 Myth, Celtic, A. Nutt on, 365-87  
 Myth, historical value of, 88
- Naxos, superstitions from, 257  
 Neck-feast, 123  
 Negro legends of Carolina, 97  
 Nennius, Prof. Zimmer on, 380 *et seq.*  
 Neptune in Cow-Mass procession, 307  
 New Grange, tumuli at, 369  
 New Machar, first-footing in, 316, 318  
 New Year's Day in Scotland, 312  
 New Year's Day, loaves distributed on, 122  
 Newell, views on Cinderella and folk-tale development criticised, 434-50  
 Nilgiri Hills, prehistoric remains in, and superstitions of, 213 *et seq.*  
 Nine articles of clothing thrown on women after childbirth, 358  
*North Indian Notes & Queries*, folk-lore items from, 397, 536  
 Nostrums for conception, 285, 520-21
- Nut-burning as anti-spell, 362  
 Nutt, A., on Celtic Myth and Saga, 365-87; on Cinderella in Britain, 133-41; criticism of Mr. Newell and Mr. Jacobs, 434-50; sketch of European history from folk-lore standpoint, 442-46
- Oath not taken of pregnant women, 357  
 Oaths, efficacy of, in Irish legend, 379  
 Obeah-worship in East and West Indies, 207-18  
 Offa stories, 136-37  
 O'Grady, S. H., *Silva Gadelica* reviewed, 371-80; views on Irish saints legends, 379  
 Opposition, principle of, 22  
 Orange, Bull of, 190-94, 325  
 Ordeal by fire in Balochi folk-tale, 291  
 Ordish, T. F., on English Folk-drama, 149-75  
 Origins, Finnish magic songs about, 27-49  
 Ossian, animal parentage of, 377
- Pace-egg or Easter-play, 153-56  
 Papers read at Evening Meetings, 1891-92, 116, 119-21, 253-55, 532  
 Paraçurama, story of, parallel to Irish story of Tuirbe, 488-89  
 Paton, W. R., on Naxian superstitions, 257  
 Peacock, E., on the Cow-Mass, 303-8  
 Peacock, Miss M., on Glass Mountain, 322-27  
 Pembrokeshire, harvest custom in, 123  
 Peredur and Sigurd, 386  
 Pied Piper in England, 447-8  
 Pin-offering for marriage, 455  
 Pin-Wells and Rag-Bushes, Mr. Hartland on, 451-70  
 Plough-Monday play, 164-75  
 Polyphemus in England, 448  
 Powell, F. York, review of work by Sander, 388  
 Pregnancy amulets, 467  
 Priest as first-foot, 319  
 Priesthood of wells, 74  
 Prince promised to demon, 285  
 Prince Gaothard and Naina Bai, Balochi tale, 285  
 Principles of folk-lore, 3  
 Proceedings at Evening Meetings, 119-21, 253-55, 532  
 Procession at Dunkirk, 306  
 Programme of Session of F.-L. Society for 1893-4, 394  
 Publications of Folk-lore Society, 118  
 Puhkis, Lettish legends about, 93
- Rags tied on trees, 55, 451 *et seq.*  
 Rathen, funeral-custom at, 320  
 Rationalisation of legend, 65  
 Red-haired first-foot unlucky, 363

- Red-haired men, Mr. Rouse on Egyptian dislike of, 247
- Report, Annual, of Council, 112-18
- Rhys, Prof. J., on Sacred Wells in Wales, 55-79
- Riviera, folk-tales from, 98
- Robinson, Mrs., on West Indian Obeahs, 207-13
- Rouse, W. H. D., on May-Day in Cheltenham, 50-54; letter on mouse-nibbling, 106; folk-lore items from *N. Indian N. & Q.*, 396, 536; on red-haired men in Egypt, 249; on carnival mask and trumpet from Italy, 253; a death-token from Droitwich, 258
- Rowan as anti-spell, 320
- Rust in Corn, origin of, Finnish magic song about, 41
- St. Christopher, popular in France, 303
- St. Edmundsbury white bull, 9
- St. George element in English folk-drama, 150-53
- St. John's Day, 304, 305
- St. John's Night bonfire, 516
- St. Michael in Cow-Mass procession, 306
- St. Teilo's Well, 75
- St. Thomas' Night bonfire, 516
- Sacred Wells in Wales, by Prof. J. Rhys, 55-79
- Salmon, woman transformed into, 66
- Salt, origin of, Finnish magic song about, 42
- Salves, origin of, Finnish magic songs about, 42-6
- Samoa, transmission of folk-tales to, 84, 418
- Savage elements in folk-tales, 270, 271, 282, 438 *et seq.*
- Schepers on pin-trees, 454
- Schulz, Albert, death of, 366
- Sébillot's, M., folk-tale incident index, 92
- Shah-Jehan, Balochi tale about, 523
- Shamanism among Finns, 102-3
- Silence tabu, 61
- Sin-Eater, Miss Hope on, 392; Mrs. Murray-Aynsley on, 398
- Skull used to drink with, 75
- Soul, external, in folk-tales, 91
- Smelling the head in Mahabharata, 256-57; in token of affection in Ceylon, 537
- Snake, origin of cow-house, Finnish song about, 27-30
- South, sacred wells with outlet towards, 60
- Spells, origin of injuries caused by, magic song on, 35-40
- Spider, lucky, 363
- Spittle as anti-spell, 320
- Stokes, Whitley, on Dinnsbenchas, 471-97
- Stones, origin of, Finnish magic songs about, 48, 49
- Stonehaven, first-footing in, 316
- Stray sod, 181-82
- Sun in folk-tale, 338
- Survivals, 4, 18
- Swansea, white horse at, 122
- Székely Tales, i, by Miss P. Gaye, 328-44
- Székelyek, ethnographic affinities of, 329
- Tabus, silence, 61
- Tain bó Cuailgne, Zimmer's date for, 381
- Tar-baby, story of, 90, 97
- Tarland, first-footing in, 316, 317
- Temple, Major, on Chained Images, 249
- Thieves, expert, in Balochi folk-tale, 301
- Tradition, 2,000 years old, 86
- Troglodyte custom, 109
- Troitzky's Vestiges of Paganism in Southern Russia, reviewed by A. C. Haddon, 105
- Tuatha De Danann and Brugh monuments, 370; alleged Viking origin of, 382
- Udale, Mr. F., on the Horn Dance, 172-73
- Unnatural father incident, 277
- Unnatural incidents in folk-tales, 438
- Valencia, folk-lore at, 350
- Viking era in Ireland, 367-81
- Vision of MacConglinne, 100
- Wales, sacred wells in, 55, 79
- Wallhouse, M. J., on Magic in South India, 213-18; gnomes and dwarfs, 400-402; immuring alive in Madras, 259-62
- Warts, cured by dropping pins in wells, 59, 453; Irish cure for, 355
- Wassail kettle, 315
- Water, dipping into, necessary before transformation, 278
- Watford, May-Day at, 403
- Weddings, first-foot at, 318
- Well-dressing in Leitrim, 182-83. *See also* Wells
- Wells, sacred, in Wales, 55-79; priesthood of, 74; in Leitrim, 182; observances at, 451-70; on Loch Maree, 498-50; in Scotland, 259
- Welsh element in Arthurian saga, 385
- Welsh folk-lore, notes on, 122-23

- Wends, king of, in Székely folk-tale, 338  
 White horse in Wales, 122  
 Whitland, white horse at, 122  
 Whittlegaire, folk-tale of, 184-88  
 Wills, Folk-lore in, 513-517  
 Witches in Leitrim, 183  
 Wizards, Finnish, 103  
 Zimmer, Prof., on Nennius, 380 on  
 origin of the Arthur cycle, 384-85

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

(*This Index comprises the Names of Authors of Articles in Periodicals in ordinary roman type, of Authors of Books and titles of Books in italic, and the titles of Periodicals in small capitals.*)

- Achelis, Dr. T., 132  
 Agostini, F., 130  
 D'Amato, L., 268, 541  
 AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN AND ORIENTAL JOURNAL, 265, 409, 540  
 Ammann, J. J., 412  
 AM-URQUELL, 131, 268  
 Angelini, M., 131  
 ANNALES DE BRETAGNE, 265  
 ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY, 265, 540  
 L'ANTHROPOLOGIE, 128, 409, 541  
 ANTIQUARY, The, 408  
 d'Arbois de Jubainville, H., 129  
 ARCHIVIO, 131, 268, 411, 542  
 Arendt, 132  
 ATHENÆUM, 127  
 Atkinson, J. J., 540  
 Augier, 267  
*Auning, K.*, 125  
  
 de Baizieux, B., 267, 410  
 Baret, L. J. E., 266  
 Barham, C. N., 408  
 Barth, A., 129  
 Basset, R., 129, 130, 266, 267, 409, 410, 541  
 Bassett, F. S., 130  
 Bassett, W. W., 409  
 Bayon, R., 267  
 Beau, Mme. M.-A., 130  
 Beauchamp, W. M., 127, 540  
 Beauquier, C., 410, 541  
 Beauregard, O., 409  
 Beaurepaire, F. de, 130, 131, 267, 411, 541  
 Beddoe, J., 128  
*Bédier, J.*, 405  
 BEITRAEGE (PAUL UND BRAUNE'S), 542  
 Bell, C. N., 540  
*Bellorini, E.*, 405  
 Bellucci, G., 542  
 Benczer, B., 268  
 Ben Mordechai Brainin, R., 131  
 Bent, J. Theodore, 128  
 Béranger-Féraud, 130, 130, 267, 541  
 Bergen, F. D., 409  
 Berthier, A., 129  
 Bladé, J. F., 541  
 Blémont, E., 130  
 Boas, F., 265  
 Bogisic, V., 267  
*Bohnberger, K.*, 538  
 Bolton, H. C., 265  
 Bonnemère, L., 130  
 Bourchenin, D., 266, 267, 541  
 Bourke, J. G., 409  
 Bratbrook, E. W., 265  
*Broadwood, Lucy*, 405  
 Bromley, J., 127  
 Brown, John Allen, 128  
*Brown, J. C.*, 265  
 Brueyre, L., 131  
 Brunet, M., 541  
 Buckland, A. W., 408  
 BULLETIN DE FOLKLORE, 266  
 C., A., 266  
 C(arnoy), H., 130, 131  
 Canizzaro, T., 411  
 Carlo, J., 266, 267  
 Carmi, Maria, 411, 511  
 Carnoy, G., 411, 411  
 Carnoy, H., 130, 131, 267, 411, 541  
 Carstensen, 131  
 Cartailhae, E., 128  
 Cartwright, W., 408  
*Cath Ruis na Rig for Böinn*, 125  
 CELTIC MAGAZINE, 265, 408  
 Certeux, A., 129, 129, 230, 266, 267, 409, 410  
 Chamberlain, A. F., 127, 265, 268  
 Chamberlain, B. H., 408  
 Chapman, Mary, 127  
 Chase, W. G., 265  
 Chossat, J., 410  
*Christian, J.*, 125  
 Cian, V., 411, 541  
 Cimegotto, C., 268  
 CLASSICAL REVIEW, 540  
 Clements, E. W., 409  
 de Clercq, F. S. A., 132  
 Cobern, Rev. Camden M., 406  
*Coffey, G.*, 125  
 Cole, P. M., 409  
 Colleville, Vic. de, 130, 131, 267, 410  
 Colson, O., 268, 410  
 Combes, L., 131  
 Cornelissen, J., 130  
*Cox, Marian Roalfe*, 125

- Crawley, A. E., 267  
 Culin, S., 540  
 Curcio, G., 131, 268
- Davidson, T., 130, 410  
 Declé, L., 540  
 Deans, J., 540  
 Decrow, Gertrude, 127  
 Desaiivre, L., 410  
 Desrousseux, A., 130, 266  
 Destriché, Mme., 129, 267  
 Detter, 542  
 Dido, A., 410, 542  
 Di Giovanni, G., 268, 411, 542  
 Di Martino, M., 411, 542  
 Di Mattia, G., 411, 542  
 Doncieux, G., 128, 409, 541  
 Dorsey, J. Owen, 127, 265  
 Dorville, M., 130  
 Dottin, G., 266  
 Douglas, Prof. R. K., 265  
 Douma, L., 410  
 Doutrepont, G., 266, 266  
 Dragicevic, Th., 131  
 Dragomanov, M., 411, 542  
 Dubus, E., 410  
 Dumontier, G., 410, 542  
 Duynes, F., 410, 541  
 Dynes, Abbé, 130
- Earle, A. M., 409  
*Earle, A. M.*, 538  
 Earwaker, J. P., 127  
 Edmunds, L. W., 409  
 Eitel, Dr., 409  
 Elliott, G. F. Scott, 540  
 Ernault, E., 129, 541  
 Ernst, Dr. A., 132  
 Estienne, H., 266
- ETHNOLOGISCHE MITTHEILUNGEN AUS  
 UNGARN, 411  
 Evans, Arthur T., 408
- F., M. R., 130  
 Feilberg, H. F., 131, 268  
 Fermé, A., 130, 266  
 Ferraro, G., 131, 268, 411, 541  
 Fertault, F., 267, 410, 541  
 FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE, 409  
 Finucci-Giannini, F., 268  
 Fionn, 265  
*Fison, L. A.*, 405  
 Flamand, G. B. M., 128  
 Floten, G. van, 132  
 FOLK-LORIST, The, 408  
 Fouju, G., 266, 267  
 France, A., 130  
 Fraser, C. A., 540  
 French-Sheldon, Mrs., 409  
*Fuller Maitland, J. A.*, 405  
 Fumi, F. G., 131
- Gaertner, T. L., 540  
*Gaidoz, H.*, 125  
 Gaidoz, H., 128, 266, 409, 541
- Gatschet, A. S., 409  
 Georgeakis, G., 409  
 Gerber, A., 409  
 Gering, H., 542  
 Giannini, G., 131, 268, 411, 542  
*Gigli, G.*, 405  
 Giglioli, Prof. H. H., 132, 542  
*Gittle, A.*, 405  
 Glöde, 131, 268  
*Golther, W.*, 263, 405  
 Gorovei, A., 130  
*Gorra, E.*, 405  
 Grabowsky, F., 132  
*Graf, A.*, 126, 263  
 Grant, A., 128  
 Gras, Mme. C., 266  
 Griffis, W. E., 409  
*Grinnell, G. B.*, 263  
 Grinnell, G. B., 265, 409  
*Grünbaum, M.*, 263  
*Grundriss der germanischen Philologie*,  
 406  
 Grünwedel, Prof., Dr. Albert, 412  
 Gsarik, A. F., 409  
 Guidotti, T., 131, 268  
 Guignet, M., 130, 410  
*Gurdon, Lady C.*, 538  
 Guyot, Y., 129
- H., A., 412  
 Haase, K. Ed., 131, 132  
 Haddon, A. C., 542  
 Hagen, Dr. A., 409  
 Hammershaimb, V. U., 412  
 Hamy, E.-T., 267  
*Hardy, E.*, 406  
*Harou, A.*, 406  
 Harou, A., 130, 131, 266, 267, 410, 411,  
 541  
 Harper, G. M., 409  
 Hartland, E. S., 408  
*Haurigot, G.*, 406  
 Haurigot, G., 130, 266, 410  
 Haynes, H. W., 265  
 Heikel, Dr. A. O., 132  
*Heim, R.*, 406  
 Heinecke, H., 267  
*Hertz, W.*, 538  
 HIGHLAND MONTHLY, 265  
 Hirschfelder, C. A., 265  
 Hoevell, G. W. W. C. Baron van, 132  
 Hoffman, W. J., 265  
 Hofler, M., 131  
 Hommel, Prof. Dr. F., 408  
 Hoonaecker, A. van, 541  
*Hoops, Joh.*, 406  
*Hope, R. C.*, 406  
 Hopper, Nora, 408  
 Huggins, E. L., 408  
 Hulbert, H. B., 408  
*Hyde, Douglas*, 406  
 Hyde, D., 129, 266
- ILLUSTRATED ARCHÆOLOGIST, 408  
 Ilrooff, F., 412

- INTERNATIONALES ARCHIV FÜR ETHNOGRAPHIE, 131, 268, 412, 542  
*International Folk-lore Congress*, 126  
*Inwards, R.*, 538
- Jacobs, J.*, 538  
*Jamison, Mrs. C. V.*, 265  
*Jannsen, H.*, 412  
*Jensen, C.*, 132  
*Jevons, F. B.*, 126  
*Jiriczek, O.-L.*, 542  
*Joest, Prof. Dr. W.*, 131, 412, 542  
*Joseph, Erzherzog*, 411
- JOURNAL OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY AND ARCHÆOLOGY, 265  
 JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, 127, 265, 409, 540  
 JOURNAL OF THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 128, 265, 408, 540
- Kalmany, L.*, 268, 412  
*Karłowicz, J.*, 411  
*Kauffmann, F.*, 542  
*Keidel, G. C.*, 409  
*Kercheval, G. T.*, 540  
*Kirk, R.*, 406  
*Klélé, J.*, 406  
*Knappert, L.*, 542  
*Knauth, K.*, 131  
*Knoop, O.*, 268  
*Koegel, 542*  
*Konow, S.*, 406  
*Kovalevsky, M.*, 541  
*Krause, E.*, 539  
*Krauss, F. S.*, 131, 412  
*Krauss, E. S.*, 407  
*Krumbacher, K.*, 539  
*Kurth, G.*, 264  
*Kuznezow, S. K.*, 412
- Lacuve, R. M.*, 129  
*Lang, Andrew*, 406  
*Laporterie, J. de*, 541  
*De Launay, G.*, 266  
*Lavenot, P. M.*, 130, 266, 267  
*Le Braz, A.*, 265  
*Le Bras, A.*, 407  
*Lebrun, H.*, 130, 541  
*Lecocq, C.*, 130, 267  
*Le Dieu, A.*, 411  
*Lefébure, Prof. E.*, 128, 408  
*Lefèvre-Pontalis, P.*, 128  
*Lemire, C.*, 128  
*Lemoine, J.*, 130, 267, 410  
*Lemoine, J.*, 405  
*Le Page Renouf, P.*, 128, 265, 408  
*Lewis, A. L.*, 128  
*Ling-Roth, H.*, 128, 265  
*Löber, F. von*, 268  
*Loeffelholz, Freih. v.*, 542  
*Loquin, A.*, 266, 409  
*Loth, J.*, 129  
*Lumbroso, A.*, 131, 268, 411  
*Luzel, F. M.*, 265, 267, 410
- M.*, D., 265  
*Macdonald, James*, 128, 264  
*Mackinnon*, 265  
*Maclean, J.*, 540  
*MacRitchie, D.*, 132  
*Maison, E.*, 129, 266, 541  
*Man, E. H.*, 540  
*Mandl, L.*, 268  
*Mango, F.*, 268  
*March, H. Colley, M.D.*, 408  
*Marchot, P.*, 129  
*Marillier, Mme. L.*, 410  
*Mathew, J.*, 540  
*Matson, S. A.*, 264  
*Medieval Lore*, 263  
*MÉLUSINE*, 128, 266, 409, 541  
*Melville, F. J.*, 130  
*Mendès, Catulle*, 130  
*Menu, H.*, 267, 541  
*Meringer, H.*, 542  
*Merkel, C.*, 131, 542  
*Merkens, H.*, 268  
*Merkens, H.*, 407  
*Messikommer, H.*, 132  
*Meyer, E. H.*, 542  
*Meyer, R. M.*, 542  
*Meyners, d'Estrey, Dr.*, 128  
*Millien, A.*, 267, 410, 411  
*Mindeleff, V.*, 540
- MITTEILUNGEN DER ANTHROP. GESELLSCHAFT IN WIEN, 542  
*Mocci, A.*, 268, 541  
 MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES, 409  
*Mogk, E.*, 406  
*Monseur, E.*, 266  
*Montefiore, C. G.*, 264  
*Mooney, J.*, 265, 268  
*Morel-Retz*, 130, 410  
*Morgan, Owen*, 264  
*Morin, L.*, 129, 267  
*Müller, F. Max*, 408  
*Munckaesi, B.*, 268, 412  
*Murray-Aynsley, Mme. H.*, 541  
 MUSÉON, 541
- N(ewell), W. W.*, 128  
*Nagelberg, A.*, 268  
*Newell, W. W.*, 265  
*Nicolaïdes, J.*, 130, 131, 410, 411, 541  
*Nicot, A.*, 411  
 NIEDERLAUSITZER MITTH., 542  
*Nigra*, 409  
*Nurra, P.*, 411, 541  
*Nuttall, Z.*, 132
- O'Donoghue, D.*, 539  
*O'Grady*, 126  
*Olrik, Axel*, 132  
*Ortol, F.*, 130, 411, 541  
*Osborn, M.*, 539  
*Owen, Mary A.*, 126, 408  
*Owen, M. A.*, 408  
*Ozenfant, E.*, 130, 267, 411, 541

- Papai, K., 412  
 Paris, C., 128  
 Parkinson, R., 132  
 De Pasquale, L., 131  
 Pasquarelli, M., 263, 411  
 Peacock, E., 540  
 Peal, S. E., 265  
 Pector, D., 132  
 Pédrizet, 409, 541  
 Peet, S. D., 265, 540  
 Penavaire, C., 410  
 Penhallow, D. P., 127  
*Pentecost, D.*, 539  
 Penick, C. C., 409  
 Perrot, G., 129  
 Philpot, E., 265  
 Piger, 132  
 Pinches, T. G., 403  
 Pineau, L., 409, 411  
 Pires, A. T., 131, 268  
 Pitré, G., 131, 268, 411, 542  
 Pleyte Wzn, C. M., 132  
 Ploix, C., 266  
 PLUME, I.A., 266  
*Plutarch*, 126  
 Polain, E., 266  
 Politis, N. G., 540  
 POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, 409  
 Powell, J. W., 265  
 Prato, S., 130, 131, 268, 411, 542  
 Pries, A. T., 411  
 PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY OF  
   ANTIQUARIES, 128, 540  
 PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY OF  
   BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY, 128, 265,  
   408  
 Rademacher, C., 268  
 Rammelmeyer, A., 266  
 Razzi, M., 411, 541  
 Reinach, S., 128, 409, 541  
 Reinach, Théodore, 409  
*Reissenberger, K.*, 264  
 REPORT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION,  
   540  
 REVUE ARCHÉOLOGIQUE, 541  
 REVUE CELTIQUE, 129  
 REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS,  
   541  
 REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, 129  
 REVUE DES TRADITIONS POPULAIRES,  
   129, 266, 409, 541  
*Risley, H. H.*, 407  
 Ristelhuber, P., 267, 410, 411  
 Rocca, P. M., 268  
 Rolland, E., 128, 409  
 Roussel, A., 541  
 Rubbens, C., 129  
*Runze, G.*, 539  
*Russell, Miss*, 264  
  
 S(ébillot), P., 129, 130, 267, 410  
 de la Salle, L., 266, 267  
 Salles, J., 411  
 Salomone-Marino, S., 131, 411  
  
*Sander, F.*, 126, 539  
 Schatzmayr, Dr. E., 412  
 Schell, O., 412  
 Schepers, C. J., 268  
*Schermann, L.*, 126  
 Schiffer, B. W., 268  
 Schlegel, Dr. G., 132  
 Schmeltz, J. D. E., 132  
 Schmidt, Érich, 132  
 Schoultz-Adaïevsky, Mlle. E. de, 128, 541  
*Schurtz, H.*, 539  
 Schwartz, W., 542  
*Scottish Ballad Poetry*, 539  
 SCOTTISH REVIEW, 128  
 Sébillot, F., 266  
 Sébillot, P., 129, 130, 266, 267  
 Sébillot, P.-Y., 130, 267  
 Seler, Dr. Edl., 132  
 Seves, F., 131  
 Sichler, L., 129, 267  
 Sicotière, L. de la, 129  
 Siebs, T., 412  
 Sikes, E. S., 540  
*Silva Gadulica*, 126  
 Simon, J. M., 267  
 Simpson, W., 408  
 Sirel, L., 128  
 Somerville, T. Boyle, 540  
 Souché, B., 410  
 Sprenger, R., 268  
*Stanley, H. H.*, 539  
 Stanzko, B., 412  
 Stephen, A. M., 408  
 Stevenson, J., 540  
 Stiebel, R., 409, 411  
 Stokes, Whitley, 129  
 Strebel, Herman, 412  
*Sturluson, Snorric*, 264  
 Svoboda, Dr. W., 132, 268  
*Sudre, L.*, 264  
 Swettenham, F. A., 540  
*Swynnerton, Rev. Ch.*, 126  
  
 T., J., 130  
 Tausserat, A., 266  
 Terrien de Lacouperie, 541  
 Thiéry, M., 267, 541  
 Thoyte, E. E., 408  
 Thumb, A., 132  
 im Thurn, E. F., 265  
 Tiersot, J., 129, 130, 266  
 Tisserand, C., 129  
 Topinard, P., 541  
 Torök, A. von, 411  
 TRADITION, I.A., 230, 267, 410, 541  
 TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SO-  
   CIETY OF INVERNESS, 264  
 TRANSACTIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF  
   BIBL. ARCHÆOLOGY, 408  
 Treichel, A., 131, 268  
 Tuchmann, J., 128, 409, 541  
  
 Ungarelli, G., 268, 411, 541

Valla, L., 541  
 Vance, L. C., 409  
 Venables, Rev. Precentor, 127  
 Versenyi, G., 412  
*Vierzon, P.*, 539  
 Villanis, P., 131  
 Vingtrinier, A., 267  
 Viré, A., 410  
 Vloten, G. van, 542  
 Volkow, T., 128, 267, 410  
 Vos, H., 132  
 Voth, H. R., 408

W(arloy), C. de, 131, 541  
 WALLONIA, 268  
 Warloy, C. de, 130, 267, 411  
 Watkins, J. A., 540  
 Watson, A. R., 408  
 White, E. Towey, 408  
 Wiedemann, A., 268  
 Williams, A. M., 127

Wilmotte, M., 266  
 Wilson, M. N., 409  
 Wilson, R. M., 540  
 Wissendorf de Wissukuok, H., 129,  
 266, 267, 410  
 Wlisllocki, H. v., 127, 131, 268, 411

ben Yakar, I, 409

ZEITSCHRIFT DES VEREINS FÜR VOLKS-  
 KUNDE, 132, 412  
 ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR DEUTSCHE PHILO-  
 LOGIE, 542  
 ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR DEUTSCHES ALTER-  
 THUM, 542  
 ZEITSCHRIFT (WIENER) F. DIE KUNDE  
 DES MORGENLANDES, 542  
 Zepellin, F. de, 410  
*Zimmer, H.*, 407  
 Zmigrodzki, M. de, 130, 167, 410







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