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# FOLK-LORE

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

OF

MYTH, TRADITION, INSTITUTION, & CUSTOM

BEING

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

And incorporating THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL REVIEW and  
THE FOLK-LORE JOURNAL

VOL. VIII.—1897.



Alter et Idem.

45685  
26/6/99

LONDON :

PUBLISHED FOR THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY BY

DAVID NUTT, 270, STRAND

—  
1897.

[XL.]

PRINTED BY J. B. NICHOLS AND SONS,  
PARLIAMENT MANSIONS,  
ORCHARD ST., VICTORIA ST., E.W.

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## ERRATA.

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- Page 18, line 18, for *December 16th* read *December 15th*.  
 Page 158, line 9, for *analogies* read *analogues*.  
 Page 171, line 8, for *Higgins* read *Higgens*.  
 Page 192, line 14, for *xxxviii. to xxxv.* read *xxxviii. to xxxv.*  
 Page 201, footnote, for *Dr. Groot* read *De Groot*.  
 Page 259, line 23, for *Bhuddaghosa* read *Buddhaghosha*.

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# Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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Vol. VIII.]

MARCH, 1897.

[No. I.

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## NEAPOLITAN WITCHCRAFT.

BY J. E. ANDREWS.<sup>1</sup>

SOUTHERN ITALY has for many ages been the favourite country for witches; they came from all parts of the peninsula to the Grand Councils held under the walnut-tree of Benevento, and even from more distant lands, for its fame is celebrated in Mentonese tradition. This tree is said to have been destroyed by S. Barbato in 660, during the reign of Duke Romualdo, in contending against superstition. *Benevento* was formerly called *Malevento*, a name perhaps significant. The site of the tree is now disputed, its very existence doubted; but witches still pretend to meet on the spot where it grew. The Neapolitans have an occult religion and government in witchcraft, and the *Camorra*; some apply to them to obtain what official organisations cannot or will not do. As occasionally happens in similar cases, the *Camorra* fears and yields to the witches, the temporal to the spiritual. There are also wizards, but as elsewhere they are much rarer; according to the usual

<sup>1</sup> This paper contains a more extended account of the charms kindly presented by Mr. Andrews to the Society than it was possible to give in the few remarks which time permitted at the meeting of the 16th June last, when he exhibited them. See vol. vii., p. 350. · ED.

explanation they have more difficulty in flying, being heavier. It is said that the devil as a man prefers women; they for their part are amiable to him, at times even seducing him. There are special departments of the art—there is that of the earth and of the sea—having their special adepts. The first will only be treated of now; any witch can, however, render service to sea-faring folk, in giving a good haul of fish or averting a storm. Amongst witches by birth are women born on Christmas Eve, or on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Whoever invokes the devil on Christmas Eve before a mirror may become a witch.

An instruction in the methods is by itself sufficient; it is frequently given by the mother to her daughter, but not exclusively; any one may learn the art, even those knowing only a single incantation can make use of it. When a new witch has completed her education, the two women open a vein in their arms; having mixed the blood, the older witch makes a cross with it under the left thigh of her pupil, who says: "*Croce, croce, sciagurata sono.*" There is no visible sign by which to detect them, they recognise one another by looking into their eyes; then the one who first leaves salutes the other by striking her with her left hand on the left shoulder and simply saying: "*Me ne vo.*" In payment for the power he gives, the devil receives her soul with those of the others she procures for him; in witness of her fidelity she mocks at religion, and will profane the Host by trampling on it. But she means to cheat him and save her soul at the hour of death. She goes to mass, fills her room with pious pictures, before which, however, she does not work her charms. In her death-agony she sends for the priest, gives up to him all her apparatus to be burnt, then confesses and receives absolution. Her companions try to save some of the most precious objects from the flames. There are certain crimes for which there is no forgiveness, such as having caused death or made a hunchback. Among the many devils the head of all is called *Satanasso*.

Especially malicious is the *Diavolo Zoppo* (the lame devil), proud, violent, and treacherous; he occupies himself much with lovers. Others are *Lucibello*, *Lurdino*, *Lurdinino*, *Quisisizio*, *Turbionone*, *Scartellato*, *Baldassare*. Their aid is invoked, they are present at the councils. The witches go to meet them flying through the air, often on horseback. In order to be able to fly, after having completely undressed and undone their hair, they go a little before midnight to an isolated spot out of sight, away from every sacred object. It is forbidden to see them, but not to speak to them. Then they anoint their bodies with the following composition, the quantity varying according to their weight: ten pounds of spirits of wine, half a pound of salt of *Saturn*, half a pound of *Dragerio*, to be left for four hours in a covered vessel. Then, saying "*Sotto l'acqua e sotto il vento, sotto il noce di Benevento, Lucibello portami dove debbo andare,*" they fly away.

The meetings take place at midnight in the country, when the witches dance and take council together. Anyone seeing them may claim a gift; thus a hunchback once got rid of his hump. Hearing them singing "*Sabato e Domenica*" in endless repetition, he added "*E Giovedì morzillo*" (and Shrove-Thursday), a favourable day for witchcraft, as is also Saturday. This story is one of those most widely spread in Europe. It is indispensable that the witches should return before dawn: once the hour has passed, they fall in their flight and are killed. As a proof, it is said that some have been found very early in the morning in the streets of Naples lying dead and naked. On their way they can neither traverse a running stream nor cross roads; they are obliged "to go round them." They can turn themselves into animals, especially into black cats, but not into inanimate objects. However, they may become "wind," so as to enter a house in order to carry off someone, or to transform him, or for other bad purposes. If when in the house the witch is seized by the

hair and so held until day-break, she dies; but if in reply to her question "What do you hold?" is said: "I hold you by the hair," she answers, escaping: "And I slip away like an eel." On entering a house she should say: "*Io entro in questa casa come vento per pigliarmi questo figlio, e a l'ora in cui me lo rubo, dev'essere presente anche la morte.*" If she means to transform the person she says: "*Io non sono cristiano, sono animale e sono eretico, e dopo di avere ereticato, ho fatto diventare questa donna (uomo o fanciullo) animale, ed io divento più animale di questa donna.*" Beside the bed she says: "*Io sono venuto per forza del demonio, il diavolo mi ha portato su di un cavallo, e come diavolo, e non come cristiano, io mi ho preso questa donna.*" Their aid is invoked in quarrels. The Camorristi and bullies bring their arms to have them made invincible. A witch present at a fight can prevent the blows from striking home, or she may stop the fight by saying under her breath: "*Ferma, ferma, arma feroce, come Gesù fermò la croce, come il prete all' altare, l'ostia in bocca ed il calice in mano.*"

Witches are much sought after in affairs of the affections between lovers, and between husbands and wives, and to restore love between parents and children. They use an "*acqua della concordia*" and an "*acqua della discordia.*" To bring back an unfaithful lover the witch goes at night to the cemetery, digs up with her nails the body of an assassin, with her left hand cuts off the three joints of the ring-finger, then reducing them to powder in a bronze mortar, she mixes it with "*acqua benedetta senza morti,*" bought at the chemist's. The lover is to sprinkle the road between his house and his sweetheart's with this water, and this will oblige the beloved one to return.

Another very powerful powder is made by scraping the left humerus of a dead priest; the powder is then made into a small parcel and hidden on the altar by the server at a mass paid for by the witch. When the priest says: "*Cristo*

*eleison*," she must mutter: "*Cristo non eleison.*" Such a bone was shown me by a witch; it had been purchased for fifty francs from one of the servants of a confraternity. It had belonged to the witch's mother, who was also a witch, and had been stolen from the objects given by her before dying to the priest to be burnt. It must be the *left* humerus, "the *right* having been used for giving the benediction."

It is possible to make a lover come in the following manner. At noon precisely take hold of a shutter or door of the room with the left hand, shut it quickly three times, then strike the floor heavily three times with the left foot. This ceremony is repeated three several times; at the end the shutter is slammed with violence. Each time the door or shutter is shut, say: "*Porta, che vai e vieni;*" then at the last time of all: "*Prendilo, Diavolo, e non lo trattieni; giacchè sei il Diavolo Zoppo, portami N—— o vivo o morto.*"

To prevent a lover from liking another, stand in front of a wall so that your shadow falls on it; speak to the shadow as if to the lover, saying: "*Buona sera, ombricciuola mia, buona sera a me e buona sera a te; avanti a N—— tutte brutte figure, ed io bella come una luna.*" In speaking of oneself, touch the breast; the shadow, in naming the lover; in saying *bella*, touch the face; in mentioning the moon, the wall. Witches undertake to punish the unfaithful. They prepare three cords with knots, a black cord for the head, red for the heart, white for the sexual organs. To cause pain in the head, they take hold of the black cord, gaze at a star, and say: "*Stella una, stella due, stella tre, stella quattro, io le cervella di N—— attacco, gliele attacco tanto forte, che per me possa prendere la morte.*" This is repeated five times outside the witch's door. For the heart, say: "*Buona sera, buona sera, N—— mio, dove è stato? Diavolo da me non è accostato; diavolo, tu questa sera me lo devi chiamare e qui me lo devi portare.*"

Taking hold of the white cord, is said:<sup>1</sup> “*Diavolo, io in mano ho questo laccio; io gli lego c—i e c—o, da nessuno possa f—e ed impregnare; solo a questa f—a possa adorare.*” The incantation finished, the cord must be worn in order to keep the knots intact, for if untied the charm is broken. A lemon, orange, or even a potato, stuck over with pins of various colours and nails answers the same purpose. The pins and nails are inserted at midnight in the open air, deeply or superficially, according to the harm intended. In sticking in each pin, is said: “*Stella, stella, delle fore fore, diavolo quattro, diavolo nove, io questa spilla in testa a N— inchiodo, gliela inchiodo tanto forte che per me ne deve prendere la morte.*” Then knots are made round some of the pins with a cord secretly bought by the witch for this special purpose, refusing to take change; if the seller calls her back she tells him that he is mad. In knotting the cord, is said: “*Diavolo Zoppo, io metto questa spilla in testa di N— vivo o morto.*” Then the object is hidden to prevent a disenchantment, as by throwing it into a drain or into the sea. The head, heart, or liver of an animal is also used, the head of a cock for a man, of a hen for a woman. To prevent an unfaithful lover from sleeping, the woman goes to bed quite naked, takes hold of the left sleeve of her chemise, saying: “*Rissa, rissa, diavolo, io mi vendo questa camicia, non me la vendo per denaro. Pulci, cimici, piattole e tafani e l’ortica campaiuola, da N— ve ne andate, ed allora pace possa trovare, quando questa camicia si viene a prendere.*” Then, putting the chemise in the middle of the bed, she stands at the foot, places her arms crossed on the bed, and turns them four times so that the last time the palms are turned upwards, saying: “*Il letto di N— non lo vedo, non lo so. Ai piedi ci metto due candelieri, alla testa ci metto un capo di morte, nel mezzo due spine di Cristo. Diavolo, per*

<sup>1</sup> This coarseness is inevitable.



*me si ha da voltare, spesso e tanto deve voltare forte, che per me deve pigliare la morte.*" Then she must lie down without speaking, or else she will herself have much suffering. To detach a husband from his mistress, the wife can go barefooted with unbound hair to a cross-road, where picking up a pebble and putting it under her left armpit she says: "*Mi calo a terra e pietra piglio, tra M—— e N—— un grande scompiglio, e si vogliono acquietare, quando questa pietra qui sotto si viene a pigliare.*" She does the same at a second cross-road, putting the pebble under the right armpit; then at a third placing the pebble between the chin and breast. Returning to her house she throws the pebbles into the cesspool, so that they cannot be got at, saying: "*M—— allora con N—— possa tu parlare, quando queste tre pietre qui dentro viene a pigliare.*" To attract a lover, the witch provides a magnet wrapped with a knotted cord; it must be worn. Much recommended are cakes containing, according to the case, menstrual blood or sperm. A padlock also serves to submit a person to one's will. In opening it, say: "*N—— di lontano ti vedo, da vicino ti saluto, ti chiudo e non ti sciolgo, se non farai tutta la mia voglia.*" Then lock the padlock, put a knotted cord round it, and keep it in a safe place. It is possible to overcome the protection of holy medals or other blessed objects, especially if something belonging to the person can be obtained—a bit of his skin, nails, or clothing; besides this, the co-operation of four or five witches is necessary. They sing together, one saying "*Tu gli l'hai fatta, io gli la levo,*" another replying "*Tu gli la fai, e non gli la nego.*" The witches also undertake to break spells. Suspending a sieve on scissors under the bed of a man made impotent, the witch also places there her shoes crossed; she provides herself with a rosary without medals or other blessed objects, and a packet of unwashed herbs, then tearing the packet and scattering its contents on the ground, she says: "*Come io*

*sciolgo questo mazzo, così sciolgo questo c—o.*" Sometimes a dance of naked witches takes place round the bed of a sick person, recalling the devil dances in Ceylon, the object of both being to cure the illness. There must be three or five witches; if five, one remains at the back, one stands at each corner of the bed, holding between them cords which must cross the bed diagonally, then dancing, they sing "*Tu gli l'hai fatta, ed io gli la tolgo,*" going round the bed. When there are only three witches the left corner at the foot of the bed remains empty, the cord being held laterally. They cure all diseases, employing medicinal herbs as well as magic, or even pious objects. Medals of S. Anastasio are much recommended against infection; they are also most efficacious amulets against the Evil Eye, as are also spinning whorls and the well-known horns.

As regards the Evil Eye, witches cannot make it, but they can avert its influence. A small packet of salt worn on the person is a protection against it; but according to the Neapolitans it is useless against witchcraft, contrary to the belief in some other places. For that, a little bag full of sand is good, the witch being obliged to count each grain before working her spell, in the meanwhile the hour of her power passes. A comb, three nails driven in behind the house-door, and the horseshoe are also recommended against witchcraft. Witches can make storms cease, or render them harmless, by saying before an open window: "*Ferma, ferma, tuono, come Gesù fermò l'uomo, e come quello schifoso prete all' altare, con ostia in bocca ed il calice in mano.*"

Witchcraft is powerless on Wednesday, during Holy Week, and (contrary to what is thought in some other countries) on the eve of St. John Baptist's Day. It is believed that at midnight then Herodiade may be seen in the sky seated across a ray of fire, saying:

*"Mamma, mamma, perchè lo dicesti?  
Figlia, figlia, perchè lo facesti?"*

The were-wolf is known, but not as the creation of witches. It is a curse on men born on Christmas Eve; they are known by the length of their nails. The malady seizes them in the night; they run on all fours trying to bite, but they retain the human form. If they are wounded so as to lose blood, the madness is stopped at once. Girls born on Christmas Eve are not maidens.

The foregoing information was obtained quite recently from witches in Naples. When asked what books they used, they answered None, that their knowledge is entirely traditional. The incantations, often composed in verse, have become in time so damaged that it has seemed better not to attempt to indicate the verses. Still, literal accuracy in repeating the spells is believed to be of the greatest importance. A scarred tongue was shown to me as the consequence of a mistake.

Some of the apparatus of witchcraft mentioned was presented to the Society that it might be placed in the Cambridge Museum.

I owe much to the kind aid of Signor Luigi Molinaro del Chiaro, of Naples, founder of the paper, *Giambattista Basile*, so much appreciated by amateurs of Italian traditions. Unfortunately it exists no longer.

Le Pigautier, Menton, *September*, 1896.

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**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, 1896.**

The PRESIDENT (Mr. Edward Clodd) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The resignation of the Rev. A. A. Lambing, Miss Dendy, Miss Sargant, Sir A. W. Franks, Mr. G. Whale, Mr. R. F. Yeo, Mr. L. White King, and the Leicester Permanent Library, were reported.

The election of the following new members was announced: Miss C. J. Morrison, Miss M. Dickson, Mr. N. W. Thomas, Mr. R. H. Marsh, Messrs. Van Stockum and Son, Mr. P. Manning, Professor Singer, Mr. F. Seebohm, Rev. T. Clarke, and Mrs. K. M. Clark.

The following new books which had been presented to the Society since the last meeting were laid upon the table, viz.: *Voyage of Bran*, by K. Meyer and A. Nutt, vol. i., presented by Mr. Nutt; *Anthropology of the Todas and Kotas of the Nilgiri Hills*, by E. Thurston, C.M.Z.S., presented by the Madras Government; *The Fareyinga Saga*, by F. York Powell, presented by Mr. Nutt; *Sixth Report of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science*, presented by the Association; *The Myths of the New World*, by D. G. Brinton, presented by the Author; *Bilder aus dem Fastnachtsleben im alten Basel*, by E. Hoffman Kraye, presented by the Author; *Archivio della Società Romana di Storia Patria*, vol. xix., presented by the Society; *Final Report on the Land Revenue Settlement of the Western Duars of Bengal*, by D. H. E. Sunder, presented by the Author.

Mr. F. G. Green read a paper entitled "One-sided Folklore," and a short discussion followed, in which Dr. Gaster and Mr. Gomme took part.

A note by Miss M. Debenham on a cure for human beings, or cattle, overlooked by the Evil Eye (see p. 92) was read by the President.

The President also read the following letters from Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. J. G. Frazer :—

MAX GATE, DORCHESTER.

*October 30, 1896.*

MY DEAR CLODD,

Here is a bit of folklore that I have just been reminded of.

If you plant a tree or trees, and you are very anxious that they should thrive, you must not go and look at them, or look out of the window at them "on an empty stomach." There is a blasting influence in your eye then which will make them pine away. And the story is that a man, puzzled by this withering of his newly-planted choice trees, went to a white witch to enquire who was the evil-worker. The white witch, after ascertaining the facts, told him it was *himself*.

You will be able to classify this, no doubt, and say exactly where it belongs in the evolutionary chain of folklore. . . .

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS HARDY.

The President having communicated the substance of this letter to Mr. Frazer, and suggested that the explanation lay in the *hungry* man looking on the trees, which thereby became sympathetically starved, and so died, Mr. Frazer replied :—

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

*November 1st, 1896.*

DEAR MR. CLODD,

The superstition you mention was unknown to me, but your explanation of it seems highly probable.

As explained by you, the superstition is a very interesting example of the supposed sympathetic connection between a man and a tree. As you say, it bears very closely on my explanation of the connection between the priest of Diana at Aricia and the sacred tree, he having to be always in the prime of health and vigour in order that the tree might be so too. I am pleased to find my theory (which I confess often seems to me far-fetched, so remote is it from our nineteenth century educated ways of thought) confirmed by evidence so near home. It is one more indication

of the persistence of the most primitive modes of thought beneath the surface of our civilisation. Thank you for bringing it to my notice. . . .

Yours very truly,

JAMES G. FRAZER.

Short notes on "Straw Goblins" and "Marks on Ancient Monuments" (see pp. 87, 86), by Mr. C. G. Leland, were read; and some observations upon the latter were offered by Mr. Gomme, Mr. Naaké, and Dr. Gaster.

Mr. L. Goldmerstein read a paper entitled "The Part played by Water in Marriage Customs" (see p. 84). In the discussion which followed, Dr. Gaster, Messrs. Gomme and Nutt, and the President took part.

A paper on the "Customs of the Peasantry of Innishowen," by Mr. Thomas Doherty of Carndonagh, was read by the President. A discussion followed, in which Messrs. Nutt, Higgins, and Kirby took part.

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## SOME NOTES ON THE PHYSIQUE, CUSTOMS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PEASANTRY OF INNISHOWEN, CO. DONEGAL.

BY THOMAS DOHERTY.

*Hair.*—Along the seaboard districts, the prevailing colour of the hair among men and women is red, light red, or sandy. Many assert that this is to be attributed to some peculiar action of the sea air, the salt water, the diet (chiefly fish), or the employment. Most of the people in these places are engaged in outdoor pursuits, in all seasons and in all weathers—principally agriculture and fishing. I rather think that hereditary influences are the prevailing causes. The inhabitants are mostly descendants of the old Celtic tribes, pretty tall, strongly made, of straight long visage,

with high cheek-bones. A few English and Scotch, said to be descendants of the planters of James I. and Elizabeth, are found among them; but these are of an entirely different cast of countenance, with blue or black eyes and black hair, except where they or their fathers have intermarried with the aborigines. In that case, the children of such have a tendency to the traditional florid features and red hair of the Celt. As we come inland, red hair is but seldom met with. Very few are bald.

*Eyes.*—The colour of the eyes is blue or light blue, some few cases black, while inland it is grey or a mixture of grey and black. Spectacles are seldom used; the eyes retain their keenness and vigour unimpaired, or but slightly so, up till the age of seventy, eighty, and above. I know several instances where old men and women follow their avocations, in which good vision is very requisite, without the aid of glasses. Second-sight is quite common. They are a long-lived people. There is hardly a village where one may not find half-a-dozen old people whose average ages are near one hundred years.

*Dress.*—Chiefly made from the wool of the sheep, which the women in the long winter nights card, spin on the ordinary spinning-wheel, and have woven by the weavers here on the old hand-loom. These cloths are then dyed and sent to the tuck-mill (fulling-mill), where they are pounded together by large blocks of wood, and afterwards freed from greasiness by having a stream of water pass over them. To assist in this process, fuller's-earth or chamber-lye is used, largely the latter. These cloths are very warm, and even when soaked through, as they often are by the rains so frequent here, are hardly ever changed by the wearer, possessing a heat altogether unknown by the owners of more highly-finished and consequently costlier garments. Many of the people go barefoot, more especially during the summer months.

*Diet.*—Up to a few years ago tea was almost unknown.

Now it is largely used, often three and four times each day. In addition, potatoes, Indian meal porridge, and large quantities of fish are consumed. Flesh-meat not common.

*Customs.*—In walking along the roads every one salutes every other one met, whether previously acquainted or otherwise. On entering any house where churning is going on the visitor is expected to bless the work either in the Irish or the English tongue. Irish is liked better. “Go m-beannuid Dia an ba agus bainne” (God bless your cows and milk) is the usual salutation. To enter or leave without doing so is a sure indication of taking the butter away by supernatural means. Should one enter a house where the above work (churning) is going on, the visitor is expected to remain until the work is finished. If one’s fire goes out (gets quenched) he cannot get a coal from his neighbour’s without first bringing in two “turf” (peat) and placing them on the fire from which he wishes to get the coals. Doing contrary portends the taking away of all good luck. To lend salt brings bad luck. To meet a red-haired woman is a sure omen of misfortune. A barefooted or a bareheaded woman means the same.

When in a boat, the fishermen would almost throw one overboard should he chance to *whistle*. They say whistling always presages a storm. There is no objection to singing. After the boat is launched and a few yards from the beach, every head is uncovered, the oars lie idle, and prayers are said for a minute or two. A stranger never forgets this scene. Nothing appears more solemn. The long stretch of pebbly beach, the heaving waves, the rugged crags and serrated rocks around, the wide and boundless ocean outside, the little cockleshells, as the boats seem, bobbing up and down, and then not a murmur is heard except the swish of the waves or the sharp scream of the gull. All is silent as a churchyard, and there in the boat the crew, clad in oilskins, with faces bronzed by wind and weather, pleading with clasped hands and upturned eyes to the God of the tempest.



Crowing *hens* are a certain sign of coming evils. When such happens, the unfortunate biped is quickly decapitated. A cock crowing before twelve o'clock (midnight) foretells similar ills.

In using the kidneys of animals slaughtered for meat, one person must consume all (both kidneys); should two or more share in them, a lump of flesh of a like size would, it is believed, be certain to grow on some part of the body, generally the face.

Hare-lip is common. If a woman be *enceinte* on meeting a hare, the child on being born has very often the upper lip disfigured by a split resembling the nose-mark on the animal referred to. It is called hare-shagh. Some get the doctor to perform an operation on the child.

*Cows shot by the Fairies.*—This does not happen to bulls or bullocks. The animal is all right in the morning or at night, and a few hours after is found to be all covered with little lumps, on pressing which with the fingers great pain is caused to the animal. The limbs, too, are partially paralysed. Some old man in the district, who is said to have influence with the spirits (fairies), is sent for. He places three little lumps of gunpowder on the animal's back—one on the top of the shoulders, one in the middle of the back, and one near the tail. These he explodes with a match; then a seton is put into the animal, or a red string tied round the tail. Some peculiar drink or mash is then given, and in a short time the animal is all right.

*King's Evil (scrofula).*—This is said to be cured by the touch of a *seventh son*, to be applied seven successive mornings before the sun rises, the patient to be fasting. No fee can be given or taken, or the cure fails.

*Wens (warts).*—These are removed by rubbing with the water found *by chance* in a hollow stone by the wayside. But the patient must not be on the search for such a stone.

*Mumps.*—Children suffering from mumps are cured by passing them three times back and forward under the belly

of a she-ass. Another remedy is to lead the boy or girl affected with the disease to a *south*-running stream, *in branks*. Branks are a kind of wooden bridle used for cattle in country districts.

*Sprains or Broken Limbs*.—These are cured by charms, which consist in touching the injured part with the hands and reciting some formulæ in words.

*Evil Eye*.—Many persons here are supposed to have an "Evil Eye"—red-haired women in particular. Any animal except an ass, even a child looked upon by these persons, is said to be blinked, or under the influence of the "Evil Eye," and so will pine away and die.

*Superstitions as to Fish*.—Formerly Lough Suille (Swilly), an inlet of the sea, twenty-five miles in length and ten miles from Londonderry, on which Bunerana is built, was the great centre of the herring-fishing industry here. Hundreds of boats were to be found engaged in that pursuit; and often, the old men say, the beach was strewn with tons and tons of the fish—no market being had. At the beginning of the present century the witches of Scotland, possessing superior powers to those of the Irish, came over and enticed the finny denizens of the lough to Scotland. Since that time very few herrings are caught in the lough. It is told that the fishermen were engaged as usual. The night was very calm. Here, there, and everywhere was the lough dotted with boats with their crews. Up from the entrance of the inlet was seen rushing a *silver* herring of a large size. Quickly it rushed through the waters, passing by the boats with their outstretched nets. Up one side it rushed, followed by countless multitudes of herrings, away across, then down the other side, its following still increasing, until, having gathered all the herrings in its train, it swept away down the lough with a roar and rush resembling that of a mighty whirlwind. The fishermen, speechless with terror, rowed quickly ashore, minus their nets, and herring-fishing on Lough Suille became a thing of the past.

In Clonmany, a district extending from Malin to Lough Suille, is a river in which salmon and trout are never found, though these fish abound in the neighbouring streams. To prove this, some individuals managed to capture several from a river alongside, and placed them in the one mentioned, but they immediately died. The reason given is that Columkille, the patron saint of Donegal, being on his travels in the district, and wearied and hungry, came upon some boys who had a fire kindled on the banks of the stream, in which they were roasting some trout caught from it. The saint asked for some to satisfy his hunger, but the boys refused to share the repast. Saint Columkille then pronounced a malediction, and told them that never again would a trout or salmon be found in the stream. Others tell that the saint had with him a goat which supplied him with milk during his wanderings, that the boys were out fishing, and coming on the animal, which was browsing on the rocks at some distance from where Columkille lay sleeping, they killed it, and making a fire cooked it, eating all but the hoofs and horns. The saint was so enraged on awakening and finding out what had happened, that he cursed the stream and the place.

*Witches.*—These (human or devil) are said to be not uncommon around here. Old women principally follow the avocation, oftentimes changing themselves into hares and roaming around during night-time or by daybreak, visiting their neighbours' byres (cow-houses), from which they are able by some mysterious power to take with them the milk and butter. Some of these witches of higher powers have no need to transform themselves, but are able by the aid of a peculiar hair-rope—made from the mane of a stallion in which there is not a single *white* hair—and the recital of some queer incantations to effect their object. Baeltine, or May-eve, is the only day in the year for weaving these spells and making the fetters. On several occasions these witches in the form of hares have been shot at, but without

success. The only thing that can injure them is a *silver* bullet made from a sixpence or a shilling. I have heard that where they have been wounded by such fired from a gun, instead of the ordinary lead-pellets, on following up the wounded animal it was found in the form of a woman, seated with injured arm or leg in the corner of her own dwelling-house.

Old horse-shoes nailed inside doors are quite common. They are said to act as a preventive against the spells of the witches. When churning, the tongs are put in the fire, or a piece of heated iron is put under the churn, and kept there till the operation is finished. Also a piece of hair-rope is sometimes put round the vessel. Several times have I heard men and women complain that they might churn for days but could get no butter, owing to the spells of the witches. The buttermilk too was frothy and fulsome in taste and smell, and could not be used.

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**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16th, 1896.**

The PRESIDENT (Mr. Edward Clodd) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last general meeting were read and confirmed.

The resignation of Lady Lewis, Mr. T. Heath Joyce, and Mr. Ulrico Hoepli were reported.

The election of the following new members was announced: Miss E. Wills, Miss Jessie L. Weston, Mrs. Sidgwick, Professor W. P. Ker, Mr. G. G. Traherne, Mr. A. Macgregor, Mr. S. G. Asher, Mr. L. Goldmerstein.

Miss M. Ffennell exhibited (1) a charm of invulnerability, (2) a witch charm, offensive and defensive, and (3) a pair of shears and mangala stand used in the tonsorial rite, all from Siam; and a short explanatory paper written by her (see p. 88) was read by the President.

Mr. Wheatley read a paper entitled "The Folklore of Pepys;" and in the discussion which followed, the President, Messrs. Emslie, Naaké, and Higgens, and Dr. Gaster took part.

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**TUESDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1897.**

**ANNUAL MEETING.**

The **PRESIDENT** (Mr. Edward Clodd) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last annual meeting were read and confirmed.

On the motion of Mr. Gomme, seconded by Mr. Jacobs, it was resolved that the Annual Report, Statement of Accounts, and Balance Sheet (a copy of which had been sent to all the members of the Society) be received and adopted.

Mr. Wright moved, Mr. Hartland seconded, and it was resolved that Mr. Alfred Nutt be elected President for the year 1897, and that the ladies and gentlemen nominated by the Council as Vice-Presidents, Members of Council, Treasurer, Auditors, and Secretary respectively be elected.

Mr. Clodd thereupon vacated the Chair, which was taken by Mr. Nutt, the newly-elected President, who delivered his presidential address, his subject being "The Fairy World of English Literature: its Origin and Nature." At the conclusion of the address a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Nutt on the motion of Professor Rhys, seconded by Professor York Powell; and a short discussion followed, in which Mr. Kirby, Mr. Bower, and Mr. Albany Major took part. In returning thanks, Mr. Nutt urged upon the members present to do all in their power to increase the numbers and influence of the Society.

## NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

19TH JANUARY, 1897.

THE Council are glad to report that the interest taken in the work of the Society has during the past year been well sustained.

A survey of the contents of the Journal shows that it has maintained the level of former years. It is still conducted by a Publications Committee consisting of Miss Cox, Messrs. Hartland, Gomme, Kirby, and Nutt, and the President and Treasurer; but as the burden of the work, particularly that of editing the journal, falls on the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Hartland, the Council feel that the Society owes him a deep debt of gratitude for his able and zealous services.

It was stated in the last Annual Report that, in consequence of the heavy outlay upon the extra volumes of previous years, it might be found necessary for the balancing of the income and expenditure of the Society to defer the issue of any extra volume until 1897. The Council are, however, pleased to announce that, after carefully considering the question of ways and means, they have arranged to publish a MS. by Mr. H. M. Bower on "The Elevation and Procession of the Ceri at Gubbio" as an additional volume for the year 1896. This work, which the Council regard as one of exceptional interest and importance, is now in the press, and will be issued to members early in the year. The extra volume for 1897 will be a further instalment of County Folklore from Printed Sources. Two collections, viz. Northumberland, by Mrs. M. C. Balfour, and Nottinghamshire, by Mrs. Chaworth Musters, are already in the hands of the Publications Com-

mittee ; and the Committee have also in hand a quantity of Aberdeenshire Folklore collected by Dr. Gregor. No difficulty will be experienced, therefore, in finding matter for the press.

The Council again invite offers of help from members in undertaking the collection of the folklore from printed sources of the unallotted counties. At present the only counties allotted, besides those the folklore of which has been already published, are, in England : Yorkshire (North Riding), Notts, Staffordshire, Norfolk, Herts, Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey ; in Scotland : Morayshire, Banffshire, Aberdeenshire, Kincardine, and Forfarshire ; in Ireland : Antrim and Tyrone ; and the Isle of Man. Although no response was received to a similar invitation given a year ago, they hope that this renewed appeal may secure co-operation in a work which can only be successfully carried out by the voluntary help of members generally. Its practical utility has already been pointed out, and need not be here insisted on. Many of the sources are inaccessible save to inhabitants of the counties concerned. Hence it can only be undertaken by country members, to whom it affords an opportunity, even when they are not in a position to assist in the collection and preservation of still living traditions, to render permanent service to science, and whom it brings into touch with the general work of the Society. Wherever there may be a sufficient number of members resident in a county, the formation of a local committee for the purpose will perhaps be found useful. Division of labour tends to lighten and expedite the task ; the multiplication of workers, if properly organised, increases the probability of thoroughness in its performance ; while their re-union from time to time, as it proceeds, for the discussion of incidental questions helps to quicken their interest, not merely in the remains of the past within their own county, but also in the wider problems offered by the Science of

Tradition. At the same time, a local committee is by no means indispensable; for most of the collections which have hitherto reached the Council have been made by workers either single-handed or with only slight external assistance.

The Council feel that the first duty of the Society is to superintend the collection of folklore in the United Kingdom. In order to deal adequately, however, with the fast perishing mass of British traditions, it is necessary that interest in the subject should be spread much more widely than it is at present. With this end in view, the Council appeal to members of the Society, and especially to those in the provinces, to make known among their friends and neighbours the objects of the Society, and to assist in observing and recording the current folklore of their own neighbourhoods. It is felt that there must be many persons in all parts of the kingdom to whom local antiquities and peculiarities are a subject, not merely of curiosity, but of intelligent interest. If such were made aware of the existence and aims of the Society, and of the great historical and archæological value of the sayings, superstitions, songs, tales, and customs which have been rife among the peasantry, and which are now fast dying out, it is believed that they would be glad to render all the assistance in their power in recording them. The Council would welcome such help, and gladly undertake the publication not merely of collections, but also, in the Transactions, of any authentic items of folklore which would otherwise become forgotten. During the past year material has been published from Aberdeenshire, the Aran Islands, Argyleshire, Connaught, Devonshire, Donegal, Glamorganshire, Gloucestershire, the Hebrides, Herefordshire, Hertfordshire, Kent, Lancashire, Leitrim, Lincolnshire, Middlesex, Norfolk, Oxfordshire, Perthshire, Radnorshire, Somersetshire, Staffordshire, and Suffolk. Much of this was previously unpublished, or scattered and practically inaccessible.



The Society continues to be represented by Mr. Clodd, Mr. Gomme, and Mr. Jacobs on the Ethnographical Survey Committee, of which its Treasurer is the Chairman, and Mr. Hartland the Secretary. The Ethnographical Survey Committee and the Folklore Society are thus working hand in hand, and most valuable results may be hoped from their co-operation. At the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool, a paper was read in the Anthropological section by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme "On the methods of determining the value of Folklore as Ethnographical Data." This important paper has been printed at length in the Transactions of the Association as an appendix to the Report of the Ethnographical Survey Committee, and deserves the most careful perusal. The valuable preliminary report on Folklore in Galloway, by Dr. Gregor, has also been printed in the same Report. It is full of interesting details. Upon the whole, therefore, the Council think that the Society is to be congratulated upon the interest shown in its subject by the Association, which may lead to further recognition at future meetings.

It is satisfactory also to be informed that a committee working on similar lines to that of the Ethnographical Survey Committee has been appointed for Canada, and that one is in contemplation in the United States. Moreover, the Folklore Society recently formed in Switzerland has adapted the schedules of the Ethnographical Survey Committee for use in Switzerland, which, it need hardly be said, will afford a most interesting field for enquiry.

The Council have before them the importance of securing permanent quarters for the Society; but the question of funds still prevents action. The Society must expand before the expense which this step entails could be justified.

The library, which is still in the Secretary's rooms at 11, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, continues to increase steadily; and the Secretary will be glad to see any member who is desirous of inspecting or borrowing any of the books.

The Council beg to express their thanks to the several donors.

During the past year evening meetings have been held and papers read thereat as under :—

- Jan. 22.* President's Address.
- Feb. 18.* Fairy Tales from MSS. of the 10th and 12th Centuries. By Dr. Gaster.
- March 17.* Fairy Beliefs and other Folklore Notes from co. Leitrim. By L. L. Duncan.
- April. 21.* Personal Experiences of Witchcraft. By Dr. McAlldowie.  
Ballads and their Folklore. By Professor F. York Powell.
- May 19.* The Genesis of a Romance-Hero as illustrated by the Evolution of "Taillefer de Léon." By F. W. Bourdillon.  
The Hood-game as played at Haxey, in Lincolnshire. By Miss Mabel Peacock.  
The Hare. By the Rev. Dr. Gregor.  
Devil-dancing in Ceylon. By J. B. Andrews.  
Buried Gold. By R. Greeven.  
Executed Criminals and Folk-Medicine. By Miss M. Peacock.  
Lewis Folklore. By The Rev. M. McPhail.
- June 16.* Funeral Masks in Europe. By the Hon. J. Abercromby.  
Staffordshire Folk and their Lore. By Miss Burne.
- Nov. 17.* One-sided Folklore. By F. G. Green.  
Straw Goblins ; and Marks on Ancient Monuments. By C. G. Leland.  
The Part played by Water in Marriage Customs. By L. Goldmerstein.  
Customs of the Peasantry of Innishowen. By Thos. Doherty.
- Dec. 15.* The Folklore of Pepys. By H. B. Wheatley.  
Two Siamese Charms. By Miss M. C. Ffennell.

Some specially interesting examples of folklore objects from Aberdeenshire and Galloway, including a herd's club, a lamp used in farm kitchens, a fairy-bottle, a witch-bottle, and an old-fashioned reel for winding yarn, were exhibited by Dr. Gregor at the evening meeting in June, and very kindly presented by him to the Society. They have been added to the exhibits in its case in the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology at Cambridge. A number of other objects await the consideration of the Museums Committee, and the Council will gladly welcome further contributions from the members or their friends.

Another interesting feature of the June meeting was the exhibition by Mr. J. B. Andrews of a number of charms obtained by him from a professional witch at Naples, and generously presented to the Society. The Society is under much obligation to Dr. Gregor and Mr. Andrews, and also to Miss Eyre, Miss Ffennell, Mrs. Gomme, and Mr. Higgens, who have during the past year exhibited objects of interest.

It is under the consideration of the Council, when funds permit, to prepare a scientific index to the Transactions of the Society, and they hope next year to be in a position to lay a scheme before the Society.

The Council are glad to be able to report that good progress is being made with the proposed English Bibliography of folklore, a considerable contribution towards the bibliography of books of travel containing folklore having been received from Mr. Naaké, and substantial work done in the arrangement of the titles of works already catalogued.

During the year the Society has lost 4 members by death, while 24 have resigned. But as 30 new members have been elected, there is a slight increase in the year in the roll of members, which now stands at 379. The Council would emphasise the inadequacy of the number of members in view of the population and wealth of the Empire, and of the scientific importance of the study.

The accounts of the Society as audited are presented herewith, together with a statement of its assets and liabilities.

In accordance with the recommendation of the Council submitted to the annual meeting of the Society in 1894, which provided for automatic resignation at the close of a two years' term, Mr. Clodd, who has so ably occupied the presidential chair during the past two years, has not been nominated for re-election. The Council desire to take this opportunity of placing on record their high appreciation of his services, and to express a hope that they may for many years to come have the benefit of his experience and advice in carrying on the work of the Society.

The Council and officers for the ensuing year nominated by the Council are as follows:—

**President.**

ALFRED NUTT.

**Vice-Presidents.**

THE HON. JOHN ABERCROMBY.	LT.-GEN. PITT-RIVERS, D.C.L.,
MISS C. S. BURNE.	F.R.S., F.S.A.
EDWARD CLODD.	PROFESSOR F. YORK POWELL,
G. LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A.	M.A., F.S.A.
ANDREW LANG, M.A.	PROFESSOR J. RHYS, M.A.
RT. HON. SIR J. LUBBOCK, BART.,	REV. PROF. A. H. SAYCE, M.A.
M.P., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.	EDWARD B. TYLOR, LL.D., F.R.S.

**Council.**

C. J. BILLSON, M.A.	PROF. A. C. HADDON, M.A., D.Sc.
DR. KARL BLIND.	E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A.
MISS M. ROALFE COX.	T. W. E. HIGGENS.
WILLIAM CROOKE, B.A.	JOSEPH JACOBS, B.A.
LELAND L. DUNCAN, F.S.A.	W. F. KIRBY, F.L.S., F.E.S.
A. J. EAGLESTON, M.A.	J. T. NAAKÉ.
J. P. EMSLIE.	T. FAIRMAN ORDISH, F.S.A.
ARTHUR J. EVANS, M.A., F.S.A.	W. H. D. ROUSE, M.A.
J. G. FRAZER, M.A.	M. J. WALHOUSE.
DR. M. GASTER.	HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.

**Hon. Treasurer.**

E. W. BRABROOK, F.S.A., *President of the Anthropological Institute,*  
178, BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM, S.W.

**Auditors.**

ERNEST W. CLODD. F. G. GREEN.

**Secretary.**

F. A. MILNE, M.A., 11, OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN, W.C.

EDWARD CLODD,  
*President.*

F. A. MILNE,  
*Secretary.*

TREASURER'S CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1896.

Annual Report of the Council.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance carried forward from 1895	... .. £21 0 0	By Printing Account (Publications) :—	
Subscriptions, 1897 (10)	... .. 350 14 0	Messrs. Nicholls & Sons ( <i>Leicestershire and Rutland Folk-Lore</i> )...	£93 4 6
" " 1896 (334)	... .. 10 10 0	<i>Folk-Lore</i> Vol. vi. 1, 2, 3, and 4...	172 0 3
" " 1895 (10)	... .. 1 1 0	ditto Vol. vii. 1 ... ..	37 2 6
" " earlier years	... ..		
To Sale of Publications, per Messrs. Nutt :—	383 5 0	Miscellaneous Printing ... ..	302 7 3
Fourth Quarter, 1895	... .. 9 17 0	Index to <i>Folk-Lore</i> Vol. vi. ... ..	31 8 3
First Quarter, 1896	... .. 13 2 0	Engraving Blocks for <i>Folk-Lore</i> ... ..	5 5 0
Second and Third Quarters, 1896	22 19 4	Postages, Despatch of Volumes, &c. (Messrs. Nutt) (Oct. 1895—Oct. 1896) ... ..	0 12 0
To Contribution from C. J. Billson, Esq., towards the Expenses of <i>Leicestershire and Rutland Folk-Lore</i>	45 18 4	Binding Account (Simpson & Co.) ... ..	30 2 0
... ..		Hire of Meeting Room (1895, 1896) ... ..	3 8 3
... ..		Expenses at Evening Meetings ... ..	8 8 0
... ..		Advertising ( <i>Athenæum</i> ) ... ..	3 3 7
... ..		Insurance of Stock ... ..	2 17 0
... ..		Secretary's Salary... ..	1 5 0
... ..	20 0 0	ditto Poundage ... ..	£35 0 0
		... ..	21 7 0
		Petty Cash, per E. S. Hartland, Esq. ... ..	56 7 0
		Bank and other Discounts ... ..	1 17 2
		Balance in hand ... ..	0 2 10
			2 0 0
			57 17 6
	<u>£505 0 10</u>		<u>£505 0 10</u>

E. W. BRABROOK, *Treasurer.*  
 G. L. APPERSON, } *Auditors.*  
 F. G. GREEN, }



## PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

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### THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: ITS ORIGIN AND NATURE.

[The title of the following study is, perhaps, too wide and general in scope. To adequately discuss the origin or nature of English fairy mythology would demand volumes. What I have here done is to essay an explanation of the special part played by fairy mythology in English literature, as well as of the essential conceptions which underlie generally that mythology, and from which it derives force and sanction. The two problems are by no means necessarily connected; but I found that by emphasising certain elements, unduly neglected hitherto, in the fairy creed I was brought into contact with historic facts and conditions which, as it seems to me, adequately explain why England, alone of modern countries, has admitted the fairy world into its highest imaginative literature.

My paper is in reality an outcome of my work in the second volume of the *Voyage of Bran*. In that volume, which will appear shortly, I discuss the Celtic doctrine of re-birth. I was compelled to form a theory, which would fit the facts, of primitive conceptions of life and sacrifice; compelled also to determine the real nature of the Tuatha de Danann, the ancestors of the fairies believed in to this day by the Irish peasantry. In postulating an agricultural basis for the Tuatha de Danann mythology and ritual I do but find myself in accord with all recent students of mythology in this country. I need but mention the most striking instance of the way in which Mannhardt's teaching has borne fruit in this country: Mr. Farnell's *Cults of the Greek Gods*. But when I insist upon the dominant nature of the agricultural element in the fairy creed, I by no means deny or overlook the numerous other elements which have entered into it. The latter, however, are, I believe, secondary, the former primary.

I have not thought it necessary to burden this paper with

references. As far as English literature is concerned, the facts and instances cited may be found in any good edition of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (I have used Mr. E. K. Chambers' edition, London, 1897) or in Halliwell's *Illustrations of Shakespeare's Fairy Mythology* (London, 1845, or reprinted with additions by Hazlitt, London, 1875). The Irish references will be found in the first volume of my *Voyage of Bran* (London, 1895), or mainly in the forthcoming second volume.]

FEW things are more marvellous in our marvellous poetic literature of the last three centuries than the persistence of the fairy note throughout the whole of its evolution. As we pass on from Shakespeare and his immediate followers to Herrick and Milton, through the last ballad writers to Thomson and Gray, and then note in Percy and Chatterton the beginnings of the romantic revival which culminated in Keats and Coleridge, was continued by Tennyson, the Rossettis, and Mr. Swinburne, until in our own days it has received a fresh accession of life alike from Ireland and from Gaelic Scotland, we are never for long without hearing the horns of Elfland faintly winding, never for long are we denied access to those

“ Charmed magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.”

We could not blot out from English poetry its visions of the fairyland without a sense of irreparable loss. No other literature save that of Greece alone can vie with ours in its pictures of the land of fantasy and glamour, or has brought back from that mysterious realm of unfading beauty treasures of more exquisite and enduring charm.

There is no phenomenon without a cause; but in the immense complexity of historical record it is not always easy to detect the true cause, and to trace its growth and working until the result delights us. Let us consider to-night if we may find out why the fairy note rings so



perfectly throughout that literature of modern England which has its roots in and which derives the best of its life's blood from the wonderful half-century: 1580-1630. Reasons, causes must exist, nor—let me here forestall a possible objection—do we wrong genius by seeking to discover them. Rather, I hope, may individual genius, however pre-eminent, acquire fresh claims to our love and gratitude when we note that it is no arbitrary and isolated phenomenon, but stands in necessary relation to the totality of causes and circumstances which have shaped the national character. And, should we find these causes and circumstances still potent for influence, may we not look forward with better confidence to the future of our poetic literature?

Early in the half-century of which I have just spoken, some time between 1590 and 1595, appeared the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the crown and glory of English delineation of the fairy world. Scarce any one of Shakespeare's plays has had a literary influence so immediate, so widespread, and so enduring. As pictured by Shakespeare, the fairy realm became, almost at once, a convention of literature in which numberless poets sought inspiration and material. I need only mention Drayton, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Randolph, and Milton himself. Apart from any question of its relation to popular belief, of any grounding in popular fancy, Shakespeare's vision stood by itself, and was accepted as the ideal presentment of fairydom, which, for two centuries at least, has signified to the average Englishman of culture the world depicted in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. To this day, works are being produced deriving form and circumstance and inspiration (such as it is) wholly from Shakespeare.

Now if we compare these literary presentations (especially the latest) of Faery, with knowledge derived from study of living folklore, where the latter has retained the fairy belief with any distinctness, we find almost complete disagreement; and if, here and there, a trait seems common,

it is either of so general a character as to yield no assured warrant of kinship, or there is reason to suspect contamination of the popular form by the literary ideal derived from and built up out of Shakespeare. Yet if we turn back to the poet of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* we can detect in his picture all the essentials of the fairy creed as it has appealed, and still appeals, to the faith and fancy of generations more countless than ever acknowledged the sway of any of the great world-religions, we can recover from it the elements of a conception of life and nature older than the most ancient recorded utterance of earth's most ancient races.

Modern commentators have pointed out that Shakespeare drew his account of the fairy world from at least two sources: the folk-belief of his day and the romance literature of the previous four centuries. This or that trait has been referred to one or the other source; the differences between these two have been dwelt upon, and there, as a rule, the discussion has been allowed to rest. What I shall essay to prove is that in reality sixteenth-century folk-belief and mediæval fairy-romance derive their origin from one and the same set of beliefs and rites; that the differences between them are due to historical and psychological causes, the working of which we can trace; that their reunion, after ages of separation, in the England of the late sixteenth century, is due to the continued working of those same causes; and that as a result of this reunion, which took place in England because in England alone it could take place, English poetry became free of Fairydom, and has thus been enabled to preserve for the modern world a source of joy and beauty which must otherwise have perished.

I observed just now that the modern literary presentation of Faery (which is almost wholly dependent upon Shakespeare) differed essentially from the popular one still living in various districts of Europe, nowhere, perhaps, more tenaciously than in some of the Celtic-speaking

portions of these isles. I may here note, according to the latest, and in this respect the best, editor of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mr. Chambers, what are the characteristics of the Shakespearian fairies. He ranges them as follows :

(a) They form a community under a king and queen. (b) They are exceedingly small. (c) They move with extreme swiftness. (d) They are elemental *airy* spirits; their brawls incense the wind and moon, and cause tempests; they take a share in the life of nature; live on fruit; deck the cowslips with dewdrops; war with noxious insects and reptiles; overcast the sky with fog, &c. (e) They dance in orbs upon the green. (f) They sing hymns and carols to the moon. (g) They are invisible and apparently immortal. (h) They come forth mainly at night. (i) They fall in love with mortals. (j) They steal babies and leave changelings. (k) They come to bless the best bride-bed and make the increase thereof fortunate.

This order of characteristics is, I make little doubt, what would occur to most well-read Englishmen, and denotes what impressed the fancy of Shakespeare's contemporaries and of the afterworld. The fairy community with its quaintly fantastic parody of human circumstance; the minute size and extreme swiftness of the fairies, which insensibly assimilate them in our mind to the winged insect world—these traits would strike us at first blush; only on second thoughts should we note their share in the life of nature, should we recall their sway over its benign and malign manifestations.

Yet a moment's reflection will convince us that the characteristics upon which Shakespeare seems to lay most stress, which have influenced later poets and story-tellers, and to which his latest editor assigns the first place, are only secondary, and can in no way explain either how the fairy belief arose nor what was its real hold upon popular imagination. The peasant stooping over his spade, toil-

fully winning his bread from Mother Earth, was scarce so enamoured with the little he knew of kings and queens that he must feign the existence of an invisible realm ; nor would the contrast, which touches alike our fantasy and our sense of the ludicrous, between minute size and superhuman power appeal to him. He had far other cause to fear and reverence the fairy world. In his daily struggle with nature he would count upon fairy aid if he performed with due ceremony the ancient ritual handed down to him by his forefathers ; but woe betide him if through carelessness or sluttish neglect of these rites he aroused fairy wrath—not help, but hindrance and punishment would be his lot. And if neglect was hateful to these mysterious powers of nature, still more so was prying interference—they work as they list, and when man essays to change and, in his own conceit, to better the old order, the fairy vanishes. All this the peasant knows ; it is part of that antique religion of the soil which means so much more to him than our religions do to us, because upon it, as he conceives, depend his and his children's sustenance. But be he as attentive as he may to the rites by which the fairy world may be placated and with which it must be worshipped, there come times and seasons of mysterious calamity, convulsions in the invisible world, and then :

“ The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
 The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn  
 Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard ;  
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock ;  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“ No night is now with hymn or carol blest ;  
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatic diseases do abound :  
 And thorough this distemperature we see  
 The seasons alter.”

Such calamities are luckily rare, though, as the peasant full well knows, the powers he dreads and believes in can :

“ . . . . . overcast the night,  
The starry welkin cover up anon  
With drooping fog as black as Acheron.”

But as a rule they are kindlier disposed; not alone do they war with blight, and fog, and flood, and all powers hostile to the growth of vegetation, but increase of flock and herd, of mankind also, seems good in their eyes—it may be because they know their tithes will be duly paid, and that their own interests are inextricably bound up with that of the mortals whom they aid and mock at, whom they counsel and reprove and befool.

Here let me note that not until the peasant belief has come into the hands of the cultured man do we find the conception of an essential incompatibility between the fairy and the human worlds—of the necessary disappearance of the one before the advance of the other.<sup>1</sup> Chaucer, if I mistake not, first voiced this conception in English literature. In words to be quoted presently he relegates the fairies to a far backward of time, and assigns their disappearance, satirically it is true, to the progress of Christianity. To the peasant, fairydom is part of the necessary machinery by which the scheme of things, as known to him, is ordered and governed; he may wish for less uncanny deities, he could not conceive the world without them; their absence is no cause of rejoicing, rather of anxiety as due to his own neglect of the observances which they expect and which are the price of their favour.

I do not of course claim that the foregoing brief sketch of the psychological basis of the fairy belief found among the peasantry represents the view of it taken by Shakespeare

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Lang calls my attention to the fact that Jeanne d'Arc disbelieved in the fairies whose existence was credited by her fellow-villagers, and beneath whose sacred trees she received the first incitings to her mission. I venture to think the instance confirms what I advance in the text; Jeanne's belief in a higher order of supernatural manifestations was strong enough to carry her beyond her traditional faith, just as the cultured man's higher intellectual knowledge carries him also beyond it.

and his contemporaries, but it is based wholly upon evidence they furnish. And if we turn to the bald and scanty notes of English fairy mythology, to which we can with certainty assign a date earlier than the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, we shall find what may be called the rustic element of the fairy creed insisted upon, proportionately, to a far greater extent than in Shakespeare. Reginald Scot and the few writers who allude to the subject at all ignore entirely the delicate fantastic traits that characterise Shakespeare's elves; they are wanting precisely in what we, with an ideal derived from Shakespeare in our mind, should call the "fairylike" touch; they are rude and coarse and earthy. And, not implicitly but explicitly, a conception of the true nature of these peasant deities found expression in Shakespeare's own days. At the very time the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was being composed or played, Nash wrote as follows: "The Robin-good-fellows, elfs, fairies, hobgoblins of our latter age, which idolatrous former days and the fantastical world of Greece ycleped Fauns, Satyrs, Dryads, Hamadryads, did most of their pranks in the night"—a passage in which the parallel suggested is far closer and weightier in import than its author imagined.

So far then as regards the popular element in Shakespeare's fairy mythology. In reality it is the same as that testified to by somewhat earlier writers, but touched with the finest spirit alike of grace and of humour, and presented in a form exquisitely poetical. If we seek for the essence of the conception we must needs recognise a series of peasant beliefs and rites of a singularly archaic character. If we further note that, so far as the outward guise and figure of his fairies is concerned, Shakespeare is borne out by a series of testimonies reaching back to the twelfth century Gervase of Tilbury and Gerald the Welshman, who give us glimpses of a world of diminutive and tricky sprites—we need not dwell longer at present upon this aspect of elfland, but can turn to the fay of romance.

That Shakespeare derived from mediæval romance, that is from the Arthurian cycle, from those secondary works of the Charlemagne cycle, which, like Huon of Bordeaux, were modelled upon the Arthur romances, and from the still later purely literary imitations alike of the Arthur and the Charlemagne stories, that he thence, I say, derived both the idea of a fairy realm reproducing the external aspect of a mediæval court, and also the name of his fairy king, all this is evident. But the Oberon of romance has been regarded as a being totally different in essence and origin from the Robin Goodfellow, the Puck of peasant belief, and their bringing together in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* as an inspiration of individual genius. What I shall hope to show is that the two strands of fiction have a common source, and that their union, or rather reunion, is due to deeper causes than any manifestation, however potent, of genius.

What has hitherto been overlooked, or all too insufficiently noted, is the standing association of the fairy world of mediæval romantic literature with Arthur. Chaucer, in a passage to which I have already alluded, proclaims this unhesitatingly :

“ In the olde daies of the King Arthoure  
Of which that Bretons speken grete honoure  
Al was this land fulfilled of fayerye ;  
The elf-queen with hyr jolly companye  
Danced ful oft in many a greene mede.”

We first meet the mediæval fairy in works of the Arthur cycle ; as ladies of the lake and fountain, as dwellers in the far-off island paradise of Avalon, as mistresses of or captives in mysterious castles, the enchantments of which may be raised by the dauntless knight whose guerdon is their love and never-ending bliss, these fantastic beings play a most important part in the world of dream and magic haze peopled by Arthur and his knights and their lady loves. If an instance be needed how vital is the connection between Arthur and Faery,

it is furnished by the romance of Huon of Bordeaux. As far as place and circumstance and personages are concerned, this romance belongs wholly to the Charlemagne cycle; in it Oberon makes his first appearance as King of Faery, and it is his *rôle* to protect and sustain the hero, Huon, with the ceaseless indefatigable indulgence which the supernatural counsellor so often displays towards his mortal protégé alike in heroic legend and in popular tale. He finally leaves him his kingdom; but before Huon can enjoy it Oberon must make peace between him and Arthur. "Sir, you know well that your realme and dignity you gave me after your decease," says the British king. In spite of the Carolingian setting, Huon of Bordeaux is at heart an Arthurian hero; and the teller of his fortunes knew full well that Arthur was the claimant to the throne of Faery, the rightful heir to the lord of fantasy and glamour and illusion.

Dismissing for a while consideration of the Arthurian fay, we may ask what is the Arthurian romance, and whence comes it? I am about to enter debateable ground, and you must take on trust statements the full proof of which would demand more time than we can give this evening. To put it briefly, the Arthurian romance is the Norman-French and Anglo-Norman re-telling of a mass of Celtic fairy tales, partly mythic, partly heroic in the shape under which they became known to the French-speaking world, which reached the latter alike from Brittany and from Wales in the course of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Some of these fairy tales have come down to us in Welsh in a form entirely unaffected by French influence, others more or less affected, whilst some of the Welsh versions are simple translations from the French. The nearest analogues to the Welsh-Breton fairy tales preserved to us partly in a Welsh, but mostly in a French dress, are to be found in Ireland. That country possesses a romantic literature which, so far as interest and antiquity of record are concerned, far surpasses that of Wales, and which, in



the majority of cases where comparison is possible, is obviously and undoubtedly more archaic in character. The relation between these two bodies of romantic fiction, Irish and Welsh, has not yet been satisfactorily determined. It seems most likely either that the Welsh tales represent the mythology and heroic legend of a Gaelic race akin to the Irish conquered by the Brythons (Welsh), but, as happens at times, passing their traditions on to their conquerors; or else that the Irish storytellers, the dominant literary class in the Celtic world throughout the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, imposed their literature upon Wales. My argument does not require me to discuss which of these two explanations has the most in its favour; in either case we must quit Britain and the woodland glades of Shakespeare's Arden and turn for a while to Ireland.

Examining the fairy belief of modern Ireland or of Gaelic Scotland, we detect at once a great similarity between it and English folklore, whether recoverable from living tradition or from the testimony of Shakespeare's literature. Many stories and incidents are common to both, many traits and characteristics of the fairy folk are similar. This is especially the case if we rely upon writers, like Crofton Croker for instance, who were familiar with the English literary tradition and may possibly have been influenced by it. But closer examination and reference to more genuinely popular sources reveal important differences. To cite one marked trait, the Irish fairies are by no means necessarily or universally regarded as minute in stature. Two recent and thoroughly competent observers, one, Mr. Leland Duncan of our Society, working in North Ireland,<sup>1</sup> the other, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, in South Ireland,<sup>2</sup> agree decisively as to this; fairy and mortal are not thought of as differing in size. But what chiefly impresses the student

<sup>1</sup> *Folk-Lore*, June, 1896.

<sup>2</sup> *Cf.* *Tales of the Fairies, and of the Ghost World*, collected from oral tradition in South-West Munster, London, 1895.

of Irish fairy tradition is the fact that the fairy folk are far more definitely associated with special districts and localities and tribes and families than is the case in England.

We can detect a social organisation in many respects akin to that of mankind, we can draw up a map of fairy Ireland and say, here rules this chieftain, there that chieftainness has sway—nay more, these potentates of the invisible realm are named, we are informed as to their alliances and relationships, we note that their territory and interests seem at times to tally with those of the great septs which represent the tribal organisation of ancient Ireland. O'Brien is not more definitely connected with Munster, O'Connor with Connaught, than is this or that fairy clan.

If we turn from tradition as still recoverable from the lips of the Irish-speaking population of to-day, and investigate the extremely rich store of romantic narratives which, preserved in MSS. dating from 1100 A.D. to fifty years back, represent an evolution of romance extending over fully 1,000 years (for the oldest MSS. carry us back some 200 to 300 years from the date of their transcription), we meet the same supernatural personages as figure in contemporary folklore, playing often the same part, endowed with traits and characteristics of a similar kind. Century by century we can trace them back, their attributes varying in detail, but the essence of their being persisting the same, until at last the very oldest texts present them under an aspect so obviously mythological that every unprejudiced and competent student of Irish tradition has recognised in them the dispossessed inmates of an Irish Pantheon. This mysterious race is known in Irish mythic literature as the Tuatha de Danann, the folk of the goddess Danu, and in some of the very oldest Irish tales, tales certainly 900 perhaps 1,100 years old, they are designated by the very term applied to them by the Irish peasant of to-day, *aes sidhe*, the folk of the sidhe or fairy hillocks.

The tales in which this wizard race figures fall into two well-defined classes. By far the larger portion are heroic sagas, tales that describe and exalt the prowess, valour, and cunning of famous champions or chiefs. There are several well-defined cycles of heroic saga in Irish tradition, and their personages are assigned to periods centuries apart. Yet the Tuatha de Danann figure equally in the various cycles—chiefs and champions die and pass away, not they. Undying, unfading, masters and mistresses of inexhaustible delight, supreme in craft and counsel, they appear again and again as opponents and protectors of mortal heroes, as wooers of mortal maidens, as lady-loves of valiant champions. The part they play in these sagas may be more or less prominent, but its character is always secondary; they exist in the story for the convenience of the mortal hero or heroine, to aid in the accomplishment of the humanly impossible, to act as a foil to mortal valour or beauty, to bestow upon mortal champions or princesses the boon of immortal love.

Such is, all too briefly sketched, the nature of this body of romantic fiction. Whoso is familiar with Arthurian romance detects at once an underlying similarity of conception, plot, and incident. In both, specially, does the woman of the immortal race stand before us in clearer outline and more vivid colouring than the man. Nor is the reason far to seek: the mortal hero is the centre of attraction; the love of the fairy maiden who comes from her wonderland of eternal joys lured by his fame is the most striking token and the highest guerdon of his prowess. To depict her in the most brilliant colours is to effectually heighten his glory.

Both these bodies of romantic fiction are in the main variations upon one set of themes—the love of immortal for mortal, the strife or friendly comradeship between hero and god or fairy.

If now we turn back to the living folk-belief of the Irish

peasant after our survey of the mediæval romantic literature we are seemingly at fault. The fairies are the lineal descendants of the Tuatha de Danann; name and attributes and story can be traced, and yet the outcome is so different. The Irish peasant belief of to-day is agricultural in its scope and intent, as is the English—the Irish fairies are bestowers of increase in flock and herd, protectors and fosterers of vegetation, jealous guardians of ancient country rites. In spite of identity of name and attribute, can these beings be really the same as the courtly, amorous wizard-knights and princesses of the romances? The difference is as great as between Oberon and Puck. And yet, as we have seen, the historical connection is undeniable; in Ireland the unity of the fairy world has never been lost sight of as it has in England.

Hitherto I have brought before you stories in which the Tuatha de Danann play a subordinate part because the mortal hero or heroine has to be glorified. But there exists also a group of stories in which these beings are the sole actors, which are wholly concerned with their fortunes. We are in a position to demonstrate that these stories belong to a very early stratum of Irish mythic literature. After the introduction of Christianity into Ireland the tales told of the Tuatha de Danann, the old gods, seem to have considerably exercised the minds of the literary and priestly classes. They were too widely popular to be discarded—how then should they be dealt with? One way was to minimise the fantastic supernatural element and to present the residuum as the sober history of kings and heroes who had lived in the dim ages before Christ. This way was taken, and a large body of resulting literature has come down to us. But a certain number of fragmentary stories, and one long one, to which this minimising, rationalising process has been applied scarcely, if at all, have also been preserved; and these must obviously be older than the rationalised versions. And as the latter can be traced back to the eighth

and ninth centuries, the former must belong to the earliest stages of Irish fiction.

Now if we examine these few remains of Irish mythology as contradistinguished from Irish heroic legend, we no longer find the Tuatha de Danann, as in the latter, figuring mainly as amorous wizards and love-lorn princesses whose chief occupation is to intrigue with or against some mortal hero or heroine—they come before us as the divine *dramatis personæ* of a series of myths the theme of which is, largely, the agricultural prosperity of Ireland, they are associated with the origin and regulation of agriculture, to them are ascribed the institution of festivals and ceremonies which are certainly of an agricultural character. I cannot give you the evidence in any detail, but I may quote one or two instances. The mythology told of the struggles of the Tuatha de Danann against other clans of supernatural beings; in one of these struggles they overcome their adversaries and capture their king; about to be slain, he seeks to save his life: he offers that the kine of Ireland shall always be in milk, but this does not avail him; then that the men of Ireland should reap a harvest every quarter of the year, but his foes are inexorable; finally he names the lucky days for ploughing and sowing and reaping, and for this he is spared. The mythology which relates the triumph of the Tuatha de Danann also chronicles their discomfiture at the hands of the sons of Mil; but even after these have established their sway over the whole of visible Ireland and driven the Tuatha de Danann into the shelter of the hollow hill, they still have to make terms with them. The chief of the Tuatha de Danann is the Dagda, and this is what an early storyteller says of him: “Great was the power of the Dagda over the sons of Mil, even after the conquest of Ireland; for his subjects destroyed their corn and milk, so that they must needs make a treaty of peace with the Dagda. Not until then, and thanks to his goodwill, were they able to harvest corn and drink the milk of their cows.”

There runs moreover throughout these stories a vein of rude and gross buffoonery which contrasts strongly with the character assigned to the Tuatha de Danann in the heroic sagas.

The true character of this mysterious race may now seem evident, and their substantial identity with the fairy of living peasant lore require no further demonstration. But I must quote one passage which shows that the ancient Irish not only possessed a mythology, but also an organised ritual, and that this ritual was of an agricultural sacrificial nature. Tradition ascribes to Patrick the destruction of Cromm Cruaich and his twelve fellow idols which stood on the plains of Mag Slecht.

Here is what Irish mythic legend has to tell of the worship paid to the Cromm :

“ He was their god

\* \* \* \* \*

To him without glory

They would kill their piteous wretched offspring

With much wailing and peril

To pour their blood around Cromm Cruaich.

Milk and corn

They would ask from him

In return for one third of their healthy issue.”

Such then are the Irish Tuatha de Danann, beings worshipped at the outset with bloody sacrifices in return for the increase of flock and herd and vegetable growth ; associated in the oldest mythological tales with the origin and welfare of agriculture ; figuring in the oldest heroic tales as lords of a wonderland of inexhaustible delights, unfading youth, and insatiable love ; still the objects of peasant reverence and dread ; called to this very day, as they were called centuries ago, and still retaining much of the hierarchical organisation and material equipment due to their incorporation in the higher imaginative literature of the race.

The chain of development which can be followed in Ireland can only be surmised in England ; but the Irish analogy allows, I think, the conclusion that the fairy of English romance has the same origin as the Tuatha de

Danann wizard hero, or princess of Irish romance, in other words the same ultimate origin as the elf or Puck of peasant belief. Thus Oberon and Puck are members of one clan of supernatural beings and not arbitrarily associated by the genius of Shakespeare.

Here let me forestall a possible objection. Shakespeare's fairies are, it may be said, Teutonic, and only Celtic evidence has been adduced in favour of my thesis. I would answer that, so far as the matter in hand is concerned, the antithesis of Celtic and Teutonic is an imaginary one. I use Celtic evidence because, owing to historical causes I shall touch upon presently, Celtic evidence alone is available. That evidence carries us back to a period long antedating the rise of Christianity; and at that period there was, I believe, substantial agreement between Teuton and Celt in their conception of the processes of nature and in the rites and practices by which the relations between man and nature were regulated. The fairy belief of the modern German peasant is closely akin to that of the modern Irish peasant, not because one has borrowed from the other, but because both go back to a common creed expressing itself in similar ceremonies. The attempt to discriminate modern national characteristics in the older stratum of European folklore is not only idle but mischievous, because based upon the unscientific assumption that existing differences, which are the outcome of comparatively recent historical conditions, have always existed. I will only say that, possibly, the diminutive size of the fairy race belongs more especially to Teutonic tradition as developed within the last 2,000 years, and that in so far the popular element in Shakespeare's fairy world is, possibly, Teutonic rather than Celtic.

No, the fairy creed the characteristics of which I have essayed to indicate, and which I have brought into organic connection with the oldest remains of Celtic mythology, was, I hold, common to all the Aryan-speaking people of Europe, to the ancestors of Greek and Roman and Slavs, as well as to the ancestors of Celts and Teutons. I leave

aside the question of its origin—the Aryans may, as my friend Mr. Gomme holds, have taken over and developed the ruder faith of the soil-tilling races whom they subjugated and upon whom they imposed their speech. I content myself with noting that it was the common faith of Aryan-speaking Europeans, and further, that Greeks and Celts have preserved its earliest forms, and have embodied it most largely in the completed fabric of their mythology. Let us hark back to Nash's parallel of elves and Robin Goodfellows with the fauns and satyrs of the fantastical world of Greece. The parallel is a valid and illuminating one, for the fauns and satyrs are of the train of Dionysus, and Dionysus in his oldest aspect is a divinity of growth, vegetable and animal, worshipped, placated, and strengthened for his task, upon the due performance of which depends the material welfare of mankind, by ritual sacrifice.

Dionysus was thus at first a god of much the same nature, and standing on the same plane of development, as, by assumption, the Irish Tuatha de Danann. But in his case the accounts are at once fairly early and extensive, in theirs late and scanty. I have quoted, for instance, almost the only direct piece of information we have concerning the ritual of the Irish gods; that of the Greek god, on the other hand, which survived, in a modified and attenuated form, far down into historic times, is known to us in detail. It undoubtedly consisted originally in an act of sacrifice shared in by all the members of a community, who likewise shared the flesh of the victim, which was applied to invigorate alike the indwelling spirit of vegetation and the participating worshippers, who thus entered into communion with their god. The circumstances of these sacrificial rites were originally of savage horror, and the participants were wrought up to a pitch of the wildest frenzy in which they passed beyond the ordinary limits of sense and effort.

Greek evidence not only allows us to reconstitute this ancient ritual, shared in at one time by all Aryan-speaking Europeans, it also enables us to establish a psychological



basis upon which the complex and often apparently inconsistent beliefs connected with the fairy world can be reared and built into an orderly structure of thought and imagination. The object of the sacrifice is to reinforce the life alike of nature and of the worshipper; but this implies a conception, however crude, of unending and ever-changing vital essence persisting under the most diverse manifestations: hence the powers worshipped and appealed to, as they slowly crystallise into definite individualities, are necessarily immortal and as necessarily masters of all shapes—the fairy and his realm are unchanging and unfading, the fairy can assume all forms at will. Again, bestower of life and increase as he is, he must, by definition, be liberal and amorous—alike in romance and popular belief, the fairy clan is characterised by inexhaustible wealth and by an amiable readiness to woo and be wooed. The connection of the fairy world with the rites of rustic agriculture is so natural on this hypothesis as to need no further demonstration; but on any other hypothesis it is difficult if not impossible to explain.

I would only note that the practice of sacrifice has only recently become extinct, even if be extinct. And I would urge that the love of neatness and orderly method so characteristic of the fairy world is easily referable to a time when all the operations of rural life formed part of a definite religious ritual, every jot and tittle of which must be carried out with minute precision. Similarly, the practice of carrying off human children has its roots in the conceptions of the fairy as the lord and giver of life. For, reasoned early man, life is not an inexhaustible product, the fairy must be fed as well as the mortal; hence the necessity for sacrifice, for renewing the stock of vitality which the fairy doled out to his devotee. But this source of supply might be insufficient, and the lords of life might, from the outset, be regarded as on the look-out for fresh supplies; or else, when the practice of sacrifice fell into disuse, the toll levied regularly in the old days upon human

life might come to wear in the popular mind the aspect of raids upon human by an unhuman society.

Many of the phenomena of fairydom thus find a reasonable—nay, inevitable—interpretation in the conceptions inherent to the cult; others are referable to the ritual in which it found expression.<sup>1</sup> The participants in these rites met by night; by rapid motion prolonged to exhaustion, by the monotonous repetition of music maddening to the senses, by sudden change from the blackness of night to the fierce flare of torch and bonfire, in short by all the accompaniments of the midnight worship which we know to have characterised the cult of Dionysus among the mountains of Thrace, and which we may surmise to have characterised similar cults elsewhere, they provoked the god-possessed ecstasy in which Maenad and Bassarid, with senses exacerbated to insensibility, rent asunder the living victim and devoured his quivering flesh. The devotees were straightway justified in their faith; for in this state of ecstasy they became one with the object of their worship, his powers and attributes were theirs for the time, they passed to and were free of his wonderland full of every delight that could allure and gratify their senses.

Have we not in rites such as these the source of tales found everywhere in the peasant fairy lore of Europe and represented with special vividness in Celtic folklore? At night the belated wanderer sees the fairy host dancing their rounds in many a green mead; allured by the strange enchantment of the scene he draws near, he enters the round. If he ever reappears, months, years, or even centuries have passed, seeming but minutes to him, so keen and all absorbing has been the joy of that fairy dance. But oftener he never returns and is known to be living on in Faery, in the land of undeath and unalloyed bliss.

Here, if I am right, living tradition has preserved the memory of a cult which the Greek of two thousand years

<sup>1</sup> I again repeat that I do not attempt to account here for all the elements of the fairy creed. But those upon which I lay stress are, I believe, the root and guiding conceptions of this most antique of all faiths.

back held to be of immemorial antiquity. Historical mythology and current tradition confirm and interpret each other. Yet it would, I think, be an error to regard the persistence and wide spread of the story as due to the impression made upon the popular mind by the fierce and dark rites of which it is an echo. Rather has it survived because it sums up in one vivid symbol so many aspects of the fairy world. It not only kept alive a memory, it satisfied a psychological demand.

Indeed, when an incident has become an organic portion of a myth—and to do this it must fulfil logical and psychological requirements which are none the less real because they differ from those we should frame—the connection persists so long as the myth retains a spark of life. We saw that the deities which were gradually elaborated out of the primitive spirits of vegetation are essentially amorous and endowed with the power of transformation or reincarnation. A vivid form of expressing this idea is to represent the god amorous of a mortal maiden, and father by her of a semi-divine son whose nature partakes of his own, and who is at times a simple incarnation of himself. What further contributed to the vogue and persistence of this incident was that it lent itself admirably to the purposes of heroic legend; the eponymous founder, the hero *par excellence* of a race could always be connected in this way with the clan of the immortals. We meet the incident at all stages of development. At times, as in the case of Arthur, or of Cuchulinn, son of Lug, the Irish Apollo-Dionysus, it has become wholly heroicised, and the semi-divine child has to conform to the heroic standard; at other times, as in the case of Merlin, or of Mongan, son of Manannan mac Lir, the Irish sea-god, the wonder-child manifests his divine origin by craft and guile rather than by strength and valour; in especial he possesses the art of shape-shifting, which early man seems to have regarded as the most valuable attribute of godhead. There exists a tract entitled, *Robin Good-fellow; His Mad Pranks and Merry Fests, &c.* The

only known edition bears the date 1628, and it has been much debated if it was composed before or after the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mr. Chambers inclines to the latter opinion. Now in this tract, Robin Goodfellow is son of the fairy king by a maiden whom he came nightly to visit, "but early in the morning he would go his way whither she knew not, he went so suddainly." Later, the son has a vision, in which he beholds the dances and hears the strains of fairyland, and when he awakes he finds lying by his side a scroll, beginning with these words :

" Robin, my only sonne and heire,"

in which the father promises, amongst other gifts :

" Thou hast the power to change thy shape  
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape ;"

and assures him :

" If thou observe my just command  
One day thou shalt see Fayry Land "

I believe that in this doggrel chap-book we have the worn-down form of the same incident found in the legends of Arthur and Merlin, of Cuchulinn and Mongan, told also in Greek mythology of no less a person than Dionysus, son of Zeus and Semele, the mischievous youth who, as we learn from the Homeric Hymn, amused himself by frightening Greek sailors by transformation tricks of much the same nature as those dear to Puck.

We may now revert to our starting point, to the question why should the fairy world be specially prominent in English literature, a question which, if asked before, has doubtless been answered by unmeaning generalities about national temperament. But national temperament is the outcome of historic conditions and circumstances which exist none the less though we cannot always trace them. In essaying an answer I will pick up the various dropped threads of the investigation and endeavour to weave them into one connected strand.

Mythology presupposes beliefs and also rites in which

those beliefs find practical expression. Rites comprise forms of words and symbolic acts. The form of words, the liturgic chant may develop into a narrative, the symbolic act may require explanation and give rise to another narrative. As the intellectual and religious horizon of the worshipping race widens, these narratives are amplified, are differentiated, are enriched with new fancies and conceptions. In course of time the narratives crystallize around special divine beings; and as these latter develop and acquire fresh attributes, so their attendant narrative groups, their myths, may come to transcend the germ whence they have sprung, and to symbolise conceptions of such far wider scope as to obscure the connection between origin and completed growth. This happened in Greece with the Dionysus myths, but not until they had been noted at such a stage as to allow recognition of their true nature. Greek mythology conquered Rome, entirely driving out the old Roman myths (many of which had probably progressed little beyond the agricultural stage), although the religious conservatism of Rome maintained the rites in an archaic form. Rome conquered Southern and much of Western Europe and imposed Greek mythology in Latin dress upon these lands. But in Western Europe Ireland, wholly, and Britain, partly, escaped Roman influence. Celtic mythology, starting from the same basis as Greek Dionysus mythology, was left at liberty to develop upon its own lines. The Greek Dionysiac myths, expanding with the marvellous expansion of the Hellenic genius, grew away from their primitive rustic basis, and connection was broken between the peasant creed and the highest imaginative literature. Celtic mythology developed likewise, but to an extent as far less as the Celt had lagged behind the Greek in the race of civilisation. The old gods, themselves an outcome of the primitive agricultural creed, were transformed into the wizard champions and enchantresses of the romances, but they remained in touch with their earliest forms; the link between the fairy of the peasant and

the fairy of literature (for heroic saga *is* literature although traditional literature) was never wholly snapped ; and when the time came for the highest imagination of the race to turn to the old pre-Christian world for inspiration, in these islands alone was there a literary convention which still led back to the wealth of incident and symbol preserved by the folk. In these islands alone, I say, and why? Because the Arthurian romance, that form of imaginative literature which revealed Celtic Mythology to the world, although it entered English later than it did either French or German literature, although France first gave it to all mankind, and Germany bestowed upon it its noblest medieval form, yet here it was at home, on the Continent it was an alien. When the destined hour struck and the slumbering princess of Faery should awake, it was the youngest quester who gave the releasing kiss and won her to be his bride ; if we seek their offspring we may find it in the English poetry of the last three centuries.

When the destined hour had struck! for the princess might not be roused from her slumber before the appointed time. We all know the sixteenth century as the age of Renaissance and Reform. But what is implied precisely by these words? For over a thousand years the compromise come to between Christianity and the pre-Christian world had subsisted subject, as are all things, to fluctuation and modification, but retaining, substantially, its outline and animating spirit. At last it yielded before the onslaught of two different forces, sympathetic knowledge of the pre-Christian classic world, and desire to revert to the earliest form of Christianity before the latter had effected its compromise with classic civilisation. The men who had passed through the impact of these forces upon their hearts and brains could no longer look upon the pre-Christian world, under whatever form it appeared to them, with the same eyes as the men of the Middle Ages. It stimulated their curiosity, it touched their imagination, it was fraught to them with problems and possibilities their predecessors never dreamt of. Through-

out the literature of the sixteenth century we may note the same pre-occupation with romantic themes which are older than, and outside, Christianity. In Italy, as was but natural, the purely classic side of the revival predominated, and the romantic poems of Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto, are only brilliant examples of conscious literary art; in France, peasant folklore and romance formed the groundwork of the great realistic burlesque in which the chief master of French prose satirised the society of his day and sketched the society of his dreams; in Germany, no supreme literary genius arose to voice the tendency of the age, but there was developed the last of the great impersonal legends of the world, the story of Faustus, ready to the hands of Germany's master poet when he should come, and reminding us that wizardcraft has the same ultimate origin as, and is but the unholy and malign side of, the fairy belief. In England, where Celtic mythology had lived on as the Arthurian romance, where the latter, although a late comer, was at home, where alone literature had not been wholly divorced from folk-belief, Shakespeare created his fairy world.

Since his days, fairydom became, chiefly owing to the perfection of his embodiment, a mere literary convention and gradually lost life and savour. Instead of the simpering puppets—stock properties of a machine-made children's literature—to which the fairies have been degraded, I have brought before you to-night beings of ancient and awful aspect, elemental powers, mighty, capricious, cruel, and benignant as is Nature herself. I believe that the fairy creed, this ancient source of inspiration, of symbolic interpretation of man's relation to nature, is not yet dried up, and that English literature, with its mixed strain of Teutonic and Celtic blood, with its share in the mythologies of both these races, and in especial with its claim to the sole body of mythology and romance, the Celtic, which grew up wholly unaffected by classic culture, is destined to drink deeply of it in the future as in the past, and to find in it the material for new creations of undying beauty.

## REVIEWS.

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THE THRESHOLD COVENANT, OR THE BEGINNING OF RELIGIOUS RITES. By H. CLAY TRUMBULL. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1896.

DR. TRUMBULL is already well known to anthropological students as the author of *The Blood Covenant*. In pursuing his researches on the subject of that valuable work for a second edition he found the main idea of *The Threshold Covenant* so important as to justify separate treatment. Hence the present volume. Here he investigates a widespread rite of welcome, by which a stranger is received with the outpouring of blood at the threshold or upon the door-posts. This involves the rite of sacrifice at or upon the threshold, and leads to an inquiry into the sacredness of the threshold. The author derives it from the hearth, holding that the family fire was originally at the threshold of the tent or cave wherein the family dwelt. From the threshold he passes to the foundation stone and to the boundary stone. Having identified—or at least very intimately connected—these, he seeks the origin of the rite, and finds it in the covenant of conjugal union. The remainder of the work is chiefly devoted to an exposition, often excellent as it is new, of various passages in the Bible containing allusions to the rite.

We can go a long way with Dr. Trumbull, though some of his illustrations are, perhaps, a little strained; but we find difficulties in accepting his theory in its entirety. There is an analogy between the threshold and the boundary stone; but their identity can only be admitted with much reserve. This, however, is by no means the weakest link in his argument. To derive the sacredness of the threshold from that of the hearth is to go beyond the evidence produced. It may turn out to be correct, but not because Dr. Trumbull has collected a convincing array of proofs. The sacredness of the camp-fire, to which he hardly alludes, points in this direction. So does a marriage-rite, here



adduced, from China. Still, these examples are a feeble support for the weight of the author's conclusion.

But it is when Dr. Trumbull comes to the origin of the threshold rite that we part company with him. To find the origin in the act of nuptial union is nothing but a guess. It is true that scientific men have occasionally arrived at the true solution of a problem by a bold guess. The instances are rare; and guessing is not to be commended as a method of attaining truth. Dr. Trumbull disguises his guess as an "induction." But the induction starts from a series of assumptions as to "man's earliest religious ideas" and his earliest social relations, which do not conform to the results of scientific investigation. It may be that these assumptions were necessary, or believed to be necessary, to a certain theological position. We doubt that they are really so. At one time it was thought necessary to believe that the world was flat, or that it was created in six days of twenty-four hours. Nobody now holds these doctrines: but the theological position is practically unchanged. So by-and-by theologians will recognise that the anthropological view of human origins and human civilisation is the correct view. Dr. Trumbull cites Professor Robertson Smith and Mr. Frazer. If he had followed these masters, and others on his own side of the Atlantic, without flinching, he might have made an important discovery; and we believe he would ultimately have carried his professional brethren with him. We regret that he has not done this. He has written a very interesting book; he has abundantly demonstrated the sanctity of the threshold,<sup>1</sup> but he leaves the reason for that sanctity as dark as he found it.

It may be an insular prejudice, but we cannot approve of the supplement consisting of comments of specialists to whom the proof-sheets were submitted. It is unfair alike to the specialists themselves and to the readers. Dr. Trumbull would have done better to consider the comments in the privacy of his own study, and to revise his work in accordance with the more valuable of the suggestions thus obtained.

<sup>1</sup> It is right to say that this had been already done in *Folk-Lore Relics of Early Village Life* (1883), p. 75 *seqq.*, by Mr. Gomme, whose remarks on its origin deserve study.

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YORKSHIRE WRITERS: RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE, AN ENGLISH FATHER OF THE CHURCH, AND HIS FOLLOWERS. Edited by C. HORSTMAN. Vol. I. London: Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., 1895.

"MADE in Germany!" Edited in Germany, printed in Germany. We look at books like this, designed to promote the study of Early English language and literature, with a mixture of gratitude to the German scholars who undertake the editorship and shame that the neglect of our own countrymen has thrown the work into the hands of foreigners, though foreigners so near akin to us. Dr. Horstman is already well known to students, as well of folklore as of philology, by his editions of some of our early sacred legends. In this volume his introduction, marked by his usual learning, sketches the development of English medieval mysticism and expounds the position of Richard Rolle as a mystic. The texts comprised in the volume are religious writings of various kinds. For folklore students the most valuable contents are some charms for the toothache, a revelation respecting purgatory, and some scattered moral tales. The latter are, perhaps, not so much traditional as deliberately invented by the monkish writers: at least this seems the case with certain of them.

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AUSTRALIAN LEGENDARY TALES: FOLKLORE OF THE NOONGAH-BURRAHS AS TOLD TO THE PICCANINNIES. Collected by MRS. K. LANGLOH PARKER, with Introduction by ANDREW LANG, M.A. London: D. Nutt, 1896.

FOLK-TALES of the Australian natives will be so much the more welcome that hitherto very few have been reported. We have plentiful accounts of the manners and customs of the Blackfellows, their tables of kindred and affinity, even their most secret rites; but of their tales we have only had a few cosmological myths. Yet all students have felt sure that tales were to be had, if only somebody could be found with the tact and the opportunity to get them. Mrs. Parker, endowed with both, has made an excellent beginning in the present volume.

Savage tales are, of course, conditioned by savage life. In a primitive democracy you cannot expect to find the princes and

princesses of European stories. In the tales, as in native belief, men are on the same footing, not merely with one another, but with beasts, birds, and reptiles. In fact, men are beasts and beasts men, without the intervention even of a wicked magician. Magicians and "doctors" there are; but their paraphernalia are more simple, and they know nothing of the mysterious horror of forbidden knowledge. In European tales the line which divides the natural from the supernatural is faint and uncertain; in purely savage tales it does not exist. In the former we have a growing civilisation pervaded by the mists of savagery; in the latter we have savagery and nothing else. The glamour of the true fairy tale is therefore wanting. Even the art of tale-telling is but little developed. The incidents are simple and few, though the beginnings of plot are to be faintly discerned.

To the student the interest of these tales lies in the incidents, in the germs which they exhibit of incidents we know elsewhere, and in their reflection of savage life and thought. The shapes and colours of various animals; why some have few young ones and others many; the origin of fire, of death, of certain stars, of certain lakes; stories of hunting, of revenge; savage love-making and bride-capture; the power of curses; savage treachery and fidelity; these are among the subjects of this very interesting collection made from a tribe, now fast dying out, on the Narran River in New South Wales—a collection of documents precious to all who set any value on the study of the human mind.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in addition to a short introduction, has enriched the volume with a number of drawings by an untaught Australian native. "They were given to me," he says, "some years ago by my brother, Dr. Lang, of Corowa."

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THE MYTHS OF THE NEW WORLD: A TREATISE ON THE SYMBOLISM AND MYTHOLOGY OF THE RED RACE OF AMERICA.  
By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., LL.D., D.Sc. Third Edition, revised. Philadelphia: David McKay, 1896.

IT is eight-and-twenty years since the first edition of Dr. Brinton's *Myths of the New World* was issued. In preparing the new edition he has had the advantage of all the fresh information which has been given to the world by students of the American tribes, and

of all the discussions which have taken place as to the origin and meaning of mythology in general. If his views remain unchanged, they are at least now stated after consideration of all that has been said on the other side, and should be studied by everyone who differs from him. When he first wrote he was a pioneer through an almost unknown domain, a domain peopled by all sorts of ghosts conjured up by the fantasy of previous ill-informed and deeply prejudiced writers. To him belongs the honour of first surveying the country, and in a large measure of clearing the ground. His book was not addressed to the antiquary, but to the thoughtful general reader. But though it is still intended chiefly for the latter, it is a necessary handbook for all inquirers into the beliefs of the American aborigines.

While we regret that on some points Dr. Brinton has not seen right to modify opinions expressed thirty years ago, before we knew quite so much of savage modes of thought as we do now, we must emphasise the importance of his contribution to the solution of some of the problems affecting traditions all over the world, such as the source of the Creation and Deluge myths, and the meaning—in America, at all events—of the mystical number four and of the Cross. Nobody who studies the folklore of the Red Race can fail to be struck with the fact that the number four occupies the place of the number three in the Old World; and we have very little doubt that Dr. Brinton supplies the key to its meaning. In the face of his explanation it is time that the interpretation placed by many English and French inquirers upon the Pre-Christian Cross were reconsidered. Not that the true interpretation of the symbol in the Old World is necessarily the same as in the New; but that it is susceptible of more interpretations than that which has so often been ascribed to it, with—in many cases—too little evidence.

Dr. Brinton's explanation of the Creation and Deluge myths we believe to be absolutely right; and it is an example of the value of an extensive philosophical culture applied to the facts of savage tradition. The explanation has the force and the certainty of an intuition.

Here, as everywhere in Dr. Brinton's writings, he insists on the unity of the Red Race and the independent origin of its culture. Intimately connected as these two questions are, they are distinct; and it is possible to hold the author's view of the one without the other. We believe, however, that on both he will

be found to be much nearer the truth than his opponents. We are aware that the Asiatic provenience of American civilization has enlisted some great names on its side. But the evidence as yet brought forward in support seems to us wholly inadequate, striking as some of it is; while the theory encounters enormous difficulties in the absence of any historical evidence, and in the purely indigenous character of the cereals and animals domesticated in the New World.

It is impossible in the space at our command to do more than thus barely allude to some of the subjects touched in this learned and eloquent work. It is by no means an exhaustive account of the religion of the American race. It does not aim at this. But so far as it goes, and with reserves as to the meaning of several prominent myths and beliefs, it retains, and must retain for some time to come, its position as the chief exponent of the mythology of the aborigines of the Western World.

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INDIANISCHE SAGEN VON DER NORD-PACIFISCHEN KÜSTE AMERIKAS von Franz Boas. Sonder-Abdruck aus den Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte 1891 bis 1895. Berlin: A. Asher & Co., 1895.

No contribution to the study of folktales of equal importance with this has been published for many years. It consists of a collection of stories obtained by Professor Boas, chiefly at first hand, from the Red Men of British Columbia, followed by an inquiry into the place of origin of two of the most prominent cycles—those of the Raven and the Minx—and finally a statistical inquiry into the number of sagas and saga-elements common to different tribes and races. The collection of stories alone would be indispensable alike to the student of the peoples of the Northwest and to the student of folk-tales. But what constitutes the special value of the book is the chapter of inquiries. Their method and the statistics on which Professor Boas' conclusions are based deserve the most careful examination.

Professor Boas is concerned first of all with the problem of migration, and only ultimately and, as it were, indirectly with the problem of origin. He analyses some of the most important sagas into their incidents, and by means of tables exhibits their

distribution among the various peoples with which he deals. Neighbourhood and race he shows to be the great agents in the distribution of myths; and by ascertaining where a cycle is most fully known, and in the most homogeneous manner elaborated, he is able to assign the tribe to which it originally belongs. His conclusions, however, must be regarded as provisional only; because further inquiry may seriously modify them, and there is still some room for doubt whether the greatest development is an infallible index of original invention of a myth. Other tables disclose the proportion told among each tribe of stories which are common to other tribes. And here it is noticeable that, although neighbouring tribes and those connected by race have the greatest proportion of tales in common, still the proportion which they have in common is comparatively small. The Tlingit and Tsimschians, who have the greatest number of incidents in common, only possess in common about one-tenth. Some of the sagas told among the tribes of the North-west are, as might be expected, known all over the North American continent. Professor Boas gives examples from the Poncas of the Mississippi basin, the Micmacs of the North Atlantic coast, and the Athabascans of the Mackenzie basin; and his tables show the proportion of tales from these families which appear to have spread among the inhabitants of British Columbia and Southern Alaska. Comparative distance and seclusion are here, of course, the chief obstacles to transmission. Yet, if the tables may be relied on, there are some remarkable divergences from the rule. Thus, the Chinook, living at the mouth of the Columbia River, in the States of Washington and Oregon, display the greatest number of stories in common with the Micmacs. These may, as the author conjectures, have descended the river. Again, a large tributary of the Columbia is the Lewis or Snake River, by which it may be conjectured that the Ponca stories have travelled from the south-east. But we find that the Chinook are acquainted with no larger proportion of stories in common with the Poncas than are the Nutka on the coast of Vancouver Island,<sup>1</sup> more than one hundred and

<sup>1</sup> Professor Boas conjectures, if we understand him aright, that the knowledge of the Micmac and Ponca stories was transmitted by the Chinook to these and other coast tribes. But are no Micmac and Ponca stories known to the coast tribes which are not known to the Chinook? The Chinook stories, it should be said, are not comprised in the present collection. They are to be found in the same author's *Chinook Texts*.

fifty miles further away, and with even a smaller proportion than the still more northerly Shuswap, who dwell on the middle reaches of the Fraser River between the Athabascans and the Kootenay. Professor Boas gives no information as to the Kootenay, the south-eastern neighbours of the Shuswap, through whom, perhaps, the route of the Ponca tales may be traced. Moreover, it is curious that, although detached branches of the Athabascans are the immediate neighbours of the Chinook to north and south, and the territory occupied by the main body of the Athabaskan tribes is not much more than 200 miles away, the proportion of tales common to the Chinook and Athabascans is less than half the proportion of those common to the Chinook and Micmacs across the whole breadth of the continent; while it is fifty per cent. greater than the proportion of those common to the Athabascans and the Tsimschians, who are next neighbours to the bulk of the Athabaskan tribes. Other examples might be given. Professor Boas does not call attention to these divergences; and we are consequently left to guess at their cause. But they suggest either that there is much more traditional wealth to be collected, or that there are obstacles to transmission more powerful than mere distance or remoteness from the physical possibilities of intercourse. In other words, if the traditional wealth already collected represent fairly the sum of the folklore of the North-west, and if the tables be accurate, race and social conditions are probably a more efficient hindrance to transmission of stories than Professor Boas would seem willing to allow.

Questions are thus raised which demand for their solution an observer as able, as experienced, and as intimately acquainted with the people as Professor Boas himself. Some of them, indeed, are among the most difficult with which the student of folklore is called upon to deal, such as the question whether a given story has arisen independently among two different tribes, or been borrowed by one mediately or immediately from the other. The author assumes that stories common to the Micmacs or the Poncas and the North-western tribes have been borrowed, and not separately evolved. But he does not, in his concluding words, exclude the possibility of elementary ideas (*elementargedanken*) arising independently. Nobody can doubt, he tells us, that the human mind has again and again brought forth certain cycles of ideas, and still does so; but nobody can say where the boundary

lies between that which is evolved elementarily out of the mental stock and that which requires the intervention of strangers to its development. That may be true ; and yet there are numerous cases in which identical ideas take shape in the folklore of populations at such a distance in point of space and time that it would seem impossible to connect them by any borrowing theory, at least with our present knowledge. Such are the classical stories of Phaeton, and of the frogs that disturbed the slumbers of Perseus, and the Norse tales of the robbery of Suptung's Mead, and of the Man in the Moon who carried off two children. These are all found in British Columbia ; and the tales of Phaeton, and of the robbery of Suptung's Mead in particular, are prominent in the tribal mythologies.

If the problems relating to the psychological evolution of mankind, which constitute the deepest interest of the science of folklore, are ever to be studied effectively, it must be, we cordially agree with Professor Boas, by a careful examination, historical, social, and geographical, of limited areas. There is no royal road, no magical carpet to waft us to our goal. It must be won by deliberate plodding along a path where anxious and minute circumspection alone will prevent us from missing our footing. Professor Boas has set us an example which we commend to the attention of all serious students.

An excellent index of incidents concludes the volume.

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LE NOVELLE INDIANE DI VISNUSARMA (PANCATANTRA). Tradotte dal Sanscrito da Italo Pizzi. Torino : Unione Tipografica Editrice, 1896.

THIS is an Italian translation of the Pancatantra. It seems to be meant for the general reader, as the verses are rendered with some freedom, and the names are not exactly transliterated. Some sacrifice of exactness is necessary where the verse-renderings are, as here, metrical ; but where I have compared it with the original I have not noticed any mistake. The translation seems to be nicely done, and can be recommended to those who wish merely to enjoy what they read ; but the student will prefer Benfey. Notes are given to explain proper names, and otherwise where they are necessary ; and a table of the stories is given at



the end. It is a pity that the stories were not also numbered in the text. No parallels are given, and no introductions, except a short preface describing the work as a whole.

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AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGION. By FRANK BYRON JEVONS, M.A., Litt.D. London: Methuen & Co., 1896.

IN his introductory chapter Dr. Jevons claims, with characteristic modesty, no more than that his intention is to collect together for the student the principal results of recent anthropological investigations, so far as they relate to religious customs and institutions, and "to familiarise him with some of the elementary ideas and some of the commonest topics" of the History of Religion, so as "to prepare him for the study of that history." It need not be said that the author fulfils the intention thus expressed. He does a vast deal more. Taking up the investigation of the evolution of religion where the late Professor Robertson Smith dropped it, and partly availing himself of, and partly controverting, the conclusions of Mr. Frazer, he enquires on the one hand what preceded totemism in the religious development of the race, and on the other hand how and whence the higher polytheism of the pagan nations and the monotheism of the Hebrews were evolved. The result is a book of absorbing interest, every chapter of which is alive with new and fruitful hypotheses, which must form the basis of future inquiries.

To criticise it is an exceedingly difficult task. Not merely is it hard to get far enough away to survey it as a whole, but to follow it into details demands a knowledge as accurate and minute as the author's own; and that is what very few possess. Here we make no pretensions to anything more than such a notice of a few of the points raised in the course of the book as will enable readers to form an idea of its importance as a contribution to anthropological science.

Dr. Jevons begins by distinguishing between the natural and supernatural as conceived by primitive man, contending, as we understand, that whatever baffled the expectations and the efforts of man was recognised as supernatural, and that the distinction was clear and sharp from the first. Magic was, the primitive man

considered, within his power ; by it he could control a variety of forces external to himself : hence magic was from the beginning different from, and opposed to, religion. Religion is not derived from magic, nor is magic a convenient term under which a number of survivals of earlier religions may be classed. On the threshold, therefore, we are met by a question which, if decided in the sense advocated by Mr. Jevons, will demand reconsideration of some of the positions that many inquirers have during recent years been disposed to assume.

After rendering an admirable account of Taboo, though raising issues which we have no space to mention, the author passes to a discussion of Totemism. Here he contends with great force, and we think successfully, that it is to totemism that we owe civilisation, because the domestication of animals and the culture of grain and fruit originated in totemism, and it is due simply to these that man was enabled to rise out of the hunting stage. "It is totemism alone," he says, "which could have produced that transition from the natural to an artificial basis of subsistence, which is effected by the domestication of plants and animals, and which results in civilisation." The present religious condition of most savage races he ascribes to the disintegration of totemism. Totemism is a stage through which they have passed, but for want of domesticable animals, or from social and political causes, they have not reached that grade of civilisation in which a developed and anthropomorphic polytheism is possible, while on the other hand the social and political influences at work among them have broken up the old totemism. Hence when, from stress of calamity or any other reason, a need for help has arisen beyond that conceived to be afforded by their totems, they have had recourse either to magic or to individual protectors ; some of the old totems have perhaps been found powerful in certain directions, and have thus gradually been limited in their powers, becoming inchoate departmental gods, while often remaining special objects of worship of one family or clan. This appears to afford a satisfactory explanation of problems which must have puzzled all students. Evolution, as Dr. Jevons rightly insists, is not equivalent to progress. The survival of the fittest is not necessarily the survival of the highest, but merely of that which best suits the environment ; and it as often, perhaps more often, results in decadence than improvement.

Good service is rendered, we may remark incidentally, to science by Dr. Jevons' repeated criticism of the use of terms, and by his attempts to define more accurately. Thus, "a god," he says, "is not a supernatural being as such, but one having stated friendly relations with a definite circle of worshippers, originally blood-relations of one another." By applying this definition to the accounts of travellers and missionaries we may often clear up difficulties, of which Dr. Jevons has given us a valuable example in the case of Sasabonsum, a spirit to whom so painstaking an observer as the late Colonel Ellis gave the title of god, with the result of landing himself in perplexity. Another instance of the author's acumen is his criticism of the much-abused terms "fetish" and "fetishism." Henceforth, for all serious students the vague use of these terms will be without excuse; and it will be nothing but a gain to anthropology if they be entirely discarded or at least limited to certain classes of charms and to the system of employing these charms. Let us even carry the principle into the use of the term "charm," which is almost equally vague. It ought to be limited strictly to spoken and written incantations: all other "charms," such as are worn or deposited for luck or protection, are, according to Dr. Jevons' definition, fetishes.

One term, however, that he has not disentangled is "Sympathetic Magic." It has been lately the custom to label all magic as "sympathetic magic." This is to confuse at least three kinds of magic. First, we have Incantations, in which the object is attained by the use of certain verbal formularies. Next, we have Mimetic Magic. When the savage flaps a blanket to cause a wind to blow, "as the sailor still whistles to bring a whistling gale"; when before going on the warpath or the chase he executes a "dance in which the quarry or the foe are represented as falling before his weapon," to secure success; when water is sprinkled to produce rain; and so forth, all this is not "Sympathetic" but "Mimetic Magic." It is to this kind of magic that the maxim "like produces like" is specially applicable. We should confine the term "Sympathetic Magic" to practices, whether of injury or benefit, upon substances identified with, though in effect detached from, the person (or thing) we intend to reach, practices which are believed directly to affect the person (or thing) aimed at by means of sympathy between him (or it) and the substance actually operated on.

Important as will be the controversies aroused by Dr. Jevons' view of the relations of religion and magic and by his chapters on taboo and totemism, they will be by no means the only ones. But while we cannot here even allude to many of the questions debated, there is one which must not be wholly passed over. In a chapter on Priesthood ably and carefully reasoned he combats the view of the origin of the priest set forth with unrivalled learning in *The Golden Bough*. Dr. Jevons argues "that in all cases the human 'image' of the god is distinguished from the god [himself], and that the divine spirit must enter the man before he can be the human representative of the god. . . . Further, the modes of consecration . . . are various, but they can be all traced back to the primitive idea of the sacrificial meal, namely, that it is by participation in the blood of the god that the spirit of the god enters into the worshipper." He therefore looks "to some feature of the ritual of the primitive sacrificial meal" for the solution of the problem; and he finds it in the fact that it is the priest who "deals the first and fatal blow at the victim." But this is to kill the god, and blood-guiltiness attaches to the act. Accordingly the criminal would be immediately slain, but that he drinks of the blood—and drinks first of it, thereby obtaining a greater share of the spirit of the god than his fellows, becoming, in fact, sacro-sanct. All who partake become in a measure united to the god. The union, however, does not last for ever: it requires perpetual renewal. Before the period—usually a year—comes round for the next ordinary sacrificial meal, the union gradually dissolves, and with it the sacro-sanctity of the priest. Being now unprotected by his sacred character, the penalty which he has incurred by lifting his hand against the god may be—must be—enforced, and the priest must be put to death. He is then killed, not as god, but as the slayer of the god. In time his lease of life would be extended, in consequence of the difficulty of getting any one to act as priest on these terms; or a substitute would be slain; or a mock-death would be undergone. Ultimately the animal slain ceased to be regarded as divine. No penalty attached to the slaughter of a chattel, and the priest became permanently emancipated from the liability to render life for life. This hypothesis has much to recommend it beyond its ingenuity. It would assuredly obviate many difficulties. Whether it would account for all the facts—for instance, the excessive and long-continued sanctity of the priest-

king, or the sanctity of and veneration for human victims, like the Meriah, who are neither priests nor kings—remains for a closer examination by other inquirers.

An exposition of savage theories of a future life, including a keen analysis of the Egyptian, the Hindu, and the Pythagorean doctrines of Transmigration, paves the way for an account of the Mysteries, to which are dedicated two of the most interesting and valuable chapters of the book. For collecting and piecing together the scattered notices which half-reveal and half-conceal the subjects, and for pouring over them the unifying and vivifying flood of anthropological learning, few indeed are so well fitted as Dr. Jevons. And he has given us what we might expect: the first fairly complete and trustworthy account of a movement without which, historically speaking, the spread of Christianity would have been impossible. What he has not given us, because it was not within the scope of his work, but what is of prime importance for the student of religions, is the relations of the Mysteries to Christianity. Dr. Anrich's work is useful; but there is yet much to be done before the obscure and difficult questions of these relations can be held to be satisfactorily answered.

Into the psychological arguments and theological conclusion of the final chapter it does not become us to enter here. One observation of a general character may be made in bringing to an end this very inadequate notice. The inextricable involution of the problems of religion and civilisation becomes more and more apparent the more we inquire into the past of our race. Dr. Jevons has, of course, recognised this, as every trained anthropologist must, and has been enabled by means of religion to account for important steps in the long progress of humanity. Nor has the converse influence of social and political causes upon religion escaped him. We wish he had made even larger use of considerations quite detached from religion, as religion is apprehended in modern and civilised life. His argument, for example, on the disintegration of totemism would, it seems to us, have been greatly strengthened by considering the influence of mother-right in those communities where, though the kinship is reckoned through females, the father is the head of the family, and a true patriarchy is in course of evolution, or perchance in decay. Moreover, a most important inquiry, and one affecting the very foundations of his system, is, What preceded the recognition by primitive man of kinship, and how did that recognition come about?

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### STAFFORDSHIRE SUPERSTITIONS.

(Vol. vii., p. 398.)

THE Staffordshire "Hobthirst" is, no doubt, the Yorkshire "Hobthrust," a Robin-Goodfellow or Robin-Round-Cap, who resembles the Scotch Brownie on the domestic side of his character,<sup>1</sup> although in other aspects he seems to be a woodland-goblin.<sup>2</sup> According to a lady who is well acquainted with the village spoken of, there is a farm—the Manor Farm—at East Halton, in Lincolnshire, which was popularly said to be haunted by a Hobthrust till three or four years ago, if not at the present time. "Mrs. —, who lived in the house, used to believe that its appearance was in some way connected with an old iron cauldron in the cellar, which was full of sand and bones. These bones she supposed to be 'children's thumb-bones.' If the bones and sand were stirred, the Hobthrust would show himself at twelve o'clock. What he was like I do not know, nor what he did. When we were children I and my brother used to tell Mrs. — we were going to the cellar to stir the contents of the cauldron, a threat which always troubled her very much. After Mrs. — left the farm, the cauldron was brought up from the cellar to be used, and no evil results followed. There is another Hobthrust at Lindholme, near Wroot, but I do not know what the stories connected with him are."

It has been suggested to me that *thrust* is Anglo-Saxon þyrs, Icelandic þurs, þuss, the giant or goblin of English fable: hence thurs-house or thurse-hole, a rock-cave serving for a dwelling (Kennet in Halliwell, s. v. Thurs-house). So in the Metrical Life of St. Cuthbert, 2178:

"Cuthbert in a priue place began  
In a place with oute his celle,  
Now calde þe thrus house men tell."

MABEL PEACOCK.

*Dunstan House, Kirton-in-Lindsey.*

<sup>1</sup> J. Nicholson, *Folk-Lore of East Yorkshire* (1890), p. 50.

<sup>2</sup> Atkinson's *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*, under *Hobtrush*.

The following extract from a letter dated 31st October, 1893, from East Halton, Ulceby, Lincolnshire, may be of some interest :—

“I have waited to answer your letter, as I wanted to get a little more information about old “Hob Thrust.” When the S—’s lived on the hill they always burnt a light in one of the bedroom windows to keep Hob Thrust quiet at night. I have seen the light myself many times, coming home ; and there is still an iron pot in the cellar which had sand in it, but they took it out and left the pot in the cellar. They have often heard noises in the house like chairs falling and someone coming down stairs and across the floor to the fireplace. This is what they have told my husband.

“I will now, as well as I can remember, tell you all the old tales that I have heard since I came here, near 50 years ago. I once heard the Rev. J. Byron also name the legend in one of his lectures. One old tale is that they began to build the church in the centre of the village, but what they built in the day-time Hob Thrust removed at night, so that they were obliged to build it where it is. Once upon the time, as the story goes, the people in the house got tired of it and were removing their furniture, when they met some one on the road. They remarked that they were flitting, and Hob Thrust popped up its head out of an old churn, and said : “Yes, we’re flutting.” So the people said: “Oh, if you are going with us, we’ll go back again.” So they returned. It was sometimes very useful, as it would fetch up the horses in a morning, also the sheep up overnight into the barn for clipping. One night he told them that the little brown sheep had taken more getting up than them all ; and when the men looked it was a hare.

“Hob Thrust was also at times very mischievous and did some wonderful things, such as putting the wagon on the top of the barn, &c. The tale is that they used to leave it a clean shirt on a Saturday night ; but they offended it in not leaving one to its liking, for in the morning ashes were scattered all about the floor and the words were written :

‘Harden, harden, hemp,  
Harden, harden, gear,  
If you’d have given me linen to wear  
I’d have served you faithfully many a year.’

So I suppose that hemp was too coarse for him, and by gear he would mean his clothes. I think this is all about our old Hob Thrust.”

LELAND L. DUNCAN.

May I send you another version of the All Souls' Day rhyme given by Miss Burne in her Staffordshire Notes?

At Hilderstone, on the borders of Derbyshire, forty years ago, the boys used to sing—

“ A soul cake, a soul cake,  
 Give me a penny for a soul cake.  
 One for Peter,  
 One for Paul,  
 One for Him who made us all.  
 Put your hand in your pocket  
 And pull out your keys,  
 Go down to your cellar  
 And fetch what you please.  
 An apple, a pear, a plum, or a cherry,  
 Or any good thing to make us merry.  
 A soul cake,” &c., *ad lib.*

This was called “going souling.”

I do not think we had any May-day observances, but Christmas brought guisers; one of them was St. George, who fought and killed the Prince of Paradise. Our mistletoe bush was quite “a golden bough,” decorated with oranges and coloured ribbons, and it hung till Shrove Tuesday, when the pancakes were supposed to be cooked over it.

Trusting you will pardon my troubling you with these old memories,

DOROTHEA TOWNSHEND.

80, *Woodstock Road, Oxford.*

#### THE STAFFORDSHIRE HORN-DANCE.

(Vol. vii., p. 382.)

After describing the horn-dance at Abbot's Bromley, in her article on “Staffordshire Folk and their Lore,” Miss Burne draws the conclusion that the primary intention of the performance was the assertion of some ancient common right or privilege in regard to the chase. May not this be the secondary rather than the first signification of the custom? Is it not possible that in origin the dance resembled the buffalo-dance of some North American Indian tribes, and that by natural evolution and transformation



it gradually acquired a different meaning? I have no proper books of reference on the subject at hand, but I find in the Rev. J. G. Wood's account of the Mandan Indians,<sup>1</sup> which is probably taken from Catlin, that the buffalo-dance was a sacred exercise performed to bring the bison, commonly known as buffalo, within reach, when hunters failed to find game. Among the Mandans every man had a buffalo mask, *i.e.* the skin of the head, *with the horns attached to it*, and to the head was usually added a strip of skin, some four or five inches wide, extending along the whole length of the animal, and including the tail. When the wearer put on his mask, the strip of skin hung down his back, and the tail dragged on the ground behind him. Thus accoutred the dancers moved in a circle imitating the actions of the buffalo; and the dance went on without cessation till the longed-for animals were discovered, and all fear of death from hunger was over for the time being.

No doubt other instances of procuring game by prefiguring its appearance might easily be found. The idea that to imitate or to speak of a thing, or event, causes it to appear, or to happen, is very common. The prejudice against direct mention of the Devil springs, in a great degree, from the feeling that he will become visible after his name has been uttered. It is also a widely-accepted belief that to allude to one's good fortune in escaping sorrow or vexation of any kind brings the trouble to pass. A merely verbal representation of the evil suffices to cause its arrival.

Has anyone ever attempted to trace back the hobby-horse of the horn-dance and other similar festivals to pre-Christian days? At Padstow, in Cornwall, the hobby-horse, after being taken round the town during the Maytide *fête*, was submerged in the sea,<sup>2</sup> which suggests that the sacrifice of horses, or their mimic representatives, to water was once practised in Britain. This idea is further confirmed by the fact that many sprites connected with rivers, lakes, and marshes are equine in form, although others are bovine, because, it is to be assumed, cattle were also used as offerings.

M. PEACOCK.

<sup>1</sup> *The Natural History of Man*, 1870, pp. 668, 669, of the volume relating to America.

<sup>2</sup> Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England* (1881), p. 194.

## THE HOOD-GAME AT HAXEY.

(Vol. vii., p. 330.)

Since my paper on "HaxeY-hood" went to press, my attention has been drawn to the fact that the game has a remarkable analogy with Cornish hurling, although in the latter amusement a ball, not a roll of sacking or leather, is the centre of interest.

According to an account given of the Cornish custom in *The Sketch*, November 11, 1896, p. 109, hurling is still kept up at St. Columb Major, and playing is annually commenced on Shrove-Tuesday. A ball of apple-wood with a thick coating of silver is the object contended for, and there are two goals each a mile distant from the place where the ball is thrown up, being thus two miles apart from each other. One is designated the "town goal" and the other the "country goal"; and the aim of each party of players is to get the ball to its own goal. Hurling must have formerly been a quasi-ecclesiastical amusement, as it appears to have always been indulged in at some sacred season, or on Sunday, the east window of the parish church being commonly a goal; while tradition says that in one parish at least the ball was thrown up in the church itself, and that the clergy took a leading part in the game. Hunt in his *Popular Romances of the West of England* (edition 1881), p. 400, speaks of hurling as recently practised in the parishes west of Penzance on Sunday afternoon. The game was usually between two parishes, "sometimes between Burian and Sancreed, or against St. Leven and Sennen, or the higher side of the parish played against the lower."

The game had its name from "hurling" a wooden ball about three inches in diameter, covered with a plate of silver, which was sometimes gilt and had commonly a motto, "Gware wheag yeo gware teag," *i.e.* Fair play is good play. The sport was formerly practised annually by those who attended corporate bodies in surveying the bounds of parishes; but from the many accidents that usually resulted it is now rarely played. A St. Ives correspondent informed Mr. Hunt that the game had not yet died out at St. Ives, St. Columb, and St. Blazey, on the anniversary of the dedication of the church.

In another interesting description of the custom,<sup>1</sup> the St. Ives hurling-match is spoken of as having been held on the sands on the Monday after Quinquagesima Sunday, the ball being formed of cork, or light wood, covered with silver. And it is noted that in early days the mimic contention used to be commonly between two or more parishes, or between one parish and another, but that now one part of a parish hurls against another, the Helston instance being among the examples quoted, in which two streets play all the other streets on the 2nd May, when the town-bounds are renewed. In some private families the balls carried off by their ancestors in the early years of the last century are still religiously preserved as heirlooms. Yet a Druidic circle at St. Cleer, in East Cornwall, is known as "the Hurlers," from a tradition that a party of men hurling on a Sunday were for their wickedness turned into stone. This story has probably superseded an older legend, which embodied a more correct idea of some ancient relationship between the prehistoric remains and the popular game.

The analogy between Cornish hurling, the Lincolnshire hood-game, and the Eastertide ball-play of France, described by Souvestre and Laisnel de la Salle, is obvious. They are all examples of ancient solar ritual which have survived to modern times under the ægis of Christianity. The hood-game, however, is conspicuous among them on account of the curiously barbaric scene with which it ought properly to conclude. "Smoking the fool" appears to be known at Haxey alone. Yet there is no reason why similar practices may not be found to exist on some of the scattered islets of folk-custom, that still manage to lift their crests above the tide of modern thought, which now washes over the sinking continent of European myth. Instances of symbolic sacrifice to the sun may yet be chronicled. Wherever flaming wheels, or bonfires, are kindled in connection with some sacred day representing a prehistoric festival of the seasons, there is a possibility that traces of archaic blood-offering may linger in recognisable form.

Cabsow, the ball-game which till some few years ago was played at Cleethorpes on Christmas-Day, seems to be almost identical in name with *scabshew* or *scobshew*, the Cumbrian word for hockey or

<sup>1</sup> M. A. Courtney, *Cornish Feasts and Folk-Lore* (1890), pp. 20, 21, 25, 26.

bandy, which is mentioned in an article describing the method of playing golf in the seventeenth century in the *Gentleman's Magazine Library: Manners and Customs*, p. 250.

In the January number of the *Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist* (vol. iii., p. 48), Mr. J. M. Mackinlay says, in commenting on an article on *Churchyard Games in Wales*, which appeared in the same publication last July, that at the hamlet of Tullich, near Ballater, is a ruined church standing in a circular graveyard. "Outside the ruin, but within an iron railing, is a collection of five or six ancient sculptured stones, some showing a cross incised on them, and one having the curious mirror-like symbol so puzzling to antiquaries. St. Nathalan, said to have been born in the district, was the patron saint of the church. His day was kept as a holiday in the parish till within the last twenty-five or thirty years. It fell on the 8th of January, and was held on or about the 19th, according to the old style of reckoning. Football was the favourite amusement on the occasion. The churchyard, which had then no wall round it, was the place selected for the game, and the ball was kicked about over the tombs, often amid snow."

In reference to ball-play on Scotch festivals, Mr. Mackinlay informs me that football is a common sport on New Year's Day, and that it is believed that most of the practices now in vogue in Scotland on the first day of the year were "transferred to that day from Christmas at a time when the Church set its face against Yule-tide observances at the end of the sixteenth century and later. Napier," he adds, "has worked out this point in his *Folklore of the West of Scotland*. Football used to be common also on Fastern's-E'en (Shrove Tuesday), notably at Scone, in Perthshire."

In the *Glasgow Herald*, January 2, 1897, football is mentioned as having been played in many parishes on the preceding day. At Kirkwall, we are informed, ball-playing "began on the streets" at half-past eight in the morning. "The first two balls were easily got by players from the harbour end of the town, but the adult ball at one o'clock went to the upper end."

At Kirkcaldy "the ruins of Ravensraig Castle and adjacent grounds were, in accordance with an old custom, thrown open by the new proprietor of Dysart House, Mr. M. B. Nairn. There the ancient Scottish game of "She Kyles was played." "She Kyles," Mr. Mackinlay tells me, is nine-pins; and he notes a

curious fact which may be connected with ball-games on holy-days. Mr. Thistleton Dyer, it appears, mentions, in his *Popular British Customs*, that at Tenby, on St. Crispin's Day, the 25th October, a figure of the saint used to be hung up, and after being taken down it was kicked about as a football. What is his authority for the statement?

M. PEACOCK.

It is interesting, in connection with the description of the plough-bullocks and their cry of "Largus," to compare what is said by Clement Scott in his "Poppy Land" (4th ed., Jarrold, pp. 20, 37), papers descriptive of scenery on the East Coast. He says: "I might here note one of the curious harvest customs that must have come down direct from Norman times. When the reapers are in the field they are allowed, or rather it is the custom, to demand 'largesse' from the passer-by. Indeed, the very same old French word is used. The phrase goes, 'Please da me a largesse, Sir!' which I made a brown-cheeked labourer translate, 'Please give me something to drink your jolly good health with.'"

H. F. JACOB.

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DOZZILS.

(Vol. vii., p. 399.)

Are not the Dozzils mentioned by Miss Peacock identical with the Roman Oscilla, "faces or heads of Bacchus, which were suspended in the vineyards, to be turned in every direction by the wind. Whichever way they looked they were supposed to make the vines in that direction fruitful." (Smith, *Dictionary of Antiquities*, s.v., with illustrations.)

The *locus classicus* is Virgil, *Georgics*, ii., 388, sqq.

*Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina læta, tibi que  
Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu,  
Hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea fetu;  
Complentur vallesque cavæ saltusque profundi,  
Et quocumque deus circum caput egit honestum.*

With Conington's note *sub loco*.

W. CROOKE.

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## IRISH FUNERAL CUSTOM.

Recently in the county Cork a gentleman died. The coffin was about to be removed for interment in a distant graveyard; and before the friends left, the son of the deceased asked the old family housekeeper to have the death-chamber cleared out that day, so that on his return the mournful associations might be absent. She replied that it was contrary to rule that the room of the dead man should be touched until the mourners returned after the funeral.

Does this imply that the spirit was in the neighbourhood of the scene of death until the funeral rites were concluded?

W. CROOKE.

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## THE TEN WAZIRS.

Being engaged at the present moment on the preparation of an edition and translation of the Uigur text of the *Bakhtiyar-namah*, in the introduction to which a full treatment of the story of The Ten Wazirs will be attempted (special attention being paid to the Malay versions), I should be much obliged to any one engaged in the same work for communicating with me as soon as possible.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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### BALUCHI TALES.

Concluded from Vol. iv., p. 528.)

#### XIX.

#### *A Legend of Nādir Shah.*

[Nādir Shah invaded Northern India and overthrew the Emperor Muhammad Shah in A.D. 1739. On his return journey to his own country by way of the Bolán Pass he came in contact with the Sarai or Kalhora ruler of Sindh. Khudāyār Khan was at that time the Kalhora chief. His son Ghulām Shah was on a subsequent occasion attacked by Ahmad Shah Durrānī, who succeeded to Nādir Shah's power in Afghanistan and the Indus Valley. The two invasions are mixed up in this narrative.]

There was a King of Dehli named Muhammad Shah Chughatta, and in his father's time Sa'adullah had been Wazīr. He was also Wazīr at first under Muhammad Shah, but afterwards Muhammad Shah appointed a new Wazīr. One day Muhammad Shah was sitting on his throne and the new Wazīr was sitting below him when Sa'adullah came in to pay his respects. The custom of the Wazīrs was to come in and join their hands and salaam, and then turn round and go and sit in their appointed places. Sa'adullah after making his salaam turned round and went to his place. The King and the new Wazīr laughed at him and said: "He turned round just like a monkey." Sa'adullah caught what they were saying, and he said: "I was Wazīr in your father's time, and now you say I am like a monkey. I swear to God I will make monkeys dance for you on the battlements of Dehli." He then wrote to Nādir Shah: "Dehli is deserted; come, strike, and take it. Only one man will resist you, Muhammad Shah's Wazīr, who will ride on an elephant's howdah, and draw his sword on you." Nādir Shah thereupon started, and came to Hindustan and attacked Dehli; and it was only then that Muhammad Shah heard that Nādir Shah had come to Dehli. A

battle followed; and the new Wazir mounted his elephant and attacked Nādir Shah with the sword, but was killed in the fight. Nādir Shah stormed and took Dehli and made Muhammad Shah his prisoner.

Now Nādir Shah heard that Muhammad Shah had an extremely beautiful wife, so he said to Muhammad Shah: "Come and see my wife, and then let me see your wife." He took Muhammad Shah and showed him his wife; and then he came and saw Muhammad Shah's wife. She turned her back on Muhammad Shah and turned her face to Nādir Shah. On this Nādir Shah asked her why she turned her back on her husband and turned her face to him. She replied: "King! he is my husband, and you are my father. How should I turn my back on my father?" Then Nādir Shah said: "Now, as you have made so good an answer, you shall be my daughter indeed; and I make you a present of Dehli as your dowry."

Afterwards Nādir Shah said to Muhammad Shah: "I have given you Dehli, and now I want four things from you; the first is your cook, and then two handmaidens to brush my teeth for me, and one concubine." Muhammad Shah gave them as he wished.

Nādir Shah told the cook to boil his pot for him. The cook said: "First give me a thousand rupees, and then I will boil it for you." Nādir Shah gave him a thousand rupees. The cook then boiled some masūr dāl (lentils) in the pot and brought it to the King; and at the same time he brought back with him the thousand rupees the King had given him. The King said: "You have burnt this dāl, I will not eat it. Give me back the thousand rupees I gave you." The cook gave back the thousand rupees which he had brought with him, and took up the pot and went out. A dry log was lying there, and on this log he poured out the contents of the pot and went his way. Next morning when Nādir Shah arose he saw that this dry log was covered with green leaves wherever the dāl had fallen on it. Then he was very sorry in his heart for what he had done, thinking: "This was good food, it had been well had I eaten it."

After this he summoned the handmaidens and said: "Come and brush my teeth." They came, one of them bringing water and the other the twigs to rub his teeth with. Nādir Shah rubbed his teeth, and took some water and rinsed his mouth and gargled.



As he did this, so foul a smell struck the two handmaidens that both of them fell to the ground. One of them gasped and gasped and died, and the other gasped and gasped and recovered. The King asked her what had happened, and she replied: "When you gargled, such a dreadful smell came out of your mouth that she has died, and I am in the state you see me in." The King said: "You have my permission to depart; be off."

Then Nādir Shah started, and took the concubine with him for three marches. Then he presented her with a lakh of rupees and dismissed her, but she began to weep. Nādir Shah asked her what she was weeping for, as he had given her a lakh of rupees and let her go. She said: "You are pleased with me and have given me a lakh of rupees; but one day Muhammad Shah was angry with me and threw his shoe at me. I picked up the shoe and kept it, and I got two lakhs of rupees for that shoe alone, so thickly it was studded with diamonds and precious stones. But you have only given me one lakh when you are pleased with me!"

Then Nādir Shah marched to Umarkot, in Sindh, where Miān Ghulām Shah Sarai was ruler. The Miān came out to salaam to Nādir Shah with his two hands tied together with a kerchief. With him was his Wazir, Murād Ganja, and his hands were also tied together. Both of them stood before Nādir Shah, and he said to Ghulām Shah: "Who are you who call yourself Shah (King)?" Ghulām Shah replied: "I am not a King, but the King's slave; not Ghulām Shah, but Ghulām-i Shah (slave of the King)." Then Nādir Shah ordered his troopers to untie Ghulām Shah's hands. He touched the kerchief with his hand, and they untied it. Then he told them to loose Murad's hands also. They attempted to do so; but Murad said: "Let him who tied up my hands untie them himself." Then the King touched the kerchief, and they untied it. The King let Ghulām Shah go after exacting a fine from him, and then returned to his own country by way of the Bolān Pass.

xx.

*Dostèn and Shīrèn.*

[This is a poetical legend which has a wide circulation among the Rind Baloches of the Sulaimān Mountains. The story has a historical foundation in the wars which took place between the

wild Baloch tribes, who were swarming down in the commencement of the sixteenth century from the uplands of what is now called Balochistan (here spoken of as Khorāsān) into the valley of the Indus, and the Mughal Emperors Bābar and Hamāyūn and their following from Central Asia, who were founding the Mughal Empire of India at the same period. They are popularly and correctly spoken of as Turks. Another body of Mughals, or Turks, the Arghūn family, who founded a short-lived dynasty in Kandahar and Northern Sindh, also came into collision with the Baloches at the same period. Harrand is an ancient fort which at that time was held by a Mughal garrison to keep the Hill Baloches in check. It commands the entrance to the Chāchar Pass, one of the easiest routes from the Indus valley into the hill country near the point where the Indus is joined by the united five rivers of the Punjab. Here the story is localised, and the names mentioned in the narrative of the flight through the pass are still borne by various spots in the Chāchar Gorge.]

There was once a Rind named Dostèn, and he was betrothed to Shīrèn, a daughter of Lāl Khan. The two learned to read and write the Persian language together. But it happened that one day the Turks made a raid on the Rind village and slew several men and seized Dostèn and carried him away with another boy as prisoners, and brought them to Harrand, where they passed many years in captivity. After this Shīrèn's father and mother betrothed her to another Rind, and he too was called Dostèn.

Then Shīrèn made a poem and wrote it on paper, and sent it to Dostèn; a faqīr brought it and delivered it to him.

Now as time went on, the Turk who ruled at Harrand as representative of Humāū (Humāyūn) made Dostèn a groom to look after his horses; and as he worked well, the head-groom became friendly to him, and entrusted him with two fillies, saying: "Train these, train them very carefully." When the mares were four years old they saddled them, and Dostèn and the other Rind, his companion, used to ride them about to train them. But before taking off their fetters the Turk made them give their word not to escape secretly; and Dostèn said: "I will not go off secretly: I will not go till I have your leave." And so they rode and trained the mares until the day of the 'Id' arrived, when the Turk had horse-races: and he said to Dostèn: "You two have leave to take out the mares and race them." And Dostèn said: "Have we your leave

to go?" The governor replied: "Yes, you have my leave to go." So they let their mares go, and left all the others behind, and came galloping past the post where the governor was sitting; and Dostèn called out: "Governor! we have your leave to go, and we are going;" and with that they started off. The governor called to his army to follow them. "Do not let them go! Catch them! Kill them!" he shouted; and off went all the troop at their heels. They made for the Chāchar Pass. When they had got a little beyond Toba (a spring) a grey mare (among the pursuers) fell and died, and ever since then the place has been called Nili-Lakri (the Grey-Mare's-Plateau). And further on that day a dun horse came down and died, and the place is still called Bhūrā-Pusht (Dun-Horse-Ridge). And at Nilā-Khund (Grey-Horse-Vale), below the Phailāwagh Plain, a grey horse stumbled and fell and died. All these names have been fixed to these spots ever since. And at Phailāwagh the troop gave up the pursuit and returned to Harrand.

Dostèn and his companion made their way to Narmukh, for there his home was. When they arrived there in the evening they saw a boy grazing a flock of lambs, and they noticed that he was weeping. Dostèn asked him what he was weeping for, and the boy said: "My brother was carried away into captivity a long time ago, and left his bride behind him; and now they have given her to another, and to-day they are marrying her. That is why I am weeping."

Then Dostèn said: "What was your brother's name?" and the boy said: "He was called Dostèn." Then Dostèn said: "Do not weep, for God will bring your brother back again." Then he asked the boy to show him where the wedding was to take place. He pointed out the place and they rode on, and coming to the village saw all the preparations for a wedding going on, and alighted by the wedding scaffold. The Rinds said: "Who are you?" and Dostèn said: "We are Doms" (the minstrel tribe). Then the people asked if they knew any songs, and Dostèn said: "Certainly we do; are we not Doms? Bring out a dambiro,<sup>1</sup> and I'll sing you ballads enough." They brought him a dambiro, and he sat down and sang that song which Shīrèn had written on paper and sent to him, and this is the song he sang:

<sup>1</sup> An instrument resembling a guitar.

“I<sup>1</sup> swear to you by your beard, by the soft down on your face, that my mare who runs down the wild ass is pining away; she cannot drink the water of the river or eat the coarse grass of the Indus plains; she longs for her own mountain pastures, for the herds of wild asses which roam the upland slopes, for the female wild asses of the Phitokh Pass, for the pools filled with sparkling water. The mosquitos and sand-flies irritate her, the vermin allow her no sleep, the hard barley of the grain-sellers hurts her tender mouth.

“A man came down from Khorāsān, his clothes were stained with travelling. Bales of madder he brought with him, saddle-bags full of the finest bhang, loads of sweet scents from Kandahar; and with him he brought a message from the Rinds, a true love’s greeting from Shīrèn.

“The storm-clouds<sup>2</sup> have rained upon Konār, on the plains and slopes of Mungachar, on the pleasant uplands of Sani; all the pools are full to overflowing, the surface of the water trembles like the leaves of the wild pistachio, the wavelets bend like the jointed sugar-cane.

“The graziers are preparing for the march, the owners of sheep and goats, Sahāk and Yārān. The women have tied up their baggage, the camel-men have laden their beasts; they go by Nigāhū, and over the pass of Bhāwanar; the yellow camels hurt their knees on the rocks, the males in long strings, the tender-footed females.

“Shīrèn has pitched her little hut in the wild land of Narmukh. She calls her beloved handmaiden and takes an earthen cup; she goes to a pool of freshly fallen water and washes and combs her locks; then she comes back to her hut, and shuts it down on every side, and spreads out a palm-leaf mat and lies down upon it. She puts her hand into her bag and pulls out a silver mirror, rests it on her knee, and looks upon her own beauty. The tears come to her tender eyes and drop upon her bodice. In come her friends and sisters, fair companions forty and four! They come and sit down by her, and ask after her heart and her condition. ‘Why,’ they say, ‘are your jewels neglected, your red and blue clothes thrown aside, your hair unkempt and dusty, your

<sup>1</sup> The first part of this poem is spoken by Dostèn in his own person.

<sup>2</sup> Shīrèn’s message begins here.

eyes but bowls of tears?’ She weeps, and pushes them from her. ‘Away! women, you are not good; away! I say, sit apart from me. Let my jewels be neglected; let my red and blue garments be thrown aside, and my hair be unkempt and dusty. I have no need of friends like you; for he who was the friend of my heart has been taken captive by the cursed Turks. The Mughal Turks have taken him, and shut him up in a dreary prison in the wealthy town of Harrand!

“When the daughters of the Rinds form a band,<sup>1</sup> and come wandering over the mountain slopes invoking blessings as they go, they break the red flowers from their stalks, and some put them in their bodices and some hang them in their earrings, and some keep them as a pledge of love. One I pick with a prayer for my heart’s desire. I pluck it and keep it tight closed in my hand, that he may be saved from his bitter enemies. His sister and love says, stretching out her hands to heaven: ‘May God bring back Malik Dostèn to his true love again, this Dostèn and not the other!

“‘O chestnut mare, away down below in the plains, come swiftly, by long stages, bring my lord and chief. Let him see his father and mother, and the loving assembly of his brethren. Let Malik Dostèn come and appear to me again.’”

Shirèn heard the song and knew him, and cried out: “It is Dostèn who is singing that song.” Then they all asked him who he was, and he said: “I am Dostèn.” Then the other Dostèn who was to be married to her came forward and said: “Now that you have come and are present yourself, Shirèn is your bride; take her and marry her, for she said she would marry no other but Dostèn, and now the real Dostèn has come.” He also gave Dostèn all that he had spent on the wedding; and Dostèn and Shirèn were married, and all else is well.

NOTE.—A translation of the poem given above was published by me with the other Balochi Poems in “A Sketch of the Northern Balochi Language” (extra No. of the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society* for 1881). It is given here with some corrections in order to complete the story.

M. LONGWORTH DAMES.

<sup>1</sup> It is the custom of the women among the Hill Baloches to wander about the mountains in bands unaccompanied by any men.

## THE PART PLAYED BY WATER IN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

IT does not seem to be easy to explain the part played by water in the marriage customs of different peoples; but there can hardly be any doubt as to the fact. The Bible mentions three cases where wives are found at wells: Gen. xxiv., 11; xxix., 2; and Exod. ii., 15. In the last instance Raschi, the classical commentator of the Bible and Babylonian Talmud, adds: "he learned it (*i.e.* to seek a wife at a well) from Jacob, who found for himself a wife at a pool." The other commentators (Ramban, Raschbam, Ibn-Ezra, Abi-Ezra) do not give any explanation of this passage. This practice was not confined to the Hebrews. Nestor, in his Chronicle, speaking of the early Slavonic tribes, says: "but the Drevlyans were living like beasts, like wild beasts; they killed one another, ate every impure thing, had no marriage, but used to steal girls at the water." Nestor goes on to say, that when the other Slavonic tribes had no regular marriage ceremonies (some of them had), they used to steal girls at dances. It is possible that the Drevlyans, owing to the inaccessibility of their sites, and to the rough way of living, preserved old customs better than the other tribes. In the time of Nestor, indeed, they were not yet for the most part converted to Christianity. In a Little Russian song, a mother tells her daughter not to go to a well and not to look on young men. I think, in this instance, there is no need of explanation, for it is clear that the well may easily become a meeting-place of young people, as it is admirably described in *La fortune de Rougons* of Émile Zola. Every one can see that it is so in the villages of Little Russia, Roumania, Asia Minor, and Palestine, where it was noticed in the fifth century A.D. This custom is further exemplified in the Indian story of The Two Friends, given by Miss S. M. Taylor in *Folk-Lore*, vol. vi., p. 399, and my parallels from *Alif Leilah we Leilah* in *Folk-Lore*, vol. vii., p. 199. Some points in the story of The Three Damsels of Baghdad (*Alif Leilah we Leilah*, vol. i., p. 24, edition of 1305 A.H.) could be compared, but unfortunately the scene is too gross to be quoted here. The same is the case with the frame-story. All the customs quoted above are comparatively transparent. They are the primitive customs. But besides these we have some developments of the customs, where the primitive

custom was lost. To such belongs the following custom, given by the Sheh-Zade in the Story of *The Forty Viziers*, p. 16 (Constantinople edition, 1303 A.H.): "If you are a stranger, go and sit down at the door of the bath-house and ask every woman who comes out of the bath-house, 'Have you a husband?' And whatsoever woman says, 'I have no husband,' must, according to the custom of this city, become your wife." It may be noticed, however, that this passage can be brought to bear upon the famous passage in Herodotus, speaking of the immorality of Babylonian women, and, perhaps, upon Quintus Curtius, v., 1; but the fact that this custom was connected with the bath-house still remains.

To the same category of rudimentary customs belongs probably the divination by the bridge. Not having here the book where it is described, I can give no reference to it, and therefore I am obliged to describe it fully, according to what I have read and seen. Christmas night is thought in Russia to be one of the best times for divination. Among many forms of it, divination by the bridge is largely used. Small bits of wood are bound so as to form a rough imitation of a bridge, and put under the pillow. Before going to bed the girl (this divination is never used by men) says: "Soosheny-ryasheny, pridi ko mnye, proviedyi myenya," *i.e.*, My betrothed, appointed for me, come to me, and lead me over the bridge. In the divination by the mirror, two mirrors are placed one against the other, with two candles and two glasses of water between. The two glasses of water, however, hardly belong to the same class of facts; for divination by the mirror cannot be very old, and the glasses may form a part, or appear instead, of a complete dinner, which is sometimes served for the girl and her mysterious visitor. Divination by harkening at the windows of an old, for the most part dilapidated, bath-house, comes nearer to the point, and is, perhaps, connected with the above-quoted Turkish story. I could not find this case of divination amongst the Tartars in the South of Russia; but I was told in Asia Minor that this custom exists there as well, although the Mohammedan aversion to all superstitious customs did not allow me and my interlocutors to enter into any details as to the time and mode of this divination.

I cannot as yet venture to give any explanation of the above-mentioned customs, for the materials are hardly large enough. I may, however, point to the Swan-maiden type of folktales, and

all its variants, except the Russian tale of Wassilissa-Tzaryevna, who, being transformed into a frog, could hardly be found far away from water. A man who saw a girl naked must marry her in order to rehabilitate her honour. I have a fine tale in the Anatolian Turkish dialect, but it is too gross, as indeed most of the Oriental tales are, to be given here. I hope, however, to edit the Anatolian text of it ere long. In this tale a strong support for the above expressed opinion is found. In the well-known Greek legend, a hunter who saw Diana naked was killed, for by the fact of his seeing her thus he offended her. In the East, no one but a near relative or husband can see a woman's face, although this custom is not strictly adhered to in small villages with purely Moslem population. There is, however, no greater offence to a woman than to tear away her veil in a public place. Can the Slavonic custom have originated from the indecency of seeing a woman unclothed without being her husband, or simply from the ease of stealing a girl at the water (river, lake, or sea) without leaving any traces?

L. GOLDMERSTEIN.

*St. John's College, Oxford.*

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#### MARKS ON ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

About fifteen years ago I was in Egypt, and one day when on the Nile, an officer of the Khedive's household named *Sámi Bey*, pointed out to me a group of peasant women kneeling as if in silent prayer at the base of the wall of an old temple.

"You can have no idea of what they are doing," he remarked. "Well, they are in a certain way worshipping the deities of ancient Egypt, or rather *Isis*. Observe that all are scratching the stone with knives or pebbles. When a woman wishes to become a mother, she goes to some ancient building or monument, wall or pillar, and scratches on it a deep groove. Then, as she believes, her desire will be granted."

I examined the marks thus made, and subsequently found them by thousands on many ancient ruins. Many appeared to be coeval with the buildings themselves. They were peculiar or un-



mistakeable, being all from ten to fourteen inches in length, and from half an inch to an inch in width. There was a certain indication of intention and of a purpose in them by which they could easily be distinguished from the idle scratching often made by boys.

After my return to Europe I often found similar markings on stones, and they were invariably on buildings, market crosses, and similar monuments which had been erected previous to the fifteenth century. I found them in England, Germany, and Normandy. I regret that I cannot give with accuracy the names of the places where I saw them, but there are few among those who will hear or read this communication who can not verify for themselves the existence of such marks. What is of equal importance will be to ascertain whether there exists in written or oral records any proof of such a custom or belief in Europe, and what details or circumstances are connected with it.

It is specially to be observed that these marks all have a generic character or family likeness, that they generally occur in groups, and, thirdly, that they are only found on ancient buildings. Those which were made by idlers on modern buildings are collectively of an entirely different character.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

*Florence, June 1st, 1896.*

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#### THE STRAW GOBLIN.

I have often seen in windows in Florence, and three times purchased for three *soldi* or *sous* each, a small toy known as a *Pagliaccio*, or Man of Straw. It represents a little fellow, holding in either hand a cymbal, having on his head a red cap, like the ancient Phrygian bonnet, and no garment except a short red shirt. It is exactly the figure of the goblins which are often seen depicted in old Roman and Etruscan art, and corresponds to the description of the Brownie all over Europe. The name *Pagliaccio* in no wise corresponds to the appearance of this goblin or toy. But there is in the old popular plays of Italy a kind of Punch, who is known as *Pagliaccio*, a comic character, who carries the tradition back for a long time.

Suddenly it occurred to me that in the year 1870 I had pur-

chased in Verona for ten soldi three small Etruscan images of burned terra-cotta, which were quite the same with the *Pagliaccio*, wearing the short shirt and antique cap. One day, by accident, one of these was broken in two, and I found passing at full length through it an unburnt straw. This inclosing a straw in a burning substance which does not scorch it is a well-known trick to us, but it was a great wonder in the olden time. The cutlers of London four hundred years ago sorely puzzled the men of Sheffield by sending them a knife in which, when broken, a straw was found unconsumed. A straw is in Italian *paglia*, whence *Pagliaccio*, a straw-man.

Such a toy would very naturally be called a Straw-Man, whatever the equivalent for that may have been in Etruscan; and as the appearance of the ancient and modern figures is identical it seems that we have here—truly “strung on straw”—the proofs of a very ancient and curious tradition.

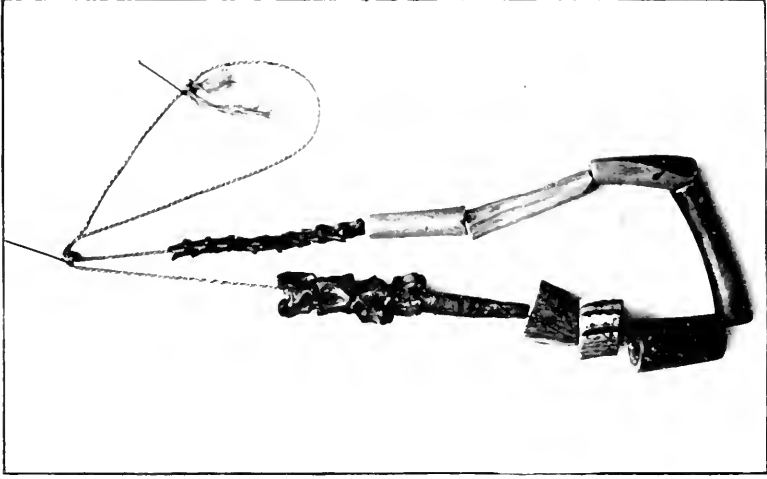
CHARLES GODFREY IELAND.

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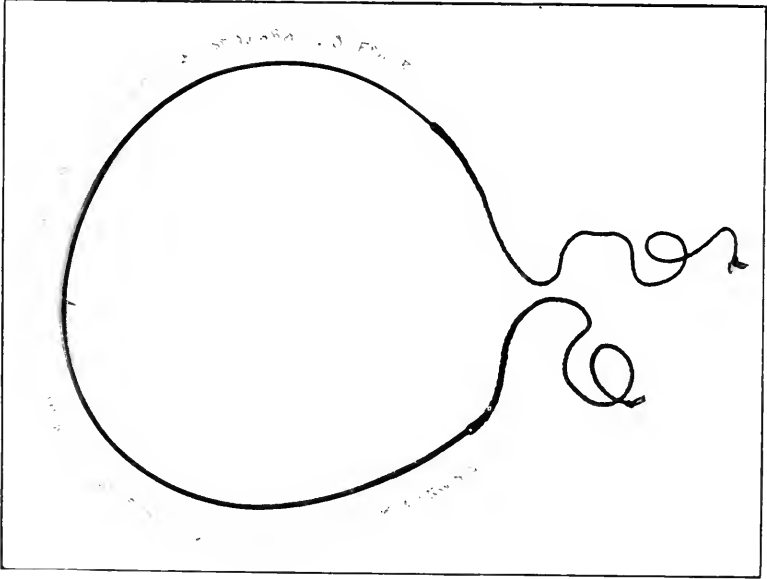
#### CHARMS FROM SIAM.

The two charms exhibited come from Siam. One is a charm of invulnerability, the other a witchcraft-charm offensive and defensive. They were recently taken from two notorious Malay brothers, named respectively Ah-Mat and Mut, well known as the perpetrators of many murders and robberies committed upon Siamese and others in and around the neighbourhood of Bangkok. The brothers were repeatedly shot at, stabbed and cut at with swords, chased and surrounded by parties of men sent out time after time to take them, but to no purpose; bullets and swords had no effect, nothing could harm them, because—as the Siamese declared—they wore powerful charms. It is this belief of the Siamese that has enabled me to show the present specimens; for when, a few weeks ago, the Malay desperadoes were at last captured, the Siamese were so terror-stricken by the presence of those two dangerous engines that the authorities found it necessary to have the charms at once removed from the prisoners. Fortunately they were not destroyed, but shortly after sent to England with other objects of interest.





AMULET OF BONE, HORN, AND METAL.



RATTAN INSCRIBED WITH CHARM OF INVULNERABILITY.

SIAMESE AMULETS.

The piece of inscribed rattan was worn round the waist, and has, scraped upon it, a charm of invulnerability in Cambodian characters. The writing has been carefully transcribed on cardboard by my nephew, to enable the lettering to be more plainly seen. Photographs of it are on the table for anyone who takes an interest in the subject, and also with a hope that through them I may obtain a translation of the words. I ought, perhaps, to mention one difficulty that might occur in translating. The Malays, who greatly trust to written spells and charms in carrying on their struggle for existence, naturally do not care that all who run may read what gives them such an advantage over their neighbours, by blessing them with invulnerability. On the contrary, after a manner frequently adopted by Orientals when dealing with written charms, as Mr. Ellis of the British Museum pointed out to me, Ah-Mat, or whoever was the astrologer, priest, monk, or sorcerer who wrote the charm for him, may possibly have employed the Cambodian character merely as a blind, while the words written may be in another language. This, however, is only a possible difficulty to be prepared for. In W. G. Maxwell's *Folklore of the Malays* (*Journ. Straits Branch R. Asiatic Soc.*, No. vii., 1881, p. 24), he tells us that the Malays of the Peninsula in their own country frequently employ spells and charms written in Siamese language and character, and accordingly easily translated. The Cambodian legend, therefore, may probably be unburdened by any troublesome complication, and may, perhaps, meet with some kind orientalist member or friend of the Society who will translate it.

The charm, consisting of bony parts of animals and a piece of metal, threaded on a string and worn round the neck, was looked upon by the Siamese with the greatest amount of fear, as a "holy thing" and a "dangerous weapon." *Chula*, or horn and horn-like parts of animals, and magical bones, become in combination a powerful protection to their owner, while also potent for the infliction of calamities, sickness, and even death upon those he pleases to turn them against. Among Siamese, Malays, Cambodians and other races of the same origin, it is held that into or about the bones of certain animals—among them human beings—the spirits once animating them can, and often do, come to endow them with extraordinary power. With respect to the bones now before us, Mr. Oldfield Thomas, Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, and Mr. G. A. Boulenger, of the Natural History Branch of the

British Museum, in their several departments, have most kindly identified them for me. I give them in the order in which they appear on the string:—four vertebræ of the *Python reticulatus* (this is the famous *ulwar sawa* of the Malays), a piece of metal, portions of a tiger's tooth, a deer's horn and a human bone, four portions of hornbill bones, too much cut and worn to name any particular species, of which there are several, and nine vertebræ of *Dendrophis*, one of the tree-snakes. With the exception of the last (which, so far, I have been unable to identify with any of the native names of omen or medicinal snakes), all the animals are among those taking a prominent position in Siamese, Malayan, &c., folklore. Myths and folklore of man, tiger, deer, and snakes are constantly presented to us in one form or another; but I do not recollect that the hornbill has as yet been before the Society. A familiar bird over its own region of South-eastern India, including Burma, Siam, the Malay Peninsula, and the great islands of the archipelago, where it is revered as one of the most important omen-birds; to kill it brings down certain vengeance on the sacrilegious murderer. It plays an imposing part as Malayan war-god—a position it disputes with a large white and brown hawk. Numbers of miniature effigies of the hornbill are met as spirit-collectors at harvest-feasts; and at harvest and head-hunting festivals a large wooden effigy of the bird is worshipped under the name of *Tenyalang* with food-offerings and invocations. This effigy is said on occasions to be worshipped as Singalang Burong, the great bird-ancestor of some of the wild tribes of Borneo. The folklore of the hornbill is represented by several specimens in the British Museum, and in the Indian Art Museum at South Kensington. I am sorry I cannot assign what particular functions are given it to perform in the bone charm.

#### SHEARS AND MANGALA STAND.

Out of some sixty utensils and symbolic ornaments used in the Siamese tonsorial rite commonly known as the Kon Chuk or Topknot-cutting, I am only able to show two—the shears and mangala stand. These are closely connected with the actual removal of the hair, at which astrologers, Buddhist monks, and Brahmin priests take part. A full description of the rite is given in G. E. Gerini's *Chulakantamangala, or Tonsure Ceremony as per-*

*formed in Siam*, published in 1895. The two examples I show come from Bangkok, and are the same in form as those on Plate II. of Gerini's book ; but the shears, in place of being inlaid with gold, as was the example given by Gerini, are inlaid with silver.

M. C. FENNELL.

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MORE STAFFORDSHIRE SUPERSTITIONS.

An attached and favourite servant was married from my house at Cheltenham in November, 1896. Her old father, replying for himself and his wife to my invitation to the wedding, wrote to me : "We both hope you will please try to arrange for single people to go with them to [be] Married," on the ground, it was explained to me, that it is very unlucky for a married man or woman to make part of a wedding-party. The father and his eldest (married) daughter eventually made the journey from near Walsall (Staffordshire) to Cheltenham for the occasion, going and returning the same day ; but though they had taken all this trouble they entirely refused to go to the church. They brought a present to me from the mother, in acknowledgment of the favour I was showing to their daughter. It consisted of a myrtle-plant in a flower-pot, intended as a talisman to protect the house from lightning. The old woman had always kept a myrtle in her own house for this purpose, and had "reared" a cutting from it for me as a special mark of attention. Another difficulty in the wedding arrangements was started by the bride herself. "It's so unlucky to try a wedding ring on"; but this having been overcome by trying another ring and matching the size, the pair were safely married and set out for their future home, the bride being cautioned by her sister to be sure to carry a Bible about her when she went into her new house (no reason stated).

I never met with this remarkable extension of the taboo on parents at weddings before ; and it is the more curious because at Edgmond (Salop), close to the western border of Staffordshire, it was thought *lucky* for one of the wedding party to be a married man or woman (see instances in my *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 292). I cannot locate the contrary belief with perfect certainty, as, while

the old man above mentioned is a native of South Staffordshire, his wife, who equally adheres to it, comes from the north of the county, where I must say I never heard of it. They are agricultural not industrial people; but I am inclined to think the idea about the Bible comes from the industrial population, among whom the daughter who advised it has married; for the rest of the family did not seem to be anxious on the point. The bride's Cheltenham acquaintance urged her to take a child with her to church for luck; and as she did not take the advice, I observed that two women took their own little daughters to see the ceremony, evidently to put matters straight!

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

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#### CHARM FOR THE EVIL EYE.

An old woman living at Killiechonan on Loch Rannoch gave me the following particulars as to the cure of human beings or cattle "overlooked" by the Evil Eye. Draw water between sunset and sunrise from a stream crossing a public road which has been passed over by the living and the dead. Put a piece of silver in the water and pour it over the person or animal you desire to cure in the name of the Trinity. If the sickness has been caused by the Evil Eye the silver will stick to the bottom of the vessel. My informant said she had frequently used the charm herself, and that in her younger days some people possessed magic stones which were employed instead of the silver piece.

MARY H. DEBENHAM.

*Cheshunt Park, Herts.*

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#### MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

The wife of a Scottish clergyman in Berwickshire, writing on the 26th December, 1895, says: "To-morrow my husband will have to drive into the country four miles to marry a couple at 7.30 p.m. The last Friday of the year is a favourite day with the common people."

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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## THE SWISS FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

In May last, the new Swiss Folk-Lore Society was formally constituted; and already the first number of its journal, the *Schweizerisches Archiv für Volkskunde*, has been issued, containing its manifesto and programme. The German term *Volkskunde* comprises somewhat more than our Folklore. Accordingly, not merely traditions, in the wide sense in which we use the word, are included within the programme of the new Society, but also the material arts, dwellings, tools, dress, food, and fabrics of the people; and to these the Society proposes to add physical observations. It will thus be seen to cover an area corresponding very nearly to that of the Ethnographical Survey of this country. And the varied contents of the *Archiv* correspond to this wide purview. Judging from the list of members (who have reached a total number, during the first six months of the Society's existence, of no fewer than 298), it has excited a wide and general interest, at least throughout the French and German-speaking cantons. It cannot but be gratifying to the Folk-Lore Society to find herself thus becoming "the august mother of" a numerous progeny of societies similar in aim and method. We bid the new Society very heartily Godspeed.

The head-quarters of the Society are at Zurich. The President is Dr. E. Hoffmann-Krayer, who edits the *Archiv*. The subscription to the *Archiv*, which is to appear quarterly, is eight francs, beside the cost of postage.

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## OBITUARY.

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W. A. CLOUSTON.

WE deeply regret to record the sudden death of Mr. W. A. Clouston, on the 23rd October last, at a comparatively early age. His numerous writings on the subject of folktales are well known to the members of the Folk-Lore Society. A wide acquaintance with old and out-of-the-way literature enabled him often to illustrate the history and migrations of stories in an unexpected manner, and to throw much light upon obscure and difficult questions. His earliest work of any length was his privately printed edition of Sir William Ouseley's translation of *The Baktyār Nāma* (1883). This was quickly followed by a companion volume, *The Book of Sindibād* (1884). His notes to Sir Richard Burton's *Arabian Nights* added greatly to the value of the supplemental volumes of that work; and he contributed in a similar manner a mass of important material to the *Chaucer Analogues*, beside writing a volume of dissertations on *The Squire's Tale*, both issued by the Chaucer Society. Among his other works on the subject of folktales are *A Group of Eastern Romances and Stories from the Persian, Tamil, and Urdu* (1889), and *Flowers from a Persian Garden and other Papers* (1890). But his *opus magnum* was the two volumes of *Popular Tales and Fictions, their Migrations and Transformations* (1887), a monument of industry which did much to popularise the study of traditional stories in this country.

He did not enquire into the origin and meaning of the narratives; his concern was with their travels; and so far as he had any definite theory on their birthplace he was disposed to assign it to India, though in latter years the researches of others led to his taking a somewhat doubtful attitude. His other literary works were numerous; but we need not speak of them here. A facile style, which did not pretend to distinction, rendered his books always pleasant and readable. Generous in his appreciation of the labours of others, he never refused assistance to fellow-students. Unfortunately, life to him was throughout more or less of a struggle, in which he secured but few of the rewards that wait on worldly success.

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# Folk-Lore.

*TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.*

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VOL. VIII.]

JUNE, 1897.

[No. II.

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**TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1897.**

The PRESIDENT (Mr. Alfred Nutt) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last ordinary meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of the following new members was announced, viz.: Mr. H. M. Bower, Mr. Rayner Storr, Messrs. Lemckne and Buechner, Miss A. Dabis, Miss E. J. Ladbury, Mr. E. Maclean, Mr. H. Oelsner, Mrs. Sinkinson, Mr. S. G. Warner, Mr. J. L. Myres, Mrs. R. B. Townshend, Miss D. White, Mrs. I. Philpot, and Mr. G. Wyndham, M.P.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Gregor was also announced, and on the motion of the President, seconded by Mr. Gomme, a vote of condolence with Dr. Gregor's relatives in the loss they had sustained through his death was passed unanimously.

Mr. Gomme exhibited a collection of about 100 nails and pins, sent from Naples by Mr. J. B. Andrews, to be placed in the Society's case at the Cambridge Museum; and he read a note from Mr. Andrews, stating that the nails and pins had actually been used in witchcraft at Naples, and that they all came out of one lemon, into which they had

been stuck to make some one ill.<sup>1</sup> Lemons thus bewitched are frequently brought to the priests that they may break the spell, which they do by merely taking the pins and nails out. The present collection had been given to Mr. Andrews by the priest to whom the lemon containing them had been brought for this purpose.

Mr. Gomme also exhibited a Breton Ring containing two wolf's teeth, evidently, from the two miniature keys and triangle attached to it, a charm ring. The ring was presented by Mr. A. R. Wright, to be placed in the Society's case at the Cambridge Museum.

The following books and pamphlets, which had been added to the Society's library since the last ordinary meeting, were laid on the table, viz.:—

*Dwarf Survivals and Traditions as to Pygmy Races*, by R. G. Haliburton, presented by the Author; *Gaelic Incantations with Translations*, by W. Mackenzie, presented by the Author; *Nágá and other Frontier Tribes of North-east India*, by Miss G. M. Godden, presented by the Author; *The Caves in Allt Gwyn*, by Lady Paget, presented by the Author; and *Einführung in die Deutsch-böhmische Volkskunde nebst einer Bibliographie*, by Adolf Haussen, *Volksthümliche Überlieferungen aus Teplitz und Umgebung*, by Professor Dr. Gustav Laube, and *Altnordische Stoffe und Studien in Deutschland*, by Richard Batka, all presented by the Royal Society.

Professor Ker read a paper entitled "Notes on Orendel and other Stories." Dr. Gaster and the President took part in the discussion which followed. At the conclusion of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Professor Ker for his paper. A translation from the Syriac, by Mr. Hermann Gollancz, of *The History of Sindban and the Seven Wise Masters*, was read.

<sup>1</sup> The best account of this Italian practice is to be found in Dr. Pitrè's *Biblioteca delle Trad. Pop. Siciliane*, vol. xvii. p. 129. The passage is cited and commented on, *Legend of Perseus*, vol. ii. p. 99. ED.

THE HISTORY OF SINDBAN AND THE  
SEVEN WISE MASTERS.

*Translated for the first time from the Syriac into English,*

BY HERMANN GOLLANCZ, M.A.

OF all the versions of the Seven Wise Masters, the oldest that has thus far come down to us is the Syriac version, published for the first time by Baethgen, Leipzig, 1879. This version represents, on the one hand, the supposed Arabic original, reflected in European literature in the old Spanish version; and it represents, on the other hand, the immediate source of the Greek translation made by Andreopolos.

I need not dwell here upon the relation which exists between the various versions of this collection of tales, considering that this subject has been exhaustively treated by Comparetti, whose work has been published by this Society in an English form. Nor need I touch upon the relation in which the Syriac text stands to the Arabic and other Oriental versions (Pehlevi, etc.), as Professor Nöldeke in his review of Baethgen's edition, has referred to these points in his usual masterly manner. Since then, Clouston has translated in part, and Mr. W. Rogers more fully, the Persian version, Clouston adding a sketch of the history of the work; and Paulus Cassel has published a minute comparison between the Syriac, Greek and Hebrew versions, in his *Mischle Sindbad*, Berlin, 1888. These various researches testify to the high value which attaches to the Syriac text in regard to the history of that world-wide cycle of tales which cluster round the name of Sindbad.

For this very reason I considered that an English translation, prepared from the Syriac direct, might not prove

unwelcome, and would at the same time add a new link to the chain of evidences adduced by Comparetti in his work. It is to be regretted that the Syriac version is not quite complete. I have striven to be as literal as possible, making no substantial alterations, but only correcting here and there some slight inaccuracies in the text; and in one passage alone have I substituted a paraphrase in place of the literal translation.

TRANSLATION.

*In the Name of our Lord, the History of the wise Sindban and of his comrades.*

There was once a king whose name was Cyrus, and all the days of his life he had no child, though he had seven wives. So he rose and prayed and vowed a vow, and anointed himself (*or fasted?*). And it pleased God to give him a son, and the boy grew and flourished like a cedar. So he gave him away, that he might learn wisdom; and he was three years with his teacher without having learnt anything. Whereupon the king exclaimed: "If this lad were ten thousand years with his teacher he would learn nothing. Now I will give him to the wise Sindban, since he is a wise man and excels all philosophers." So the king called Sindban and said to him: "Tell me how you wish to teach the boy." And Sindban answered, and said to the king: "I will instruct the boy in six months, so that he shall be able to discuss with all the philosophers that are under thy rule. And if I do not fulfil that which I have stated, let my life be destroyed from off the earth, and let all that I possess be yours; for I have learnt that, as regards the land in which a just king is born, and the king, who is son of a king, is diligent, he is as running waters both to the rich and poor, as a physician who does not act wrongfully, but uses his profession among mankind, in a manner so as to do (*or lead*) to that land all those things which we are to have in



a land—such are his qualities.<sup>1</sup> I have learnt, moreover, that kings are like fire, which, when it comes in contact with a man, burns him. I will show you that I shall teach your son, my sovereign lord; and when his tuition shall be completed, thou shalt give me that which I shall request of thee.” And the king said: “That which thou hast asked, I shall give thee.” Sindban says: “Whosoever thou dost not wish that a man do unto thee, do thou not unto another.”

And they wrote an agreement between them; and Sindban gave his right hand to the king, who handed the child unto Sindban, charging and saying unto him, that after six months and two hours he should bring the lad to his father, failing which, he would not wait one hour without taking off the head of Sindban. And Sindban took hold of the child's hand, and brought him to his house, and built for him a spacious dwelling, and covered it with chalk, and white-washed it, and wrote upon its walls. And Sindban sat by him, and used to instruct him; and in the same house they had food and drink, and no moment was lost of the appointed term which they had fixed between them; so that, at the expiration of six months, the boy had learnt an amount, the like of which, no human being could have learnt. Now a day previous the king had sent to Sindban, and said to him: “How fares it with thee?” Whereupon he answered and said: “According to thy desire, I will bring you the lad to-morrow, at the hour of two o'clock, the Lord being willing.” And the king was glad and rejoiced. And Sindban turned to the child and said unto him: “This night do I wish to consult your star, for I am desirous of bringing you to your father.” Now as soon as he looked at the star of the lad, he saw that it would not be right (for the boy) to speak for seven days, fearing for him, lest he might die.

<sup>1</sup> I have attempted by the alteration or addition of one letter to make sense out of a passage hitherto considered hopeless.

And as soon as Sindban saw it, he trembled hand and foot, and was sorely troubled on his account. And as the lad saw his master in trouble, he said unto him: "Why is this thing so grievous to thee? for if you bid me not to speak for a month, I would do it; only bid me that which you desire." Sindban replied: "According to the covenant which I made with your father (I sent word): 'To-morrow thy son will come to thee.' Now it does not seem right for me to alter it, nor do I desire to be false to your father. As for myself, therefore, I will hide myself; and you, my son, look to it that you speak not until six [*sic*] days shall have passed." On the morrow, he bade the youth go to his father. Now the father, out of love for his son, had assembled for him such companions as used to be with him, and had made for him a banquet. Then his father called him, and brought him to him and kissed him, and conversed with him; but he did not converse with his father. And he began to question him, but he replied not a word.

Then the king said unto those round about him: "What is the matter with my son?" And one answered and said: "His master has anointed him with some root in order that he might cause his instruction to gain firm ground in him, and by means of that root his tongue is bound." And this occurrence on the part of the child was a source of distress to the king; and as one of the king's wives saw it, she said to the king: "Leave him with me, him and me alone; maybe he makes known unto me his affair, inasmuch as he had confidence in me of old, and things which he was in the habit of not telling his mother, he would tell and reveal unto me." And because the mother of the boy was distressed on account of his silence, the woman took the boy and brought him to her house; and she began to converse with him, but he did not speak to her, nor answered her a word. Thereupon she said unto him: "I do not understand you, fool! and besides, are you not king? You don't escape my

purpose. I will tell you something, and I don't let you go till you carry it out, and if you be a fellow (at all) and you desire it, do that which I tell you. I know that your father is old, and weak, and exhausted; I will slay your father, and you will become king in his stead, you taking me among your wives, and I becoming your wife." Now, after she had spoken these things to the youth, he was much enraged, and said unto her: "Know that I speak neither to thee, nor to any one else, until seven days shall have passed, when forthwith you will hear my reply to your words."

Now as soon as she heard these words, she knew that she had fallen from her glory, and she was afraid, and deliberated as to what she should do unto him. Whereupon she raised her voice aloud, struck herself on the face, and tore her garments. The king, having heard her cry, called her, and asked her, and said: "What ails thee?" Whereupon she replied unto him: "I was telling your son to speak to me, when suddenly he fell upon me, and wanted to insult me, and tore my face. I did know that all sorts of vices were in him, but I was not aware of this vice in him." And as she said these things to the king, he withdrew his favour from his son, and ordered him to be put to death.

But, as it happened, the king had philosophers as counsellors, so that he should do nothing in rashness before his having consulted with them. And when they heard this, how the king had commanded that his son should be killed without having consulted with them, they considered within themselves that the thing which the king had ordered he was doing in rage, having believed the woman; and the philosophers said: "He dare not be killed, nor dare the king kill his son, inasmuch as ultimately he will reproach himself, and remove us from his presence. But let us deliberate in what manner we may deliver the youth from death. Thereupon one of them said: "Let each of us go

and save him, one day each"; and he went and entered the presence of the king, and prostrated himself, and said: "Kings should do nothing until they are sure of the truth."

1ST PHILOSOPHER. I.—The first philosopher spake: "Long live my sovereign lord! I heard that there was once a king, to whom there was nothing so pleasant as the love of women. One day he beheld and saw a beautiful woman, and love for her entered his heart, and he became enamoured of her; so one day he sent and called her husband, and sent him upon a message; then the king went to that woman, and requested to have intercourse with her. She, however, in her wisdom, said to the king: 'My lord, I am thy servant, do all that thou wishest.' Now her husband had a book which admonished greatly concerning fornication, and she bade the king read that book. The king took (it), read, and saw that it contained a warning against fornication; so the king rose in haste and departed, and his ring fell beneath the couch. Thus he left, and the woman was saved. Her husband came home and sat upon the couch, saw the ring and recognised it, while his wife did not notice it. The husband thought within himself: 'The king has been, and has had connection with my wife.' He was afraid of the king, so he did not live with her for some long time. The wife then sent to her father, and informed him that her husband had estranged himself from her. Her father went to the king, and said: 'I had a field and gave it to this man in order that he might work it; he worked at it for a time, but now he has estranged himself from it, he does not work at it, but deserts it.' The king spake to the husband of the woman: 'What have you to say?' And he answered and said: 'In very deed, my lord, has he given me a field, nor have I neglected its cultivation as far as lay in my power. But it happened one day that I observed that there had come upon it the path of a lion's paw, and I was afraid on

account of the lion to enter upon it any more.' The king said unto the man: 'It is true (the lion) did come upon it, but he did it no harm; go, enter upon the field and work it well, do not fear!'

"Now, my master and king, for this reason have I told you this parable, viz., that not everything which enters the heart of man is true; and I have further found concerning base women, that their wickedness is not to be overcome.

1ST PHILOSOPHER. II.—"Now, further, there was a man who bought a bird which used to speak the language of man. He put it in a cage and hung it in his own room, charging it to acquaint him with everything that his wife did. And he left and went upon a journey, and the paramour of that woman came and stayed with her. And as the bird saw it, he knew all that they had done. And as soon as the husband of that woman had returned, the bird told him everything that his wife had done, nor did it omit to tell anything that it had seen. Now when the husband left her and was forming his plan with regard to her, the wife thought within herself that the maid had informed her husband, and she addressed her maid: 'It is you who told my husband what I've done.' But the maid swore that she had not told him. Thereupon the wife sought means whereby to make out the bird a liar. She took the cage, placed it near her all the night, and from time to time turned a mill with her hand; and she caused a mirror to send lightning-flashes, and sprinkled water upon the cage; and she was showing these phenomena all night long, until the bird thought it had been lightning, thundering, and raining during the whole night. She lit, too, a wax taper, now showing it, now hiding it from view. When the husband arrived in the morning, he fetched the bird and questioned it thus: 'What did you see this night, Polly?' The bird replied: 'The lightning, rain, and thunder did not suffer me to see anything.' As soon as the husband heard such things from the bird, he said: 'Everything that

the bird has told me against my wife is false, for there was no rain during the whole of this night.' But it was through the cunning and wickedness of the woman that she had effected this, namely, that she made out the bird a liar. The owner of the bird brought it out and killed it, and was reconciled to his wife. Now, my sovereign lord! understand that there exists not a man who can overcome wicked women." And the king gave the order, that his son should not be put to death.

WIFE. III.—The reply of the wicked woman on the second day, when, amid tears, she addressed the king:—"A man who deserves death must only be put to death, whether it be one's son or one's brother's son. For if thou dost not kill him, no man will have confidence in thy justice. For there was once a fuller who was washing in a stream; his son was with him; he began to play in the water, and his father did not restrain him. The stream carried him away and he got drowned, and the father was drowned with him. It will happen to thee in the same way, if thou dost not quickly kill thy son, before he waxes strong and destroys thee." Hereupon the king ordered his son to be put to death.

2ND PHILOSOPHER. IV.—Then the second wise man entered and made obeisance to the king, and said: "Long live my sovereign lord! Know, that if thou hadst a hundred sons, it would not be right of thee to slay one of them, let alone that thou hast but one, and him thou orderest to be put to death. It behoves thee to investigate the matter before thou killest thy son. Beware, my sovereign lord! lest thou kill him, and afterwards it repent thee, and thou call to mind that thou hast acted wickedly, it happening to thee as it befell a man, who, whenever he used to see anything nauseous, was wont neither to eat nor drink. Now once upon a time he went on business, and stayed in a certain town, and sent his lad to market to buy bread for themselves, and the lad went and found two loaves

of white bread at a girl's stall. He was highly delighted with them, purchased them, and brought the bread to his master; he ate of it, and the taste of it pleased the merchant, and he said to the lad: 'Fetch us every day of that same bread.' And daily the lad used to buy of the same girl and bring it to his master. Now once it happened, as he went, that he found nothing at the girl's, and he returned to his master and told him: 'The girl has nothing that we can buy of her.' And his master said: 'Call the girl, that we may learn from her how she used to make the bread, so that we may make some as she was wont, and not buy of the market.' The lad went and called the girl, and brought her to his master, who enquired of her thus: 'Tell me how you used to make the bread which the lad bought of you; we would make it in like manner, for I enjoyed the taste of it immensely.' The girl answered the merchant: 'My master had a bad abscess come out on his back, and the doctor prescribed for him thus: "Take a paste of fine meal, and knead it with honey and fat, place it on the boil, and you will be cured." We did so: and as soon as the paste was heavy with the (discharge of the) boil we threw it away. This I used to pick up and bake, and as I went out to market, your boy used to come and buy it of me. But when my master had recovered from that abscess, we made no more of the like.' When the merchant heard it, he wished death to himself, and said: 'Lo, my hands and mouth I may wash, but my stomach, how can I wash!'

"Now, my sovereign master! I tremble lest it may befall thee as it befell him, lest thou seek thy son and shalt not find him. But listen further to the wiles of wicked women:—

2ND PHILOSOPHER. V.—"There was once a woman who chose a paramour from among the king's body-guard, from those who used to bear arms before him. One day, he sent his page to that woman to see whether her husband was

there or not; but, as soon as the woman espied the messenger, she laid hold of him, in order that he might commit a sin with her. Being thus engaged, he was delayed (in returning) to his master, who went after him. Now when the woman recognised that her paramour had, according to custom, come to her to stay with her, she bade the page go to the inner room, while his master entered to have connection with her. But during the time these two were occupied, her husband arrived: she was afraid of her paramour entering the inner room, lest he would see his page there, so she cried to her paramour: 'Draw your sword, and go out at the door, cursing me and saying everything that's bad of me, but don't speak to my husband.' Her paramour did as she had said: he drew his sword, and left, cursing and swearing at the woman. At once her husband entered, and asked her what was the matter with that fellow who had his sword drawn and was cursing her. And the wife replied to him: 'The servant of the king came trembling with fright, and entered my abode, and took refuge with me; and so I stood up against this man, and prevented him from entering the house; and thus he left, cursing me.' And the husband enquired: 'Where is the servant?' She answered: 'Lo, in the inner room.' On the husband going out to see whether the master of the servant had gone, and on his not seeing him, he returned and called the servant from within, and told him to go in peace, since his master had departed. And he addressed his wife thus: 'I am of opinion that you acted kindly to that servant.' And now, my sovereign lord! be aware that that which I have told thee is for this purpose, that thou shouldst not give ear to wicked women, for they are base to excess." And the king gave orders that his son be not killed.

WIFE. VI.—The reply of the woman on the third day:—When the woman heard these things, she spake to the king on the third day thus: "These thy philosophers are wicked men, and they will be injurious to thee." The



king replies: "How so?" She answers: "There was once a king, and he had a son, whom he loved exceedingly. The son of the king addresses the tutor (philosopher): 'Beg my father to allow me to go to the hunt.' And the tutor begged permission of the king. The king replied to the philosopher: 'If you go with him, I will let him go.' So the tutor accompanied the prince. They hit upon a wild ass, and the tutor cries: 'Chase this wild ass, that thou mayest hunt it to thy heart's content.' And the youth pursued the wild ass. But as soon as he had moved away from his tutor, he knew not whither he was going. He espied a certain path and went along it. On going down, he found on the way a maiden who was weeping, and he said unto her: 'What ails thee, that thou weepest?' Whereupon she replies unto him: 'I am the daughter of king so-and-so; I was riding on an elephant, and fell off without perceiving it. I don't know whither I am to go, for I have been running until I am now exhausted.' When the youth saw such was the case, he mounted the maiden behind him, riding along until she had brought him to a ruin. She then addresses him: 'I have some business to transact; I would descend and enter this ruin.' He followed her, and found out that she was a demon (daughter of Lilith); and he heard her voice saying to her two companions: 'Behold, I am bringing to you a beautiful youth mounted upon a horse;' they rejoicing: 'Bear him to such and such a ruin.' As soon as the prince heard this thing, he turned and came to the place where the demon had left him; she came out towards him, and the youth began to tremble through fear. She addresses him: 'What is the matter with you, that you are all of a tremble?' and he replies: 'I was thinking of one of my companions, of whom I was very much afraid.' She rejoins: 'Wherefore do you not pacify him by means of money, which you say you possess?' He replies: 'He will not be pacified.' Then she says: 'Petition God against him, as if you were speaking to the king, and he will de-

liver you from his hands.' He answers: 'Thou hast spoken well.' He then raised his eyes towards heaven, and said: 'O Lord, give me strength against this demon, and deliver me from her wickedness.' As soon as she heard these words, she flung herself upon the ground and wallowed in the dust. She wanted to rise, but she was unable. The young man spurred his horse, and was rescued from the demon.

"As for thee, my sovereign lord! confide not in wicked philosophers, for they do not seek thy good. And now, if thou exact not the penalty from thy son, I shall slay myself with mine own hands."

And the king gave orders for his son to be put to death.

3RD PHILOSOPHER. VII.—Now the third philosopher arose and prostrated himself before the king, and said: "O my sovereign lord, live for ever! Know that human beings are apt to magnify an incident originally of little moment. It once happened, for example, that the inhabitants of two large towns annihilated one another on account of a drop of honey." The king exclaims: "How is this possible?" The philosopher replies as follows: "There was once a huntsman who found a beehive on the mountain; he took it and went to sell it. Now he had a dog with him. The man came to the shopkeeper, and showed him the honey; but the shopkeeper had a weasel, and as the weasel saw a bee coming out of the honey, she went to catch it. The dog saw the weasel, pounced upon it, and strangled it. The shopkeeper took a stick, thrashed the dog, and killed it. Now the owner of the dog rose and thrashed the shopkeeper, and there ensued a great row; the two towns assembled for war, and destroyed one another, so that not a man was left of them.

"And now, my sovereign lord, do not slay thy son for the sake of a trifling matter.

3RD PHILOSOPHER. VIII.—"Furthermore, hearken thou, my lord. There was once a man who sent his wife to

market to buy a zuz-worth of rice; his wife went to the market to buy the rice, and gave the shopman the zuz. On her taking the rice, the shopman says to her: 'Rice isn't eaten without sugar; possibly you have some?' She answers: 'No, I have none.' The shopkeeper says to her: 'If you will come with me into the shop, I will give you some sugar.' She replies: 'Give it me, and I will enter (the shop) in your company, for I am well aware of the craftiness of men.' So he weighed and gave it to her, and she bound the rice and the sugar together in her wrap, and gave it in charge of the shopboy, and then entered the shop in company with the shopkeeper. The boy rose there and then, untied the (bundle of) rice and sugar, and tied up dust in place of them. The woman came out, and not noticing anything that the boy had done, frightened and trembling, she took her wrap and went home. She gave her bundle of a wrap (*lit.* her wrap tied together) in charge of her husband, while she went to fetch the saucepan. Her husband loosened the knot of her cloak and saw the dust, and addressed her thus: 'Wife, is it dust or rice that you have brought us?' In an instant the woman saw it, let go the saucepan and brought a sieve, saying to her husband: 'Listen! as I was walking in the market, a calf kicked me from behind, and the money dropped from me. I looked for it, but found it not; so I brought the dust into which it had fallen. Take and sift it, perhaps the money may be found.' Her husband credited her story and began to sift, the sand going up into his beard, while she was laughing at him in her heart.

"And now, my sovereign, realise the baseness of women, that it is not to be overcome."

So the king gave orders that his son should not be killed.

WIFE. IX.—Reply of the wicked woman:—On the fourth day, the wicked woman came and said to the king: "If you do not give me satisfaction for your son, I shall kill myself with a knife, but I have faith in God that he will give me victory over your wise men, as he

gave (victory) to the son of a certain king over a certain philosopher." Whereupon the king says to her: "How was this?" She replies: "There was a king who had a son, whom he engaged to the daughter of a king; the latter king sent after the son of the former king, saying: 'Send me my son-in-law, that I may make a banquet in his honour, and when he pleases, we shall give him his wife and he may depart.' The king accordingly bade his son go, bidding also his tutor to accompany him. Now, while the prince and his tutor were travelling, they were in quest of water, and found but one spring (which had this property), that the man who drank of it became a woman. Now the tutor knew the secret of the spring, without revealing it to the prince, and said to the prince: 'Wait for me at this spring, while I look whether there is a path here or no.' He left the youth by the spring, and returned to the king and said to him: 'Thy son has been devoured by a lion.' The youth was waiting for the tutor, and his thirst having grown upon him, he drank of that spring and became a woman. As he was standing and not knowing what to do, a man came by and said to him: 'Whence art thou, and who brought thee hither?' To whom he replied: 'I am a king's son, and was about to go to such-and-such a king, who was about to make a banquet in my honour. I proceeded with my companions, but I have got lost from them, and came hither and drank of this water, and now have I become a woman.' And the man had compassion upon him, and addressed him, saying: 'I will be a woman in your stead for four months, until you shall have taken part in the banquet; nevertheless, swear to me by God, that at the expiration of the four months you will return to me.' And the prince swore to that man: 'I will return to thee!' That man became a woman in his place, and pointed out to the king's son the road by which he should go, in order to celebrate the marriage-banquet. Now, after the four months, he (the prince) remembered the oath which he did

swear unto that man, and he returned to him and found him pregnant. The prince addresses him: 'How can I be a woman instead of you, seeing that you are with child and, as for me, while I was a woman, I remained a virgin?' They engaged in a conflict with each other, and the king's son conquered that man, and departed to his wife. Having come to his father, he acquainted him with what the tutor had done to him, and the king gave instructions for that philosopher to be put to death. And so also am I filled with the hope in God, that he will grant me a conquest over thy wise men. Yea, I will destroy myself with mine own hands, for you have done me scant justice, 'twixt me and thy son who sought to defile me."

Thereupon the king ordered his son to be put to death.

4TH PHILOSOPHER. X.—The fourth philosopher now entered and prostrated himself before the king, and addressed him thus:—

[A leaf missing in the original MS.]

"... the day fixed. And when the day fixed by her husband had passed, she went forth to look upon the way; and a man having seen her, became enamoured of her, and sought to have intercourse with her, but she was not willing. So the man took himself off, and went to an old woman, a neighbour of that woman, and narrated to her the whole matter. Whereupon the old woman says: 'I'll manage for you all that you wish, and I'll make her do your bidding.' So the old woman rose up, kneaded a dough with wine, and putting in it a great deal of pepper, baked it into a cake. Then she also took a bitch which she had, and thus (equipped), the old hag arrived at the door of the said woman. Having entered her house, she cast some of the cake to the bitch, and as soon as the animal had eaten of the cake, the tears came into its eyes, by reason of the quantity of pepper. Now the old dame took a seat beside that woman, and began to weep. The

woman enquires of the old lady: 'What ails thee, that thou weepst, as does also thy dog?' The old woman answers: 'This bitch was once upon a time my neighbour: she was very beautiful, so a young man fell in love with her, but she didn't want him. On account of his love towards her he cried unto God concerning her, and she became a bitch, as you see; and as she observed that I was coming to you, she came with me, and I am weeping out of pity for her.' As the young woman heard these words from the old dame, she said to her: 'After me also a certain young fellow was running, and he was importuning me excessively, but I didn't care for him; now that I see your dog, I am very much afraid of that circumstance, on account of which (as you say) the girl was turned into a bitch, fearing lest he might petition God against me, and I become a bitch. But rise, and go to the man, and bring him to me, and whatever you demand I will give you.' The old hag replies: 'You rise, deck yourself, and enjoy yourself till I come back.' So the young woman arose and adorned herself, and spread her couch. She prepared a meal too; and the old woman went out after that man, but found him not. But she reasoned within herself thus: 'This young woman promised to give me a present; I'll look for another man, and bring him to her.' So the old woman went and walked about, (looking) after another young man. Now as she was going about, she lighted upon the husband of that (young) woman returning from a journey: and having seen him, she addressed him: 'Come in peace! come and stay in a neat house, containing everything that you may desire.' The man answers the old dame: 'Go on in front!' So she went on, he following her, until she arrived at his own dwelling. When the man saw that she had brought him to his own house, he was much distressed, and said in his heart: 'This has been my wife's occupation from the time I left her. Such are her practices!' And the old woman brought him in, and bade him seat himself upon his own couch. Now,

as the wife perceived that it was her husband who was there, she resorted to a stratagem: she rose in an excited manner, caught hold of his beard, and began beating him in his face, while she took to crying and calling out: 'Oh, you fraud! you're a gentleman! These are the oaths and promises which you gave me, that we should not be treacherous to each other! and you've been walking after this old woman!' 'The husband says to her: 'What's the matter with you?' She answers him: 'I heard to-day that you were returning from the journey, and I wanted to see whether you would keep the contract which we had made with each other or no. I, accordingly, prepared myself, and sent this old woman to go forth to meet you, and to learn your intentions, whether you might be led astray (to go) after adultery, and I have found you transgressing against the vows which you plighted to me. And now I have no longer any love for thee.' Her husband rejoins: 'I was also contemplating against you, that this has been your game from the time that I have been away from you, that you had made such (preparations) for someone else.' As her husband spake these words, she called him a liar, and would not believe him, but proceeded to beat herself about the face and to tear her garments, shouting at him: 'O the imposture which has been practised on me!' And she was in a temper with him for a long time, and didn't make it up until he had made her presents of gilt ornaments and a number of dresses of every description, after which she became reconciled.

"And now, my sovereign lord, understand that no man is able to surmount the wickedness of women."

As the king heard these things, he gave orders that his son should not be killed.

WIFE. XI.—The woman's rejoinder:—Now as the woman heard that the king had given orders that his son should not be put to death, she went and stood in his presence, and said to him: "Behold the deadly poison which I have!

I swear by the living God, that, if thou dost not do me justice against thy son, I will drink it and die: and thou wilt have to answer for my self-destruction, while thy philosophers—those who have given thee bad counsels—will avail thee nought. It will, moreover, occur to thee as it did to a sow, who was in the habit of going to a certain fig-tree, in order to eat of the fruit which used to drop off. Now one day she came to the tree, according as she was wont, and found that an ape had ascended the tree and was eating of the figs, and as it beheld the sow beneath, it threw her a fig, and the sow ate it, and enjoyed it much more than those which used to drop upon the ground. The sow, moreover, was gazing up at the ape that he should go on throwing, and so long did she hang her head back in front of the ape, that the vein of her neck withered and she perished.”

Now when the king heard from the woman these words, he was afraid lest she might drink of the poison and die; so he ordered his son to be put to death.

5TH PHILOSOPHER. XII.—As the fifth wise man heard that the king had ordered his son to be put to death, he entered and bowed in the presence of the king and exclaimed: “Long live my sovereign lord! It is a confirmed truth as far as thou art concerned, that thou art a wise and intelligent person. Now, wherefore, dost thou act rashly before arriving at the truth? But, listen, my lord and master! There was once a man in the service of the king who possessed a dog which he had reared from a little puppy, and whatever he used to tell him he obeyed, just like a human being. Now he was exceedingly fond of that dog. It happened one day that the man’s wife left home to go to her parents, and left her son in charge of his father, saying to him: ‘Look after your son till I return.’ While the man was sitting (by the child), the king’s messenger arrived and knocked at the door, and the man went out to see who it was. The messenger announced that the



king required him, so the man called the dog and placed him by the side of the little one, charging him: 'Look after the boy, and after our house, that no one enters until I return.' He thereupon attired himself in the uniform of his office, took his sword, and departed on his way to the king. Now as the dog was lying crouched beside the boy who was asleep, it saw a huge serpent approaching the boy, in order to devour it. So the dog arose and closed battle with the serpent, and killed it, the dog's mouth being besmeared with the blood of the serpent. Just at that moment the officer returned home from the king's presence, and the dog went to meet his master at the door of the house, all of a glee that it had destroyed the serpent. But as the officer beheld that the dog's mouth was besmeared with blood, he said to himself: 'It has eaten the child.' He became enraged at the animal before having acquainted himself with the facts, drew his sword, and smote the dog and killed it. After this, he entered his house and found his son asleep, no harm (having been done) to him, and the serpent which had been killed lying near the head of the child. Then the man understood that the dog had killed the serpent; and he was much distressed at having destroyed the dog. And now, my lord and master, do not destroy your son on account of the report of a wicked woman, so that it may not befall thee as it did that man who destroyed his dog.

5TH PHILOSOPHER. XIII.—“And listen further: There was once a wanton fellow, who had a desire for every woman that he heard was good-looking. One day he saw a beautiful woman in the country, and sent a message to her, but she did not return his advances (*lit.* did not agree to his desire). Whereupon he went to the woman's place and approached her, but she didn't care for him. Then he went to her neighbour, and disclosed to her his desire and his business. The old dame said to him: 'This woman whom you are wanting is a lady.' The man replies to the old

dame: 'You go to her and tell her to do my bidding, and I'll give you all you wish.' Now as the woman heard these words from that man, she answers: 'I'll do what you want, only you go to her husband to the market and buy of him some sort of garment,' and she gave him a sign. He went to the market, saw the man who had the sign which the old dame had given him; and he knew that he was the husband of that lady. So he approached him, and said to him: 'Holloa, my man, sell me a cloak!' He, thereupon, sold it him, and he took the cloak, and brought it to the old woman. She then took the cloak and burnt it in three places, telling the man to stay in her house, so that no one should see him. Then she took the cloak, and went to that lady, and passed a while with her; in the course of silly conversation (*lit.* stories) on one topic or another, she deposited the cloak beneath the pillow of the woman's husband, without the woman observing it, and, having stayed a little longer, went home. Now when the merchant returned at meal-time, and reclined according to habit upon his couch, he found the pillow somewhat high, and was about to smooth it down, when he discovered under his pillow the cloak which he had sold. He, however, did not inform his wife on the subject of the cloak; but he there and then set about dealing her many blows, beating her almost to death. So the woman left in a temper and went to her parents, without knowing what was the matter. Now when the old hag got to hear that her husband had been beating her about, she went to her, saying: 'I've heard that your husband has been beating you, and that wicked people have been exercising a spell over you. Now, if you are willing, you may come to my house; for I have at home a certain person who has just arrived, a doctor, and he will treat you with care.' And as the lady heard this from the old woman, she placed faith in her, and was much rejoiced, and said to the old dame: 'I'll come with you, and if I get restored to health, I'll make you a grand present.' Thereupon the old woman took her, and brought her to

her house and said to the man: 'This is the lady!' whereupon the man jumped up, caught hold of her, and ravished her. When morning came, the man addressed the old woman as follows: 'I owe you an acknowledgment: nevertheless I am heartily sorry and displeased that you should have made mischief between man and wife.' The old dame replies to the man: 'Don't be sorry, for I'll manage a trick to make the matter smooth (*lit.* love) between them: only you go to her husband and stay with him; and as soon as he questions you concerning the cloak, you answer that you were covering yourself with it by the fire, and while you were seated, the fire reached the cloak and burnt it in three places: you were very sorry about it, and gave it to an old dame, to take it to someone to mend. And the old dame took it, and you've seen nothing further of it, and don't know what has become of it. The man will tell you to fetch the old dame to whom you gave the cloak, and I'll give the reply.' So the man went and did as she told him, and took a seat in the shop belonging to the lady's husband; the old woman to whom he had given the cloak came by, he called her, and asked her about the garment. But she craftily answered the merchant: 'For God's sake I beg of you deliver me from this fellow, because he gave me a cloak to take to the tailor, to have it patched and mended. I made a call at your wife's, having the garment with me; and I don't know whether it remained in your house, or in another place.' Now when the merchant heard this from the old woman, he said: 'God knows that both I and my wife have had great annoyance on account of this cloak.' And he gave it to the man and to the old woman; and the merchant went and became reconciled to his wife, and gave her presents; but it was with difficulty that she suffered herself to be reconciled to him. And now, my sovereign lord, realise that there is no end to the baseness of women.'

And when the king heard it, he gave orders that his son should not be killed.

WIFE. XIV.—Reply of the wicked woman :—When the woman heard that the king had ordered that his son be not killed, she entered the presence of the king, and addressed him : “ I have faith in God, that he will grant me victory over those philosophers of thine who give thee base counsels, just as he granted victory to a certain man over a lion and over an ape.” The king answers : “ How so ? ” She replies : “ There was a caravan of merchants journeying on the way, and they had a great quantity of cattle. As night approached, they entered and tarried in a large yard; but they did not close the gate. So a lion came and entered among the cattle, without anyone observing it. Now a thief came in order to steal, but it was night-time and dark. The thief felt the cattle, to see which beast was the fattest to steal, it being dark; and while, having entered, he was feeling about, his hand came in contact with the lion, and, having perceived that it was fat, he caught hold of it dragged it out, and mounted it, while, through fright, the lion leaped forth and came out, for the lion thought within himself : ‘ The one of whom I have heard that people call him the night-watchman is surely he who has mounted me.’ And the lion was afraid of him, and ran all night long, with the man on his back. When it was morning, the lion entered a thicket; and the thief, recognising that it was a lion, in his fear, stretched forth his hand to one of the branches of the tree, and climbed up the tree. The lion escaped from beneath him and scampered off, when an ape met him, and asked him why he was trembling, to whom the lion replies : ‘ This night there caught hold of me the one whom men style the Watchman of the Night: he mounted me, and I ran with him on me all night long, till with difficulty I have been released from him.’ The ape said to him : ‘ And where is he ? ’ He beheld the man, while the lion was standing at a distance afraid, and was looking on, to learn what the ape would do. Now the man, out of fear both for the lion and for the ape, espied a

tree which was hollow as the shape of a vessel. So the man entered therein, and the ape climbed up and took a seat above the man's head, and waved his hand to the lion, saying: 'Come along, let's kill him!' And the lion approached and stood beneath the tree. But it happened that the ape had genitalia magna, which had gone down into the cleft of the tree. So the thief put out his hand, caught hold of them, pressed them hard and tore them, and the ape fell from the tree dead. And when the lion saw that the ape was dead, he ran for fear, and exclaimed: 'In very truth the one who killed the ape is the very one who made me run all the night!' As for me, I have hope in God, that he will give me success over thy philosophers."

Thereupon the king commanded that his son be put to death.

6TH PHILOSOPHER. XV.—Now the sixth philosopher came, and entered the king's presence, and exclaimed: "Long live my sovereign lord! Know, my sovereign, that if you had no son, it would have been meet for you to petition God to give you a son: and now that you have one, you order him to be killed, and moreover, through the advice of a base woman. If only it would not happen to thee as it happened to a certain dove, who was in the habit of gathering seeds after the reapers, and, having satiated himself, he used to collect and store them in an aperture until he had filled it. He said to his mate: 'Don't come near this aperture until the winter-time,' to which she replied: 'Thou hast spoken well.' So the dove departed, he and his mate, and fed in the open. But, as soon as the sun had warmed the seeds which were in the hole they became dry, after having been moist (*sc.* when placed there). And the dove came to look after the store which he had gathered, and found that it had greatly diminished. So he addressed his mate: 'Did I not of a certainty bid you not to approach this store?' And in his anger he smote and killed her, and was left solitary. Now when the winter

came, there was the moisture of rain, the seeds swelled, and the hole became full; and as the dove saw it, he was greatly distressed, and became aware that he had committed a great wrong. And now, my sovereign lord, understand that if you kill your son without going to the root of the matter, it will happen to you as it happened to that dove.

6TH PHILOSOPHER. XVI.—“And listen further, my lord and master! There was once on a time a husbandman, and when it was harvest, he went out to reap what he had sown; at meal-time his wife was bringing him to the field a roasted chicken and a barley-cake. She had placed them in a basket, and was starting for the field. But, as she was going on the way, she passed a ruin; and there came out of the ruin a robber, who caught hold of her, and took her into the ruin; he devoured all she had with her, leaving only a little of the cake, and forming it into the shape of an elephant; he placed the same in the basket as it was, and treated her with shame. The woman took up the basket in haste, covered as it was, for she knew not that its contents had been eaten by the robber, and brought it and placed it at the side of her husband. The husband opened it, and saw that there was nothing in it but a bit of cake in the shape of an elephant. The man asked his wife what was the meaning of it. As soon as the wife saw this, she understood that this had been done by the robber. So she hit upon a plan and said to her husband: ‘This night I saw in my dreams, while I was asleep, that I was mounted on an elephant, and I fell off, and was trampled under foot. Now when I awoke I was in a great fright, so I betook myself to an interpreter of dreams, and repeated to him (my dream). He gave me the interpretation of the dream, and bade me make a cake in the shape of an elephant, bring it to my husband, and my dream would be solved. See to eat it, so that no harm befall me.’ The husband ate the cake, believing that his wife had been telling the truth.” As soon as the king saw it, he gave orders that his son should not be put to death.

Reply of the wicked woman :—Hereupon the woman was bitterly wroth, and said within herself: “If the lad be not killed this day, to-morrow he will speak and do me harm, and I shall be handed over to destruction. And if I do not destroy myself, I have no defence to urge.” Thereupon she collected everything that she possessed, and presented it to her relations, bidding them gather for her huge logs. These she kindled with fire, intending to throw herself into the fire before the seventh day had run out, fearing, as she did, lest the youth might tell, and because of that which she had proposed to him. And the king heard this news and was afraid. Whereupon he said to her: “Wherefore would you throw yourself into the fire?” She replies: “Because thou hast not done me justice against thy son.” So he promised her that he would no longer suffer his son to live. Upon this (assurance) she restrained herself from the fire. And the king commanded that his son be put to death without delay. But when the philosophers heard that the king had ordered his son to be put to death, they were very much distressed; and the seven of them rose, and went to the executioner and persuaded him, telling him to wait a little, and not to kill the youth. And he was talked over by means of gifts with which they presented him; and so he did not kill him.

7TH PHILOSOPHER. XVII.—Then the seventh wise man entered the king’s presence, made obeisance to him, and spake as follows: “Long live my master and sovereign! Realise that, in ordering your son to be killed upon the report of the wicked woman, you are about to commit an extremely wicked action; and do you not know that, in consequence of vows and petitions, God gave you this son? But listen, my sovereign lord! There was once a man who possessed the spirit of divination, which used to cause great profits to accrue to him, and used to instruct him in the entire art of healing, (in fact) it used to acquaint him with everything concerning which people asked him. By means of it he amassed great

wealth. Now it happened one day that the spirit addressed the man as follows: 'I am about to depart, and you will never again behold me; nevertheless, I shall teach you three things, and then I'm off.' So the man went about very miserable at the departure of the spirit. On his wife beholding him, she asked him: 'Wherefore is thy countenance sad, and thy colour changed?' He answers her: 'Because the spirit which I possessed, which was wont to instruct me in all things, and out of which I used to make profit, has now gone from me, never to return.' And as the man told his wife these things, she also was troubled; and seeing her troubled, he said to her: 'But he taught me this: Ask of God three things, and he will give them thee.' And she answered him: 'This is sufficient for thee, don't grieve!' The husband says to her: 'Now what do you advise me to ask of God?' The wife, owing to her being intemperate in her desire, answered him thus: 'You are aware that there is nothing which is as pleasing to a man as intercourse with women. Now, petition God that he increase unto you your desire.' And he replied: 'Thou hast spoken well.' And he besought God to give him increased desire, (he had but one before); and he furthermore besought incessantly, so that he had quite a number, and they harassed him. When he saw what had befallen him, his wife became an object of sport in his own eyes, he insulted his wife with reproaches, and gave her blows, and said to her: 'Are you not ashamed of yourself on my account, that such were your counsels?' To which she replied to him: 'Don't grieve! there remain to you two things: Petition God that these may depart from you!' Thereupon he prayed to God, and all of them departed from him, including the one which he had previously. Now the man became terribly excited and wanted to kill his wife: and she asked him: 'Why are you excited? there remains to you yet one thing: Beseech God to restore to you the first one.' And now, my sovereign lord, don't give ear to the story of a wicked woman.



7TH PHILOSOPHER. XVIII.—Listen further, my Sovereign!  
“There was once a man who swore an oath not to take a wife, unless he could manage to learn the whole trickery of wicked women. . . . .”

[3 leaves missing.]

Thereupon the king called his wise men and philosophers, and asked them: “Make known unto me whose is the fault, mine, or the boy’s, or the woman’s?” One of them answered and said: “The fault is Sindban’s; for since he was aware that, if he were to speak during these seven days, the boy would die, he was in duty bound to have taken the boy to his house, and not to have sent him to thee.” The second philosopher addresses the king: “It is not the case that Sindban is at fault; for there was a limit of time agreed upon between him and the king, which he could neither increase nor diminish without playing the king false. On this account he kept out of the way. But blame attaches to the one who had given orders that the boy should be killed.” The third philosopher spake: “It is not so! For the fault is not the king’s, because there is nothing on earth colder than the wood of the camphor and the sandal-tree: whereas, if a man take and rub them against each other, fire comes out of them. And so it is when a man, who happens to be finished and polished as regards mind and intellect, quarrels with a woman, particularly with a person who is dear to him. But the fault lies with the woman, inasmuch as she belied the king’s son, and sought to destroy him.” Now the fourth philosopher answered and said: “It is not as you have stated, for the fault lies not with the woman; for, seeing that the boy was goodlooking and noble in stature, especially as they were alone in the room, she sought out how she might satisfy her passion. But, indeed, the boy is at fault, for not having kept his master’s instruction, and for having said to the woman that thing which caused her to be afraid of him.” Now Sindban answered and said:

“Not as you have spoken does the case stand, for the fault is not the boy’s. There is nothing more excellent than truthfulness; and whoever thinks within himself that he is wise and yet lies, he is counted not among the wise men, but among liars.”

KING’S SON. XIX.—Then the king bade his son speak. And the boy lifted up his voice and addressed the philosophers thus: “My wisdom compared with your wisdom is like a fly compared to a monster. Nevertheless, there was once a man who made a banquet, and gave milk as a beverage. Now when the milk was all gone, the man sent his maid to market to buy some milk. So she took the pail, and went and bought the milk; and she carried the vessel on her head. But as the woman was returning to come home, a falcon happened to pass over her head bearing a serpent; and, the wind having blown upon that serpent, it spewed its poison into the pail of milk, without the maid perceiving it. She brought it to the master, he gave his guests to drink, and all of them died through the milk.” And the lad spake: “Whose fault was it?”

The first philosopher began and said: “The fault belonged to the master of the house; because, before having given his guests to drink, he ought to have given the milk to the woman to taste.”

The second began and said: “It is not so; for the master of the house was not the sinner: it was the serpent’s fault.”

The third one answered and said: “’Tis not so; the serpent was not at fault, for in its straits it let go and spewed the poison.”

Then Sindban answered and said: “Let it be understood by you, that everything which God has created, and has within it a living soul, eats of that which God has put into its nature; and so also the falcon, the food which God gives it, it will eat. And therefore no fault attaches to this creature.”

The king addresses his son thus: "I am of opinion, that these philosophers do not know whose was the fault. But as for you, what do you say?" And the king's son answered and said: "In very truth, my sovereign lord, it is not at all in the power of any of the philosophers of King Cyrus to understand the circumstance which occurred to those who drank of the milk. I am of opinion that it occurred because it was determined that this should be their fate." Now as the king heard these words from his son, he was greatly rejoiced, and began and said to Sindban: "Ask of me whatever you please, I will give it thee! but if, moreover, you have (more) wisdom, teach the lad." And Sindban answered the king: "He is quite perfect and pre-eminent in wisdom, above the wise men in thy dominion." The king addressed the philosophers: "Is this true, what Sindban asserts?" They answer him: "It is true." The lad began and said: "Let it be known to thee, my sovereign lord, that men who have not a finished education do not repay with kindness the person who has done them a kindness. My master, Sindban, has instructed me in the whole range of knowledge, by dint of great diligence which he has applied to me. Surely it should be repaid him in the manner that he has acted towards me, since the philosophers say that I excel them in wisdom.

KING'S SON. XX.—"Listen to this parable" (continued the king's son). "There were two boys, one three years old, and the other five; and there was an old man blind and lame, who was great in wisdom." His father said: "How was this?" The lad answered and said: "There was a man in whom the love for women was excessive; and whatever woman he heard about, that she was beautiful, he was in the habit of visiting. Now one day he heard of a beautiful woman, and went to her; but this woman had a boy three years of age, who said to his mother: 'Make me something to eat!' And as the woman saw that the man was impatient, she said to him: 'Sit down, while I prepare

something for my son to eat.' Whereupon he replied: 'Leave your son alone and attend to me, for why shall I wait?' The woman answers him: 'If you knew the sense that this young fellow has!' And the woman rose, and took the rice which she had boiled and set it before her son. But he said to his mother: 'Give me more, for I am not full!' and she gave him more, but he did not cease crying. So that man began and spake to the boy: 'You are very impudent, and have no sense; because, if this had been placed before a couple of men, it would have satisfied them.' The boy answered and said to the man: 'You are the one wanting in sense; for you've come out to claim that which is not yours, and you've selected for yourself a business which God does not approve. But, moreover, what do you think of (the result of) my want of sense and of my weeping? Only that it makes my eyes the brighter, and clears my nostrils from their nasty mucus, and I get relief from my head-ache; and, besides, through my having cried, I got an additional quantity of food.' Now when the man heard that he excelled him in sense, he rose, folded his arms, and bowed down to the boy, saying: 'I will not be culpable in your presence, for I did not think that you had sense.' And the man rose and went home, without having committed any wrong.

KING'S SON. XXI.—“ And the following is the story of the five-year-old boy: There were three companions who went to a strange place; and they entered a town, and stayed at an old woman's. Now they wanted to go to the baths, and they said to the old woman: 'Put out for us everything that's requisite for a wash in the bath.' She accordingly placed everything ready for them, but forgot to put the comb. Now these men delivered to her their money and said to her: 'Don't you give this money to any one of us, except we three are assembled together.' And the woman answered: 'I'll do so.' And they proceeded to go to the baths. Now when they noticed

that there was no comb among the articles, they sent one of their number to the old woman to fetch the comb; and he came to the old woman and said to her: 'My companions tell you to give me the money.' But the old woman replied: 'I shall give nothing, except when the three of you are assembled together.' He says to her: 'But see, my companions tell you to give it to me.' And as soon as she went to the door of the baths, he went in to his companions and said to them: 'The old woman is standing outside at the door of the bath.' They call out to her: 'Old woman, give it to him.' But the old woman had brought out the money, and she gave it to him; and he took it and ran off, while his companions were expecting him to come, but he did not come. But the old dame went to them, and told them: 'As regards the money, your companion came and I gave it to him, according as you told me to give it to him.' They answer: 'We told him to bring a comb.' Whereupon she answered: 'He demanded the money of me.' Then they took hold of the old woman, and dragged her before the ruler. The ruler bids her give them their money. She says: 'I've given it to them.' They say: 'O my lord, be it understood by you that we were three companions, and we charged her thus: "Unless the three of us are assembled, don't let the money go out of your hands."' The ruler tells her: 'Give them their money;' and the old woman left, distressed and sorrowful. Now while she was crying, a boy aged five years met her, and said to her: 'Why, old lady, are you weeping?' She answered him: 'Leave me to my trouble.' But the boy did not leave her, until she disclosed it to him. He says to her: 'If I help you out, you'll give me a zuz that I may buy nuts for it?' She replies: 'If you help me out, I'll give it you.' He says to her: 'You go back to the ruler and say to him: "My lord, you must understand, that the three of them gave me the money, and commanded me not to give up the money, unless the three of them were met together.'

Now, my lord, order them to bring their companion, that the three of them be assembled, and that they may receive the money.” So the old woman returned to the ruler, and spake to him as the boy had taught her. And the judge addressed the men: ‘Is it true (what) the old woman thus (says)?’ They reply: ‘Yes.’ He says to them: ‘Go and bring your companion, and take the money.’ The ruler then knew that someone had instructed her, and he addressed her: ‘Disclose to me, old lady, who instructed you in this matter?’ The old lady replies: ‘A boy five years old taught me.’ So the ruler sent, and had the boy brought, and addressed him: ‘Did you instruct the old lady in these things?’ To which he replied: ‘Yes, my lord!’ Thereupon the ruler took him, and made him chief over the philosophers.

KING’S SON. XXII.—“Now this is the story of the blind man. There was once a merchant, who bought sweet-smelling wood called aloes-wood. And he more-over heard. . . .”

[The MS. breaks off abruptly here; all the rest is missing.]

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**TUESDAY, MARCH 16th, 1897.**

The PRESIDENT (Mr. Alfred Nutt) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of the following new members was announced, viz.: Miss A. B. Henderson, and Mr. H. S. Charrington.

The Secretary exhibited a "Poplady Cake," sold at Staines on New Year's Day, 1897, sent by Mr. W. P. Merrick, of Shepperton, and a photograph of a War God from the Boma District, Congo Free State, now in the National Museum of Ethnography at Leiden, kindly sent by Dr. Schmeltz, the curator, to Mr. E. S. Hartland.

Mr. Percy Manning exhibited a number of objects illustrating some Oxfordshire Festivals, and read a short explanatory paper. He also exhibited a divining rod for finding water, cut and used by John Mullins, of Colerne, near Chippenham, Wilts.

The Secretary read a paper by Mr. R. E. Dennett, on the "Death and Burial of the Fiote (French Congo)," after which Miss Mary H. Kingsley read a paper on "The Fetish View of the Human Soul." Miss Kingsley also exhibited the following charms, etc., used by the Fans, viz.: (1) A Basket for catching Human Souls; (2) A Horn which, if carried by a man, renders him invisible to Elephants; (3) A Bian made of pineapple fibre, which prevents a man from losing his way in the forest; (4) A Sacrificial Knife with blade in the shape of the beak of the Hornbill, a bird much respected by the Fans; (5) A Fighting Knife; (6) A Basket with a lid at either end, used for discovering who has bewitched a person.

In the discussion which followed Mr. Croke, Dr. Löwy, Dr. Gaster, Mr. Gomme, Mr. Clodd, and the President took part; and at the conclusion of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Miss Kingsley for her paper.

## DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE FIOTE.<sup>1</sup>

BY R. E. DENNETT.

ONE of my cook's many fathers having died (this time, his real father), he came to me with tears in his eyes to ask me for a little rum to take to town, where he said his family were waiting for him. Some days previously the cook had told me that his father was suffering from the sleeping sickness, and was nearing his end, so that when I heard the cry of "Chibai-i" (Chibji) floating across the valley from a little town close to that in which the cook lived, I guessed who the dead one was, and was prepared to lose his services for a certain number of days.

The death of the father of a family is always a very sad event, but the death of the father of a Fiote family seems to me to be peculiarly pathetic. His little village at once assumes a deserted appearance; his wives and sisters, stripped of their gay cloths, wander aimlessly around and about the silent corpse, crying and wringing their hands, their tears coursing down their cheeks along little channels washed in the thick coating of oil and ashes with which they have besmeared their dusky faces. Naked children, bereft for the time being of their mother's care, cry piteously; and the men, with a blue band of cloth tied tightly round their heads, sit apart and in silence, already wondering what evil person or fetish has caused them this overwhelming loss.

<sup>1</sup> The term *Fiote*, otherwise written *Fjort*, as used by Mr. Dennett, means "the tribes that once formed the great kingdom of Congo." He has resided for many years in French Congo, and is still living at Loango. He has paid considerable attention to the natives of that coast, with whose language and modes of thought he is intimately acquainted. Some time since he forwarded to the Council an interesting and valuable collection of their traditions, which it is hoped to print at an early date and issue to Members of the Society as an extra volume.—ED.



The first sharp burst of grief being over, loving hands shave and wash the body, and, if the family be rich enough, palm wine or rum is used instead of water. Then the heavy body is placed upon mats of rushes and covered with a cloth. After resting in this position for a day, the body is wrapped in long pieces of cloth and placed upon a kind of rack or framework bed, underneath which a hole has been dug to receive the water, etc., that comes from the corpse. A fire is lighted both at the head and foot of the rack, and the body is covered each day with the leaves of the Acaju, so that the smoke that hangs about it will keep off the flies. More cloth is from time to time wrapped around the body; but, unless there are many "palavers" which cannot be quickly settled, it is generally buried after two or three wrappings. The more important the person, the longer, of course, it takes to settle these palavers and their many complications; and as the body cannot be buried until they are settled, one can understand how the heirs of some great kings at length give up the hope of burying their relation, and leave them unburied for years. On the other hand, the slave, however rich he may be, is quickly buried.

The family being all present, a day is appointed upon which the cause of the death shall be divined. Upon this day the family, and the family in which the deceased was brought up, collect what cloth they can and send it to some well-known "Nganga," a long way off. The Nganga meets the messengers and describes to them exactly all the circumstances connected with the life, sickness and death of the deceased; and if they conclude that this information agrees with what they know to be the facts of the case, they place the cloth before him and beseech him to inform them of the cause of their relation's death. This the Nganga sets himself to divine. After some delay he informs the relations (1) that the father has died because someone (perhaps the dead man himself) knocked a certain nail into a certain fetish with his death as the end in view,

(2) or that so-and-so has bewitched him, (3) or that he died because his time had come.

The relations then go to the Nganga of the fetish or Nkissi mentioned, and ask him if he remembers so-and-so knocking a nail into it, and if so will he kindly point out the nail to them? He may say yes; then they will pay him to draw it out, so that the rest of the family may not die. Or the relations give the person indicated by the Nganga as having bewitched the dead man, the so-called *ndotchi* (witch), a powdered bark, which he must swallow and vomit if he be really innocent. The bark named *MBundu* is given to the man who owns to being a witch, but denies having killed the person in question. That of *NKassa* is given to those who deny the charge of being witches altogether. The witches or other persons who, having taken the bark, do not vomit are either killed or die from the effects of the poison, and their bodies used to be burnt. Since civilized governments have occupied the country a slight improvement has taken place, in that the relations of the witch are allowed to bury the body. If events turn out as divined by the Nganga, he retains the cloth given to him by the relations or their messengers: otherwise he must return it to the family, who take it to another Nganga.

While all this is going on, a carpenter is called in to build the coffin; and he is paid one fowl, one mat of rushes, and one closely woven mat per day. Rum and a piece of blue cloth are given to him on the day he covers the case with red cloth. Palm-wine, rum, and cloth are given to him as payment on its completion. And now that all palavers are finished, and the coffin ready, the family are once more called together; and the prince of the land and strangers are invited to come and hear how all the palavers have been settled. A square in front of the shimbec<sup>1</sup> containing

<sup>1</sup> Miss Kingsley kindly explains that *shimbec* is the "Congo name for any native hut, possibly a Portuguese word originally."

the coffin is cleared of herbs and grass, and carefully swept; and here, during the whole night previous to the official meeting, women and children dance. Mats are placed immediately in front of the shimbec for the family and their fetishes (Poomba); the side opposite is prepared for the prince and his followers; and the other two sides are kept for those strangers and guests who care to come. At about three o'clock guns are fired off as a signal that all is ready. The family headed by their elder and spokesman then seat themselves ready to receive their guests. Then the guests glide into the village and make their way to the elder, present themselves, and then take their allotted seats.

When all are assembled, the elder addresses the two family fetishes held by two of the family. Pointing and shaking his hand at them, he tells them how the deceased died, and all the family has done to settle the matter; he tells them how they have allowed the father to be taken, and prays them to protect the rest of the family; and when he has finished his address, the two who hold the fetishes, or wooden figures, pick up a little earth and throw it on the heads of the fetishes, then, lifting them up, rub their heads in the earth in front of them.

Then the elder addresses the prince and his people, and the strangers who have come to hear how the deceased has died, and offers them each a drink. When they have finished drinking, he turns to the fetishes and tells them that they have allowed evil to overtake the deceased, but prays them to protect his guests from the same. Then the fetishes again have earth thrown at them, and their heads are once more rubbed in the earth.

And now the elder addresses the wives and tells them that their husband has been cruelly taken from them, and that they are now free to marry another; and then, turning to the fetishes, he trusts that they will guard the wives from the evil that killed their husband; and the fetishes are again dusted and rubbed in the earth.

On the occasion that I watched these proceedings the elder got up and addressed me, telling me that my cook, who had served me so well and whom I had sent to town when he was sick, etc., etc., had now lost his father; and once more turning to his fetishes, the poor creatures were again made to kiss old mother earth, this time for my benefit.

If a witch has to undergo the bark-test, rum is given to the prince, and he is told that if he hears that the Ndotchi has been killed he is to take no official notice of the fact.

Then the men dance all through the night; and the next day the body is placed in the coffin and buried. In KaCongo the coffin is much larger than that made in Loango; and it is placed upon a huge car on four or six solid wheels. This car remains over the grave, ornamented in different ways with stuffed animals, and empty demijohns, animal-boxes, and other earthenware goods, in accordance with the wealth of the deceased. I can remember when slaves and wives were buried together with the prince; but this custom has now died out in Loango and KaCongo, and we only hear of its taking place far away inland.

The "fetish Chibingo" sometimes will not allow the corpse to close its eyes. This is a sure sign that the deceased is annoyed about something, and does not wish to be buried. In such a case no coffin is made, the body is wrapped in mats and placed in the woods near to an Nlomba tree. Should he be buried in the ordinary way all the family would fall sick and die. Should his Chinyumba (KaCongo *Chimbindi*, meaning *revenant*) appear to one of his family, that person would surely die. But others not of the family may see it and not die.

The deceased will often not rest quiet until his *Nkulu* (soul? spirit?) is placed in the head of one of his relations, so that he can communicate with the family. This is done by the Nganga picking up some of the earth from the grave of the deceased, and, after mixing it with other

medicine, placing it in either the horn of an antelope (*Lekorla*) or then a little tin box (*nkobbi*). Then seating himself upon a mat within a circle drawn in chalk, on the ground he shakes a little rattle (*nquanga*) at the patient, and goes through some form of incantation, until the patient trembles and cries out with the voice of the deceased, when they all know that the *nkulu* has taken up its residence in his head. The medicine and earth together with the *nkobbi* is called *nkulu mpemba*, and shows that the deceased died of some ordinary disease; but when the medicine and earth are put into the *lakorla* it shows that the deceased died of some sickness of the head, and this is called *Nkulu mabiali*.

Fiote says the "shadow" ceases at the death of the person. I asked if that was because they kept the corpse in the shade; what if they put the corpse in the sun? The young man asked, turned to his elderly aunt and re-asked her this question. "No," she said emphatically, "certainly not!"<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Miss Kingsley writes as follows on this: "The final passage is an unconscious support to my statements regarding the four souls of man. The shadow dies utterly at bodily death; therefore it does not matter whether the corpse is in the sun, or no, because the shadow it might throw would not be the shadow of the man as he was when alive; it would only be the shadow of the dead stuff."

## THE FETISH VIEW OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

BY MARY H. KINGSLEY.

I must first briefly express the pleasure it gives me to address a few words to you, a society of experts in the subject I am deeply interested in—Fetish, and my gratitude for the honour you have done me in requesting me to do so. I am quite aware that the Folk-Lore Society has specialised in the direction of the folklore of the British Islands and their correlative folklores. I freely confess, from being acquainted, through the publications of the society and the independent ones of some of its leading members, with the exceeding beauty and poetic charm, particularly of the Celtic folklore, that I do not wonder that the society has followed this line of investigation, even apart from the greater interest to the general public that things concerning the beliefs and customs of their fatherland must have. Still, I most sincerely wish that this society could form a special committee for the consideration of African folklore, for I am certain it would do good work for the British Empire. When I had the pleasure of hearing the Presidential Address the other evening here, Mr. Nutt, if I remember right, stated that all poets should join the Folk-Lore Society. If it had an African committee I should have no hesitation in saying that all members of Parliament and officials at the Foreign and Colonial Offices should be compelled to join the Folk-Lore Society; for I am sure that the work it would do in the careful and unprejudiced study of African beliefs and customs would lead to a true knowledge of the Africans, whom we have now to deal with in thousands, and whom we shall soon have to deal with in hundreds of thousands; and there might be hope that by this true knowledge, hundreds of lives, both black and white, would be saved and a sound base established, from which the African could advance to an improved culture-condition.

It is impossible for me in the time at my disposal to speak with anything like fullness of this great form of religion—Fetish. But I must detain you a few minutes to explain what I mean by Fetish; for the word now-a-days is getting very loosely used in England, and I now and again come across it applied to cases of sympathetic magic.

When the Portuguese early navigators—under the patronage of Henry the Navigator—re-discovered the West Coast of Africa in the early part of the fifteenth century, they found, as you will find in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the natives using in their religious exercises numbers of material objects. These the Portuguese called *Feitiço*; and from this word comes our word Fetish. There is another name for this religion sometimes used in the place of Fetish, namely, *Ju Ju*. The origin of this word is by no means so clear as that of Fetish, some authorities holding it comes from *grou-grou*, which they say is a native word, but which natives say is a “white-man-word,” and so on. I believe it has a similar history to Fetish, and that *Ju Ju* comes from the French word for a doll or toy—*jou-jou*. For the French claim to have visited the West African Coast before the Portuguese, namely, in the latter part of the fourteenth century; and, whether this claim can be sustained or no, the French were certainly on the West Coast pretty frequently in the fifteenth; and no doubt called the little objects they saw the natives valuing so strangely, *jou-jou*, as I have heard many a Frenchman do in my time. Now I merely beg to explain that when I say Fetish or Ju Ju, I mean the religion of the natives of West Africa. I am not a comparative ethnologist, so I do not pretend to express an opinion about Fetish being a universally diffused form of religion, and so on. It is not necessary for me as a student of Fetish to look up what people do in other parts of the world besides West Africa, in order to understand what they mean by what they do in West Africa, for there is all the material there at hand. All that is necessary is the ability to understand it. It is, I own,

no easy thing to understand Fetish: probably it can only be thoroughly done by a white whose mind is not a highly civilised one, and who is able to think black. I beg you will not think from my claiming this power I am making an idle boast; for I have risked my life for months at a time on this one chance of my being able to know the way people were thinking round me, and of my being able to speak to them in a way that they would recognise as just, true and logical. Fetish is, when viewed from the outside, complex and strange; but I think I may say it is very simple in its underlying idea, very logically thought out, and very reasonable to the particular make of mind possessed by those who believe in it; and you will soon see, when studying it at close quarters, that, given an animistic view of nature and that logical form of human mind possessed by the African, all those seemingly weird forms and ceremonies of Fetish are but necessary consequences—that, in fact, the religion has made the Fetish-priest and the witch-doctor, not they the religion they serve under.

There is a point that will strike you early in your investigation of Fetish; and that is that the African does not divide up the world, as many European and Asiatics seem to, into three divisions, God, man, and nature. To him there is no sharp division between these things, they are parts of a great whole. Man is a very important part, he belongs to a very high order of spirits, but not to the highest; for there are above and beyond his absolute control two classes—there is a great class equal to him—and lower than him in power there are many classes.

During my first study of Fetish in Africa itself in 1893, I recognised that, in order to gain a clear conception of Fetish, it would be necessary to gain a conception of the grades of the spirit-world of Fetish; and, so far as I have gone, I think, I may say fourteen classes of spirits are clearly discernible. I will not weary you with this matter. Dr. Nassau, of Gaboon, thinks the spirits commonly affect-



ing human affairs can be classified fairly completely into six classes, details of which I have published; and we will pass on, first, to the conception of the nature of spirit and matter; then to those of the human soul held by the African. Everything that he knows of by means of his senses he regards as a twofold entity, part spirit, part not-spirit, or, as we should say, matter; the connection of a certain spirit with a certain mass of matter, he holds, is not permanent. He will point out to you a lightning-stricken tree and tell you its spirit has been killed; he will tell you, when the cooking-pot is broken, that it has lost its spirit; if his weapon fails, it is because someone has stolen, or made its spirit sick by witchcraft. In every action of his life he shows you how much he lives with a great, powerful, spirit-world around him. You will see him, before starting out to hunt or fight, rubbing medicine into his weapons to strengthen the spirit that is in them, talking to them the while, telling them what care he has taken of them, what he has given them before, though it was hard to give, and begging them in the hour of his dire necessity not to fail him; you will see him bending over the face of the river, talking to its spirit with proper incantations, asking it when it meets with an enemy of his to upset his canoe and destroy him; and in a thousand other ways he shows you what he believes in, if you watch him patiently.

In every Negro and Bantu tribe I am personally acquainted with there has been a Great God above all gods believed in; and I find the belief in this god mentioned by all travellers who have given any attention to African religion, in those parts of Africa which I have not the pleasure of knowing. I know some of the greatest of our ethnologists doubt the existence of the idea of this God, and think he has been suggested into the African's mind. I think this is going too far, though I fully agree with them that he is not Jehovah, nor a reminiscence of Jehovah. But the study of this deity is exceedingly difficult, because the missionaries have identi-

fied him with Jehovah, and worked on the mind of the natives from this point, causing frequently a very strange confusion of ideas therein. The names under which you meet with this great Overlord of gods are many; among the Kru men, Nyiswa; among the Effeks, Abasibum; among the Ashantees and Fantees, Y'ankumpon; Nzam, Nzambi, Anzam, &c. among the Bantu tribes. But neither among Negroes nor Bantu will you anywhere find a cult of this god. He is held to be the god that created men and all things material and many spirits, but not all, for you always find certain spirits regarded as being coeval with him and self-existent. This Nzam—to take the Fann's name for him—is regarded as taking no interest in those things he has created, leaving them to the dominion of lower spirits, over whom, however, he has power, if he choose to exert it; and to the management of these spirits, whom he is in immediate touch with, the African turns his attention. It is only when he fails with them, when things go very badly, when the river rises higher than usual and sweeps away his home and his plantations, when the Spotted Death comes into the land, and day and night the corpses float down the river and he finds them jammed among his canoes and choking up his fish-traps, and when the death-wail goes up night and day from his own village, then will the chief rise up and call upon this great Over-God to restrain the evil working of the great Nature-spirits, in a terror maddened by despair; for he feels it will be in vain.

Regarding the Fetish view of the state and condition of the human soul, there are certain ideas which I think I may safely say are common to all the various cults of Fetish, both Negro and Bantu, in West Africa. Firstly, the class of spirits that are human souls always remain human souls; they do not become deified, nor do they sink in grade permanently. I am aware I am now on dangerous ground and I stand to correction, for I have been mainly led to this conclusion from my own study of the subject. You will find in almost

all West African districts (not all, for it does not hold naturally in those where re-incarnation is believed to be the common lot of all human spirits), a class of spirits called the "well-disposed ones," and they are ancestors. Things are given to them—I do not say *sacrificed*, because sacrifice is quite another matter, but things are given to them—for their consolation and support; and they do what they can to benefit their own village and families. Then comes another point, which I am much interested in, but on which I do not feel at present justified in stating an opinion, namely, the question of the immortality of the human soul. I have no evidence to lay before you to prove that this is believed in. That the soul survives the death of the body for a considerable period, whether any rites and functions are performed by the family or priests, or not, is quite certain; but I think there is reason to believe that it does not live on for ever. I did my best to find out what had become of the souls of tribes remembered to have occupied districts I have been in, but which are now extinct, and found always it was taken as a matter of course that as the tribe was no more, so were the souls of it no more. And the anxiety to provide offerings for souls in the Tschwi, Srahmandazi, and the Gboniadse of the Oji points to there being a fear that, if neglected, these souls might suffer and in revenge inflict punishments on the living, or that they might perish and no longer be able to afford help. All human souls are not held to be of equal value, whether general re-incarnation is believed in or not. Among the Effek, for example, the greatest care is taken on the death of a person known to have possessed a really great soul. He may have been a great Fetish proficient, demonstrating he had the power to influence great spirits, or he may have been what we should call a successful man of the world, a good trader. To secure that soul coming back to (*i.e.*, keeping in) the house, is a matter of importance, and when the next baby is born to the house, means are taken to see which of

the important souls who have recently left the house may have returned to it. I have often heard a mother, reproaching a child for some fault, say: "Oh! we made a *big* mistake when we thought *you* were so-and-so;" and this certainly has a good effect in giving to young people who believe themselves to be in possession of a great soul a sense of responsibility. There is a great house now falling into destruction and decay in Bonny River, which but a generation since was one of the richest, proudest, and most powerful. I know by local opinion that these evil times have come on it from a man having been placed over it by the government, a man educated in England, who has neglected the family rites, whereby the strong ones have been lost to the house. Hence a very bitter feeling is in the hearts of the dependents of the house, who suffer poverty and abasement, against the government who placed *that* man at the head of its affairs.

Another point that is important is the plurality of souls to the individual. These are commonly held to be four: the human soul; the soul in an animal, never in a plant, in the bush; the shadow on the path; and the dream-soul. This subject is a very complex one. I think I may say I believe these four souls to be one central soul, the others being, as it were, its senses, whereby it works while living in a body, for the dream-soul, bush-soul and shadow-soul do not survive death. No customs are made for them at death; and if, during life, the intercommunication of these souls with each other is in any way damaged, the essential central soul suffers, suffers to the extent sometimes of bodily death, but does *not* die itself.

There is another point regarding the human soul which I must mention, in order to explain the great importance of funereal customs, and which throws some light on witchcraft terror; and that is, that each human soul is believed to have a certain span of life due or natural to it for its incarnation. It should be born and grow up through childhood,

youth and manhood, into old age ; if it does not do this, it is because some malevolent influence has blighted it. I remember a pure Negro demonstrating this carefully to me with a maize plant that had been broken. "Like *that* is the soul of a witched man ; if it had been left alone it would have come to fruit ;" and these words, "left alone," throw an interesting light on the African's prayers to the spirits, which are always "Leave us alone," "Go away," "Come not into this town, this plantation, this house. We have never injured you, keep away." This malevolent influence that cuts short the soul-life, and so prevents it obtaining perfection of growth—growth in knowledge—may act in several ways. All people who die are *not* held to be killed by witchcraft. A man may be killed by an enemy in battle, and so on ; and a man may be killed through having a disease he had in a former life reincarnated with his soul, or by the bush-soul having been killed by some means not necessarily connected with witchcraft. In all these cases, save perhaps that of the reincarnated disease, there *may* have been witch-influence at work. His weapons which failed him *may* have been bewitched ; his bush-soul *may* have been trapped or slaughtered by someone else's bush-soul, but not necessarily. These calamities *may* have befallen him at the hands of the Overgods, and *no human being* need bear the blame ; but the vast majority of deaths, almost all deaths in which no blood has shown, are held to have been produced by human beings acting through spirits in their command—witches. These persons are so grave a danger to the community that they must be destroyed, and destroyed in a way that will, by its horror, deter others from acting in a way so detrimental to society. In Mr. Dennett's paper you have heard how the Nyanga is referred to, to settle the point whether the man died from witchcraft or because his time was come. In the interesting and carefully described case Mr. Dennett has given us, it was an old man who had died ; had he been a young man, the supposi-

tion that his time had come would not have been entertained.

There is still one other cause of bodily death that I must mention, because it is another of the cases which no one is put to death for, and it is so commonly said that at every death in West Africa innocent people are slain. This case is that of a witch being killed by his, or her, own familiar spirit. It is held that a person who has the power of bewitching others has in his possession, under his control, a non-human spirit, and this non-human spirit is, in the case of witches, of a malevolent class. This spirit, among the true Negro Tschwi, is kept in a *suhman*, a thing you will find most accurately described by the late Sir A. B. Ellis in his *Tshi-speaking peoples*, p. 98, *sqq.* I have reason to believe that among the true Negroes this malevolent spirit is kept in an external home as a general rule; still it has so close an inter-communion with the other souls of its owner, that if they get weakened it can injure them so as to cause his death. Among all the Bantu tribes I know, this spirit is kept in the witch's own inside; and it is held that it is liable to kill him, if he keeps it unemployed, *unfed*, too long. You will hear—when someone has been injured who does not seem to have merited injury in any particular way, someone who has not given any other person reason to hate him, or when a series of minor accidents and a run of ill-luck comes to a village—“Ah! someone is feeding his witch-power;” and means are, of course, taken to find out who that someone is, and to put an end to him. There is no doubt that the African method of investigating crime does entail the destruction of many innocent lives; but by no means half the people killed for witchcraft are punished unjustly. Many of the persons accused by the witchdoctor—the curer of the actions of malevolent spirits—are punished justly enough. And although his methods seem to most Europeans such that must almost necessarily lead to false accusations, they are not really so; for behind the taking on and off of

basket lids, the throwing down of seeds, the looking into basins of water, &c., that precede his accusation of a person of having caused a death by witchcraft, there is in the mind of the witchdoctor a knowledge of the domestic and trade affairs of the deceased and a knowledge of who in the village is most likely to have poisoned him. I will not say that the witchdoctor uses this knowledge always justly. He is liable to be actuated by lust of power, by avarice, by every bad passion that can come into the heart of man, but not always. You cannot buy every witchdoctor on the West Coast, but you can most of them, and the native knows this and does it; for in the witchdoctor's hands lies the power of life and death given him by the belief in witchcraft. This belief is so profound, so unquestioning, and the terror of witchcraft so great, that I have seen dozens of men, women and children, whom I have known well as docile, kindly, friendly souls, turned at a moment into incarnate devils at that one word Witch. It is no use talking sense to these terror-maddened creatures, unless you talk it in the language of terror—Fetish. I have certainly never yet tried; because these outbursts come upon one like a flash, and I have been at the time intent on saving the life of some wretched, panic-paralyzed man or woman, who, but a moment before the accusation fell, had loving wife or husband, children and friends, and now has none: nothing but a wild mob of yelling enemies around him or her. When I have been confronted with such affairs I have always found that the *one sane, clear-headed* man was the witchdoctor, and that through him, by way of Fetish knowledge, I could stay killing, he not wishing to kill if without killing he could maintain his influence. Still, one often comes across cases where the victims accused do not deny guilt, but glory in it, as in the case cited by Mr. Fitzgerald Marriot in the "Queen" of the 22nd of February, wherein he says:

"An interesting case that occurred whilst I was in the Gold Coast Colony last year, shows what Fetishism or

witchcraft is in its more harmless forms. An old woman at Elmina, well versed in such matters, had been watching with interest an old man putting up Fetish objects, such as stones and eggs, over or in front of his door. Their arrangement was in accordance with every principle of the white magic which could ward off the vengeful spirit of some victim of whom the murderer might be afraid. The hag, therefore, rose up and informed the authorities that the old fellow was a murderer. I doubt whether she was right in Roman or statutory law, but there was certainly West African evidence in her favour. However, just then, as if to confirm the aged creature's assertion, the rumour spread that the King of Elmina had suddenly died. The facts were that, after a short walk, he had, as usual, returned to his house, and in the shade in front of it had seated himself upon his 'stool,' the same as those low, comfortable, curved seats that are known as Ashanti stools, and often partly carved. In doing so it is said that little nails or splinters of wood ran into him; at any rate he imbibed a poison from its surface, and accordingly died. The old man was sent for, and acknowledged, to the proud gratification of the aged woman, that he had prepared and poisoned the stool, but he said that he had killed many before, and had others in prospective. So he was kept alive till it could be proved that a certain chief in Elmina had ordered him to do the deed, for it was supposed that this chief wished to clear away all rivals to the possession of the head chieftainship for himself."

It is often held that the breaking down of native customs in Africa, such as this trial for witchcraft, must necessarily lead to good. I myself feel that, although no one wishes more deeply than I do for the advancement and prosperity of that exceedingly worthy section of the human race, the African, this breaking down of the means he has himself thought out and developed into a system for the keeping down of crime and for the maintenance of law and order,



should be done carefully, and that there should be ready to step into the place of it a system for the maintenance of law and order, without which there is neither happiness nor advancement possible, but only degradation and decay; and we should remember that just as the committing of a crime brings retribution, so does the doing of a good action bring with it responsibility. It must be held in mind that in those regions ruled by Fetish law, there are neither asylums, prisons, nor workhouses; yet the same classes—the sick, criminal and idle—exist, and under Fetish law none of them starve. It is, indeed, a form of society very closely knit together, in which every man, woman and child, slave or free, is responsible for, or to, each other.

I fear I am encroaching too much on your time; but there are one or two things more I should like to mention to you regarding Fetish. One is that I should like to see Fetish studied by you experts in three distinct divisions: firstly, purely religious Fetish; secondly, purely legal Fetish; thirdly, purely witchcraft Fetish. Owing, I fear, to the Folk-Lore Society not having taken the observation of African customs in hand, there has been a good deal of careless reporting of facts done by my fellow travellers and sea-captains, most excellent people, but not, as a general rule, particularly personally interested in the underlying idea of the native customs they have seen going on round them, and who have therefore not given sufficient attention to the less striking points in what they saw, either to see the intention of the thing themselves, or to report it, so that trained experts in Europe from their reports could see for themselves the underlying idea. The study of Fetish is, moreover, a very difficult one, not only because of the nature of the country and conditions under which you must carry it on, but also because of the native not being anxious that you should know the truth about it, and being anxious to please you he will say “yes” to anything he thinks you would like him to say “yes” to.

Then comes the great difficulty of there being no written authority to consult: hence you have to depend on oral testimony and the personal observation of customs. In doing this you have to exercise great care that it is pure Fetish you are dealing with. Fetish free from Semitic influence, either in a Christian or Mohammedan form; for the mind of the African has a wonderful power of assimilating other forms of belief, and when he has had a foreign idea put into his mind it remains there, gradually taking on to itself a Fetish form, the Fetish idea overmastering it; not it the Fetish, if the foreign idea has been left without reinforcements. These foreign ideas will remain in the mind of the African long after the missionaries who have put them there have passed away. You will find many of them in the folklore of the Fjort, of which Mr. R. E. Dennett has so profound a knowledge. For in the fifteenth century this part of Africa was under the dominion of missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church; they attained a power over the natives that has never been equalled by Christian missionaries elsewhere in Africa, and then, entirely from political motives, they were driven away from their work by Portugal, then the ascendant power in the Congo regions. There is, however, still left to us students of Fetish, an immense region uninfluenced by Semitic culture, namely the interior of the great equatorial forest-belt; and observations made in this region give one, I think, a certain power of recognising what is pure Fetish in a story, custom, or belief, from what is merely a very interesting fossil.

There is another thing I think should be carefully guarded against while studying Fetish; and that is the seeming likeness between certain customs you will find in West Africa, and those you will find elsewhere, say in England, Eastern Europe, Polynesia, and so on. I am quite aware of the fascinations of comparative ethnology, and of the help the knowledge of the underlying facts of a custom in one region can give you to the understanding of a similar custom

elsewhere; but during ethnological bush-work I have been repeatedly confronted with difficulties that years of ethnological book-work never gave me any reason to expect. In short, I have found customs agreeing in external semblance strongly with customs I have read of occurring far away among utterly different races, and I have found that those customs I was observing had, underlying them, utterly different ideas from those given for other customs.

There are three ways for one out of this difficulty: (1) those other customs have not been properly observed; (2) you are not properly observing your present customs; (3) men will do the same thing from different motives. I will say nothing to influence your choice among these three; for in one case it may be one, in another another, and it is not necessary to carry this hesitation in accepting the deductions of the comparative ethnologist too far. But when you are, as I am, only a specialist on one form of religion, and when that form is so very rich in material as Fetish is, I think you will do sounder work by dismissing from your mind the consideration of what may be the fashionable theory for the time being in England. You will find before you lots of things that support the biblical account of the creation—lots of things that could be worked up into the theories of either Herbert Spencer, Cox, Max Müller, or Frazer—and you will find a great mass of facts which fly in the face of all written authorities save Professor E. B. Tylor.

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## REVIEWS.

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CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SCIENCE OF MYTHOLOGY. By the Right Hon. Professor F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M., Member of the French Institute. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co., 1897.

STUDENTS of mythology and folklore by this time quite understand what they may expect from a book by that veteran scholar, Professor Max Müller. In his last work, which sums up the results of the studies of a lifetime, they will find the same evidence of wide philological learning, the same grace of style, the same ingenuity in detecting the weak places in the arguments of his opponents, the same deftness in treading lightly over the difficulties which surround his own conclusions. Not that the book contains much that is fresh or startling. The discussion of Vedic and Greek myths follows the old familiar lines. But here and there he touches novel ground, as in his remarks on Mordvinian mythology and the influence of riddles on the growth of myth. He makes no apology for his neglect of one vast body of evidence. He need hardly have complacently informed his readers that he does not read the Transactions of all the Folklore Societies. Is there even one German Professor who does? But he shows that he has never realised the value of folktales for the explanation of primitive beliefs; and ritual seems little to interest him, although many myths are obviously aetiological and were framed to account for some ancient ritual practice, so old that its original meaning had been forgotten.

The book, too, strikes us as rambling and ill-arranged. It is in the main a controversial attack on the methods of the Ethnological School, and yet we find nowhere a clear statement of the position which he desires to assail, and no references to the works which he criticises. He mentions Mr. Frazer and Dr. Tylor with respect; but his readers will regret to notice an acerbity of tone and an almost contemptuous depreciation of Mr. Andrew Lang, which ill become a sober student addressing a scientific audience. Nor are

matters in this respect much improved when, in a kindlier mood, he classes him in a tone of eulogy with Sir George Cox.

The book is in no sense an Apologia; the Professor disclaims the role of Athanasius contra Mundum; he yields not a jot to his many critics; he has nothing to withdraw. On the contrary, he stands surprised at his own moderation in the matter of conjectural etymology; and his reply in advance to any critic not of his own way of thinking is clear enough: "So long," he writes, "as linguistic mythology had the support of all really competent scholars, I mean those who could read Sanskrit and the Veda, I felt perfectly satisfied" (vol. i., p. 18).

It is then mainly from the philological point of view that his assault on the Ethnological School is directed. No one, he urges, who does not know the Mohawk or Maori grammar is entitled to adduce evidence from the beliefs of these peoples, and persons who talk about the Cannibal Islands had better go to school there first. This at once limits the number of those who are, in his opinion, entitled to be considered authorities. For him, Mr. H. Hale, Bishop Callaway, Dr. Hahn, Dr. Codrington, and Mr. Gill about exhaust the list. But he does not stop to explain how this elementary linguistic test excludes some of our best students of savage life, like, for instance, Col. Dalton and Mr. Risley in Bengal, Mr. Man in the Andaman Islands, Messrs. Fison and Howitt in Australia, the staff of the American Bureau of Ethnology, and many others. It almost looks as if the line was specially drawn to include Mr. Gill, who supports the solar theory, and Dr. Codrington, who could find no totems in Melanesia.

What readers of the book will be most curious to discover is how the writer deals with the objections which have been raised to his own methods. Why, for instance, do most of the Aryan myths deal with the sun? To this his answer is—"The fool may say in his heart, Why did the ancient Âryas talk of nothing but the sun? The wise man will say, What else could they have thought or spoken about, and what else was there to remember and to tell their children and grandchildren, if not the power of the sun, the labours of the sun, the bounteous gifts, the pity and love of whoever it was that was behind the sun, at work in the air and in the sky, in the earth, nay, in the warmth of man's own heart?" (vol. i., p. 173). And is not much or most of our conversation devoted to the state of the weather?

Again, when he comes to consider the differences of opinion between the experts who *can* read Vedic Sanskrit, what he tells us is this : “ It is quite true that they differ on certain points, but he (Mr. Lang) ought not to forget that they differ no more than others who cultivate any progressive science, no more than political economists, Egyptologists, electricians, theologians, nay, even anthropologists ” (vol. i., p. 12). But he does not remind us that though experts differ as to the nature of the Röntgen rays, still our telegraph cables and telephones do not stop working. The basis of Mr. Max Müller’s whole science is the establishment of certain points of identity between the names of the gods of the Vedas and those of Greece and Rome. If Athene is not Ahanâ, Hermes not Sârameya, and so on, what really is left ? “ We do not want etymology or comparisons,” he urges, “ to tell us who Selene or Artemis was, who was Phoibos or even Phoibos Apollon ” (vol. ii., p. 781, *sq.*). But, admitting that these are all lunar or solar deities, are a few names of which the etymology may be obvious a sufficient basis for the mighty structure which he attempts to rear ?

What, then, it may be asked, is gained by comparing a god of the Vedas with a Greek or Roman deity ? To this his answer is : “ When we say that the Vedic Dyaush-pitâ, or the Proto-Aryan Dyeus patêr, is the same god as the Greek Ζεὺς πατήρ, we do not mean that he migrated, as Wodan was supposed to have done, from the Caucasus to Germany, and that when he had settled in Germany he assumed the warlike character of the Eddic Týr. All that is meant, and all that can be meant, is that when the sky in some of its aspects had been conceived as an agent and called Dyaus or Dyeus, that name, with thousands of other names, was carried along by the Aryan speakers in their migrations from south to north or from east to west. It formed part of their common Aryan heirloom quite as much as the numerals from one to ten, or the names for father, mother, brother, and all the rest. The concept of this agent of the sky was modified, of course, according to the various aspects which the sky presented to the thoughts of men in Persia, Greece, Italy, and Germany ” (vol. i., p. 128, *sq.*). This is a more modest account of the matter than we have been accustomed to hear from some writers of the linguistic school ; but how far is this residuum of any practical value ?

Lastly, how does he deal with the savage element in Greek ritual? The stock case is that of the Brauronia, in which the girls dressed as bears. This is how he explains it: "Almost every fresh race tried to trace its origin back to Zeus. If, then, the Arkas, the ancestor of the Arcadians, had been recognised as one of the many sons of Zeus, who could well be his mother, if not the favourite goddess of the country, that is Artemis, under one of her many names? One of her names was Kallistê, the most beautiful. But how could the virgin goddess herself be the mother of Arkas! This being impossible, her worshippers had no great trouble in finding a way out of their difficulty by slightly changing the name of Kallistê into Kallistô, and representing her, not as the goddess herself, but as one of her attendant companions. However, even then Kallistô had incurred not only the jealousy of Here, but likewise the anger of Artemis, and as the name of Arkas reminded the Arcadians of *arktos* or *arkos*, bear, and as there was a famous *arktos*, the Ursa Major, as a constellation in the sky, what was more natural, I ask again, than that Kallistô should be changed into an *arktos*, a she-bear, slain by Artemis, and then placed by Zeus, her lover, in the sky as the bright star shining in the winter nights? The change into a she-bear was suggested probably by the custom called *ἀρκρεύειν*, which meant the dedicating of the young Arkadian girls to the service of Artemis and their performing the service of the goddess in their well-known ursine disguise" (vol. ii., p. 737, *sq.*). How far is this helpful to a student of primitive cults?

The discussion of the etymology of the names of Vedic and Greek deities, to which a large part of the book is devoted, serves only to emphasise the uncertainty of the philological method of solving the secret of the myths. It is quite possible that Professor Max Müller may be correct in his conclusions; but eminent authorities, the foes of his own household, contest them. Dionysos, we are told may = Dios-snutyā, which possibly means "nursling of Zeus," or "the flow of the sky or light" (vol. i., p. 372, *sq.*). The connection of Ahanā and Athene is fiercely disputed (vol. i., p. 405, *sq.*). The equation Briseis-Brisaya is practically abandoned (vol. i., p. 413). For Apollo we have a choice of the Vedic Sarparyenya, "worshipful," or Apa-var-yan, "opener of the heavenly gates." Aphrodite is not from the Sanskrit Abhrādītā, "come forth from the cloud;" but, according to Bechtel, connected with *fordus*, in

the sense of "pregnant woman;" or ἀφρός, we are told, may be a weak form of νεφρός, kidney. Verily the love-goddess has in these latter days fallen on more evil times than even when the bard Demodocus told scandalous tales about her.

And, even granting that Zeus = Dyaus, how are we to account for the oak of Dodona, the doves, and other fragments of obscure cults which shelter under his wing? How elastic this method of dealing with myth may be illustrated from the analysis of Hermes. "Hermes, as the son of Saramâ, belongs certainly to the dawn and the twilight, but the morning wind belongs by right to the same domain, and as the twilight of morning and evening was frequently conceived as one, the god of the morning may well finish his course as a god of the evening. In this way the various characteristics of Hermes, as messenger of the gods, as winged, as the robber of the cows, and as musician, may all be traced back to one and the same concept" (vol. ii., p. 678).

While then we disagree with the methods and conclusions of the school of which Professor Max Müller is leader, we gladly recognise the learning and fertility of resource in which this book abounds. It is in a large measure due to his writings that the comparative study of myths has gained such popularity. As he says himself, "Why then should not the followers of these three schools [the genealogical or linguistic, the analogical, the ethnological] work in harmony? They have the same end in view, to rationalise what seems irrational in the ancient beliefs and customs of the world. Let the members of each do their work conscientiously, seriously, and in a scholar-like spirit, and whatever of solid gold they can bring to light from their different shafts will be most welcome" (vol. i., p. 182). It would have been well if this spirit had prevailed throughout these volumes. They contain, it need hardly be said, much very fascinating reading; and where this veteran in the craft illustrates the "many-sidedness" of the old gods, the danger of the indiscriminate use of terms like fetishism and totemism without adequate definition, the caution against deriving the gods of Greece *en masse* from Semitic lands, he will carry most competent scholars with him.

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BRUNNSCHWEIGER VOLKSKUNDE VON RICHARD ANDREE. Braunschweig: F. Vieweg und Sohn, 1896.

DR. ANDREE, already well known for his valuable contributions to folklore, has in this volume laid scientific students under a further obligation. In somewhat less than 400 pages he has given an ethnographical survey of the Duchy of Brunswick. Beginning with a topographical sketch of the district, he discusses the race and shows by anthropological data (namely, the colour of hair, skin, and eyes, for skull-measurement and other observations are, as he says, still sadly to seek in the province), that the race is tolerably pure, and that although the Wends at one time occupied the land the population is now mainly Saxon. This he confirms by examination of the dialect and place-names, which indicate that the Wends must have been almost entirely rooted out by the invading Teutons. Dr. Andree's son-in-law, *Finanzrat* Dr. Zimmerman, contributes a statistical chapter upon the various classes of the population, its density, the causes of different developments, the influence of the beet-cultivation, of the wood, of the waterways, railroads, industries, and so forth. Chapters follow, dealing with the arrangement of the villages, the architecture, the peasant, his flocks and servants, the spinning industry of the women, implements and utensils, clothing and personal ornaments—all of great interest and illustrated with cuts and with really excellent coloured plates and photographs. The author then passes to what we in England understand by the term folklore, and describes the customs and superstitions connected with birth, marriage, and death, the various periods of the year, and the days of festival and fasting. The spirit-world, mythical beings and witchcraft, weather-lore, leechcraft, and miscellaneous superstitions follow, together with a large collection of folk-rhymes classified under various heads. In a final chapter he examines in detail the traces left by the Wendish occupants of the soil, of whom he finds, as we might expect from the earlier chapters, comparatively little.

It is not necessary to insist on the importance of this work. The name of Dr. Andree is a sufficient guarantee for its accuracy. If we miss folk-tales from the list of contents it must be remembered that the book should be regarded as supplementary to the collections of Kuhn and Schwarz, Schambach and Müller, Pröhle

and others, whom the author constantly cites in his footnotes. He has done wisely to confine himself to subjects of which they give us little or nothing. By this means he has exactly filled the blank that was wanting to complete our knowledge of the peasant and peasant-life in the Duchy he loves.

To English students it adds not a little to the interest of the book that Dr. Andree has been able frequently to illustrate from publications of the Folk-Lore Society the customs and superstitions of Brunswick by analogies in England, practised and held by men and women of presumably Saxon, or at least Teutonic, descent. And his claims to our gratitude are completed by an index.

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LÉGENDES ET CURIOSITÉS DES MÉTIERS, par PAUL SÉBILLOT.  
Paris. Ernest Flammarion.

M. SÉBILLOT gives us in twenty quarto numbers the trade superstitions and customs, the popular nicknames and sayings, connected with tailors, bakers, blacksmiths, barbers, sempstresses, lacemakers, milliners, shoemakers, hatters, pastrycooks, butchers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, woodcutters, charcoal-burners, stonecutters, masons, slaters, millers, tinkers, locksmiths, nailers, spinners, crate-makers, besom-makers, sabot-makers, coopers, laundresses and washerwomen, wheelwrights, turners, painters, weavers, netmakers, ropemakers, printers. Dyers, brewers, potters, tanners, glovers, chimney-sweepers are almost the only leading trades omitted. A more orderly arrangement than the above would have made it a much easier task to estimate the contents of the work, but in any case a very cursory examination of it is all that could be attempted here. M. Sébillot has in fact broken fresh ground—no easy thing to do in folklore-collecting nowadays—and has brought together a mass of information, chiefly French, which cries aloud for complementary evidence from the rest of Europe, before anything like a complete view of the early artisan-world can be obtained.

No folklore of arts or crafts can date from the very earliest ages of human life: none, for instance, can be so old as superstitions about fire and water may be. And at first, of course, all

known arts would be practised by one person, or rather one household. They can only gradually have been differentiated into trades. Perhaps the arts of millers, bakers, spinners, weavers, wood-cutters, and blacksmiths, may be considered among the oldest; and as they developed into trades, they would carry the lore attaching to the art, with them. Ceremonies in felling trees, taboos on spinning, omens from baking, may thus be older than the existence of the separate crafts or callings of the wood-cutter, the spinster, the baker. The millers' lore, on the other hand, seems to date only from the beginning of the craft. Everywhere, at some time or other, there must have been a period when the windmill or watermill began to supersede the hand-quern, and this period of course marks the rise of the miller's trade. To this period also, evidently belong the bulk of the millers' superstitions, which chiefly deal with the supposed existence of a supernatural being in the mill, and bring one face to face with the time when wind and water were so new as motive powers, that what was effected by them must needs be set down to diabolical agency. But the interesting point is, that the most modern trades (the printers', for example, for the origin of which a definite historical date can be assigned), have quite as much folklore about them as the ancient ones, though they do not, of course, appear in folktales and proverbs, like the blacksmith, the woodcutter, or the spinning-girl. But all organised trades, which are carried on in concert (such as printers, carpenters, and masons), have trade customs, practised in common, such as are not found among solitary workers, like the old-fashioned weavers or tailors. Some crafts demand the aid of at least one assistant—the mason's server, the printer's devil, the miller's man, the blacksmith's boy; and these lower grades often have separate characteristics and usages of their own. All this, of course, is the lore of the craftsman, as distinct from the lore of the art: and so is the position held by the craft in popular estimation. Stonecutters and masons (save for their eating and drinking powers) seem to be generally respected; they have, perhaps, always, from the time of the mediæval freemasons, belonged to the superior class of artizans. But for tailors, weavers, and millers (for all, in short, who manufactured the raw material supplied by their customers) there is but one voice: "Put them all three in a bag and shake them, and the first that comes out will

be a thief," is the gist of the proverbs of all nations on the subject. In the case of some trades the popular detestation is carried into action, and intermarriage is discouraged or forbidden between the families of the craftsman and the agricultural peasant. This is so in the case of the woodcutters, the charcoal-burners, and all the smaller trades which find a home within the bounds of a French forest. The ropemakers form almost an outcast trade, especially in Brittany, where even in the present century they were even obliged to bury their dead apart. One would at once jump to the conclusion that this is a relic of racial hatred and of an ancient tribal trade, were it not for the former frequent employment of colonies of lepers in ropemaking. But, on the other hand, may not the lepers, as outcasts from society, have been driven to resort to outcast colonies of ropemakers? The ropemakers are in Brittany classed together with the knackers or offal butchers, under the name of *caqueux*, *caquins*, or *cacous*, which at once suggests the name of the pariahs of the Pyrenees, the *Cagots*. It is curious, too, to recollect the reputation of the gipsies for eating unwholesome meat; and again, to find that in at least two English counties (Shropshire and Lincolnshire) a buyer of diseased beasts is called a *cag*-butcher, and unwholesome meat *cag-mag*. Were these two trades originally practised by gipsies, or by some wandering tribe resembling them?

This is a mere sample of the many interesting and curious questions that suggest themselves from a study of M. Sébillot's pages. We must not omit, in conclusion, to draw attention to his preface, and to the stress he everywhere lays on the conditions under which the craftsman laboured, as a main factor in the formation of his folklore; nor to mention the numerous reproductions of early prints of the various crafts, by which the value of the work is greatly enhanced.

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DER TEXTUS ORNATIOR DER ÇUKASAPTATI: EIN BEITRAG ZUR MÄRCHENKUNDE. VON RICHARD SCHMIDT. Stuttgart: W. Kohlhammer, 1896.

THIS pamphlet is a translation, with textual comments, of two imperfect manuscripts (of which the one is a copy, sometimes careless, of the other), or at least a translation of so much of them

as differs from the simpler and ordinary text of the *Tales of a Parrot*. It seems to be carefully done, the variations being noted, down to differences of names where the stories are the same as those of the better-known text. The *Textus Ornator* is a later recension of the *Textus Simplicior*: hence of little use to those who are seeking earlier forms of the Parrot's Tales, but of value to students occupied with their later history. Some of the stories are altogether wanting in the *Textus Simplicior*. Two or three, having been already printed by Dr. Schmidt in his *Doctorarbeit*, are not here reproduced. This is to be regretted, as the *Doctorarbeit* is not easily accessible. A curious version of the fable of the Ass in the Lion's Skin is among the new tales here given. In it a jackal, who has fallen into a tub of indigo, imposes upon the other animals by means of the disguise he has thus accidentally donned, and is taken for king. At length he becomes overbearing and banishes his own clansmen, who had formed his body-guard. In revenge they set up their natural howl in concert, and he, as they had foreseen, feels himself impelled to join in, and is thus made known to the other beasts, who promptly tear him to pieces.

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DIE SOCIALE GLIEDERUNG IM NORDÖSTLICHEN INDIEN ZU  
BUDDHA'S ZEIT, MIT BESONDERER BERÜCKSICHTIGUNG DER  
KASTENFRAGE. VON RICHARD FICK Keil: Haeseler, 1897.

THIS is a clear and interesting essay on the structure of society as seen in the Pali books, supplemented by Greek accounts of India. The author has carefully examined the Buddhist canon, though (as might be expected) his remarks are based chiefly upon the *Jātaka*. After giving a sketch of the Brahmanic theory of the four castes, and pointing out that allowances must be made for the point of view, inasmuch as the writers of the Sanskrit books belonged to the Brahmanic caste, he discusses the traces of caste which are found in Buddhist literature. Here (while cautioning the student not to forget that the writers of these books belonged to other than Brahman castes) he finds the *Khattiya* (Skr. *Ksatriya*) exalted to the highest position, and the number of castes given generally as six. The *Khattiyas* he explains as the ruling class; not a caste proper, with restrictions in marriage and

eating, but the representatives of the conquering races that got hold of India. In the *Licchavis* and the *Mallians* he sees non-Aryan ruling races. He next proceeds to discuss the Aseetics, the king, the officials of the court, the court-chaplain, brahmans, guilds of artizans and merchants, callings that do not depend on caste, and the despised castes ; on all of which he adduces evidence now for the first time collected.

The essay is by no means comparative. The author does not enter into the question of the origin of castes, which would have been important from our point of view ; he even omits to cite the parallels from Greece of *γένος* and *φρατρία*, with their communal meal and certain restrictions which resemble caste rules not a little. Of magic, sorcery, tree-worship, and the relics of aboriginal cults he says little or nothing. In fact the book is one for orientalists rather than students of folklore ; but for those it will prove a valuable and reliable handbook.

We have noted one misprint (*σορισταιί* for *σοφισταί*, p. 41).

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TRAVELS IN WEST AFRICA : CONGO FRANÇAIS, CORISCO, AND CAMEROONS. By MARY H. KINGSLEY. London : Macmillan and Co., Limited, 1897.

PROBABLY it is a defect in the reviewer's mental constitution ; but if there be one kind of book duller to him than another it is a book of travels. And some of the books which have won the greatest reputation during the last twenty years are to him the dullest and stupidest of all. Not infrequently they are much more ; they are absolutely repulsive. The details of petty squabbles with petty chiefs or refractory followers, the solemn narratives of big-game-hunts are tedious enough. But when the writer comes to gloating over his slaughter and enumerating the tusks, or the horns, or the skins, then he becomes nothing less than loathsome in the waste of life and the torture he inflicts for the purpose of gratifying his savage love of "sport" and his cupidity. This kind of traveller, however, is dear to the British public. Crowds hang upon his lips : his truculent record is among the best-thumbed bundles of printing-ink and paper in the circulating libraries ; and, if qualified by a sufficient ignorance of the political aspirations of

his fellow-countrymen, he may become a candidate for Parliament.

Of all this Miss Kingsley's *Travels* is the exact reverse. She went to Western Africa not to hunt the gorilla, but to stalk "the wild West African idea," to study in its native haunts, untamed, the Negro conception of life and death, of this world and the next, determined thoroughly to understand the Ethiopian mind. Her object was psychological, scientific. "A beetle and fetish-hunter" she calls herself, for certain departments of zoology were included in her purview. On these she insists but little in her narrative, though she made a number of discoveries of creatures hitherto unknown. Her chief interest obviously is, like ours in these pages, with the human beings whom she found about the Ogowe and the Rembwe. Her adventures are told in the most amusing way, and for the mere fun of the telling are well worth perusal. They excite perpetual astonishment at the difficulties she successfully encountered, the dangers of every kind she dared, the coolness and the good humour by means of which her safety was secured again and again. She was not content with studying the ideas of the Negroes and Bantus where they had come into contact with white men, and been contaminated by Aryan conceptions. She ventured, escorted only by half-clad savages, among the cannibal Fans, there to prosecute her inquiries; and a very high premium any prudent Life Insurance Office would have demanded for a policy covering the risk of her safe return from that journey. Happily, not only for her own sake, but for that of science, she has returned and recorded the results of her observations, there and elsewhere, in chapters which have a high value as that of a first-hand observer.

These chapters, though somewhat discursive, are full of acute suggestion as well as accurate description. Miss Kingsley's repeated cautions to the anthropological student as to the reception and interpretation of evidence, the patience, the ingenuity, the tenacity of purpose, the open-mindedness required, and her warnings, none too emphatic, that no master-key will open all locks, are of a kind that ingenious theorists too often forget; though her own explanations often leave something to be desired. We will take just one illustration; and we select it because we are quite sure that she will not reject any hint of things that require to be cleared up by further

investigation. Speaking of the law of inheritance by which the estate of a deceased passes to his brothers by the same mother, and of the difficulty experienced by his widows and children in obtaining any share, she refers to the uncertainty of male parentage as a possible reason for the law. "Nevertheless," she goes on, "this is one of the obvious and easy explanations for things it is well to exercise great care before accepting, for you must always remember that the African's mind does not run on identical lines with the European—what may be self-evident to you is not so to him, and *vice versa*. I have frequently heard African metaphysicians complain that white men make great jumps in their thought-course, and do not follow an idea step by step. You soon become conscious of the careful way a Negro follows his idea. . . . But so great faith have I in the lack of inventive power in the African, that I feel sure all their customs, had we the material that has slipped down into the great swamp of time, could be traced back either, as I have said, to some natural phenomenon, or to the thing being advisable for reasons of utility. The uncertainty in the parentage of offspring may seem to be such a utilitarian underlying principle, but, on the other hand, it does not sufficiently explain the varied forms of the law of inheritance, for in some tribes the eldest or most influential son does succeed to his father's wealth; in other places you have the peculiar custom of the chief slave inheriting. I think, from these things, that the underlying idea in inheritance of property is the desire to keep the wealth of 'the house,' *i.e.*, estate, together, and if it were allowed to pass into the hands of weak people, like women and young children, this would not be done."

Here the caution and the grasp of mental conditions are excellent, showing that if Miss Kingsley has not yet fathomed all the depths of African institutions, at least she is in a fair way to do so. But it is obvious that the explanation she offers does not fulfil all the conditions. The law, as she states it, is that the inheritance passes to the brother [or brothers?] of the deceased *by the same mother*. This limitation would be unnecessary if the object were simply "to keep the wealth of the house together." It points rather to the existence of a rule of reckoning kinship only through females. The rights of the "uncle" among the Fans point in the same direction. The fact would seem to be that we have two, if not three, systems of kinship in conflict.



Presumably that of kinship only through females is the oldest. The custom of succession by "the eldest or most influential son" is making, or has made, inroads upon it, whether through white influence or by natural development. Inheritance by the chief slave is an accompaniment of the change, perhaps originally through quasi-adoption and default of real issue. At all events it is well-known in patriarchal communities, as in the case of Abraham. In West Africa, kinship and inheritance are customs that demand careful sifting. Both in these and in other matters Miss Kingsley may render useful service to science by accurately observing, not merely the details of specific customs and superstitions, but also among what tribes they obtain, what are the relations of such customs and superstitions to others observed by the same tribes, and to the general state of civilisation of the tribes in question, and what are the neighbouring tribes and those into which the tribes practising the customs and superstitions have married, or with which they have commercial and social intercourse. If we knew these things we might be guided to an estimate approximately correct of many things that now puzzle us about the civilisation and history of these interesting peoples.

The volume before us, we gather, is only preliminary to a more extended study of Fetish, for which the authoress proposes to go out again to the West Coast to complete her inquiries. We wish her the utmost success, and shall look forward with keen interest to the work that shall give us the results of adventures so arduous undertaken in the true spirit of science. Meanwhile we cannot be too grateful for this first instalment.

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MAORI TALES AND LEGENDS COLLECTED AND RETOLD BY  
KATE McCOSH CLARK. London: D. Nutt, 1896.

THIS volume is intended primarily for "the young people speaking the mother-tongue alike under the Great Bear and the Southern Cross." For them the tales collected by Mrs. Clark are admirably chosen and charmingly told. Her literary skill may be judged by a comparison between the tale of "The Twins" as given on p. 76, and the dry bones of the original story in Gill's

*Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*, p. 40, which are here clothed with life. With the exception of four stories from other islands, taken from Gill and Turner, she claims to have collected the contents of the book from the Maoris, among whom she has travelled. We see no reason to doubt the claim; but if we are to judge by White's *Ancient History of the Maori*, the most authentic collection of Maori tales, it is obvious that the stories are not given precisely as they were received. This, of course, was impossible in a work meant to interest children. But while we may admit that she has in the main adhered "to the true spirit of the tales themselves," her endeavour "to give them the form, expression, and speech characteristic of the country and clever native race" has hardly been so successful. They have, in fact, been passed through the mind of a practised writer belonging to a totally different civilisation, and have issued glorified with descriptions of scenery and dramatic touches foreign to native ideas. Incidentally, however, the change of form presents the advantage of accounts of customs and superstitions, like, for example, those contained in the tale of "Rata's Revenge," of which the variants in Gill, Grey, and White are quite destitute. On the other hand, these variants do suggest a process of selection and piecing together of the most picturesque and effective incidents never contemplated by the native tellers; and this may have rendered her reproductions often widely different from the narratives on which they are founded. It is much to be regretted, from a scientific point of view, that the authoress has not been explicit on the subject. It would have been easy to give in the notes the names and particulars of the natives from whom she heard the stories, and a short analysis of the variants she has combined. Even the references to such well-known writers as mentioned above are usually imperfect, and sometimes incorrect. The book was intended to have some value beyond that of amusing children, or why incur the burden of notes? If it was worth while to do so, the notes ought to have been full and correct.

Mr. Atkinson's illustrations are spirited and generally beautiful. They have, moreover, the value of being drawn from studies "of natives and native surroundings" made on the spot.

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DEMETER UND BAUBO: VERSUCH EINER THEORIE DER ENTSTEHUNG UNSRES ACKERBAUS, von ED. HAHN, Berlin. Lübeck, Max Schmidt, N.D. [1896].

THE importance of this little book must not be measured by its size. It is a more complete working out of a theory broached in one of the later chapters of the author's previous book on Domestic Animals (*Die Haustiere*, 1895), and a preliminary study for an elaborate work on cultivated plants. The phrase Our Tillage (*unser Ackerbau*) is used in a special sense, as meaning the cultivation of wheat and other grain by means of ploughing, in contradistinction to other methods of husbandry, and particularly to that of millet, which is performed by the aid of the hoe, and is, as the author contends, much older. He combats the extant theory of the three stages of culture, according to which men rose from the stage of hunting, through pastoral life, to husbandry, and argues that the pastoral stage could not have preceded that of husbandry, since the pastoral stage is confined to limited spaces of the earth's surface, the pastoral peoples are largely dependent upon their agricultural and settled neighbours for food, which they obtain by trade, and agriculture was known and attained considerable development over immense areas, notably in America and Africa, where the pastoral stage had never been reached, or, if it had been reached, where what is usually regarded as the mainstay of pastoral peoples, milk, had never been made use of. Milk, moreover, as human food, must have been the product of long ages of culture, because wild animals in captivity do not readily produce and rear offspring, and it is not natural to them to yield their milk, save as food for their young. In the author's view Our Tillage was rendered possible by the domestication of kine, which were first of all used for draught and trained to the plough, long before they were milked. He then inquires why it is that the ox, and neither the cow nor the steer, is, and always has been, used for ploughing. He argues that ploughing was a ceremony performed with sacred rites, and that the animal employed was consecrated to the deity (probably a goddess) of fertility, whom he identifies with the moon. And he connects its condition with that of the priests of Cybele and other archaic cults, and through them with a variety of licentious practices

observed either directly in relation to agriculture or in honour of agricultural divinities.

We regret that we have no space for more than this meagre outline of an argument conducted with much skill, and, in its main lines, with success. It is well worth the close attention of all who are interested in the problems offered by the long and still obscure history of civilisation. The book is not in the market; but the author, who puts forward his argument at present in a tentative form, is anxious for criticism and assistance by fellow-workers, and he will be glad to communicate with any such who will address him through Mr. Max Schmidt, bookseller, of Lübeck.

ORIGINES JUDAICÆ. AN INQUIRY INTO HEATHEN FAITHS AS AFFECTING THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF JUDAISM. By W. F. COBB. London: A. D. Innes & Co., 1895.

DR. COBB'S main thesis is stated in the fourth chapter, which deals with the evolution of the religious idea. He claims that the belief lying at the base of the heathen religions known to us is not fetishism, nor monotheism, but menotheism. Menotheism he explains as "that belief which sees One Eternal Spirit dwelling behind phenomena and manifesting Himself through them. It differs from Fetishism as the universal differs from the particular; it differs from Polytheism as unity differs from multitude; it differs from Henotheism in that it excludes the existence of any potential rivals; it differs from Monotheism because it has not the marks of clear-cut personality and transcendental existence which are denoted by the higher term; and, lastly, it differs from Pantheism because it does not blur the dividing line between the personality of the God that is worshipped and that of his worshipper, as Pantheism necessarily does" (p. 84). He has no difficulty in what he describes as "the bold step of summarily rejecting the doctrine which has become so popular lately in England under the teaching especially of Max Müller." The step is not in fact so bold as Dr. Cobb seems to think; since the doctrine in question, founded exclusively on the consideration of Aryan philology and Aryan traditions and literature, has been completely riddled by Mr. Andrew Lang's criticisms, and is now generally abandoned as untenable. Dr. Cobb dis-

poses of its application by Goldziher and Steintal to the Hebrew legends in a chapter, which, though successful, is to some extent obscured by his hesitation in the definition and use of the terms *myth* and *mythology*. *Mythology* can no longer be understood in the sense of "a mode of language used when dealing with the phenomena of nature as they appear to man in his infancy," when we have rejected the Rig Veda as the exponent of the earliest conceptions of mankind on the subject. We must recognise that man is essentially a tale-teller, that at a stage of civilisation far earlier than the Rig Veda he explains everything by a tale. Myths then become stories explanatory of customs, of the existence of the gods, the earth, the sun, the moon, the winds, animals, mountains, rivers, fire—in short, everybody and everything in the world. They are stories, not metaphors conscious or unconscious; savage philosophy, not the products of diseased language. In Goldziher's sense Dr. Cobb is right in saying that there are no myths in the Bible, save perhaps, we would suggest, in some of its poetry. Accordingly, he would have done better to repudiate this sense altogether, instead of endeavouring to combine it, as he seems to do (see particularly p. 65), with the sense of a story concerning an event believed to be historical—a saga.

The kind of conservatism which is accountable for the retention of this equivocal use of the word *myth* hampers the author in more ways than one. Although he rejects Professor Max Müller's doctrine, for example, he finds it not easy to shake himself clear of the authority which explains so many of the classic and other gods and heroes as the sun. To take another instance, his criticisms on totemism are valuable as pointing to the pressing need of further research in certain directions, and to the dangers of hasty generalisation; but he does not allow enough weight to the evidence of the prevalence of the superstition in almost all parts of the world. This evidence raises a strong presumption that it was accepted in archaic times by the ancestors of the Hebrews, and that its remains were to be found in the period covered by the historical record. When he argues "that it is a fair inference from the frequency of the description of a tribe or sub-tribe by the name of an animal that that animal was worshipped by them, but there is no necessity which compels us to admit that they went further, and attributed their physiological origin to the animal" (p. 185), he forgets that the problem to be solved is

why they worshipped the animal, which the instances he gives do not at all explain. The case of the serpent is a very difficult one. Dr. Cobb's discussion of it, occupying chapters vii. and viii., is instructive; and his remarks on the morality of the worship are characterised by broad-minded charity and insight into archaic social conditions. Yet after all we are by no means sure that the writers whose view he accepts have penetrated to the heart of the mystery.

One of the most valuable chapters is the final one on some "Ornaments of the Church" of the Jews. It is abundantly clear that, while Hebrew institutions and ritual bear witness to some Egyptian influence, their chief affinities are to be sought for in Syria and Chaldea. Nor indeed is it otherwise than astonishing, if the account of the sojourn in Egypt and the Exodus be true, how little Egyptian culture affected the Israelites, especially if their leader and lawgiver were really "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." We are bound to infer that the national traditions on the subject require still more careful sifting than they have hitherto received; and the difficulties attending every attempted identification of "the Pharaoh of the Exodus" render a further suspense of judgement incumbent upon all who desire historic truth. To Dr. Cobb, who, while maintaining his theological orthodoxy, frankly accepts (as every unprejudiced person must) the general results of what is called "the Higher Criticism," this attitude should not be impossible.

The theological aspects of the book are not for discussion here. From a scientific standpoint it is a serious contribution to an inquiry of profound and perennial interest. It contains candid and acute criticism that will be helpful to students of the history of religion. Whether the theory of menotheism as the foundation of heathen religions—at least, of the heathen religions which influenced Judaism—be proved, is another question. It involves assumptions as to the progress of thought for which we confess we cannot find sufficient warrant. But such theories, even if they do not ultimately commend themselves to the scientific judgement, materially subserve the cause of truth by calling attention to possible interpretations of the facts, liable else to be overlooked, and by thus enabling us to clarify our ideas. However we may explain it, the author is probably right when he argues that in the days of Hezekiah the Hebrews were in a stage of advanced poly-

theism and sufficiently cultivated to have adopted a syncretism which ultimately issued in monotheism.

Dr. Cobb has written a courageous and suggestive book, and if in some points he seem needlessly conservative, his earnest judicial spirit will commend itself to all who are jealous for the honour of English scholarship.

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HEBREW IDOLATRY AND SUPERSTITION : ITS PLACE IN FOLKLORE. By ELFORD HIGGINS. Cheap Edition. London : Elliot Stock, 1895.

THIS little book is an adaptation to Hebrew Idolatry and Superstition of Mr. Gomme's argument in *Ethnology in Folklore*. It is ingenious and interesting, but labours under the defect of ignoring the results of criticism as applied to the Old Testament.

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THE NATIVES OF SARAWAK AND BRITISH NORTH BORNEO, based chiefly on the MSS. of the late HUGH BROOKE LOW, Sarawak Government Service. By HENRY LING ROTH. 2 vols. London : Truelove and Hanson, 1896.

THESE two splendid volumes, to which Mr. Andrew Lang contributes an amusing and interesting preface, are a monument of almost German patience, industry, and learning. They do not purport to be anything but a compilation. As a compilation, however, they are in most particulars a model. There is no part of the lives and beliefs of the peoples with whom he deals that Mr. Ling Roth does not illustrate, so far as his materials go ; and he has gathered from museums and private collections a vast number of figures of the natives and their productions which will be of the greatest use to anthropological students. In this way he has made the book a cyclopædia of ethnographical information on the tribes in question.

We are inclined to think that the arrangement might have been improved. The tribes are numerous, and their customs vary considerably. It is somewhat confusing to read a custom relating, say, to the disposal of the dead, and to go on to the next paragraph and there read a statement wholly inconsistent with the former. More careful perusal discloses that Mr. Ling Roth is

dealing with two different tribes. But the reader would not have been thus tripped up had the work been arranged according to tribes or districts, instead of being arranged under the general headings Marriage, Disposal of the Dead, &c. Mr. Ling Roth's difficulty, of course, lay in the carelessness or imperfect information of the travellers and others whose reports he is following or quoting, and who often do not accurately specify the tribes of which they are speaking. He has, no doubt, adopted his division of chapters deliberately, and perhaps it is the best his materials permitted. But it points to a defect in the evidence which puzzles and annoys anthropologists in the accounts brought home of peoples all over the world, and which renders those accounts too frequently a hopeless muddle.

Unfortunately, valuable as are the reports collected in these volumes, our travellers, administrators, and missionaries have never made a study of any of the native customs and beliefs (with the doubtful exception of Archdeacon Perham's articles on the Sea-Dyak Gods, reprinted here from the *Journal of the Straits Asiatic Society*) equal to the careful studies of Grabowsky on the inhabitants of Dutch Borneo. Consequently, in order thoroughly to understand the Bornean peoples, we must have recourse also to the latter source. For example, it is impossible from the fragmentary accounts which Mr. Ling Roth has been able to bring together to form a connected conception of Dyak ideas of the spirit-world. To do this we must turn to Grabowsky's great monograph on "Death, Burial, the Tiwah or Feast of the Dead, and the ideas of the Dyaks on the Otherworld," in the second volume of the *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie*. But this is not Mr. Ling Roth's fault. It is due partly to the decay among the British subjects of their original beliefs and practices, and partly and still more to the incomplete character of the reports, which are the only material he has had to embody.

Neither pains nor expense have been spared in the production of these volumes. The number of copies is limited, and they cannot be reproduced. For the study of a most interesting population undergoing change in all its habits and modes of thought by contact with Malays, Chinese, and Europeans, and hence in a stage of great importance to the student, it is hard to overestimate the work done by the compiler. If his example induced other students to go and do likewise, the gain to science would be enormous.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### THE HOOD-GAME AT HAXEY.

(Vols. vii., p. 330 ; viii., 72.)

MISS MABEL PEACOCK has followed up her interesting article on "The Hood-Game at Haxey" by a communication in which she discusses its relation to Cornish hurling, &c. Miss Peacock asks what is Mr. Thiselton Dyer's authority for the statement in his *Popular British Customs* that at Tenby, on St. Crispin's Day, the 25th October, a figure of the saint used to be hung up, and after being taken down was kicked about as a football. Mr. Thiselton Dyer gives as his authority an extract from Mason's *Tales and Traditions of Tenby* (p. 26) to the following effect: "At Tenby an effigy was made and hung on some elevated and prominent place (the steeple for instance) on the previous night. On the morning of the saint's day it was cut down and carried about the town, a will being read in doggerel verse, purporting to be the last testament of the saint, in pursuance of which the several articles of dress were distributed to the different shoemakers. At length nothing remained of the image but the padding, which was kicked about by the crowd. As a sort of revenge for the treatment given to St. Crispin, his followers hung up the effigy of a carpenter on St. Clement's Day."

The game of ball at Scone in Perthshire, as played before the end of last century, is thus described in the *Old Statistical Account of Scotland*. The facts stated may be relied on, though one may doubt the reason assigned for the origin of the local custom.

"Formerly, on this day (Shrove Tuesday), the bachelors and married men drew themselves up at the Cross of Scone, on opposite sides. A ball was then thrown up, and they played from two o'clock till sunset. The game was this: he who at any time got the ball into his hands ran with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party, and then, if he could escape from those of the

opposite side who seized him, he ran on ; if not, he threw the ball away, unless it was wrested from him by the other party; but no person was allowed to kick it. The object of the married men was to hang it, *i.e.* to put it three times into a small hole in the moor, the goal or limit, on the one hand; that of the bachelors was to drown it, *i.e.* to dip it three times into a deep place in the river, the limit of [? on] the other. The party who could effect either of these objects won the game. But if neither party won, the ball was cut into equal parts at sunset. In the course of the play, one might always see some scene of violence between the parties ; but, as the proverb of that part of the country expresses it, 'All was fair at the Ball of Scone.' This custom is supposed to have had its origin in the days of chivalry. An Italian, it is said, came into that part of the country challenging all the parishes, under a certain penalty in case of declining his challenge. All the parishes declined the challenge except Scone, which beat the foreigner, and in commemoration of this gallant action the game was instituted. Whilst the custom continued, every man in the parish, the gentry not excepted, was obliged to turn out and support the side to which he belonged, and the person who neglected to do his part on that occasion was fined."

Ball-play, as we learn from the Sagas, was a favourite recreation with the ancient Scandinavians. The game is referred to, for instance, in the *Egil Saga* (Green's Translation, p. 68). In a note on page 202 the editor remarks: "Some points the game has like Rugby football, some like hockey perhaps: Dasent pronounces it 'something between hockey and football.'" In the *Calendars of Papal Registers relating to Great Britain and Ireland (Papal Letters)*, vol. ii., p. 214, there is an allusion to a Churchman playing football. This was in the year 1321. The letter is addressed from Avignon by Pope John XXII. to William de Spalding, canon of Sculdharn, of the order of Sempingham, and contains the following passage: "During a game at ball (*ad pilam*), as he kicked the ball (*cum pede*), a lay friend of his, also called William, ran against him and wounded himself on a sheathed knife carried by the canon, so severely that he died within six days."

In an article on "Some Ancient Welsh Customs and Furniture," in *Archaeologia Cambrensis* for 1872 (p. 333), we get some

particulars regarding churchyard games in the Principality. The writer, Mr. E. L. Barnwell, says: "Old people can remember when the clergyman gave notice that the game must cease by putting the ball into his pocket, and marched his young friends into church. This was particularly the case on the festivals of the Church, and is said to have generally commenced on Easter Eve."

The connection between amusements and Church festivals is further indicated in the course of the same article (p. 337), in the following passage:

"There was formerly in Pembrokeshire, and particularly in the hundred of Cemmaes, a custom of playing the game of *cnapan*, generally five times in the year, viz. Shrove Tuesday, Easter Monday, Low Easter Day, Ascension and Corpus Christi Days, between two rival parishes or districts. The combatants were clothed only with a pair of drawers or light trousers, as otherwise in the struggle their clothes would be torn to rags. They were also barefooted. The game was a kind of football, which whoever could get hold had to keep possession of it and run off with it to a certain distance. Sometimes two thousand men joined in the game, and great violence was used.

"The game of *soule*, formerly played in Brittany, was identical with this, except that horsemen did not join in the game as in Pembrokeshire. On account, however, of the ferocity displayed, and the lives lost among the Bretons, the Government of the day put a stop to it, and it has never since been permitted.

"The identity of this Welsh game of *cnapan* and the Breton *soule* is remarkable, for there are apparently no traces of it in other parts of France or in England. Nor is there any evidence that it was in existence in the northern counties of Wales. It had grown out of use in Wales in the time of Elizabeth, but continued very much later on the other side of the channel."

The relation between games and holy-days undoubtedly deserves more attention than it has yet received.

J. M. MACKINLAY, F.S.A. (Lond. and Scot.).

*Glasgow.*

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## TOMMY ON THE TUB'S GRAVE.

(Vols. vi., p. 196 ; vii., p. 79.)

Is it generally known that "Tommy on the Tub" means a "policeman" in the phraseology of our suburban vagrants? I suppose "Tommy" = Man (?in uniform) and "Tub" = "Tober" = road.

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W. P. M.

## FOLKLORE FIRSTFRUITS FROM LESBOS.

(Vol. vii., p. 143.)

I am sorry that the following mistakes escaped me :

Page 146, line 7 from bottom, for *New Year's Day* read *St. John's Day*.

Page 155, line 22, for *skulls* read *sacks*.

Page 155, line 23, etc., for *Karakiz* read *Kara Kiz* (black girl).

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W. H. D. ROUSE.

## WATER IN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

(Vol. viii., p. 84.)

Among the fellahin of Palestine, to-day, a jug of water is placed on the bride's head before she enters her husband's door. As she passes across the threshold it is struck off by the bridegroom, thrown down, and broken. This is explained as a sign of complete submission to her husband. (*Pal. Ex. Fund Quarterly Statement*, April, 1894.)

Now read the old Peruvian storm-myth poem, as it is called by Dr. Brinton, translated as follows :

" Fair Princess,	Thy waters.
Thy urn	At the same time
Thy brother	Hailest,
Shatters.	Snowest.
At the blow,	World-former,
It thunders,	World-quickener,
Lightens,	Viracocha,
Flashes.	To this office
But thou, Princess,	Thee has destined,
Rainest down	Consecrated."

With the remembrance that ancient Egyptian love-songs use "brother" and "sister" for the lovers, turn to the goddess Nut, whose attribute is a round jar on her head. She is the "celestial ocean," the great abyss of waters, the matrix or circle of space whence all forms are born, mother of all gods. As the encircling sky, the primary mother, she unites in one reasonable concept the hymn and the custom. The Palestine account remarks (not in this connection) that the Moslem fellah regards the wife as simply a vessel made to bear him children.

Among the Manchus, the bride is required "to hold the precious vase" in her arms all day long. It contains gold, silver, precious stones, and grain. (*Folk-Lore*, vol. i. p. 488.) But water would be the summary expression of fruitfulness for an agricultural people. And the whole of space conceived as filled with primeval water may well be the original mystic precious vase, which is pictured on the head of Nut.

Concord, Mass.

LOUISE KENNEDY.

#### SUPERNATURAL CHANGE OF SITE.

Mr. G. W. Speth has lately presented to the Society a very interesting and suggestive pamphlet he has written on *Builders' Rites and Ceremonies*. On p. 30, in illustrating the custom of offering a sacrifice on the completion of a building, he cites from Mr. Gomme's *Folklore Relics of Early Village Life* the legend of Barn Hall, in the parish of Tolleshunt-Knights, Essex. An enclosed uncultivated space is shown in the midst of a field, where it is said the Hall was to have been built, but for supernatural interference. The Devil, who was the culprit, on being attacked by night in the act of removing the work done in the day, snatched up a beam from the building and, hurling it to the present site, exclaimed :

"Wheresoe'er this beam shall fall,  
There shall stand Barn Hall."

The original beam, we are told, was believed to remain in a cellar of the present house, and no one could cut it without wounding himself. The rest of the story, pointing perhaps to a

sacrifice, does not concern the point to which I desire to draw attention.

The taboo on cutting the beam indicates its sanctity, and the incident reminds one of a Scandinavian custom. When Ingolf, the Norse chieftain who first colonised Iceland, set sail, he took with him the two sacred wooden columns which had stood on either side of his high seat in his old home. On approaching the shore of Iceland he threw these columns into the sea, and the place where they were washed ashore was the site supernaturally marked out for his future abode. This was at Reykjavik, afterwards the chief town of the island. The custom was followed by other colonists. In the legend of Barn Hall, I think, a reminiscence of it cannot be mistaken. Is there any parallel incident in British tradition?

I believe it will generally be found that there is some substratum of fact in legends of the change of site of a building, especially where, as in the case of Barn Hall, a definite spot is pointed out as the site originally intended. Could we have an excavation made on the original site, that substratum of fact might be revealed, as in the remarkable instance of Bisley Church (*Gloucestershire County Folklore*, p. 14). At all events, I want to call the attention of students of folklore and archaeologists to the point, with a view to local investigations where the legend occurs.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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### FOLK-MEDICINE IN COUNTY CORK.

*Whooping (or Chin) Cough.*—If you see a man riding by on a white or piebald horse, anything he tells you to do will effect a cure.

You say, “Wisha, man on the white (or piebald) horse, for God’s sake, do you know any cure for the chin cough?”

He: “Faith then, I don’t know of any cure, unless to take the chile fastin’ to the four cross-roads and give him his feedin’ there for four mornings running” (*i.e.* following).

This was tried on a child who had had a “doctor’s bottle,” which failed to cure: hence the charm, which proved most efficacious—a fact vouched for by persons who know the mother. She lives in Lower Dripsey. Date of cure, June, 1896.

*Another.*—A “*Boo*” in a bottle.—Catch a blue-bottle fly, put it in a corked (?) bottle, and as the fly gets weaker and dies off, so will the cough take its departure. Vouched for and seen by my informant.

*Another.*—The “Gossip,” *i.e.* the godfather of the child, without being told by any one of the child’s people, but by his own vile inspiration, must steal, *i.e.* cut off, the ear of his neighbour’s living goat close to the head, make a hole in it with a fork, and pass a string through it; this is tied round the child’s neck, and is meant to be sucked by the child.

This was tried on Han Twoomey, Mary L.’s factotum, about thirty years ago. She told me about it, and her cousin, wife of our ploughman, remembers well seeing this loathsome object round the child’s neck for about three months. Truly the native Irish are savages.

*Another.*—Get a mare donkey in milk, and have a person standing on each side of the animal. One passes the child under the body of the donkey to the other, who returns it over the back. Do this nine times for three mornings fasting.

This was tried with a female donkey of C. L.'s on two of her labourer's children, who are grown man and woman now, and the donkey is alive and kicking.

*Another.*—Find a married couple, who are first cousins ; if one gives the child solid food and the other liquid, in the name of the Trinity, for three mornings fasting, the child will recover quickly.

*Charm for Aphthæ or Thrush.* (*This disease is very common with children.*)—Get a gander and make him breathe or hiss into the child's mouth ; or if this cannot be done, get a person born after his or her father's death, and he or she must blow down the child's throat for four mornings fasting, in the name of the Trinity.

A garden boy we had here earned many shillings by blowing into the mouths of children.

KATE LAWLESS PYNE.

*The Cottage, Coachford, Co. Cork.*

#### A BURIAL SUPERSTITION IN COUNTY CORK.

When two corpses come to the same graveyard the same day, the last to enter will be employed drawing water to wet the lips of all the souls in Purgatory. Two persons were to be buried at South Kilmurry the same day, and the relatives of one determined to be first. So they locked the gate and gave the key to the sexton with orders to let no one in. The two funerals arrived together, each trying to be first, but the gate was locked. The first tried to put their coffin over the ditch, but number two struck them, so they put down their coffin and went in search of the key. The moment their backs were turned the others threw their own coffin feet first over the wall, thus securing the *entrée* to the churchyard, and leaving the others to get in as best they could. They gave a wild cheer as they got in, the first intimation their rivals had of what happened. (Told to me by one present at funeral.)

KATE LAWLESS PYNE.



## A FOLKTALE FROM KUMAON.

While travelling in Kumaon, in the Himalaya mountains, some time ago, I came to a stage bungalow near the village of Bans, and some little boys came to the bungalow. I asked them to tell some stories, and the first one that was related resembled so much, in its main details, the story of "The Big Claus and the Little Claus" in Hans Andersen's fairy tales, that I took it down. One great difference between them is that in Hans Andersen there are only two brothers, while in the story there are eight. But the seven so figure together and act in a body that they have practically no separate individual existence. The creaking hide and the river, &c., &c., are the same, and, making allowance for differences in local colouring, the two seem to have a very striking similarity. I am not a member of the Folk-Lore Society, but taking an interest in the study of folklore, I venture to send the story to you, and hope it may be interesting as an item of evidence, however trifling, in support of the theory that the folktales of Europe and India could be traced to a common origin.

PANDIT BHAGWAN DAS SARMA.

*Chhatarpur State, Central India.*

Once in a town lived eight brothers. The youngest of them looked a silly sort of fellow, and his brothers thought him a fool. Their father died, and they divided the patrimony among themselves, and gave the youngest much less than his due. He bought a bull-buffalo, while they bought cow-buffaloes. Every night he carried the buffalo on his shoulders to his brothers' field and grazed him there. In the morning, when the brothers came to the field, they found the plants eaten. But as there were no marks of an animal's feet in the field they could not detect the poacher. One day the animal drank too much water, and became so heavy that he could not carry it. He left him in the field, and allowed him to graze there at large. The brothers had watered the field that very day, and the soil was so moist that the feet of the buffalo left deep marks in the field. When they went there next morning they saw the plants eaten, and the deep marks of the buffalo's feet. Straightway they ran to their youngest brother, and showered blows on his poor buffalo till it died. He begged

his brothers to leave the carcase of his dear beast for him. He then pulled off the skin and turned it into a hide, and putting it on his shoulders started for a neighbouring market-town to sell it. On his way he was caught in the rain, and the hide became dripping wet. At length he reached a sort of cave, and, feeling tired, put the hide at the mouth of it. Inside the cave were robbers who had come there to divide their booty. The hide was wet, and when he put it at the mouth of the cave it made a noise and darkened the cave. The robbers thought they had been found out, and ran away, leaving the booty to the lucky man. Entering the cave, he found gold and silver and precious stones. At once he put them all into a bundle, and, leaving the hide there, took his way home with his newly-gained riches. Now he was a rich man, and his brothers were very jealous of him. One day they went to him, and asked him what he had done with the hide. He told them that he had sold it at a very high price to a man who lived in the Brahmans' quarter in a neighbouring town. They ran home at once and killed their buffaloes, and, carrying their hides on their shoulders, went to sell them in the Brahmans' quarter their brother had pointed out. Arriving there they called out loudly: "Buffalo-hides for sale!" Great was the surprise of the Brahmans on hearing such words, and coming out of their houses they gave them a sound beating for bringing such unclean things near their houses. They were very angry with their brother, and hurried back as fast as they could, and going straight to his house set fire to it. The house was soon reduced to ashes, but the brother escaped with his life. He collected the ashes in a bag, and putting the bag on his head made his way to a neighbouring town. He went to the palace of the Raja, and after exchanging greetings with the porter at the gate, said to him: "I have brought jewels and other valuable presents from our Raja to your Raja; please look after the bag, I am going out to wash, and shall come back very soon. But pray, allow no one to touch the bag in my absence, or the valuables will turn into ashes." Having said this, he went away, and after strolling about for some time came back and opened the bag. He had scarcely half-opened it when he began to cry "I am ruined, I am ruined. I told you beforehand that if any body touched it in my absence it would turn into ashes, and so it has happened. Now what shall I do? I have lost thousands

of rupees' worth ; somebody must repay me." A crowd soon gathered on the spot, but the man would not listen to any one ; and as the crowd increased his cries became more piteous, and with sobs he told the multitude how he had been ruined. At length the affair reached the ears of the Raja, who was very kind-hearted and generous. He ordered the whole amount to be paid to the man. He quickly put the money in the bag, and throwing it on his shoulders hastened home. The brothers heard of his wealth, and came to ask him how he got it. "I sold the bag of ashes," said he, "to a merchant who deals in flour. He stood in great need of ashes, as he adulterates his flour with ashes, and thus makes a great profit." Hardly had he uttered these words before his brothers ran home and set their houses on fire. They then gathered the ashes, put them in bags, and each one carrying a bag on his shoulders went to the neighbouring market. At a grocer's shop they opened the bags and began to pour out the contents into the heaps of flour exposed for sale. When the grocer saw it he was very angry, and cried : "Why, fools ! what are you doing ?" "We are mixing ashes with your flour," said they. Whereupon the grocer got up and, rushing upon them, kicked them out of his shop. They were now full of wrath against their brother, and determined to put an end to his life. Hurrying to his house, they caught hold of him and shut him up in a sack. They put the sack on their shoulders and carried it to the Ganges. When they reached the middle of the stream they threw the sack down into the river. By the man's good luck the sack floated ashore and rested against a bridge by the public way. A banker's son mounted on a good horse was going home with a bag full of jewels and gold and silver coins. When he approached the sack he heard a voice, saying : "Oh ! I enjoy the sight of the three worlds." The banker's son advancing nearer, said : "My friend, can I enjoy the sight too ?" "Yes," said the voice. "How ?" asked the banker's son. "If you only come here," was the reply. The banker's son opened the mouth of the sack and the man came out. "Go into the sack," said he to the banker's son, and when he had got in he closed up its mouth. He then mounted the horse and galloped home with his treasure. The brothers were amazed to see him, and asked him where he got the horse. "Our parents," said he, "gave me the horse ; they live inside the Ganges. They love you much more than me because

you are their elder children, and would give you immense riches if you were to see them." "How can we see them?" asked they. "It is very easy," said he. "I will be your guide. Take a dog with you and let him go into the Ganges in front of you; follow the dog to the spot he leads you to and you will see our parents." They all left the house taking their dog with them. When they reached the bridge the youngest brother pointed out to them with his hand the spot where he said he met his parents. First the dog went into the stream and then the seven brothers. The youngest remained on the bank. The dog continued moving his legs all the while he was swimming, and the brothers followed him till they were drowned.

[This particular form of the story is not very common, but it is found in Wales and Ireland. See Jacobs, *Celtic Fairy Tales*, pp. 47, 247; *Folklore*, vol. iii. p. 126.—ED.]

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#### PLOUGH MONDAY.

The following account of Plough Monday at Witchford, in the Isle of Ely, was written down by a young woman who came from that neighbourhood, and sent to Mr. J. G. Frazer, by whom it is kindly forwarded:

"In the village of Witchford, situated in the Isle of Ely, in the evening on the second Monday of January, several young men form a party. They go together and get some one to lend them a plough and some whips; and then they get some straw and put on their backs; and then they black their faces, and one of them dresses up as an old woman; and then two of them draw the plough and one takes hold of the handles, and two of them have brooms with them and two of them are cadgers, and the rest of them have whips and go cracking at the peoples' doors and keep calling out: 'Whoa! Whoa!' and when the people come out to look at them they all set to and have a dance and then ask you for money, and if you do not give them any they pull up your scraper. That is how they go on until they have been all over the village, and then they all go to some one's house and spend the money they get given to them. They have bread and cheese and beer and singing songs all the rest of the evening; and that is how they end the evening on Plough Monday."

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## FOLK-MEDICINE IN OHIO.

Mrs. George A. Stanbery, writes from Adair Arc Terrace, Zanesville, Ohio, U.S.A., as follows :

In Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, lived an old German woman, by the name of Mrs. Harper, who was said to do wonders in curing diseases ; and as I was a small child at that time, these things, talked about in my presence, made a great impression on my mind, but when most needed some of the most important points had fled from my memory. So I wrote to a relative of Mrs. Harper's, a Mr. Samuel Poorman, now of San Francisco, but formerly of Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, thinking that he or some of his family might be able to give me some information. I had also written to a friend in Somerset, asking her to find out for me about the measurements required in the cure for the "decay of the flesh in children." The two letters came together, and both had the desired information. Mrs. Benoni Beckwith, of Somerset, still keeps up the practice, and she very willingly gave me her method, which, by the way, is exactly the same as that used by Grandmother Harper ; and as Mr. Poorman has given me other valuable and (to me) new cures, I will quote from his letter. I am sorry that I shall be obliged to wait to hear from him before submitting a very important cure for relieving persons of pain who have been burned or scalded. He sent me the secret on a separate paper, because it loses its charm by being too generally known ; but he did not say whether or not I might send it to you with the others, so I must wait for permission. A man can give the secret to a woman, or *vice versa* ; but a woman must on no account give it to a woman. As I am now in possession of the charm I am waiting for some one to burn himself, when I will try my powers.

*Grandmother Harper's Cure for the Decay of the Flesh.*—The child must be brought on three successive mornings, and stripped of all its clothing. Then with a linen string measure the length of the foot *seven* times. With this string measure the length of the body, commencing at the crown of the head and follow down the back to the tip of the heel. If the length of the child is *less* than seven lengths of the foot, the child is affected with decay. In this event a loop is formed with this string by holding its ends together between the thumb and forefinger. The loop is then passed over

the child three times from the head to the feet. The string is wound around the hinge of a door or gate, and as the string is worn away the child is restored to health. Mrs. Harper put the string on a wooden hinge. These were much used at that time on gates and barn doors. I presume an iron hinge would answer the same purpose.

*Mrs. John Wiseman's Cure for the Thrush (Sore Mouth).—* "Three straws were obtained from the barnyard, which were broken or cut into equal lengths of about three inches. These were bound together in the middle with a string. The bundle thus formed was then passed between the lips of the afflicted child *three* times from right to left. The bundle of straws was then buried in the manure pile in the barnyard, where it remained until the next 'trying,' as it was called. In severe cases the operation, with the same bundle of straws, was repeated three times at intervals of half an hour. This whole process with the same straws was repeated in twelve hours, and again in twenty-four hours, making in all nine 'tryings.' This would suffice for the most obstinate cases. In moderate cases there would be three 'tryings' at intervals of twelve hours. Whether in the various resurrections of the bundle of straws there was any cleansing I do not know, but I presume not.

"Sallie Jackson, my sister's oldest child, when an infant, was so badly afflicted with Thrush that blood oozed from her mouth whenever she opened it. Mrs. Wiseman operated on her. On the first 'trying' blood flowed from her mouth in a stream, on the second 'trying,' in half an hour, a very little blood was seen, and on the third there was no blood. My sister was directed to return the following morning (twelve hours later), but when morning came she found the child's mouth entirely well! There was no further treatment, and no more Thrush.

"Mrs. Wiseman treated a Mrs. Aumentrout, of Thornville, Ohio, to whose breasts the disease had been communicated by her child. They were in such condition that the doctors had decided to remove them to save her life. The treatment was the same as for the child, passing the straws over her breasts as they were passed through the lips of the child. In this case there were three trials, or 'tryings,' at half-hour intervals, which were repeated in twelve and in twenty-four hours. At the last of these tryings no signs of Thrush remained.

"When a child, my oldest sister was badly afflicted with

Phthisic. A shoemaker by the name of Dennis treated her for it in the following manner. Measuring her height against the door-casing, he bored a hole with an augur at that point, took a lock of hair from her head, placed it in the hole, and then filled the hole with a neat-fitting pin of wood. She never after had the Phthisic. I cannot say whether there was any wheezing about that door-casing or not afterwards.

“*To Cure Enlargement of the Spleen.*—Pass the afflicted child from east to west, as the sun goes, around the leg of a chair or a table three times.

“*To Cure a Wen.*—When an entire bone is found lying on the ground (one that has not been broken or cut) rub the bone over the wen, and then replace it in the same position it was in when found.

“The late H. C. Trainor, of Sacramento City, Cal., cured warts by tying three knots in a thread over the wart. The thread did not have to touch the wart, but was held in such a way that the loop for the knot was directly over the wart until drawn into a knot. The thread was then thrown away, and in a very few days the wart would disappear.

“William Dugan, who used to work for my father, had a great reputation for stopping hemorrhages, but I know nothing of the process. You should be able to learn something of it from the Hammonds of Somerset.”

Then Mr. Poorman says: “I herewith enclose a memorandum explaining sister Mattie’s method for the relief of burns. I make it separate, because of the secrecy necessary and the method of communicating it from one to another. It will not do for a person to tell it to one of the same sex. Mattie has given it to me, and I give it to you. I think those claiming to possess these powers hold, among other things, that the power is lost if the method is too often communicated to others.” I have written to-day to Mr. Poorman for permission to publish the Burn Remedy.

Mr. Poorman says that “on one occasion my brother-in-law had a horse that was bleeding profusely from a wound, and all efforts to stanch the blood were unsuccessful. As a last hope for saving the life of the horse he insisted on Mattie’s (his wife) trying her burn remedy. She did so, only varying the latter part to suit the case, and they both say the flow of blood ceased immediately.”

## OBITUARY.

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REV. WALTER GREGOR, M.A., LL.D.

A DEEP sense of personal loss must have been the predominant feeling of the members of the Society on hearing of the death of Dr. Gregor. A man of wide culture and an antiquary of distinction in more than one department, his chief interests lay in dialect and folklore. He was the secretary and one of the founders of the Scottish Text Society, to which his services for a long series of years are hardly to be overestimated. His name appears on the first list of members of the Folk-Lore Society; and among the early publications of the Society were his *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*. To know this book is to recognise its value as a transcript of the superstitions and traditions of a district rich in remains of the past up to that time unrecorded. Its author, however, was by no means content to rest on the reputation its publication immediately won, for he was an indefatigable collector. Frequent communications to the Folk-Lore Society and to the Société des Traditions Populaires, of which he was also a member, attest his continued industry. Only two years ago he volunteered with undiminished energy to undertake systematic work in Scotland for the Ethnographical Survey Committee. The Committee at once gratefully accepted his offer, and commissioned him to Galloway. His first report on the folklore of that interesting district was published by the British Association last year, and was marked by the accuracy and method which characterised all that he did. Although his work in Galloway was cut short while only the first-fruits had been reaped, he left some further notes ready for publication, and, what is far more valuable, an example of the manner in which the survey should be conducted—a standard for future inquirers. He had in fullest measure that prime essential of a successful collector of folklore—a gracious and genial nature. All who came into contact with him felt his charm, and none could help yielding to his influence.

Dr. Gregor passed away on the 4th February last after a short illness, at the age of seventy, leaving a widow and a son and daughter. Whenever they die, such men die too soon.

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# Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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VOL. VIII.]

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

[No. III

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TUESDAY, APRIL 27th, 1897.

The PRESIDENT (Mr. Alfred Nutt) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mrs. M. E. Morris as a new member was announced.

The following books and pamphlets, which had been added to the Society's library since the February meeting, were laid on the table, viz.: *Some Isangla Bhutanese Sentences*, by E. Stack, and *Report of Progress of Historical Research in Assam*, by E. A. Gail, I.C.S., both presented by the Chief Commissioner of Assam; *Some Early British Churches on the North Coast of Carnarvonshire*, by Lady Paget, presented by the Author; *Madras Government Bulletin*, vol. ii. No. 1, presented by the Madras Government; and *Folklore from Central India*, by Mrs. Dracott, presented by the Author.

Mr. Gomme, on behalf of Mrs. Gomme, exhibited a small china dog which had been baked in a pie at Painswick on the local Feast Day, the first Sunday after the 19th September, and read a paper by Mrs. Gomme explanatory of the custom. A vote of thanks to Mrs. Gomme having

been passed, Mr. Walhouse exhibited a snake-stone from Southern India, and read some notes bearing upon such stones (*see* p. 284). A short discussion followed, in which the President, Mr. Crooke, Mr. Rouse, and Dr. Gaster took part.

Mr. Walhouse then read a paper entitled "Folklore Parallels and Coincidences," and at the conclusion of his paper was accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

Miss Goodrich Freer then gave an address upon the "Folklore of the Hebrides;" and a discussion followed, in which the President, Mr. Harry Jenner, and Mr. Macdonald took part.

The following papers were also read: "On an Ancient Custom at Sea," by Miss Richards, and "Shetland Legends," by the Rev. C. L. Acland.

The meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks being accorded to Miss Freer for her address.

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**TUESDAY, MAY 18th, 1897.**

The PRESIDENT (Mr. Alfred Nutt) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The death of Mr. J. Theodore Bent was announced.

Mr. Hartland exhibited a leaden charm found by the Rev. Reginald Horton in the year 1892 in an old cupboard at Wilton Place, Dymock, Gloucestershire, and read an explanatory paper. A vote of thanks having been accorded to the Rev. Reginald Horton and Mr. Hartland on the motion of the President, Dr. A. C. Haddon exhibited some tobacco-pipes from graves at Salruck graveyard, Little

Killery, West Galway, supposed to be for the spirits of the dead to smoke, collected by Mr. H. R. Welch, of Belfast.

Mr. Raynbird then gave an address on "The Folklore of the Uraons;" and a discussion followed, in which the President, Mr. Hartland, Miss Dempster, and Mr. Gomme took part. At the conclusion of the discussion a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Raynbird.

Miss Dempster exhibited a necklace purchased by her from a woman who told her fortune in Algeria. She also recounted a superstition she had met with in the East End of London whereby a father considered it a piece of ill-luck that his firstborn should have been a boy. To have secured good luck his firstborn should have been a girl, who in her turn should have been the mother of a boy. Mr. Emslie mentioned a similar superstition of which he had heard from his mother.

Mrs. Tabor exhibited an ancient lamp from the Shetlands, and a bag containing a shell taken from a mummy brought from Peru.

The following papers were also read: "Some Country Remedies and their Uses," by Mr. John H. Barbour; "Four Yorkshire Folktales," by Mr. S. O. Addy; and "Fairies of the Fairy Knoll of Caipighill," by the Rev. M. McPhail.

## FOLKLORE PARALLELS AND COINCIDENCES.

BY M. J. WALHOUSE.

[After relating the legend of Knockgraston from Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, and a parallel Japanese tale, given by Mitford, *Tales of Old Japan*, vol. i. p. 276, called "The Elves and the Envious Neighbour," the writer turns to the German story of the Wild Huntsman, of whom he says: "Almost every European country has its legend." He then proceeds:—]

The same story, but with a more ghastly ending, is told if we may trust an account which appeared in a Devonshire newspaper one day last spring, on the Dartmoor, where the foaming river Plym rushes through a ravine under the tall cliffs of the Dewerstone. This wild spot is haunted by the Black Huntsman, who with his "Wish-hounds" careers over the waste at night. A story is told of this phantom that a farmer, riding across the moor by night, encountered the Black Hunter, and being flushed with ale, shouted to him "Give us a share of your game!" The Huntsman thereupon threw him something that he supposed might be a fawn, which he caught and carried in his arms till he reached his home, one of the old moorland farms. There arrived, he shouted, and a man came out with a lantern. "Bad news, master," said the man; "you've had a loss since you went out this morning." "But I have gained something," answered the farmer, and getting down brought what he had carried to the lantern, and beheld—his own dead child! During the day his only little one had died. This version recalls the "Erl King," translated by Scott.

Nations have ever been unwilling to believe that their heroes, especially of legend and romance, could in death disappear and perish entirely. Nearly every country has its great king or famous chieftain, whose exploits once filled the popular ear, surviving still in charmed sleep in some



magic castle or cavern, unapproachable by vulgar steps, till awakened at a predestined signal at some season of extreme need. King Arthur in Avalon, the Emperor Barbarossa in the Kyffhäuser Cave, Holger the Dane under Kronenburg Castle, are familiar instances. In a cavern over the Lake of Lucerne the three Tells lie slumbering till called forth by Switzerland's greatest danger. In later classical times Achilles still dwelt in the White Island in the Pontic Sea, which, like Mona, none could find unless supernaturally guided. Passing mariners sometimes caught a glimpse of him with his flowing yellow hair and golden armour, and even heard him sing. Once a young sailor, coming upon the mystic islet unawares and landing, fell asleep, when he was aroused by Achilles himself, who led him to a splendid tent and set him to a feast, at which Patroclus poured out wine and Achilles sang to a harp. The youth soon slumbered, and on awaking all had disappeared.<sup>1</sup> This is quite in accordance with many mediæval stories. Very similar legends have arisen even in our own day. In that most beautiful and luxuriant part of the lovely Lake of Como, known as the Tremezzina, where the mountains, retreating backward from the lake, leave a wide level space of extreme fertility, there is a cave some 600 or 700 feet above on the mountain-side, very visible from below. The ascent to it is precipitous, and the country people relate that in the time of the Austrian occupation a band of insurgents, obnoxious to the authorities, had fled to the mountains, and being closely pursued entered the cave, followed by the Austrian soldiers; but none have ever since come out. They are believed to be there still, whether laid in trance and expected ever to reappear I could not clearly ascertain. Anyway, it seemed to me an instance of a legend originating in modern days akin to many mediæval beliefs.

<sup>1</sup> Maximus Tyrius, Dissertation XXVII.

Many years ago, when in charge of the Trichinopoly district in Southern India, whilst encamped near a large village on the furthest border, I was struck by the extraordinary prevalence of one and the same name amongst the villagers. The males, young and middle-aged, appeared to bear the same name to an extent confusing and inconvenient in conducting business matters. On asking the reason of this, I was told that some thirty years back there had been a notorious much-dreaded robber of that name, the leader of a gang infamous for "torch-light robberies," that is when the house of some well-to-do man was surrounded at dead of night by a score or more desperadoes, who at a signal lighting torches, with shouts and threats forced their way in and compelled the inmates, too often with violence and cruel tortures, to give up money, jewels, &c., and after outrages, and sometimes murder, would depart, not unfrequently leaving the house in flames. After a long course of such crimes the leader, named Periya Vêrappa, was at last caught and executed. Now in that part of India, when a man noted for cruel and violent temper dies, he very often becomes a Bhûta; that is, he reappears as a malignant goblin, working all kinds of spiteful and mischievous tricks and injuries, especially to children and cattle. Even a person of good life and repute who happens to die an unnatural or violent death, by accident or otherwise, is liable to become a Bhûta, and work out spiteful and evil deeds in his old neighbourhood. Much more than would a pre-eminently wicked character like the robber-chief.

Periya Vêrappa became a Bhûta of especial power and malignancy; and so, though hanged for his crimes thirty years or more previously, he was held in dread as the most powerful and evil Bhûta in all that country-side; and it was believed that giving his name to any new-born male child would cause him to regard the child and the house that held it with some favour and turn any evil intent aside. Hence the extraordinary multiplication of his

name, which probably still goes on. A feeling very like this is described in an interesting article in a recent number of *Folk-Lore*<sup>1</sup> on "Executed Criminals and Folk-Medicine," by Mabel Peacock, in which it is related that in Sicily there is a kind of criminal worship of the most notorious felons and cut-throats, the belief being that men who had slain many victims carried into the other world an evil power which they had won by blood, and that murderers are even regarded as sainted, and miracles wrought by them! In the case of the Indian brigand, hanged long years before, I was told that in Bhûta-form he was believed still to haunt the villages in which his worst crimes had been committed, and on certain nights, particularly the anniversary of his execution, he might be seen striding about in dark giant-shape and trampling over the tops of houses, making the tiles clatter, and crashing-in the thatched roofs of cocoa-tree leaves. This was recalled to memory when lately reading the Icelandic legend of "Grettir the Outlaw," in which the huge grim thrall Glam, killed in an unearthly struggle with a demon, is described as coming by night from his burial-mound, bestriding the house and making it shake, tearing open doors and windows, and breaking the backs of some of the inmates; in short, a frightful Bhûta. This shows the same idea prevailing in frozen Iceland as in torrid India. Indeed, a variant of it appears in the old barbarous custom of burying suicides at cross-roads, with a stake driven through their breasts and a heavy stone on their faces to prevent them "walking." Nearly allied too is the superstition about Vampires still prevalent in Greece and the Levant; they seem a species of Bhûta, and stories about them are, as Lord Byron remarked, sometimes "most *incredibly* attested."

A popular belief has long and widely prevailed in European folklore that under certain lakes and rivers there exist

<sup>1</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. vii. p. 268.

beautiful regions and cities, inhabited by beings of the fairy race, and occasionally made accessible to mortals, who, after staying for a time amid splendid sights and entertainments, were allowed to return to upper air. In Ireland and Wales there are many lakes of which such stories are told, and various forms of allied beliefs are found in classical and mediæval traditions. In India nothing corresponding to the poetical fairy mythology of Europe is known, and all popular superstitions are forms of devil-worship and belief in beings always evil and malevolent, personified diseases, and spiteful goblins. Once, however, I was surprised by meeting with an account much resembling the legends of under-water countries in Europe. It appeared in an Indian newspaper, from which this is taken verbatim :

“ To the Editor of *The Bengalee*.

“ A private letter from Shahpore informs me that more than three years ago a boy named Gholam Hussein, of the family of Syud, an inhabitant of Chandna, was supposed to have been drowned on the 22nd June, 1860, in the River Jhelum, one of the tributaries of the Indus. Now he has come safely to his home. His relations were, of course, very glad to see him. He told them in reply that no sooner had he sank in the river than he reached the bottom, where he found a prodigious empire and met with its “ Khiser ” (chief or prophet), who took him on his knees and gave him shelter. There he with great pomp and joy passed more than three years ; and now two followers of the king caused him to return to the shore of the river whence he came. Now people of every colour and creed, from every creek and corner of the world, are flocking to his house to see him.

“ Yours obediently,

“ MUZHUR ALI.

“ Calcutta, Nov. 12, 1863.”

This bears a remarkable resemblance to the well-known tale of Elidurus, related by Giraldus Cambrensis, and is, I think, worth preserving as a modern instance of the belief on which that legend is founded. For even if we suppose the boy to have been a conscious romancer, his tale seems to have been implicitly believed by the people of his neighbourhood.

**TUESDAY, JUNE 29th, 1897.**

The PRESIDENT (Mr. Alfred Nutt) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The death of Sir A. Wollaston Franks was announced.

The election of Mr. W. A. Craigie and Miss K. Carson as new members was also announced.

Mr. W. Crooke's work on *The Tribes and Castes of the North-West Provinces and Oudh* (4 vols.), presented by the Indian Government to the Society's library, was laid on the table.

The President, in the course of some introductory remarks, spoke of the emergence of the science of folklore during the period included in the reign of Queen Victoria, the completion of whose sixtieth year had just been celebrated.

The Secretary read the following communication from Mr. W. F. Kirby on a funeral custom of the Chinese, and exhibited the two slips of paper referred to therein :

I have lately received a letter from my brother, Mr. Charles F. Kirby, from San Francisco, California, containing a passage which I think may be interesting to the Folk-Lore Society :—

“ I enclose two little slips of paper which might perhaps be something of curiosities ; the correct name for them I do not know [I believe they are sometimes called ‘ joss papers,’ W. F. K.], but I call them ‘ devil papers.’ The practice is at a Chinese funeral for a Chinaman to sit on the box-seat of the hearse, and continually throw out handfuls of these papers. The idea is that the devil will get the soul of the departed while the body is above ground, unless he is scared away with music (Chinese music is enough to scare the devil and anything else that has ears), or hindered by other means. These papers he is supposed to find (as he follows the funeral seeking an opportunity to steal the soul), and he is compelled to crawl through every hole on each sheet of paper (of which there are nine on each piece). This so impedes his progress that the procession is thereby enabled to get to the grave and get the corpse covered before he arrives on the scene.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Dr. Groot, *The Religious System of China*, vol. i. p. 154, where the paper scattered is said to be paper-money for malevolent spirits which are

Mr. Higgins read a note from his brother, a resident in the neighbourhood of Painswick, in Gloucestershire, on the custom of baking a china dog in pies on the local feast-day referred to by Mrs. Gomme at the April meeting. The writer's opinion was that the custom was not more than fifty years old.

Mr. Gomme read a MS. sent to him by Mr. Thomas in the handwriting of the Rev. R. S. Hawker of Morwenstowe, and initialled "R. S. H.," giving particulars of a charm for the cure of snake bites, "from the recital of a very old man, formerly my parish clerk, now dead."

After some remarks from Dr. Gaster and Miss C. Dempster, Mr. W. Crooke read a paper, entitled "The Binding of a God: a Study of the Basis of Idolatry." In the discussion which followed, Miss Dempster, Miss Harrison, Mr. Gomme, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Wheeler, Dr. Gaster, and the President took part; and on the motion of the President a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Crooke for his paper.

Some Folklore Notes from the Isle of Lewis, by the Rev. M. McPhail, and a paper, entitled "Ghost Lights of the West Highlands," by Dr. R. C. Maclagan, were also read.

believed to throng the way "for the express purpose of robbing, by importunate begging or by brute force, every deceased person of the money wherewith the living have so unselfishly enriched him during the funeral rites." It is called "paper to buy off a passage."—[E.D.]

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## GHOST LIGHTS OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

BY R. C. MACLAGAN, M.D.

THE belief in portents of death is deeply seated in the mind of the Highlander. These "Manaidhean" are not the peculiar gift of the "Taibhsdear," the *seer of spectres*, the "Second Sighted," as they say in the Lowlands. There are apparently very few who have not had a *manadh* of some sort during their life. The rattle of a bridle hung against a wall, which bridle becomes the needful gear of a messenger of evil tidings, the fall of a tray from the "dresser," which tray will become the bearer of the refreshments at a funeral, the rumble of an invisible cart, which is reproduced in the procession to the grave of the funeral suggested, are *manaidhean* warnings, occurring every day.

Among such warnings one naturally expects that when the light of life is going to leave its possessor here, it might not improbably be, as it were, seen in the act, and so be an intimation of the fatal result. "Each man has a star in heaven, the brighter or darker light of which betokens his greater or lesser good fortune. The fall of a star each time betokens the death of a man. If one sees a star fall, he calls out three times 'Not mine.'"<sup>1</sup> That is a Jewish belief, but astrology is confined to no nationality. Distinctions, however, are made in certain places according to the phenomena observed. In some parts of Hungary if a star moves without falling down, as it were, they say a soul is loosed from purgatory, and the person who sees it should offer a prayer; but if it passes away so as to become invisible, a human being is said to die.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Am Ur-Quell*, vol. iv. p. 94.

<sup>2</sup> *Am Ur-Quell*, vol. iv. p. 27.

The only appreciable fact about a star is its light; and if "as often as a child dies God makes a new star,"<sup>1</sup> so probably the light of a man's life passes away more or less visibly. Light and heat are naturally associated in the mind, and warmth and life; thus, when life leaves the body its heat departs, and what more natural than to suppose that the visible source of heat, light, should be evident at the same conjuncture. That some such reasoning has had a place in the mind of the Gael seems certain, but his association of it with the stars is by no means proved. The common idea of a shooting star is well seen in the following incident from the story "Teann sios a Dhomhuill Oig." Four men are told to go and get the best and fattest beast in the herd to prepare as supper for a dozen: "Leum ceathrar air am buinn cho ealamh 's ged a thuiteadh *sgeith-runnaig* bhar aghaidh nan speur, agus cha robh aig Domhull og ach sealladh a chul nan sailtean aca a mach an dorus." Four of them were on their feet as quick as a *star's-puke* would fall from the face of the sky, and young Donald got but a sight of their heels out of the door. The Rev. Mr. McRury explains "Sgeith-runnaig" (literally, "the vomit of a star") is the name commonly given to meteors, or shooting stars in general.<sup>2</sup> Macpherson in his "Ossian" compares death to a falling star, but it is hardly judicious to quote him for an authority except as to his own day and generation, the more especially as in this instance we have not the Gael translation. "He fell not," Lamhor replied, "like the silent star of night when it flies through the darkness and is no more, but he was like a meteor that shoots into a distant land." Indeed, the Gael does not seem to take very much account of the stars in any connection.

Martin, writing 200 years ago, tells us<sup>3</sup> "There were

<sup>1</sup> Grimm, quoted in *Am Ur-Quell*, vol. vi. p. 8.

<sup>2</sup> *Trans. Gae. Soc. Inverness*, vol. xiv. p. 111.

<sup>3</sup> P. 334, 2nd. ed.



spirits also that appeared in the shape of women, horses, swine, cats, and some like firey balls, which would follow men in the fields; but there has been few instances of these for forty years past." Martin, we may conclude, had a mind above these particulars, for the skilled inquirer finds them by no means so rare in the belief of the people in 1896.

Martin, however, was apparently convinced of the existence of the corpse-candle. "The corpse-candles or deadmen's lights in Wales, which are certain prognostics of death, are well known and attested."<sup>1</sup> In Argyll we find the name "corpse-candle" used in Kintyre, and it is in use in other border districts of the Highlands, *e.g.* in the north-eastern counties; but it does not seem to be an original Gaelic idea, the candle with which the light is compared being probably itself an imported invention. But the light itself is too frequently encountered to be anything but native under whatever name. It is called by various names, *viz.* :

*Solus*, a light. *Solus bais*, a death light. *Solus taisg*, a spectre light. *Solus adhlaic*, a burial light. *Solus biorach*, pointed light.

*Teine*, fire. *Teine adhlaic*, a burial fire. *Teine biorach*, pointed fire:—"Fire floating in the air like a bird." *Teine Seannachain*, *T. Seonaid T. Sionnachain*. *An Teine Mór*, the great fire. These last are specially Will o' the wisp.

*Mánadh*, a warning. *Manadh bais*, a death warning.

*Sánas*, a warning, a hint.

*Sealladh*, a vision.

*Saobhadh*, a superstition, foolishness. A native of Islay is authority for the statement that the distinction between a *Saobhadh* and a *Manadh* is, that in the former nothing is seen, a noise may be heard or something felt, such as a puff of wind, a pressure, &c., while in the latter case there is some visible manifestation.

<sup>1</sup> P. 313.

*Samhla*, a likeness.

*Taibhse*, a spectre. A word allied with this is *Taiseal*, which on the authority of the late Mrs. Mackellar is the "technical term" for the "ghost of the living."<sup>1</sup> Armstrong in his Dictionary derives this from the two words *taibhse-amhuil*, spectre-like, ghostly.

*Tanas*, *tannag*, *tannasg*. According to Mr. A. MacBain this, like the word *taiseal*, is also the equivalent of the lowland "wraith," *i.e.* the double of the living.

*Spiorad*, a spirit.

Also where localised an apparition such as those may be called *bodach* or *cailleach*, an old man or an old woman, the name of the locality being added.

*Dulan*, possibly what the theosophist would call "an elemental," from the Gaelic *duil*, an element. This seems to be the same word, however, as the Lowland *doolie*, a little devil, hobgoblin, scarecrow.

*Dreug*.

It is an undoubted fact that fire has taken a place in connection with death-ceremonies among the Gael. Logan<sup>2</sup> tells us that at death "all fires are extinguished." Train, in his *History of the Isle of Man*, quotes a note from Miss Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent*, which says: "When an Irish man or woman of the lower order dies, the straw which composed the bed is immediately taken out of the house and burned before the cabin door, the family at the same time setting up the howl, whereupon the neighbours flock to the house of the deceased, and by their vociferous sympathy excite, and at the same time soothe, the sorrow of the family."<sup>3</sup> Nearer home we find among the more than semi-Celtic inhabitants of Galloway a practice in use in 1822 of the same character. "As soon as ever the dead corpse is taken out of the house in order to its carrying to

<sup>1</sup> *Celtic Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 329.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 74.

<sup>3</sup> Train, vol. ii. p. 137, note.

the churchyard, some persons left behind take out the bed-straw on which the person died and burn the same at a little distance from the house. There may be perhaps some reason for the burning thereof to prevent infection; but why it should be done just at that time I know not well, unless it be to give advertisement to any of the people who dwell in the way betwixt and the church-yard to come and attend the buriall.”<sup>1</sup>

That there is nothing peculiarly Highland in the connection of lights with deaths is quite certain. “Amongst the Indians of New England, and the Eskimo, lights seen on the roofs of their wigwams and huts portend death.”<sup>2</sup> On the English and Scottish border, “lights of circular form seen in the air, when there is no fire or candle,” are a presage of death.<sup>3</sup> In Sussex in recent years “considerable alarm was created . . . by a pale light being observed to move over the bed of a sick person, and, after flickering for some time in different parts of the room, to vanish through the window.”<sup>4</sup> In a like case to this, the observer proved it “to be a male glowworm.” The light in the former case “was pronounced to be a warning.”

In Denmark, “if a person in a house is ill, his death is forewarned by a light. It may be seen during the night slowly gliding from the house to the gate of the churchyard, and along the church-road, which very often is not the common road, but that by which funeral processions pass.” . . . . “Sometimes death in a house is forewarned by corpse-flames, the part of a house in which a person is to die being, so to say, enveloped in light, glowing.”<sup>5</sup>

In the Isle of Man, on May Eve, many of the inhabitants “remained on the hills till sunrise, endeavouring to pry into futurity by observing particular omens. If a bright

<sup>1</sup> Ibid., quoting Symson’s *Description of Galloway*. There seems an omission after the word “betwixt”.

<sup>2</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. v. p. 296.

<sup>3</sup> *Folklore of Northern Counties*, p. 45.

<sup>4</sup> *Folklore Record*, vol. i. p. 53.

<sup>5</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. vi. p. 293.

light were observed to issue, seemingly, from any house in the surrounding valleys, it was considered a certain indication that some member of that family would soon be married; but if a dim light were seen, moving slowly in the direction of the parish church, it was then deemed equally certain that a funeral would soon pass that way to the churchyard!"<sup>1</sup> Train also quotes Teignmouth's *Sketches of the Coasts of Scotland and the Isle of Man* as authority for the statement that "a light issuing from a churchyard indicated a marriage."<sup>2</sup> This seems peculiar to the Manx, as it does not occur apparently in Scotland.

To give a fair idea of the mind of the West Highlander on the relationship of lights and fatal accidents, I cannot do better than quote D. D., an Islay man: "No matter what happens, or to whom, there is always a light or something else of the kind going before it. People may not always see it, but even if they do not, it is there all the same." This light seems really to be the immaterial remainder of the individual; and as an existence after death is implied, so it is natural we should find that those who have been associated closely here should be credited with continuing their companionship hereafter. And so Logan says: "Particular clans had certain hills to which the spirits of their departed friends had a peculiar attachment. Tom-mhor was that appropriated to the house of Garva, a branch of Clan Macpherson; and Orc, another hill, was regarded by the house of Crubin, of the same clan, as their place of meeting in a future state, and their summits were preternaturally illuminated when any member of the families died."<sup>3</sup> Logan does not say that these were old burying places, though one might hazard the opinion, for this if for no other reason, that the spirits of the dead have a duty to perform in these localities. *Waking*, watching the dead,

<sup>1</sup> Train's *Isle of Man*, vol. ii. p. 118.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 152.

<sup>3</sup> Logan, vol. ii. p. 374.

is still very common throughout the West Highlands. The idea attached to it now seems to be that it is a recognised expression of sympathy with surviving relatives. It originated apparently in the belief that it was necessary to prevent by watching the removal of the body by the powers of evil, and the possible substitution of something in its place. This watching was not necessary after burial, the living at any rate having no responsibility after interment of the body. But the "*Faire a Chladh*, Watching the burial ground," was undertaken by the spirit of the last buried, who was bound to keep watch until relieved by the next comer. This superstition seems to be a still existing belief in connection with at any rate one Argyllshire burying ground, the Island of St. Munn at Ballachulish, which we can specify; but the *Faire a Chladh* is a great deal more widespread belief than one might suppose from the mentioning of one place as if it were an exception to the general rule. In Gigha it is said that before a funeral they often hear sounds and see lights in the churchyard. So accustomed have the people grown to this belief that it is not uncommon to find a person, upon being told of a death which has taken place, receive the information as if it had been fully expected, with the remark, "Oh yes, I saw the light in the churchyard." This information is from a reliable native of the island, and points to some supposed activity of the in-dwellers on the expected advent of a "new chum."

Scientifically these lights are generally accounted for as products of decomposition, such as marsh-gas, &c.; but this will not account satisfactorily for the following, so far, at any rate, as the body concerned could yield such products: "In the district of Lorne ghost lights are often seen. A light has frequently been seen at a certain bridge near Melford. The reason given for it is that a stone coffin has been found there, containing a human body in a sitting position. The common impression was that this person

had been murdered, in consequence of which his ghost still haunts the place.”<sup>1</sup> This is a pre-historic burial, and the light seen must be either entirely imaginary or proceed from some other source than the body.

First among present day appearances, let us give some examples of the corpse-candle.

“—, in the Lergyside of Kintyre, says that when his grandmother was dying a candle was seen burning out in the close (outside in the lane or passage leading to the house).”

“His father, a joiner, having been in town (Campbeltown?), was returning at night when, as he neared his house, he saw a light in the window of his workshop. Suddenly the light disappeared, and he was left in darkness. On the following day, a person came requesting him to make a coffin, and the joiner at once concluded that he now had the explanation of the light he had seen the previous evening. He believed it to be a ghost light.”

“A girl died in Kintyre, and on the morning of her death, an hour or two after the event, her brother came into the house and reported that he had seen a strange, bright light passing over his head, outside the house, which rose up and disappeared at about the height of the upper lintel of the door. One present remarked that ‘it was she,’ referring to the girl that had just died.”

These phenomena were observed in the English-speaking part of Kintyre; when we go to the purely Gaelic districts the same appearances are differently named. A native of Coll calls such a light *solus bais*, a death-light; an Islay man calls it a *solus corp*, a corpse-light, or *solus spiorad*, a spirit-light.

“—was going along the road one night and saw a light come out of a house and pass along the road, apparently at a short distance from the ground. It struck

<sup>1</sup> This and the following quotations are from correspondents of the writer, except where otherwise indicated.

him as strange, but for the time he thought no more about it. Exactly a year from that day he saw a funeral leave that same house and go in the same direction in which the light had gone. He knew then that it was a *solus bair* he had seen." This was the experience of a Coll man in Mull, and in this case the interval between the appearance of the light and of the subsequent funeral was considerably above the average.

Here is another, somewhat of the same description. The stalk mentioned is a chimney-stalk, not a bean-stalk, like the celebrated "Jack's."

"M. McQ. was coming home one night after having conveyed a woman from his father's house to her home. It was in Tiree. He saw what appeared to him to be a great big stalk where he knew there was no stalk. It was nearly as large as a lighthouse tower, and it was in shape like a man. He got a fright and ran, but the tall figure kept up with him, and at the same distance. In the race he lost both his boots, for they had not been tied. On reaching home he went up-stairs where his room was, and when he got to his door he saw a light shining on the door. He had not been very long in bed until he was put up to give a man something he had come for which was needed for a funeral that was to be in the place. This explained the big thing and the light which he had seen."

A like occurrence is described by a Lochaber man as happening in his own district :

"M. was on his death-bed. Not long before his death his son and daughter saw quite distinctly a light moving from the house in the direction of the burying ground. They at once concluded that it was a death-warning and that their father's end was near, and so it was. The funeral went along the very ground where they had seen the light ; the word used being *tannasg*."

Lights are frequently seen before a death by drowning at sea :

Mr. —, a native of Islay, says: "One time lights were seen moving about at night on the rocks on the shore near Kilchearan (in Islay). Shortly after that, a vessel was wrecked there, and the body of a man was washed ashore at the spot where the lights had been seen."

"One time lights were seen on Lochandaal, between Bowmore and Blackrock. Not long after that, two young men were crossing the loch in a small boat, and at the place at which the lights had been seen the boat was capsized and the two lads drowned."

On another occasion "a number of lives were lost through the foundering of a boat on Lochandaal. For several nights before the accident people were seeing lights on the loch, and when search was being made for the bodies, young M. T., who was one of a searching crew, guided them to the spot where he said that he had seen the light go out of sight. Getting out their glass they soon discovered a body on the bottom, which they were able to secure by means of their grappling apparatus. It was the first of the bodies that were recovered."

A native of Lorn gives the following:

"Some years ago a vessel was wrecked near Easdale, and the captain and one or two of the crew were drowned. The bodies of the sailors were recovered, but the captain's had not been recovered some time after the wreck had taken place. One night one of the people of the place saw a light out from the shore, and drew the attention of one or two others to it. Thinking this strange, they carefully noted the spot. On the following day they went in a boat with grapplings and found the body at the very place where they had seen the light."

Another Islay case, identical in its incidents with the above, is: "Some time ago a light was seen for several nights, one after the other, at a little port (place where boats are drawn up) on the shore to the east of Port Charlotte. Many people saw it, including the reciter's mother.



General opinion came to the conclusion that it was the *saobhadh* of some shipwreck that was to take place on the coast. Doubt was soon set at rest by a dead body being washed ashore at the place where the light had been seen. The light after this was seen no more, and the general impression was that the light had been the ghost of the person whose body had come ashore."

Much more recently than the above story—in fact, not long ago—a light was seen on several consecutive nights on Lochandaal, Islay, a little distance from Port Charlotte. Those who had seen it did not know what it was until, a few days after it appeared, a person died; it was then considered that the light had been his *manadh bais*.

So common had this appearance of a light on the shore become in Islay at one time, that J. B. remembers the people speaking of *Solus-an-traigh*, *i.e.* the shore-light, and says it was believed to predict either a shipwreck which was to take place there, or a case of drowning.

From Easdale comes another account of a sea light of the nature of a "forego," as they say in the north-east of Scotland:

"— says that he has heard his mother tell of how, when she was a young girl, she and several others were on one occasion at the well, which was a recognised meeting-place for the lads and girls. Standing talking, pretty far on in the evening, they saw a strange light appearing in the harbour. It seemed to float along till it reached the pier, and then went out of sight. M. F. told her father and mother whenever she reached home, what she had seen, but they advised her not to talk about it for fear of it making a noise in the place. It was, however, not to be long kept quiet, for on the following day one of the slate quarries there fell in, resulting in a considerable loss of life. When the bodies were being removed they were carried in the same direction in which the light had been seen moving the preceding night."

This belief in lights at sea as connected with shipwreck is universal round the coast. A native of Sutherland says: "There is a man living near Cape Wrath who saw a strange light out a little from the Cape. He told the minister, who persuaded him not to frighten the fishers from going to sea by mentioning it. A few days after, a foreign vessel came in at the very spot where he had seen the light, and was lost with all hands. The man fully believes that the light was a *taibhse* of the loss of life."

That this sea-light may get the credit of going to the churchyard appears in this story told of the wreck of the *Cambria*, some thirty years ago, on the north coast of Ireland:

"A young man in Islay was on his way one night to visit his sweetheart. His way led along the shore, and he had not gone far when he saw a light before him. His dog coming between it and him seemed to endeavour to prevent him going on, but he proceeded on his way. At that point he was very near an old burial-ground, which he had to pass. As he reached it, he saw some men whom he thought he knew carrying a coffin. When he reached the men, they suddenly vanished. He got a great fright, and returned home and told what he had seen. A short time after, the news of the loss of the *Cambria* reached Islay, and a body was washed ashore just where the lad had seen the light; and it so happened that the same lad, on the same errand, passed the graveyard while they were burying the shipwrecked body, and saw the real funeral party just where he had seen the spectral party before."

A Ross-shire ghost light as seen by a professed *taibhs-dear* is: "An old man reported having seen a light as it were leave a widow's house, and travel along the shore until it came to a certain spot, where it disappeared. In a very short time after, two lads were drowned, and their bodies found where the man had seen the light disappear, and were carried home by the way he had seen the light travelling.

People believed that the light was the *taibhse* of the lads' death."

A native of Coll informs us: "It is said in the island of Coll, that often before a death takes place, a light is seen moving along from the house of the person who is to die in the direction of the burying-ground. This is accepted as an intimation that a death is near."

These lights are certainly not always evolved as *post factum* creations of the fancy.

A. F. says that he himself saw what they call a ghost light. He was standing in the village and saw on the shore, a distance of half a mile off, a strange light dancing. It was there for a short time and then disappeared. Last year (1894) he saw the same kind of light over at B., a distance of less than a quarter of a mile off. The views as to Will of the Wisp of this reciter are worth noting. "It is all nonsense for them to say it is Willie Wisp that's running about. It's nothing of the sort, for that light is just a *manadh*. It comes when there is to be a change, and it runs about the fields of the people who are soon to remove from their place. But sometimes it comes a good while before the change takes place. I saw it myself one night when I and three others were coming up from Port Charlotte, and crossing the bridge at Mr. C's. I saw him (it) dancing about on the waves, just at the shore; sometimes he would be big, sometimes he would be small, but there he was. I did not say anything to the others at the time. It was before ——— and ——— came to the place. It was for them it was. It is always a sure sign that some change is to take place in a district when what the old people called Willie Wisp comes." This narrator has no doubt whatever as to the reality of *manadhs*, but is sceptical as to the stories about Willie Wisp as an imp with a lantern.

These warning lights are not supposed to appear only on the sea or on sea lochs. The testimony of a native of Skye is that "there are several fresh-water lochs in

the parish of Kilmuir, in Skye, beside which, ghost lights are said to have been frequently seen before funerals passed, and after the funerals had passed the lights disappeared."

The frequency of the connection of these lights with bridges is noteworthy.

The following is from a native of Lochaber: "There was, not very long ago, a family residing near Fort William. One night the father and one of the sons, when on their way home from the town, saw a light on the river which passed not far from their house. When they first noticed the light, it was at a bridge that was on the river, and it went down the stream some distance, and disappeared quite suddenly. This was in the time of harvest; and a few days after, the father, the same son, and another younger were going for brackens, and had to cross the bridge at which they first saw the light. The father and the younger son crossed the bridge, but the other lingered to gather nuts from the hazel-bushes growing at the end of the bridge. He overbalanced himself, fell into the river, which was then in spate, and was carried down and disappeared in a pool at a spot where he and his father had seen the light disappear." Further, the whole family, father, mother, and several sons and daughters, respectable and reliable persons, assert that during that season, for a good while before the drowning accident, they over and over again heard rapping at the door, not one, but all of them; and when they went to the door, no one was to be seen.

The bridge at Port Charlotte (Islay) is said to have been haunted ever since a murder was committed at the spot many years ago. — says that "he was crossing the bridge in the dark on one occasion. Suddenly he saw a light moving down the glen in a fluttering manner. He kept his eye on it till it reached the bridge, when it went under it and was no more seen by him. He felt quite convinced that it was something supernatural he had seen."

It is affirmed that several others had seen lights on different occasions at the same place, one of whom was a constable in the island.

That there is something magical in the "march" line separating properties is a widespread belief, and that it should be noted as the locality of a light is not surprising. "A man and a girl were driving one night, and when at the march between the farms of B. and C., they saw a large light, which they reported. It was believed to have been something supernatural." In this case the light was not identified with any special occurrence.

The noticing of the light, and its identification with the specific fact of which it is a warning, is much complicated by the wide range of possible objects and the length of time that may elapse between the warning and the occurrence predicted. It is usual, as has already been proved, to connect the light with misfortune of some sort.

A native of Tiree relates that "one day a man who professed to have the second-sight came into a shop in Tiree, and, looking at an empty box which was lying at the door, remarked that he was seeing a light about it, and was sure that it was to be used in some way about a death, either in making a coffin or some other way. The shopkeeper replied: 'Indeed, no, it will not,' and taking a hammer broke up the box, throwing the pieces aside. A few days after that, a man in the neighbourhood died, and his coffin was made in a store behind the shop in question. A small piece of wood was required, and the joiner found nothing more suitable than a piece of the broken-up box."

This incident is complicated with the arts of the professed *taibhsdear*; all the other instances quoted are accounts of their experience by persons who made no claim to any special faculty. That the *forego* of a lighthouse should be a light, does not perhaps invalidate the saying that supernatural lights portend misfortune. "Long before the lighthouse was constructed in Lochandaal, it is said people sometimes saw

a light on the spot on which the lighthouse now stands. Special notice was taken of it, and some elucidation looked for. The erection of the lighthouse is held to have cleared up the mystery."

That the activities of Satan as an angel of light are not confined within the experiences of married men and would-be Benedicks the following will show, and that on professional authority: "At one time the beadle in the church at K—— had sorted the seats in prospect of the communion service on the following Sabbath. After he left, and somewhat late at night, he saw a light in the church, and on going down he heard voices inside, as if the seats were being moved about. He thought it might be the minister dissatisfied with what he had done, and that he was altering the arrangement. When, however, he went down to the manse, the minister was in the house. On telling what he had seen and heard, the minister said: "Oh, never mind, leave things alone; it is only the Evil One trying to put against us."

That the interpretations of the significance of such lights may be influenced by personal feeling we must be prepared to admit, whether the following is a case in point or not:

From Conispie, Islay. "A man went to visit a neighbour one Sabbath night, and on his way home he saw straight before him two lights about three feet apart. Though he changed his course to avoid them, they still kept in the way before him. On reaching home he told his wife, who said: 'No wonder, going to claver about worldly affairs on Sabbath night.'" The authority for this adds: "He took good care not to go and visit his neighbour again on Sabbath night."

"A man engaged at one of the ports at which the steamer I—— called dreamed once or twice that he saw part of the steamer on fire. He told the other workmen his dream, and seemed to be of the opinion that there was some significance in it. Next time the steamer called, a row arose on board, among the passengers, and some of them had to be tied. The man who had dreamed of the fire, said to his fellows,

when the row was over: 'There's my dream now.' The porter in this case interpreted his dream on the general principle that a fire portends mischief.

When the indications are particularly clear, what is to happen is foretold with some confidence, but there may be a long interval before fulfilment. Twelve months have elapsed since the occurrence of the "warning" in the following story, but no result has yet been noted:

"An old man saw a boy with a dog and a lamb in the churchyard as it was getting late. About the same time another person saw the same boy with the dog and the lamb going round a mill-dam which is not far from the churchyard. When this became known in the place, people began to think that some boy was to be drowned in the dam, and that he would be buried in the churchyard. As if in confirmation of this, the figure of a man has been seen since then going about the dam at night with a lantern in his hand, as if searching for the body of the boy who is to be drowned."

One curious story has come in my way which points clearly to the belief that the loss of power of a part of the body is accompanied by the appearance of more or less light. It is from a native of Bernera. "A man was in the habit of going on *ceilidh* (paying an evening visit) to a certain house, and every night he went he saw something, but would not tell what it was. One night another man, who had also been on *ceilidh* at the same house, went home with him. When they reached the place where he (the first-mentioned) used to see something, the man who was along with him saw fire coming out of one of his hands, and it was with difficulty he got him home from that, he having become so stiff. After that night the whole of that side got powerless. The man, who became paralysed, never told what he had seen previous to his seizure."

Another instance of a man, as it were, carrying his own death-warning is the following:

A man lived about Coull, on the west side of Islay. In his young days he got the credit of being rather a loose liver; but having undergone a change, he became a respectable man. After he had become a somewhat old man he went out one night to a neighbouring place to buy tobacco. Returning, he was met by some acquaintance, who saw a light on each of his shoulders. This turned out to be a *saobhadh* of his death, which took place shortly thereafter.

When the passing away of light from a house is so serious a matter, it is not hard to understand the significance of the following:

“One time H. M. went on an errand to C., and while he was sitting in the house an old woman, a neighbour, came in for a kindling for her fire. She got a shovelful of live peats away with her. So soon as she was gone, the mistress of the house took two live peats off the fire, one after the other, and drowned them in a pail of water. The lad wondered why she had done this, but heard afterwards that it was for the purpose of preventing the old woman who had come for the kindling taking anything out of the house by witchcraft.”

Of course, H. M.'s experience is not of an occurrence peculiar to any district; precautions against damage by witchcraft after anything has been taken from a house, more especially on particular occasions, are very common.

The relative proportion of marsh-gas, imagination, and after-therefore-caused-by reasoning, which go to form the equivalent, to use a chemist's expression, of these phenomena believed in by the reciters, all respectable and presumably trustworthy persons, it is not proposed to attempt to settle here. Let us pass on to that phenomenon generally ascribed from a scientific point of view solely to the presence of marsh gas—Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Here is a West Highland version of the peculiarities of the tricky sprite, recited in Islay: “Will-o'-the-Wisp is not



easily caught, he jumps and flies so quickly, that when one thinks he has got hold of him he only finds he has gone, to appear somewhere else. A man once saw him on Octomore Moss, and ran after him. He got his foot on his top and thought he had killed him, but all at once he saw him a piece away as brisk as ever."

By another Islay woman it is said: "Will-o'-the-Wisp is a very bad thing. It just appears for the purpose of leading people astray and bringing them to their end. There was a man who was out at night, and he saw a Will-o'-the-Wisp going before him. He thought it was a light from a house, and he made for it. When he would reach where he thought it had been, he would find it as far away before him as ever. It cheated him in that way for a long time, and the next day he was found dead in a peat bank." There can be little doubt that the reciter gave here, at second hand and in all honesty, a story out of a "prent buk."

In Mrs. McL.'s account, now to be given very nearly in her own words, we seem to be nearer something native to the soil. "Oh yes, a *ghradh* (she was not addressing the white-bearded, bald-headed compiler), Willie Wisp is plenty true. He's a man that goes running inside fire, here and there, wherever there is to be trouble, and tells people beforehand that it is coming. He does not bring the trouble, but he comes before it. You see, a *ghradh*, the [Christian] faith is strong now, and there are not so many things seen now as there used to be, but it is plenty true that the hills were open many a time. I did not see them open in my day, but for all that they were open in many a place not that long since." Here he appears in the thoroughly Gaelic character of *manadh*, and is credited with no active malfeasance himself. Mrs. McL. does not seem to have fathomed all his capacity of evil.

"The Jinn," says Sir R. Burton, "lights a fire to decoy

travellers; but if his victim be bold enough to brave him, he invites him to take advantage of the heat."<sup>1</sup> The Highland Will can also show some heat as well as "light and leading," if time and locality are sufficient to allow us to identify the active power for evil, in the following narrations, with Will-o'-the-Wisp: A lad courted a girl for some time, then took to another. Returning from a visit to No. 2 one night, accompanied only by his dog, at a lonely spot he noticed his dog "skulking up close to his heels, and immediately he felt something pass him like a waft of wind. His hair stood on end, and with the rising of his hair his cap fell off. The dog gave a growl and rushed off in the direction of a moss that was near by, and the lad heard a noise as if the dog were fighting with something. He could not see the dog, and although he whistled it did not overtake him before he reached home, and he went to bed. Next morning the lad was sitting on a chair after getting up, and the dog came in with scarcely a hair on its skin. Having gone round the chair on which the lad was sitting three times, it fell on the floor and expired. It was never known what the dog fought with in the moss."

Another story of similar injury to a dog is located near the Hanging Hill in Islay:

There was at one time a house at Cnoc-na-mnathan-tuiridh (the Hill of Lamenting Women), opposite the Hanging Hill, in which a bad man lived. He was constantly out at night, and his wife left alone in the house. One night, the husband being out as usual, the wife was sitting spinning. All at once two dogs of theirs, which were in the house with her, began to growl and rushed for the door. In those days there used to be a sort of inside door made of wicker work or heather woven on a frame. The dogs went right through the door, which happened to be of that

<sup>1</sup> Library ed. *Arabian Nights*, vol. i. p. 398. Tale of King Omar bin al-Nu'uman and his sons.

description, and the woman heard a great noise as of the emptying of stones out of a cart. After a good while one of the dogs returned without any hair on its legs, but the other was never again heard tell of. The *bad man* was not an immoral man or a sheep-stealer; he was a *warlock* no doubt, and two other depilatory anecdotes distinctly connect this result with witchcraft.

This, recited by a native of Tiree, "relates the case of a lad who told her on one occasion how he was annoyed by a certain woman, who was wishful that he should marry her daughter, and tried every way she could to bring him and the girl together. He knew the woman to be a witch, and did not wish to have anything to do with her or her daughter. Having been away somewhere some day, he was making his way home after nightfall accompanied by his dog, when what appeared to be an eagle came down with a swoop and hovered above his head. The dog made a jump at the eagle, but missed it. For a time the bird (?) went whirling and flapping about the lad's head, but the dog kept it off and at last got hold of it, and would have torn it to pieces if it had not got away. The lad got home safely, but the dog lost all its hair in the fight. It was known that the girl's mother was out that night, and the lad was quite certain that it was she who attacked him in the shape of the eagle."

Another very similar tale to that from Tiree was got in Islay:

"A man, riding at night through a known haunted place, was accosted by a woman who suddenly appeared beside him, asking him to let her ride behind him. His dog, which had accompanied him, had disappeared; and he put her off, urging as a final excuse that she should wait till he had whistled three times for his dog. He whistled, but his dog did not answer, although the rider thought he heard a noise as if it were making an effort to get loose, being chained. Having delayed as long as he could with his other calls,

when he gave his third the woman made a spring towards the rider, when up came the dog and laid hold of her and held her back. She struggled hard to reach the man; but the dog held her, and the man galloped away. The dog did not reach home till the following day, and when it did there was not a hair on its body."

Another similar tale is from the Island of Coll:

"It is told of a man, who at one time lived at Gorton, in the island of Coll, that one night, when he was on his way home, having passed the Hangman's Hill, and just as he was entering the Fasach, a woman came up to to him and walked alongside of him. Knowing that it was not a real woman, but a *taibhse*, he did not speak to her, nor did she to him; but they went along side by side until they came to a house, and he went in, in hopes that she would go on, and that so he would get quit of her. But no, after staying in the house for some time he started again, and to his annoyance she rejoined him, and kept alongside of him as before, until they came to a running stream near his house. The woman (*taibhse*) leaped over it first, and he leaped after her; and then and there she took hold of him, and would not let him go. At length the dogs at the house heard the noise, and they ran out, and when they came to the place they attacked the *taibhse*, and she then let the man off. On reaching home, he whistled for the dogs. but they did not come. The following morning one of them came to the door without a single hair left on its skin, but the other was never again seen."

In the last stories the singeing (?) was the result of female interference. It will be shown immediately that the Will-o'-the-Wisp in the Western Highlands is a woman. In them there is no mention of light, but there is such a thing in folklore as the "ghost of a flame." The two Malabar gipsies who precipitately quitted the tent of the officer who blew out a light in their presence did so "lest the ghost of

the flame should haunt and affect them injuriously.”<sup>1</sup> Much nearer home than Malabar, we are informed by Mr. Feilberg,<sup>2</sup> is a ghost light dangerous, if interfered with. In Denmark, a man passing a small wood walked up to a ghostly light, and struck at it with his stick. “He was unable to proceed, and got away only with great difficulty. Even then he was marked, his mouth having been pulled away towards one of his ears, and it was a long time before he recovered.” Mr. Lockhart Bogle, in the *Celtic Monthly* for November, 1896, gives a ghost-light story from Skye. In this the reciter says his sister “grippit a hold of me and cried, ‘Leave it alone, Donal! you have no business with it, and it has no business with you; leave it alone!’” Donald left it alone, and it proved itself to be a *teine bais* of a sick girl.

The Gaelic for a witch is *buitseach* both in Irish and Scottish; and MacBain in his *Etymological Dictionary* says “from Eng. *witch*.” This may be so, but we find in O’Clery’s *Glossary* (Louvain, A.D. 1634), “Buitelach, i. teine mhòr, ‘a great fire.’ Buite, i. teine, ‘fire.’” The Gaelic gloss to the first of these words is the Gaelic name for Will-o’-the-Wisp, and often so called, using the aspirate as O’Clery does, though grammatically it should be *An teine mor*, the great fire.

In the Lewis, Will-o’-the-Wisp is called “Teine Seonaid,” Janet’s<sup>3</sup> fire, which, however, may be a mere variation of the *Teine Sionnachain*, a name that will be considered afterwards.

I have the following from the Rev. Niel Campbell, Kilchrenan:

McP. said (literal translation of the Gaelic): “A woman was in Uist, and she was sending her daughter for herbs to

<sup>1</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. v. p. 297.

<sup>2</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. vi. p. 294.

<sup>3</sup> Janet, *natura femineæ*, in Lowland slang.

the seashore (for dyeing purposes). The girl refused to go, and her mother attacked her. At last the daughter went. She said that it would be in flames of fire she would return. The girl was drowned and is still to be seen." Reciter said this is to explain "an teine biorach," which is, "fire floating in the air like a bird." Compare with this the Tíree man's "eagle."

Here is another version recited by a Bernera man :

"There was a woman from Vallay, in North Uist, who went out on one occasion before the Sabbath was past to dig *ruadh* for dye.<sup>1</sup> She has never been seen by anyone since, but the prints of her feet were seen on the beach, showing that she had been made to walk backwards into the sea. After that, nothing was known of her for a long time, until one day her body was found in Harris without the head, the head having been turned into the *teine mhor* as a punishment for breaking the Sabbath, and it has been wandering about here and there ever since."

Another Bernera account is :

"There was a man who prohibited people from gathering the *ruadh*. One time he was coming home late at night, and having had a long distance to go to his house, the *teine mor* appeared to him as he was riding along. It kept before him all the way till he reached his own house; when he tried to go in, the fire went between him and the door; and when he tried to go in at the window, the fire went between him and the window; and so he was kept outside until the cock crew, when at once the fire disappeared. People were holding out that this was the Uist woman who had been turned into *An Teine Mor* taking revenge on the man for forbidding the people from digging the *ruadh*. It is said he took good care never to be found out late at night again."

<sup>1</sup> *Ruž*, a red dye from the roots of *Galium verum* (ladies' bed-straw), yields a colour not unlike a dull red heat.

The identification of the woman who broke the Sabbath was "when a man who had formerly been acquainted with her saw her in the midst of *An Teine Mor*. She had been turned into the *teine mor*, and she it is who runs about in marshy places at night, and there she must run as long as the world lasts." In the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*<sup>1</sup> the Rev. John MacRury of Snizort, Skye, says that the name an "An teine biorach" is applied to Will-o'-the-Wisp in Skye, "An teine mor" in Uist and Benbecula, and gives this story at length, in literary form and in Gaelic. It is to the effect that: There was a farmer in Benbecula, called as a nickname, for he was not a clergyman, Priest Callum. He was of the clan MacCarmac; and though Mr. MacRury knew one of his grandsons well, he never learned how he came by his title of "priest." Callum's wife was a witch. This pair had a daughter, who determined to gather *rudh*, a red dye, for her thread. She could not gather it during the day, as it was forbidden; so to keep the matter as hidden as possible she determined to go gathering it after twelve o'clock on Sunday night. When her mother heard her going out of the door, in spite of her expressed desire that she should not go, her mother said: 'You are now going, and your mother's curse on your head. I would the day were come which would see the sole of your foot.' Apparently her mother had her desire, for the daughter of Priest Callum was never again seen alive or dead, on sea or land, though part of her clothing was seen on the plain where she was gathering the *rudh*. A short time after this, the light called the great fire was seen, and apparently everyone believed that the daughter of Callum was the "Great Fire." Many thought that the appearance presented was that of fire in a basket, which gave rise to the belief that the fire was in the breast of the girl. "They further believed that she was to walk

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xix. p. 158.

the earth till the Day of Judgement, both because she herself had been so stubborn and because her mother had imprecated her (*rinn droch guidhe dhi*).” Mr. MacRury gives a stanza of a song in proof of the dislike entertained for Callum Saggart’s wife by her neighbours on account of her witchcraft, which had made her imprecation effective :

“ ’N am biodh Callum Sagart marbh,  
 Dh’ fhalbhmaid le cruisgean ;  
 Nam biodh Callum Sagart marbh,  
 ’S e chuireadh an sogan oirinn ;  
 Nam biodh Callum Sagart marbh,  
 Dh’ fhalbhmaid le cruisgean.  
 Dh’ fhalbhmaid dhachaidh le’r fuigheall,  
 Dh’ ionnsuidh na cailliche duilbhe,  
 ’Bhean a’s miosa th’ann an Uidhist ;  
 ’S buidhe leam nach leam i.”

“ If Priest Callum were dead,  
 We would go with a lamp ;  
 If Priest Callum were dead,  
 That would put us in good humour ;  
 If Priest Callum were dead,  
 We would go with a lamp.  
 We would go home with what was left  
 To the black witch (old wife),  
 The worst woman in Uist ;  
 It is fortunate for me she is not mine.”

The probability is that Priest Callum’s putative child, if it would speak, could, like other changelings, tell an older story than Callum himself. In fact, as Mr. H. F. Feilberg tells us, we find in Denmark Will-o’-the-Wisp ascribed to “the soul of an unrighteous surveyor, or of an unbaptized, murdered child”—in fact, personages, who like the factor who prevents the gathering of the *rudh*, and the girl done to death by her mother, indicate a not very distant relationship with the soil in some form.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Folk-Lorc.* vol. vi. p. 298.



Here is a Long Island story of the *Teine Mhor*, to stick to the pronunciation of the reciter :

“*An teine mhor*, as it is called in the Hebrides, is invariably associated in people’s minds with mischief. They look upon it as a bad thing ; and a story is current in the Long Island of a Harris man who was going home late at night, and when five miles from home saw the *teine mhor* on the other side of the road. His dog noticed it before he did, and was very much frightened. It ran to its master’s feet, growling, its hair standing on end. The man too was afraid, but kept on his way, the *teine mhor* keeping alongside of him on the other side of the road, the same distance from him. When it spread its wings the man could count its ribs, and when it put its wings down it appeared to him to be like the shape of a woman. It followed him to his own door, but he reached home in safety.”

The reciter of the above was going with his brother to the west shore of Bernera in search of planks. When they had gone about a quarter of a mile from their own house, they saw the *teine mhor*. His brother said, “Do you see that?” “Yes,” said M. His brother urged him to return, but M. wished to go on. His brother, however, would not go a step further, so both turned and reached home without molestation.

On the mainland of Argyll the danger is greater apparently “if Will-o’-the-Wisp is seen to cross the course on which one is going.” Miss McM. and her servant went to meet a young lady who had gone to make a call, and was expected to be on her way home, as it was getting late. They saw Will-o’-the-Wisp before them, and it went right across their path. The girl became frightened and refused to proceed further, declaring that if they passed across the path of Will-o’-the-Wisp some calamity would be sure to follow.

There is another name for Will-o’-the-Wisp which Arm-

strong gives as "Teine Sionnachain." This has been spelled "seanachain," and possibly the *Seonaid* previously mentioned is a mistake for the *Sionnachain*.

A long tale reciting the origin of this was got by Miss Kerr, Islay. On comparing it, however, with what the Rev. Mr. MacRury, of Snizort, gives as an Irish account of the origin of the Great Fire<sup>1</sup> they are found to be so very much alike, there being certainly no variation which is not traceable to a slip of memory or a verbal alteration, except the ascription of it to the "Outer Hebrides," and the distinct statement that this was the origin of the *Teine Sionnachain*, that the reciter's account may be at second-hand from Mr. MacRury's. However that may be, the following is the recited version :

Long ago there was a smith in the Outer Hebrides, who having a large family found it very difficult to provide for them. He tried and tried his best, but feeling at last as if he must give up the struggle, he exclaimed that he would accept of help, no matter where it should come from, whether from the gods or from the devil. The words had not been long out of his mouth until a stranger, appearing like a little old man, came in and offered to give him as much money and everything else as would keep himself and his family in comfort for a whole year, on condition that he would go with him at the year's end. The smith thought for a little ; and although he had the feeling that what was to be beyond the year was rather doubtful, still a whole year's comfort for a man in his straitened circumstances was a great matter, not to speak of the chance of his not being alive at the year's end, when the time would have come for him to go with the stranger. So he agreed to the proposal, and the stranger went away.

That year the smith was getting on very well, and had every necessary comfort in the house for himself and his

<sup>1</sup> *Trans. Gacl. Soc. Inverness*, vol. xix. p. 158.

family. One day in the course of the year a man called at the smith's house and was hospitably treated. When he was leaving, he said to the smith that if he would desire any three things, he would grant them to him. The smith accepted his offer, and said he would like the three following things :

1ST.—That if anyone would agree to help him with any work in the smiddy, he might have the power to keep him at the anvil as long as he chose.

2ND.—That should he ask anyone to sit on a chair, he might have the power to fasten the chair to the ground, and the person to the chair, and to keep him there as long as he chose.

3RD.—That if he put a piece of money in his pocket, it might remain there till he chose to take it out.

The stranger said he might have his three wishes, but added that it was a pity he had not asked mercy for his soul. By-and-by the end of the year came round, and the little old man appeared as before, and, reminding the smith of the agreement, asked him if he was ready to come with him now. The smith replied he was, except one or two things he would like to finish before leaving, if he might be allowed the time, and suggested that he would be very quick if the little man would help him. The man consented, and when the smith got him in front of the anvil he wished his first wish, and the man was fixed before the anvil with the hammer in his hands, and not able to move. The smith kept him in this position until he promised to leave him on the same conditions for another year. Terms having been agreed, the old fellow was released and away he went ; the smith continued as before, enjoying plenty, and did not again see the little old man till that year's end.

Exactly at the year's end, however, the man appeared again, determined to have the smith with him. Having gone into the house where the smith was at the time, he asked him if he was ready to come away now. The smith

said he was, except to shave himself, and placing a chair on the floor, invited the man to sit down just while he would be shaving. When the man sat down, the smith wished his second wish, and there the man was stuck to the chair, and the chair to the floor. The smith kept him there till he promised him a year more on the former conditions. The old fellow, finding himself helpless, agreed, and so was again released, and left the smith with plenty of comfort for another year. When that year had come to an end, the little man returned as before, and commanded the smith to come away. Now the little old man was Satan, and the smith began to taunt him, saying, that if he had the power he professed to have he should be able to give some proof of it. The man, put on his mettle, asked what proof the smith would like to get. The smith said he would be pleased if he would turn himself into a piece of money, and at once the man changed himself into a sixpence. The smith made a dive at the sixpence, clutched it, and put it in his pocket, wished his third wish, and the sixpence stuck in his pocket and could not get out. It was not, however, much peace the poor smith had, for the sixpence began to grow and grow and make a fearful noise to get out of his pocket, and the smith could get rest neither day nor night. He asked a number of his neighbours to come to his help to beat the sixpence into nothing. When the neighbours were gathered together, the smith laid the pocket on the anvil, and they began to hammer away at it till they had beaten it into nothing. In this way the smith got quit of his persecutor for the present; still he did not prosper. One thing after another was against him. His family turned out undutiful, his wife neglected him and finally left him, his neighbours all avoided him, and at length he died a poor pitiful-looking object.

No one would go near him to bury him, and his body was thrown out like that of a dog. Where his body was thrown, there he lay for some time, but at last he thought he would

bestir himself; and, reflecting on the past, he knew there was no use his seeking rest above, and he accordingly decided on going to the other place. So away he went, and when he reached the gate, who should meet him but the little old man. The smith asked if he would get in; but the little man refused to admit him, saying he was too bad a character to get in even there; but as a punishment for his bad life, and to keep him from going anywhere else, he was turned into a great fire and made to go backward and forward through the earth for ever. This great fire is still to be seen, and is called *An Teine Sionnachain*.

Mr. MacRury's account is to the following effect, when briefly extracted from the Gaelic:

A smith, a good workman, with little work, bad pay, and a wife and family, found himself in poverty. One night a stranger enters the smithy, and on condition that the smith will go with him at the end of the year, promises that whenever he puts his hand in his right pocket he will find gold, in his left he will find silver. The bargain was struck, and the smith's family were in comfort. The smith had noticed that the stranger's feet were like pig's hoofs. Now the smith, a worthy fellow, had hospitably entertained an old man, who on leaving rewarded the smith with the promise of any three wishes he might ask. The smith replied: "My first wish is that, whenever I like, the hand of any man soever who touches my forehammer shall stick to the shaft, the hammer shall stick to the anvil, and the anvil to the floor. My second wish is that, whenever I like, any man soever who sits on the chair in the room shall stick to the chair and the chair stick to the floor. And my third wish is that any piece of money soever that I put in my purse shall never for all time come out till I take it out with my own hand." "Ud, Ud," said the old man, "wretched is your desire. Why did you not ask heaven?"

When the "bad man" came at the end of the year and day, having been persuaded to assist the smith with the

big hammer, he finds himself trapped, and has to promise another year to the smith. Next year the smith gets him to wait till he shaves, &c., and fixes him in the chair, with the result of another year's delay. When next the devil makes his appearance he tells the smith "your tricks will do you no further service." But the smith gets him to change himself into a silver coin and has him in his purse at once. The smith returns to his house, but neither to peace nor quietude, for the demon made loud remonstrance. It became clear to the smith that the purse with its contents must be disposed of in some way, and he determined to powder it as small as hammers could hammer it. Under his own and two "strong and bold" assistants' exertions, and with screechings and gruntings to which the previous noises were as nothing, the purse and its contents were reduced to dust, and the temporary tenant was glad to go up the chimney in sparks of fire, and the smith never saw the "black or the colour" of him again on earth. Without his supernatural assistance things went wrong with the smith, and all the money which he had hoarded up while in affluent circumstances was found to be, when examined, "little mounds of horse-dung." The smith became a cripple and a beggar from door to door, and when he died "he was thrown into a pit in an out-of-the-way place near the bank of the river" in the clothes in which he had died. Knowing that it was no use showing his face in heaven he went direct to the "bad place," where at the door he met the "bad man," who addressed him: "Thou hast come at last of thine own full free will." The smith said that "that was scarcely the case," and the devil rejoined that hell was not going to take him in at all. "There is not," said he, "your like inside the bounds of my kingdom: I light a fire never to be quenched in your bosom. And I order thee to return to the earth, and to wander up and down on it till the Day of Judgement. Thou shalt have rest neither day nor night. Thou shalt wander on earth among every place that

is wetter, lower, lonelier, and more dismal than another. And thou shalt be a disgust to thyself and a horror to every living creature that sees thee."

The character of the smith in its trickiness, a trickiness with which the devil himself accused him, is the key to the name. *Sionnach*<sup>1</sup> is a fox, and the meaning is evidently "Foxy's Fire." No doubt the red hide of the fox has made him godfather to the story.

In the Second Book of Kings, chapter ii. verse 11, it is said: "And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold (there appeared), a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw (it)," &c. This, which has been known to the teachers of the Gael from a period long antecedent to any records by themselves of their beliefs, seems the best introduction to this portion of our subject: the Dreag, Dreug, Drook, Driug. Mr. MacBain, in his lately published *Etymological Dictionary*, describes it as "a meteor or portent; from the Anglo-Saxon *dreag*, apparition; Norse, *draugr*, ghost." From a folklore point of view, Armstrong's definition tells a great deal more:

"*Dreag, dreig*, s.f., a meteor. See Dreug."

"*Dreug, dreige*. s. (*druidh-eug*), a meteor, a falling star, a fireball. Among the Ancient Britons, a meteor was supposed to be a vehicle for carrying to paradise the soul of some departed Druid. This superstition, like many others, had its origin in Druidical artifice. The priests of that order, to strengthen their influence, took occasion from every aerial phenomenon to blind and overawe the ignorant; and as they laid claim to extraordinary sanctity, they naturally went to the broad fields of the sky for strengtheners to their illusions. So well did they engraft their absurd opinions, that, even at this distant day, the appearance of a ball of fire creates, among the more ignorant Gael, a belief that some illustrious spirit has taken its flight to eternity. From this circumstance we may infer, with Dr. Smith, that *Dreug* is a contraction of *Druidh-eug*, a Druid's death. This ingenious antiquarian thinks that the Druidical fantasy just mentioned must have had its origin in a tradition of Enoch's fiery chariot."

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<sup>1</sup> Seannachan, a wily person in Irish; see O'Reilly's *Dictionary*.

The "ingenious" Dr. Smith seems to have been unnecessarily exact in his statement as to Enoch's vehicle, unless he had other authority than Genesis.

O'Clery (Louvain) in 1643 gives "*Drag, i. teine, fire.*"<sup>1</sup> which word O'Reilly translates in addition "a thunderbolt." It is reasonable to conclude that we have in *drag* a genuine Irish Gaelic word for fire.

That fiery creatures associated with water are no modern imagining of the Gael is proved by the following, from the Rennes *Dindshenchas*, that is "description of the names of noteworthy places in Ireland."<sup>2</sup> The part of the codex containing this was written in the XIVth or XVth century, but the collection may have been made in the XIth or the first half of the XIIth. "Cliach from Baine's Elfmound was harper to Smirdub. . . . He went to invite Conchenn, daughter of Fodb, from the elfmound of the Men of Femen. . . . Now Cliach was a full year making music on that hill; but because of the elf's magic might, he got no nearer to the elfmound, and he could do nothing to the girls. But he played his harp till the earth beneath him burst, and thereout the dragon brake forth [and Cliach died of terror]. Hence is *Loch Bél Dracon* "the lake of the dragon's mouth," to wit, a dragon of fire which Ternóc's foster-mother found there in a salmon's shape, and Fursa drove it into the lake. And that is the dragon which is prophesied to arise on St. John's Day at the end of the world and afflict Ireland in vengeance for John the Baptist." The Gaelic word here used and translated dragon is *draig*. No doubt the writer of the original has mixed this up with the summer solstice.

This incident is mentioned in the *Felire of Oengus*: "

<sup>1</sup> *Revue Celtique*, vol. iv. p. 404.

<sup>2</sup> Whitley Stokes, *Revue Celtique*, vol. xv. p. 272.

<sup>3</sup> Edit. Whitley Stokes, August 29th, p. cxxiv.



“ On John’s festival will come an onslaught  
Which will reach Ireland from the south-east,  
A fierce dragon that will burn everyone it reaches,  
Without communion, without sacrifice.”

The words used for “fierce dragon” are *draic lond*. This dragon is in the prose attached to these stanzas described as a besom. The comparison to a besom is evidently derived from the appearance the meteor has as described in an extract from the *Scotsman* newspaper, which will be found at the end of this paper.

We find the same description of dragons in Silesian folk-belief; thus Professor Vogt:<sup>1</sup>

“Silesian folk-belief knows them as wealth-distributing ghostly beings. The gold-dragon flies to his favourites in the form of a broom with a fiery tail.”

We learn from the “Annals of Tigernach”<sup>2</sup> that about A.D. 734, “*Draco ingens in fine autumni cum tonitruo magno post se visus est.*” This proves at any rate that dragons as such, and connected with thunder and lightning, have been spoken of by the Gael from probably the XIth century. It is interesting to note that Mr. Colin Livingstone in a paper on “Lochaber Place Names,” in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, vol. xiii. p. 268, calls attention to the spelling of Loch Treig. He says there is no meaning which is intelligible in translating the name “forsaken,” but that the “loch of the meteor” seems to him more probably correct.

Not in Ireland and Scotland alone are *dracs* connected with water. Gervase of Tilbury tells us of a woman whom he had himself met, who was carried down by a “drac” below the waters of the Rhone and made to nurse his son.

<sup>1</sup> *Am Ur-Quell*, vol. vi. p. 196. [A besom with a fiery head is also one of the forms under which the Lettish *Puhkis* appears. See Auning, *Ueber den lettischen Drachen-Mythus (Puhkis)*, Mitau, 1892. Ed.]

<sup>2</sup> Third fragment, *Revue Celtique*, vol. xvii. p. 239, Whitley Stokes.

By eating an eel pasty and touching her eye with her greasy finger she acquired the power of seeing clearly under water. When allowed to return to her husband she saw this drac in the market place of Beaucaire, and recognising him, he, to prevent her again doing so, destroyed her eye.<sup>1</sup>

From the South of France to Roumania. Here we find that the *drac* is the devil in person, who instructs certain persons to be magicians and medicine men in a college under the earth. Of these, one in eight receives instruction during fourteen years, and on his return to earth he has the following power. By means of certain magical formulæ he compels a dragon to ascend from the depths of a loch. He then throws a golden bridle with which he has been provided over his head, and rides aloft among the clouds, which he causes to freeze and thereby produces hail. People who are by report "Solomonars," as these are styled, are avoided by the Roumanian country people, and if at all possible liberally fed, in order that they may not destroy the crops by hail-storms. When the Solomonar has poured out the hail over the locality desired (that is where some person lives who offended him) he returns, covered in a thick cloud, to the earth, back to the loch, where he removes the bridle from the head of the dragon and drives him back into the waters.<sup>2</sup>

The Solomonar's dragon is in reality hail and cloud. In Esthonia, Grimm tells us<sup>3</sup> that "red stripes in the sky show that the dragon marches out; dark colour of the clouds that he returns with booty. Falling stars are little dragons." This latter is a belief of a Finnish population from the shores of the Baltic. Among the Celtic population of Brittany the rainbow is a large serpent which comes to refresh itself on the earth, when water fails it above. When

<sup>1</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. i. p. 209.

<sup>2</sup> *Am Ur-Quell*, vol. vi. p. 109.

<sup>3</sup> Appendix, ed. 1878, vol. iii. p. 491.

the peasants perceive it painting its immense bow in the sky, they usually say, "Look, it drinks at such a pond, burn," &c.<sup>1</sup> An identical belief exists in Bosnia, where, however, it is not a serpent, but a dragon.<sup>2</sup>

If Macpherson's *Ossian* cannot be called an old authority, it may be quoted to show what its author gathered of folklore, and has introduced in the poem. The riding of the dead on clouds is a favourite subject. For example, *Fingal*, duan i. lines 665-6, of the Gaelic translation, gives,

"Tanas churaidh 'thuit 's a' bhlàr,  
Neòil ghruamach mu'n cuairt a' snàmh,"

as representing the original English "the ghosts of the lately dead were near, and swam on the gloomy clouds." The Gaelic makes the ghosts themselves clouds (?), but the English, as will be seen from the account of dreags which will be hereafter given, is more in accordance with folk-belief.

In *Tighmora* it is said, canto vi. lines 443-4.

"Seall ormsa o d' niall, a sheoid,  
A ghrian Shulmhalla nam mor thriath."

The English of which is, "Look thou from thy cloud, O sun of Sul-malla's soul." The Gaelic does not include any word for "soul" in the passage; but in Isle of Man English, "I have seen his soul," is equivalent to the Lewis "chunnaic mi a *shamhladh*," or *samhuil*, "I saw his likeness," i.e. his ghost. The form *samhuil* is pronounced *sowl* as nearly as possible.

In *Conlath and Cuthona* the writer of *Ossian* explicitly says the spirits of the dead are carried on clouds:

<sup>1</sup> *Revue Celtique*, vol. iii. p. 450.

<sup>2</sup> *Am Ur-Quell*, vol. i. p. 73.

“Ha! what cloud is that? It carries the ghosts of my fathers.  
I see the skirts of their robes, like grey and watery mist.”

In this case the Gaelic contains the same idea, lines 138  
*et seqq.*:

“Co an nial tha ’tuiteam orm fein,  
Tha ’g iomrachadh mo threuna shuas?  
Tha mi ’faicinn an truscain gun fheum,  
Mar liath cheo.”

Literally, “What cloud is that which is falling on me, which is whirling aloft my braves? I see their inefficient garments as grey mist.”

The writer of *Ossian* did not confine his mighty dead to aerolites, a strip of good Scottish mist served their purpose. In fact the aerolite is so seldom available that in those stirring times there would have been a congestion of traffic, admitting that it is only men of mark who have the advantage of this conveyance. This is undoubtedly the general belief, though, according to one informant, “knights and large farmers” described those eligible for the “dreag.” The conversation that follows gives a fair idea of the Highlander’s mind on this subject, and is genuine, not invented.

“H. Have you ever seen a corpse-candle or ghost-light?”

“No, mem, but I have seen plenty who did.”

“What do you call such lights in Gaelic?”

“*Manadh* or *Taibhse*.”

“Oh, yes, but that is what you call everything of that kind; what I wish to know is any special name you have for them.”

“I never heard any name but *solus*.”

“Do you think they and the *dreug* are one and the same thing?”

“Oh, no, I saw a *dreug* myself, it was before the death of Mr. D. The *dreug* never comes but before the death of a big man.”

"I too saw what you would call a dreug, but it foretold no one's death. It broke up in our own park."

"Oh, mem, that would be before Mr. C. died."

"No, it was years before Mr. C.'s death; and he, being a Lowlander, I cannot see why a dreug should appear before his death?"

"Mem, you would not notice at the time, but it must have been before the death of a big man. I am quite sure they are never seen but before the death of a big man."

No doubt there are exceptions to this rule. An old Islay man, my correspondent says, "with somewhat of a socialistic turn," claimed the dreug as the right of the poor man also. He said: "They say that it will not be seen when a poor man dies, but the Lord thinks as much of poor men as of rich, and it is seen when poor men die."

In Islay, Tiree, and Mull, the dreug and the equivalent of the corpse-candle are understood to be quite distinct, and are both seen, the one before the death of the rich, the other before any one's death. In some parishes, where lights as "manadhs" are quite common, the dreug does not seem to be known at all. This is said to be the case in the parish of Killin.

Whether confined to the rich of the male sex or free to both, it never appears before the death of a woman. On one occasion a steamer was in Lochandaal, and they had to work at her cargo on Sunday. While so engaged they saw a dreug. Not long after, the owner's wife died, and some were of opinion that the dreug was hers, but if it was, D. says "that it is the only time he ever heard of a dreug appearing before a woman's death. He himself was of the belief that it was a warning against Sabbath-breaking." The opinion that it did not appear before the death of a woman was fully confirmed by A. F. He himself had seen a dreug, and thus he described it. "It was when —— was in his glory. That was the time. I

saw a dreug above Lochandaal. It came gradually along until it passed over ——'s house, and disappeared in the moss behind the house. That was just a little before ——'s son, the only son he ever had, died, and it was his dreug." The reciter of this last, speaking of ghost-lights in general, said: "People will be making out that they see lights before the death of good people, but it is made out that the lights they see are good angels waiting to take away their spirits after death."

While pointing out discrepancies and variations in the view of the reciters, we must not forget that all the evidence is in favour of their having an honest belief in what they narrate. Talking of a thorough Gael, a well-educated man of the peasant class, so far as literary attainment is concerned, above the usual crofter or small farmer, a collector says: "He appears to believe firmly in all these things, and speaks with awe when referring to any of them. He has seen those who saw a dreug and has heard it described, but says he has never seen one himself."

The first dreug that will be described is copied from the Christmas number competition of the *People's Journal*, November 23rd, 1895; the name attached to it is Anna J. Grant, Dingwall. It is a well told and doubtless a veracious narrative of its class.

"About fifty years ago, Eppie Baxter, a deeply religious woman, lived with her granddaughter in a remote Sutherlandshire parish. One day, about a week before her death, Eppie was sitting on a hillock before her little two-roomed house, when she heard the treading of feet and the sound of voices, as if going along beneath her, at the foot of the brae. She stood up to see who was passing, but was surprised to find that no living thing was within sight. Then quite distinctly she heard the cry of 'relief,' the word used at Highland funerals when the bier-holders are about to be relieved. After a slight halt the procession seemed to move on, and silence again

fell on the place, when she sank trembling to the ground, knowing that the sound was the forerunner of death, although it did not occur to her that it might be the foreshadowing of her own funeral. Eppie went home, but said nothing to Merran, her grandchild, about her experience.

“That night she awoke suddenly, and sat up as usual to ‘pree’ her snuff mull. While in this position she was astonished to see a bright light shining in the other end of her house. The light was visible through the open door between the two rooms, and shone directly over a table placed near the wall. Wondering why her granddaughter could have left a candle burning, she rose from her bed to investigate matters, but she had barely reached the door leading into the other room when the light disappeared. She went back to bed, and again saw the light in the same place. Then she awoke Merran and asked her if she could see the light in the ben end. The girl could see nothing, and laughingly told her grandmother she must be dreaming.

“Eppie knew that it was no dream, and next morning she said to her young granddaughter: ‘Merran lassie, I must tell you that I am going to die. It will be soon,’ she went on, ‘for last night I saw my drook. I might have known yestreen, for I heard the feet of the men cairryin’ my coffin doon by the brae. Bairn, I’ve been willin’ to dee since many a day, but I thank the Almighty for tellin’ me afore the day. An’ Merran, watch ye, an’ as sure as I’m alive the day, my coffin ’ll be laid upon that table in the ben end afore a week’s past. Ye needna be feared, lassie, for I’m speaking the truth. God’s warnin’s are no to be lichtly thocht o’.

“Before a week elapsed, Eppie’s words were fulfilled. Her dead body was laid upon the very table over which the light was seen, and her coffin was carried down the brae, the bierholders changing places at the identical spot where the old woman had heard the mysterious tread a week before. This story is absolutely true.”

The light here does not seem to be a *dreag* as understood in the West Highlands. It is a *solus bais*, an ordinary ghost-light, though here called a *dreag*.

As is natural, the descriptions given of these various phenomena fail to draw a distinct line suitable for purposes of classification between them. The following was given as the description of a *solus taisg* :

“When John Maclean (or John the joiner’s son) was in the fever, I saw, says she, a big mass of white light on the level, below the road, very late. It was standing there a long time without moving. In the wink of an eye it moved to the road, and went away till it reached the bridge. Then a small part of it separated from the main mass (which followed the road) and went down along the river, across the field, and along the back of the big house, as a portion of those who separated from the main body on the day of the funeral did, in order to be in the churchyard before the rest. The portion that followed the road went out of my sight at the wooded knoll, just as the funeral people did on the day of the burial.”

(Gaelic, as sent by the collector, a schoolmaster, and Gaelic-speaking Highlander :

“Nuair bha Iain Mac Illean (or Mac-n-t-saoir, *patronymic*) san fhearas (fever) chunnaic mi, a’s ise, meal mor geal soluis air a chonaird (plain) fo’n rathad gle anamach. Bha e ann a sid uine mhor na sheasabh gun charachadh. Ann a brioba (wink) na suil ghluais e gus a’n radhad agus ghabh e air falbh gus ’n dranaig e an drochid (bridge). Ann sin, dheallich earan bheag dhe ris a mhor chuid a lean ris an radhad, agus gabh e sios ris an oighinn (river) nul d’n t-achadh agus nul cul (back) a’n tigh mhoir, mar a rinn a bhuigheann a dheallich o’n torugh, la ’n ’ambluig (funeral), air son bhi air thoisheach air gach anns a chlaodh (churchyard). Chaidh a chuid a lean ris an radhad mhor as mo shealladh aig an tom choille, direach mar a rinn muintir an torigh latha an tilaighidh.”)



The distinction of the dreag from other fiery death-warnings is as here noted: "Unlike the *dreag*, the *teine* or lights occasionally seen before deaths and funerals are unsteady in their motion, are as a rule nearer the ground than the *dreag*, both going in the direction of the churchyard."

Another *solus taisg* is this:

"A day or two, says Big Mary, dairymaid at L—— b—— before Dugald's Angus died, I saw just between their house and the shore a big white light or lump of fire rising high in the sky. It came every step along the shore past the old castle, and it went every foot across the way of the churchyard, till the big rock of Lagan took it from my view."

The next two have been sent as "dreags." The reciter is a Glen Lyon woman, but it is noteworthy that she says simply that "a light" followed by the side of her mother in one case, and in the other hid itself in the bundle. There seems some connection between the light attaching itself to the woman in the first and the superstition mentioned by Martin: "To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons, of which there are several fresh instances."<sup>1</sup> No doubt Martin's is a spark of fire from a burning stick or peat, but the underlying idea is probably the same. At any rate, that it should portend such an every-day occurrence as a *live* child in the arms, especially of a woman, would be a waste of the supernatural.

(1). Reciter Manse-servant:

"Dur bha sinn ann Gleannliomhainn bha mo mhathair agus mi fhein tighinn dhachaidh à Tomachaoran. Bha 'n oidhche againn, agus bha toil againn na bruachan aig an abhainn (no 'n loch) a' sheachnadh chionn tha iad uamhasach ged bhiodh an latha ann, agus dhìr sinn an leacan rud beag, agus thainig solus beag a lean ri taobh mo mhathar gus an do ruig sinn an tigh teann air [properly "teann air an tigh,"

<sup>1</sup> Martin's *Western Islands*, 2nd ed. p. 304.

Collector]. Beagan an deigh sin chaochail leanamh ann T. agus thainig fios air mo mhathair gus an corp ruith 's a charamh" (a stereotyped phrase).

"When we were in Glenlyon, my mother and I were returning from Tomachaoran. It was night, and we wished to avoid the banks of the river (or the loch?) as it is dreadful even in daytime, and went a little higher up the hillside, and a small light came and followed at the side of my mother till we came near the house. Soon thereafter a child died in T., and my mother got a message to lay out the body."

(2). Reciter Manse-servant :

"Nuair a bha sinn ann gleannliomhainn cha robh bùth na b'fhaisg oirnn na Tighndroma mu choig mìle diag air falbh o'n tigh againn. Tra bha sud chaidh mo mhathair an rathad sin a cheanach' gnóthaichean. An deigh dhi a gnothach fhaotainn thairg am marsanta dhi ri ghiulan na b'e toil e chum a banacoimhearsnach nithean a bha truis' aig' an sud. Thug i leatha iad agus thug i am monadh orra san dorch leatha. Chum gu'm biodh iad na's fhasa dhi ghiulan, thog i suas a gùna agus chuir i 'na trusag e, a' ceangal le sniom an sgiobull air a culthaobh. An deigh so chunnaic i solus a tearnadh agus g'a fhalach fhein na trusaig. Mu dheireadh ruig i far an robh am parcel ri liubhairt, agus fhuair i mach gur e bha aic' air a giulann aodach mairbh. Nan robh fios aic' air so roimh, cha tainig i riamh thair a' mhonaidh lies 's an oidheche."

"When we were in Glenlyon there was no shop nearer to us than Tyndrum, about fifteen miles from our house. Once my mother went that way to make some purchases. After she had done her business, the shopkeeper offered her some things ordered there to take to a neighbour's wife, if she would oblige him. She accepted them, and in the dark took the hill homewards with them. That they might be the more easily carried she put the bundle, tied with a string, among the folds of her skirt on her back,

under her gown. After this, she saw a light coming down and hiding itself in the bundle. At last she reached the place where the parcel was to be delivered, and found out that what she was carrying was dead-clothes. If she had known that before, she would never have come with them across the hill in the night-time."

The question then seems to be, What is the characteristic of a *dreag*?

It is that the main light shall have lesser lights more or less connected with it. In the words of an old Skye man, a thorough Gael, and a schoolmaster, the answer to the query is made quite distinctly: "In speaking of the phenomena of a 'dreag' I have till now overlooked the importance attached to its many-coloured pendicles, which, according to native interpretation, are symbolical of those following the bier from the house to the grave."

The first ghost-light answering this description is described as follows by the Bernera man who saw it:

"One time I was going a good distance from home, at night, and those in the house advised me to take a fire along with me. To please them I took a live peat and carried it a considerable distance. I then threw it from me, and continued my journey without it. I had not gone far, however, from where I had parted with the peat, when I saw a light a little before me. It was very bright, about the size of a man's head, and about the height of a man from the ground, with a number of smaller lights after it. I was going the same way as it was, but it went faster than I did, and was out of sight before I came up to it. I knew it was a *dreug*."

In Islay, "the *dreug* is said to appear before the death of well-to-do people." Immediately after the death of Mr. McN., a well-to-do farmer, Mrs. B. saw it. She describes it "as a ball of fire, with a tail like that of a kite, travelling in the direction of the burying ground."

"Before the death of Mr. MacT., about thirty or forty

years ago, the *dreug* was seen quite distinctly as a ball of light with a tail after it. It passed the door of the man who was near death, broke up, and went off in sparks in the direction of the burying ground."

It is to be noted that in the first of these Islay dreugs the appearance was after the man's death. This is very much the exception.

The next is a more detailed account by a female native of Bernera of what she herself saw in the Kyle of Harris :

"One morning, about seven o'clock, I went to put out the cattle, and saw about as far as from here to the high road [seventy yards, says the collector] a big lump of red light as big as a kettle. It was like a man's face, but much longer, and ropes of white light after it. Then came a chest, like a coffin, about the height of a man from the ground. It moved easily, and it was red from the reflection of the light, and at its head was a lump of red light as big as my fist, and narrow ropes of light following it. It was very light round about it. I got a fright and went in and told my mistress, and she said to me it would be a *dreug*."

"Chaidh mi mach aon mhadainn mu thimchioll seachd uairean gus a chrodh a chuir mach, agus chunnaic mi, mar gum b'ann cho fhad ri o so gus an raid mhor (about 70 yards) meall mòr de sholus dearg, gu mòr ris a choire. Bha e cosmhal ri eudann duine, ach moràn ni 'b fhaide; agus ròpaichean de sholus gheal na dheigh. An sin thainig ciste, cosmhal ri ciste mairbh, gu ard o'n talamh ri duine. Ghluais e gu h-athaiseach, agus e dearg le ais-thilgeadh an solus; agus aig a cheann bha meall de sholus dearg mu mheud mo dhuirn agus ròpaichean chaol de sholus ga leantuinn. Mu 'n cuairt bha e ro shoilleir. Ghabh mi eagal, agus chaidh mi steach agus dhinnis mi do mo Bhan-Mhaighistir, agus thubhairt ise gu b'e dreug bha ann."

The next description is from Skye, and in the very words of the reciter :

"Another remarkable instance of the supernatural, now

rare, but at one time very common, is the *dreag*. It was once in a lifetime the narrator came across this phenomenon. There it was sure enough one April afternoon late, just at the parting of the lights, as a group of us finished our day's labour in the croft, with all its paraphernalia, tails, tassels, and serpentine wreaths attached to the dragon-shaped head, moving slowly but steadily westward, about half-way from Portree to Dunvegan, the patrimony and burying place of MacLeod of MacLeod, and there, as sure, followed the hearse and cortege conveying the remains of the present chief's mother."

This is doubtless a highly didactic description, but the writer says: "Despite modern pulpit-denunciation and affectation of theology, I do not hesitate to say, any explanation I have yet seen (of these supernatural lights), meteorological or otherwise, is not satisfactory, and cannot be accepted from science itself."

The next is described by Mrs. MacD., of a public school in one of the islands :

"I was working in the scullery off the kitchen, which is situated on that side of my house further from the road and facing the hill to the back, when the whole place was illuminated from the window. Looking up I saw the *dreag* stretched as if on the air moving steadily from the house, as if it came round the corner of the north end, in line with the window where I stood, and now slanting off from the wall in a line, forming an angle of about 30 degrees with it. In appearance it resembled a little girl's nightdress spread and suspended in the air, as near as I could judge, the height of a telegraph-pole from the ground. The hindmost end was smaller than the rest. It was pure white, but not very brilliant; I lost sight of it in the shadow of the plantation about 300 yards off. The time was between 9 and 10 p.m., and the night was quiet and starry. This wonderful vision was about six years ago, and exactly a year after I saw it, my sweet little girl was suddenly taken away

in inflammation of the lungs, and I saw the last of her going away through the plantation in the white-mounted little coffin, just in the direction I saw in the year previously the *dreag* disappearing after it left my house. My dear child was five years of age, and I was struck by the similarity of length between the shell and the apparition of the *dreag*."

The following *dreag* was seen by Mr. A. MacL., mason, in the Sound of Mull, about fifteen years ago while crossing the channel with a boat-load of fine sand. Another man was in the boat with him :

"In the gloaming we saw a light shining on the sand in the boat. Looking upwards there was a whitish checkered shimmer about the length of a fishing rod, and as thick as the upper part of a big man's thigh, about twice the height of the mast above us, and with its white and green ribbons, swinging ropes, and pendants about it. It was moving gently and quietly at the same height as we saw it at first, and the great white lump before it and that white shining thigh directly below it in the sea. It is a thing that put a great withering of fear on us, be it what it chose."

The following is the Gaelic of the reciter :

"Chunnaic sinn a'm beul n' n'anamaich (gloaming) soilse (light) tighinn air a'gheannaich sa bhata. Air sealtuinn suas dhuinn bha'n driomleach gheal bhreac ud ann a sud (there) mu fhad slat iasgich agus cho garbh ri cas dùine mhoir sios o' bh'mhas (buttocks) mu dha ard 'a crann a bhata os a'r cionn, 'us le a chuid ribinnean 'us a chuid ghrealagan, 's chluigaiman, geal 'us uaine mu'n cuairt dha. Bha e suibhail, 'us a falbh gu ciuin le shocair aig, n' cheart airda 's 'a facaidh sinn an toiseach e, agus a mhaol mhor gheal ud air thoiseach dhe, agus a lias geal soillear ud dirach fodha 'san fh'airgaidh. 'Se rud e chuir crionneachadh mor eagainn oirne, biodh e na roighinn."

The following was also seen in Mull by another Mrs. MacD., who stayed not far from a churchyard. This was

seen more recently than that described as having a resemblance to a child's nightdress :

“ Shortly before sleeping time I was standing in the door. Passing between me and Lachlan's house I saw that white radiance above the road like a whitish-mottled dog on fire, with his head and fore legs stretched before him and his long ragged tail full of stars and sparks of fire, and his two other legs after him. It was not very high, but it was going straight towards the churchyard, but with no great speed.”

“ Tiotadh beag re am cadail bha mi am sheasaibh sa 'n dorus. Seachad eadar mi agus tigh Lachlain, chunnaic mi an dealradh geal sin o's cionn an rohdid coltach ri cu breac-gheal na theine (on fire) agus bhidhidh air a shionidh, a cheann 'us dha spoig-cinn sinnte t'roieadh (before him) agus earbal fada luideach lan runnaghean agus thradagan teine, 's a 'dha chois eile na dheigh. Cha ro e fir (very) ard, bha e falbh direach air a chlaogh agus cha robh *force* (*astar*) mor sam bith roimhe.”

Information from Harris is to the effect that the *dreag* is frequently seen, and that its appearance in the morning indicates that the death predicted will take place in a short time, but if at night it will be after a longer interval. It travels by way of the house in which the death is to take place towards the family burying ground.

In Islay, “ Mr. — says that when an uncle of his was on his deathbed in the year 1862, he and his father were going home *one night* and saw a *dreag*. His father said: ‘ Let us hurry home, he'll not get better,’ referring to his sick uncle. This proved to be the case, for his death came soon after.” The height from the ground does not appear, but the delay was short in this case, and the *dreag* was *seen at night*.

On the authority of Mr. MacBain (Inverness), a corpse-candle if seen rather near the ground shows that the funeral will be soon, if it is rather high in the air the funeral will not happen immediately.

How intimately these beliefs are mixed up with the everyday life of many Highlanders is shown by such an occurrence as this: "A crofter died not long ago in Bernera. He left his effects to be divided among the family. Over the division they quarrelled a good deal, and the spirit of the departed began to haunt the house. One night his daughter and another girl were on their way home from a prayer-meeting when a *dreag* appeared. Neither of them had seen one before. C. McL. concluded that it was her father's ghost, and fainted. The other girl, who remained beside her, watched the movements of the *dreag*. It went slowly along in the direction of the burying ground, from a house in which shortly thereafter a young woman died."

It does not seem at all necessary that the *dreag* should appear in the neighbourhood of the doomed one. Thus, from Mull:

"When the death of the proprietor of B. took place his heir was abroad, and did not arrive in this country till some time after the death of the previous laird. During the interval a female relative lived in the house with the servants. One night one of the servants came in in great distress, saying that she had seen a *dreag*, and was quite sure that the new laird had died on the passage home. At the same time Miss — dreamed that a large river was running past B. house, and that the new laird was on the opposite side of the river. She told her dream to the servant, who remarked she was quite sure it meant the death of the laird on his way home. Well, not the laird himself, but a son of his died, and it was subsequently ascertained that the death had taken place just about the date of the dream and the appearance of the *dreag*."

"There are places which have got their name from the belief that mysterious lights have appeared in their neighbourhood. Thus, *Creag an T-Soluis*, a rock above Cairn, near Port Charlotte, has its name from a belief that supernatural lights used to be seen about it. For the same



reason another rock down at the shore below Cairn Cottage is called Carraig na Soluis.”

In Norwegian folklore the grave mounds of heroes emit lambent flames that guard the dead and treasure buried with them.<sup>1</sup> There is one story from the district of Ledaig which has the appearance of having originated in connection with some such belief. It is as follows :

“When I was a little girl living in A., my sister and I went down to the shoemaker Cowan to get our boots mended. It was about the end of spring, the days were getting long, and it was not late when we were coming home. When we came to the burn where it crosses the road, there was some water lying on the moss, a sort of pond at the roadside. As we looked at it there was a very big horse—oh ! the size of that horse—and he was drinking the water, and a very tall gentleman with a hat that size [showing by her hand a height of about three feet from the ground]. I noticed he looked very dressed and grand, and I think his horse was a chestnut in colour. From his height and size altogether I knew he was no ordinary man or horse either. Whenever my sister saw it she ran as fast as she could and left me alone, so I took my eyes off the man and his horse. When I looked again he was not to be seen in any place, and had disappeared so quickly and mysteriously that I made for home as fast as I could. When we reached home we told my father what we had seen, and he said: ‘Oh, it would only be one of the kings going to visit the Druids at the Carn Bhan.’ You see, this cairn is only a short distance further on, near the road where we saw him. There is a little graveyard upon the hill at the back of where we then lived, and there are a number of stones lying in it, for they say that there were buried there seven kings. They would often be going and coming to the Carn Bhan to visit the Druids, and I think the spirit (Gaelic *tannasg*) of one of

<sup>1</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. v. p. 295.

them was on his way that night when we were coming home, at least that was what we thought at the time when we saw it. There used to be a large light often seen at the Carn Bhan, indeed I think it is not so very long ago since it was seen there. I have often seen it myself there, it was as large as the light of that lamp.”

This was told quite recently by an old woman of about seventy. The universal belief that “Will-o’-the-Wisp” and such like are powers for evil, prepare one for the possibility of the impersonation of evil himself appearing as a light. The following, which I translate from the Gaelic, is to that effect: “Before I came here, I myself and L.’s daughter were walking, after it had become dark at night, to her father’s house, till we reached the place where the road cuts off to her father’s house, when she said to me: ‘Ar’n’t you getting afraid?’ ‘I wouldn’t be afraid,’ I answered, ‘though I should meet the devil.’ The word was not out of my mouth when a large sparkling light came straight at me. About the same time my father came up to see me home. Were it not for that I do not know how I would have got home that night.”

The impression made upon a person seeing an aerolite for the first time seems worth noticing in this connection. The following description of one is given in the words of one of the best of folklore collectors :

“My brother and I were coming one evening homewards from a farmer’s house, and when close to home we saw the most brilliant ball of light in the sky. Blue and white in colour, it came floating in a westerly direction, and landing in our park it partly broke up into sparks, but the main portion struck and bounded down the brae. Next day we examined the place where the ball of fire first struck, and found the grass blackened and burnt up. Then at intervals were burnt places till we came to a rut ploughed by the ball, which we found embedded in the soil. It was a mass of ironstone as big as one’s two fists, and the little bits here

and there were seen like red chucky-stones. Possibly 'shooting' would be the proper word to use in describing its flight, but it was so bright, and it was at such a distance from the earth, that the idea of speed was not presented to one's mind so much as that of a gradual moving or floating nearer and nearer till it fell. It did not come like a flash, we saw it too far away for that, and had time to watch its approach."

Another description I take from the *Scotsman* of the 14th of December, 1895, in a letter signed M. C. T., dating from the Manse of Lumphanan :

"At 6.47 p.m. [on a December night—the letter is dated 12th December] I was walking eastward at an elevation of about 887 feet above sea level and over snow at least five feet deep, when suddenly, in the slightly frosty, moonless, but starlight night, my path was lit up as if a machine with more than usually powerful lights had come up behind me. I turned to see, so as to protect myself, when crossing the heavens in a straight line from west to east was a most brilliant meteor. Its head was, in size and shape, a doubly enlarged goose's egg. Its tail was fan-shape and fish-shape, the colour of the tail lurid. In the rear of the tail were numerous sparks like stars. It was visible for about two seconds, and seemed to drop in Aberdeen."

One final example, in which the light apparently shone from the face of the person to be warned of the approaching death, brings this lengthy paper to a close :

"There was a girl in Tíree who was on one occasion spinning in a farmer's house, and having continued working till rather late, one of the farmer's sons went to see her safely home. All at once the lad saw her as if she were quite white, and a light shining upon her. They were both alarmed, but she went home, and the lad returned home also. The next morning, however, before eight o'clock, the same girl came running to the farmer's house with the news of her father's death. It had come very suddenly.

Just as she had been lighting the fire, he got up and fell down dead in a minute. The event was at once accepted as explaining what the lad had seen the night before."

I have to acknowledge material assistance, received and used, from Miss Elizabeth Kerr, Port Charlotte, Islay; the Rev. Niel Campbell, Kilchrenan, Argyll; Mr. Colin MacDonald, Lochbuy Public School, Mull; and Mr. Peter MacDonald, Ledaig, Argyll.

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## REVIEWS.

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THE JĀTAKA, OR STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS.  
Translated from the Pāli by various hands under the Editor-  
ship of Professor E. B. COWELL. Vol. II. translated by W.  
H. D. ROUSE, M.A., 1895. Vol. III. translated by H. T.  
FRANCIS, M.A., and R. A. NEIL, M.A., 1897. Cambridge :  
University Press.

THE translation of the *Jātaka* is proceeding apace. Since we reviewed the first volume two more volumes have appeared, which bring up the number of Birth Tales to 438. At first sight this might seem to bring us within appreciable distance of the end, since there are only 555 Birth Tales altogether. But the arrangement of the stories is determined by the number of verses in the *gatha* or moral of each story. The first book consists of those stories which have only one verse in the *gatha*, the second those containing two verses, and so on. As a consequence, the stories get longer and longer as the book progresses, and it will probably take at least three if not four more volumes to complete the 120 tales still remaining to be translated. We shall then be in a position to test in some measure the views of those who hold that all folk-tales come from India.

It cannot be said that the complete translation, so far as it is given, has very much increased the range of evidence for the Indian origin of all folktales. For it would seem that a large proportion of the Jātakas which afford parallels to European folktales have already been translated or summarised by Professor Rhys Davids or the late Dr. Morris. Even where the Jātaka has not already been translated, its publication does not present anything additional as to the Indian origin of a folktale, for in almost every case other Indian variants are known in the great storehouse of Indian tales, like the *Pantchatantra*, or the *Kathasarit-sagara*. Thus there is no doubt that the Jātaka, No. 386, translated here for the first time in volume iii., is a variant of the

celebrated story of *The Language of Animals*, on which Mr. Frazer wrote at length in the *Archæological Review*, and on which I have myself commented in the Carabas volume on *Barlaam and Josaphat*. Yet, without the aid of any translation from the *Jātaka*, the Indian origin of this particular story has already been established. It may be conjectured that the importance of this publication of a translation of the *Jātaka* will turn out to be that it throws light upon the dissemination of folktales within the Indian peninsula rather than upon the origin of those of Europe. But for this purpose a great deal of comparative work will have to be done by students of folklore, much of which might well have been regarded as within the province of the translators or editors of this translation. In reviewing the first volume, I had occasion to complain of the meagre assistance given to students of folklore with regard to parallels, either in India or Europe, of the *Jātaka* stories. I fear I must repeat this complaint with regard at least to the third volume translated by Messrs. Francis and Neil. Thus, they do not refer to the light thrown by No. 374 on the Æsop Fable of *The Dog and the Shadow*, or of No. 426 on that of *The Wolf and the Lamb*, though of course one of the main points of interest about the *Jātaka* is the possibility that we can find in it the source of our familiar Æsop. Their reticence in this regard contrasts by no means favourably with the very full attention paid to this point by Mr. Rouse in the notes to his translation in the second volume. If the other volumes were equally well annotated for folklore parallels as the volume entrusted to Mr. Rouse, the value of the translation would be greatly increased. Readers of *Folk-Lore* are familiar with Mr. Rouse's wide knowledge of Indian popular tales and customs; and the second volume of the translation has largely benefited, owing to the fact that Mr. Rouse is a folklorist as well as a Pali scholar.

Mr. Rouse has not alone drawn attention to parallels already existing in print, but on one occasion he has been enabled to add to the number of published variants. It is indeed curious to think that a parallel, and a very close one, to a *Jātaka* story should be preserved in the memory of a master of one of our public schools. Yet the story given in the note on page 110 is of this character. The wonderful character of the incident, however, somewhat disappears when we learn that the variant in question was heard from a nurse in Moscow. Even this fact, however, does not quite

solve the question how the *Jātaka* story got to Moscow. I have a suggestion to make which may possibly throw some light upon this curious incident in the travels of stories. This particular *Jātaka* is represented in Talmudic literature by practically the same story (see Gaster, *Beitraege*, c. ix.). Now if Mr. Shnurman, the gentleman in question, is of Jewish origin, it would be quite within the range of possibility that the story came to him from Jewish sources, and that the seeming evidence for a Russian parallel was illusive. It would be interesting to ascertain whether Mr. Shnurman's nurse was a Jewess. Under any circumstances we have here an interesting example of how a piece of folklore might be transmitted from Russia to England.

Now that we have before us a sufficient account of the *Jātaka* to judge of its general character, the question may fairly be raised whether the folktales contained in it are so early in form as has been represented. To my mind, whenever we can compare the *Jātaka* form with that given in the *Pantchatantra*, the latter almost invariably shows more signs of primitiveness than the *Jātaka* form of the same story. In the very form in which the *Jātaka* is written down, it is clear that what tradition preserved is not so much the story as the *gatha* or moral, and in many instances the story itself has become vague and indefinite in the minds of the tellers, so that when Bhuddaghosa or his disciples wrote down the Commentary on the *gatha*, which now forms the *Jātaka*, the outline of the tale had become exceedingly vague. In short, in the *Jātaka* the moral pill had caused the story jam to become musty. We must not forget that the object of the *Jātaka* is to adorn a moral rather than to tell a tale. With the *Pantchatantra*, on the other hand, the story interest is the main one; and we therefore find the tales told better, with more point, and in greater fulness than in the *Jātaka*. It will be a work of some delicacy to determine also how far the stories in the *Jātaka* have been modified in order to subserve a moral purpose. One may be certain, for example, that in No. 398 the young man did not convert the goblin in the original form of the story.

But all these questions may be safely left for further investigation when this translation of the *Jātaka* reaches its conclusion. The mass of materials which is now being placed before the student of folklore will require and reward most careful study and research into the relations between the *Jātaka* and other Indian

collections, as well as between the whole story-store of India and of the West. By giving the folklore student who is ignorant of Pali opportunity for making this further study, the corps of translators of the *Jātaka* are earning the gratitude of all interested in the fascinating study of the migration of stories.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

THE CULTS OF THE GREEK STATES. By L. R. FARNELL. In Three Volumes. Clarendon Press. Vols. I. and II. 1896.

THIS book is an important contribution to the study of Greek religion. Materials for such a work have been accumulating for a long time; and the discovery of countless inscriptions, the closer study of ancient monuments, and the speculations of scholars, have made such works as those of Gerhard and Maury quite out of date. All these have been laid under contribution, and the result is a very complete and reliable account of the results of research within the Greek field. The book impresses the reader with its clearness and sanity. Clearness amid such a wealth of material is by no means easy to gain; and perhaps in this respect a little more might have been done in the way of summing up at the end of each section. But as the authorities are not merely referred to in footnotes, but quoted in full and carefully arranged in appendices to each section, it is quite possible to get a complete oversight of the cult, titles, and distribution of each of the divinities here treated without referring to the index. For sanity the author's judgment is remarkable. Few, if any, of the speculations of scholars have been passed over; but the author is by no means inclined to accept new theories because they are new. Many are mentioned but to be dismissed (and that is often all they deserve); combinations based on insufficient evidence are not adopted, however plausible; and, in particular, the tendency of a certain German school to reduce at all costs all divinities to a leading idea, whether a moral notion or an aspect of nature, is most justly condemned. If we have a fault to find, it is that the author has been too cautious. We might expect more attempts to explain origins; and although the plan of the work is to give facts, not to find origins, yet it would



have added to the value of the work if this had been done, and the other not left undone. Here the author suffers a little from an insufficient use of the works of Mannhardt, Frazer, Lang, and others who are well known to members of this Society; and one or two instances will be pointed out below where explanations might have been given which are from this cause omitted. The illustrations are good and carefully chosen, some being published for the first time. The identification of a head in the Athenian Museum (Plate XXV.) as a copy of the gold-ivory statue of Pheidias is especially interesting.

The sections included in the two volumes now under notice are the Aniconic Age, the Iconic Age, Cronos, Zeus, Hera, Athena, Artemis (with Upis, Nemesis, and Adrasteia), Hekate, Eileithyia, and Aphrodite. Each section contains a history of the worship of the deity, the cult, and the art monuments and ideal types; and in an appendix are given the authorities dealing with the subject, with (in most cases) a geographical index. It may be well to examine one of those sections in detail, and then to offer a few remarks on the rest. For this purpose I choose Athena.

The author begins with a discussion of the name, and then passes on to show that Athena was one of the primitive "Achaean" divinities. Notwithstanding, few traces are left of what we call primitive ideas in her cult and history; among these are the legend of her birth from the head of Zeus, suggestions of human sacrifice, and the bathing of the idol (261). In Athena, too, there is little or no physical symbolism. In interpreting the myths from this point of view the author shows true common sense. The cult-titles of the goddess are discussed one by one, and the truth (too often forgotten) is illustrated, that "a local cult could give as well as owe a name to surrounding objects of nature" (265). The conflict of Athena and Poseidon is discussed (270) and explained, with other such, as the record of a conflict of worships. Certain titles of Athena are discussed which have been supposed to have a physical sense. One of them is identified as a Phœnician word (*Ἑλληώς* = Phœn. *Elloti*, Syro-Arabic *Allat*); another, *Ἀλέα*, as meaning "of health." We may suggest that, though this is quite possible, Athena *Alea* may be the same as *Poliās*, the goddess of the community; for *ἀλέα* is perhaps akin to a root meaning to assemble (Hes. *ἐπαλέα λῆσχην*, "the

bench where people congregate;" Hom. ἀολλέες, "all together"). Anyhow, a connection with ἦλιος is less likely than either of these. The connection of Athena with the moon, sometimes asserted, is dismissed as unsupported by evidence; a "crescent moon" on certain coins is sometimes adduced in support, which "may be a symbol of the bird of night." But is it really a crescent moon, or an olive leaf? and if a crescent moon, may it not be a mint-mark merely? Certainly the author is justified in rejecting this lunar theory. Of the swallowing of Metis by Zeus an explanation is suggested (285) which is ingenious, though far from convincing. Lastly, the connection of Athena with agriculture is traced. In the ritual of this part are several savage elements, as the bathing of the image (305), and daubing it with white earth (329), which the author adds "was supposed to be good for olives" (an explanation insufficient in view of many other such daubings). The eternal fire in the shrine of Athena Polias is explained as a symbol of the city's perpetual life (294), though we may more rightly regard it as a survival of the primitive practice of keeping up the fire in the chief's house, and a doubling of the fire of the Prytaneum (cf. Frazer, *The Prytaneum*, in *Journ. Phil.*, vol. xiv. pp. 145 ff.) An examination of Athena in art follows, illustrations being given from sculpture, vases, and gems of the types of the goddess and her cult; with these we need not linger.

The other divinities are treated in the same way. The aspects of Zeus are well traced, and the ritual described; but of explanation there is little. No attempt, for instance, is made to elucidate the Bouphonia, and although some explanations are quoted (88 ff.) there is no real criticism of them, and the comparative method is not applied. It may be replied that this is not within the scope of the book; true, but we wish it were. With the dictum on p. 93 (cf. 442 ff.), that legends of the substitution of animal for human victims "may well have arisen from the deceptive appearance of many sacrifices where the animal offered was treated as human and sometimes invested with human attributes," we cannot agree. Possibly it may have sometimes happened, but such substitution is too wide-spread, and it generally does not show this treatment of the victim as human; moreover, the substitution was inevitable as manners improved; and if the explanation were true, the common substitution of red-lead for blood, which we regard as another manifestation of the same principle, would be left unex-

plained. There are some sensible remarks on the aegis (98 ff.), but the author goes too far when he maintains that there is no ground for connecting it with rain; the plate in Bourke's *Snake Dance of the Moquis* (xix.) is sufficient to disprove this. The plate represents an altar with "storm clouds and lightning;" and the upper part consists of scales, the lower of snakes. The resemblance of this figure to the aegis strikes one at a glance. As regards the "axe of Tenedos" as an emblem of Zeus, the author fails to notice Professor Ridgeway's brilliant book on the *Origin of Currency and Weight Standards*; the axe may well be a trade emblem, and "axe money" is, or lately was, used in West Africa (*op. cit.*, pp. 40, 50).

In the Hera section, the author makes no attempt to discover what Hera originally was; that, says he, is "not our present concern;" he shows us, however, what she was not, and does good service in sweeping away cobwebs. His explanation of the *ἱερός γάμος* is realistic, and, in our opinion, most unlikely. He comes to the conclusion that Hera is simply the goddess of marriage, and the women's special goddess; as spouse of Zeus, she shares some of his titles; but her separate functions are few, and she takes little interest in men. The question whether we ever have in Europe original female goddesses becoming male, and as a result a pair of divinities worshipped together, is not touched. This process is often seen in Semitic religion, and the late Professor Robertson Smith has often told the present writer that he believed a great deal more might be explained on the same principle.

The section Artemis is important. The author gives reason for thinking that she was originally a goddess connected with waters, wild vegetation, and wild beasts. Signs of totemism are noticed (427, 435), and other traces of savagery. A great many peculiar matters come into this section; the chained image at Phigaleia, the Brauronian cult, her virginity as perhaps a relic of female kinship, human sacrifice for the crops (455), and others; but the treatment of these is not so satisfactory as the treatment of the more civilised parts of her history. The connection of Artemis with Upis, Nemesis, and Adrasteia is fully dealt with, and the reasoning carries conviction. Much the same may be said of Hekate. To explain her cult, a wide knowledge of savage rites and superstitions is necessary. Had the author been more fully

versed in these he might have spoken with no uncertain sound of the offerings to Hekate (511). He might also have answered his own question (515 n.) why cross-roads "have an evil character;" or rather, it would not then have been put at all in that form. Cross-roads are chosen for the burial of murderers and suicides because the ghosts of such are peculiarly restless, and, if they walk, may perhaps fail to find the road home; that at least is one reason for the choice. Another may be that the number of people walking over the grave keep the ghost down. Then if offerings are exposed for the ghosts, a cross-road is a good place to put them, because more ghosts are likely to pass that way.

Aphrodite was not a Greek goddess, but was introduced from the East. The effect of the Greek genius is well shown here, for the cult was entirely purified from its abominations (the sole exception is at Corinth), and the ideal of the goddess was raised until it culminates in the philosophic Aphrodite Ourania. The author points out that the title Ourania had originally no moral implication whatever, and in the same way Pandemos simply meant that she was the goddess of the "whole people" in certain states; but a popular misunderstanding degraded Pandemos to the goddess of sensual or illicit passion, and Ourania then assumed in the general imagination that meaning which the highest minds among the Greeks had given to Aphrodite under all titles. Her connection with the sea is explained as due to the fact that she was the "divinity of a class that wandered far over the Mediterranean" (p. 641). It may be added that water is often associated with the idea of fertility. The curious variant, by which Aphrodite seems to have been conceived of as born from a bivalve is not discussed. (There are a good many terra-cottas which show her sitting in the shell of a bivalve, several in the Hermitage, and an allusion in Plautus, *Rudens*, 704.) Mention may be made of some points where folklore could have been used to illustrate. We have the sexes disguised in each other's dress at a feast called the Ὑβριστικά (635); mimic death and resurrection (651); a possible allusion to the couvade in Sparta (634); and Aphrodite's association with the tortoise, ram, and horse may have something to do with totemism. The other cases, where a bird or beast is associated with a divinity (as Zeus' eagle, Hera's peacock, the mouse of Apollo Smintheus, Hermes Kriophoros), and the association of divinities with trees (as Asclepius Agnitas, *Paus.* iii.

14), also need further discussion. It is more than likely that these may often be due to anthropomorphising of an animal deity; or to substitution of a new deity for the older, which it was all the same not safe to ignore. The whole of this section, if we may except a rather confused unravelling of the Ariadne-Aphrodite myth (632), and an occasional tendency to interpretations too philosophical (629), is full of lucid and cogent reasoning. We would especially point to the discussion of Ourania on page 661. One of the epithets of the goddess, Ἀστροπαρεία, may be a corruption (it is suggested) of Ἀστάρτη; but it is also possible etymologically to take the prefix ἀ as being not negative, but, as in ἀπατορία and a few other words, the Greek form of a word meaning "with" (sm-). This seems a simpler explanation, as Ἀστροπαρεία will then be the goddess who goes with the host, and the same as Aphrodite Στραπαρεία, who is found elsewhere.

Space fails to discuss the remaining sections of the book; but enough has been said to explain its merits and its failings. The latter part of this review ought not to give the impression that the failings outweigh the merits. It has been necessary to examine it specially from the point of view of the Folk-Lore Society; and here we see at once that a sound knowledge of our subject would have made the book more valuable still. But it remains a monument of sound learning, conspicuous too for sound judgment among the farrago of crude theories that pours forth upon an astonished world. And it is only fair to say that the author has fully carried out his scheme within the limits proposed by himself. The book is quite indispensable to all who are interested in the study of Greek religion.

We understand that the third volume will be fully indexed, and contain a Bibliography, with a complete list of cult-names such as that compiled for Roscher's *Dictionary of Mythology*. It would be most useful for those who have little Greek, if the Appendices of Authorities could be translated into English. We might suggest that Greek and English together might be made into a separate volume.

We have noticed one misprint, *Mindos for Myndos*, on p. 469.

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TRANSACTIONS AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE JAPAN SOCIETY, LONDON. Supplement I. *NIHONGI*, CHRONICLES OF JAPAN FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO A.D. 697. Translated from the original Chinese and Japanese by W. G. ASTON, C.M.G. Vol. II. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1896.

THE second volume of the *Nihongi* is hardly less interesting to the students of folklore than the former, which we reviewed last year. Although the mythological tales have disappeared as the chronicler advanced to times nearer his own, the same characteristics mark the course of the narrative. What with omens and wonders, we are continually reminded of the monkish chronicles of the West, or the story of pagan Rome. Nor is the importance of the volume limited to these. The repeated notices of cult, custom, and legislation render it a very useful document for the history of civilisation. Mr. Aston's notes and the illustrations of objects like those mentioned in the text are valuable aids to understanding it. He has made so admirable a beginning with the *Nihongi*, that we hope his health and inclination will permit him to translate the earlier part of the *Kujiki*, the only one of the ancient chronicles that remains untranslated, down to the reign of Jimmu Tennō.

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THE BOOK OF WONDER VOYAGES. Edited by JOSEPH JACOBS. Illustrated by JOHN D. BATTEN. London: D. Nutt, 1896.

THE latest of Mr. Jacobs' Christmas Books for Children has all the qualities of the earlier ones, except, perhaps, the great variety that was one of their characteristics. This comparative deficiency is due rather to the subjects than to the manner of telling or the illustrations; and the book is anyhow very delightful to old and young. It contains four stories: the Argonauts, told in Kingsley's words; the Voyage of Maelduin, revised and abridged by Mr. Alfred Nutt from Mr. Whitley Stokes' version; Hasan of Bassorah, and the Voyage of Thorkill and Eric, by the editor.

For us the chief value lies in the notes. Mr. Jacobs holds that "at the root of the whole idea of a Wonder Voyage is the scepticism with regard to travellers' tales and sailors' yarns which is

current among all peoples." Scepticism is of course at the root of the literary and satirical voyages, but by no means of the far older and graver stories current everywhere, of which the voyage is only a variant found among nations dwelling by the sea. In dealing with the Argonauts Mr. Jacobs, as we might expect, declares for diffusion of all the variants of the tale from a single centre; but yet he is not happy, because the magical comb as an obstacle to pursuit has not been found in India. It is a pity there is no Lost Property Office to which he can apply. Mr. Jacobs thinks the story of Hasan of Bassorah is later than the tenth century in its present form in the *Arabian Nights*. "It is useless," he says, "to attempt to trace in Hasan any direct influence of" Mother-right, Marriage by Capture, Totemism, &c. "They may be primitive in origin, but as used in Hasan they are simply conventions of Arabic story-telling." All this everybody would admit. But the question is not whether there be any direct or conscious influence of the customs and superstitions in question in a highly literary and conventionalised form of the tale; but what is the ultimate origin of the conventions. The notes to all four of the stories are interesting, though less polemical than is often Mr. Jacobs' wont. Those to the Voyage of Maelduin are by Mr. Nutt, who epitomizes in a couple of pages the results of recent investigations by Celtic scholars.

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THE NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCES OF INDIA, THEIR HISTORY,  
ETHNOLOGY, AND ADMINISTRATION. By W. CROOKE.  
London: Methuen & Co., 1897.

WHAT are called the North-Western Provinces reach from the Himalayas to the Vindhya, from Delhi to the junction of the Ganges and the Gogra. Including Oudh, they chiefly consist of the wide alluvial valley watered by the Ganges, the Jumna, and their tributaries, with desolate mountain-districts on the north and the barren slopes of the Vindhyan plateau on the south. Situated thus in the heart of the Indian Empire, they form one of its most important members. Historically and ethnologically they are perhaps the most interesting and important part of the country. Buddha was born and began his mission just outside their border,

in what is now the native state of Nepâl. Within and on their western boundary the Musalmân conquerors had the chief seats of their power. Mr. Crooke writes of them with the authority of a profound and sympathetic student of the people and their history, as a painstaking and experienced administrator. This book, therefore, appeals to all who are interested in the good government of India (and what Briton can afford to be indifferent to that?), and affords an excellent introduction to scientific students of the races of India.

The basis of the population is Drâvidian, a prehistoric Negritic race, "conquered or absorbed by successive waves of invaders of the Aryan or Skythian race." The process occupied "an enormous period of time—the result being the population of the present day." "What it is really important to grasp," Mr. Crooke goes on to say, "is that the Drâvidian element was prepotent, and that the so-called Aryan conquest was more social than ethnical, more the gradual enlightenment of the indigenous peoples by scattered bands of missionaries and teachers, whose civilisation was of the peaceful, unwarlike, and intellectual form rather than the upheaval and wreck of the existing polity by an army of conquerors who forced their law and civil institutions on the necks of their slaves." The old-fashioned theory of conquest, founded on the Vedic hymns and the earlier literature, must therefore be abandoned as an inadequate explanation of the phenomena. Invasions indeed there were, but they were those of missionary-colonists, who introduced the Vedic nature-worship; and who, by identifying their own gods with the chief divinities they found already in the country, absorbed a large part of the native religion. Of this religion, thus amalgamated with their own, they established themselves as priests, and by virtue of their superior culture and the intimate knowledge of divine things they were believed to possess, obtained a permanent ascendancy over the people, which is even yet unbroken after the vicissitudes of three thousand years.

The intimate relations between the problems of government and ethnology are illustrated on every page of this fascinating work. The author, perhaps wisely, avoids drawing the moral; but none the less the pressing need for a systematic study by government officials of the racial characters, the tribal institutions, the superstitions, the beliefs—in a word, the folklore of the people—is irresistibly suggested. A notable example of this is found on pp.



326-8 (unfortunately we have no space to quote the passage), where the possibility of relieving congested districts by emigration is considered.

Mr. Crooke's style leaves, in general, little to be desired. He contrives to make statistics interesting—a proverbially difficult task—and his remarks are full of shrewdness and humour. His accounts of the indigenous tribes are of course only summaries; but a careful summary is what students, bewildered by the endless variety of castes and tribes, often want to give form to their various conceptions. Still more is it necessary to “the general reader,” whom the author has continually, and perhaps chiefly, in view. A summary has its defects, as when we find it stated that the Korwas have “practically no prohibited degrees in marriage,” which Mr. Crooke can hardly have intended literally; but defects of this kind are unavoidable and cause little inconvenience to the student.

The map and the plates, reproducing photographs of native types, are most useful.

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THE POPULAR RELIGION AND FOLKLORE OF NORTHERN INDIA.

By W. CROOKE, B.A. 2 vols. New Edition. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co., 1896.

IT was very desirable that a worthy edition of Mr. Crooke's work on the popular religion of Northern India should be produced. The previous edition, printed at Allahabad, was by no means so well known as it deserved in this country. In the volumes before us we have it in a large measure re-written, in paper, type, and form pleasant to read and handy to hold, and illustrated from photographs taken at and in the neighbourhood of Hardwar, which not only are in themselves of interest, but also throw real light on the text.

Mr. Crooke rightly insists, at the threshold of the work, on the composite character of modern Hinduism, and points out its resemblance in this respect to the religion of ancient Rome, as the Romans gradually became the masters of the Mediterranean basin and extended their dominion inland in all directions among peoples with widely differing forms of religion. It is difficult for us to form an adequate notion of the extent to which Hinduism is a still living faith. We have shredded off so many of the superstitions of

our forefathers that we can hardly understand how large provinces of Nature are still held by peoples comparatively civilised to be the spheres of arbitrary and incessant action by supernatural powers which are constantly multiplying. It needs books like the one before us to present and systematise the phenomena, to recall to our minds how mixed the population of India is—mixed in civilisation as well as in race—and to insist on the extraordinary fact that the modern activity and growth of Hinduism are largely due to the English conquest, and to the establishment of the *pax Britannica* with its modern facilities for communication.

There cannot be two opinions on the vast importance of the study of Hindu religion. In most other parts of the world accessible to the scientific student we find the native beliefs undermined by contact with Europeans. In India, on the other hand, what is going on is a recrudescence of Hinduism and the incorporation with it of a vast number of aboriginal cults and superstitions not previously taken up. These must rapidly carry further the process of transformation of the old Vedic faith, which has been in course for centuries. Meanwhile the religious beliefs, whether of the aboriginal tribes and lower castes or of the Brahmans themselves, hardly appear to be suffering any diminution of intensity. They are predominant over the lives and customs of the people. The position of our officials offers unusual facilities for observing the religion of the natives; the problems of government demand close attention to all that concerns that religion; and its vitality and its changes in the midst of its conservatism render it peculiarly interesting alike for its own sake and for purposes of comparison with similar processes elsewhere.

Mr. Crooke, when in India, utilised his opportunities. A patient observer and inquirer, he was impressed with the vast importance of the subject, and endeavoured to interest his fellow-officials and others in the folklore of the country. For that purpose he took up the work, dropped by Captain (now Major) Temple, of editing the *Panjab* (afterwards the *Indian*) *Notes and Queries*, called under Mr. Crooke's management *North Indian Notes and Queries*, and forming a mine of information on the peoples of India. Much of this information he has embodied in the work before us, together with much derived from other sources. Under all the difficulties of absence from this country, of the climate and of his official duties, he contrived to keep abreast of scientific thought

in anthropology, and especially in the department of folklore. So much was abundantly evident in the original edition. Valuable as that was, the present edition, by its large additions and by the application to Indian problems of the theories and suggestions of scientific students at home, is more valuable still. The author does not accept every theory formulated tentatively by inquirers who never came into actual contact with a savage people. He brings to bear upon them the light of his own experience, and often either denies their applicability to the peoples of India or suggests alternative explanations. At other times he contents himself with stating two or three rival theories without pronouncing definitely between them. We could have wished in many of these cases that he had pronounced for one or other, because his judgment would have carried weight. As a collection of material Mr. Crooke's work offers on every page authentic facts of the highest value. The chapter-headings do not convey a notion of a tithe of the wealth it contains, for incidentally the writer is led to discuss many ceremonies and superstitions for which one would hardly think of looking without the assistance of the sub-headings, and these are not given in the tables of contents. The references to parallel customs and beliefs in other parts of the world are helpful to the student, while they render the volumes more attractive to "the general reader" by perpetually reminding him that what the author is describing is not an isolated and inexplicable phenomenon of no consequence, but one which is dependent upon some principle of human thought, since it appears again and again elsewhere.

We have detected a trifling error on p. 209 of vol. ii. The fable of the ass in the panther's skin does not appear in the fifth, but in the fourth, book of the *Panchatantra*.

A useful bibliography and a good index conclude the work.

GREEK FOLK-POESY. ANNOTATED TRANSLATIONS FROM THE WHOLE CYCLE OF ROMAIC FOLK-VERSE AND FOLK-PROSE. By LUCY M. J. GARNETT. Edited, with Essays on the Science of Folklore, Greek Folkspeech, and the Survival of Paganism, by J. S. STUART-GLENNIE, M.A. 2 vols. London: David Nutt, 1896.

THIS valuable work, which does credit to authors and publisher alike, is indispensable to all who are interested in modern Greece; for of Greece it is true more than of any other nation, that the national life, character, and aspirations are revealed in the popular tales and ballads. The selection is full and representative; so that although many volumes might be filled with tales and ballads no less interesting than these, it is possible for those unacquainted with modern Greek to get from this work a sufficiently wide outlook over the Greek world. The sources from which the contents of the two volumes are drawn make a small library in themselves. They are nearly all collections of folk-literature; but one or two translations have been made from the modern poet Valaorites, who often most faithfully renders the spirit of popular beliefs; and some are from MS. sources. The first volume is a new edition of the collection published by the same writers some years ago, but it is greatly enlarged; and the second is entirely new.

Both verse and prose are classified under the following heads:— I. Mythological: Zoönist, Magical, and Supernalist. II. Social: Ante-nuptial, Family, Communal. III. Historical: Byzantine, Ottoman, Hellenic. The titles need some explanation. By Zoönist (for which the editor would now prefer to substitute Panzöist) is meant all that illustrates the idea that “inanimates . . . no less than plants and animals” are “conceived as responsively *sentient powers*” (ii. 477). Supernalist implies a recognition of powers not sentient only, but effective in acting upon other objects, a kind of “*natural gods*” (ii. 490). It is perhaps useful to have titles to distinguish the ideas here explained, but it must be confessed that those chosen by the editor do not tell their own story: and any one glancing into the book might be repelled by words which have an air of bombast and ostentation. It is a pity, therefore, in our opinion that simpler terms were not hit upon, or

that if words failed, English sentences were not used as headings for the various sections. Happy indeed is that popular Greek tongue, rich enough to coin words to express the most elaborate scientific idea, which shall yet be "understood of the people"; but English is not a language of that sort, and with us all scientific terminology seems destined to be a hideous jargon. Of course no title can be devised to cover fully the contents of the songs and stories; and magical elements (for instance) are often found in those classified under other heads;<sup>1</sup> the head-title marks merely the general tendency in each case. In the section "Family Life" classification is especially difficult; and it might have been better, though less symmetrical, not to subdivide this head into its three parts, since what is gained by it is not easy to see. By "Communal" the editor appears to mean nothing of the nature of what is usually understood by a "commune," but simply village life. It would be more natural, and would fit in better with the reader's previous knowledge, to classify the tales (for example) as Beast Tales, Cosmic Myths, Hero-Myths, Magical Tales, Social, and Historical. But enough: to the contents, which, however classified, form the value of the book.

The selection of verse is on the whole complete and satisfactory. If we miss examples of popular riddles, there is perhaps not much lost. If from the few specimens here given no one can form any idea of the hundreds of graceful love-couplets which form so marked a feature of Greek poetry, the difficulty of selection is great and of translation (*experto credite*) still greater. More important, from our point of view, is the thinness of the "Magical" section. Charms, it is true, are not altogether lacking; but there are current scores of charms against disease or misfortune which would have been interesting to us.<sup>2</sup> Comparatively few of these have been printed; but Miss Garnett cannot have lived among the Greeks without hearing many, and this book is not confined to what is already printed. Then, again, there are some songs relating to the operations of farming and breeding which may be important, as, for instance, the Sheep-shearing Ditty of Chios (*Chiaka Analekta*, p. 103). As in the modern Swallow Song

<sup>1</sup> The poem in i. 185 might well be classified as Magical; i. 120 and i. 137 as Zoönist.

<sup>2</sup> Such, for example, as those from Lesbos given in *Folk-Lore*, vol. vii. pp 143-4.

(Passow, No. 307a) is perpetuated the ancient Rhodian *Κελιδόρισμα*, the ideas in each being much the same, and the first line the same word for word, so in some of these others may live the Linos Song, or the dirge of Adonis.

A general idea of the contents of the first volume has been given already in discussing the classification adopted in this work. Among the "Zoönist" poems are dialogues between personified natural objects, such as the dispute of Olympos and Kissavos (i. 51): horses, wolves, deer, birds, and trees discourse, or converse with human beings. The "Magical" section contains poems about dragons and other monsters, witches, haunting-spirits, the vampire, and one or two spells. In the "Communal" division fall dirges, love-songs, lullabies, and nursery rimes, together with a few distichs that have been translated; there are also dancing and festival songs, and a few of a humorous sort. The "Historical" section is very full and interesting, and may be regarded as the most satisfactory in the book. It begins with portions of those epic ballads which commemorate the half-mythical hero, Digenes Akritas (tenth century), about whom an explanatory and critical note is given (p. 404). Around this name a complete circle of ballads has grown up, which might form the germ of another Odyssey if Greece should produce another Homer; and Digenes has even appropriated exploits of the ancient heroes, strangling snakes like Herakles at his birth (405), and performing deeds of valour when yet an infant. Other memories of Byzantine days are followed by verses on most of the events that attended the fall of that empire and the struggles of the Greeks with Turkey: the sack of Constantinople and Salonica, the battle of Lepanto, the heroic defence of Souli, the rout of the Moslems at Sphakia, even down to the rising in Thessaly during the year 1880. These are interesting to a wide circle at the present time, illustrating as they do the traditional Turkish warfare of rape and ravaging. The prose extracts under this head are less numerous and slighter. There are some vivid descriptions of events that occurred during the Turko-Greek struggle; but the most significant of this group is a piece which alludes to the pre-historic Hellenes, or giant folk, who lifted in their hands the great stones that form Cyclopean walls (412).

The volume of Tales contains a good many parallels of well-known tales, such as Cinderella and Puss-in-Boots. The familiar

incidents of folktales occur again and again, as the Hero's Tasks, the Helpful Beasts, and so forth. The Life-token often occurs.

But in both verse and prose the greatest interest attaches to those things which are peculiar to the Greek race; to their manners, their beliefs, and their mode of regarding the universe. All this comes out more strongly in the poems than in the tales; for in these the incidents of ordinary life are alluded to merely, in those they are more fully described, and we can follow in detail the thoughts that run through a Greek peasant's mind at all the great moments of life. We see him marrying and giving in marriage, dancing at his feasts or mourning at the funeral, and we can trace those strange and sombre beliefs which make up his religion. So long as God and the Saints appear in popular story, and God is rebuked as being less just than Death (ii. 408),<sup>1</sup> while the Saints take bribes to betray their votaries (i. 105, 398), great Pan is not yet dead. But the personages of Christian story appear seldom. More often it is the dread "Outside Powers" whom we encounter: the Nereids, with their baleful influence, wedding men to destroy them; the Fates, who must be propitiated at every turn; and the Dhrakos, the Vampire, the Lamia (sometimes associated with snakes, i. 104), or Charon, merciless and cruel, dragging off his victims by the hair of their head to his "dark tent."

The number of allusions to ancient mythology and legend will come as a surprise to many; and as the editor has not done justice to this subject in his essay on the *Survival of Paganism*, it may not be amiss to collect them here. The Fates and Nereids have been already mentioned; and it is interesting to notice that the malignant "Outside Powers" are called the Lucky Ones, just as they used to be called the Eumenides, or Kindly Ones (ii. 446), and the milk and honey which used to be offered to the Furies are now offered to the Nereids (447). The Gorgons are here (229); nor lacks the stolen eye of the Weird Old Sisters, now transferred to a Dhrako (228). A Golden Citron-tree is guarded by lions (17), and the Golden Apples by a dragon (77). A hero kills a three-headed hydra in a swamp (70), and afterwards a boar (71). The adventure of infant Heracles with the snakes has been appropriated by Digenes, as already stated. A son journeys abroad to find his father, bearing a pistol for token, as Theseus

<sup>1</sup> It must, however, be observed that this story is rather Slavonic than Greek in spirit, and I suspect Slavonic influence.

bore the sword and sandals (28); and in another story comes the episode of the returning ship, the white flag forgotten, and the father's death (55). Like Proteus, a Turkish Aga transforms himself into a lion, a serpent, a bird of prey, and a flame (175). The Dhrakos with his riddles recalls the Sphinx (96). Œdipus and Jocasta wed again (194). In the tale of the *Sugar Man* (120), Pygmalion and his maiden change parts. Aphrodite survives as a famous beauty in the same story that describes the wanderings of Demetra in search of her daughter (171 ff.). A later Psyche weds with a husband whom she may not see (279). Of Homeric story, we have the episode of the Cyclops in great detail (80 ff.), cavern, blinding, escape and all. I may add that Odysseus' trick about his name reappears in a story from Lesbos (*Folk-Lore*, vol. vii. p. 154); and that the omen of the oar, which was mistaken for a winnowing fan, occurs in another Ægean tale. Lastly, a good deal of the legend of Danae is found in the *Woodcutter Lad*, a tale from Tinos, and one of Mr. Paton's manuscript collection.

Not only is there much interest in the matter of these volumes, but their literary interest is also considerable. Many of the stories are uncommonly good, and their style is simple and vigorous. In the verse translations the same standard has not been obtained; but the translator has aimed first at accuracy, and to this has sacrificed much. Both verse and prose are translated almost literally, and wherever the present writer has compared them with the originals, they have proved not only literal, but correct.<sup>1</sup>

The notes contain a great deal of valuable information, relating as well to folklore as to history. Some have already been noticed; we may further refer to the parallels and explanations of the False Bride myth (i. 396), and to the conjecture on the plural "Christ-Births" for the Nativity (109). There is also an exhaustive note on the alleged sacrifice of Christian children by Jews (vol. i. note 51, on a poem, page 290), in which it is suggested that this, and even the crucifixion of our Lord, may be due to a "possibly immemorial custom."

It remains to mention the editor's Introductions and Appendices. These consist of a General Preface, an Essay on the Science of Folklore and Excursus on Greek Folk-Speech, and the Survival of Paganism. The arrangement of the material is familiar to

<sup>1</sup> There are a few exceptions: e.g. i. p. 68 contains some mistranslations, unless we have used a different text.



the Society from Mr. Stuart-Glennie's paper in the *Transactions of the International Folklore Congress* of 1891, and these collections may be taken as supplementing the Excursus to the *Women of Turkey*. In these essays, particularly in the second, questions are raised of great importance and wide bearing, which it will be impossible here to do more than touch upon. Mr. Stuart-Glennie has some novel and startling theories to bring forward; and it may be said at once, that while to prove them would need far more evidence than he brings forward, they are by no means on that account to be dismissed as untrue. He finds fault with current theories as being inadequate to cover all the facts of history, and as being often inconsistent. He proposes to go back to first principles, and to find out what is the origin (1) of social development and (2) of progressive philosophic thought. The former he finds in a conflict of higher races with lower, and not in a spontaneous growth out of savagery; the latter is a conflict between higher and lower conceptions. Certain "primary civilisations" (whose origin, by the way, the editor does not inquire into), are postulated, which gradually tamed and civilised the wilder races that filled the rest of the world. He finds a reminiscence of this period in stories of the Swan-maiden type, where a man sees a woman of surpassing beauty and power, weds her, follows her to her own country, is there kept in subjection, and returns with new thoughts and aspirations. From alliances of this sort he would apparently derive the idea of women's power which suggested the Amazon legend. If we are not mistaken, he also connects with this the Matriarchate; though we cannot follow him in explaining thus a custom so much more easily explicable from natural facts.

The wild man's thought of the civilised may have been the origin of tales in which occur giants and supernaturally powerful persons. That power and size are associated in the uncivilised mind is clear enough. The writer well remembers seeing in India many years ago a marionette show depicting the siege of Delhi, in which the European soldiers differed in size according to their rank, and the Rajah, if made to scale, towered hundreds of feet above his fortifications. The same thing may be seen in the figures of Pharaohs on Egyptian bas-reliefs. At the same time, it must be remembered that the giants of folktales are generally outwitted and destroyed. Again, the transmission of

folktales will be explained by the influence of these primary civilisations permeating by way of the great trade routes. These are wide questions, and would need not an essay or a review, but a book to deal with the m. It would be unfair to criticise this theory of the origin of culture solely in connection with Greek folklore, since Mr. Stuart-Glennie bases it mainly upon Egyptian, Babylonian, and Chinese facts. If we find that Greece does not entirely support it, this need not be thought a fatal objection. Whether we regard Greek culture in the main as a native development of elements borrowed from the Nile and Euphrates valleys, or as a native development of elements common to Greece with other Aryan-speaking races, in either case the effective causes on which Mr. Stuart-Glennie most relies seem to be lacking. Mycenaean civilisation seems not to have been due to causes which are possible enough in the case of Egypt and Babylonia. Be this as it may, Mr. Stuart-Glennie's theory widens the student's horizon, and the line of inquiry seems likely to lead to important results; the theory well explains, as the editor claims, many elements in the Swan-maiden marriage. Still, we must repeat, the evidence given is not enough to prove it. This would need a much wider induction. The editor writes in a style which would seem to have disguised even to himself the scantiness of the facts he relies upon. He must not think hard things of us because we do not rest satisfied with his satisfaction; we are open to conviction, and only ask that his facts may be speedily produced for our behoof.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We have noted a few misprints. i. 77, note, read Vrykolakas; i. 112, the reference should be Passow, ccciv. a; i. 290, reference should be to note 51, not 52.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### SUPERNATURAL CHANGE OF SITE.

(Vol. viii., p. 177.)

I DON'T know if Mr. Gomme is answerable for the item of cutting the Barn Hall beam and its consequences; but I have known Barn Hall and its beam tradition from early boyhood, and I never heard of cutting it (the beam). What I used to hear was, that if it was whitewashed ever so carefully and ever so often it became black again forthwith, and that the devil's finger-marks were still to be seen "burnt in in the wood." I never went down to the cellar to see, so little did we who lived there think about it. Some of the lads of the family were schoolfellows of mine, and I was in the habit of going to the house (which was distant from the house in which my father lived about three and a half to four miles) pretty frequently. The rhyme, "Where this beam doth fall," &c., has been familiar to my ears and recollection since about 1825. The "enclosed uncultivated space" was the site of an old moated hall, and was believed to be haunted (like divers other places in the vicinity), each legend being more unimaginative, and often silly as well as vulgar, than the last. The Barn Hall legend is only the survival of the old well-worn story of building-shifting, of which we have so many instances in these parts of Yorkshire. My church was shifted, according to tradition, and the materials, as they were put together, pulled down nightly, just as in the Barn Hall story, and eventually flung over a ridge of the moorland 900 to 1,000 feet above sea-level. At the Barn Hall site they were flung a mile and better up the hill. It is quite singular how from time to time I come, or have come, on the quasi-prototypes of many of these legends in such books as Hylten Cavallius' *Wärend och Wirdarne*. Twice in the course of leisure reading I have (early this year) come on what was beyond doubt the old form of legends current here. There was a mythical Grant Wade here (that is, in this district), who had an equally mythical wife called "Bell," and an equally mythical

infant who could hurl a stone weighing three or four tons a couple of miles or so when he wanted to be suckled. Wade and his wife constructed the East Cleveland Roman Road, as well as Mulgrave and Pickering Castles, having for their sole tool a simple hammer, which they threw backwards and forwards to each other as needed. This is in *Wärend och Wirdarne* (only the actors are a Jätte and his spouse), and the hammer resolves itself into the old stone-hammer, so much prized by the modern collector, if examples chance to occur.

What occurs to me is, that modern folk-lore collectors are, however zealous, too little acquainted with the difference between the really old, and the modern "improvements" and "embellishments." Mr. Gomme evidently does not know the whole legend of Barn Hall. There is a lot to be illustrated and explained. The projector, planner, and builder of the intended Barn Hall sits up to wait for and catch in the act the wanton destroyer of his work. He is not alone, but has for his companions on the vigil two "spayed bitches," and they help him in his conflict with "Old Nick." I used to hear of the scrimmage and so forth, and got to couple the idea of the dogs and the armoured knight in the mouth of the 1825-30 tellers with an old effigy in Tolleshunt-Knights Church.

J. C. ATRINSON.

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#### BAPTISMAL RITES.

Where can I find an account of pre-Christian rites analogous to baptism? And in what countries of the Old World have such rites been practised by non-Christians since the commencement of our era?

M. P.

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#### ALL SOULS.

In what book is the best description of Asiatic festivals which are similar in significance to that of our European All Souls Day to be found?

M. P.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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### THE SACRED FISHES OF NANT PERIS.

THE following extract from *Bye-gones relating to Wales and the Marches*, of the 25th November last, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Editor, deserves preservation in *Folk-Lore* :

“Two new fishes have just been put in the ‘Sacred Well,’ Ffynon-y-Sant, at Tynyffynon, Nant Peris, Llanberis. Invalids in large numbers came, during the last century and the first half of the present century, to this well to drink of its ‘miraculous waters,’ and the oak box, where the contributions of those who visited the spot were kept, is still in its place at the side of the well. There have long been two ‘sacred fishes’ in this well, and there is a tradition in the village to the effect that if one of the Tynyffynon fishes came out of its hiding place when an invalid took some of the water for drinking, or for bathing purposes, cure was certain ; but if the fishes remained in their den, the water would do those who took it no good. Two fishes only are to be put in the well at a time, and they generally live in its waters for about half a century. If one dies before the other, it would be of no use to put in a new fish, for the old fish would not associate with it, and it would die. The experiment has been tried. The last of the two fishes put in the well about fifty years ago died in August. It had been blind for some time previously to its death. When taken out of the water it measured 17 inches, and it was buried in the garden adjoining the well. It is stated in a document of the year 1776, that the parish clerk was to receive the money put in the box of the well by visitors. This money, together with the amount of 6s. 4d., was his annual stipend.”

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### ANCIENT CUSTOM AT SEA.

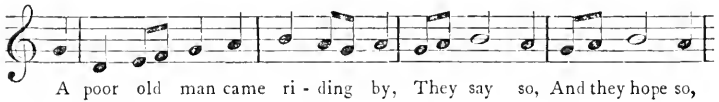
One of the most curious old customs I have ever seen is that known among sailors as “The burial of the dead horse.”

When a sailor joins a ship he is allowed one month’s wages in

advance, in order to buy what clothes he may need for the voyage. When that month is up all the sailors collect together to "bury the dead horse," or, as it were, "the dead month." The ceremony can hardly be in its original form, but the following is what took place on board a ship bound from London to Melbourne, on which I was a passenger a short time ago, and I fancy it is very much the same on other sailing vessels.

In the morning one of the crew collected from the passengers as much money as they would give (in our case it amounted to £1 10s.) towards the "auction" of the dead horse in the evening. Then a horse was made, life-size; an empty tar-barrel stuffed with straw for body, wisp of tow for tail and mane, ears, eyes, and mouth imitated cleverly upon a stuffed head. The horse was well made, the crew being, like most sailors, clever with their fingers.

As soon as it was dark the fun began. One of the crew dressed as a jockey mounted the horse, and the two were pushed along the main deck in little jerks, followed by the whole crew in a long procession, singing the following doggrel in a slow chanting fashion :



If he dies, I will tan his skin,  
 They say so, and they hope so,  
 If he lives, I will sell him again,  
 Poor old horse !

Old horse, old horse, what brought you here—  
 They say so, and they hope so,  
 Drawing turf for many a year,  
 Poor old horse !

From Ballycottin to Ballyack,  
 They say so, and they hope so,  
 Where I fell down and broke my back,  
 Poor old horse !

The poor old horse he's dead and gone,  
They say so, and they hope so,  
And we will sing his funeral song,  
Poor old horse !

His old hide good leather will make,  
They say so, and they hope so,  
And his flesh salt horse for sailor's sake,  
Poor old horse !

We will dig his grave with a silver spade,  
They say so, and they hope so,  
And his memory shall never fade,  
Poor old horse !

We will lower him down with a golden chain,  
They say so, and they hope so,  
For his like we shall never see again,  
Poor old horse !

After the song one of the crew, who was the auctioneer, proceeded to sell the horse by auction, the passengers bidding one against the other until the sum of £1 10s. was reached. At this point we had been cautioned to stop bidding, unless we intended to pay the extra sum out of our own pockets. One lady bid a few shillings higher—the bargain was struck, and the auction over. All this had taken some time, and was made amusing by the auctioneer, who was a witty fellow. No attempt was made to present the lady with her property. A blue light was lit, and the jockey, still seated on the horse, was drawn up by a rope to the end of the yard-arm, where they dangled for some time over the dark sea. The jockey lit another blue light and waved it aloft ; it burnt brilliantly, sending sparks flying all around into the darkness. We then all gave “three cheers for the dead horse,” the jockey cut a rope, the horse fell with a splash into the sea, and was quickly left far behind ; a curious sight in mid-ocean for any other passing ship. After that, the jockey was hauled down, and the captain ordered the stewards to “serve out grog all round.” The latter part of the evening was devoted to a concert and recitations on the main deck, together with some very clever step-dancing by the jockey. He was a small man, light and agile as a girl, and his dancing, in his rough shoes and on that uneven deck, was as pretty as any seen on a stage. Throughout the evening the moon shone as brilliantly as it only can shine out on the open sea. Those who have been lucky enough to see such

moonlight under such circumstances will understand how it added to the effect of the curious proceedings of which we had been the witnesses.

At 10 p.m. "God save the Queen" was sung, and so ended "The burial of the dead horse."

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*The Rectory, Rayleigh, Essex.*

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SNAKE-STONES.

Ancient stones carved with representations of serpents (always the cobra) are very numerous in the south of India, often in groups on a platform under a tree or within the precinct of a temple, often too singly by a road-side, or in the corner of a field, purposely left waste for the local deities, like the "goodman's croft" in Scotland; sometimes by a well or spring on a hill-side. These serpent-stones, very various in design, abound especially throughout the Mysore territory. Some antiquaries think them as old as the prehistoric monuments, cromlechs, kistvaens, &c., which are also very numerous. Most of them have an appearance of extreme antiquity, worn, blurred, and weather-beaten, as in the example on the table. Indeed, it seems not improbable that they may be vestiges of the popular cult previous to the Aryan invasion. No priest has charge of them; no Brahman assists in any serpent rites; Brahmans avoid the sight of a snake, and meeting one is for them the worst of omens, and enough to stop any undertaking. In the north of India, serpent-stones, I believe, do not exist. The Brahmans in their descent from north to south probably found serpent-worship popular and flourishing, and from motives of policy countenanced it to a certain extent, but never adopted it. In connection with the Brahmanical gods the serpent is always shown in a subordinate or servile capacity, seven-headed, and overshadowing Shiva or Vishnu like a canopy, or hung about them necklace-fashion.

At present the village people regard these old weather-worn stones with a certain awe and superstitious feeling. None will point a finger at them, as it is believed that a finger so pointed would rot and drop from the hand. Men make them no offerings, but childless women often lay flowers before them and touch



their heads with red paint, hoping thereby to be blessed with children. I have often seen flowers laid before this stone, which was placed in a niche by a spring on the side of a picturesque wooded bank above a temple near Mangalore, the principal town of Canara, on the western coast of India. I understood that offerings and adjurations were especially made to the side of the stone bearing the rude sculpture of a serpent-woman, which recalls the Melusina of mediæval romance. A vast amount of ancient symbolism is gathered round this form. In early Christian ages, amongst that pre-eminently mystical sect the Gnostics, the serpent-woman typified the world-soul, the third creative power, whence issued matter from which man was formed. That strange bewildering system almost certainly reached Egypt and Europe from the East. I could not learn, however, that any popular stories like the Melusina romance-legends are current regarding these snake-woman figures in India to-day.

It may be mentioned that some regard the serpent-stones as relics of that Scythian invasion of which a dim tradition survives, and which at some unrecorded time preceded the advent of the Aryan tribes. Some of the stones bear a snake on one side and on the other a figure in what looks like the ancient Scythic costume of high cap and tunic, such as would befit a cold country, resembling nothing worn by Hindus.

I may add, lastly, one extraordinary bit of folklore belief with respect to the cobra and snake-stones. The Rev. G. Richter, a missionary long resident in Coorg, reports that in that small principality, situate between Canara and Mysore, it is popularly believed that the cobra lives a thousand years; at middle life its body begins to shrink and brighten till it shines like silver, and measures three feet or less at the age of six or seven hundred years; later on it shines like gold, and is only a foot in length; at last it shrinks to the size of a finger. Then one day it flies up in the air, dies, falls to the ground, and disappears, but presently a serpent-stone appears upon the spot, which is called Nâka, and enclosed with stones; anyone stepping upon it, even unawares, will be attacked by incurable skin-disease, and rot away by degrees. Down further south the natives have a strange notion that a cobra dying turns into a partridge; and everywhere when spoken of it is termed "the good snake," like "the good people" in Ireland and Scotland, and the Eumenides in antiquity.

M. J. WALHOUSE.

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- Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology**, xix, 5. *Sir P. Le Page Renouf*, The Book of the Dead, chap. cxxxvi. *F. Legge*, A Coptic Spell of the Second Century.
- Contemporary Review**, June. *W. M. Flinders Petrie*, Eaten with Honour. [An account of remains found in Egyptian tombs, pointing to a ritual eating of the dead.]
- Transactions of the Cymmrodorion Society**, 1895-6. *F. Seebohm*, The Historical Importance of the Cymric Tribal System.
- Reliquary**, iii, 3. *E. S. Hartland*, On an Inscribed Lead Tablet found at Dymock, in Gloucestershire.
- Revue de l' Histoire des Religions**, xxxv, 2. *L. Leger*, Les Sources de la Mythologie Slave.
- Century**, June *Alice C. Fletcher*, Home Life Among the Indians.
- Le Vieux Liège**, 1 Mai. *E. Monseur*, La Fête de Russon. [An interesting account of a rustic festival at Russon, a Flemish village near Tongres. The author traces it to a heathen solemnity in honour of Woden. Reproductions of photographs are given, showing the procession at different points and individual portraits of some of the performers in costume.]
- Fourteenth Report of the Committee** [of the Devonshire Association] **on Devonshire Folklore**. [The reports of the Committee of the Devonshire Association are always useful and interesting. The report before us has a special value because one of the communications it contains challenges the account given by "An Old Holne Curate" in *N. and Q.*, 1st series,

vii., 353, of the sacrifice of a ram at Holne. This account has been quoted and used with much effect by Mr. Gomme in *Ethnology in Folklore*. Several of the most striking particulars of the ceremony are here denied on the authority of "the oldest parishioners." The original account was published in 1853. Denials of this kind, after a considerable lapse of time, are becoming quite a common phenomenon. It is a pity that they should not have been made when the original record was recent and the original reporter had an opportunity of vindicating his statements. In this case forty-three years have passed away, and probably the "Old Holne Curate" is no longer living.]

**Mind**, vi, N. S., 22. *Havelock Ellis*, A Note on Hypnagogic Paramnesia. [The author defines Hypnagogic Paramnesia as "a false memory occurring in the antechamber of sleep," and suggests that "in the earlier stages of culture" phenomena such as he describes and discusses "must have had a real influence on belief." They are certainly worth the consideration of present-day observers of savage life and mental processes.]

**American Anthropologist**, June. *D. G. Brinton*, The Missing Authorities on Mayan Antiquities. [Most of the missing works referred to by Dr. Brinton relate to the customs and superstitions of the Mayan race. It is not impossible that some of the works may still exist in MS. or print. We may hope that this paper will stimulate the search for them, since they are of priceless value to the students of religion and custom.]

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# Folk=Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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VOL. VIII.]

DECEMBER, 1897.

[No. IV.

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## NOTES ON ORENDEL AND OTHER STORIES.

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(*Read at meeting of 16th February, 1897.*)

THE German poem of *Orendel* (edd. von der Hagen, 1844 ; Etmüller, 1858 ; Berger, 1888) is a confused and rambling story, belonging to one of the lowest orders of medieval romance, the hack-work of the professional minstrels. Its date is uncertain : the authorities for the text are late, a manuscript of 1477 (burnt in 1870, at Strasburg), and an early printed book (Augsburg, 1512). The last editor dates the poem about 1160, but the date is brought considerably lower down by Dr. Richard Heinzel in his study of the subject (1892).

The author has combined two principal motives in his story : (1) the adventures of a king's son ; he goes on a voyage to win the princess of a distant country, who is known to him only by report as the fairest woman on earth ; and (2) the legend of the Holy Coat of Trèves, the Seamless Coat (*tunica inconsutilis*), which is found by Orendel in his wanderings. The whole thing is the work of an irresponsible poet who has little qualification for his art except a command of all the commonplaces of popular romance, and the usual healthy appetite of travelling minstrels (*die varnde diet*, the wayfaring men, according to their old German

appellation), which, like the rest of his tribe, whatever their language, he is ready to confess at the most thrilling moment by stopping to ask for a drink (l. 2791).

*Orendel* has been the subject of learned commentaries far out of proportion to the author's claims as a poet. One of the best reasons for this is the attraction of the name. *Orendel* corresponds to a name of some importance in Teutonic mythology: *Aurvendill*, *Örvendill*, the husband of *Groa*; he was brought back by *Thor* in a basket when *Thor* came back from the land of the giants; one of his toes was frost-bitten on the journey, and *Thor* flung it at the sky, where it is a star, *Örvendils tá*. The story is one that lends itself to the interpreters of solar and summer myths, and naturally the German *Orendel* has been compared with the Icelandic story as told by *Snorri*. The name is found elsewhere; *Horvendillus* in *Saxo* is the name of *Hamlet's* father, and the Anglo-Saxon *Earendel* is a name by which *Cynewulf* addresses the Lord in a passage where Christ is the "brightest of angels," "the radiance of the sun above the stars;" it is evidently in this case an old mythical or poetical name capable of meaning the sun, or the light of the sun (*Crist*, l. 103).

Besides these mythological associations and possibilities in *Orendel*, there is the other motive, of the Gray Coat, and its association with the legend of the Invention of the Cross.

The story is so indefinite, and so full of repetitions and commonplaces, that it is difficult to say what its main design is, if it has any, and very easy to support different theories of its origin. It may be regarded as a clumsy mixture of an old German heroic tradition with the legendary story of the Seamless Coat. Or again, the legendary part of it, the part resembling the *Saints' Lives*, may be considered as the foundation of the whole, the suggestions of the name *Orendel* being dismissed as merely fortuitous, and the hero's adventures being taken, not as a survival of old mythology, but merely as a mass of commonplaces, which lay ready

to hand for any professional story-teller to pick up, just as the ordinary machinery of the romance of chivalry might be used again and again without infringing any copyright. This second view is represented in Dr. Heinzel's treatise. Of the first party, regarding Orendel as an ancient German hero with a right to his name, and possibly even to high honour as a Sun-god, there are different advocates, the most thorough-going representative of this view being Müllenhoff, who is followed by Berger in his edition of the story. Another view, but one which at the same time recognises a line of native old tradition in Orendel, is given by Rydberg.<sup>1</sup> Grimm puts together the Aurvendill-Earendel-Orendel references without trying to reconcile the evidence, still taking the name Orendel in its mythological bearings. He calls attention also to the things resembling the *Odyssey* in the shipwreck of Orendel.

These are some of the incidents of the story:—

King Ougel of Trier had three sons; the youngest was Orendel. It was on St. Stephen's day that he was knighted; he asked his father to find him a wife. His father told him that he knew of no match for him but one, who was a queen over sea, wise and glorious—Brîde, the Queen of the Holy Sepulchre:

Si ist ein edel künigin hère  
Und ist gesezzen vil ferre  
Über des wilden sêwes fluot,  
Si ist ein edele künigin guot.

Orendel set out on the voyage with seventy-two keels. They were driven into the Klebermere—more correctly *Lebermere*, the sticky or curdled sea (*la mer betée*), which, according to some, lies over the drowned island of Atlantis.<sup>2</sup> Orendel's ships were kept there for three years. They got

<sup>1</sup> *Teutonic Mythology* (Engl. tr.), p. 566 *sqq.* Orendel is equated with Svipdag, and the princess with Freyja, according to Rydberg's interpretation of the Svipdag myth, which has been summarised by Mr. York-Powell, introduction to Saxo, p. cxvii. *sqq.* (F. L. S. 1894).

<sup>2</sup> *Image du Monde*, quoted by F. Michel, *Fergus*, 1841, p. 287.

free, and were in sight of land and of the Holy Sepulchre when they were blown to sea again and wrecked. Orendel was saved on a piece of the ship; his clothes were torn off among the rocks and breakers, as he was thrown on a desert shore. There he made a shelter for himself in a hole in the sand. On the fourth morning a fisher came sailing by, and Orendel cried to him for help, and was taken on board, calling himself a shipwrecked fisherman, and, like Ulysses, taking a leafy branch to cover his nakedness. He was put to the fishing by his master Ise, and acquitted himself well. The Gray Coat was found by Ise the fisherman in a whale that they had caught, and was sold to Orendel for 30 pence (provided by the Angel Gabriel). Orendel, later, went off by himself, helped by the fisherman and his wife, and came, after adventures, to the city of the Sepulchre. There the Templars took no notice of him; one of the citizens called him "Gray Coat," which became his name, and pointed out Brîde to him. Orendel was vexed at his want of a horse, but got a horse and shield from a heathen king Mercian. Brîde saw him, and sent a messenger to ask him to enter her service. The Templars were jealous, and sent for a giant on an elephant to come and take Orendel's life. Orendel knocked him off his elephant (calling the beast a sea-cow), and thereafter routed twelve kings, and came back into the presence of Brîde, who asked him if he was King Ougel's son, her destined lord, but he refused to acknowledge this. Then more heathens and another giant have to be disposed of. The Queen gives Orendel her father King David's sword, and after the battle says she will have no man but Gray Coat. Then came another heathen invasion. The Templars swore to stand by Gray Coat, and forswore themselves after. Brîde armed herself, and rode out through the heathen (16,000 of them): this is one of the best passages in the minstrel's story. Brîde and Orendel met (l. 2,080, *sq.*), and he recognised her voice, in the battle. After that, Orendel told her who he was.



There is a great deal more of the story; and many things have been passed over in this abstract which belong to the legendary strain in the composition. The story as here represented will be seen to resemble a great many other stories in its use of a common plot—the quest for the princess of a strange land, and the winning of the princess by the fortunate adventurer, who may or may not be, as Orendel is, a youngest son, but who, in any case, is required to do great things before the princess is gained. In the rambling, blundering story there can be no mistake about this: the minstrel has a story to tell, and this is definitely a considerable part of it, and even in its way an interesting story, not worse than some other (more arrogant) professional fiction.

Has it anything to do with the Sun-god or the Culture-hero, with Aurvendill the friend of Thor, or Horvendillus the father of Hamlet?

Some scholars think so; but curiously some of those who have taken most pains to prove their case, Müllenhoff and his followers, have thrown over almost all this part of the story as it stands. Going on to the latter part of the German tale (l. 2845), where Orendel is called back to Trier to help his father against besieging enemies, and taking this along with the things that resemble the *Odyssey*, they have turned the tale of Orendel—which for more than 2,000 lines is taken up with the story of the young king's voyages and travels away from home into the unknown world to win the true princess—into a return story like the *Odyssey*—a very good story, but not that which the minstrel told in this romance. Orvendill came back to Groa; Orendel also came back,<sup>1</sup> and the story of his outward

<sup>1</sup> Aber Alles wird auf einmal klar und gewinnt Sinn und Bedeutung, wenn wir, worauf zuerst Müllenhoff hingewiesen hat, die Brautwerbung als eine jüngere Umbildung betrachten: *in der ursprünglichen Gestalt handelte es sich nicht um Orendels Brautfahrt sondern um seine Rückkehr.* Er hat Schiffbruch gelitten, und kommt in elender Kleidung zurück in die Heimat, findet seine Gattin von Freiern unlagert, besiegt sie alle, bleibt aber zunächst

voyage, it is argued, is not the authentic story. It is made up out of ready-made stuff. The cloggy water, the Lebermere, for example, is a "machine," and a favourite one, in the popular romances and in popular literature generally;<sup>1</sup> and Ise the fisherman is found in the German poem of St. Oswald.

Thus, on one side there is a theory which makes a German *Odyssey* out of the old book—a story that is not told in the book as it stands. On the other side is a criticism of the work which attaches no importance to the things taken up by the first party, and considers that the positive substantial groundwork is that legendary interest which the first party would neglect as adventitious. Both sides—the mythologists, who would like to see Orendel restored to his own as a demigod at least, identified with Aurvendill; and also the more positive critic, who takes what is before him, and does not choose to say "return of Ulysses" where the book says "outward bound"—are agreed in making little of the story as it is given in the first part of the poem, the part described above; the one side because it is not what they wish to find, the other because it seems to them poor stuff and mere mechanical invention and composition.

Thus this ancient piece of hack-work may serve as an illustration of different methods and tempers of criticism. Poor enough in itself, it is a pretty subject for the game.

It raises some rather large problems, which are likely to recur wherever literature touches, as it perpetually must, on the ground of mythology or folklore.

When the same plot is found in different stories, in what sense is it the same? The question has been heard before

unerkant, und erst nachdem er sich Land und Leute zurückgewonnen, der Gattin Treue wiederholt erprobt und diese ihm sogar im Kampfe siegreich beigestanden, gibt er sich als Herr und König zu erkennen, und die Mannen huldigen ihm. (Berger, *Orendel* (1888), p. lxxi.)

<sup>1</sup> *Herzog Ernst*, ed. Karl Bartsch, p. cxlv. (Berger's reference).

in this Society; but it has to be asked with a difference in each several case, especially when the stories compared are not of the same order,—when, for instance, one of the examples is taken from Grimm or Campbell, or some such record of oral tradition, and the other from professional or rhetorical literature.

When romantic literature is brought into comparison with stories of popular tradition, there is always the difficulty of deciding where resemblances are evidence of direct obligation or affinity, and where they are coincidences—due not directly to any one form of a popular story, but indirectly to the common imaginative machinery and properties which go free over all the world unattached to any particular plots. The story of Orendel's wanderings is like the plots of a number of popular tales, but it is not to be identified straight off with any of these, because there is always the possibility that the author may have used, not a particular definite story, but merely the more generic type of adventures, such as might come into anyone's head, combining in his own way the obvious and commonplace motives of an adventurous journey in such a way as accidentally or coincidentally to make something like the plot of a well-known class of *märchen*.

The case of *Orendel* may be compared with others in which there is no doubt that a romance has used a definite traditional plot; for example, the romance of *Walewein* as compared with the Gaelic popular tale of *Mac Iain Dirreach*,<sup>1</sup> or again the romance of *Sir Amadas*, which is the story of the *Travelling Companion*, the *Grateful Ghost*, and which contains not merely the common motive of the dead man returning to help his benefactor, which might possibly be invented independently by different authors, but the particular incidents that belong to this story in tradition, the almost inseparable accidents of a definite and coherent story-formula. It does not seem *à priori* necessary that

<sup>1</sup> *Folklore*, vol. v., p. 121, *sqq.*

the Travelling Companion, at the end of the story, should exact the half of all that the adventurer has gained, even to the dividing of his wife or child; but this ordeal is part of the plot all over the world,<sup>1</sup> and it is found in *Sir Amadas* as it is found in scores of other places,—for instance, in the admirable version published the other day by Mr. Larminie.<sup>2</sup> Here the coincidence is not due to accidental shuffling of commonplaces; it is one identical story which survives and holds the same elements in combination.

On the other hand there is a pretty instance of the way common adventures may be put together independently in similar order, in the French romance of *Durmart le Gallois* as compared with *Orendel*.<sup>3</sup> *Durmart le Gallois* is work of a higher class than *Orendel*; but its author is also a professional story-teller working up the commonplaces of a romantic school. He tells in his own way the story of a King's son and his love for a princess he has never seen, a Queen in Ireland, and of his wanderings in search of her, and how he finds her besieged in her city (Limerick), and takes command of the defence and raises the siege, while the Queen looks on from the battlements. The poem has other merits besides its plot; it is one of the best of the romances of the school of Chrestien of Troyes, and very successful in its choice of motives, especially in its rejection of the unnecessary conventional machinery of dragons, enchanters, and so on. It would have been passed by the curate and the barber with no more censure than they gave to *Tirant the White*, which it anticipates in some respects as a work of edification and an exposition of the chivalrous ideal. The story is of less

<sup>1</sup> Max Hippe, *Herrig's Archiv*, lxxxi., Untersuchungen zur mittellengl. Romanze von *Sir Amadas*.

<sup>2</sup> *West Irish Folk-tales and Romances* (1893), p. 155; the original Irish in Appendix, p. 245.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. Stengel, Strassburg, 1873.

importance in *Durmart le Gallois* than the moral; and the story can hardly be regarded as anything but an arrangement of quite common and familiar material. It is not like *Sir Amadas* or *Walewein*, a romantic version of a definite coherent traditional plot.

The story of *Durmart* is the story of *Orendel*, in the main. If the story of *Orendel* (i.e. that part of it which has been abstracted above) is anything but a repetition of commonplaces, if there is in it any specific scheme of a story analogous to the definite plot of *Sir Amadas*, that must be proved by consideration of the particular details, e.g., the Klebermere, the helping fisherman.

The sluggish sea is a commonplace of popular knowledge in the Middle Ages;<sup>1</sup> it might easily be put in or left out by any story-teller. But in other stories of the search for the princess there recurs a similar hindrance of the adventurer. One of the stories referred to by Rydberg is that of Alf and Alfhild in Saxo, where Alf in his search for Alfhild has his ships frozen up—*densatis aquarum coactibus tanta glaciei moles naves corripuit, ut eis nulla remigandi vis processum struere potuisset*.<sup>2</sup>

The King's Son of Ireland, in his voyage to find the unseen princess, the daughter of the King with the Red Cap,<sup>3</sup> is hindered by "druidic mist." So that the Klebermere in *Orendel* is either part of an original story, or else a coincidence with a common story-formula, and in either case worth noting.

The fisherman Ise also appears in the right place if the story is compared with some others in which the hero is bound on a similar quest. Here again coincidence is easily acceptable as an explanation. Given the idea of any quest, it follows naturally that the adventurer should find helpers as well as obstacles by the way. At the same time

<sup>1</sup> Bartsch, l. c.

<sup>2</sup> vii., p. 229, Holder.

<sup>3</sup> MacDougall, *Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire* (1891), p. 151.

it is worth while to consider the other alternative—the possible survival of a definite plot in *Orendel*. The Argyllshire tale is the nearest in this case (it is remarkable that it has also, like *Orendel*, been found to recall the *Odyssey* in some of its incidents): the King's Son of Ireland is helped on his way by three mysterious helpers, one of them an old man of the sea, who goes back to his whale-fishing when the quest is over.

In Curtin's story of *The White-bearded Scolog*<sup>1</sup> the King tells his son to find a bride for himself, and a druid names the incomparable lady, to whom the King's son is directed by three giants who are won over to his side.

It is not too much to suppose that the gray coat, the horse and shield, which *Orendel* receives from his rather unpromising helpers, may have belonged to an original scheme, and that it was a fairy coat of darkness which gave the professional minstrel a chance of working in the legendary interest of the Holy Coat of Trèves.

The stories edited by Mr. MacDougall and Mr. Curtin are recent; if it is necessary to find more ancient evidence it may perhaps be found in the story of *The Wooing of Emer*<sup>2</sup> where Cuchulainn is helped on his way by the gift of the wheel that carries him over the freezing plain, and the apple that rolls before him through the field of spikes.

It is time to put things together, though it may not be easy. It is possible, however, to make some sort of classification of stories that more or less resemble *Orendel*. Taking as the common element *the winning of a princess, who is unknown to the adventurer at the outset*, we may distinguish the following types of story as among the commonest:—

1. The quest begins as a quest for something else, not for the fairy princess. The princess appears at the end of a series of difficulties, and is carried off along with the

<sup>1</sup> *Hero Tales of Ireland* (1894), p. 163.

<sup>2</sup> Kuno Meyer, in *Archæological Rev.*, vol. i., p. 208; *Revue Celtique*, vol. xi., p. 447.

Golden Fleece, or the Golden Bird, or the Glaive of Light, as the case may be. For example: *Jason*, *Mac Iain Direach* (*Walewein*). *Huon of Bordeaux* (the romantic second part of the story,) might be studied in this connection.

2. The adventure from the very first is a voyage in search of the unknown Queen, as in *Orendel* (the first part), and in *Durmart le Gallois*, in *König Rother*, *Kulhwch and Olwen*, *Svipdag and Menglad*. Stories of this type might be classified according to the way in which the adventure begins. In one variety the mere renown of the peerless lady is enough. In some stories the beginning is in the *snow-white*, *blood-red* incident—*Conall Gulban*, &c. In many, the beginning is a malignant commission from a stepmother or some other enemy—*Kulhwch and Olwen*, *Svipdag and Menglad*, *Hjálmters Saga*.<sup>1</sup> Here of course, there is a cross division, for the malignant injunction belongs to *Jason* and to other stories of that class, to *Huon* (whose relation to folklore has not yet been fully discussed), and to *Mac Iain Direach*—not, it may be remarked, to *Walewein*.

Apart from both these main varieties, it might be possible to reckon another, where the motive is deliverance of the lady from her oppressors, rather than the winning of the lady by her adventurous wooer: *Hr. Tönne*,<sup>2</sup> and other northern ballads, *Guinglain*,<sup>3</sup> *Rapunzel*; <sup>4</sup> but it is plain that in these cases it depends on the choice of the storyteller where the interest shall lie, and that this is rather a

<sup>1</sup> These three are all compared by Grundtvig, *Danske Folkeviser*, No. 70, in connection with the ballad of *Sveidal* or *Svendal*, the ballad version of the story of *Svipdag*.

<sup>2</sup> Grundtvig, *Danske Folkeviser*, No. 34.

<sup>3</sup> *Guinglain*, or (in the English version) *Lybeaus Desconus*: see the account by M. Gaston Paris, in *Hist. litt. de la France*, xxx.

<sup>4</sup> Grimm, *Märchen*, No. 12. The story of *Rapunzel* has received its poetical interpretation from Mr. William Morris; its resemblance to the story of *Syritha* in *Saxo* (vii, p. 225) seems to deserve consideration from mythologists.

variety of emphasis in the rendering than of constituent elements in the matter.<sup>1</sup>

The story of *The Wooing of Emer* has an arrangement of the incidents different from those already named. Cuchulainn has met Emer before setting out on the adventures which seem to correspond to those of Kulhwch and other heroes.

The first part of *Orendel* agrees with many of these stories; and a comparison of them might lead to the conclusion that *Orendel* is based upon a definite traditional story which keeps together certain definite constituents. Then *Orendel* (in the first 2,000 lines) would be a romantic literary version of one popular tale, just as *Walewein* is of another and *Sir Amadas* of a third. It may be remarked that these three romances give examples of three varieties of quest. *Walewein* has been noted above; and in the story of the *Travelling Companion* (*Sir Amadas*) the deliverance of a princess from an enchanter, or, as an alternative, the winning of a princess from rival suitors, is obligatory. In the *Orendel* type, as it may be called provisionally, the sequence of events is this--

1. The King's Son goes out to win the unknown Queen, on the report of her excellence.
2. He is hindered on the way in the sluggish sea: compare *Alf* (Saxo), *King's Son of Ireland* (MacDougall).
3. He is helped by uncouth helpers: compare *Emer*, *Scolog*, *Red Cap*, *Hjálmtér*.
4. He rescues the Queen from her besetting enemies.

The common incident—common to the *Jason* variety and

<sup>1</sup> The most famous of all such tales, the story of the rescue of Guinevere from her captor Melwas (or Meleagraunce), is the most remarkable example of this change of interest, if it was in this story first of all that Lancelot, the rescuer, came to be represented as the lover of the queen. See *Romania*, x. (M. Gaston Paris on the story of Lancelot in Chrestien's *Chevalier de la Charrette*, &c.) It is shown that some of the versions of this story, e.g., the first part of Malory's version—*Morte D'Arthur*, xix., 1-9—know nothing of the love of Lancelot and the queen, and that the Lancelot of all later romantic tradition, the lover of Guinevere, is first known to Chrestien of Troyes.



the *Kulhwch* variety—that the bride has to be won from her father against his will, is wanting here.

It is quite possible that the resemblances between *Orendel* on the one hand, and *Tochmarc Emer*, *Kulhwch*, *Svipdag*, *Alf*, *Walewein*, *Conall Gulban*, &c., on the other, may be mere coincidence, such as appears to be the case in *Durmart le Gallois*. The medieval romancer works with a few commonplace properties, and it is nothing to be wondered at if they fall into similar patterns at different times. There may be nothing more in *Orendel* (in this part of it, that is) than the repetition of mechanical stock devices.

If there is anything more than this, if there is an old story at the foundation of this romance, what are its bearings on mythology? And is there any room for *Aurvendill*, *Earendel*?

Mr. Rhys (*Hibbert Lectures*) takes *Tochmarc Emer* together with *Kulhwch* and *Olwen* as stories belonging to the Sun-god and compares them with *Frey and Gerd* in the "Elder Edda." If *Frey and Gerd* be admitted in this comparison, there can be no good reason for excluding *Svipdag* and *Menglad*, the resemblance of which to *Kulhwch* is pointed out, and not exaggerated, by Grundtvig.

It may be that *Aurvendill* is really the hero of the German romance of *Orendel*—that is, it may be that the *Svipdag* story was sometimes told with *Aurvendill* as the name of the hero, a different story from that of *Aurvendill* in the basket, and his frost-bitten toe. *Aurvendill*, whose solar character seems to be proved by the Old English connotation of *Earendel*, then comes in for the solar interpretation along with *Cuchulainn*, *Kulhwch*, *Frey* and *Svipdag*, and helps to corroborate that interpretation for the other names and the stories to which they belong. This is possible; but "it is out of my welkin."

Whatever the solution may be, the older, more mythological, or apparently mythological, stories of the quest

and the winning of the unknown princess—Olwen, Gerd, Menglad—cannot be separated from the more popular stories. It is another case of the “Far-travelled Tale” as stated by Mr. Lang; it is a variety of the story of Jason. The expeditions of Cuchulainn, Kulhwch and Svipdag, must be considered along with *The King's Son of Ireland* and *The daughter of the White-bearded Scolog*, and all the other *märchen* of that sort.

Bidding farewell to *Orendel* for the present, we may look at the three stories referred to by Grundtvig in his note on *Svipdag*. They bring out in a striking way the difficulties of solar myth where the mythological version has relations with popular fairy-tales. The three stories are those of Svipdag himself, of Kulhwch and of Hjálmtér.

The story of Svipdag as given in the Icelandic poems *Grógaldr* and *Fjölsvinnsmál* has the following incidents:—

1. The hero is sent under a curse or a spell, by his step-mother apparently, though this is not quite clear, to look for Menglad.

2. He goes to his mother's grave, awakes her from the dead, and gets her blessing on his journey. So far *Grógaldr*.

3. In the second poem, he has come to Menglad's castle, where he encounters a giant warder, and has a long match at riddles with him before he is recognised as the man of destiny, and is welcomed by Menglad as her deliverer and lord.

In the Danish ballad, Child Svendal, or Sveidal, is sent out by his step-mother to find and win the maiden he has never seen. He goes to his mother's grave, and she gives him a horse that rides over sea and land, a magic table-cloth and drinking-horn, a glaive of light, a ship that will run down anything that comes in the way, and a purse that is always full. He comes to the unknown shore, and finds a shepherd there, who tells him that Svendal is to win the princess. Her castle is of marble stone, the gate is of red gold.

The locks fall off as he comes near, the lions and bears that keep the gate are harmless, the trees bow to him, the bride's father acknowledges him more readily than Yspaddaden Pencawr in the Welsh story when Kulhwch came wooing.

Kulhwch has a step-mother also, who lays him under a destiny to win Olwen. "I declare to thee that it is thy destiny (*mi atynghaf dynghet itt*) not to be united with a wife until thou obtain Olwen, daughter of Yspaddaden Pencawr."<sup>1</sup> This was intended to destroy Kulhwch; for Olwen's father, whose name is interpreted "Hawthorn Head-giant," was accustomed to kill all his daughter's suitors. He is like the father of Alfhild in Saxo's story referred to above, like the father of Medea, like the king with the red cap, like the white-bearded Scolog, and a vast number of other fabulous parents. Kulhwch went to King Arthur's court, and came to the giant's land with the help of King Arthur and all his men. There they met a shepherd, the giant's brother, who tried to dissuade them, but in vain; and Kulhwch went on to encounter the dangerous father, and to perform with the help of King Arthur all the tasks prescribed.<sup>2</sup>

*Hjálmters Saga*, the last of Grundtvig's references, has never, as far as I know, been closely examined in this connection. There is a valuable study of it in relation to the Icelandic rhyming romance on the same subject (*Hjálmters Rímur*) by Kölbing.<sup>3</sup> The Saga is one of the later Icelandic romantic Sagas; professional hack-work again. Its date is uncertain; it is extant in 17th century paper MSS. The *Rímur* are found in 16th century MSS., and are attributed to one Indridi, who lived at the end of the 14th century. Dr. Jón Thorkelsson is

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, vol. ii. p. 252.

<sup>2</sup> Rhys, *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 486, *sqq.*

<sup>3</sup> *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Geschichte der romantischen Poesie und Prosa des Mittelalters* (1876), p. 200.

inclined to accept this date.<sup>1</sup> Kölbing has compared the prose and the rhyme, and shows that the Saga has been doctored, commonplace adventures having been interpolated—viking and berserk adventures such as have intruded even into the great original Sagas,<sup>2</sup> and which are very neatly detected and erased by Kölbing here. The *Rímur* are much more coherent, and are founded on an older and sounder version of the prose romance, which, if the date of the *Rímur* is accepted, must have been current in the 14th century.

Now this story of Hjálmtér, recognised by Grundtvig as resembling *Kulhwch* and *Svipdag*, is much nearer than either of the others to the forms of popular story-telling, and in some things very curiously like the forms of Gaelic story-telling in particular.<sup>3</sup> Hjálmtér, like *Svipdag* (*Svendal*) and *Kulhwch*, is put under a destiny by his stepmother: he had rejected her love. Unlike *Svipdag* or *Kulhwch*, and singularly like *Mac Iain Direach*, he answers her spell with another, a counterspell, like that which Mr. Nutt pointed out in his note on *Walewein* as a property of Celtic story-telling. This instance is more detailed, and the resemblance much stronger than in *Walewein*. "She says: 'Now shalt thou be paid for the blow thou gavest me: this I lay on thee, never to rest, night nor day, save on ship-board or under awnings, till thou find *Hervor*, *Hunding's* daughter.' Hjálmtér answered: 'Thou shalt lay nothing more on me, for thy jaw shall stand wide open: and I think little of going to look for a king's daughter. There are high rocks down by the harbour; there shalt thou mount and stand with a foot on one and a foot on another, and four of my father's thralls shall kindle fire beneath thee, and thou shalt live on what the ravens bring, till I come again.' " <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Om Digtingen paa Island i det 15. og 16. Aarhundrede*, p. 144.

<sup>2</sup> York Powell, *Folk-Lore*, vol. v. p. 100.

<sup>3</sup> *Sagan af Hjálmtér ok Ölver*, Rafn, *Fornaldar Sögur*, v. iii., pp. 453-518 (1830).

<sup>4</sup> *Hjálmters Saga*, p. 479.

Compare *Mac Iain Dirceach*<sup>1</sup>:—

“And his muime took the feather in her hand, and she said: ‘I am setting it as crosses, and as spells, and as the decay of the year on thee; that thou be not without a pool in thy shoe, and that thou be wet, cold, and soiled, until thou gettest for me the bird from which that feather came.’ And he said to his muime: ‘I am setting it as crosses, and as spells, and as the decay of the year on thee; that thou be standing with the one foot on the great house, and the other foot on the castle; and that thy face be to the tempest whatever wind blows, until I return back.’”

Hjálmtér went out on his journey, with his friend Olver and a mysterious swineherd, Hord, who helps him through his troubles. There are two other helpers, one a trollwife, Skinnhufa, and the other a *fiingálkn*, a kind of sphinx, named Vargeysa; and there are magic swords also, as in *Svendal* and (allusively) in *Svipdag*. Hervor is found at last, and greets Hjálmtér: her father Hunding is more like the Welsh father than the amenable heathen king in the Danish ballad. There are tasks before the princess is won, as in *Kulhwch*; a bull to tame, a wrestling match, and a tug of war over a fire. The end is that of a *Jason* story transferred to Lat. 70 N.: the father pursues the ship in the form of a walrus; and then there is a very neat piece of tactics—“Hord said: ‘That is the being I like least, but there is nothing for it, fosterbrother, thou shalt have aid; but see thou name me not while he is here, or I die.’ Then he lays him down in the hold, and they put clothes over him.” Hord, that is, goes to sleep in the manner of the Finns, and sends himself off in another shape against the walrus. “They saw a narwhal shoot from under their ship at the walrus, very sharply, and fall on him.” Hervor likewise changes her shape; and the other two helpers, Skinnhufa and Vargeysa, come as eagles, and Hunding is killed.

The explanation of Hord is that he is the brother of

<sup>1</sup> Campbell, *West Highland Tales*, vol. ii., p. 328.

Skinnhufa and Vargeysa; they had all been bewitched by their stepmother, who had a well occupied life, for she went and became Hjálmtér's stepmother after that. She had been left on the rocks, as before described, and she fell into the fire when he came back, like Mac Iain Direach's stepmother also. There is a curious avoiding of the right end in *Hjálmtér* (both in *Saga* and *Rímur*), for Hjálmtér marries one of Hord's sisters, and Hervor is married to Hord. Kölbing notes that this can hardly have been the original conclusion, and it is easy to agree with him.

In many things this story is more like *Mac Iain Direach* and *Walewein* than *Svipdag* or *Kulhwch*; and the crosses and spells reopen, in a very interesting way, the question of the relations of Gaelic and Icelandic literature. Hord takes the place of the fox who in the Gaelic story and in the Dutch romance is a prince bewitched, and recovers his own at the end of the story. But the resemblance to *Svipdag* and *Kulhwch* is still considerable; and *Orendel*, to come back to the starting point, is not quite out of it either. In *Hjálmtér*, however, though there is a pretence of romantic literary form, that is not enough, any more than in *Walewein*, to conceal the essentially popular character of the story.

The story of the princess over-sea is one that may be taken up by almost any kind of poet or storyteller. In one of its forms it has become a new myth, a myth for all modern poets from Petrarch to Mr. Browning and Mr. Swinburne. The story of Jaufré Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli has been studied by M. Gaston Paris,<sup>1</sup> and shown to have its origin in some verses of the Provençal poet which were misunderstood by his biographer, or by the tradition which his biographer wrote down. The story of Jaufré Rudel's last voyage is a myth, growing out of the same common-place romantic fiction which is used by the author of *Durmart le*

<sup>1</sup> *Revue Historique*, vol. liii. p. 225.

*Gallois*, a common-place fiction grafted on a misinterpreted poem. *Orendel* and *Durmart le Gallois*, *Kulhwch* and *Svipdag*, and the *King's Son of Ireland* are variations on the same theme, the product of different orders of imagination and expression. The story of *Jaufre Rudel* has had infinitely deeper meaning, and infinitely more honour, than any of these. It does not diminish either its imaginative meaning or its honour among poets and their hearers, to know how the story arose; but possibly the history of this myth, a history which has been accurately worked out, may have some bearing on the problems of older myths and symbolisms. It proves that the religious or mythological import is not necessarily the beginning of the story.

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SOME OXFORDSHIRE SEASONAL FESTIVALS:

WITH NOTES ON MORRIS-DANCING IN OXFORDSHIRE.

BY PERCY MANNING, M.A., F.S.A.

(*Read at meeting of 16th March, 1897.*)

Under this title I have described typical instances of village feasts in Oxfordshire which illustrate the observances now or formerly in vogue on three of the seasonal festivals, May Day, Whitsuntide, and the Lamb Ale.

I must express my obligation to Mr. T. J. Carter of Oxford, who has been invaluable in collecting information for me, and to Mr. C. Taphouse of Oxford, who kindly reduced to writing the airs of the songs from Bampton.

*May Day.*

Bampton-in-the-Bush is a small town about three miles

north of the Thames, and fourteen miles west of Oxford. It is even now two miles from the nearest railway station, and its isolated position,—for till recently no made road at all passed near it<sup>1</sup>—has been very favourable to the survival of ancient custom.

Up to within forty or fifty years ago, a party of children used to go round the town on May Day, dressed in white, with red, white and blue ribbons (these are now the colours of the club). A boy called the "Lord" carried a stick dressed with ribbons and flowers, which was called a "sword," and a collecting box for pence. Two girls, known as the "Lady" and her "Maid," carried on a stick between them the "garland," which was made of two hoops crossed, and covered with moss, flowers and ribbons. The "Lady" also carried a "mace," a square piece of board mounted horizontally on a short staff, on the top of which were sweet-smelling herbs under a muslin cover, decorated with red, white and blue ribbons and rosettes (pl. v., No. 3). The "Lord" and "Lady" were accompanied by a "Jack-in-the-Green." From time to time the "Lady" sang the following words :

Ladies and gentlemen,  
I wish you a happy May ;  
Please smell my mace,  
And kiss my face,  
And then we'll shew our garland.

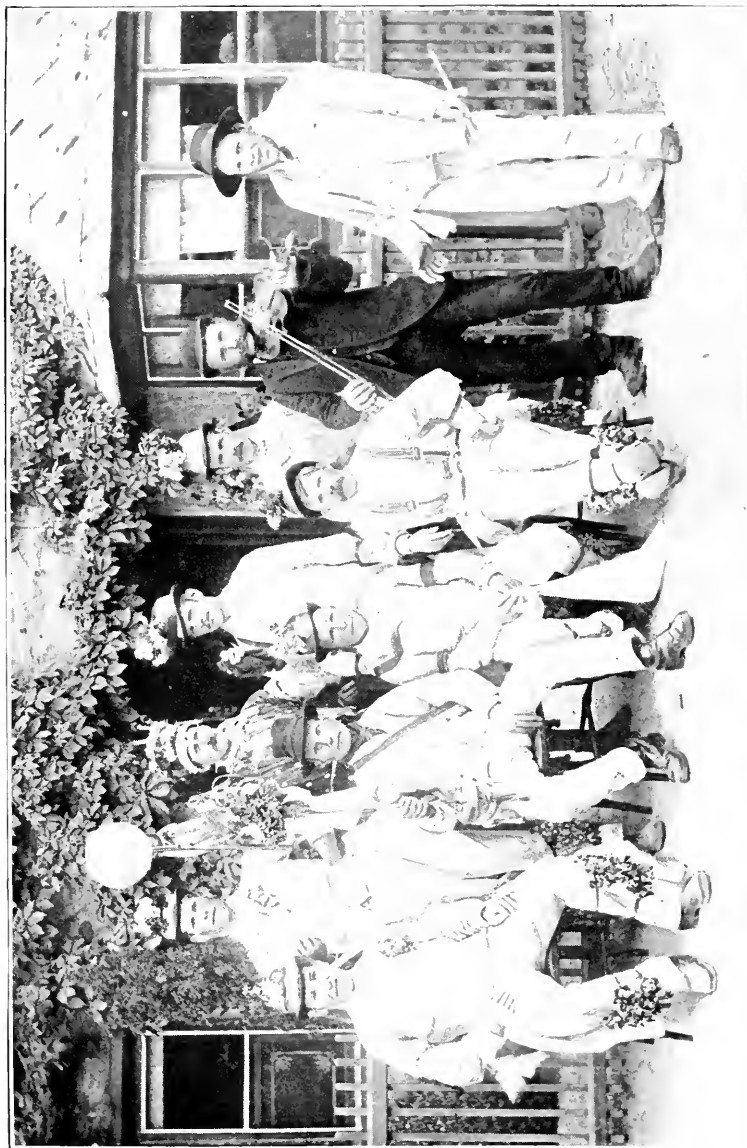
After the words "kiss my face," it was the "Lord's" duty to kiss the "Lady," and then to hand round his money box. The farmers and well-to-do people, so my informants say, used to give as many half-pence as possible, for the fun of seeing the "Lord" kiss the "Lady" after the giving of every half-penny.

This custom has been almost discontinued on May Day for many years past, but is kept up, without the Jack-in-the-

<sup>1</sup> G. L. Gomme, *Village Community*, pp. 158-9.







MORRIS-DANCERS, HAMPTON, OXON

Green, at the club feast on Whit-Monday. Most of these details come from Mrs. Hannah Wells of Bampton, aged 80, who made the "mace" now in my possession in 1894, the old one being mislaid. (This has since been found, and I have both). They were supplemented by Charles Tanner, farm-labourer, of Weald, near Bampton, aged nearly 80, and now blind. He was "Lord of the garland" in his boyhood, and afterwards head morris-dancer.

*Whitsuntide.*

The following ceremonies are still kept up at Bampton on Whit-Monday, and are now associated with the club feast. A procession goes round the town, which comprises:

1. A fiddler to provide music for the dancers. This fiddler is a modern substitute for the "whittle-and-dub" man, who played the pipe and tabour; these instruments were used within living memory (pls. ii., iii.).

2. Eight morris-dancers, dressed in finely pleated white shirts, white moleskin trousers, and top-hats, decorated with red, white and blue ribbons. Attached to their knees they wear numerous small latten bells, some treble, others tenor, which jingle as they dance (pls. ii., iii.).

3. A clown, called the "Squire," dressed in whatever motley is available, who carries a staff with a calf's tail at one end and a bladder at the other, with which he belabours the bystanders (pls. ii., iii.). He also carries a money-box, known as the "Treasury (pl. iv., No. 8)."

4. A "sword-bearer," who carries a cake in a round tin, impaled on a sword-blade (pl. iv., No 1). The cake is a rich pound-cake, and is provided by some lady in the town. Both cake and sword are decorated with ribbons. At various intervals the procession stops and dancing begins.<sup>1</sup>

While the dancing goes on, slices of the cake are distributed to the bystanders, who are expected to make a re-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix on Morris Dancing.

turn to the "Squire's treasury." What remains of the cake at night is divided among the dancers. A slice of cake is reckoned to carry good luck with it, and many people keep pieces of it stored in a box during the ensuing twelve months, in order to ensure their good luck abiding with them.

The account of these ceremonies comes mainly from Mrs. Hannah Wells (mentioned under May Day) whose father, Thomas Radbone, played the pipe and tabour; he was the owner of the "Treasury" exhibited. The words of the songs were dictated to me by Chas. Tanner, also before mentioned, in 1894. He was head morris-dancer in his earlier years. The melodies were sung by Tanner and transcribed for me by Mr. C. Taphouse of Oxford, to whom I must acknowledge my indebtedness. From Henry Wells (aged 50, labourer) of Bampton, now head morris-dancer, were got the costumes, cake-tin, fool's bladder, etc. A short account supplied by me of these two Bampton feasts, from which this paper is expanded, will be found, with the songs and melodies, in the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield's "Old English Customs" pp. 99, 124-7, 327-31.

#### *The "Whit Hunt."*

Up to the year 1862 a large extent of country lying between the Rivers Evenlode and Windrush was still forest-land, being a piece of the much larger Forest of Wychwood, which covered at one time a great part of the western border of Oxfordshire.<sup>1</sup> Many of the adjoining towns and villages had and exercised the right of hunting the deer in this forest-land; and in one instance, at Burford, these rights were explicitly recognised by the Crown.<sup>2</sup> The invariable season for these hunting expeditions seem to have been Whitsuntide. I have

<sup>1</sup> See J. V. Akerman's *Ancient Limits of Wychwood Forest*, in *Archæologia*, vol. xxxvii.

<sup>2</sup> W. J. Monk, *History of Burford* (1891), pp. 20, 21.



MORRIS-DANCERS, HAMPTON, OXON.



selected the village of Ducklington, about two miles south of Witney, as typical of the surrounding district. At the hour of midnight on Whit-Sunday, the villagers were roused from their sleep, by the blowing of "peeling-horns," and the loud shouts of their bearers, to prepare for the coming festivities. These "peeling horns" (pl. vi.) were made of green willow-bark, peeled<sup>1</sup> in a long spiral strip from a bough previously well soaked and beaten, in order to loosen the bark. This strip was then rolled up in a long funnel shape, about 11 in. long, and 2½ in. in diameter at the larger end. To the smaller end was fitted a reed, about 2 in. long, made of willow bark stripped from a twig without any incision being made in it. This reed was called the "trumpet." The edges of the reed, which entered the mouth of the player, were pinched closely together to produce the sound. The whole horn was pinned together with the long thorns of the blackthorn.<sup>2</sup>

At daybreak on the Monday, all the men of the village who could beg or borrow a horse, rode off to the village of Hailey on the edge of the Forest, where they were joined by a crowd of hunters from the surrounding towns and villages of Witney, Bampton, Brize Norton, Crawley, Leafield, Charlbury, Finstock, etc. The crowd then moved off in a body, and proceeded to chase and kill three deer, one of which was claimed by Hailey, one by Crawley, and one by Witney, the first-named having always the prior claim. The man who was first in at the death of the deer claimed the head and antlers as his trophy, and the antlers seem to have been kept for years after as a mark of distinction. The carcass of the deer was then carried in triumph to an inn, where it was skinned. The skin was cut up into pieces, and distributed, and happy was the maiden whose lover could sport a piece

<sup>1</sup> Whence the name "peeling-horn."

<sup>2</sup> Mr. H. Balfour has contributed to *The Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist* for October, 1896, an account of the peeling-horn considered as a musical instrument, and of its analogues in other parts of the world.

of skin in his cap, for it brought good luck and ensured her marriage within the coming year.

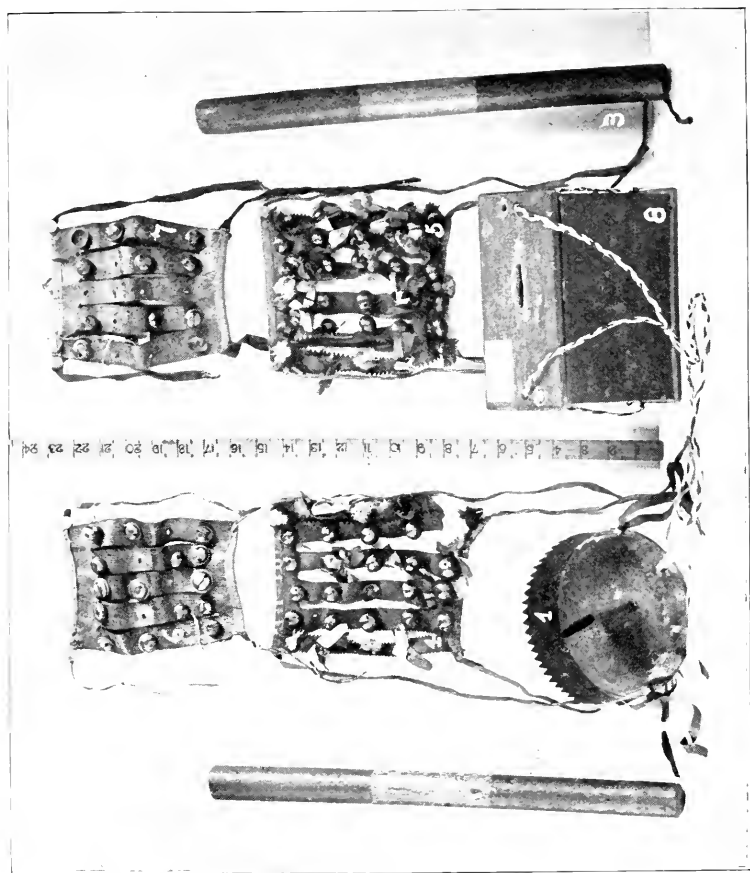
The forest-meeting was recognised as the fittest place for settling up old grudges and quarrels, and many a fight took place between private enemies or the champions of different villages. My informant's father has seen a dozen fights going on at the same time.<sup>1</sup>

While the hunters were gone, those who were left behind set up a Maypole on the village-green, and a party of morris-dancers, accompanied by a fool and a pipe-and-tabour player, gave an exhibition of their skill. With the dancers went a "sword-bearer," as at Bampton (*v.* p. 309), carrying a cake impaled on a sword, which brought good luck to all who partook of it. The dancers afterwards marched off to Witney, where they gave a similar exhibition, and collected money for the feast. Others of the villagers got ready the "Bowery," a barn dressed up and decorated with flowers and green boughs. On the return of the hunters and the morris-dancers, the whole company repaired to the "Bowery" to take part in a feast known as the "Youth Ale." Festivities were kept up all the week till Saturday, when the deer was dressed and cooked, and the hunters plentifully regaled with venison. Outsiders had to pay a shilling for a taste of the meat. During each day the morris-dancers visited neighbouring villages to collect money, and to engage in competition with other morris-dancers; and on their return every evening they went to the "Bowery" for a jollification. This ceremony was discontinued some fifty years ago. My informants are John Fisher, aged 80, and John Bennet, aged 87, labourers of Ducklington. Fisher made me three "Peeling-horns" in March, 1895.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An account of the "Whit Hunt," which entirely corroborates these details, will be found in Mr. W. J. Monk's *History of Witney* (1894), pp. 48-9.

<sup>2</sup> A somewhat similar right of hunting in Wychwood Forest was exercised by the inhabitants of Burford in 1813. The churchwardens, accompanied by a





ARTICLES USED BY MORRIS-DANCERS, OXFORDSHIRE



*Lamb Ale.*

The village of Kirtlington is about nine miles north of Oxford on the east bank of the Cherwell. Here, on the Monday after Trinity Sunday,<sup>1</sup> was held, up to 1858, the "Lamb Ale." This feast is said to have been originally kept up by the proceeds of certain lands belonging to the parish, but where or of what size these lands were no one now knows. It is said that the barley grown on these lands was used for brewing ale to be consumed at the feast, and that a small quantity of wheat was grown for making into "crown-cakes" (*v.* below, p. 314). Of later years, however, the Lord of the Manor had provided the ale at his own cost; and for a few years after the feast was discontinued, he paid the sum of £2 12s. yearly to the poor of the village on the feast-day. This payment has long since been dropped.

The centre of the festivities was the "Bowery," a shed made of green boughs set up on the village-green, where the ale previously brewed was sold during the nine days of the feast without a license, the proceeds going towards the expenses incurred.

One of the villagers was chosen "Lord" of the feast, and he with his mates picked out a "Lady," who was paid for her services. At 11 o'clock on the Monday morning the "Lord" started from the "Bowery" to the "Lady's" house, whence a procession marched round the village.

First came a man carrying a live lamb on his shoulders, which was, if possible, the first-born of the season, and the finest of the flock. Its legs were tied together with blue and pink ribbons, and blue ribbons were hung round its neck.

juvenile "Lord" and "Lady" and a crowd of townfolk, marched in procession to the Forest on Whit-Sunday, and demanded two bucks and a fawn of the keepers. J. N. Brewer's "Oxfordshire," in the *Beauties of England and Wales*, p. 476.

<sup>1</sup> J. Dunkin (*History of Bicester*, 1816, pp. 268-9) says that the feast was held on Lammas Day— whence its name.

Next came the "Lord" and "Lady" gaily dressed and decked with pink and blue ribbons. (On alternate days the "Lady" wore pink and white, and blue and white.) The "Lord" carried slung over his shoulder a tin money-box called the "treasury." Both he and his consort held in their hands badges of office, known as "maces" (pl. v., Nos. 1, 2). These "maces" are short staves, on the top of which is fastened a square horizontal board. To each corner of this square is attached the end of a semi-circular hoop which intersects in the middle. The whole "mace" is covered with pink and blue silk, with rosettes at intervals, and from the four corners hang silk streamers. The colours of the two "maces" are counter-changed.

Following the "Lord" and "Lady" came the Fool, known as the "Squire," who wore a dress of motley, and carried a long staff with a bladder and a cow's tail at either end. His duties were to belabour the bystanders and to clear a ring for the dancers. Next came six morris-dancers, who were dressed in beaver hats, finely pleated white shirts, crossed with blue and pink ribbons and rosettes, and white moleskin trousers with bells at the knees. Their music was supplied by a fiddler, and a "whittle and dub man," as the musician was called who played the pipe and tabour. At the end of the procession were two men carrying "forest feathers," which were wooden clubs about three feet long, covered with leaves, flowers, rushes, and blue and pink ribbons.

At stated times in the day the morris-dancers would give an exhibition of their skill. Before dancing they and the "Lord" went round the spectators, carrying each a "crown-cake" on the top of his hat. These cakes were about nine inches across, and were made of an outer crust of rich currant and plum dough, with a centre of minced meat and batter. Contributions in money were given by the spectators for looking at them. For half-a-crown a whole cake could be bought, and this was sup-



OXFORDSHIRE 'MACES'



posed to bring good luck to the buyer, who often kept a piece of it throughout the year. Any cakes not sold at the end of the feast were divided among the "Lamb Ale Boys."

The lamb was carried in procession on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, when it—or usually a less valuable lamb, the original being returned to the fold unhurt—was killed, and made into pies. Into one pie, called the "head pie," was put the head with the wool on it. The other pies were then cut up and distributed to all who wanted a piece, but the "head pie" could only be bought for a shilling.

The remaining days of the feast were spent in drinking at the "Bowery," whither the morris-dancers returned every night from visits to neighbouring villages to collect money. At the end of each day, the money collected was given to the head morris-dancer, who was responsible for the safe keeping of the apparatus used. The "maces" and "treasury" were last held by Thomas Hawkes of Kirtlington, now dead, and from his brother, John Hawkes, they were bought for me in June, 1894. The account of the feast is from R. Pearman, of Kirtlington, and his wife.

For comparison with this body of customs, I quote the following passage from T. Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, ed. 1679, p. 149:—

"At *Kidlington in Oxfordshire*<sup>1</sup> the Custom is, That on Monday after Whitson week, there is a fat live Lamb provided, and the Maids of the Town having their thumbs ty'd behind them, run after it, and she that with her mouth takes and holds the Lamb, is declared *Lady of the Lamb*, which, being dress'd with the skin hanging on, is carried on a long Pole before the Lady and her Companions to the Green, attended with Music and a *Morisco Dance* of Men, and another of Women, where the rest of the day is spent in dancing, mirth and merry glee. The next day the Lamb is part bak'd, boyl'd, and rost, for the Ladies feast, where she sits majestically at the upper end of the Table, and her Companions with her with music and other attendants, which ends the solemnity."

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<sup>1</sup> Kidlington is about three miles west from Kirtlington.

There is no room within the limits of this paper for much discussion of the relations of these to similar ceremonies at other places, and all that can be done is to briefly note a few obvious parallels.

The main feature is, of course, the sacrifice of a living victim by the community, to bring luck during the ensuing year to all who participate in it. This is shown directly in the Whit Hunt, where the piece of stag's skin brings luck to its possessor. As to the Kidlington lamb, the honour done to its captor shows the same thing. At Kirtlington we see the luck in process of being transferred from the lamb to the cake, for it is the latter that is treasured up during the year. At Bampton the transference is complete; the living victim has disappeared, and the cake represents it. Perhaps the sword impaling the cake is emblematic of sacrifice; but this need not be insisted on.

The whole body of customs bears a remarkable resemblance to the Southern Indian festival described by Mr. Gomme (*Ethnology in Folk-Lore*, pp. 22-6). It is enough to indicate some leading features common to both:

1. The victim is carried round the village on a man's head (Kirtlington).

2. The victim is seized with the mouth by a bound man (at Kidlington, by a woman).

3. Pieces of the victim are scrambled for (Whit Hunt).

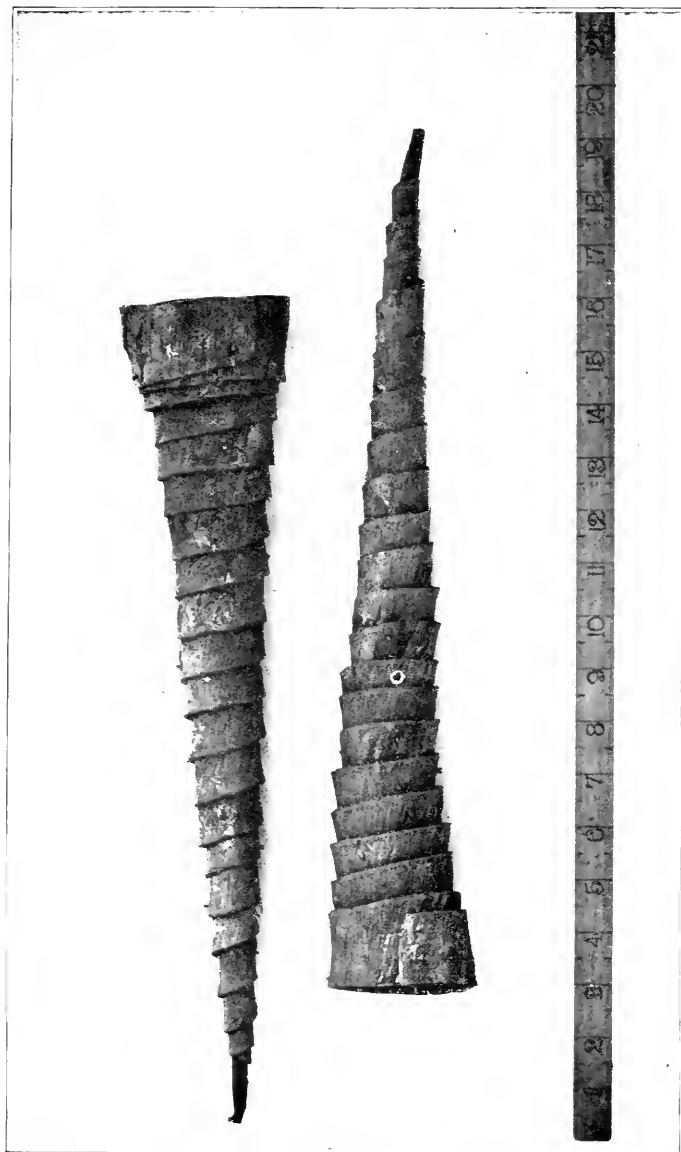
4. The victim's head is specially revered, *e.g.*, stag's head in the Whit Hunt, "head pie" at Kirtlington.

5. The possession of a piece of the victim or its substitute brings luck (common to all).

6. The victim is accompanied by dancing men and women, with a jester (common to all).

With the aid of these and the King's Teignton, and Holne ceremonies (*Ethnology in Folk-Lore*, pp. 30-3) those who are interested in the question, can draw out for themselves a more detailed parallel than I have here space for.





PEELING-HORNS, DUCKLINGTON, OXON



APPENDIX ON MORRIS-DANCING IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Morris-dancing was so inseparably connected with the Whitsuntide and other festivals in Oxfordshire, that a short account of it seems necessary. I have summarised below the accounts received from the following villages: Ascot-under-Wychwood, Asthal Leigh, Bampton, Brize Norton, Ducklington, Field Assarts near Leafield, Finstock, Leafield, Kirtlington, Shipton under Wychwood, Spelsbury, Wheatley, together with Oakley (Bucks), and Chipping Warden, (Northants), both close to the Oxfordshire border.

The dancers were always six in number, except at Bampton, where two spare men relieved two of the six dancers at times. They were nearly always men, but at Spelsbury, about 70 years ago, six girls used to dance, and Blount, in the passage quoted above, records that in the 17th century there was a "Morisco Dance" of women, as well as of men, at Kidlington. The girls at Spelsbury wore a head-gear of ribbons and flowers, with short dresses, and bells on their legs, similar to those worn by the men. The regular dress of the men consisted of a beaver or silk hat decked with ribbons—though in one case it had degenerated into a brown "bowler" hat—elaborately worked and pleated white shirts, crossed with coloured ribbons and rosettes, and white mole-skin trousers, or else white knee-breeches and stockings. To this some dandies added a white waistcoat, but this was unusual. With the dancers went a spare man to look after their coats, &c., who was called the "Ragman."

Invariably accompanying the troupe was a fool, generally called the "Squire," but known at Asthal and at Field Assarts as "Rodney"—for what reason I do not know. The "Squire" wore a dress of motley, and carried a stick with a bladder and a cow's tail at either end. With this he would clear a ring for the dancers, and bang the spectators on the head. Sometimes, as at Bampton, he carried a "treasury" or money-box.

Attached to their trousers or breeches just below the

knee the dancers wore "pads" of bells (pl. iv., Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7). These generally were pieces of thin leather, measuring about five inches by six, cut into four or six strips, which were left joined at either end. Attached to these strips were numerous small latten bells of a globular shape, in some cases treble, in others tenor. Of the treble bells twenty were fastened to each "pad," of the tenor ten only. The "pads" were buttoned to the leg by a loop at the back, and then tied with strings round the leg.

The dancers stood in two rows of three each, facing one another. Those on one side wore treble, on the other, tenor, bells. The steps were those, as I am told, of the old "Country Dance." In one figure the dancers carried white handkerchiefs, which they waved about in time to the music, sometimes holding each others' kerchiefs across, sometimes joining themselves in a long string. In another figure they carried sticks some two feet long, painted with the special colours of the village (pl. iv., Nos. 2, 3). These they clashed together, or struck on the ground, as an accompaniment to the music.

In some places, as at Bampton, they sang while dancing various songs suited to the air which was being played. Other songs were sung in the intervals between the dancing.

At Bampton the songs were:—"Green Garters," "Constant Billy," "The Willow Tree," "The Maid o' the Mill," "Handsome John," "Highland Mary" (not Burns's poem); and "Bob and Joan." At Field Assarts the tunes were:—"Trunk Hose," "Cockey Brown," "The Old Road," "The Cuckoo," "The Cuckoo's Nest," "Green Sleeves," "White Jock," "Moll o' the Whad," and "The Hay Morris."

At Bampton there was a solo dance between two tobacco pipes lying crossed on the ground, to the air of the "'Bacca Pipes Jig, or Green Sleeves." At Spelsbury and at Chipping Warden they danced on the top of the church-tower. The dancers were under the leadership of a head man, who

regulated their affairs. During the winter they would meet regularly in some barn to practise together. There was great rivalry between the dancers of different villages, and bands often met together to have competitions in combined and solo dancing, a prize being given by some local magnate. On one occasion some forty-three years ago, dancers from five different villages met at Minster Lovel to decide their supremacy, when Leafield was victorious. These contests, tho' friendly enough at first, often ended, after a drinking bout, in a free-fight, in which the sticks carried by the dancers were answerable for not a few broken heads. Most bands of dancers went on tour to different villages round their own, during and after their feasts, returning to their own villages at night. Encroachment on the district danced over by another band was bitterly resented, and often caused battles. Many of the dancers would go up to London and the south to work at the early hay harvest, and tramp northwards for the later harvest at home. During this tour they would give exhibitions of dancing, and so increase their harvest wages.

The music was always supplied by the pipe and tabour, or, as it was more generally called, the "whittle-and-dub." I know of no one now living who can play these instruments, and it is to be feared that the traditional style is lost.

The pipe or "whittle" (pl. vii., Nos. 3, 4) is of wood; of the two in my possession one is  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches, the other 12 inches long. They have a mouthpiece like a whistle, with a tongue of metal in the upper opening. The other end is quite open. At a distance of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 inches from the open end, in the upper side is a hole for fingering, with a second hole one inch nearer the mouthpiece. On the under side is a hole for thumbing, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the open end.

The tabour or "dub" (pl. vii., Nos. 1, 2) is about  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter, and 3 inches in depth. It consists of:

- (a) The frame, a broad ring of wood or metal, over which is stretched
- (b) The parchment, the edges of which are sewn to rings of whalebone which fit closely to the frame ;
- (c) Two narrow rings of wood which fit down over the parchment and keep it stretched tight over the frame. These rings are fastened together by an endless tape crossing in zig-zags from side to side through holes pierced in the rings. This tape can be tightened or loosened at will ;
- (d) A band of horse-hair which passes across one of the parchment surfaces in order to increase the vibration. It can be tightened by means of a peg fixed in the side of the frame.

The tabour stick is about nine inches long. It has a very large knob for holding in the hand, and a small knob for beating the tabour.

The pipe was played with the left hand. The tabour was slung from the thumb of the left hand, which was employed in thumbing the pipe, and was beaten with the right hand.

*Words and airs of the Bampton Morris-Songs.*

First dance, to the tune of "GREEN GARTERS"

First for the stockings and then for the shoes and then for the bonny green  
gar - ters ; A . pair for me and a . pair for you and a  
pair for they that comes ar - ter.

First for the stockings, and then for the shoes  
And then for the bonny green garters ;  
A pair for me, and a pair for you,  
And a pair for they that comes arter.



PIPES AND TABOURS, OXFORDSHIRE





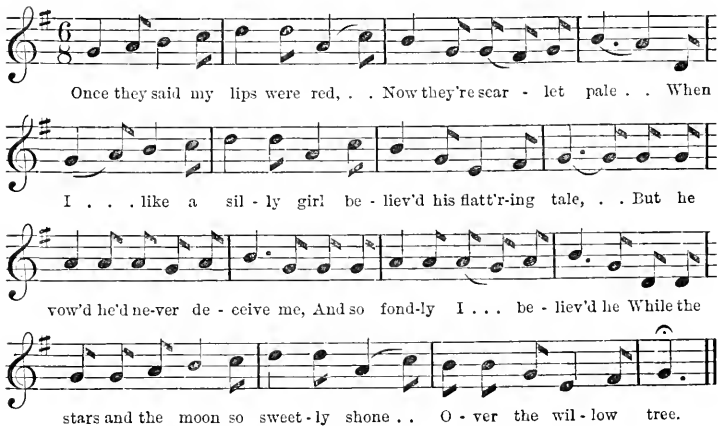
Second dance, to the tune of "CONSTANT BILLY."



Oh, my Bil - ly, my con-stant Bil - ly! When shall I see my  
Bil - ly a-gain? . . . When the fish - es flies ov - er the mountains, Oh  
then you will see your Bil - ly a - gain.

Oh, my Billy, my constant Billy,  
When shall I see my Billy again?  
When the fishes flies over the mountains,  
Then you'll see your Billy again.

Third dance, to the tune of "THE WILLOW TREE."



Once they said my lips were red, . . . Now they're scar - let pale . . . When  
I . . . like a sil - ly girl be - liev'd his flatt'ring tale, . . . But he  
vow'd he'd ne-ver de - ceive me, And so fond-ly I . . . be - liev'd he While the  
stars and the moon so sweet-ly shone . . . O - ver the wil - low tree.

Once they said my lips were red,  
Now they're scarlet (*sic*) pale ;  
When I, like a silly girl,  
Believ'd his flattering tale.  
But he vow'd he'd never deceive me,  
And so fondly I believ'd he,  
While the stars and the moon  
So sweetly shone  
Over the willow tree.

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Fourth dance, to the tune of "THE MAID OF THE MILL."



There are fif - ty fair mai - dens that sports on the green, I



gaz'd on them well as you see . . . . But the Maid of the Mill, the



Maid of the Mill, the Maid of the Mill . . for me. . . She is



straight and tall as a Poplar . . tree, Her cheeks are red as a



rose . . . . . she is one of the fairest young girls . . I see When she's



dress'd in her Sun - - - day clothes

There's fifty fair maidens, that sports on the green,  
 I gaz'd on them well as you see ;  
 But the Maid of the Mill, the Maid of the Mill,  
 The Maid of the Mill for me.  
 She is straight and tall as a poplar tree,  
 Her cheeks are red as a rose.  
 She is one of the fairest young girls I see,  
 When she's dress'd in her Sunday clothes.  
 The Maid of the Mill, the Maid of the Mill,  
 The Maid of the Mill for me.

“BOB AND JOAN.”



I won't be my father's Jack, and I won't be . . my mother's Jill; But



I will be some fiddler's wife, Then we can muse it at our will



T'other lit-tle tune t'other lit-tle tune, Bob at night, and Bob at noon.

I won't be my father's Jack,  
And I won't be my mother's Jill,  
But I will be some fiddler's wife,  
Then we can muse it at our will.  
T'other little tune, t'other little tune,  
Bob at night, and Bob at noon.

“GREENSLEEVES” or “BACCA-PIPES’ JIG.”



“HANDSOME JOHN.”

John is a handsome youth complete,  
 A smarter young lad never walked the street ;  
 And still the Lady's tongue runs on—  
 Oh ! what a handsome man was John.  
 Sing fal, the ral, a li do.

“HIGHLAND MARY.”

Around sweet Highland Mary's grave,  
 We'll plant the fairest of lillies,  
 The primrose sweet and violet blue,  
 Likewise the daffodillies.  
 But since this world's been grown so wide,  
 In some lonesome place we'll tarry,  
 Welcome then come (*sic*) gather me to sleep,  
 With my Highland Mary.

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LIST OF PLATES.

- Plate II. Group of Morris Dancers with “Squire” and “Sword-bearer.”  
 Bampton, Oxon., Whit-Monday, 1897.
- Plate III. The same. A snap-shot of one of the dances.
- Plate IV. No. 1. Cake-tin, carried by the “Sword-bearer.” Bampton,  
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 Nos. 2, 3. Sticks carried by Morris Dancers. Headington, Oxon.  
 Nos. 4, 5. Pair of “bell-pads” (tenor), made c. 1840. Taston,  
 Oxon.  
 Nos. 6, 7. Pair of “bell-pads” (treble), made c. 1830. Heading-  
 ton, Oxon.  
 No. 8. Wooden “Treasury,” or money-box, made c. 1830.  
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- Plate V. Nos. 1, 2. “Maces” carried by the Lord and Lady of the Lamb  
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- Plate VI. “Peeling-horns,” as used at the Whit Hunt, made in 1897.  
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- Plate VII. No. 1. Tabour, or “Dub,” and stick, made c. 1800. Leaffield,  
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 No. 2. Tabour and stick, made c. 1850. Deddington, Oxon.  
 No. 3. Wooden pipe or “whittle,” belonging to No. 1.  
 No. 4. Pipe, made c. 1850. Bampton, Oxon.

THE BINDING OF A GOD:  
A STUDY OF THE BASIS OF IDOLATRY.

BY WILLIAM CROOKE, B.A.

(*Read at Meeting of 29th June, 1897.*)

TO one like myself, who has spent a large part of his life among an idol-worshipping people, there is something extremely fascinating in attempting to discover some of the leading principles which underlie this class of beliefs. Though my subject this evening is more immediately concerned with savage ritual, it is I venture to think, as most discussions on ritual can hardly fail to be, closely connected with some of those folk-beliefs which it is the special province of this Society to investigate.

Since the publication of Dr. Robertson Smith's epoch-making book, *The Religion of the Semites*, the steps by which the development of the idol from the rudest beginnings up to the stage at which it attains its highest artistic beauty, as we find it in Greek art, have passed almost beyond the range of controversy.

The process begins with a theophany—the appearance of the god to some favoured worshipper at some special spot. To this place the constant presence or occasional visits of the deity to bless and protect his votaries can be secured only by fitting suit and service. Here accordingly they slay and eat the sacred totem animal of the tribe, and secure communion with the divinity by pouring the blood on a pile of rude stones, the most primitive altar, which is later on replaced by a pillar marking more distinctly the holiness of the spot. This primitive unhewn monolith, as the progress to a more anthropomorphic conception of the godhead develops, comes to be carved in the semblance of the deity, and we thus reach the stage of the rude wooden idol or ξόανον, which Pausanias saw in so many of the

Greek shrines of his day; and this by-and-by develops into the idol statue of the highest artistic type.

Thus in India we find the early ritual prescribing that the altar for the reception of the Soma was to be constructed in the form of a woman.<sup>1</sup> So in Greece, to quote Mr. Farnell,<sup>2</sup> "at the earliest stages of iconism of which literature and the monuments have left record, we find the form of the god darkly emerging from the inorganic block, the λίθος ξεστός, but the features of the embryo form are human;" and he goes on to say: "It concerns the history of the people's religion to know in what way the image was regarded. Was it merely a symbol bringing home to the senses the invisible and remote divinity? Probably this was never the popular view, nor was it original. We may believe that for the early and cultivated Greek, as for all less advanced peoples, 'the nature and power of the divinity were there in the image.' It is hard, indeed, to find any passage that establishes the exact identity of the deity and the image in ancient belief, but many show the view that the statue was in the most intimate sense the shrine, or the ἔδος, of the divinity, and often animated by its presence."

It is certainly remarkable that, as far as I am aware, no distinct statement in the classical literature of Greece or Rome points to the adoption of any definite method of infusing the divinity into the image which expressed and represented its attributes. That some idea of the necessity of such procedure was at one time recognised may perhaps be inferred from the facts that the Greeks had a technical term, ἱδρῶσις, which is applied by Dionysius of Halicarnassus<sup>3</sup> to the inauguration of the ξόανον, or wooden statue; but of the exact ritual no details, so far as I am aware, survive. We may, however, perhaps guess that the ritual followed the

<sup>1</sup> Eggeling, *Satapatha Bráhmaṇa*, S. B. E., vol. xii. pp. 62, 63.

<sup>2</sup> *Cults of the Greek States*, vol. i. p. 20.

<sup>3</sup> *Hist.*, ii. 18.

lines by which both in Greece and Rome the demarcation of the *τέμενος* or *templum*, the spot sanctified by the theophany, was effected by the augurs and pontiffs. Until the actual presence of the god was thus secured, the spot did not in Rome rise to the dignity of a *templum*, but received the less holy title of *sacrum*, *sacrarium*, or *sacellum*.

We are fortunately not without information on the subject drawn from the usages of other people. This I venture to bring before you this evening, more particularly because I think that the principles which underlie this branch of ritual go some way to explain other observances, and more particularly one of the most remarkable and obscure legends in the *Iliad* of Homer.

I will therefore first ask you to consider the early Hindu ritual which is given in chapter 265 of the *Matsya Purána*. For a hitherto unpublished version of this remarkable passage I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. C. H. Tawney, C.I.E., the learned librarian of the India Office, of whose services to the cause of folklore in the translation of the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* I need not remind any members of this Society. The present recension of this *Purána* can be traced back to about the eighth century A.D. But both Mr. Tawney and Professor Weber agree that it has preserved much of the primitive ritual of the early Hindu writings; and this, indeed, is sufficiently obvious from its contents.

After describing some preliminary rites the author goes on: "But after he has deposited the various objects with Mantras (spells) let him anoint the cavity with milk and diligently cover it over with a white cloth. Then having raised up the mighty god, let him place him in the splendid desired place, over the cavity, with the Mantra 'Heaven is firm, the earth is firm, the mountains are firm, firm is the king of subjects.' Then, having placed the god firmly, he should place his hand on his head and meditate with the utmost piety on the undivided god of gods, and should mut-

ter the Devavrata hymn and the Soma hymn and the Rudra hymn, and having made himself like Siva adorned in the many ornaments, he should in meditation call up the form of whatever god he may be setting up, thus: 'Having become a god, I set up the mighty god Vishnu, resembling the flower of the flax, bearing the conch, discus, and club. I set up Siva Trilochana, the three-eyed and ten-armed, having the half-moon for his crest, lord of Ganas, seated on a bull. I set up Brahma, praised of hermits, the four-faced god wearing the twisted locks, great-armed, sprung from the lotus. I set up the Sun, thousand-rayed, calm, accompanied by bands of Apsarases, lotus-handed, great-armed.'

"In the same way he should utter Mantras referring to gods, to Siva when setting up Siva, to Vishnu when setting up Vishnu, to Brahma when setting up Brahma. And wise men should utter Mantras referring to Sûrya, the Sun, when setting him up, and in the case of the other gods the Mantras referring to them. But since the establishment of gods with Mantras gives joy, whatever god he sets up he should make him the chief, and should remember the other gods standing at his side as attendants."

Then follows the prayer: "Approach, revered one, be merciful, be gracious, be everlasting! Receive, revered one, this holy water for the feet, this for rinsing the mouth, this seat over which the holy words have been spoken. Hail!" Then the person dedicating the image is directed to have it bathed with curds and ghi, with a declaration that the day is a holiday, and with the salutary recital of sacred words. He should not move the god after he is set up, otherwise he will be guilty of sin. And he should fill up all the chinks in the pedestal of the image with sand—I suppose, with an idea that no evil spirit may take up its quarters in the neighbourhood of the image.

The ritual ends with the solemn injunction: "This erecting of a god is not to be performed by an immoral



man, or by a deceitful man, or by a hypocrite. It is to be done by a Brâhman who has mastered the Vedas, and is always engaged in the duties of a householder. But whoever out of partiality appoints a heretic as religious superior at the setting up of gods and like ceremonies, passing over Brâhmans well-read in the Veda and moral, in that quarter there will soon be a dishonourable ruin of the family, or the place will be occupied by evil spirits, or it will soon cease to be a place of worship, becoming a source of grief to the founder. But that image which has been erected by Brâhmans will bring prosperity to the family, and will be an object of worship for many a year."

We may go on to the ritual now practised in Bombay as described by Mr. J. M. Campbell.<sup>1</sup> The first stage is that a booth is erected and the sacred fire installed. The chief worshipper takes water in his hand and says: "I consecrate this image of Râma (or whatever deity it may be intended to represent) in order that the deity may come and reside in it." The water he throws on the ground. Then the image is bathed, while butter and sesamum, both holy things, are scattered on the sacred fire. The officiant next touches the chest and head of the image and says, "I welcome thee, Visvarûpa," or the representative of the general divine pantheon. After making various offerings before the image, he takes a small golden stick, the magic wand which is so efficacious throughout the whole range of folklore, and dips it in honey, a mystic substance, being produced by bees, which are vehicles of the souls of the departed, and applies it to the eyes of the image, and, lastly, dipping the wand in lampblack, he marks the eyes of the image with it, thus adopting one of the most common oriental prophylactics for resisting fascination, which does not spare even the gods themselves. The same object, that of repelling demonic influence, is effected by holding

<sup>1</sup> *Notes on the Spirit Basis of Belief and Custom*, p. 363, sqq.

a mirror before the image and offering to it the shadow of various dainties, which are then waved round the image on a leaf of the sacred Pîpal tree, and given to an officiant to place at the cross roads as an offering to the evil spirits which habitually haunt such places. Another offering is placed in a hollow bamboo for Siva, who is lord of demons.

The next step is to make the image the common abiding-place of all the great guardian deities, who are each invoked with their appropriate Mantras or spells, and with each verse the officiant touches in order the hands, knees, waist, chest, navel, eyes, and head of the image in which the deities are thus invited to take up their abode. The image being thus occupied by the divine pantheon, is laid to rest.

All this is preliminary to the installation in the image of the special deity in whose honour it has been erected. This is done next morning in much the same way by the recital of mystic verses and formulæ of ritual. As the officiant touches each member of the image, he touches his own person in the same way, thus implying that he too is possessed of the god, which from him is transferred to the image. Lastly, putting his thumb on the chest of the image, he says: "Let the divine spirit or life come into this image: let the divine essence enter into it." He then repeats the Gâyatri, the most sacred of all spells, into the right ear of the image, and with the recital of other appropriate texts he touches the feet, navel, and head of the image. When all this is done, supposing that the god has now taken up his abode therein, he bows and says: "O god of gods! Thou art welcome! Thou hast come here through my good fortune! Therefore out of kindness to thy devotee thou shouldst abide in this image as long as the Sun, the Moon, and the Earth are in existence."

Now it is obvious that we have here reached a very advanced stage of ritual observance. But something much more primitive, which may be the basis of the rites which

we have been considering, is found among the Dravidian or non-Aryan races.

I was once some years ago fortunate enough to be present at the actual birth of a local god in a low-caste village hidden away in the jungles of Gorakhpur, in Northern India. What I saw was in this wise. I had been trying a very intricate case of murder. A man was accused of killing his own child in order to make its ghost "sit on the head," as the Indian phrase runs, of the usurer who was engaged in enforcing a decree against him. To get at the root of the matter it was necessary for me to visit the scene of the murder, and when I arrived there I found that, since the killing of the child a few days before, its ghost had begun to make itself unpleasant. More than one case of sudden illness of man and beast and unlucky accident were confidently attributed to its malignity, and that day it had been found necessary to call in the aid of the Ojha, or "Cunning Man," of the neighbourhood, to lay the ghost.

This was how he did it. He rang his bell to summon all the vagrant ghosts of the neighbourhood together. Every Indian village has, besides its respectable, established ghosts who are "on the foundation," a number of others who are on their promotion, which may or may not, as circumstances occur, be provided with an image, a shrine, and a priest. They are exactly analogous to the Jinn of Semitic lands, whom Dr. Robertson Smith calls "gods without worshippers;" and he adds that "a god who loses his worshippers goes back to the clan from which he came, as a being of vague and indeterminate powers, who, having no personal relations to men, is on the whole to be regarded as an enemy."<sup>1</sup>

When all these evil spirits, one or other of whom was certainly responsible for the unpleasantness which it was the business of the exorcisor to remove, had assembled, he

<sup>1</sup> *Religion of the Semites*, p. 114.

fell into a state of afflatus, rolled on the ground, and became in popular belief obviously possessed of the spirit. By-and-by he rose and grasped with his hands at the spirits which were supposed to be buzzing round his head like so many flies. He began to herd them together by flapping round his head a switch composed of branches of the sacred Nîm and Pipal trees; then when he had got them together, he seized a handful of the mystic grain, black sesamum, waved it round his head, and with a shout of triumph gave his audience to understand that the spirit or spirits were now safely enclosed in it. The sesamum which had thus become the abiding-place of the ghosts he poured without delay into a hole in a log of the sacred fig-tree which lay ready near him. The hole was at once luted over with a mixture of clay and cow-dung, and it was removed to the general village-shrine where the pantheon of guardian gods—Mother Earth, the Snake gods, and their brethren—permanently rest. Beneath this platform the new candidate for enrolment in the heavenly host was solemnly interred, and he was thus regularly “established,” the inference being that if duly approached or fitly worshipped in season, he would abandon his habits of mischief and become a respectable, propitious protector of the village and its people.

I need hardly remind you of the numerous instances of similar practices of capturing souls among other savage races. We have many cases of an attempt to capture the soul of a dying man, of the enclosure of such souls in calabashes. The Dyaks try to capture the soul of the rice which is to revivify the next crop.<sup>1</sup>

Now it seems pretty obvious that in the proceedings of this Drâvidian exorcisor we have the origin of the more elaborate Brâhmanical ritual which I have described, and

<sup>1</sup> Ling Roth, *The Natives of Sarawak*, vol. i. pp. 271, 273, 279, 281, 413; Jevons, *Introduction to History of Religion*, p. 50; Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vol. i. p. 139.

which is technically known as *Prána-pratistha*, "the infusing of the divine life or soul into the image."

It would not be difficult to collect examples of similar practices in other lands. Thus, in Mexico, in the month Chen, "they worked in fear and trembling making new idols. And when they were finished, those for whom they were made gave presents of the best they had to those who had modelled and carved them. The idols were then carried from the building in which they had been made to a cabin made of leaves, where the priest blessed them with much solemnity and many fervent prayers, the artists having previously cleansed themselves from the grease with which they had been besmeared, as a sign of fasting during the time that they had remained at work. Having then driven out the evil spirit and burned the sacred incense, the newly-made images were placed in a basket enveloped in a linen cloth and delivered to their owners, who received them with every mark of respect and devotion. The priest then addressed the idol-makers for a few moments on the excellence and importance of their profession, and on the danger which they would incur by neglecting the rules of abstinence while doing such sacred work. Finally, all partook of an abundant feast, and made amends for their long fast by indulging freely in wine."<sup>1</sup>

The same train of ideas seems to meet us in some of the Norse legends, as, for instance, in the tale of the image of Hrúngnir with the stone heart, and that of Möckrkálfi, which was made of loam and had a mare's heart put into it.<sup>2</sup> We see it again in the Indian account of the preparation of the statue of Jaggannáth. According to the account given by Colonel Phipps,<sup>3</sup> at the festival of the Chând Jâtra the idol is said

<sup>1</sup> Bancroft, *Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*, vol. ii. p. 690.

<sup>2</sup> Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, Stallybrass, trans., vol. ii. p. 792, note 3.

<sup>3</sup> *Missionary Register*, 1824, pp. 574 *sqq.* For this reference I am indebted to Miss G. M. Godden.

to be sick, and is not visible for a fortnight, while it is being painted and repaired. When two new moons occur in the month of Asârh, which is said to happen once in seventeen years, a new idol is made. A trunk of a Nîm tree, on which no crow or carrion bird has ever perched, is sought for in the jungle. This is known to the initiated by certain signs, and is roughly worked up by carpenters and made over to the priests, who work in secrecy. One man is selected to take out of the old idol a box which contains the spirit, or by another account the bones, of the god Krishna, and this is carefully conveyed into the new image. The man who does this is always removed from the world before the end of the year, a fact which possibly embodies a tradition of actual human sacrifice at the inauguration of the new image.

We meet, again, with analogous cases in the observances whereby an abiding-place is made for the soul of a dead relation. The Hindus, for instance, fix up near a tank a stalk of a special kind of reed, in which the soul takes up its abode during the funeral rites. So in New Ireland, "when a member of a family dies, one of the relations visits the bush tribes of the Rossel Mountains, from whom he procures a carved chalk figure representing a man or woman, according to the sex of the deceased, which is intended as an abiding-place of the ghost of the dead. Having procured this sacred effigy, he returns to the village and delivers it to the chief, who places it in a funeral hut erected in the centre of a large tabu house which is decorated with a variety of plants, and having thus assigned a place of repose to the ghostly ogre, the surviving relations think themselves protected against its malicious designs of haunting the abode of the living."<sup>1</sup>

Another interesting series of beliefs based on an analogous principle is found in the customs of burial by effigy. Thus "when a Chinaman dies in battle or at a distance from home, and his body cannot be obtained, an effigy of paper or wood

<sup>1</sup> Powell, *Wanderings in a Wild Country*, p. 249.

is made, his soul is summoned to enter it, and it is then buried by his family with all the usual obsequies, as if it were his body.”<sup>1</sup> I have elsewhere illustrated a series of similar practices of the Hindus in connection with the formation of a new body for the soul by the performance of the Srâddha rites.<sup>2</sup> A modification of the method of infusing life into an idol appears in China. When the idols are ready the rite of “lighting the eyes” is done; expression is given to the eyes of the freshly painted idols, which have been purposely left blank by the painter. Up to that time they are not supposed to be animated by the presence of the deity; so a dab of ink is made on the ancestral tablet which gives the spirit power to remain close at hand.<sup>3</sup>

As a corollary to this method of infusing the deity into an image, it naturally follows that it can be removed by the same means. Thus, Sir R. Burton, shortly after his arrival at Dahomé, tells how when he entered his quarters, “two fetish youths made their appearance in the evening, knelt down before the domestic altar, prayed, broke some of the images, and went away declaring that they had called out the fetish, and that I might after the *evocatio deorum* do my worst.”<sup>4</sup>

It also follows that the image, having been thus imbued with the godhead, has the powers of volition and movement. Thus, to quote Mr. Grote in connection with Greek worship:<sup>5</sup> “A Grecian temple was not simply a place of worship, but the actual dwelling-place of a god, who was believed to be introduced by the solemn dedicatory ceremony, and whom the imagination of the people identified in the most intimate manner with his statue. The presence or removal of the statue was considered as identical with that of the being represented, and while the statue was solemnly washed, dressed,

<sup>1</sup> Gray, *China*, vol. i. p. 295.

<sup>2</sup> *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, vol. ii. p. 58.

<sup>3</sup> Giles, *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, vol. ii. p. 224.

<sup>4</sup> *Mission to Gelele*, vol. i. p. 299.

<sup>5</sup> *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 443, sq.

and tended with all the respectful solicitude which would have been bestowed upon a real person, miraculous tales were often rife respecting the manifestation of real internal feeling in the wood and the marble. At perilous or critical moments the statue was affirmed to have sweated, to have wept, to have closed its eyes, or brandished the spear in its hands, in token of sympathy or indignation."

It would be easy to collect examples of images which possess the power of volition and motion. Thus, when the great iconoclast Aurangzeb attacked Mathura, the idol of Kesava Deva was removed into Rajputâna, and when it arrived at what is now Nâthdwâra the wheels of the chariot stuck in the sand and the idol refused to move farther; so it has remained there to this day.<sup>1</sup> Lucian tells of a statue by Demetrios which used to play strange antics. The god used to leave his pedestal at night and wander about the house; people often met him, and the splashing of water was heard when he was taking his bath.<sup>2</sup> Herodotus describes how the Athenians tried to get back their old images from Egina; but they were unable to wrench them from their pedestals with ropes, and being terrified with thunder and an earthquake sent to punish their sacrilege, they were seized with madness and fell one on the other.<sup>3</sup> We have a cycle of tales telling how a man put a ring on the finger of a statue which bends its finger and refuses to restore it;<sup>4</sup> of images turning round, walking, speaking, con-

<sup>1</sup> Growse, *Mathura*, p. 130.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Harrison, *Mythology and Monuments of Athens*, p. 517.

<sup>3</sup> Herod., v. 85.

<sup>4</sup> See, for instance, Burton, *Arabian Nights*, Lib. Ed. vol. x. p. 476. [Orig. Ed. *Suppl. Nights*, vol. v. p. 506, a note by Mr. Kirby, who, however cites a story which must be received with caution (see *Folk-Lore*, vol. ii. p. 100, *sqq.*). The *locus classicus* is in William of Malmesbury. It has been versified, not only by Moore, but by William Morris in *The Earthly Paradise*. M. Sébillot (*Revue des Trad. Pop.* vol. ii. p. 20) cites Bibl. Jacob for a similar story, the scene of which is laid in "the cathedral of Paris, towards 1170," and the image, instead of being that of the impure goddess, Venus, is that of Our Lady!



ferring gifts on suppliants, and so on.<sup>1</sup> The same tales, it is needless to say, were told in connection with many images of later times, holy roods, the relics of saints, and the like.

Hence in some cases images were temporarily lent, and conveyed their virtues to their possessors for the time. Thus, in time of trouble the Æginetans lent to the Thebans the images of the Æakidæ, and they were sent to help the Greeks at the battle of Salamis.<sup>2</sup> The Spartans did the same with the Tyndarides, and the Thebans lent their hero Melanippus to Kleisthenes of Sikyon.<sup>3</sup> It is a belief of this kind which accounts for the common habit of carrying images in procession. Thus the Agurtai, priests of Isis, used to carry about images of their god. At the Apollonia rite in Sikyon the statues of Apollo and Artemis were carried from the temple of Peitho to that of Apollo.<sup>4</sup> The Egyptian priests at Papremis carried about an idol, which Herodotus identified with Ares, in a small wooden temple gilded all over, which was drawn on a wheeled carriage which must have been much the same as the tabernacle of Moloch.<sup>5</sup> So with the Indian Jaggannâth and Krishna, and the procession of the spear of Kandaswâmi in Ceylon, or Ghâzi Miyân in Northern India.<sup>6</sup> Similarly in Germany Nerthus, Berecynthia, and Fro travelled all over the country and conveyed their blessed influence to every place they visited.<sup>7</sup>

Moore read the story in Fromman *Upon Fascination*, a German work, where it is quoted from Vincent of Beauvais. It is a commonplace of medieval chronicles. Baring Gould (*Curious Myths*, ed. 1869, p. 224, *sqq.*) and Graf (*Roma nella Memoria e nelle Immaginazioni del Medio Evo*, vol. ii. p. 388, *sqq.*) give the best accounts of the cycle.—ED.]

<sup>1</sup> Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, vol. i. p. 114, note; vol. iv. p. 1320.

<sup>2</sup> *Herodotus*, v. 80; viii. 64.

<sup>3</sup> Grote, *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 443, note.

<sup>4</sup> *Pausanias*, ii. 7.

<sup>5</sup> *Herodotus*, ii. 63; *Acts of the Apostles*, vii. 43.

<sup>6</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. vi. p. 183; Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, vol. i. p. 208.

<sup>7</sup> Grimm, *loc. cit.*, vol. i. pp. 64, 107, 213, 255, note; vol. ii. p. 595; vol. iv. p. 1307; and for an image conveying itself on board ship, Tacitus, *Hist.*, iv. 84.

We have already noted an instance of an image expressing its desire to be established in a particular place. According to Athenæus,<sup>1</sup> Admete was a priestess of Hera at Argos, but fled with the image of the goddess to Samos. Pirates were engaged by the Argives to bring the image back; but they failed, because the ship laden with the idol could not be made to move. So they took it back to Samos, where it was tied to a tree (obviously it was originally a tree deity), and was finally purified and restored to the Samos temple. Many tales like this are told all the world over, from the Rollright Stones on the Cotswold Hills to the Lingam of Mahâdeva Râvaneswara at Vaidyanâtha in Bengal, which refused to move when Râvana touched it, and has remained there ever since.<sup>2</sup>

When the god has thus been established in an image, it is obviously necessary, to prevent him from escaping, to keep him under control, so that he may not only be always at hand to receive the prayers and offerings of his subjects, but may not abscond or be removed, and thus come under the control of a strange and presumably hostile tribe. It may be objected that this view of the relations of man to his god is inconsistent with those which prevailed in the most primitive times between humanity and divinity, where the deity was regarded not with fear but with love, and early religion principally occupied itself with the task of establishing communion with him. Thus in Dr. Jevons' masterly *Introduction to the History of Religion*,<sup>3</sup> he writes: "If we regard these fire-festivals and water-rites as pieces of sympathetic magic, they are clear instances in which man imagines himself able to constrain the gods to subserve his own ends. Now this vain imagination is not merely non-religious, but anti-religious; and it is difficult to see how

<sup>1</sup> *Deipnos*, xv. 12.

<sup>2</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. vi. p. 27; Oppert. *Original Inhabitants of Bhâratavarsa*, p. 376.

<sup>3</sup> P. 233.

religion could have developed out of it. It is inconsistent with the abject fear which the savage feels of the supernatural, and which is sometimes supposed to be the origin of religion; and it is inconsistent with that sense of man's dependence on a superior being which is a real element in religion." At the same time, whatever may have been the feeling of early man, it would not be difficult to quote instances pointing in a different direction. I can only glance in passing at some of this evidence. Thus, the Egyptians not only called on the god by name, but if he refused to appear they threatened him. These formulæ of compulsion of the gods were called by the Greeks *θεῶν ἀνάγκαι*.<sup>1</sup> So Dr. Griffis tells us that, as the Italian peasant scolds or beats his bambino, so the Japan fetish is punished or not allowed to know what is going on by being covered up or hidden away.<sup>2</sup> Herodotus tells us of the Getæ that when it lightens or thunders they aim their arrows at the sky, uttering threats against the gods. And again of the Atarantians, who, when the sun rises high in the heavens, curse him and load him with reproaches because he burns and wastes both their country and themselves.<sup>3</sup> Porphyry relates that the Egyptians were in the habit of using threats, not only to the sacred animals, but even to the gods themselves, "declaring that unless they

<sup>1</sup> Lenormant, *Chaldean Magic*, p. 101. Dr. Tylor (*Primitive Culture*, 2nd ed., vol. ii. p. 171) quotes an amusing Chinese case of an action at law brought against a god, who for his fraud was banished from the province. To this Mr. E. S. Hartland adds:—"Ælian (*Var. Hist.*, xii. 23) states as an illustration of the boldness of the Celts, that they plunged into the sea and fought the waves. (Cf. The Edinburgh Dinshenchas, *Folk-Lore*, vol. iv. p. 488.) This seems to be connected with a superstition, extending from the Basque country to Denmark, of the Three Witch-waves, where the waves, intent on mischief, were really forms of some malignant witch, and only to be conquered by hurling a harpoon or other weapon into them. The harpoon draws the witch's blood, and the waves sink. *Mélusine*, vol. ii. col. 200; Sébillot, *Légendes de la Mer*, vol. i. p. 174."

<sup>2</sup> *Religions of Japan*, p. 27.

<sup>3</sup> iv. 94, 184.

did what they desired, or if they acted contrary to their wishes, they would disclose the mysteries of Isis, divulge the secrets hidden in the abyss, stop the sacred boat, or scatter before Typho the members of Osiris."<sup>1</sup>

This brings me to the question of the binding up of gods which has already been brought before the notice of this Society by Miss C. S. Burne and Miss G. M. Godden.<sup>2</sup> The subject is so important from the point of view of ancient ritual that I may be permitted to add some further illustrations.

In this series of ritual observances there seem to be combined at least two principles—one to prevent the idol from escaping or being removed; the other, the need of covering up the image, which is tabu, from the sight of its worshippers, to whom its manifestation might be dangerous.

Before dealing with the practices of savages, let me recall to your memory the account given of the matter by a sceptic, who obviously speaks from the point of view of an advanced monotheism. You will remember the account given of the construction of an idol by the author of the *Book of Wisdom*,<sup>3</sup> the composition of which is fixed by the best authorities about 40 A.D. It is clearly the work of a writer of the school of Philo, but of one well acquainted with the idolatries of his own day. After describing how the image is made and painted with vermilion, a symbol of the blood sacrifice, he says: "And when he hath made a convenient room for it, set it in a wall and made it fast with iron: for he provided for it that it might not fall, knowing that it was unable to help itself: for it is an image and hath need of help." This is plainly a skit at the idols of his time, but the idea of binding up the idol widely prevailed. We know

<sup>1</sup> Wilkinson, *Ancient Egyptians*, ed. 1878, vol. iii. p. 247; for Rome, Mommsen. *History*, vol. i. p. 177.

<sup>2</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. iv. pp. 108, 249; vol. vi. p. 196.

<sup>3</sup> xiii. 15, 16.

that it was not unusual to erect maimed or deformed idols; many in particular, for reasons which cannot be discussed now, were made lame or without hands. Artemis of Ephesus, for instance, had artificial arms supported by golden rods. So with Sala, the consort of the Babylonian sun-god, Savitar, Tyr and the Celtic Nuad of the Silver Hand.<sup>1</sup> The statues of the maids of the daughter of Mycerinus had no hands.<sup>2</sup> The fall of an image was always regarded as ominous, and showed at any rate that the deity who lacked the power to save himself from disgrace could be of little service to his worshippers. We have the case of Dagon of the Philistines, which fell down before the Ark, and suffered much in repute in consequence.<sup>3</sup> We come across the same idea at the other end of the world, in New Ireland, where we are told: "Their idols are set up upon lofty eminences. . . . Whenever the image falls to the ground, or is broken or otherwise damaged, it is no longer visited, for as it is unable to keep itself erect, it is supposed that its intercession with Kannua would no longer be of any avail."<sup>4</sup>

I may give some examples of the manner in which gods are chained or bound. The statue of the goddess Aphrodite Morpho, "the goddess of beautiful form," or the bridal deity, had, according to Pausanias, chains on her feet.<sup>5</sup> The old tourist tells us that they say that Tyndareus added the fetters "symbolising the bonds of love that unite men so powerfully to women." In the same place he notices an old statue of Enyalios, a form of Ares, and he adds that the opinion of the Lacedæmonians about this statue and that of the Athenians called Nike Apteros, Wingless Victory, is the same—that Enyalios will never depart from the

<sup>1</sup> Sayce, *Hibbert Lectures*, "Babylonian Religion," p. 212.

<sup>2</sup> *Herodotus*, ii. 131.

<sup>3</sup> I *Samuel* v. 3. There is a similar case in the Arabian tale of "Gharib and his Brother Ajib," Burton, *Arabian Nights*, vol. vii. p. 83; Lib. ed. vol. v. p. 282.

<sup>4</sup> Featherman, *Papuo Melanesians*, p. 61. On the omen of the eyes falling from the statue of Hiero, see Plutarch, *De Pyth. Resp.*

<sup>5</sup> iii. 15, 11.

Lacedæmonians as he is fettered, just as Victory will always remain with the Athenians because she cannot fly away. Pausanias also describes a Wingless Nike in Olympia, which he says Kalamis made in imitation of the Athenian statue. The best authority on the Athenian monuments, Miss J. E. Harrison,<sup>1</sup> dismisses this explanation as fanciful. The old Wingless Nike was simply a representation of Athene in one of her forms. Later on, Nike separated completely from Athene, and the antique wingless statue was deemed anomalous and required a story to account for it. I refer to the case here merely as an illustration of the ideas prevailing in the time of Pausanias, if not much earlier.

Wherever we find these chained images the same explanation is given—that it is intended to keep them under control. For this reason the Romans fettered the image of Saturnus,<sup>2</sup> as they kept the real name of the city of Rome secret that no one might work evil on the city through knowledge of the name. The sacred boulder which marks the theophany of the goddess at Kioto in Japan is honoured by a straw rope wound round it.<sup>3</sup> Pausanias tells us of the goddess to whom is given not only the title of Orthia, “but also they call her Lygodesma (bound with willow), because it was found in a willow-bush, and the willow bound about it made the image upright.”<sup>4</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> *Mythology and Monuments of Athens*, p. 361; and see Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, vol. i. pp. 312 *sqq.*, 338.

<sup>2</sup> Jevons-Plutarch, *Roman Questions*, Intro. lxxx.

<sup>3</sup> Palgrave, *Ulysses*, p. 241, a reference which I owe to Miss G. M. Godden. I am informed by the Rev. Walter Weston that the custom is common in Japanese Shinto shrines. Here too a straw rope is tied round the temple of the sun-goddess, a rite which is said to be intended to keep off evil gods: more probably to keep the deity at home. Reed, *Japan, its History, Traditions, and Religions*, vol. i. p. 34. For the same practice, see Mitford, *Tales of Old Japan*, vol. i. p. 71. [See also *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. v. p. 154. Several versions of its legendary origin are given in the *Nihongi*, Aston's transl., vol. i. pp. 40-50. Ed.]

<sup>4</sup> iii. 16, 7.

same custom appears in Southern India, but here the Brâhman have invented a characteristic legend of their own. "At other times the priests put the idols in irons, chaining their hands and feet. They exhibit them to the people in this humiliating state, into which they tell them they have been brought by rigorous creditors from whom their gods had been obliged in times of trouble to borrow money to supply their wants. They declare that the inexorable creditors refuse to set the god at liberty until the whole sum with interest shall have been paid." When the money is collected "the chains are soon dissolved and the idol restored to liberty."<sup>1</sup>

We meet another form of the custom in the case of the Tyrians who chained their stone image of Apollo to the altar of Herakles in order to secure protection for their city.<sup>2</sup> This idea of securing a mystic connection by means of a rope or cord is not uncommon.<sup>3</sup> Thus Captain Lewin, describing a Buddhistic service, says: "The bowed heads of the postulants were shaven, and through their hands, from man to man, ran a white thread, the two ends of which were held by the priest" as he recited a prayer.<sup>4</sup> The practice of passing a cord across a stream to assist the return of the ghost is very common.<sup>5</sup>

Perhaps the best known case of thus securing contact with the god is that of the Ephesians given by Herodotus.<sup>6</sup> "The Ephesians being besieged by Cræsus consecrated their city to Diana by fastening a rope from the temple to the wall," a distance of nearly a mile. So the Kylonian suppliants at Athens sought to maintain their contact with

<sup>1</sup> Dubois, *Manners and Customs of the People of India*, p. 299.

<sup>2</sup> *Curtius*, iv. 3, 15.

<sup>3</sup> Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, 2nd ed., vol. i. p. 117; vol. ii. p. 171.

<sup>4</sup> *Wild Races of S. E. India*, p. 105.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 209; Risley, *Tribes and Castes of Bengal*, vol. ii. p. 326. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, vol. ii. p. 46.

<sup>6</sup> i. 26.

the altar by a continuous cord, which unfortunately broke, and they were all massacred.<sup>1</sup> The Samian despot, Polykrates, when he consecrated to the Delian Apollo the neighbouring island of Rheneia, connected it with the island of Delos by means of a chain.<sup>2</sup>

When we come to the cases of gods who are actually imprisoned or confined, the ritual seems generally based on the idea that the image is tabu, dangerous if exhibited to its votaries, though in some instances the principle of physically detaining the god may be at the root of the matter. The risk of touching or even seeing a sacred object of this kind hardly needs illustration. We have the case of the Hebrew Ark, which it was death for an uninitiated person to touch.<sup>3</sup> Aglauros and Herse, when they saw the chest in which Erectheus was confined, and found the child in the form of a serpent, were seized with madness and threw themselves from the Akropolis. "Gods," says Homer, "are not seen by mortals with impunity," as in the case of Teiresias, who was deprived of sight because he saw Athene in her bath; and when an image of Iphigenia was found in a bush at Sparta, the sight of it threw the beholders into a state of madness.<sup>4</sup> It is needless to

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch, *Solon*, 12.

<sup>2</sup> *Thucydides*, iii. 104; Dyer, *Gods in Greece*, p. 361.

<sup>3</sup> *2 Samuel*, vi. 6. Cf. *1 Samuel*, vi. 19.

<sup>4</sup> *Pausanias*, iii. 16, 6; i. 15, 2; *Apollodorus*, iii. 14, 6; Homer, *Iliad*, xx. 131; *Exodus*, xxxiii. 20; Featherman, *Nigritians*, p. 697. So boys being initiated must not be looked on (see for example, Frazer, *Golden Bough*, vol. ii. p. 348). In Tahiti, anyone who entered a certain temple was slain. Featherman, *Oceano-Melanesians*, p. 50; Wilkinson, *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iii. p. 335. Into the temple of Serapis, at Memphis, no strangers were admitted, not even the priests except during the ritual in connection with Apis. *Pausanias*, i. 18, 1. In Greece it was the custom to hang oriental carpets in front of the figure of the temple deity to conceal it from profane eyes. Thus in the temple of Kora, at Mantinea, the priestess ἐσκέπασεν τὰ ἱερά μυστήρια, hanging in front of them an oriental carpet. *Journ. Hellenic Society*, vol. v. p. 244. And in Egypt the image of the god was guarded from profane eyes. Erman, *Life in Ancient Egypt*, p. 275.



say that in many of the ancient shrines the idol was exhibited only to the priests or other initiated persons.

Hence many gods are kept out of the sight of their worshippers, or actually imprisoned. In Mexico, for instance, the image of Quetzalcoatl was "for reverence of his great majesty" kept covered with blankets.<sup>1</sup> In one of the Aztec temples there was a cage in which the idols of conquered nations were confined to prevent them from assisting their old worshippers in regaining their liberty.<sup>2</sup> When an Aztec monarch was dangerously ill, a veil was thrown over the face of his patron god, only to be removed when death occurred, the idea presumably being lest the god should not be at hand when his services to relieve the sick man were needed.<sup>3</sup> At Dahomé the mysterious god Zan-ku-ku is carried about in a chest, the contents of which no one is supposed to know.<sup>4</sup> Among the Kurumbas of Madras the idol is kept shut up in a box in a special room and brought out only on the day of the annual festival, and it is prescribed that the holy Sâlagrâma stone should be kept apart in a shrine between the leaves of the Tulasi or holy basil and wrapt in a clean cloth.<sup>5</sup> The two conceptions of tabu and confinement of the god seem to meet in another Mexican case, where the gods were kept hidden in subterranean chambers, "that they might not be disturbed or the people become too familiar with them; another reason was to prevent them being stolen by other villagers."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bancroft, *Native Races*, vol. iii. p. 260.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 585.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 603. "Masks in stone, wood, and terra-cotta are to be seen in considerable numbers in museums of Mexican antiquities. Their use is explained in passages in the old Mexican writers, who mention that it was customary to mask the idols on the occasion of the king being sick, or of any other public calamity; and that men and women wore masks in some of the religious ceremonies." Tylor, *Anahuac*, p. 225 *sqq.*

<sup>4</sup> Burton, *Mission to Gelele*, vol. ii. p. 50.

<sup>5</sup> Oppert, *Original Inhabitants of Bhâratavarsa*, pp. 238, 344.

<sup>6</sup> Bancroft, *loc. cit.*, vol. iii. p. 461.

The same customs prevailed among the North American Indians. We are told that the principal object in the medicine bag is "a kind of household god which is a small carved image about eight inches long. Its first covering is of down, over which a piece of birch-bark is closely tied, and the whole is enveloped in several folds of red and blue cloth."<sup>1</sup> The Choktaws "kept a kind of box instead of the individual sack, containing some kind of substance which was considered sacred, and kept entirely secret from the common people; and this box was borne by a number of men considered pure and holy." It was never rested on the ground, but on a pure rock or scaffold of wood.<sup>2</sup> Similarly in Easter Island the people keep their images packed up in sacks during the whole year, "and each head of a household only exposes to view during the public festivals as many of these toy divinities as he was able to manufacture with his own hands"<sup>3</sup>—presumably those over which his influence was most completely assured.

Perhaps the most remarkable series of customs such as these comes from the Lower Himâlaya in India. In Kumaun, we are told, the goddess Kâli used in the old days to climb a deodâr or cedar tree near the temple and call people by name—a most dangerous practice I need hardly say. Such unfortunate people used to die next day. But the great religious reformer, Shankar Achârya, put a stop to these improper proceedings of the goddess by inverting and fixing a huge cylindrical copper vessel, so as to cover the image entirely. Similarly, at Jageswar, the image known as Mrityunjaya, or Siva, in his form as "conqueror of death," is covered with a cylinder. A massive lid is also thrown over the image of Vimâneswar, or the dwarf Vishnu. As the Hindu

<sup>1</sup> Emerson, *Indian Myths*, p. 248.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 255.

<sup>3</sup> Featherman, *Occano-Melanesians*, p. 108, note. The custom of covering sacred things appears in the Italian rite of Saint Ubaldo. Bower, *Elevation and Procession of the Ceri*, p. 61.

gentleman who sent me these cases writes: "These three gods covered with lids were said to be very sensitive and always disturbed the equilibrium of Nature. It is still a horror to swear by touching them."<sup>1</sup>

There are also many instances throughout folklore of imprisoned gods and ghosts. We have the familiar case of the Jinni who was confined under the seal of the Lord Solomon in the bottle of the *Arabian Nights*.<sup>2</sup> The same idea appears in Grimm's tale of the "Spirit in the Bottle."<sup>3</sup> Virgilius the mighty sorcerer shut up the fiend in a hole in the mountain; in fact a whole cycle of folktales clusters round the binding of the Evil One.<sup>4</sup> There are numerous tales of the shutting up of ghosts and demons in this way.<sup>5</sup> For some of the following instances from the folktales I am indebted to the encyclopædic knowledge of Mr. E. Sidney Hartland. A Norse tale given by Dasent from Asbjørnsen represents the devil as getting into a worm-eaten nut through a worm-hole to gratify a boy's curiosity and being kept there.<sup>6</sup> The form of the story universally current in this country seems to be that of ghost-laying, where the ghost is consigned to a bottle or other small

<sup>1</sup> *North Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. iii. p. 148.

<sup>2</sup> Burton, *Arabian Nights*, vol. i. p. 40; Lib. ed. p. 37. For demons enclosed in a bottle also refer to Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i. pp. 381, 395; Giles, *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, vol. i. p. 81. In the Spanish novel *El Diablo Cojuelo*, a student accidentally enters the house of a conjurer and delivers a demon from a bottle, an idea on which Le Sage based *Le Diable Boiteux*; Clouston, *Book of Sindibad*, p. 19, note. Among the Bijapur Ambigs or Kabligers, on the fifth or other odd month after a death, if the dead be a man a mask, or if a woman a top-like vessel is brought out, laid among the house-gods and worshipped. *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xxiii. p. 117.

<sup>3</sup> *Household Tales*, Mrs. Hunt's translation, vol. ii. p. 401, where numerous parallels are quoted.

<sup>4</sup> Dunlop, *History of Prose Fiction*, vol. i. p. 434; Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, vol. iii. p. 1011; Hazlitt, *National Tales*, p. 40.

<sup>5</sup> Miss Burne, *Shropshire Folklore*, chap. xi.

<sup>6</sup> *Popular Tales*, 3rd edition, p. 377.

receptacle.<sup>1</sup> There are several instances of this in Rev. Elias Owen's *Welsh Folklore*.<sup>2</sup> In a curious Rabbinical tale referred to by Southey in *The Doctor* the demon is, by counsel of a prophet, put into a leaden vessel closed with lead. This is better given in an article by Dr. S. Louis on Palæstinian Demonology.<sup>3</sup> In the same article there is also a curious tale given to prove that the devil cannot touch anything that has been counted, tied up, or sealed.<sup>4</sup> Mr. Hartland adds: "Dasent's tale is given from Camors in the Pays de Vannes,<sup>5</sup> where the child had been sold to the devil, and when he came the child persuaded him to turn into a mouse and go into a bag, which he immediately tied up. There is a similar Breton tale, where the hero is a sailor, and the Bosj (some sort of demon) is persuaded to get into a gimlet hole in a tree;<sup>6</sup> with which compare Ariel's penance, confined by Sycorax in a cloven pine."<sup>7</sup> In fact the idea is a commonplace of folklore.<sup>8</sup>

The result then of this discussion so far is that we have gone through a series of cases, the number of which it would not be difficult to enlarge, of the deity being established in an image. In the more primitive ritual this is actually done in a physical way—the ghost or god is caught, he is shut up in the sacred sesamum grain, which is then enclosed in a piece of holy wood and established in a shrine. In the later form the ritual has been softened down, and the god is only implored or coerced by charms to occupy the

<sup>1</sup> Hartland, *Legend of Perseus*, vol. i. p. 206; *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. p. 176; *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. vi. p. 152; Chambers, *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 366.

<sup>2</sup> Pages 167, 196, 199, 212 *sqq.*

<sup>3</sup> *Proceedings Society of Biblical Archaeology*, vol. ix. p. 222.

<sup>4</sup> P. 219. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, vol. ii. p. 311.

<sup>5</sup> *Revue des Traditions Populaires*, vol. viii. p. 216.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. vi. p. 538.

<sup>7</sup> *Tempest*, act i. scene 2.

<sup>8</sup> Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, vol. iii. pp. 999, 1011.

image. We thus reach the very ultimate basis of the conception of the idol. The first idol is a stone erected to mark a theophany; it defines the place where the god has once appeared and will surely appear again, if he be suitably approached and his worshippers secure communion with him by eating the totem animal, in other words the god himself, and pouring the blood, which is the life, on the stone where the deity resides. It was no part of the primitive view of sacrifice that the stone should be fashioned in the divine image. That, as well as the devices for confining and restraining the god, and those for preventing the tabued image from causing injury to its worshippers, were later conceptions.

The special case in ritual to which I have tried to lead up in this survey is that of the famous legend of the imprisonment of Ares by the sons of Aloeus.<sup>1</sup> Dione in the *Iliad* gives this as one of the cases in which men have brought grievous woe upon the Immortals. "So suffered Ares when Otos and stalwart Ephialtes, sons of Aloeus, bound him in a strong prison-house, yea in a vessel of bronze lay he bound thirteen months. Then might Ares, insatiate of battle, have perished, but that the stepmother of

<sup>1</sup> *Iliad*, v. 385 sqq. As to the other literature of the legend, Mr. Rouse refers me to a version in Apollodorus (i. 7, 4), who says he was trying to storm heaven. The Scholiast to the *Iliad* says he killed Adonis from jealousy on account of Aphrodite, and adds that when set free he went to Naxos and hid in the *σιδυροβήρωτις πέτρα*. According to *Pausanias* (iii. 15, 7) he was chained in Sparta. It may be also noted that this legend in the *Iliad* is told by Dione, who is quite a shadowy form, perhaps one of the old disestablished goddesses or a double of Hera. If the word *κέραμος* is Cyprian, it would, as the Scholiast says, connect the legend with the oriental worship of Adonis. Since this paper was written I have accidentally come across a note by Mr. J. G. Frazer (*Classical Review*, vol. ii. p. 222) in which the same explanation of the Ares legend is given. He gives an instance of a god of rain, thunder and lightning shut up in New Guinea (Chalmers and Gill, *Work and Adventure in New Guinea*, p. 152) and other instances from the same part of the world (*Tijdschrift voor Indische Taal-land-en-volkenkunde*, dl. xxvii. p. 447, sq.; *Bijdragen tot de Taal-land-en-volkenkunde van Néerlandisch Indie*, 4de volg., dl. viii. p. 183) sq.

Aloeus' sons, fair Ecriboia, gave tidings to Hermes, and he stole away Ares, already pining, for the grievous prison-house was wearing him out."

I quote Dr. Leaf's translation, but the authorities are not quite agreed as to the meaning of the passage. The important words are *χαλκίῳ δ' ἐν κεράμῳ δέδετο*. Paley says he was shut up in a brass-bound crock. Professor Blackie translates :

"Such wrong Mars felt, when the huge-statured Aloidian twain,  
Otus and Ephialtes, bound him with a tyrannous chain,  
Twelve months and three in brazen keep he knew the close-barred pain,"

where he blunders as to the duration of his bondage. Professor Newman says he was bound in "brass and brick," and mentions the chain which bound him. Merivale calls it "a brass-bound barrel."

*Κέραμος*, according to Liddell and Scott, means "an earthen vessel or wine jar," and, secondly, "a prison or dungeon," to which this passage is referred, the Scholiast alleging this to be a Cyprian use of the word. There seems to have been at Cyprus a prison which was known as the *Keramos*.<sup>1</sup> One sense of the word was undoubtedly a large earthen jar half buried in the earth, such as are to this day used in India and other eastern countries for holding grain. The Indian type of the vessel could easily hold a man. There was another similar vessel known to the Greeks called a *πίθος*, and in recent excavations cases of burial in such vessels have been discovered; and the custom prevailed widely in South America. The practice of preserving the ashes of the dead in jars is as old as Homer,<sup>2</sup> or even the early Aryans.<sup>3</sup> This may have been one basis of the myth. At any rate I conclude that this sense of the word is more primitive than that of "prison:" the under-

<sup>1</sup> Smith, *Dictionary of Antiquities*, p. 197.

<sup>2</sup> *Iliad*, xxiii. 243.

<sup>3</sup> Schrader, *Prehistoric Antiquities*, p. 365.

ground dungeon with a hole above for admitting air and allowing food to be let down to the prisoner would be a secondary meaning.

We now come to consider the meaning of this myth. To begin with Professor Max Müller.<sup>1</sup> In his recent book on Mythology he practically gives it up. "Neither his being chained during thirteen months by the Aloeidai nor his being chained by Hephaistos allows us to see any physical background behind the veil of mythology." Preller<sup>2</sup> and some other authorities regard it as a story of some early pioneers of civilisation excited by their achievements in the introduction of peace, and thus incurring the wrath of the god of war, whom they finally capture and imprison. But the legend, as we find it in the *Iliad*, can, I imagine, hardly be detached from its context, in which the sufferings wrought by men upon the immortals are detailed. In any case, this kind of ætiological explanations of what is obviously a very ancient myth may reasonably be distrusted.

A more hopeful line of investigation might perhaps be found in the supposition that Ares was originally a chthonic or underground deity, a god of vegetation in fact, who dies annually with the winter and revives with the spring, like Adonis, Osiris, Vishnu, and their kindred. And though there are some indications in the Ares myths which may point in this direction, I am not aware that there is as yet complete evidence to support this view of his origin.

Further, we find many instances drawn from the ritual of savages in various parts of the world, which illustrate the fact that the jar or pitcher is very commonly used as a receptacle for the god or closely connected with his worship. We have, for instance, the Kalasa or sacred jar of the Hindus, which is, as I have shown elsewhere,<sup>3</sup> very generally used

<sup>1</sup> *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*, vol. ii. p. 724.

<sup>2</sup> *Mythology*, vol. i. p. 69.

<sup>3</sup> *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, vol. i. pp. 97, 255; vol. ii. p. 75; Atkinson, *Himalayan Gazetteer*, vol. ii. p. 885.

in the ritual of the Drâvidian tribes. This may be compared with the Drona-kalasa of the early Brâhmanical ritual, which is the sacred trough in which the Soma was made.<sup>1</sup> We have, again, the legend of the creation of the sages Agastya and Vasishtha from a jar, whence they obtained the title of Kumbha-yoni or Kumbha-janma, "jar-born." And Manu kept the fish out of which Vishnu was created in a jar. Similar instances are found in Southern India. Thus the deity of the Koramas of Madras consists of five branches of the sacred Nîm tree and a cocoanut, which are kept in a brass pot.<sup>2</sup> In the worship of Poturâja, a pot containing the deity when he is enraged is carried in procession to the centre of the village and sacrifices are done to it.<sup>3</sup> And in summing up this worship, Dr. Oppert writes: "In the various sacrifices mentioned above repeated allusion has been made to the custom of representing the goddess by pots, so that the existence of a special Grâmadevata (village god) as pot-goddess need not surprise us. She is called in Tamil Kumbâtâl, in Sanskrit Kumbhamâtâ and in Canarese Garigadevara."<sup>4</sup> Elsewhere I have given the North Indian legend of the charming of the cholera demon into a jar.<sup>5</sup>

So in Western Africa Sir R. Burton describes an idol as "a Bo male image, half black, half white, even to the wool, and hung with a necklace of beasts' skulls, with a pair of

<sup>1</sup> *Satapatha Brâhmana* : S. B. E., vol. xxvi. p. 408.

<sup>2</sup> Oppert, *Original Inhabitants of Bhâratavarsa*, p. 198, note.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 463, 494. To these may be added, as Mr. E. S. Hartland reminds me, the remarkable legend of Lâl Beg, which I have recorded elsewhere (*Tribes and Castes of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh*, vol. i. p. 266). The Bulgarian sorcerer shuts up a vampire in a bottle which he throws into the fire, and the vampire disappears for ever (Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, 2nd. ed., vol. ii. p. 193, sq.). A bowl is the representative of one of the Samoan gods, also a bucket (Turner, *Samoa*, pp. 30, 32).

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 502 sq.

<sup>5</sup> *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, vol. i. p. 141. Also for Devi infused into a pitcher, see *North Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 19.



Hoho-zen or twin pots, two little double pipkins of red clay' big pipe-bowls, united like the Siamese twins and covered with whitewashed lids to guard the water-offering."<sup>1</sup> He also describes, in the Dahomé worship of the sacred cotton tree, how before it "an inverted pipkin full of cullender holes is placed on the ground at the tree foot, and by its side is a narrow-necked pot, into which the water offering is poured."<sup>2</sup>

We meet with a similar example in Egypt. "According to some accounts Canobus was worshipped in Egypt in the shape of a jar with small feet, a thin neck, a swollen body, and a round back. On the Egyptian monuments we find a number of jars with the head either of some animal or human being at the top. It may be that some deities were symbolically represented in this manner; but a particular jar-god as worshipped at Canobus is not mentioned by any writer except Rufinus, and is therefore exceedingly doubtful."<sup>3</sup>

To this may be added the sacred water jar, the hydria, used in Egypt;<sup>4</sup> the mystic double jar which represents the male and female principle worshipped by the Hindus at the Durga-pûjâ festival; and the Drâvidian Ghanta-karan, who is worshipped in the form of a jar as the healer of cutaneous disease.

I venture then to think, in default of some better explanation of the myth which we have been considering, that Otus and Ephialtes may have captured the war-god, shut him up as the Indian exorcisor does the dangerous ghost, and used him for their own purposes until he was released. The "brazen crock," then, in which they "established" the god would be the analogue of the idol into which the Indian exorcisor infuses the spirit of his deity.

From this point of view I may suggest the analogy of the

<sup>1</sup> *Mission to Gelele*, vol. i. p. 301.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 140.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. L. Schmitz, in Smith's *Dictionary of Mythology*, s.v. *Canobus*.

<sup>4</sup> Rawlinson, *Herodotus*, vol. ii. p. 67.

myth of Osiris, inveigled by his brother Set into a beautifully decorated coffer, the coffer nailed down upon him and soldered with lead, and set afloat on the Nile. Whether Osiris was or was not a tree- or corn-spirit does not affect the matter. But in this version we have what is wanting in the Homeric myth, the sealing up of the receptacle of the spirit, which we find in other forms of the story, as for instance that of the Jinni, who was placed under the seal of the Lord Solomon. This is not to be wondered at, because Homer does not go into details, and merely refers incidentally to the myth, one with which his hearers were doubtless quite familiar.

But why was he shut up for thirteen months? If the thirteen months were, as the old Greek months certainly were, lunar, then the period would represent a solar year, and this to my mind is one of the strongest facts which tend to indicate the chthonic origin of the myth. We know that about the time of the compilation of the Homeric poems a change was going on by which the use of the old and rather vague term *ἐνιαυτός* was being replaced by the more definite *ἔτος*. The former prevails in the Achilleid or more primitive stratum of the epic. In Hesiod (*Theog.* 59) *ἐνιαυτός* means little more than a ten months' cycle, and the same change in the length of the year prevailed among the early Italians. We may possibly find an indication of the same development in the calendar in the present case. We know that there were many gods whose images were exposed only once a year. This was the case, for instance, with the statue of the Diadumene Mother and that of the secret statues of the Sikyonians, which they used to carry once a year to the temple of Dionysus.<sup>1</sup> Herodotus tells us of the daughter of Mycerinus, who prayed to her father that he would let her see the sun once a year; and the wooden heifer supposed to contain her body was therefore actually

<sup>1</sup> *Pausanias*, i. 7, 3; ix. 25, 2.

brought out once a year.<sup>1</sup> We have the same custom in the Hindu practice of annually bringing out and parading the images of Jaggannâth and Krishna. But this rule is not invariable, for the idols in Tahiti are brought out and exposed to the sun every three months.<sup>2</sup> One of the great gods of Samoa was Tui Tokelau; "he was supposed to be embodied in a stone which was carefully wrapped up with fine mats and never seen by any one but the king, and that only once a year, when the decayed mats were stripped off and thrown away;" no one dared to appropriate the decayed mats.<sup>3</sup> Lord Roden in his *Progress of the Reformation in Ireland* speaks of a stone idol, called Neevougi, which was wrapped in homespun flannel by an old woman, its priestess.

I might add that the principles which we have been considering seem to throw considerable light on the very curious question of the theft of gods—why, for instance, a stolen god is more valuable than one honestly acquired, as the image of Pluto which Ptolemy Soter got stolen,<sup>4</sup> and why every old woman will tell you that the best cure for the rheumatics is to steal a potato from a greengrocer's stall. But I fear I have already trespassed too long on your patience, and this with many other questions connected with idols must stand aside for the present.

<sup>1</sup> ii. 132.

<sup>2</sup> Featherman, *Oceano-Melanesians*, p. 52.

<sup>3</sup> Turner, *Samoa*, p. 268, *sq.*

<sup>4</sup> Plutarch, *De Iside*, 28.

## REVIEWS.

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BABYLONIAN MAGIC AND SORCERY, BEING "THE PRAYERS OF THE LIFTING OF THE HAND." By LEONARD W. KING. London: Luzac & Co., 1896.

BABYLONIA was the native land of magic. Here it was reduced to a science which made its way, with the other elements of Babylonian culture, into Western Asia, and from Western Asia to Europe. The folklore of our own country still contains echoes of the superstitions and practices that were formed into a system by the Babylonian priests several thousand years before the Christian era.

Among the clay tablets which have come from the sites of the Babylonian libraries, or from that of the library of Nineveh, which contained little else than reproductions of older Babylonian works, a considerable proportion relate to magic and sorcery. George Smith was the first to draw attention to them, but it was Fr. Lenormant who laid the foundations of a scientific study of the subject; indeed, but little advance has been made upon the principles and results embodied in his work *La Magie chez les Chaldéens*, published in 1874. New texts, it is true, have been edited and translated since that date, and our knowledge of the Assyrian vocabulary is more complete than it was twenty years ago, but the progress in philological knowledge has not been accompanied by a corresponding progress in a knowledge of what may be termed Babylonian folklore.

Mr. King's book is a welcome contribution towards a small corner of the subject. It deals with a certain class of prayers and ceremonies addressed to the great powers of heaven and earth after sickness, an eclipse of the moon, or some other untoward event. The prayers partake of the nature of incantations, and the ceremonies embody older superstitious rites and observances. But in calling the rubrics which prescribe the rites "magical formulæ" Mr. King goes too far; they are no more magical than

similar rubrics in the Atharva-Veda of the Hindus, and not much more so than the rubrics of the Christian liturgy.

The rubrics are attached to hymns and incantations to the gods, which had to be recited in a particular way and with the accompaniment of certain observances. A single mistake in the recitation or in the observances vitiated the whole ceremony and deprived the suppliant of its benefits. Hence it was necessary that the rubrics should be clear and precise. The translation of them is difficult, principally on account of the numerous ideographs which they contain. Here, however, is a translation of one which is transliterated by Mr. King on page 54 of his book, though he has translated only a small portion of it :

“Do as follows. In the night sprinkle a green bough with pure water. Plant a cut reed before (the image of) Merodach. Heap up dates and cones (?). Offer a *gar* of oil, a drink-offering of water, honey, and butter. Set a censer (there). Heap up winnowed (?) corn. Then set on twigs (*tarrinni*) of cypress. Offer wine. Before the (sacred) enclosure lay leaves of” three kinds of trees which have not been identified. “Lay a cloth upon the . . . behind the enclosure (along with) herbs. Offer a lamb. Place (there) portions of the flesh. Take oil from two kinds of tree and cast into this oil silver, gold, green corn, barley-straw (?), the white herb, cypress, briars and thorns,” with other herbs not yet identified. “Place them at the side of the enclosure. For the powers of evil prepare one piece of alabaster, one piece of gold, one piece of lapis lazuli, and one piece of papyrus (?). The alabaster, gold, lapis, and papyrus mix in a goblet in the sight of the powers of evil. Place it at the side of the enclosure in a bowl. Bring the clothing (?) of these gods with oil and sherbin wood. Place it with two (unidentified) kinds of wood at the side of the enclosure. Take the hand of the sick man and repeat three times this incantation to Merodach.” Then follows a hymn which is addressed to “Merodach, the Lord of the World.” Our knowledge of Babylonian botany is still so slight that unfortunately very few of the names of the plants mentioned in the rubric can be identified with certainty.

The hymns are naturally older than the rubrics, and, as Lenormant pointed out, must for the most part have come from a sort of Babylonian Rig-Veda which had acquired a sacred character. But they have been adapted to the special purpose of the ceremony

in which they were used, the original language of them being sometimes modified, but more frequently lines being interpolated in order to transform them into incantations. They are thus employed like the Lord's Prayer or texts from the Bible in the magical rites of mediæval or modern Europe. The chief difference between the Babylonian and the European usage lies in the fact that what in Babylonia was an authorised and systematic ritual, is in Europe an unauthorised and unsystematic practice against which the Church has set its face.

One of the most curious texts published by Mr. King (No. 53) is an exorcism to dislodge an evil spirit which had taken possession of the patient's body. As it has not been translated by him, I give a rendering of the most important lines :

“ O seer of the hosts (of heaven), Merodach, the wise (?), the lord of E-Turra,  
 O Ea, Samas (the Sun-god) and Merodach, rescue me !  
 By your grace may I walk uprightly !  
 O Samas, the spirit that terrifieth, which for many days  
 Has been bound to my back and is not loosed,  
 All day long possesses me, all night long terrifies me !  
 He has exercised his power (?), he makes the hair upon me stand on end,  
 My side he tortures, my eyes he stiffens,  
 My back he pains, my flesh he poisons,  
 All my body he fills with pain.  
 Whether it is the spirit of one of my family and relations,  
 Or the spirit of one who has been slain and murdered,  
 Or an incubus, this it is, this it is !  
 O Samas, in thy sight I have prayed to him, and clothes for his clothing,  
 sandals for his feet,  
 A girdle for his loins, a water-skin for his drinking,  
 (And) provision (?) for the way have I given him.  
 Towards the setting of the sun may he go,  
 To Nedu, the great porter of the (under) world, may he journey (!)  
 May Nedu, the great porter of the under (world), keep guard over him !”

Mr. King's book has been excellently brought out, and the copies of the cuneiform texts are especially good. His translations of them are accompanied by a commentary, and the vocabulary at the end is complete and useful. On the philological side he is well equipped. On the subject-matter of the texts, however, he is more open to criticism. Like too many of the younger Assyriologists he seems to be acquainted only with the most recent Assyriological literature, and consequently to be ignorant of the foundations upon which their work rests. Thus in his preface he states that

“the scientific study” of Babylonian religion dates from the publication of Professor Jensen’s somewhat pretentious and superficial *Kosmologie*, whereas its real founders were Rawlinson and, above all, Lenormant. Lenormant’s work upon the subject is still our leading clue through its labyrinths, and must continue to be so for many years to come. So, again, the identification of the star Sibzianna with Regulus was due to Oppert, not to Jensen, as Mr. King supposes (p. 115), and was made years before the younger scholar was ever heard of. An acquaintance with older Assyriological literature, moreover, would have taught Mr. King that an essential preliminary to a book on Babylonian magic ought to be some attempt to settle the date of the texts with which he deals. There is nothing in his pages which would lead the non-initiated reader to suppose that the copies of them made for the library of Nineveh are merely later editions of originals which probably go back to the third or fourth millennium B.C.

A. H. SAYCE.

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NATURAL HISTORY IN SHAKESPEARE’S TIME. BEING EXTRACTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SUBJECT AS HE KNEW IT. By W. H. SEAGER. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS is a very interesting volume to the student of folklore, and more especially to those amongst us who are interested in the science as it relates to animals and plants. Mr. Seager has compiled a volume of extracts from books relating to natural history which were standard authorities in the poet’s day; and he has wisely included not only the fauna of Shakespeare but the flora as well. The plan observed is to take a quotation where the name of an animal or plant occurs (or in some case give merely the reference), and then quote an account of it from some work which in the early part of the seventeenth century was regarded as an authority upon the subject.

It will easily be seen that a volume formed upon this plan is a very useful book of reference. The compiler has added interesting notes where he thought it necessary; and in the preface he gives a list of the authorities he uses. It is obvious that no new information is here given, but much that was already scattered about

is gathered into a sheaf, and will prove a rich harvest for those who have scant time to search for such facts when wanted quickly. We wish that Mr. Seager could see his way to bringing out a similar volume which should contain all facts of this kind which appear in English literature till the end of the seventeenth century. It would be a text-book for all time, but would involve an enormous amount of work. We agree with what Mr. Seager says as regards Shakespeare's knowledge of natural history. He no doubt believed much of what is here set forth about animals and plants that had not come under his own observation; but where he had had the opportunity of forming his own judgement by personal observation, his knowledge of natural history was wide and accurate.

THE SACRED TREE; OR, THE TREE IN RELIGION AND MYTH.  
By Mrs. J. H. PHILPOT. Macmillan & Co., Limited. 1897.

"THE reader is requested to bear in mind that this volume lays no claim to scholarship, independent research, or originality of view. Its aim has been to select and collate, from sources not always easily accessible to the general reader, certain facts and conclusions bearing upon a subject of acknowledged interest." Thus Mrs. Philpot defines in the preface her object; and within these lines she has succeeded in producing an interesting, popular, and, on the whole, trustworthy account of tree-worship. One of the best chapters in the book is devoted to "The Tree as Oracle"; and the connection between the divining rod, the life-rod, and the rods used as lots is there well brought out. Some attention should, however, have been paid to the tree as totem. The omission is the more remarkable because the authoress cites Professor Robertson Smith's difficulty, which he partially explains away by means of totemism; and an account of tree-totemism would have assisted her criticism of the theories of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Grant Allen.

Mrs. Philpot is in general commendably careful to give her authorities. Milton's lines are wrongly divided on p. 65. The illustrations are good, often very good; but it is a pity that that of the ash Yggdrasil should have been given from Finn Magnus-



sen's *Eddalaeren* without warning the reader that Finn's conception of the world-tree has been discredited. It should also have been noted that Sir John Mandeville's book is not a record of travel, but a hash of mediæval geography and wonders. But these are minor matters.

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CORPUS INSCRIPTIONUM ATTICARUM: APPENDIX CONTINENS  
DEFIXIONUM TABULAS. Ed. R. WRENCH. Berolini, 1897.

THIS volume will be of great service to students of ancient magic. The Attic defixiones number about 200, and are chiefly unpublished documents in the possession of the editor. In his preface he classifies and cites in full all the published defixiones from other parts of the Greek world known to him, so that the book is in fact a "Corpus Defixionum Græcarum."

These imprecations are always written on leaden tablets, which are then rolled up and made fast with a brass nail. This was one of the ordinary methods of letter-writing (see the business letter outwardly similar to the other tablets quoted here, *Pref.* p. ii.), and was doubtless originally selected for the curses owing to its permanency. Subsequently magic virtues were attributed to the material, the writer stating his desire that his victim may be of no price or cold as the lead; and the magic virtue attributed to the nail which closed the tablet seems to have generated the almost universal phrase *καταδῶ τὸν δεῖνα*, "defigo M vel. N," "I fix down M or N." The tablets were "posted" to the infernal gods by being placed in tombs or fixed into tomb-stones.

What is the *original* reason of the common practice of writing the curses backwards from right to left? We find a symbolical virtue attributed to this in some of the texts, the curser wishing that as these letters are backwards, so things may go backwards with the victim; but the primary reason was doubtless simpler, and had reference to the powers to whom the curses were addressed. In a good many cases the inscriptions are unintelligible, *i.e.* the letters of the formula are, so to speak, shuffled, and in one or two Attic examples (Nos. 55, 76) after each curse the name of the victim is *repeated* in this puzzle-fashion. These are interesting as showing that the writers at least did not intend the cryptograph

to be a safeguard in case the letter fell into the wrong hands, but intended it as a method of writing the name possibly more comprehensible to the infernal power to which the letter was addressed than the normal method.

As we should expect in so litigious a place as Athens, a large proportion of the curses are designed to incapacitate adverse witnesses in prospective lawsuits.

How are we to explain the frequency with which *κάπηλοι*—tavern-keepers—are cursed? I fear not on the supposition that there was a temperance party which adopted this means of warfare.

Inanimate objects are included in the curses, *e.g.* in No. 55, which is one of the most interesting and oldest Attic examples (it seems to be as early as the fourth century B.C.). I give a translation of part of it:—

“I, Diocles, son of Xenophon? bind down Kimonocles? of the deme Oenoe, the pipe-maker and carpenter and his . . . and the basket in which his pipes are taken to market (restore, *εἰς τὴν ἀγορὰν*).” Then follow Kimonocles’ name and demotic with all the letters mixed up, and a number of other people, chiefly soldiers, are cursed. At the end: “These all I bind down in lead and wax and . . . and in idleness and obscurity and ill-fame and defeat, and in tombs, them and all they have dealings with, their children and wives.”

W. R. PATON.

WELSH FOLK-LORE: A COLLECTION OF THE FOLK-TALES AND LEGENDS OF NORTH WALES, being the Prize Essay of the National Eisteddfod, 1887, revised and enlarged. By the Rev. ELIAS OWEN, M.A., F.S.A. Oswestry and Wrexham: Woodall, Minshull, & Co.

FEW are the examples of prize essays that deserve to be printed and published. Mr. Owen’s is one of the few, for it is a genuine collection of Welsh folklore of much value both to the student of the Celtic population of these islands and to the student of tradition in general. True, it is misnamed; since it is neither a representative collection of Welsh folklore, nor merely a collection of the folktales of North Wales. It is mainly a collection of folktales of North Wales. But many tales from South Wales are

given, some of them, like the Myddfai legend, already well known; and these, narrated at full length, occupy a good deal of space that might have been reserved for newer and therefore more valuable material. In addition to the folktales, the volume comprises a variety of superstitions. Properly to answer, however, to its title, much more than this should have been included. We miss an account of popular customs, of which the remote mountainous districts of North Wales might have offered a harvest. A solitary meagre reference to "a custom once general, and still not obsolete in South Wales," pointing to marriage by capture, does not amount even to an attempt to deal with the profoundly interesting subject of marriage customs.

Still, within the limits indicated—limits which ought to have been more accurately expressed in the title—Mr. Owen's book is one of permanent interest. He gives many new tales and new variants of old tales; he has taken great care to preserve with exactness what he has heard; and where he has omitted to note, or is not quite sure of, a detail, he has the courage to say so—by no means a common gift, for everybody knows that any "faked-up stuff" is good enough to be called folklore. The collection of Welsh traditions, in particular, has suffered from this opinion, having been exploited by all sorts of bookmakers; and we welcome with double pleasure a repertory of genuine traditions.

Fairy tales are naturally in the forefront of the work; but stories of ghosts and devils, witches and witchcraft superstitions, medical and other charms, omens and divination, death-ports, and the folklore of the lower animals are abundantly illustrated. The author promises other volumes; and to these we shall look forward eagerly. If he will permit us to suggest, we will venture to express the hope that he will in the forthcoming works compress the comments and the parallels from other countries, in order to find room for a greater number of variants. In Wales, where the folklore is so rapidly dying out, the collector is far more urgently wanted than the commentator; and who knows what light may be obtained from a single variant of custom or story? Besides, Mr. Owen's supreme qualifications are those of collector, and they are very great.

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BLASON POPULAIRE DE FRANCHE-COMTÉ. Par CHARLES BEAUQUIER. Paris : Le Chevallier et Leroux.

MONSIEUR CHARLES BEAUQUIER, who has already published a collection of the popular *chansons* of Franche-Comté, and an etymological vocabulary of the provincialisms made use of in the department of Doubs, not to speak of other works, now gives us the sobriquets, proverbial sayings, and stories which he has been able to glean in relation to the villages of Doubs, Jura, and Haute-Saône. The volume containing them is a valuable storehouse of mocking, and it must be added unedifying, epithets and anecdotes, some of which are amusing enough to readers whose modesty, or sense of religious propriety, it is not easy to shock. "One half of the human race laughs at the other," says Monsieur Beauquier in his introduction. "This innate need to caricature, to *blasonner* one's neighbour, to ridicule his physical or moral deformities, to indulge in wit at his expense, is met with everywhere in all epochs and at all ages of life. Savages themselves have a very exact sentiment of the ludicrous and the comic. They ridicule their defects of body or mind, give nicknames and invent absurd anecdotes, which they attribute to those whom they wish to turn into jest. Among peoples which are yet young, and among the still rude populations of our country districts where civilisation has not yet introduced the *honnête hypocrisie de la politesse*, these satires are particularly in favour. The child for the same reason is a terrible distributor of nicknames." This collection, like others of the same nature, demonstrates how extremely limited is the number of ideas on which the foundations of gross and unseemly jests and stories are based. It also affords further illustration of the fact that in folklore nothing is new under the sun. Several of the stories given here are current not only in other parts of France but far beyond its borders. At Anteuil, for instance, the people strangled their bull by hoisting it up with a rope to eat the grass on the church tower, an anecdote quite familiar to the English folklorist. And it was from Moirans, where the girls are supposed to be very simple-minded, that a young man set out, like the hero of one of our own folktales, to find three people as foolish as his betrothed and her parents. Of the natives of Ravilloles we are told that they are nicknamed *les Burdaines*, or cock-

chafers, the story being circulated by their neighbours that on the day of the village *fête* dishes of these insects are prepared to regale the guests invited. This calumny also finds a parallel beyond the English Channel, for in North Lincolnshire it is sometimes affirmed that the reason house-flies disappear in the autumn is that they are all made into pies for Scawby feast.

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THE CELTIC DOCTRINE OF RE-BIRTH. By ALFRED NUTT. With Appendices: the Transformations of Tuan McCairill, the Dinnshenchas of Mag Slecht, edited and translated by KUNO MEYER. London: D. Nutt, 1897. (Grimm Library, vi.)

IN this volume Mr. Nutt confines himself, as he tells us in his preface, chiefly to the doctrine of Re-birth in reference especially to the Irish evidence.

Beginning with *Mongan* (who clearly belongs mythologically to the Lear group of tales, which have had such a far-reaching and potent influence in these islands), he finds that this group of tales, associated with an Ulster-man slain in 615, and localised in the far North-west of Ireland, is parallel with the Finn tales which belong to an Irishman of the third century, and are topographically associated with South and South-west Ireland and West Scotland (tales existing certainly as early as the eighth century, and supplanting the earlier and more archaic Irish heroic cycle of Ulster, from the eleventh century onwards); and with the Arthur stories which belong to Cumberland and, as early as the eighth century, to South-west Britain also, and, certainly as early as the eleventh century, to Brittany. Ingenious, and convincing, too, is the theory that accounts for the way in which the Mongan story suffered eclipse, while the Finn cycle of Munster came into prominence with the successes of the Dal-Cais and the elevation of Brian the Deliverer to the High Kingship of Erin. The equation Mongan [= Mong-find] = Finn = Arthur = Pryderi, is well established by Mr. Nutt, and I should add, as I suggested long ago, Gwyn = Finn, though whether a real parallel or a derivative it is perhaps difficult as yet to say. The re-birth of Cuchullin is discussed with care, and the South Irish "Two Swineherds" is shown to be "the working up of an older tale to fit it into the great

northern cycle of Conchobor and Cuchullin; extant, certainly, in the early part of the eleventh, it cannot well be older than the middle or end of the eighth century." The birth stories of Conchobor, of Conall Cernach, both of Ulster origin; of Aed Slane and Tuan MacCairill (infected with Christian colouring), the metamorphoses and metempsychoses of Tal-eisin, son of Gwion (= Oisín, son of Finn) and of Amairgin, are successively considered. Mr. Nutt notices that the early cases of re-birth stories have to do with the Tuatha De Danann, that in Ireland the metempsychosis has no apparent connection with any belief in a soul as distinct from the body, or in a life led by the soul after the death of the body, that any idea of retribution is entirely absent from it, that, in fact, "the impression left on our minds by a preliminary survey of the entire mass of mythic romance is that it is the outcome of no religious or philosophical impulse," with which conclusions the reviewer heartily agrees. The classical evidence which attributes the teaching of metempsychosis to the Druids, and its connection, or rather supposed connection, with Pythagoras' system, is then attacked; and again the conclusion come to seems in the highest degree reasonable and attractive, viz. that the Celtic re-birth ideas and the Pythagorean system are parallel, for "if the Southern Celts did borrow metempsychosis from Greek believers in Pythagoreanism, they forthwith and utterly transformed the ethical spirit of the doctrine. The Greek philosopher and his disciples said [like Buddha]: *Be virtuous that you may not be born again*; the Gaulish druid said: *Be brave (and bravery was probably the chief element in his ideal of virtue) because you will be born again*. If the point of view was so entirely different, the reason for borrowing is not apparent." And Mr. Nutt sums up the Irish evidence thus: "The Irish re-birth legends are probably the common property of the Goidels of both Britain and Ireland; they are certainly pre-Christian in contents and spirit; they are probably akin to mythical tales which must have existed among the Southern Celts, representing, however, an earlier stage of mythic fancy, unaffected by contact with late Greek culture; they show traces of a crude pantheism lacking in southern Celtic belief as described by classical writers, and in the Pythagorean system with which that belief was compared."

The next stage is evidently an examination of Pythagoreanism and its origins, with the help of Rohde and Maass. Pythagoras

is held to have worked upon the Orphic doctrines widely spread in his day (as Plato did when "he bestowed upon Orphic teaching concerning immortality, new life, fresh spirit, and complete expression" in Maass' words). Now the chief ritual of the Orphic sectary was connected with the story of Dionysos-Zagreus (a myth known to Onomacritos in the sixth century B.C., and told at length to us by Nonnos in the fifth century A.D.), and the Dionysos cult was an agricultural ritual of sacrifice, such as existed among the Celts, in Ireland at Mag Slecht, and in Gaul on the island Sena among the priestesses of the Namnites (as described by Posidonios), and was by the Irish associated with the Tuatha De Danann.

The beliefs held by the Irish respecting this divine clan are next examined. The evidence is of five kinds, or rather springs from five sources, the Dinnsenchas compilers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries working on all kinds and stages of myths, the euhemeristic Annalists of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the tellers of the heroic cycles, the romantic tales related to the Annals, and the present beliefs of the Irish peasantry. In this evidence, when sifted and examined and cleared of its euhemeristic twist, one finds a Rabelaisian element, a Gargantuan smack, one finds "the Folk of the Goddess Danu in the rôle of protectors, fosterers, inspirers of vegetable and animal life; and when this rôle is found [as it is] connected with the practice of ritual sacrifice, the conclusion as to the true nature of the Tuatha De Danann seems inevitable"—to wit, that they are the agricultural deities of a great sacrificial cult (*dei terreni* as the Book of Armagh scribe styles them) and survive to this day as the Fairy folk. "Down to the introduction of Christianity the Irishman was in the position of the Greek to whom participation in the Thargelia, or the rites of the Eleusinian mother, and the public reading of the Homeric poems, the recitation of the epinician odes, the performance of the crowned tragedy, were all acts of kindred nature having the like intent and sanction. After the introduction of Christianity his rude substitutes for Homer, the ode, or the drama still retained their sway over him, but his Dionysos, his Demeter, had to creep back to the peasant's hut, their earliest home, to forfeit the pomp and circumstance of kingly and sacerdotal display . . . I think I may venture," Mr. Nutt goes on, "to assert that nearly the whole of Irish fairy lore can be inter-

preted by aid of the historical factors and conditions I have mentioned—an agricultural ritualism out of which has grown a romantic mythology, opposed by, mingling and harmonising with, an alien ritualism and an alien body of romance.”

As to the connection of the two conceptions of the Happy Otherworld and Reincarnation, a connection the reasons for which are by no means visible on the surface, Greek mythology furnishes a clue. “In Greek mythology as in Irish, the conception of Re-birth proves to be a dominant factor of the same religious system in which Elysium is likewise an essential feature. In Greek religion the two conceptions are associated persistently and reasonably, whilst in Irish mythic fiction they are associated persistently, but not, on the face of it, reasonably.” The Northern Celts seem to have sacrificed for cup and herd up to the time when Patrick made Crom Dubh his servant and slave, the Southern Celts to have advanced beyond this stage and to have sacrificed with a view to controlling life as manifested in man, whereby the priests were “able to defeat death and assure their tribesmen a continuance of existence.” The Southern Celts indeed, Mr. Nutt thinks, utilised the Incarnation idea for religious and social purposes, but not the Happy Otherworld idea, “they reached the idea that the virtuous would live on, they did not reach the idea that they would go to heaven,” whereas among the Irish he does not think either conception was utilised save in romance.

Mr. Nutt does not agree with Mr. Gomme that this early agricultural cult is pre-Aryan, or that the beliefs respectively grouped together as witch-lore and fairy-lore are derived from different races, and may be used for racial discrimination. With respect to Dr. Jevons, he differs in regarding the development of the two ideas of Re-birth and the Happy Otherworld as mainly due, not to *foreign* influence, but to the natural working of *nature* conditions; and of course still more widely from M. Foucart, whose borrowing theories he considers fanciful. In a final section Mr. Nutt puts together his own views. The earliest matriarchal agricultural stage of the Aryans, 2500—2000 B.C., with a “bargain,” theory of sacrifice and a simple individualisation of certain forms of life manifest in vegetable and animal growth, corpse burial, private worship of the dead. This primitive state of culture persisted among the less advanced Celts and Teutons down to the



Christian era, among the Slavs and Lithuanians down to the Middle Ages, and, as a matter of fact, it still furnishes a very large part of peasant custom and belief throughout Europe. Some time after 2000 B.C. began the great migration to Hellas, Italy, Iran, and North-west India, lasting to 1500 B.C. at latest, with its new practices of patriarchy, corpse-burning, and the completed conceptions of Skin-changing or Metamorphosis and of a Happy Otherworld, which took shape before they were brought into connection (possibly though Egyptian influence) with a doctrine of what happens to man after death. In Greece the eschatologic doctrine developed in the seventh to the fifth centuries B.C. very swiftly and strongly, and ended "in the construction of an ethico-philosophic doctrine respecting the relation of this to the other-life." But this Hellenic movement was neither so extensive nor so revolutionary as the parallel movements which culminated in Buddhism and Jainism among the Vedic Indians. About 1000—800 B.C. the Celtic Aryans began to move, and of these the Northern Celts, though they threw off matriarchy, retained the other conceptions of the premigration stage, so that what is a mere survival in Hellas is "high-water mark of Irish pre-Christian development," and we "owe to Ireland the preservation of conceptions and visions more archaic in substance, if far later in record, than the great mythologies of Greece and Vedic India." It is not without good reason that Mr. Nutt appeals to Englishmen and Irishmen to take up the study of Celtic literature. No Aryan literature has such help to give to the antiquarian, the archæologist, the student of human developments, none has been so little worked. More has been done by aliens than Englishmen, more by Englishmen than Irishmen, as far as real study as distinct from pure or impure speculation and guesswork. We are still waiting for an Irish Text Society, still face to face with immense masses of unpublished MS. that, even looked on as literature, have interest of a high kind. The sum that would build and endow a convent, or keep half-a-dozen members of parliament, or half-a-dozen Castle officials (which after all are luxuries), would suffice to set going a fund that would do for Irish texts what Dr. Furnival's society has done for English texts—texts of much less importance, value, and interest, as any scholar would at once admit. Many of us too would agree with Mr. Nutt when he says: "I rest my advocacy of the fostering of Celtic studies upon other than scientific or

æsthetic grounds. I believe it to be a task, patriotic in the highest sense of the word, as tending to sympathetic appreciation of a common past, to sympathetic union in the present and future of all the varied elements of a common nationality."

The useful and singularly complete index of Miss M. James and the two important texts—*Sécl Túain maic Cairill do Finnén Maige Bile*, and the *Dinnshenchas of Mag Slecht*, edited and translated by Dr. Kuno Meyer, considerably enhance the value of a fine and suggestive piece of investigation in a difficult field of research. The Grimm Library certainly deserves well of all members of our Society.

I have preferred to let the present volume speak for itself, without raising objections or suggesting additions. I heartily concur with its main positions and with the methods of investigation employed. The history of a social secretion, such as religion undoubtedly is, can only be arrived at by a series of efforts such as the English School of Folklorists are making. The work of Mr. Frazer, Mr. Robertson Smith, Mr. Lang, Mr. Nutt, Mr. Hartland, and Mr. Allen, only to name a few of the more prominent English students in this field, has already cleared the road and brought us some stages on the way. We may look for more progress along a path they have made their own by their exemplary labours.

F. V. P.

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THE CHANCES OF DEATH AND OTHER STUDIES IN EVOLUTION.  
By KARL PEARSON. 2 vols. Edward Arnold.

THE folklorist would never judge from the title that Professor Pearson's latest work contains matter of profound interest to his studies. Yet so it is, as a transcript of the contents of vol. ii. shows at once. (1) Woman as Witch, evidences of Mother-right in the customs of mediæval witchcraft; (2) Ashieppattle, or Hans seeks his luck; (3) Kindred Group-Marriage—(a) Mother-age civilisation, (b) General words for sex and kinship, (c) Special words for sex and relationship; (4) The German Passion Play, a study in the evolution of Western Christianity.

Of these studies some, e.g. the third, which date back to 1885, are fairly old, are printed as originally compiled, and take no account

of subsequent research. In general they may be said to represent material, and a mode of using that material, German rather than English, and German of fifteen to twenty years ago rather than of the present day. Nearly every contemporary student of the custom side of folklore is indebted almost equally to Professor Tylor and to Mannhardt. Professor Pearson develops certain aspects of Mannhardt's doctrine, draws from them novel and most suggestive conclusions, and makes a bold fight in favour of views which of late, especially in Germany, have been unduly neglected or erroneously dismissed as untenable. No student of the evolution of custom within the Aryan speech-area can in my opinion neglect these brilliant and stimulating essays, which must be placed, with those of Mr. Gomme, alongside of Tylor, Mannhardt, and MacLennan, among the indispensable prolegomena to any comprehensive survey of European sociology in its primitive aspects.

Briefly put, Professor Pearson's thesis in the first three essays noticed above is as follows. Mannhardt showed once for all the preponderance of the agricultural element in primitive European culture. Bachofen collected with immense industry the world-wide traces of primitive matriarchalism. Professor Pearson insists upon the matriarchal element in primitive European agricultural culture, and detects its survival in the rites and beliefs connected with witchcraft. Hitherto, as by Fustel de Coulanges, Hearn, Leist, the patriarchal side of Aryan culture has been dwelt upon; the Aryan kinship scheme has been treated as essentially patriarchal. An ingenious and searching analysis of the various Aryan words denoting sex-functions, attributes, and conceptions, leads Professor Pearson to an opposite conclusion.<sup>1</sup> Much of the argument can only be adequately criticised by an expert philologist, and I should be glad if some competent member of the Society would undertake the task, for, if sound, the argument has far-reaching consequences.

Professor Pearson's evidence, as also the conclusions he draws from them, by no means, it may be noted, favours Mr. Stuart Glennie's views concerning the origin of culture generally and of matriarchalism specifically. Professor Pearson connects the latter

<sup>1</sup> Praise must be accorded to the way in which, whilst giving the facts with scientific rigour and completeness, the author has contrived to avoid occasion of offence.

definitely with the agricultural stage of culture, and has no occasion to postulate a shock of races varying in capacity and attainment. He thus falls into line with those who look upon European culture as an example of evolution rather than a series of revolutionary contacts with non-European civilisations. It is significant in this connection that he finds his traces of matriarchalism chiefly among the Teutonic-speaking members of the Aryan group; the Teutons were the last to emigrate of the great sections of the Aryan family, and if my conjecture is right<sup>1</sup> that the transition from matriarchalism to patriarchalism was effected during the migration period with its attendant combats, when the skill of woman became of less importance than the strength of man, it is amongst them that matriarchal survivals should be the most numerous.

The final essay, on the German Passion Play, is of equal importance for a rightful understanding of the evolution of European culture. The assimilation and transformation of the intrusive Christian element under the pressure of the older native folk-conceptions is shown in masterly fashion. Not less remarkable than the wide and minute learning is the author's intense sympathy for the medieval folk-spirit.

I have not essayed to criticise Professor Pearson's work. It seemed to me more important to direct emphatic attention to its interest and value. I would fain express a hope that the author has not entirely relinquished his folklore studies, and that he will continue them in conjunction with this Society, thereby increasing the chances of effectually influencing the course of research, and also, by subjecting himself to expert criticism, of further raising the already high level of his work.

ALFRED NUTT.

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THE MIRACLES OF MADAME SAINT KATHERINE OF FIERBOIS  
TRANSLATED FROM THE EDITION OF THE ABBÉ J. J.  
BOURASSÉ, TOURS, 1858. By ANDREW LANG. Chicago:  
Way and Williams. London: David Nutt, 1897.

MR. LANG seems to have been attracted to the interesting little book, the greater part of which he has here translated, partly by its connection with Joan of Arc, and partly by its manifestation

<sup>1</sup> *Voyage of Bran*, vol. ii.

of the ever-recurring delight of humanity in the marvellous. It is impossible to read the story of the Maid of Orleans without a genuine and fervent sympathy with that pure and ill-used heroine. Englishmen join with Frenchmen in their admiration and gratitude. In saving France she saved England also. Hence we are always ready to listen to Mr. Lang in his efforts to glorify her name, and we share his interest in everything that concerns her.

To the student of psychology, however, the deepest import of the book is found in the worship of a saint whose very existence is somewhat more than doubtful, and in the miracles alleged to have been performed by or through her.

As to the miracles, the translator gives up the puzzle, only observing "that to tell such tales, often apparently in good faith, is a persistent factor in human character. A Catholic age gave them a Catholic colouring, that is all." Yet the stories are deserving of study and comparison with others equally well authenticated as matters of fact in other cults, and parallel with them in all essential features, if regarded as "human documents." By translating them from a little-known pamphlet Mr. Lang has secured for them a measure of attention at the hands of all to whom these problems are attractive. We could wish, indeed, that he had taken courage enough to give even those "one or two very dull narratives" which he confesses to omitting, for even dull narratives oftentimes throw light upon the livelier.

His introduction we need not say is as lively as the stories themselves. He contrives in his usual entertaining way to tell us the main facts, and to summarise the arguments so far as they present themselves to him. The dainty form of the volume is fully worthy of its contents.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### HOLY WEEK OBSERVANCE IN THE ABRUZZI.

(Vol. vi. p. 57.)

I AVAIL myself of this opportunity to ask you to contradict a statement made by the Rev. W. Pullen, mentioned in *Folk-Lore*, and repeated in the *The Elevation and Procession of the Ceri at Gubbio*. Knowing every corner of the Abruzzi, I venture to affirm that Canon Pullen must have been grossly deceived. In every village and country place I have intimate friends who have never concealed from me any even of the strangest practices and the least consonant with civilisation (*civiltà*). But the practice of voluntary human sacrifice in Holy Week in a village of the Abruzzi has astonished all who have heard it spoken of, and roused indignation or a smile of pity.

Having inquired of Canon Pullen the name of the village, he answered that it was Gioia del Colle. Now this commune is in the province of Bari. It is not a village at all; it is a large market town of about 20,000 inhabitants. How is it possible that two homicides can be repeated every year in Holy Week and remain unknown to a self-respecting government? Is the population of Gioia del Colle a population of Calmucks? Would a passing foreign traveller be likely to learn more about the matter than people of the place who occupy themselves with the same studies? But the communications I have had from Gioia del Colle express the utmost astonishment, and entirely deny the alleged facts. I shall accordingly take further steps to contradict it in our own reviews; but I should be glad if the contradiction were to emanate in the first place from the Folk-Lore Society, which has given credit in good faith to a silly tale. If, therefore, you will so far favour me I shall be grateful.

ANTONIO DE NINO.

Sulmono,

3rd September, 1897.

[The foregoing is the substance of a letter from Signor de Nino, whose admirable collection of *Usi e Costumi Abruzzesi* is well known to every student of Italian folklore.—ED.]

## THE HARE.

(Vol. vii. p. 404.)

About the year 1860 I frequently accompanied my father (Mr. James, of Pontsaison, Pembrokeshire) when he went out shooting. One day as we were beating a gorsy hill-side near Moilgrove, a white hare sprang up suddenly and made off at full speed. My father fired at her, but missed her. One of the beaters remarked that it was useless to fire at that white hare, as she was a witch and could turn into an old woman if she liked and when it was convenient. She was afterwards pointed out to me in this form: a very poor, very old woman who lived in a cottage under the hill, which was afterwards accidentally destroyed by fire, and the supposed witch had a very narrow escape of being burnt. This should at least have re-established her character, as showing her to be no cleverer than her neighbours.

M. E. JAMES.

Greenhill Cottage, Tenby.

## FERTILISATION OF BIRDS.

Mrs. R., a Yorkshire woman of the old school, who must be seventy or more if now alive, once gave me the following marvellous account of the courtship of turkeys. When the cock is fussing after the hen he does not act like other birds, but throws up "the tread" from his beak. The hen then swallows it, and thus her eggs are fertilised. This "tread," if got possession of before the hen can seize it, is good for the prevention of sterility in men.

To my surprise, I find that the same story exists in Siberia in connection with the Cock-of-the-Woods, otherwise Capercaillie. In the *Intermédiaire*, October 10, 1897, column 435, the following passage occurs:

"LES AMOURS DU 'TÉTREAU' OU 'SOURDEAU.'—Le *Figaro* du 24 août contient un article sur la chasse en Sibérie, tiré des notes de M. Edgar Boulanger. Dans cet article je lis, au sujet des amours d'un oiseau que l'auteur appelle le *tétreau* ou *sourdeau*,

grand coq des bois, qui pèse jusqu'à 30 livres, la description suivante :

“A un certain moment, convenu avec les femelles, le mâle s'abat sur le sol et y répand une bave que celles-ci viennent se disputer. Cette bave, qui les féconde une fois consommée, elles s'envolent sur les arbres voisins, où elles donnent les signes de la plus vive jubilation.

“Quelque collaborateur zoologiste pourrait-il me confirmer cette histoire, qui me paraît bien extraordinaire, me donner le nom scientifique de cet étonnant oiseau, et, en même temps, me dire si cette manière de fécondation a jamais été décrite par un observateur scientifique, aussi si elle se retrouve chez d'autres oiseaux ?”

In the Rev. J. G. Wood's *Illustrated Natural History* is a description of the wooing of the capercaillie in Sweden, which throws some light on this curious belief. “Often when the ground is still deeply covered with snow the cock stations himself on a pine and commences his love-song, or play as it is termed in Sweden, to attract the hens about him . . . . During his ‘play’ the neck of the capercaillie is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffled up, and, in short, he much resembles an angry turkey-cock. He begins his play with a call something resembling *peller! peller! peller!* These sounds he repeats at first at some little intervals; but as he proceeds they increase in rapidity until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of gulp in his throat and finishes with sucking in, as it were, his breath.” This “sort of gulp” accounts, no doubt, for the notion that the capercaillie ejects a kind of saliva which fertilises the hens. But how was the idea transferred to the turkey? Were there capercaillies in Yorkshire at the time the American bird was introduced into that county? If there were, the similarity of the birds' habits of courting would account for the transference of the story to the foreigner.

WARMFIELD.

[The same belief attaches in Gloucestershire to the peahen, a bird older in this country than the turkey. Was it transferred to the turkey from the peahen? But how did it become attached to the peahen?—ED.]

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## SPIDERS.

What is the connection between spiders and hell? A gipsy residing in this neighbourhood had recently a quarrel with a friend of mine. Wishing to give utterance to the cruellest desire he could think of he said: "I wish your head was as full of bees as hell is full of spiders." When I heard of this it brought to my mind that Sir Edward Coke called Sir Walter Raleigh a "Spider of Hell." (Amos, *Great Oyer of Poisoning*, p. 405.)

I am pretty well acquainted with the various legends of visits paid to the under-world, but do not remember that anyone has encountered spiders there; yet the above seem to point to some notion of the kind.

EDWARD PEACOCK, F.S.A.

## OMENS OF DEATH.

My father heard the following from Mr. Sharpley, the doctor here, yesterday.

A little girl is dying of meningitis at a village a few miles from Kirton. When her condition became hopeless the doctor told the father that she was in the greatest danger. The father replied: "Yes, I knew we should lose her, before she was taken badly. Me and my wife was at a funeral, and as we was standing together looking into the grave a black cat run between us. My wife did not see it, only me; but, you know, I knew it was not a real cat, but only a shadow of a cat." The use of "shadow" here is curious. We usually call the ghosts of the dead either ghosts or boggards—boggards especially, if they appear in animal form—while the manifestations of the living at a distance from their bodies are their spirits. *Spirit*, however, cannot be the true old English word—did *shadow* once fill its place, as it naturally might do? A second question is, what was the shadow of the cat? Was it a mere death-warning, or was it the spirit of the child prefiguring its passage to an early grave? Witches and wizards still assume animal form, and one hears in rare instances of people being enchanted into animal shape (though in doubtfully native stories). Many boggards, presumably human in origin, also appear as dogs,

calves, &c. ; but I do not recollect an instance of what the Scotch would call a wraith appearing in animal form.

MABEL PEACOCK.

*Dunstan House, Kirton-in-Lindsey,  
22 March, 1897.*

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#### ITALIAN AMULETS.

Professor Belluni, of the University of Perugia, in a recent letter to the President, draws attention to his collection of Italian amulets as particularly interesting to students of folklore, and kindly expresses the hope that members of the Society who may visit the city of Perugia will come and see him. He will be much gratified to meet them, and to show them the results of his studies and researches in Italian folklore.

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## MISCELLANEA.

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### FAIRY GOLD.

The Greek proverb, *ἄνθρακες ὁ θησαυρὸς πέφηεν*, "our treasure turned out to be charcoal," seems to show that the folk-tale episode of the "fairy gold" was current in ancient Greece. A number of Greek proverbs have origin in the fables, and this may be similar.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

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### COUVADE.

The following notices of the *couvade* may be interesting:—

*Τιβαρηνοί, τῶν γυναικῶν τεκουσῶν, αὐτοὶ τὰς κεφαλὰς δέονται καὶ κατακλίνονται*: "The Tibareni [east coast of Pontus], when their wives bring forth, themselves tie up their heads and lie in." *Corpus Paroem. Gr.*, p. 127. So Apollonius Rhodius, ii. 1010: "The Tibarenian land, where, when wives bring forth children, the husbands fall on their beds and groan, binding up their heads, while the wives carefully wait on their men with food, and bring to them the water for washing at childbirth."

W. H. D. ROUSE.

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### A FOLKTALE CONCERNING JESUS CHRIST.

In 1869 a lady, visiting a poor woman in South-east Lancashire, turned the conversation to Christianity. The woman at first said she had never heard of Christ. Afterwards she asked if it were not he who once went to a poor woman's door; when he asked for food she replied that even then she was boiling stones in the pot to make her children believe they were peas. Christ replied by telling her to lift the lid, which she did, and found the pot full of peas.

My informant also states that the woman had heard of some connection between Christ and the cuckoo; it was, perhaps, that he came with the cuckoo.

N. W. THOMAS.

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FOLKLORE FROM THE HEBRIDES.—II

I.—*Sìthichean, sìthean Chaipighill.* (The Fairies of the Fairy Knoll of Caipighill.) Caipighill is a Norse word, the meaning of which I don't know. Caipighill, Shawbost, parish of Lochs, Lewis.

The fairy legend associated with the two Caipighill knolls is the following. A woman who happened to be passing between these two hillocks one hot summer day heard the sound of churning in the fairy knoll (*chuala i fuaim maistreadh anns an t-sitheain*). She said (*sotto voce*): "Is truagh nach robh mo phathadh air bean a' ghlugain" ("It is a pity my thirst was not on the churning woman"). ("Glug" is the noise of fluid in motion, but confined in a vessel.) No sooner had the words escaped her lips than a fairy woman (a 'bean shith) attired in green came out of the "sìthean" with a drinking cup (a 'cuach) of buttermilk in her hand, and offered it to the woman to drink. At this sudden and unexpected answer to her wish she felt a good deal put out, and declined the fairy's hospitality, giving as her reason for so doing that she was not thirsty. "Why then did you wish for it?" said the fairy woman ("Carson mata a dh' iarr thu i," *arsa' bhean shith*). Observing the woman's embarrassment, she said: "Are you afraid it will injure you?" ("Thubhairt i am bheil eagal ort gu'n dean i cron dhuit"). "Yes," she said ("Tha" *ars' ise*). "The misfortune of her who put the first comb in her head on Wednesday be mine if it will do you any harm" ("Galar na te a chuir a'cheud chìr cheud-aoin'na ceann armsa ma ni i cron ort"). "What misfortune is that?" said she. "The misfortune of having neither son, nor daughter, nor grandchild, nor great-grandchild" ("Coid an galar a tha'n sin?" *ars' ise*. "Tha *arsa' bhean-shith*, galar a bhi gun mhac, gun nighean, gun odha, gun iar-odha").<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I once related the above fairy legend where a German happened to be present. "How strange!" he remarked. "I have been familiar with that legend from childhood in my native country."

This legend is of some interest philologically, as it indicates that Wednesday (Di-ciadain) was the day of the first fast. Thursday (Diar-daoin) the day after the fast. Friday (Di-h-aoin) the fast-day. The legend clearly shows that these days of the week derived their names from "aoin" (a fast), and that these fast-days were considered so sacred that the first woman who ventured to comb her hair on a Wednesday was believed to have been punished with sterility for her profanity. (I was acquainted with some people in my young days who would not comb their hair on Sunday.) This view is strongly corroborated by a Lewis proverb: "O aoin gu h-an-aoin," *i.e.* "From the calmness of sacred fast to the most admired disorder." It was considered unlucky to marry on Friday, and even at the present day Thursday is the day usually selected for "tying the nuptial knot." In reading the *Apostolical Constitution* a few months ago I discovered that Wednesday and Friday were held as sacred fast-days, as the subjoined note shows:

"Wednesday and Friday Fasts.—The reason for fasting on the days specified is given in the *Apostolical Constitution* thus: because on the fourth day judgment went forth against the Lord, Judas then promising his betrayal for money, and on the preparation (*fast*), because the Lord suffered on that day the death of the cross." (*The Church of the Sub-Apostolic Age*, by Professor Heron, p. 185.)

II.—*Sithichean Cnoc-mòr Arnol*. (The Fairies of the big Knoll of Arnol.) Arnol, parish of Barvas, Lewis.

The fairies of the Cnoc-mòr and the family who lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the "Bruth" (dwelling of fairies) were on such good terms as neighbours that the same "coire" (boiler) did duty for both establishments. The "coire," however, was not the property of the fairies, but of the family of the Adamic race. When the fairies got the use of the "coire" in loan it was a *sine qua non* to their returning it safely at the appointed time, that the person who handed it to them said as he did so: "Dleasaidh coire enèimh, 'us a chur slàn d'a thigh" ("A boiler merits a bone and returning it safely home"). Things went on thus pleasantly and neighbourly enough between the "Bruth" dwellers and the family for some time. One day, however, as the

good wife, in the absence of her husband, handed the "coire" to the fairies, she forgot to repeat the talismanic rhyme: "Dleasaidh coire cnèimh, 'us a chur slàn d'a thigh" ("A boiler merits a bone and returning it safely home"), that acted so magically on the fairies as to oblige them, *volentes volentes*, to return it at the proper time. This talismanic rhyme is a common proverb with the addition "'Us dleasaidh gobha gual, 'us iarruin fuar ga' bhleith" ("A smith merits coal and cold iron to grind").

Although she forgot to repeat the rhyme, the fairies did not. As the "coire" was not returned at the usual time she was obliged to go for it to the "Bruth." On her arrival there the door happened to be wide open. Seeing the "coire" at a short distance from the door she went straight for it without saluting the "Bruth" dwellers (Gun bheannachadh do mhuintir a' Bruth), and unceremoniously seized it and made for the door. As she did so she heard one of the fairies saying: "A' bhean bhalbh sin 'us a' bhean bhalbh sin a thainig a tir nam fear màrbh fuasgal 'An Dubh' 'us leig 'An Dearg'" ("That dumb woman, that dumb woman, who came from the land of the dead men. Open 'the Black' and let go 'the Red'"). Just as she was going out at the door "the Dubh" seized her by the heel and tore it off. She died so shortly thereafter (so says the legend) that she had scarcely time to tell of the treatment she had received at the hands of her neighbours of the "Bruth." I have often heard of the "cùth sith," the fairy dog; but this is the only legend I know in which the names of any fairy dogs occur.

### *III.—The Deer an Animal of Evil Omen.*

One of the old pagan beliefs which has come down to our own times, but which one scarcely hears mentioned at the present day, was, that if a deer were seen, or met one, in a place unfrequented by deer and separated from the herd, such an event was considered of old a certain forerunner of some catastrophe that was shortly to overtake the individual who had seen the deer, or to take place in that locality. The writer remembers as a dream, but quite distinctly, of some of his old intimate acquaintances associating the fact that a deer had been seen in a locality unfrequented by deer with a drowning that had shortly thereafter taken place there, and which happened at the time to be a subject of

public talk. The one event was to them a prophecy of the other, and a thing that might have been looked for. The deer, it was said, had been seen running towards the sea, in the direction of the spot where the drowning had occurred, and where no deer had been seen within the memory of then living man. This superstition had taken such a hold of the popular mind that it shaped itself into one of their most common proverbs: "Tachraidh d' fhiadh fhéin riutsa fhathast Lit" (Your own deer will meet you yet). Paraphrased, and as applied to one profane of speech and reckless of conduct, it is meant to convey to the individual addressed that his daring impiety is a sure precursor of a sudden overthrow.

*IV.—The Deer of the Island of Lochlacsvat-Carloway, Lewis.*

The following deer legend is somewhat similar to the preceding one. The circumstances under which the deer was beheld in this legend are as follows:

Two brothers (clannan t-saoir, the carpenter's sons) were out hunting in the neighbourhood of Lochlacsvat. They observed a deer grazing on the island. One of them swam across to the island. On landing, however, no deer was to be seen anywhere on the island. He returned to the mainland. No sooner had he reached the shore than he saw the deer again, just where he had seen it before. He immediately swam back to the island, but could neither find, nor see any traces of, the deer. On his returning back he became exhausted and was drowned. A similar story is associated with an island on Lachlangvat, a loch between Lewis and Harris.

To see a deer under such circumstances as described in the above legend was called, in superstitious phraseology, one's "manadh," *i.e.* an omen of one's death.

*V.—An Each Uisge. (The Water-horse.)*

The "Each Uisge" at Carishader, Uig, Lewis, and the people who lived in his immediate neighbourhood, were on such friendly terms, that on the footing of that friendship the young "Each Uisge" ventured ("dhol air chéilidh") to pay a friendly visit to a near neighbour's house. Before he left, however, he and the good man of the house quarrelled. The man gave him a severe maul-

ing. While he was thrashing him he nicknamed himself "Mi-fèin 'us Mi-fèin" (Myself and Myself). The young "Each Uisge" went back to his father roaring with pain. The old "Each Uisge" asked him who had been at him. He replied: "Mi-fèin 'us Mi-fèin" (Myself and Myself). The old "Each Uisge" said: "Nam' be duine eile gu'n deanadh is misi gu'n dioladh" ("If another one had done it, I would revenge it"). This threatening reply of the old "Each Uisge" is a common Lewis proverb, with the addition "Mar a thubhairt an Each Uisge" ("As the water-horse said.")

This legend is ethnologically interesting as having remarkable points of contact with the story of Ulysses and Polyphemus, *Odyssey*, Book ix. lines 365—410.

VI.—*A' Mhaideann-mhara.* (The Mermaid.)

The sea-cattle—so says the legend—came ashore at Shawbost once upon a time. The mermaid followed them. When the people of the district saw them ashore, they hastened to get between them and the sea to sprinkle the landing-place with (Maighstir) urine. (Gun so a' dheanainh cha b' urrainn iad a bhi air an gleidheadh air tir.) Without performing this ceremony they could not be kept ashore. They then brought them to be housed at the nearest farmsteading. The mermaid followed them. They were kept ashore about a week. The mermaid was particularly reticent during her stay. She broke silence only once; the occasion was her observing the woman in whose house she stayed cleaning newly-caught fish. She said to her: "Nigh' us glan gu maith an tiasg a's ioma beast a tha 'sa mhuir" ("Wash and clean well the fish, there is many a monster in the sea"). These words are in frequent use as a proverb, with the addition "Mar a thubhairt a' mhaideann-mhar" ("As the mermaid said.") To prevent the sea-cattle running away to their native element it was a *sine qua non* to sprinkle them with (Maighstir) urine every morning before letting them out to graze. One morning, however, this ceremony was neglected by the herd. The mermaid observed his mistake and her chance. She immediately ran down to the sea and began to call the sea-cattle by their several names, as follows:

"Ho! gu'n tig 'Sitheag,' Ho! gu'n tig 'Scòthag,' Ho! gu'n tig 'Cròm-an-taoid'" (the Bend of the Rope). "Ho! gu'n



tig Caoilteag-bhàn” (White Caoilteag). “Ho! gu’n tig Donnach-mhòr-a’-bhainne bhruich” (Big Donnach of the cooked milk). O may “Sitheag” come, &c.

The sea-cattle ran down to the sea. When she saw them coming she exclaimed: “Tha mo chrodhsa’n so ’tighinn; ach ged thì’n crodh na thì’m buachaill.” (“My cattle are here coming, but, though the cattle are coming let the herdman not come.”) The herdman ran after them and caught the last of them by the tail as it plunged into the sea, but could not keep it. When the mermaid observed how the herd had behaved, she said:

“Nach bu luath lòm Luram,  
(Mur be cruas arrainn,  
'Nam' be lite us bainne biadh Lurain,  
Cha bhiodh laogh na bò an diugh gun chumail.”

“How swift and nimble is Luran!  
(Were it not for the dryness of bread.)  
Had Luran’s food been porridge and milk  
No calf or cow would have escaped to-day.”

The legend says it was then that the people of that district began to use porridge as food.

#### VII—Another Legend of the Mermaid.

The crew of a Lewis boat were coming across the minch from Lochbroom. In mid-ocean they saw the mermaid rising at the helm. “Thubhairt fear de’n sgiopadh co luath s’a chunnaic i seun fala o’n à bheist,” one of the crew said as soon as he saw her “blood-charm” from the monster. She went at once out of sight, but shortly thereafter rose again to the surface at the helm. “’Us’ thubhairt i ris an stiùreadair; le do churgair dubh air do lath-chrann cia do leth-rann,” she said to the helmsman. (“With your little black hood on the side of your head, what is your half-stanza?”) He replied: “Long a thig ’us a theid gu aithgearr, as e sin mo leth-rann” (“A ship which is in keen touch with the helm”: *lit.* a ship that goes and comes nimbly). “Is maith a chur sin ruit” ars ise, agus chaidh i fodha ’us chan fhac iad tuilledh i. (“It is well for you that you have so replied”, said she, and disappeared, and they saw her no more). It was observed that when the mermaid was seen, under such circumstances as described above, it was a sure omen that drownings

were to occur shortly in that neighbourhood, and so it happened our legend tells.

*VIII.—How the Straw Hillocks got their Name.*

There are two hillocks well known to the writer—in South Shawbost, Lewis—called “*Dà Chnoc na connlach*,” *i.e.* the two straw hillocks. In ancient legend it is told that a person who happened to be passing between these two knolls, carrying a bundle of straw, late at night, heard when he was exactly between them a fairy from one of them calling him by his local name, thus: “*Mhic Dhomhnuill Ghlais nach fàg thu 'Chonnlach*,” *i.e.* Son of Donald Gray, will you not leave the straw? Before, however, he had time to consider what to do he heard a fairy from the opposite hillock saying: “*Mhic Dhomhnuill Ghlais cha'n fhàg thu Chonnlach co fada 'as a bhios uirread leat agus a tha 'na d' aghaidh, agus duine bharrachd;*” *i.e.* Son of Donald Gray, don't leave the straw so long as there are as many for you as there are against you and a man more.

These hillocks derived their name, so the legend tells us, from this well-known incident of the fairies of one hillock taking the part of a benighted pedestrian of the Adamic race against their neighbour fairies.

MALCOLM MACPHAIL.

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SOME COUNTRY REMEDIES AND THEIR USES.

The following are some remedies used by country folk in England, but mainly in Ireland, which (or the majority of which) have not, so far as I am aware, been published yet. They have all come under my own notice or been procured by me from trustworthy sources.

Scarlet flannel, in E. Riding, Yorks., is the remedy for scarlet fever and other diseases where the idea of red is concerned. The moor-folk use it.

In Tipperary, an old woman will cure warts in a week by taking two straws from the thatch of a house, crossing and laying them on

the spot ; the idea of the cross being involved, the spiritual seed of disease is believed to be cast out, and thus the visible signs must necessarily disappear.

In Donegal, dog-fat is considered an excellent remedy for stiff joints.

In County Down, a plant popularly known as "Red Roger" is used to stop bleeding at the nose ; probably the same idea being connected with it as with the scarlet flannel above mentioned.

A band of silk worn round the neck is the preventive against quinsy, used by one gentleman in Shropshire and another in Dorsetshire, where I first heard of it.

In Tipperary, stolen meat rubbed on warts and then buried will cause them to disappear. Also in the same county and King's County, a wedding-ring rubbed on a sty in the eye is said to cure ; but gold seems to have wondrous charms everywhere.

In King's County, the blood of a black cat, if drunk, is a cure for "wild fire." Cats have always been credited in Ireland, even from Celtic times, with mysterious powers.

About Lismore (Ireland), a plant known as "Poverty of the Ground" boiled with fresh milk is said to be a cure for hydrophobia.

In E. Yorks., among the moor-folk, the small hard seeds of Gromwell (*Lithospermum officinale*) is remedial for stone, when taken internally.

In County Down, nettles are widely used for paralysis of the limbs ; continued excitement by them on the skin is the form of treatment.

In parts of Ireland, hemlock is used for giddiness. There is one man in E. Yorks. who uses the tongue of a fox as a poultice for removing a thorn from the finger.

In Fermanagh, nettle-tea (a decoction of the leaves and tips of *Urtica urens*) is the cure for measles.

In some parts of Ulster, *Juncus glaucus* is the supposed evictor of jaundice ; but every district has an old man or woman who is considered capable of curing this, the visible sign of another ailment, and it must, I imagine, generally fail.

The bagbean and hazel are both said to share in the McGovern of Glans' cure for hydrophobia ; but this is believed to be a remedy hygienic and dietetic in a great measure.

In some parts of Ireland, we find what must be a torture rather

than a cure practised on children often, *i.e.* common salt rubbed on a scald or burn, to heal.

In Queen's County and Tipperary, after a child has cut its first tooth, if a bunch of grass be rubbed over the gums it acts as a preventive against his or her being troubled by those which come later.

There is the root of one plant, an official remedy in the British Pharmacopœia as a demulcent in coughs, but which I have not heard of before being used as an aid for a weak stomach, and that is liquorice root (root of *Glycyrrhiza glabra*), yet this is a Lancashire treatment.

Believe me, also, the Irishman trusts in a potato in his trousers-pocket as a guard against rheumatism ; and also in some parts of Ireland we find a poultice is sometimes made from chickweed (*Alsine media*) for drawing boils.

In King's County, the two following remedies are made use of : ivy leaves heated till they become hot and soft, and placed and kept on continually, in the event of scalds ; this I know to be recommended as a good cure.

Two or three ivy berries taken internally are still used for pains and aches in the above county, and also in the neighbouring ones.

In Tipperary, a poultice of onions is a well-known remedy for a sore throat.

The cough mixture of an old King's County family contains heather ; and the leaves of the houseleek (*Sempervivum*) rubbed into sore eyes are believed remedial (Tipperary).

In Tipperary also, the leaves of a plant popularly known as the "Rose Noble," or "Stinking Roger," boiled, yield a splendid tonic.

Among the moor-folk of E. Riding, Yorkshire, an herb termed "Harb sanctuary," really the Red Centaury (*Erythraea centaurea*), of the *gentianæ* is used as a stomachic ; the same folk also use "Blue Peter" (*Aconitum napellus*) for inflammation ; we know it in one form as an ointment used in neuralgia and rheumatism.

*Ranunculus acris*, the leaves and flowers beaten to a pulp, and applied to suppurating tuberculosis, is remedial in Fermanagh, Tyrone, Donegal.

*Senecio jacobæa* leaves boiled or soaked in boiling water are often used as a poultice for abscess round the nipple (Fermanagh).

Orange lily root boiled to make a poultice for axillary tumours ; the root is boiled till soft, and the outer skin peeled off ; a little oatmeal is added and the whole squeezed together (Cavan).

*Nepeta glechoma*—decoction used as an emmenagogue in chlorisis in some places (Ulster).

*Sambucus nigra*—decoction of the inner bark is used as a remedy for epilepsy ; while being used, the attacks are said to be less frequent (Ireland).

Mud-remedy for wasp stings ; though I heard of this in South of Ireland, I believe it is common elsewhere.

*Veronica beccabunga*, boiled and sweetened with sugar candy, used as an expectorant about Belfast and neighbourhood.

*Sonchus oleraceus*—Sowthistle—has virtue in its juice, which is a cure for warts.

“Glarre poultice” : the naiad from the bottom of a boghole is used to make a poultice for suppurating corns ; its properties are mainly antiseptic (North Ireland).

Peatmoss is now replacing oakum as dressing, and, I have heard, will soon probably do so entirely (Ireland, heard of from Fermanagh).

*Alsine media* (chickweed) heated well before a fire is applied to cure pains in the head and back of the neck (Londonderry).

The inner leaves of the common cabbage are considered remedial for drawing boils in Cheshire and Shropshire.

“Cumferry,” as the folk of Wexford call a plant which, from the description I obtained of it, I think is comfrey (*Symphitum officinale*) ; the roots boiled down are applied externally for everything from a cold down to a sprained ankle, and are widely used.

The ashes of a burnt briar are supposed to heal cuts, if laid on them, in King’s County, as also in the same county lime and sweet-oil are believed remedial in erysipelas ; mix unslaked lime with the best sweet-oil and rub with the mixture over the affected parts.

Fresh milk is used to draw out the spots of measles ; the body is washed with it (King’s County).

Nettles used for rheumatism by continual excitement externally in Queen’s County.

A wet handkerchief tied round a sore throat at night when going to bed is considered an excellent remedy in County Down.

One case is known in Monaghan where wrapping a man in brown paper and vinegar cured him of scarlatina.

A wedding-ring in some parts of Ireland is said to cure "wild fire," and a blue ribbon round the neck acts as a charm against croup.

Jandy Well. Dip in this well, which is in Monaghan, and hang rags about it, and if you have jaundice you will get well. The people of this part pronounce jaundice as "jandice," or "jandy."

One man in Ulster dipped in a bog-hole at midnight, and in three or four days was cured of crysipelas; this is related as a fact.

Buttermilk is used as a cure for ringworm by country-folk in many districts now; it was used for this purpose over fifty years ago in Scotland.

Poteen: the first running is used in Ireland in various parts for rheumatism.

In King's County, near Templeharry (about two miles from Cloughjordan), are some "Old Ruins," which are believed to be the remains of a monastery, though the people are not sure about it. Here there is a hollow tree which always has water in it; if you have a wart, in order to get rid of it, you have only to wash in the water and it will disappear.

JOHN H. BARBOUR.

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*Co. Down, Ireland.*

#### THE PAINSWICK DOG-PIE.

On Painswick feast-day, which is kept on the first Sunday after September 19th, it used to be a general custom for people to partake of plum-pies in which the china figure of a dog had been baked. No one owns to following the custom now; but if any do so, they make the pies at home, an ordinary meat pie such as is made in any household, with the dog inside it. It was not necessary that the pie should be a plum-pie, so long as a china dog was inside. I have been trying for a long time, without success, to get one of these little figures. Miss Mendham, of

Clifton, has been fortunate enough to obtain one from a young woman after the last feast-day; and I thereupon asked her permission to show it to the members of the Society. I understand from her that this little figure was served in a pie last autumn; there were several other similar dogs in this pie, one of them being a very small one. Miss Mendham also promised to try and interview the old man in whose house the pie was made, and who, she has been told, always keeps up the custom.

I tried some years ago to obtain some information as to the origin of the custom, but I could only obtain some more or less ridiculous stories about it. One correspondent said, "I know very little about 'Bow-wow cakes.' Thirty years ago 'Bow-wow cake-day' was kept nearly universally, but now the custom is almost dead, nobody seems to keep it up. Any cake or pie will do, so long as there is a small china dog baked with it. The day was kept on Painswick feast-day." He also says, "Any china dog will do, one from the first toy-shop. You remember the old-fashioned china ornaments on cottage mantel-pieces, usually a shepherdess, a lamb, and a dog? Well, the dog would go into the cake." "As to the origin," this gentleman continues, "there is a tale that some 'Gothamites' from Stroud came to Painswick and ordered a meat-pie. This was duly prepared, but unfortunately got eaten by mistake by some other folks who had not ordered it; and as there was no more meat to be had at the village butcher's, a poor dog was slaughtered and made into a pie for the strangers. This gave rise to the origin of the feast, and to the circumstance that the Painswick people have since been called 'bow-wows,' and should you say (at Stroud) 'that you were going to dine at Painswick,' it was usual to reply 'On dog?'"

Mr. U. J. Davis sent me (through the Rev. W. S. Guest Williams) another story: "At the Lamb Inn, in Bisley Street, many of the navvies engaged in making the new road between Cheltenham and Bath at the beginning of this century lodged. They were a low, rough, vulgar lot of fellows, who were the terror of the neighbourhood and the bugbear of the landlady of the Lamb. It was their special delight and boast 'to eat her out of house and home;' and the poor woman, especially on a Sunday, had the greatest difficulty in satisfying the voracious appetites of these formidable gluttons. At last she resolved to put an end to her troubles and rid herself of her gluttonous, drunken guests.

On the Feast Sunday she made a pie of dog's flesh ; and when the navvies had eaten it she then told them what they had had for dinner, with what result needs no telling. To say "bow-wow," or to imitate the bark of a dog, in any street of Painswick was the sure forerunner of a breach of the peace. Occasionally still, on Feast Sunday, a meat-pie is made, within which is placed a china dog, to keep up the remembrance of the 'bow-wow' pie ; but the custom is dying out, and it would be well to bury it in oblivion."

Another story is, that on one of the church feast-days in years gone by the Painswick people invited their neighbours of Stroud to a venison-feast (red deer were said to be plentiful in those days on the Cotswold Hills). The venison was not forthcoming, and Painswick was in despair at not being able to furnish the proper feast. It was suggested that they could save their reputation by serving up dog-pie instead. When the guests discovered the trick, a tremendous fight ensued. The Painswick people conquered, and instituted the feast in honour of their victory ; but making plum-pie with a china dog baked in it answers instead of dog itself.

The Rev. W. S. Guest Williams also stated that he had heard that a tradition may have been handed down from pre-Christian times of a British festival in which dogs figured in some form. I have not heard of any tradition to this effect, but there certainly may be one. The connection of this "bow-wow pie" observance with the dedication-festival of the parish church, which the Painswick feast day really is, and with another custom which a correspondent tells me formerly terminated the feast day's proceedings—that of encircling or encompassing the church by all the villagers joining hands, then swaying backwards and forwards, and finally dancing round and singing—points to the survival of a local cult of a more primitive origin than these modern accounts.

An important point to notice, and one which appears in each of the stories told, is that people of two different parishes are concerned in the quarrel, and that a fight between them occurs.

A. B. GOMME.

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## FOUR YORKSHIRE FOLKTALES.

1.—*The Old Man at the White House.*<sup>1</sup>

There was once a man who lived in a white house in a certain village, and he knew everything about everybody that lived in the place.

In the same village there lived a woman who had a daughter called Sally, and one day she gave Sally a pair of yellow kid gloves and threatened to kill her if she lost them.

Now Sally was very proud of her gloves, but she was careless enough to lose one of them. After she had lost it she went to a row of houses in the village and inquired at every door if they had seen her glove. But everybody said "No;" and she was told to go and ask the old man that lived in the white house.

So Sally went to the white house and asked the old man if he had seen her glove. The old man said: "I have thy glove, and I will give it thee if thou wilt promise me to tell nobody where thou hast found it. And remember if thou tells anybody I shall fetch thee out of bed when the clock strikes twelve at night." So he gave the glove back to Sally.

But Sally's mother got to know about her losing the glove, and said: "Where did thou find it?"

Sally said: "I daren't tell, for if I do an old man will fetch me out of bed at twelve o'clock at night."

Her mother said: "I will bar all the doors and fasten all the windows, and then he can't get in and fetch thee;" and then she made Sally tell her where she had found her glove.

So Sally's mother barred all the doors and fastened all the windows, and Sally went to bed at ten o'clock that night and began to cry. At eleven she began to cry louder, and at twelve o'clock she heard a voice saying in a whisper, but gradually getting louder and louder:

"Sally, I'm up one step."

"Sally, I'm up two steps."

"Sally, I'm up three steps."

"Sally, I'm up four steps."

<sup>1</sup> From Wakefield. Told to me by C. R. Hirst, of Sheffield, aged 18. It is hoped that this tale will not be reprinted in any book intended for children.

"Sally, I'm up five steps."  
 "Sally, I'm up six steps."  
 "Sally, I'm up seven steps."  
 "Sally, I'm up eight steps."  
 "Sally, I'm up nine steps."  
 "Sally, I'm up ten steps."  
 "Sally, I'm up eleven steps."  
 "Sally, I'm up twelve steps!"  
 "Sally, I'm at thy bedroom door!"  
 "Sally, I have hold of thee!!!"

*II.—The Satin Frock.<sup>1</sup>*

There was once a little girl called Mary who had a satin frock, and her mother told her that if she got a dirty mark on it she would kill her. One day as Mary was going a walk, some cows that were passing by splashed her frock with mud. Then Mary went and sat on a doorstep and began to cry. The woman in the house hearing her cry came out, and Mary told her that she dare not go home because she had got her frock dirty, and that her mother had threatened to kill her if she got it dirty. So the woman took her in and washed the mud from her frock, and then dried it. She then sent the little girl on her way, telling her to mind and not get it dirty again, and then her mother would not kill her. So Mary went on her way, but lower down the road a horse that was running by splashed her frock again. When she got home her mother took her in the cellar and cut her head off, and hung it on the wall. When her father came home he said: "Where is our Mary?" Her mother told him she had gone to her grandmother's to stay all night. When bed-time came he said: "I will fetch the sticks up;" but his wife said: "No, I will;" but he said: "No, I will fetch them up;" and she said: "No, I will;" but he would not let her fetch them. When he had got down in the cellar he saw the head hung up, so when he had come out of the cellar he asked his wife what it was. She told him that it was a sheep's head that she was going to make some broth of for to-morrow's dinner. When he came home to dinner next day, he said: "This broth is nice, but it does taste like our

<sup>1</sup> Told to C. R. Hirst in Sheffield by a girl aged about 13, and repeated by him to me, June, 1896.

Mary." When his wife heard this she was very frightened ; but when her husband found out what had been done he took her in the cellar and killed her.

### III.—*Nicorbore*.<sup>1</sup>

One day in winter-time, when there was a large quantity of snow on the ground, Nicker happened to be going along that narrow road leading from Gleadless to Norton, and walking in the middle of the road, where of course would be the best track, perhaps the only one. At the same time a gentleman was coming swiftly along on horseback in the opposite direction. He saw the man in front of him, but rode on, expecting of course he would give way, but not so. Nicker stuck to his track, and the gentleman had to pull up very suddenly out of his way.

"What fool are you?" demanded the gentleman angrily.

"Au'm Captain Stones's fool—whose fool ar' tha?" retorted Nicker.

I have been told that sixty or seventy years ago Nicker Bore's name was bandied about amongst Mosbro' people like the name of Jim Garton, late of Beighton, has been in Beighton of late years.<sup>2</sup>

### IV.—*The Farmer and his Man*.<sup>3</sup>

One day a farmer was walking round his farm, when he heard his man singing in a barn. So he stopped to listen, and heard these words :

"Bread and cheese, work as you please,  
Bread and cheese, work as you please."

The farmer then went and told his wife what he had heard.

<sup>1</sup> From George Foster, Queen Street, Rotherham. Sent to me by Sir George R. Sitwell, Bart., 24 October, 1895. This is a fragment of one of the numerous tales once current about Nicorbore. See my *Household Tales, &c.*, p. 37.

<sup>2</sup> Captain Stones lived at Mosborough, near Eckington, in Derbyshire, not far from Renishaw Hall, the seat of Sir George R. Sitwell. Gleadless, Norton, and Beighton are in the same neighbourhood. "Jim Garton" appears to be a mythical name, but I will make inquiries about him.

<sup>3</sup> Told to Mrs. S. O. Addy in Sheffield by a nurse, about twenty-five years ago.

The farmer's wife said : " How did he seem to be working ? "

" Oh," he said, " I peeped through a loop-hole in the barn, and he didn't see me, but I saw him ; and he was working as slowly as he could."

" That'll never do," she said ; " I'll try him with something better than that."

So the next day she made a nice plum pudding and an apple pie for the man. Then she told her husband to go and see if he worked any better.

So this time the farmer heard him singing :

" Plum pudden and apple pie,  
Do your work accordingly.  
Plum pudden, &c."

So the farmer went back to his wife, and told her what he had heard.

" How was he working ? " she said.

" Much better, but not so fast as he might do," he replied.

" Oh, well," she said, " I'll try him with better food than that."

So the next day she gave him roast beef and plum pudding, and told her husband to go and see if he worked any better.

So this time the farmer heard him singing :

" Roast beef and plum pudden,  
Do your work like a good un.  
Roast beef, &c."

Then the farmer told his wife what he had heard, and said the man was working as hard as a horse and with all his might.

So after this the farmer's wife always fed the man on the best food that she could get, and he worked hard ever after.

S. O. ADDY.

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and contains not merely a list of the additions to the museum, but also an account of various explorations of the aboriginal remains undertaken by him or under his superintendence. To British students of folklore the most interesting acquisition by the Museum is that of the Plichting-Stane o' Lairg, a stone with a large hole in it, formerly "built into a wall connected with the old parish kirk of Lairg, Sutherlandshire. In this position it was known far and wide as a medium—one might almost say, as a sacred medium—for the making of bargains, the pledging of faith, and the plighting of troth. By grasping hands through this stone, the parties to an agreement of any kind bound themselves with the inviolability of a solemn oath. . . . When . . . the walls of the kirk were demolished some years ago to make way for improvements, the ancient plighting-stone fell from grace as well as from its position in the structure; if, indeed, the former event had not taken place long before. Fortunately the stone was preserved and kept for many years in the family of Miss Mary Buchanan, by whom, through Mr. Hugh Nichol, of Stratford, it was very generously presented to the Ontario Archæological Museum." There it has been mounted for exhibition in an imitation wall. While we must all regret that the stone in question should ever have been removed from its original site and carried across the ocean, it is at least a subject for congratulation that it has fallen into such excellent hands as those of Mr. Boyle and the Hon. G. W. Ross, the Minister of Education, who have been instrumental in the face of many difficulties in building up a most interesting archæological museum at Toronto, and who fully appreciate the value of the Plighting-Stone as a relic of the prehistoric ritual of the ancestors of many of the present inhabitants of Ontario.]

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