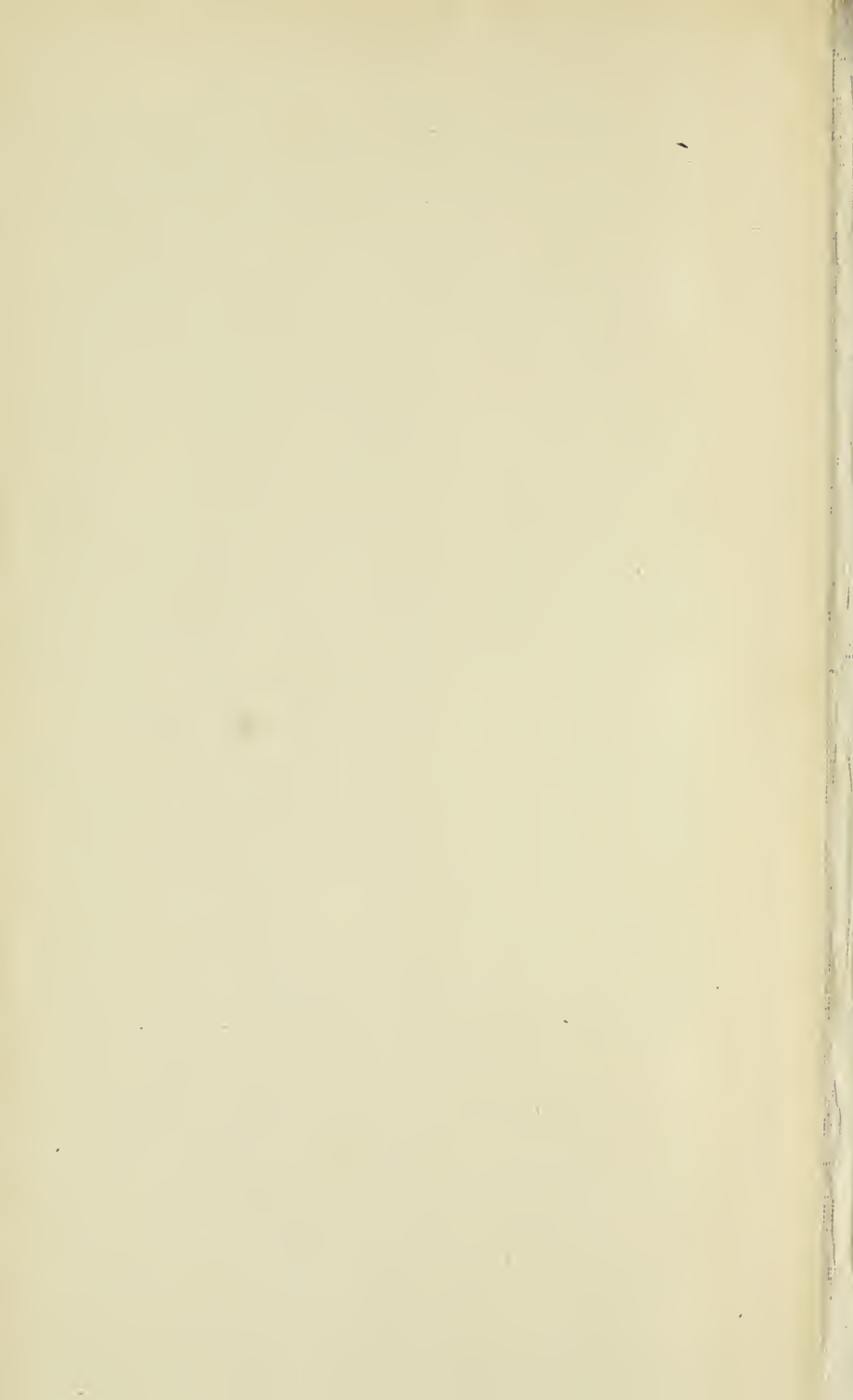


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# FOLK-LORE

*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. XXVI.—1915



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1915

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# Folk-Lore.

*TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.*

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VOL. XXVI.]

MARCH, 1915.

[No. I.

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## **EVENING MEETING.**

**WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20th, 1915.**

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Prof. Orest Faniewitsch and Mrs. M. Weinberg as members of the Society was announced.

Mr. A. M. Hocart read a paper entitled "Psychology and Ethnology," and in the discussion which followed, the Chairman, Miss Burne, and Dr. Gaster took part.

The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Hocart for his paper.

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**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1915.**

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE Thirty-seventh Annual Meeting was held on this date at University College, Gower Street, W.C.

The minutes of the last Annual Meeting were read and confirmed.

The Report of the Council, with the Cash Account and Balance Sheet, for the year 1914, were presented to the Meeting, and, on the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Sir Laurence Gomme, it was resolved that the same be received and adopted.

The following ladies and gentlemen were duly elected to hold office for the ensuing year, viz. :—

As *President*—R. R. Marett, M.A., D.Sc.

As *Vice-Presidents*—The Hon. J. Abercromby, Sir E. W. Brabrook, C.B. ; Miss Charlotte S. Burne, Edward Clodd, W. Croke, B.A. ; Sir J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D. ; M. Gaster, Ph.D. ; Sir Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. ; A. C. Had- don, D.Sc., F.R.S. ; E. S. Hartland, F.S.A. ; Professor the Right Hon. Sir J. Rhys, P.C., LL.D. ; W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D. ; The Rev. Professor A. H. Sayce, LL.D., D.D. ; Professor Sir E. B. Tylor, LL.D., D.C.L., F.S.A. ; and A. R. Wright.

As *Members of Council*—Mrs. M. M. Banks, M. Long- worth Dames, Lady Gomme, P. J. Heather, W. L. Hild- burgh, M.A., Ph.D., T. C. Hodson, Miss Eleanor Hull, E. Lovett, A. F. Major, W. H. R. Rivers, M.D., F.R.S., H. V. Routh, C. G. Seligman, M.D. ; C. J. Tabor, E. Torday, His Honour J. S. Udal, F.S.A. ; E. Westermarck, Ph.D. ; H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., D.C.L. ; and Sir B. C. A. Windle, F.R.S.

As *Hon. Treasurer*—Edward Clodd.

As *Hon. Auditor*—C. J. Tabor.

As *Editor of "Folk-Lore"*—W. Croke, B.A.

The Chairman delivered his Presidential Address, entitled "War and Savagery," for which a vote of thanks, moved by Sir Laurence Gomme and seconded by Dr. Gaster, was carried by acclamation. A vote of thanks was also passed to Mr. F. G. Green, the retiring Auditor.

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## THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE events of the past year have adversely affected the Society, as was inevitable. The influx of new members has been checked, and some of those who have been members for a considerable number of years have been compelled to tender their resignations. During the year twelve new members have been elected, and one new subscriber has been enrolled. Against this the deaths of four and the resignations of 29 members have to be recorded. The Council have decided to allow the names of those whose resignations are due to the war to remain upon the roll, and to send them copies of the quarterly parts of *Folk-Lore* as usual during the current year, in the hope that they may resume their subscriptions in 1916. The Council have carefully revised the list of members and subscribers, and have found it necessary to strike off the names of several members whose subscriptions were three or more years in arrear. The total number now stands at 435, as against 453 a year ago.

The amount received in subscriptions during the year 1914, including two life subscriptions of £5 5s. od. each, amounted to £414 10s. od., as compared with £451 13s. od. in 1913.

In these circumstances economy is essential, and the Council have accordingly decided *slightly* to reduce the size of the quarterly parts of *Folk-Lore*, and hope to do so without materially diminishing the value of their contents.

Meetings of the Society have been held as follows, viz. :

- 21st *January*. "The Cult of the Bori among the Hausas." Major Tremearne.
- 18th *February*. (Annual Meeting.) Presidential Address: "Folk-Lore and Psychology." Dr. R. R. Marett.
- 18th *March*. "Folk-Lore in East Africa." Miss A. Werner.
- 22nd *April*. "The Folk-Lore of London." Mr. E. Lovett.
- 20th *May*. "La Chevauchée de St. Michel in the Island of Guernsey." Miss Edith Carey.
- 17th *June*. "Roumanian Popular Tales and Legends of Birds, Beasts and Insects." Dr. Gaster.
- 18th *November*. "The Dasahra. An Autumn Festival of the Hindus." Mr. W. Crooke.
- 16th *December*. "Superstitions of the Shawia Berbers." Mr. M. W. Hilton Simpson.

The papers in January, March and April were profusely illustrated by lantern slides; and at the meeting held in March Mr. E. S. Hartland exhibited and presented to the Society a smock frock made at Newent in Gloucestershire over thirty years ago, which had been worn by a shepherd in that neighbourhood until quite recently.

The Council have had under consideration whether it might not be desirable to hold fewer meetings during the current session, but have come to the conclusion that they would be justified in proceeding as usual. As the meetings in November and December were thinly attended, they hope that the members at future meetings will support them in their enterprise.

The Council would be especially glad if members or friends of the Society having folklore objects of interest to exhibit would communicate with the Secretary. Mr. H. V. Routh, who kindly undertook to act as convener of the Exhibits and Museum Committee last year, is now serving with His Majesty's forces, and the Council hope some qualified member may be found to fill his place. A circular letter was issued a year ago, requesting members possessing

folklore specimens available for study to furnish the Secretary with particulars. This has produced a response from one of the members, to whom the Council are much indebted.

On Thursday, the 14th May, the Oxford Anthropological Society held a meeting at Oxford, to which members of the Folk-Lore Society and of the Royal Anthropological Institute were invited. The visitors were afforded an opportunity of seeing the Pitt-Rivers Museum, and afterwards had the privilege of listening to a most interesting paper by Professor Gilbert G. Murray, a member of the Society, on "Folk Influence in Early Greek Literature." The members of the Society who availed themselves of this opportunity of visiting Oxford were richly rewarded for their pains.

Several additions have been made to the Society's Library during the year, particulars of which have been duly noted in the pages of *Folk-Lore*.

Dr. Gaster and Mr. Longworth Dames were again deputed to attend the meeting of the Congress of Archaeological Societies as representatives of the Society; and the President, Mr. E. S. Hartland, Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, Sir E. im Thurn, Mr. H. Balfour, Dr. Haddon, and several other members represented the Society at the meeting of the British Association in Australia during August.

Other members were present by invitation of the French Association for the Advancement of the Science at its Congress at Havre in July.

The twenty-fifth volume of *Folk-Lore* has been issued during the year, and the Council are once more indebted to Mr. A. R. Wright for the compilation of the index.

The Council regret to announce that owing to pressure of work Mr. Wright has been obliged to give up the Editorship of *Folk-Lore*, and desire to place on record their keen appreciation of the work he has so ungrudgingly done on behalf of the Society. Mr. Wright's place has been taken

by Mr. W. Crooke, to whom the thanks of the Society are due for so kindly stepping into the breach.

The additional volumes for 1912 and 1913 have also been issued during the year. The *Handbook of Folklore*, by Miss C. S. Burne, which the Council eventually decided should be the additional volume for 1913, appeared early in August, and *County Folklore*, Vol. VII. (Fife, Clackmannan, and Kinross), collected by Mr. J. E. Simpkins, two months later. The Council congratulate Miss Burne most heartily on the completion of her labours, and have no hesitation in putting on record their belief that the Handbook will prove invaluable to students and collectors of Folklore. Mr. Simpkins also is to be congratulated upon the completion of a very interesting volume, which has been issued as the Society's additional publication for 1912.

The Council have decided to issue Dr. Gaster's "Collection of Rumanian Popular Tales and Legends of Birds, Beasts, and Insects" (a selection from which he read at the meeting of the Society held on the 17th June), as the additional volume for 1914.

During the year the executors of the late Mr. J. P. Emslie presented to the Society six small note-books, three of which contained Mr. Emslie's MS. collections of folklore. These have been added to the Society's library, and the remaining three, containing original drawings of antiquities and scenery chiefly in the City of London and County of Middlesex, have been offered to the London County Council, to be placed in their library.

The Bibliography of Anthropology and Folklore dealing with the year 1908 has not yet been completed.

The work of the Brand Committee has made considerable progress since the last report, and the Committee had hoped to be able to announce that the work of classifying the material collected might begin in the early months of 1915, but the general stress and strain occasioned by the



war have inevitably diverted the energies of many workers into other channels; and the collections, though very considerable, are therefore not yet sufficiently complete for classification.

The chief additions to them since our last Report are the whole of the folklore notes included in the twenty volumes of *Byegones*, extracted under the direction of Miss Hartland, and the calendar customs noted in the twenty-one volumes of the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, extracted by Miss Legge.

The Council have pleasure in stating that their relations with Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, the Society's publishers, have continued to be of the most harmonious character, and they sincerely hope that they may be able to retain the services of the firm in the future.

The Council have found that several volumes of the publications of the Society included in the salvage stock are not starred in the list printed in the last Prospectus. Copies of the Prospectus can be obtained on application from the Secretary, but members wishing to purchase at the reduced rate, either on their own behalf or on behalf of their friends, should apply for further particulars to Mr. C. J. Tabor, The White House, Knotts Green, Leyton, Essex, who has kindly undertaken to be responsible for the sale of the stock, and to ascertain whether any salvage copies of the volumes they require are available. The volumes have been rebound, and are for the most part in a very fair condition. The price is 4s. per volume, carriage paid, with all faults.

The Cash Account and Balance Sheet for the year are submitted herewith.

R. R. MARETT,  
*President.*

*February, 1915.*

---

CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1914.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
By Balance brought down, . . . . .	£541 11 8	To <i>Folk-Lore</i> :—	
" Subscriptions for 1914 (358), . . . . .	£375 18 0	Printing 2 parts, 1913, and Index, . . . . .	£109 14 0
" " " 1913 and earlier years (13), . . . . .	13 13 0	" " " 1914, . . . . .	118 19 10
" " " 1915, in advance (14), . . . . .	14 14 0	Illustrations, . . . . .	14 1 11
" Composition Fees, . . . . .	404 5 0	" <i>Handbook of Folklore</i> (Typing and printing), . . . . .	£242 15 9
" Interest on Investments, . . . . .	10 10 0	" <i>Fifeshire Folklore</i> (Printing), . . . . .	157 10 0
" " Money on deposit, . . . . .	32 17 1	" Expenses of Distribution of Publications and Publisher's Commissions, . . . . .	150 3 3
" " Sales of Stock per Sidgwick & Jackson and Advertisements, . . . . .	12 10 6	" Expenses of Meetings :—	36 1 3
" " Income Tax refunded, . . . . .	49 15 7	Hire of Rooms, . . . . .	£7 15 0
	0 1 0	Refreshments, . . . . .	10 10 0
		Lantern, . . . . .	1 7 0
		Advertising, . . . . .	5 4 8
		" Binding of Stock, . . . . .	24 16 8
		" Subscription to Archaeological Societies, . . . . .	47 13 0
		" Expenses of Management :—	1 0 0
		Insurance, . . . . .	£13 8 0
		Postages, Stationery, and Printing, . . . . .	21 7 8
		Brand Committee's Expenses, . . . . .	7 8 4
		Rent of Telephone, . . . . .	2 12 6
		Warehousing Stock, . . . . .	10 15 0
		Secretary's Salary and Pounds, . . . . .	61 6 0
		Miscellaneous, . . . . .	1 6 5
			118 3 11
		" Balance in Bank on deposit account, . . . . .	£778 3 10
		" " " on current account, . . . . .	£200 0 0
		" " " in hands of Secretary, . . . . .	78 13 2
			0 13 10
			279 7 0
			£1,057 10 10

BALANCE SHEET, 31ST DECEMBER, 1914.

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
Sundry Creditors, - - - - -	Cash at Bankers, - - - - -
Subscriptions paid in advance, - - - - -	" in hands of Secretary, - - - - -
Composition Fees, - - - - -	Sundry Debtors, - - - - -
Balance to credit of Society, - - - - -	Subscriptions in arrear, 1914 (54), -
<div style="text-align: right; margin-right: 20px;"> <u>£1,371 9 8</u> </div>	<div style="text-align: right; margin-right: 20px;"> <u>£278 13 2</u>  <u>0 13 10</u>                      £279 7 0                 </div>
<div style="text-align: right; margin-right: 20px;"> <u>£1,371 9 8</u> </div>	<div style="text-align: right; margin-right: 20px;"> <u>£56 14 0</u>  <u>9 9 0</u>  <u>4 4 0</u>                      70 7 0                 </div>
<div style="text-align: right; margin-right: 20px;"> <u>£1,371 9 8</u> </div>	Investments at cost price :— £500 Canada, 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ % Stock, - £,498 15 0 £500 Natal, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ % Stock, - 496 17 6 <div style="text-align: right; margin-right: 20px;"> <u>995 12 6</u>  <u>£1,371 9 8</u> </div>

In addition to the above there is a large stock of Publications of the Society, and also of bound volumes of the salvage stock, of which no account is taken here.  
 Examined with Vouchers and Pass Book and found correct.

EDWARD CLODD, *Hon. Treasurer.*  
 F. G. GREEN  
 CHARLES J. TABOR } *Hon. Auditors.*  
 January 18, 1915.

## *PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.*

---

### WAR AND SAVAGERY.

A YEAR ago, when we were met together, as now, to take periodic stock of our work, all seemed to be very well with the Society and with the world at large; the glass was steady and the sun shone; and, as honest reapers and harvesters are wont to do, we celebrated our rites festively. This year we are in no mood for festivity, and hardly in a mood for any scientific occupation. Our thoughts are fixed upon the War. It would be empty to pretend to ourselves that we care about anything else. Science, after all, is but a function of the Higher Life, and the Higher Life itself is in jeopardy.

Hence I have not sought to avoid the subject of war, but rather propose to make it my chief theme to-night. On the other hand, it behoves us to remember that science aims at a rigid impartiality of view. It may not, indeed, be humanly possible to divest ourselves wholly of prejudice. But those who foregather in the name of science must, at least, try to see things as they truly are. Thus in the hour of greatest stress we may have recourse to science as to some anodyne, because it teaches us to face facts and keep a cool head.

Moreover, it lies beyond our province to discuss, at any rate in a direct way, the rights and wrongs of the present struggle in Europe. Our peculiar concern is not with

“civilization,” as we optimistically call it, but with the opposite condition which for want of a better word goes by the name of “savagery.” Now, as Sir Everard im Thurn points out in the Address which I had the pleasure of hearing him deliver a short while ago in Australia,<sup>1</sup> it is unfortunate that there is no “term of less misleading suggestion” to provide a label for that form of human culture which in broad contrast to our own we class as rude or primitive. One is apt in speaking of “savagery” to allow the implication of brutal ferocity to slip in unchallenged. But such a piece of question-begging is utterly unfair. No wonder that, by way of counterblast, Professor von Luschan was moved to emit his famous paradox: “The only “savages” in Africa are certain white men!”<sup>2</sup>

For, as we all know, “savage” is by etymology nothing other than “silvaggio,” a “forester” or “woodlander” resembling those of whom Lucretius sang :—

“*silvestria membra*  
*Nuda dabant terrae, nocturno tempore capti,*  
*Circum se foliis ac frondibus involventes.*”<sup>3</sup>

Now such a label would not be inappropriate if it could be made to carry a purely economic, as distinguished from a moral, connotation. Economically regarded, the class of savage or wild folk includes all those who live in close dependence on the immediate physical environment. The savage is thus the veritable “child of nature,” since his natural surroundings so largely make him what he is. This description does not merely apply to the most backward jungle tribes who, like Pliny’s Artabatites, “wander and go up and downe in the forests like foure-footed sauvaige

<sup>1</sup> Sir E. im Thurn, *Presidential Address to Section H of Brit. Assoc.*, Sydney, 1914, 1.

<sup>2</sup> F. von Luschan in *Papers on Inter-Racial Problems*, ed. G. Spiller, 22.

<sup>3</sup> Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, v. 969.

beasts.”<sup>4</sup> It is no less true of the member of a relatively advanced community, as, for example, the native of East Central Africa, of whom Drummond with a word-painter’s licence writes: “One stick, pointed, makes him a spear; two sticks rubbed together make him a fire; fifty sticks together make him a home. The bark he peels from them makes his clothes; the fruits which hang on them form his food.”<sup>5</sup> If, then, we construe “forest” as equivalent to any kind of natural waste, whether it be tangled jungle or bare mountain-side, variegated park-land or monotonous desert, we may find in it a sufficiently accurate differentia of savagery as compared with civilization, when the two are considered primarily as opposed conditions of the economic order. As Buckle puts it not unfairly: “Looking at the history of the world as a whole, the tendency has been, in Europe to subordinate nature to man; out of Europe to subordinate man to nature.”<sup>6</sup>

Can we, however, proceed to assume offhand that the conquest of nature involves the conquest of self? It would certainly be unscientific to accept it as a dogma that morality is but a function of the economic life. Let us beware of *a priori* judgments coloured by the “historical materialism” of Marx and his school of thought. Only the study of the facts of human history can reveal how far material prosperity and righteousness go together; and these facts do not on the face of them tell a plain tale. It was no less a historian than Gibbon who returned the dubious verdict: “Every age of the world has increased, and still increases, the real wealth, the happiness, the knowledge, and perhaps the virtue, of the human race.”<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Pliny, Philemon Holland’s Trans., London, 1635, VI. xxx.

<sup>5</sup> H. Drummond, *Tropical Africa*, 55.

<sup>6</sup> H. T. Buckle, *History of Civilization in England* (1857), 138.

<sup>7</sup> Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, xxxviii., *ap.* Sir E. B. Tylor, *Primitive Culture*,<sup>4</sup> i. 35.

Indeed, if we belong to the party of those who look with jaundiced eye on the flaunting triumphs of this age of machines—machines which at this present moment are proving their quality mainly as instruments of destruction—we may be too ready to yield to the converse fallacy, namely, that of identifying the morals of the primæval forest with those of the Garden of Eden. For fallacy it surely is to overlook the fact that a great many savages are bloodthirsty and cruel, even if other savages be mild and innocuous in the extreme. The problem thereupon arises: Which of these two types, the bloodthirsty or the mild, is the higher and better, as judged from an ethical standpoint? When we turn aside from the burning questions of this distressful hour, and contemplate in a calm spirit, and as it were from a distance, the various dispositions and fortunes of the wild folk of the earth, shall we award the palm of moral worth to the warlike or to the peaceful among them? Or, if it turn out that there is something unsatisfactory in the actual moral state of each alike, which of the two must be held to exhibit the greater promise of growth, the richer possibilities of ultimate moral expansion? Does innocence prove the more blessed condition from first to last? Or is the savagery that deservedly carries with it the suggestion of ruthlessness and ferocity more prolific notwithstanding of human good in the long run?

On the one hand, then, there is no difficulty in gathering together a cloud of witness on behalf of the claims of the mild type of savage. The Hottentots, for instance, were considered by Kolben to be “certainly the most friendly, the most liberal, and the most benevolent people to one another that ever appeared on the earth.”<sup>8</sup> Of the Let-htas Colquhoun writes, “They have no laws or rulers, and the Karens say they do not require any, as the Let-htas never

<sup>8</sup> P. Kolben, *The Present State of the Cape of Good Hope*, i. 334, *ap.* Sir J. Lubbock (Lord Avebury), *Prehistoric Times*, 342, who shares his admiration.

commit any evil among themselves or against any other people.”<sup>9</sup> And so one traveller after another ascribes the character of “blameless Ethiopians” to this or that small and unwarlike group of wild folk.<sup>10</sup> We need not spend time over the enumeration of instances, when the testimony is so unanimous. It is plain that hidden away in the odd corners of the world are many little peoples, as innocent as they are insignificant, of whom one might say in the language of cold science very much what in the romantic pages of Sir John Mandeville is expressed thus: “and alle be it that thei ben not cristned, ne have no perfyte lawe, zit natheless of kyndly lawe thei ben fulle of all Vertue, and thei eschewen alle Vices and alle Malices and alle Synnes.”<sup>11</sup>

On the other hand, again, the predatory savages form a well-marked type; and it is incontestable that, though Iroquois or Zulus, let us say, represent in some sense the very flower of the North American or African stocks, yet their cruelty and ruthlessness were on a level with their energy and courage. What need to labour the point? Their record, written in blood, speaks for itself.

Comparing, then, the mild savages with the fierce in respect of their position in the evolutionary scale, we are at once struck by the fact that, whereas the fierce peoples were established and, until the oncoming of the Whites, held their own, in the midst of some crowded field of competition, some capital “area of characterization,” as de Quatrefages would term it, the mild peoples, on the contrary, are one and all the denizens of “protected” districts. The latter, in other words, pursue the simple life in

<sup>9</sup> A. R. Colquhoun, *Among the Shans*, 234.

<sup>10</sup> See the multitude of examples collected by H. Spencer in *Principles of Sociology*, ii. Part 2, 234 ff.; or consult the anonymous monograph, *Der Völkergedanke im Aufbau einer Wissenschaft vom Menschen*, Berlin, 1881, esp. 24, 46, and notes.

<sup>11</sup> Halliwell's edition, London, 1837, 291.



tropical jungles, deserts, hill-country, islands, polar regions, and, generally, in isolated and unattractive portions of the globe, where stagnation or positive degeneration must inevitably obtain in default of the bracing effects of the struggle for existence. It does not follow in the least, because a tribe has persisted through the ages, that it has likewise been growing and improving through the ages. There are many modes of survival, and not all are equally creditable.

*"Nam quaecumque vides vesci vitalibus auris,  
Aut dolus aut virtus aut denique mobilitas est  
Ex ineunte aevo genus id tutata reservans."*<sup>12</sup>

Mobility, indeed, in the sense of the power of beating a wise retreat in time is largely responsible for the continuance of the milder varieties of man. An element of sheer luck, too, may well enter in, more especially when survival depends on merely lying low. As the Preacher says, "I returned and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."<sup>13</sup> Nay, insignificance itself may confer a vital advantage. When adaptation takes the direction of greater simplicity of organization, as is seen, for example, in the typical parasite, we term the process one of degeneration. The simple reason is, however, that we who promulgate this judgment of value are ourselves committed to a policy of progress; such progress being definable in technical language as an elaboration of society involving at once an ever fuller differentiation of the component units and an ever closer integration of the group as a whole.<sup>14</sup> Nevertheless, if we put aside questions of value, and look in a scientific spirit at the bare facts of life, we

<sup>12</sup> Lucretius, v. 857.

<sup>13</sup> Ecclesiastes, ix. 11.

<sup>14</sup> Cf. G. Lloyd Morgan, *Animal Life and Intelligence*, 241.

have to admit that fitness or ability to survive consists sometimes in a capacity to grovel ; though at other times, and doubtless more characteristically for the human race, it consists in a power of rising to the occasion.

In the present case, however, we cannot ignore considerations of value, since the object of our discussion precisely is to weigh two types of savagery the one against the other. Our own moral point of view cannot be treated as irrelevant. On the contrary, we may be sure that if a European philosopher is led to contrast the morality of a warrior of the Five Nations with that of a feeble Wood-Vedda to the advantage of the latter, it is because he seems to see his own peace-loving tendencies reflected in the lamb-like behaviour of that lowly Arcadian. But any analogy that may be perceived between the *immorality* of some savage Arcady and the morality of the Gospel is utterly superficial. Let us listen rather to the honest "Naturalist on the Amazons," who, fond as he is of his Brazilian forest-folk, yet dispassionately observes: "With so little mental activity, and with feelings and passions slow of excitement, the life of these people is naturally monotonous and dull, and their virtues are, properly speaking, only negative: but the picture of harmless, homely contentment they exhibit is very pleasing."<sup>15</sup> Mere innocence does not amount to positive merit as we judge it who are the inheritors and sustainers of a culture elaborated in the world's area of central struggle and most typical characterization. As well describe the negative freedom of a wild beast in terms of Shelley's *Ode to Liberty* as decorate the savage of the mild and furtive type with the inappropriate crown of a Christian saint. Let these poor by-products of human evolution continue to exist and vegetate by all means. Yet we must set a value on their survival, not for any purposes of moral edification, but simply for the purposes of an all-embracing science—as well as for pity's sake.

<sup>15</sup> H. W. Bates, *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*, 277.

Let us consider in turn the predatory savage. No doubt much has been urged, not unjustly, in his disparagement. But we must remember that the criticism comes from without, namely, from those to whom the fighting tribe necessarily displays its unamiable side. The European who approaches in the guise of a stranger, and mostly, let us add, in the guise of an armed stranger, is apt to meet with a rough reception at the hands of just that group of wild folk whose morale and military spirit are highest; and in such a case uncharitable epithets are likely to be forthcoming by way of response.

*Cet animal est très méchant—  
Quand on l'attaque, il se défend.*

A more impartial estimate of the morality of savages of the fierce type must needs make full allowance for the fact that, amongst themselves, they manifest much forbearance and goodwill. The worst charge that can be brought against them relates to what a German author calls the "dualism" of their ethics<sup>16</sup>—in other words, their acquiescence in the two-edged doctrine which Sir Edward Tylor formulates thus: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy."<sup>17</sup>

Postponing for a moment the investigation of their limitations on the side of strict ethics, let us first pay heed to their achievements in the way of worldly success. It is a commonplace of anthropology that at a certain stage of evolution—the half-way stage, so to speak—war is a prime civilizing agency; in fact, that, as Bagehot puts it, "Civilization begins, because the beginning of civilization is a military advantage."<sup>18</sup> The reason is not far to seek. "The compact tribes win," says Bagehot.<sup>19</sup> Or, as Spencer

<sup>16</sup> M. Kulischer, *Der Dualismus der Ethik bei den primitiven Völkern*, in *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, 1885, vi.

<sup>17</sup> Sir E. B. Tylor, *Contemporary Review*, xxi. 718.

<sup>18</sup> W. Bagehot, *Physics and Politics*, 52.

<sup>19</sup> Bagehot, *op. cit. ib.*

more elaborately explains, "From the very beginning, the conquest of one people over another has been, in the main, the conquest of the social man over the anti-social man."<sup>20</sup> . . . "Where there neither is, nor has been, any war, there is no government."<sup>21</sup> Strong government, says Sir Edward Tylor, speaking to the same effect, sets up "the warrior-tyrant to do work too harsh and heavy for the feebler hands of the patriarch."<sup>22</sup> Nothing short, it would seem, of a military despotism can infuse into a tribe that is just emerging from that precarious and ineffectual condition known as the state of nature a spirit of "intense legality,"<sup>23</sup> a stringent respect for the rights of others and notably for the rights of property; apart from which chastened frame of mind it is impossible to pass out of the savage tribe into the civilized nation. To sum up in Bagehot's words, "It is a rule of the first times that you can infer merit from conquest, and that progress is promoted by the competitive examination of constant war."<sup>24</sup>

Now someone may object that such an anthropological justification of war, which is by this time a very old story, represents little more than an application, crude, wholesale, and *a priori*, of the Darwinian hypothesis to the facts of politics; though, to be sure, such an objection is usually raised only when an extension of the argument to our own politics is thought to be implied. If, however, the generalization be taken as referring solely to savages of the predatory type, there is certainly no lack of empirical proofs whereby it might be confirmed. Since it is out of the question to survey the evidence here, let a single illustrative case be cited as being perhaps sufficiently crucial for our purpose. Mr. M'Dougall, who enjoys the two-fold advantage of being a trained thinker and a first-

<sup>20</sup> H. Spencer, *Social Statics*, 455.

<sup>21</sup> H. Spencer, *Principles of Ethics*, Pt. iv. 202.

<sup>22</sup> Sir E. B. Tylor, *Contemporary Review*, xxii. 69.

<sup>23</sup> Bagehot, *op. cit.* 64.

<sup>24</sup> Bagehot, *op. cit.* 82.

hand observer of savage life, divides those tribes which in conjunction with Dr. Charles Hose he studied in Borneo into three groups—peaceful coast-dwellers, extremely warlike peoples dwelling far up the rivers, and moderately bellicose folk who are situated half-way and fulfil the thankless function of a buffer. “It might be supposed,” he writes, “that the peaceful coastwise people would be found to be superior in moral qualities to their more warlike neighbours; but the contrary is the case. In almost all respects the advantage lies with the warlike tribes. Their houses are better built, larger and cleaner; their domestic morality is superior; they are physically stronger, are braver, and physically and mentally more active, and in general are more trustworthy. But, above all, their social organization is firmer and more efficient, because their respect for and obedience to their chiefs, and their loyalty to their community, are much greater; each man identifies himself with the whole community and accepts and loyally performs the social duties laid upon him. And the moderately warlike tribes occupying the intermediate regions stand midway between them and the people of the coast as regards these moral qualities.”<sup>25</sup>

Now when an eminent psychologist speaks of moral qualities, we may be sure that he has duly weighed his words; even if it would appear that, according to Mr. M'Dougall, to build a large house and keep it clean ranks among the cardinal virtues. We may take it from him, then, that the head-hunter of Borneo is essentially a gentleman in the making. We, at least, who are the lineal descendants of some of the most terrible fighting races that the world has ever known<sup>26</sup> cannot afford to harbour any other conclusion.

Yet the head-hunting mood has its ethical drawbacks.

<sup>25</sup> W. M'Dougall, *An Introduction to Social Psychology*, 289.

<sup>26</sup> M'Dougall, *op. cit.* 290; cf. B. Kidd, *Principles of Western Civilization*, 156.

So much will be admitted by most civilized persons. What, then, are these drawbacks? We have already had occasion to note the so-called "dualism" of primitive morals. As Spencer phrases it, the "ethics of enmity" and the "ethics of amity"<sup>27</sup> must coexist in the breast of the predatory savage as best they can. Now if the lion and the lamb are to flourish side by side, it is necessary to separate them by a wall of brass. Unfortunately, or, rather, fortunately, the human soul is a "unity in difference," which as such cannot endure any absolute separation of its activities by brazen barriers or otherwise. The slightest acquaintance with the psychology of the predatory savage will convince us that, in his case, the lion tends to encroach on the lamb—with the usual result.

To put the matter less picturesquely, the predatory life as pursued by the savage imposes a decided check on the development of his sympathies. All this has been so well explained by Bagehot that it will be enough here to repeat his main contention. "War," he says, speaking more particularly of primitive war as waged at the "nation-making" stage of society, "both needs and generates certain virtues; not the highest, but what may be called the preliminary virtues, as valour, veracity, the spirit of obedience, the habit of discipline . . ." <sup>28</sup> "Humanity, charity, a nice sense of the rights of others, it certainly does not foster." <sup>29</sup> In short, the best that can be said for primitive war is that it provides the cure for that most deep-seated of savage failings, namely, the sleepy, listless apathy to which the innocuous kind of wild man, the "blameless Ethiopian," is so notoriously addicted. For these negative and passive virtues, if such a name can be given to them at all, the predatory life substitutes certain positive and active virtues—the "manly" virtues, as even the civilized man is wont by preference to regard them. In a similar vein old Charlevoix writes of

<sup>27</sup> H. Spencer, *Principles of Ethics*, i. 316.

<sup>28</sup> Bagehot, *op. cit.* 74.

<sup>29</sup> Bagehot, *op. cit.* 78.

his American Indians: " Dans ce Pays tous les Hommes se croient également Hommes, et dans l'Homme ce qu'ils estiment le plus, c'est l'Homme."<sup>30</sup>

Now this manliness of the Indian carries with it a certain sense of chivalry. The savage is, as it is the British fashion to put it, a thorough "sportsman" in his way. Thus Prince Maximilian zu Wied-Neuwied relates how a war party of Cheyennes mounted on horseback fell in with some Mandans who happened to be on foot. At once the former dismount, in order that the chances of battle may be equal.<sup>31</sup> Nor was this an isolated act of knightly generosity, to judge from the following spirited account of a duel between a Cheyenne warrior and the Mandan Mah-to-toh-pa: "The two full-plumed chiefs, at full speed, drove furiously upon each other, both firing their guns at the same moment. They passed each other a little distance, and then wheeled, when Mah-to-toh-pa drew off his powder-horn, and by holding it up showed his adversary that the bullet had shattered it to pieces and destroyed his ammunition. He then threw it from him, and his gun also, drew his bow from his quiver and an arrow, and his shield upon his left arm. The Shienne instantly did the same. His horn was thrown off, and his gun was thrown into the air, his shield was balanced on his arm, his bow drawn; and quick as lightning they were both on the wing for a deadly combat."<sup>32</sup> And yet when the Indian brave has the fury of fighting upon him, he cannot be said to be altogether nice in his ways. Thus Prince Maximilian, who witnessed a battle royal between Blackfeet and Assiniboin, testifies with reference to the latter: "The enemy, with guns, arrows, spears, and knives,

<sup>30</sup> P. F. X. de Charlevoix, *Histoire et Description Générale de la Nouvelle France* (1744), iii. 342.

<sup>31</sup> Maximilian Prinz zu Wied-Neuwied, *Travels in the Interior of North America*, i. 153.

<sup>32</sup> G. Catlin, *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, i. 153.

killed and wounded men, women, and children indiscriminately, and scalped even the women.”<sup>33</sup> Or, again, the Cheyenne fire-eater, for all his gallantry towards a foeman worthy of his steel, would display among his trophies a bagful of the right hands of infants gathered among his deadly enemies, the Shoshoni. Possibly he attributed some talismanic or “medicinal” potency to his prize; but we shall hardly err in supposing that incontinent vainglory and an utter insensibility to human suffering and to the claims of the weak were among the primary conditions of the horrid custom.<sup>34</sup> There is no need to enlarge on other manifestations of the ferocity of these savage Paladins, such as notably the torturing of their prisoners. And yet the evil passions provoked by war may be curiously specialized, the discharge of purely spiteful feeling being confined to certain traditional channels; so that, for instance, that last indignity that can be offered to the weakness of woman, the outrage of rape, was utterly unknown amongst these warrior stocks.<sup>35</sup> Take him all in all, however, the Indian brave affords a standing instance of a manly man and yet a man emotionally starved and arrested. No civilized person, who has tasted of the richer moral experience which ripens under conditions of enduring and widespread peace, would be willing to purchase military capacity at the price of becoming in heart and soul a typical Iroquois, or even, let us say, a typical Roman. Civilization must move, not backwards, but forwards. The problem of the modern world in respect to the development of character is, shortly, this: how to acquire hardihood without hardness.

Now that wars may one day cease upon earth is a pious aspiration, to gainsay which may be churlish. It is, at any

<sup>33</sup> Prinz Maximilian, *op. cit.* 257.

<sup>34</sup> J. G. Bourke, *The Medicine Men of the Apache*, in *Smithsonian Institution, Ann. Rep. Bur. Ethn.* ix. 481 ff.

<sup>35</sup> Cf. Catlin, *op. cit.* ii. 240, or H. R. Schoolcraft, *Historical and Statistical Information respecting the Indian Tribes of the United States*, iii. 188.



rate, certain that the science of man is not in a position to oppose a downright "No" to such a possibility. On the other hand, just because it seeks to envisage the entire evolutionary history of man, anthropology is chary of doctrines that are based wholly or mainly on the study of recent phases of Western civilization—whether it be yesterday's phase of industrialism or to-day's phase of militancy. Thus it is apt to engender in the minds of its votaries the impression that we are closer in type to our forefathers than we care to think; and that racial evolution, like geological change, is a process so majestically slow as to evade the direct notice of the passing generations. Moreover, his natural bias apart, the anthropologist can point to three considerations at least that would seem to justify a belief in the likelihood of a warlike future for man, the heir of the ages.

The first of these considerations relates to the well-worn topic of the "wandering of peoples." The earth is occupied by man on a system of leasehold tenures. Whenever rents are revised, there is apt to be a flitting. If the racial gift of mobility takes the form of a moving-off in response to another's moving-on, the devil rarely forgets to claim the hindmost as his due. The delectable portions of the globe's surface are not so many that one may inhabit any of them on sufferance. Adverse possession, as the jurists say, provides the only charter that the rest of the world respects. Such possession may be ripened by the prescription of a hundred or a thousand years of undisputed ownership; but if once the ripeness turn to rottenness, if the watchman at the gate grow fat and sleepy, then the freebooters will flock together to their prey as surely as crows to a carcass. All this is written plain to read on every page of human history, perhaps even on the last.

The next consideration touches the subject of war itself, regarded as a specialized pursuit or industry which has a history of its own. It is a time-honoured view, and

doubtless one still current, that savagery is a *bellum omnium contra omnes*; that it forms the militaristic pole of the social universe, whereas civilization with its industrialism represents the opposite pole of peace. Major Powell, one of the pioneers of American anthropology, has done his best to explode this popular fallacy. "Warfare," he contends, "has had its course of evolution, as have all other human activities. That human progress has been from militancy to industrialism is an error so great that it must necessarily vitiate any system of sociology or theory of culture of which it forms a part." . . . "The savage tribes of mankind carried on petty warfare with clubs, spears, and bows and arrows. But these wars interrupted their peaceful pursuits only at comparatively long intervals. The wars of barbaric tribes were on a larger scale and more destructive of life; but there were no great wars until wealth was accumulated and men were organized into nations. The great wars began with civilization."<sup>36</sup> Savage war, after all, is, in some aspects at all events, a genial occupation; it is perhaps comparable to pig-sticking as a sport. But civilized war resembles a pig-killing by machinery after the manner of Chicago; it is a matter of sordid business without redeeming glamour of any kind. If the age of stone slew its thousands in a year, the age of steel slays its tens of thousands in a day. But an art does not usually become obsolete at the moment of its highest elaboration and efficiency.

The third and last consideration has a psychological and even biological bearing. Why do such writers as Spencer and Bagehot, though fully recognizing the salutary part played by war in the making of civilized man, go on to assume that henceforth the struggle for existence will be

<sup>36</sup> J. W. Powell, *From Barbarism to Civilization*, in *American Anthropologist*, i. 103; cf. what the same author says about the comparatively peaceful life of the North American Indians in pre-Columbian times, *Smithsonian Institution, Ann. Rep. Bur. Ethn.* vii. 39.

radically transformed; since "industrialism," or "the age of discussion," or what not, will somehow persuade the lion and the lamb to sit down together to a peaceful if ruinous game of beggar-my-neighbour? The error—for it is an error of a fundamental kind in the eyes of the modern Darwinian—consists in thinking that, if one generation can gain a respite from war and develop peaceful habits, the next generation must tend to inherit by sheer force of biological descent a positive distaste for warlike avocations.<sup>37</sup> As if the whelps of the tamed fox would not run after chickens. Though one expel nature with a pitchfork in the parent's case, it reappears in the youngsters. Now the peoples of Western Europe "have been moulded by a prolonged and severe process of military selection."<sup>38</sup> There is war in the very blood of us; and it would task the powers of all the professors of eugenics to eradicate the strain. The only hope for peace, therefore, would seem to be offered by a purely social method of self-improvement; namely, by a system of moral education, renewed and reinforced from generation to generation, that should endeavour to harmonize our warlike and peaceful propensities—for, of course, we have our fair share of both—by organizing the life of each and all on a rational instead of a merely animal and impulsive basis.

What, then, would be the lesson laid down by a rational theory of peace and war? At this point the argument passes beyond the frontiers of our special province. Such a problem belongs, not to anthropology, but to ethics; seeing that it has regard, not to matter of fact, but to policy. Even so, however, though he cannot be judge, the anthropologist may aspire to serve amongst the expert witnesses.<sup>39</sup>

<sup>37</sup> Cf. M'Dougall, *op. cit.* 284.

<sup>38</sup> Cf. M'Dougall, *ibid.* 294.

<sup>39</sup> Another expert witness would be the psychologist; thus, for psychological expedients whereby the force of the pugnacious impulse may be turned to peaceful uses, see M'Dougall, *op. cit.* 293; or W. James, *The Moral Equivalent of War*, *International Conciliation Pamphlets*, No. 27 (reprinted in *Memories and Studies* as Paper XI.; cf. Papers III. and XII. in same volume).

For example, he is bound to have paid special attention to the sort of savagery that is displayed by the ruder peoples during war. He might well be asked, therefore, by the judge of the high court of ethics whether in the long run such savagery appears to pay—whether he would recommend it to future ages as something that might in some fashion be rationalized, and so might be brought within the scope of some sound scheme of what we may call “civilized dominancy.” Without venturing further afield, then, let us by way of conclusion shortly inquire how an anthropological witness would be likely to reply to this question.

The judge, we may suppose, might think fit to inform the witness that the court was anxious to retain in use the old-fashioned “manly” virtues in so far as they did not unduly hamper the development of humanitarian feeling; and that, in particular, it desired to find a place among these for the virtue described by Bishop Butler under the name of “righteous indignation,” namely, the trained capacity to react forcibly and repressively upon all unfair aggression and all gross violation of the rights of others. Would the witness be kind enough to say whether those special characteristics of the manlier variety of wild folk which have given the word “savagery” its unfavourable sense, namely, their bloodthirstiness and indiscriminate cruelty, contain, or do not contain, the germ and promise of that stern yet disciplined mood in which the best of civilized men may be expected to fight against injustice and oppression?

The answer of the anthropologist would, surely, be that the savagery of the primitive warrior is the accident, not the essence, of his fighting quality. His is a “hair-trigger organization” of soul, deficient in those controls which turn the passions into servants of the will.<sup>40</sup> Consequently, he is apt to “see red,” and play the mad dog, not because his purposes are thereby consciously advanced, but simply

<sup>40</sup> Cf. W. James, *Principles of Psychology*, ii. 538.

because, being constitutionally prone to hysteria, he readily gets beyond himself and relapses into the brute. For the rest, his social tradition, as must happen in any type of community that stifles individuality, is most binding just where it is most mobbish in its appeal, and by consecrating the extravagances of contagious excitement turns the scalp-hunter into a scalp-dancer, the raving butcher into a still more raving devotee.

Contrariwise, it would seem that righteous indignation involves the sort of anger which is not hot but cold. When controlled by the higher system represented by all the principles for which the word "righteousness" stands, the anger of the strong brain which sets the strong arm in motion is like "the still water that runneth deep." As Mr. Shand demonstrates in a recent work, "It is neither excited, nor explosive, nor violent. It has lost the primitive character of the emotion; and those bodily changes which physiologists attribute to it are hardly appreciable. If it has no longer the same strength in one sense, in another it has a greater. In immediate physical energy it is weaker; in power of persistence immeasurably stronger. In place of thoughtless impulse, and crude primitive methods of offence, it has the thoughtfulness, self-control, and adaptability of the sentiment."<sup>41</sup>

This developed sentiment, which offers so marked a contrast to that primitive violence of warlike feeling whereof acts of brutal savagery are the by-product, is an "anger organized in love";<sup>42</sup> namely, a righteous indignation, formidably cool and judicial, which is rooted in the love of freedom, of social and political justice, of the spiritual blessings of civilization, and finally, of mankind at large, not forgetting even the misguided enemy himself.

R. R. MARETT.

<sup>41</sup> A. F. Shand, *The Foundations of Character*, 246.

<sup>42</sup> Shand, *op. cit.* 245.

## THE DASAHRA: AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL OF THE HINDUS.

BY W. CROOKE.

*(Read at the Meeting, 18th November, 1914.)*

THE Dasahra, which I propose to discuss in this paper, is the counterpart of the Holi, or vernal fire festival of the Hindus, described in a previous communication to this Journal.<sup>1</sup>

There are two festivals known under this name. The first is that celebrated in Bengal in the month Jyaishta, or June, which commemorates the descent of the river Ganges from heaven. Crowds assemble with offerings of flowers, fruit, and grain on the banks of the sacred river. Bathing in it at the auspicious moment is believed to remove the sins committed during ten re-incarnations. Though this festival is in many ways interesting, we are not at present concerned with it.

The festival of the same name now under consideration is celebrated throughout Northern, Western, Central, and in parts of Southern, India. It usually takes place in the early part of October, and corresponds to what is known in Bengal as the Durga Pūja, or worship of the goddess Durga, one of the many forms of the Mother goddess, commonly known as Devi, consort of the god Siva; and to the Rāmlīla, or mystery play recording the exploits of the deified hero, Rāma. Owing to the eccentricity of the Hindu luni-solar calendar, it is not easy to fix the date in our

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xxv. p. 55 sq.

almanacs with accuracy. It corresponds generally with the autumnal equinox, 23rd September. It occupies, as its name implies, ten days, each of which is provided with special ritual observances. The first nine days are called the Naurātri, or "nine nights," the tenth being the Dasahra.

Among the Rājputs and other martial tribes, for whom it is the chief annual feast, it begins with the worship of the double-edged sword, which is then removed from the hall of arms, and, after receiving the homage of the State officials, is made over to the Rāj Jogi, the leader of the body of ascetic warriors attached to the Court of the Rāna. It is taken by him to the temple of the goddess Devi; in the afternoon a buffalo is sacrificed in honour of the war horse; the Rāna visits the temple, offers two pieces of silver and a coco-nut, and does homage to the sword. Next day there is a procession to the Chaugān, or Champ de Mars, where a buffalo is sacrificed, and a second at the triumphal gate of the fort; in the evening the Rāna offers a sacrifice of goats and buffaloes to Amba Māta, another form of the Mother goddess. On the third day, after the usual procession, sacrifice is done to Harsiddh Māta, a third manifestation of the goddess. On the fourth day the sword is again worshipped, and the Rāna in olden days used to slay a buffalo by piercing it from his litter with an arrow. He is both high priest and king, his ancestors having been first Brāhmans, then Rājputs;<sup>2</sup> "it is the power and duty of dealing the first blow which is universally characteristic of the antique priesthood."<sup>3</sup> On the succeeding days there are similar processions and sacrifices; horses are bathed and their riders bow before them. On the ninth day the Rāj Jogi returns the sword to the Rāna, and it is restored with honour to its place in the palace. The tenth is the great feast day, when the Rāna goes in

<sup>2</sup> D. R. Bhandarkar, *The Guhilots—Journal Asiatic Society of Bengal*, N.S. vol. v. No. 6 (1909), p. 167 sq.

<sup>3</sup> F. E. Jevons, *Introduction to the History of Religion* (1896), p. 273.

procession to worship the sacred *khejra* tree (*prosopis spicigera*), and liberates a jay, the sacred bird of the god Rāma. The festival ends with a review of the State troops, the decoration of the bazar, presentation of complimentary gifts to the Rāna, who gives presents in return to his chiefs, and the naming of the horses which have been purchased since the last festival.<sup>4</sup>

The strange class of unorthodox Brāhmans, the Pālewāl, worship, among other things, the bridle of a horse at the Dasahra, probably in memory of their former occupation as robbers carrying out their raids on horseback.<sup>5</sup>

We have another account of these celebrations from Bastar, a feudatory State, hidden away in the jungles of the Central Provinces, where, as Mr. Marten observes, "the Hindu rites are grafted in an ingenious manner on the indigenous ceremonies connected with the primitive autumn Saturnalia which celebrates, in the worship of the Mother goddess, the revival of the generative principles of the earth."<sup>6</sup>

The festival begins with offerings to deceased ancestors. Certain men of the Mahār, a menial caste, supposed to be temporarily under the influence of the local Bhūts or evil spirits, attend, are decorated with garlands, and venerated. A swing is set up outside the temple of the goddess, round which a Mahār girl, supposed to be possessed by the deity, walks. She goes through a mock fight with a man of her caste, and is then caught up and seated on the swing, the seat of which is made of thorns. On this she is swung gently backwards and forwards.<sup>7</sup> The Chief, through the

<sup>4</sup> J. Tod, *Annals of Rajasthan*, Calcutta reprint (1884), vol. i. p. 615 *sq.*

<sup>5</sup> Major K. D. Erskine, *Gazetteer, Western Rajputana States Residency and the Bikaner Agency*, Allahabad (1909), p. 85.

<sup>6</sup> *Census Report, Central Provinces* (1911), vol. i. p. 83.

<sup>7</sup> Compare the swinging rites at the Holi, *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv. p. 69. The swinging on thorns may be a form of vicarious penance. The Shushwap of British Columbia sleep on thorns to keep away the ghost of the deceased. Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part ii. p. 142.



medium of one of his Pujāris or priests, offers a prayer to the goddess imploring her to ensure the due performance of the rites. The girl, as the medium of the goddess, presents through the priest to the Chief the garland of flowers which she wore, and announces that no evil spirits will interrupt the ceremonies. She also predicts the prospects of the coming year. She must be about seven or eight years old, and as in other places, impersonates the goddess of fertility. "She is allowed to take her part in the ceremony every year until she arrives at puberty, and even after that, if she is chaste and continues to live peaceably with the priest. But as the latter is generally a married man, the girl is usually made over to some other man of the caste who has no objection to take her as his wife without a formal marriage, and when this happens another girl is chosen by the priest and trained to her duties."

After these ceremonies the Rāja formally hands over the management of the State to his Dīwān, or prime-minister, so that he may devote himself undisturbed to the conduct of the rites. He is subjected to various taboos: he may wear no clothing except a loin-cloth and a small sheet; his body is besmeared with sandal paste, and in place of a turban he wears a garland of flowers; he must not ride in any vehicle, nor can he wear shoes, and he must sleep on the ground; he may neither salute any one nor receive salutes. During this period of taboo an ascetic is selected and enthroned as his religious representative.<sup>8</sup> Once he is consecrated, this personage must remain on the same spot during the nine days' festival; when overcome by hunger he is given only a small quantity of milk and plantains, but otherwise he is not regularly fed.<sup>9</sup> The devotee is

<sup>8</sup> Compare the functions of the Rāj Jogi at Mewār, who takes charge of the State sword, above, p. 29. On the subject of temporary kings see Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part iii. p. 149 *sqq.*

<sup>9</sup> This abstinence may be intended as a means of purifying the Rāja's representative, or it may be a form of sympathetic magic. See Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part ii. p. 157, note 2, 161.

consecrated by digging a pit in the Darbār hall, in the middle of which is a raised platform of ashes, covered with a new blanket or cloth, on which he is seated. Near him is placed holy water and a sword, and wheat is sown on an altar.<sup>10</sup> He must remain in a sitting position, confined by a plank laid across his thighs which is pegged to the ground, while a second plank supports his head and back.<sup>11</sup> During his term of office neither he nor the Rāja may see one another. Formerly, as his remuneration for this service, he used to receive a rent-free village, but he is now rewarded by a gift of jewels and money. In olden days he was allowed to plunder the bazar after his duty was over ;<sup>12</sup> now he merely goes round and collects alms.

On the next, the second day of the feast, the Rāja worships the gods, for which purpose he is carried round in a car dragged with ropes by members of one of the Gond tribes. The female attendants at the temples wave lights over him, and, carrying a quiverful of arrows and a dagger, he worships the goddess of wealth and his arms. On the seventh day he performs the rite of "invitation to the *bel* tree" (*acgle marmelos*). A fruit is picked and some leaves are offered to the terrible goddess, Chāmunda. This night is known as "the great worship," and is considered the most sacred of the Dasahra rites. On the ninth day nine unmarried girls are worshipped and fed as impersonations of the goddess ; clothes are given to them, and Brāhmins are

<sup>10</sup> See *infra*, p. 47.

<sup>11</sup> We may perhaps compare this with the immobility of the Mikado. "In ancient times, he was obliged to sit on the throne for some hours every morning, with the imperial crown on his head, but to sit altogether like a statue, without stirring either hands or feet, nor indeed any part of his body, because by this means it was thought that he could preserve peace and tranquillity in his empire." Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part ii. p. 3 *sq.*

<sup>12</sup> For the custom of legalised looting of the bazar, as an incident in a *rite de passage*, see W. Crooke, *Things Indian* (1906), p. 401 ; E. Crawley, *The Mystic Rose* (1902), p. 280.

feasted. The ascetic or representative of the Rāja is now released from his platform, taken veiled to the temple, where he does worship, and is then set at large. The Rāja, bare-footed, then receives the litter containing the image of his tribal goddess, Dantesvari, "she with the great teeth," Devi in her most malevolent form. He helps to carry her litter on his shoulder to the palace, where she is installed, and the holy food offered to her is distributed to the people. Next day the Rāja is believed to be free from taboo, and re-assumes his office. On the following morning he is supposed to be abducted by his Gond subjects, and is carried away from the city. His people go in search of him, and when they find him present to him wild animals and birds, grain and money. In the evening, dressed in a yellow robe and carrying a bow and arrows, he is brought back on a car amidst a great concourse of his subjects.<sup>13</sup> Guns are fired, there is a wild clash of drums and other musical instruments, and the roads are illuminated. When he reaches his palace the women wave lamps over him; Brāhmans do worship; mustard and salt are sprinkled on his head by his female relations; he prostrates himself before his goddess, Dantesvari, and worships his arms. This ends the ceremonial.

I am indebted to Mr. F. Fawcett for an account of a more grim rite performed at the Dasahra in the native State of Jeypore, in the Vizagapatam District, lying to the east of Bastar, the observances at which place have already been described. The Rāja of Jeypore is an Uriya by caste, but his subjects in the wilder parts of the State are largely Kandhs and Savaras, very primitive jungle folk. Bastar was long notorious for the practice of human sacrifice, which prevailed down to quite modern times, until it was discontinued under pressure from the British

<sup>13</sup> It would be tempting to regard this annual abduction of the Rāja as a parallel to the Roman Regifugium. See Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part i. vol. ii. p. 308 *sq.*

Government.<sup>14</sup> The following account of the Jeypore ceremony was recorded about thirty years ago :

“A man representing the victim for sacrifice was, from the day of the New Moon, immured in a cage-like box in a shed specially erected for the purpose during the nine days of the festival. In front of this was placed a lamp, which was kept alight without intermission, and beside it was placed a sword daubed with sandal-wood paste and decorated with flowers. While in the cage the man neither ate nor drank, nor might he sneeze : it was said that even the ordinary functions of nature were denied him during his confinement. At midnight of the ninth day of the festival, a pure black sheep was wrapped in a cloth which covered the animal entirely, marked with red powder and adorned with leaves of the *nīm* tree.<sup>15</sup> It was taken to the Kāli temple, where its head was shaved and rubbed over with saffron water for purposes of purification, and a red spot was marked on its forehead, as used to be done in the case of human victims. Some mystic words were whispered in its ear, and it was given rice and saffron to eat. It was then solemnly beheaded by a priest, and its blood was caught in a basin and offered to the goddess. Those present marked their weapons with drops of this blood, and certain persons ate the flesh. It was said that the ceremony represented, as nearly as possible, a human sacrifice. After the rite was over the man in the cage was released, given a present of money, and required to depart at once.” This is a very interesting account of the substitution of an animal for a human victim. The taboos imposed on the mock victim are also instructive. Mr. Fawcett adds that it is not uncommon at Brāhman deathbeds for certain needy Brāhmans, in consideration of a money present, to accept

<sup>14</sup> *Imperial Gazetteer of India* [1908], vol. vii. p. 122 ; *Gazetteer, Central Province* [1870], p. 38.

<sup>15</sup> Mr. Fawcett notes the importance of the *nīm* tree (*melia azadirachta*) in the village festivals of South India.

ceremonially the sins of the dying man, and then to depart without turning back. He also notes that some thirty years ago, in the Jeypore State, when an epidemic of small-pox broke out, a goat, well fed and adorned, was marched to the hill pass leading to the Plains, and sent down to carry the disease with it. If these analogies be accepted, the human victim took the part of a scape-animal.<sup>16</sup>

The rite at Ujjain, in which buffaloes are sacrificed at the Dasahra as a substitute for a human victim, is important in this connection.<sup>17</sup>

From numerous accounts of the Dasahra celebrations in other parts of India two may be selected: that by the Bhils, a primitive non-Aryan tribe in Western India, and that by the Brāhmans and Marāthas at Poona in the Deccan.

Some Bhils, on the second day of the festival, sow barley in a dish filled with earth, keep it in the house carefully screened, watered, and tended till the ninth day, when the green stalks are cut "as an offering to the goddess." The people scramble for these seedlings, wear them in their turbans till they wither, and even then cherish them as sacred relics.<sup>18</sup> Others clean their houses and call the Badva, or medicine-man, to perform incantations to invite the gods to the feast. The Badva is supposed to be possessed by the deity, but in order to ascertain if this be really the case, they lay in his absence some fruits of the sacred *bel* tree (*aegle marmelos*) in a line, and test him by making him point out which fruit was first placed. He is also required to predict the causes and cures of certain diseases, the prospects of the next rainy season, and of the occurrence of cattle plague. He is then taken to the shrine

<sup>16</sup> See *Folk-Lore*, vol. xx. p. 212; W. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folk-lore of Northern India*, vol. i. p. 170 *sqq.*

<sup>17</sup> Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part iii., *The Dying God*, p. 123 *sq.*

<sup>18</sup> See p. 47, *infra.*

of the Mother goddess, in whose honour the festival is held, and after his state of possession has passed away he sacrifices a buffalo or goat by cutting off its head with a sword, having first ascertained, by throwing water on the head of the victim, that the offering is acceptable.<sup>19</sup> The head is placed near the image ; home-made liquor is sprinkled on the ground ; the liver of the animal is thrown into a sacred fire, and the rest of the meat and liquor is distributed.

Among the Brāhmans and Marāthas of the Deccan a jar, either of brass or of clay, is set up as the symbol or dwelling-place of the goddess Bhavāni. Offerings, each of a different kind, are presented to young girls on each day of the feast. The image of Bhavāni, placed under a tree, as a sacred booth, is worshipped, honour is paid to Sarasvati, goddess of learning, and prayers are addressed to all implements and animals of war—the umbrella borne over the Chief, the horse, the flagstaff, the elephant, the sword, the bow and arrows, muskets and artillery. At the close of the ninth day the jar, the abode of Bhavāni, is thrown into water. On the tenth day a procession moves to the north-east to a *sami* tree (*acacia suma* or *prosopis spicigera*), at which the soldiers shoot arrows, and put the leaves as they fall into their turbans.<sup>20</sup> Under the old Mahratta

<sup>19</sup> See *Folk-Lore*, vol. xx. (1909), p. 233 *sq.*

<sup>20</sup> This is possibly a survival of the festival in Buddhist times. "Every third year, in the month of Kattika (October-November), the kings used to hold a festival, called the Kattika Feast. While keeping this feast, the kings used to deck themselves out in great magnificence, and dress up like gods ; they stood in the presence of a Goblin named Citarāja, the King of Many Colours, and they would shoot to the four points of the compass arrows wreathed in flowers, and painted in diverse colours" (*The Jātaka*, Cambridge trans. vol. ii. (1895), p. 254 ; cf. v. pp. 109, 134). The object of the rite is not explained, but it possibly represents a method of putting to flight the adverse demons. The Hindus paid special attention to "the regents of the eight quarters of the sky," the Dikpāla—Indra, god of the sky, guarding the east ; Agni, the fire god, the south-east ; Yama, god of death, the south ; Nirriti, the goddess of death, the south-west ; Varuna, the sea god, the west ;

rule, after a salute of artillery, the Peshwa, a Brāhman Mayor of the Palace, used to pluck a stalk of millet from a field, and the crowd, with firing of arrows and guns, rushed forward, each striving to secure a stalk of millet, the first-fruits of the season. They all shouted with joy, and spent the rest of the day in mirth and feasting. A buffalo decked with flowers and daubed with red paint was brought before the horse or elephant on which the Chief was mounted, its head was struck off by a single blow, and the blood was sprinkled over the horses. In smaller towns the buffalo was led round in procession, grain and liquor were sprinkled on the ground, and when the circuit was ended the head of the victim was cut off, sheep were sacrificed, and the flesh was eaten by all present except the Brāhmins.<sup>21</sup>

As we have seen, these rites in Bengal take the form of the Durga Pūja, the veneration of the Mother goddess. These complex ceremonies, a succession of puerile and often meaningless observances, invented by a degraded priesthood to satisfy a brutal people, have been described in detail by a native writer, and need not be discussed in detail.<sup>22</sup>

The rites begin with the construction of the images which are intended to form the abodes of the goddess and of the other deities when their annual sleep is over. During the period preceding the winter solstice, when the sun reaches its most southerly declension, known to the Hindus as “the southern journey” (*dakshināyana*), that

Vāyu or Marut, wind gods, the north-west; Kuvera, a sort of Pluto, and god of wealth, the north; Isāna or Siva, god of destruction and reproduction, the north-east. Or, again, the eight quarters were guarded by eight mythical elephants, known as Diggaja. It may also be noted that pelling trees and plants is in some places a charm to increase their fertility (Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. 1911, part i. vol. i. p. 140).

<sup>21</sup> Sir J. Malcolm, *Transactions Literary Society, Bombay*, vol. iii. pp. 79-96, quoted in *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. xviii. pt. i. (1885), p. 294, note 3.

<sup>22</sup> Pratapachandra Ghosha, *Durga Puja, with Notes and Illustrations*, Calcutta, 1871.

is, roughly speaking, from the end of June to the early part of November, the gods are believed to sleep. Until their rest is ended no marriages are performed, no one repairs the thatch of his house or makes beds for use in the household ; no one, not even the jackal, eats the new sugar-cane and other crops of the autumn harvest, garden vegetables, or jungle fruits like the wild plum or myrabolan.<sup>23</sup> In short, it is a feast of first-fruits, when the new food is desacralized or freed from taboo.

In Bengal the goddess is aroused from her sleep by magical methods. A twig of the *bel* tree growing in the north-eastern direction is touched by the officiant, and the goddess is invited to wake and take up her abode in it. On the first day nine mystical plants placed round this branch are bathed ; life is given to the images by invoking the deities represented by them ; they are anointed ; sacrifice is done ; minor gods are worshipped, and the day closes with the paying of devotion to a virgin girl of the Brāhman caste.

An important rite, of which an example has already been given,<sup>24</sup> is that of installing a jar (*ghata-sthāpana*) as an abode for the goddess, into which she is invited to enter by a series of rites and incantations. The tiresome ritual need not be described in detail. It closes with the ceremony on the tenth day, when the image is removed from its place, tied on a bamboo frame, and carried on men's shoulders to the riverside with all manner of music. Then it is fixed on a pair of boats and dropped into the water.

<sup>23</sup> J. F. Hewitt, *Ruling Races of Prehistoric Times* (1894), pp. 353, 390 ; *Census Report, Panjab*, 1901, vol. i. p. 44 sq. ; C. A. Elliott, *Settlement Report, Hoshungabad* (1867), p. 126 ; R. V. Russell, *Gazetteer of Damoh* (1906), vol. i. p. 39 ; W. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, 2nd ed. (1896), vol. ii. p. 299 sqq. For similar beliefs see Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*,<sup>3</sup> part iv. vol. ii. p. 41 ; L. R. Farnell, *The Cults of the Greek States*, vol. ii. p. 461, note c, v. 176 sq., 178, 183 ; J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, p. 276 sq.

<sup>24</sup> P. 36, *supra*.



In parts of Northern India, where the cult of Rāma is popular, the observance is known as the Rāmlīla, or play of Rāma. Rāma, probably a deified king of Ayodhya, is the hero of the Rāmāyana epic, which describes his career: his banishment from his kingdom through a palace intrigue, his marriage to Sīta, the impersonation of the field furrow and the Hindu type of wifely virtue, her abduction by the demon Rāvana, Rāma's quest for his wife, the conquest of the demon, the ordeal by which Sīta establishes her chastity, the reunion of the pair and the recovery of their kingdom. This festival takes the place among Rāma worshippers of the Dasahra, and is distinguished from it by the fact that as Vaishnavas, or followers of Vishnu, they abhor blood-shedding and animal sacrifice. During the feast a sort of mystery play describing the adventures of Rāma is celebrated. As a finale, immense bamboo and paper images of Rāvana and his demon brother Kumbhakarana, "he who has ears like a pitcher," are erected in a plain, filled with fireworks, which when lighted destroy the demons, to the delight of the excited crowd.

Such are the general features of this complex series of observances. They have obviously been developed from a more primitive ritual, partly by the action of the Brāhmins, who have annexed them for the service of the sectarian gods, partly by the State officials, who have converted them into a palace ritual. It may be well to investigate the primitive nucleus from which these modern practices seem to have developed.

The time of the feast is, as we have seen, the winter solstice. This represents in Northern India the meeting of two seasons. The autumn crops, rice, millet, and the like, sown at the opening of the rainy season, about the beginning of July, are now ripe; the time for sowing the cold-weather crops, wheat, barley, and so on, is at hand. In Madras the beginning of October is the change from the south-west to the north-east monsoon.

In Wakhan, in the Hindu-Kush, the feast corresponding to the Dasahra is a time of festivity in each household. A bowl of grain, half of which has been roasted, is carried out and sprinkled round the house. Then the goodman starts to begin ploughing his field, but he soon returns, clambers on the house-top, and scatters seed through the central sky-hole, which provides light and ventilation. Then, proceeding to his field, he traces a circular furrow round it, possibly to exclude evil spirits, scatters a little seed and returns home, where he finds the door barred against him, apparently because he is in a state of taboo, this condition being due partly to the fact that he is engaged on a new work of the greatest moment, and partly because his plough disturbs and causes inconvenience to the field spirits. The women do not admit him till after much entreaty. The next morning he rises before daylight and drives an ass into the house, a performance which arouses much fun and jollity. The ass is then sprinkled with flour and driven out, possibly some form of fertility magic. Stalks of barley sown near the place where the rites are performed are given to the Rāja as an emblem of prosperity, and at the close of these rites the sowing of the spring crops begins. The Rāja himself goes through the form of ploughing and sowing, in order, we are told, to take away the sin which the tilling of the land is supposed to convey ; in other words, he, as ruler and priest, is alone able to risk the danger of starting this critical work. On this ceremony Major J. Biddulph, who records it, remarks : "I think there can be no doubt that in this festival we see a relic of the Hindoo Dussehra."<sup>25</sup>

The propitiation or repulsion of evil spirits is an important element in the ritual of the Dasahra. An early example is that of the Vedic Mahāvratā rite, performed at the winter solstice for the purpose of driving away influences hostile to the return of the sun, when a drum was made by digging

<sup>25</sup> Major J. Biddulph, *Tribes of the Hindoo Koosh* (1880), p. 105.

a hole in the ground and covering it with a hide.<sup>26</sup> Among the Mahārs of the Deccan at the Dasahra a buffalo is wounded by the Chief, let loose and hunted, while every one tries to strike it with their hands or with some weapon. It is believed, like the scape-animal, to carry away the sins of those who are successful in striking it. After this, at the entrance of the town, its head is cut off with a single blow. The Mahārs rush on the carcass, and each one seizes a piece of the flesh. This done, they go in procession round the walls, calling on the spirits and demons, and asking them to accept the pieces of meat as offerings, which are thrown to them backwards over the wall.<sup>27</sup>

Naturally at this season the sainted dead of the family are not neglected. Just before the Dasahra, at the end of August and the beginning of September, is the "Ancestors' fortnight" (*pitra paksha*), when the souls of the household dead are believed to return to their homes which have been cleared and made ready for their reception, and to eat the food provided for them. The souls of women come on the ninth day of the fortnight, and on the thirteenth the dreaded spirits of persons who have perished by a violent death, by accident, snake-bite, or other unusual causes.

During the fortnight of the dead a woman does not put on new bangles and men do not shave.<sup>28</sup> The natural relief from this period of grief and mental tension comes with the succeeding Saturnalia and rejoicings of the Dasahra. As special examples of the cult of ancestors, it may be noted that in the Central Provinces a still-born child is deemed unlucky, and at the Dasahra a coco-nut is

<sup>26</sup> A. A. Macdonell, A. B. Keith, *A Vedic Index of Names and Subjects* (1912), vol. i. p. 368.

<sup>27</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. xvii. (1906), p. 296, quoting *Globus*, vol. xvii. p. 24.

<sup>28</sup> E. M. Gordon, *Indian Folk Tales* (1908), p. 18. On the Feast of All Souls, see Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*,<sup>3</sup> part iv. vol. ii. p. 51 sq.

broken at the grave to appease the spirit, which is dreaded because the child had not undergone the rites of purification.<sup>29</sup> The Kandhs of the same province feed the souls of the dead annually with rice at the harvest and Dasahra festivals.<sup>30</sup> Among the Kammas, when a woman dies during the lifetime of her husband, a Brāhman lady, who must not be a widow, is invited to personate the deceased at the Dasahra. She is anointed and washed with turmeric and saffron, both demon-scaring substances, and is decorated with sandal paste and flowers. Clothes, sweets, fruit, and betel-leaf are offered to her, and the women of the family bow before her and receive her blessing, believing that it comes from their dead relation.<sup>31</sup>

The Korachas of Mysore do not observe the Hindu mind-rite (*srāddha*) for the dead. But during the Dasahra or on the Mahālaya new-moon day (30th September) they set up a jar in the house, place new clothes near it, if they can afford to do so, and do worship by burning incense and breaking a coco-nut in the name of the deceased ancestors.<sup>32</sup> The Rājput hero who recovered the town of Bundi from the Musalmāns left the mark of his sword on a staircase slab of the palace, and this is annually worshipped by every member of the Hara tribe at the Dasahra.<sup>33</sup> During the Dasahra at Kathmāndu, the capital of Nepāl, "the city at this time is required to be purified, but the purification is effected by prayer rather than by water-cleansing."<sup>34</sup>

It is perhaps a symbol of these mourning and purgative rites that the images of the gods are made to sit unmoved during the first nine days of the feast. On the morning

<sup>29</sup> *Census Report, Central Provinces* (1911), vol. i. p. 159.

<sup>30</sup> *Ethnographic Survey, Central Provinces*, part vii. (1911), p. 55.

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.* part iv. (1907), p. 34.

<sup>32</sup> *Ethnographic Survey, Mysore*, No. vii. (1906), p. 15.

<sup>33</sup> J. Tod, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 511.

<sup>34</sup> H. A. Oldfield, *Sketches from Nipal* (1880), vol. ii. p. 343 sq.

of the tenth day they are removed from their fixed positions and worshipped.<sup>35</sup>

In Madras the goddesses Durga, Lakshmi, and Sarasvati are supposed to do penance during this nine day period, only to be aroused on the tenth, when, in the true spirit of fertility rites, the sacred marriage of Lakshmi and Vishnu is performed.<sup>36</sup>

But besides prayer and propitiation of the dead other measures believed to be even more efficacious are taken. Blood sacrifices are supposed to be the most potent form of expiation. To the instances of such rites already given, the custom at Nepal may be added. On the tenth day of the festival there is a great slaughter of buffaloes at the regimental head-quarters, and of other victims at the temples of Devi or Durga. Every Gorkha officer of the higher ranks is expected to present a buffalo to the colours of his own corps. The colours are set up in a prominent position, decorated with garlands and streamers, amid volleys of muskets and artillery. The victim is brought out and tied to post with its nose touching the ground, so as to stretch the neck, and it is decapitated with a single blow of the *kukri* or curved Gorkha knife. The carcasses are the perquisite of the regimental servants. The Gorkha method of decapitation is reasonably humane, but the Newār practice of slaying animals at their temples by opening the jugular vein is extremely brutal. The blood of the victim is directed so as to fall on the shrine or on the images of the gods, and over a quantity of rice offered to the deity. This last becomes saturated with blood and is appropriated by men of the menial Pauriya caste, who carry it away and eat it. As soon as the victim is dead, the persons who have done the sacrifice appropriate the head for their own consumption, and a portion is given to the temple servants as their share. Sometimes

<sup>35</sup> Balaji Sitaram Kothare, *Hindu Holidays* (1904), p. 67.

<sup>36</sup> S. M. Natesa Sastri, *Hindu Feasts, Fasts, and Ceremonies* (1903), p. 85.

the horns, daubed with patches of red paint, are hung on the shrine, as Dr. Oldfield thinks, more as a tribute of respect than as an offering. But certain Himalayan tribes place skulls of animals outside their dwellings, and these are probably intended less as trophies than as charms against evil spirits.<sup>37</sup>

To quote Dr. Oldfield: "On an occasion like the Dassera, when thousands of animals are sacrificed in one day, the scene at any popular temple is very disgusting. The priests' robes and faces and hands are covered with blood; the shrine itself, the approaches to it, the gutters running from it are streaming with blood; while the groans, cries, and struggles of the still living victims, mingled with the angry altercations and upraised voice of the operating officials, the monotonous mutterings of prayer-makers, the ringing of bells to drive away evil spirits, and lastly, but not least, the mutilated and still bleeding carcasses of the recently-slaughtered victims lying about on all sides, make up a scene of savage brutality which is not easily to be forgotten, and which is all the more repulsive from its being looked on by all concerned in it as being a necessary and most meritorious part of their religion. Jang Bahadur told me that during the Dassera about nine thousand buffaloes were slaughtered for one purpose or other in Nipal. This is, I think, an exaggeration; but there is no doubt that the number of animals killed is enormous."<sup>38</sup>

In like manner, at the Durga Pūja in Bengal the worshipper is directed to take a drop of the blood of a sacrificed goat, and rubbing it on his forehead, to recite the charm: "Om! May those whom I touch with my feet, those whom I can see with my eyes be subdued by me if they be my enemies!"<sup>39</sup>

<sup>37</sup> L. A. Waddell, *The Buddhism of Tibet* (1895), p. 484; cf. J. Hastings, *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. i. (1908), p. 499.

<sup>38</sup> *Op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 349 sq.

<sup>39</sup> Pratapachandra Ghosha, *op. cit.* p. 66. The word *Om*, of which many

Besides the efficacy of sacrifice as a mode of propitiating gods or demons, blood, as the source of life, is naturally a protective against spirit influence. Among the hill tribes of Rajmahāl, if two men quarrel and blood be shed, the offender is fined a hog or a fowl, the blood of which is sprinkled over the wounded man "to purify him, and to prevent his being possessed by a devil"; the same procedure is employed in purifying the singers of a sacred song, if one of them chances to make a mistake in his part, and thus incurs the anger of the deity who is being addressed; the same mode of purification is used for both parties in the case of sexual offences.<sup>40</sup> In Car Nicobar a man possessed by devils is purified by being rubbed all over with pig's blood and beaten with leaves, which, carrying the devils thus transferred to them, are thrown into the sea before daybreak.<sup>41</sup>

Another method of purification used at the Durga Pūja is that of fumigation. The ladies of the household, after offering flowers to the goddess, seat themselves in the courtyard facing her image and burn frankincense on their hands and heads; the priests throw aromatic resins into fire lighted in earthen pans which are held near the women.<sup>42</sup> Among the tribes of the Hindu-Kush the wood of the deodar cedar (*pinus deodara*) is commonly used for

mystical interpretations have been suggested, is a term of solemn invocation, affirmation, benediction, and consent, so sacred that no one may listen when it is being uttered. It is the prelude of all prayers and rites, and is written at the beginning of books, as a sign of good luck, to repel the evil eye and evil spirits.

<sup>40</sup> *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv. (1798), pp. 87, 50, 63, 68; cf. W. Robertson Smith, *The Religion of the Semites*, 2nd ed. (1894), pp. 344, 351, 381, note 2.

<sup>41</sup> *Journal Royal Anthropological Institute*, vol. xxxii. (1902), p. 227; cf. W. Crooke, *Popular Religion and Folklore of Northern India*, 2nd ed. (1896), vol. ii. p. 19 *sqq.*; Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part iv. vol. i. p. 299, note 2. For the use of the pig in purification, see J. E. Harrison, *op. cit.* p. 152 *sq.*

<sup>42</sup> Pratapachandra Ghosha, *op. cit.* p. 76 *sq.* On purification by means of fumigation, see *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part ii. 155, 177.

purification, as in the case of the bridegroom, who is thus freed from evil spirits.<sup>43</sup>

We have seen that at the Rāmlīla wooden images of the demons Rāvana and Kumbhakarana are blown up with fireworks. This is doubtless a case in which a rite for the expulsion of demons in general has been adopted by the Brāhmins and attached to the Rāma cultus. We may compare these images with the wicker-work giants at Douay and other places which are, or were, paraded at the midsummer festival. Sir J. G. Frazer connects these with "the leafy framework in which the human representative of the tree-spirit is so often encased."<sup>44</sup> But in India they seem to represent a form of demon expulsion. We may perhaps find an analogy to the death of the vegetation spirit in the curious Indian tale that the boys who personate Rāma and his brother in the mystery play are believed never to live to attain manhood. Bishop Heber writes: "The poor children who have been thus feasted, honoured, and made to contribute to the popular amusement, were, it is asserted, always poisoned in the sweet-meats given them the last day of the show, that it might be said their spirits were absorbed into the deities whom they had represented."<sup>45</sup> One result of this belief is that it is not easy to induce boys to undertake this dangerous duty. The story of the poisoning of the victims is incredible, but it is possible that the legend is based on the sudden death of some performers owing to excitement or exposure to the sun during the performance. In some cases their bodies are covered with gold leaf, which, by obstructing the pores of the skin, might easily lead to a fatal result.

<sup>43</sup> J. Biddulph, *op. cit.* pp. 53, 78; Sir G. S. Robertson, *The Kafirs of the Hindu-Kush* (1896), pp. 421, 429, 462, 467, 471.

<sup>44</sup> *The Golden Bough*,<sup>3</sup> part vii. vol. ii. p. 32 sq.

<sup>45</sup> *Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India* (1861), vol. i. p. 191.



These methods of purification and expulsion of evil spirits at the Dasahra are closely connected with the intention to promote the fertility of men, animals, and crops, which is one of the main objects of the festival. The goddess Devi or Durga, with whom, under Brāhman influence, this festival is now associated, exercises in this her most important function.

First, we find the worship of young girls, who have not attained puberty, as embodiments of the goddess. This has already been mentioned in the Mahratta ritual and in that of the Durga Pūja.<sup>46</sup> A few years ago two unmarried girls in the Kapurthala State were announced to be incarnations of the goddess. They were worshipped, they visited various parts of the Jalandhar District, and were treated with great reverence; but as no good results followed, the cult died out.<sup>47</sup>

Secondly, we find in connection with this festival the production of the so-called "Gardens of Adonis," which have been recently discussed in great detail by Sir J. G. Frazer, who regards them "as charms to promote the growth and revival of vegetation; and the principle by which they were supposed to produce this effect was homœopathic or imitation magic."<sup>48</sup> Instances of this form of magic have been already described in the Deccan and among the Bhīls.<sup>49</sup> The Hindus of Gujarāt plant various kinds of seed grains on the first day of the festival in a corner of the house oratory or god-room, and worship them on the tenth day as representing the goddess. A lamp fed with butter, and an unsheathed sword, the emblem of the goddess, are placed beside them. When an exorcist grows these seedlings he becomes possessed by the goddess on the eighth day of the feast, and walks about accompanied

<sup>46</sup> Pp. 36, 38, *supra*.

<sup>47</sup> *Census Report, Panjab* (1901), vol. i. p. 126.

<sup>48</sup> *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part iv. vol. i. p. 236 sq.

<sup>49</sup> Pp. 35, 37, *supra*.

by women, one of whom bears the seedlings in a basket. People suffering from spirit seizures sit on the road and are believed to be cured if the exorcist leaps over them.<sup>50</sup> The only agricultural work the men of the Kāfir tribe ever do is to grow these seedlings.<sup>51</sup> Probably with the same intention, during the feast in Gujarāt, the main gates of the temples are festooned with the ears of as many kinds of grain as are procurable.<sup>52</sup> In Southern India the Dasahra is immediately followed by the Gauri festival in honour of the goddess, "the brilliant one," the impersonation of the golden grain of harvest. She is believed to have saved the corn from the Rākshasas or malevolent demons, and she is represented by a bundle of rice ears carried in procession, while the women sing songs describing her life and exploits.<sup>53</sup>

A similar explanation may be given of the custom of swinging the Mahār girl during the festival.<sup>54</sup> It will be remembered that the swing on which she sits is covered with thorns, partly perhaps with a penitential object. But, further, Sir J. Frazer has given an instance from Borneo where the priests and priestesses are swung in order that they may receive inspiration from the spirit: "thus suspended in the air they seem to be in a peculiarly favourable position for catching the divine afflatus."<sup>55</sup> It is not possible to explain swinging rites in various parts of the world in the same way; but the promotion of the growth of plants seems to be one of the leading motives.<sup>56</sup>

Again, as we have seen,<sup>57</sup> the image of the goddess at the Durga Pūja is solemnly thrown into the river, and in

<sup>50</sup> *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. ix. part i. (1901), p. 392.

<sup>51</sup> Sir G. S. Robertson, *op. cit.* p. 466 *sq.*

<sup>52</sup> *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. ix. part i. (1901), p. 390.

<sup>53</sup> W. Francis, *Gazetteer of Vizagapatam* (1907), vol. i. p. 71.

<sup>54</sup> P. 30, *supra*.

<sup>55</sup> *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part iii. (1911), p. 280.

<sup>56</sup> *Ibid.* p. 283.

<sup>57</sup> P. 38, *supra*.

Bengal at various festivals the deities are immersed in the same way.<sup>58</sup> We may interpret this as a rain or fertility charm, or suppose that the object is to purify and re-invigorate the goddess and fit her for the performance of her duties in the coming year. During the Ganggor festival in Rājputāna, at the opening of the Hindu year, the image of the goddess Gauri is taken to a lake and bathed by women, no male being allowed to attend the rite. The ritual is accompanied by the growing of "Gardens of Adonis," women joining hands and singing round the seedlings, which they present to men to wear on their turbans.<sup>59</sup>

Another, and perhaps the most important phase of the Dasahra rites, represents a *rite de passage*, like the Holi at the opening of the Hindu year.<sup>60</sup> The great Dasahra day is considered highly auspicious for the undertaking of any new work or business. Children who are commencing their studies generally attend school on that day for the first time. It is also considered to be a suitable day for a couple who have been married at an early age to commence living together.<sup>61</sup> In Cochin the child beginning his studies at the Dasahra is seated near a bell-metal vessel full of rice, with a lighted lamp placed beside it. The teacher writes with a gold coin on the child's tongue an invocation to the deities Vishnu, Sarasvati and Ganapati, who favour all kinds of enterprises. Sometimes the opening of the child's education on that day is marked by his parents presenting him with writing materials.<sup>62</sup> In Sindh the rite of tonsure of a child is performed at the Dasahra

<sup>58</sup> H. H. Wilson, *Works*, vol. ii. (1862), p. 191.

<sup>59</sup> J. Tod, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 602 sq.

<sup>60</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv. (1914), p. 78.

<sup>61</sup> *Bombay City and Island Gazetteer* (1909), vol. i. p. 172 sq.; E. Thurston, *Castes and Tribes of Southern India* (1909), vol. vii. p. 73 sq.

<sup>62</sup> Anantha Krishna Iyer, *Cochin Tribes and Castes*, vol. ii. (1912), pp. 61, 204.

under the sacred *kani* tree (*prosopis spicigera*), possibly with the intention of associating the boy with its vigorous life. The guests present gifts to the barber, and the child is bathed and dressed in new raiment.<sup>63</sup> In Nepal this is the time fixed for the renewal of the services of all State officials, and all private or domestic servants commence or terminate their employment on this day, masters rewarding those who have given satisfaction.<sup>64</sup> It is also the time for starting trade. Last year at the town of Najībābād in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, owing to a squabble between the Muhammadans and the Hindus, the latter insisting on parading the sacred steel quoits (*chakra*) and flags at the Dasahra, the ceremonies were abandoned, and the Dasahra being the day on which all new accounts are opened, every Hindu shop was closed and all business was at a standstill until the British officers intervened and settled the dispute.<sup>65</sup> At Hoshangābād in the Central Provinces it is said that on the night before the Dasahra the Sunārs or goldsmiths hold a feast by the river bank, and take an oath that they will not disclose the amount of alloy which any fellow-craftsman may fraudulently mix with the precious metals which he works into jewellery.<sup>66</sup> Harvest and sowing, as we have seen, begin on this day. As might have been expected, this sometimes disturbs the farmer's arrangements. Thus, in Hoshangābād sowing should begin at the Dasahra ; but in this part of the country ploughing

<sup>63</sup> E. H. Aitken, *Gazetteer of Sind* (1907), vol. A, p. 214.

<sup>64</sup> H. A. Oldfield, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 343 *et seq.* Among the Santāls the Māgh-sim festival, held in the month of Māgh, when the jungle grass is cut, marks the end of the year. Servants are paid their wages and fresh engagements are entered into. On this occasion all the village officials go through the form of resigning their appointments, and all the cultivators give notice of throwing up their lands.—H. H. Risley, *Tribes and Castes of Bengal* (1891), vol. ii. p. 233.

<sup>65</sup> *The Pioneer Mail*, 7th October, 1913, p. 14.

<sup>66</sup> *Ethnographic Survey, Central Provinces*, part viii. (1911), p. 91 ; *Census Report, Central Provinces* (1911), vol. i. p. 239.

is hardly finished by this time and the cold weather has only just begun.<sup>67</sup>

Again, the festival marks the resumption of communications with neighbouring towns and villages which were interrupted during the rainy season. The procession of the Rāja into the country appears to be a symbol of this. Like all arrangements which depend on the regularity of the seasons, this was a very ancient practice. In the Vedas the Kuru-Panchāla princes march forth on raids in the dewy season which follows the rains, and return in the hot season.<sup>68</sup> Manu, it is true, directs the Rāja to set out for war in January, February, and up to April, "according to the condition of his army."<sup>69</sup> But Manu was a Brāhman arm-chair philosopher, not a strategist. The old Germans used to hold a feast in honour of Odin about the beginning of summer, when the campaign opened, and the ways, whether by land or sea, became easy of passage.<sup>70</sup> It is not long since European armies habitually went into winter quarters owing to difficulties of transport, and awaited the coming of spring, when operations were resumed. In India this was the custom of the Mahrattas and the Pindhāris, who deferred their raids until the country became open after the rainy season. These bandits, says General Sleeman, "always took the auspices and set out kingdom-taking (*mulkgiri*) after the Dasahra, in November, as regularly as English gentlemen go partridge-shooting on the 1st September."<sup>71</sup>

This also is the time which some tribes in India select for their annual hunt, which Sir J. G. Frazer interprets as

<sup>67</sup> G. L. Corbett, R. V. Russell, *Hoshangabad Gazetteer* (1908), vol. i. p. 92.

<sup>68</sup> A. A. Macdonell, A. B. Keith, *A Vedic Index of Names and Subjects* (1912), vol. i. p. 165.

<sup>69</sup> *Laws of Manu*, vii. 182.

<sup>70</sup> F. R. Gummere, *Germanic Origins* (1892), p. 422.

<sup>71</sup> W. H. Sleeman, *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official* (1893), vol. i. p. 355.

“a religious or magical rite specially designed to bestow fertility on women as well as to ensure a supply of game and rain.”<sup>72</sup> It is a good start for the season’s hunting on which many of these tribes depend. We have seen that part of the Dasahra rites is the expedition to a sacred tree, at which arrows are shot, and the leaves are carried away as trophies,<sup>73</sup> possibly symbols of a good season for raids and sport. In the Konkan the village headman, when the time comes for manuring the rice fields, opens the season by plucking a leaf from the tree occupied by a spirit, a feat which no one else dares to perform ; he also takes the command in the annual hunt, and offers part of the game at the village spirit-shrine.<sup>74</sup> The Badagas of Madras, just before the ploughing begins, catch two fowls in a net, and make a pretence of spearing them. Then the net is fixed in a game-path in the jungle, and some wild animals, a *sāmbhar* stag (*ceruus unicolor*), if possible, is driven into it and slain, the flesh being divided among the villagers.<sup>75</sup> The dates of these annual hunts are not clearly defined, but generally occur in spring and autumn, both critical periods for farming. The Santāls used to have their hunt in the hot season, just before the rains broke, but violent thunderstorms interfered with it, and some beaters were killed by lightning. So they fixed it earlier in the year, in May. The dates, however, vary in different parts of their country. While the goodman is hunting, his wife is obliged to keep looking into a bowl of water till, to her eyes, it turns into blood, which ensures a successful result—a good piece of sympathetic magic. Before the hunt sacrifices are offered, apparently to the forest gods, the headman is tied to a tree, only his hands being left loose to enable him to concentrate his attention on his magic-working. In the evening there is a council to decide tribal affairs with much

<sup>72</sup> *Totemism and Exogamy* (1910), vol. iii. p. 200, note 2.

<sup>73</sup> P. 36, *supra*. <sup>74</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii. (1911), p. 230.

<sup>75</sup> E. Thurston, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 101.

singing and dancing, followed on the next day by a second and less important hunt.<sup>76</sup> The Koyis of Madras, after the autumn crop of millet is reaped at the end of October, go out to hunt, and every man must bring back some game, be it only a bird or a mouse.<sup>77</sup> The Malayālis of the same province have their annual hunt just after the Pongol or harvest-home.<sup>78</sup> In the month of October girls of the Mūnda tribe at Rānchi in Chota Nāgpur go out armed with sticks, spears, and axes, and kill and carry off any fowls, kids, pigs, or lambs they can secure, the owners, in their turn, retaliating on them by similar raids. This is said to occur every twelfth year, and is the occasion for much drinking and merry-making among men and women.<sup>79</sup> In Bihār on the last day of the Bengali year, people daub themselves with mud and shower it on all whom they happen to meet. In the afternoon they go out with clubs and hunt jackals, hares, and any other animal they may come across in the village.<sup>80</sup> A similar custom of men dressed as women killing goats "at certain times of the year" is reported from the Central Provinces.<sup>81</sup> In Travancore this has become a State ritual, the Palli Vetta or "Royal hunting," when the Mahārāja goes in procession to the suburbs and shoots three times with a bow and arrow at two or three unripe coco-nuts placed at the foot of a tree during the Dasahra.<sup>82</sup> Other tribes have their hunt in the spring, about March-April. This is the rule with the Gadabas,

<sup>76</sup> F. B. Bradley-Birt, *The Story of an Indian Upland* (1905), p. 271 sqq.; E. T. Dalton, *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal* (1872), p. 216 sq.; *Census Report, Bengal*, 1911, vol. i. p. 475 sq. For the similar custom among the Hos, see F. B. Bradley-Birt, *Chota Nagpore* (1903), p. 107 sqq. For other examples of telepathy in these annual hunts, see Sir J. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part i. vol. i. p. 122 sqq.

<sup>77</sup> E. Thurston, *op. cit.* vol. iv. p. 65. <sup>78</sup> *Ibid.* vol. iv. pp. 417, 429.

<sup>79</sup> *North Indian Notes and Queries*, vol. iii. (1893), p. 98.

<sup>80</sup> G. A. Grierson, *Bihar Peasant Life* (1885), p. 400 sq.

<sup>81</sup> *Punjab Notes and Queries*, iv. (1857), p. 167.

<sup>82</sup> S. Mateer, *The Land of Charity* (1871), pp. 167, 188.

Urālis and Valayans, the Bedars or Boyas of Madras and some Chutiya Nāgpur tribes. The rule with the Gadabas is that the women abuse and pelt the men if they return unsuccessful.<sup>83</sup>

The rite, though some of its details still remain obscure, seems to be connected with the more critical periods of agriculture, and is a part of the observances which include purification and expulsion of demons.

Such observances account for the worship of the implements and animals used in warlike operations which occurs at the Dasahra. The Rāja of Sakti in the Central Provinces worships the wooden sword, a primitive weapon used before the age of metals by the two brothers who are said to have founded the State.<sup>84</sup> The Marāthas worship their swords at this feast, and it used to be the rule that warriors should ride stallions and landowners mares. Hence warriors worshipped their stallions on the first day of the feast, and cultivators their mares on the ninth day. Raghuji Bhonsla, the first Rāja of Nāgpur, held his Dasahra on the ninth day, to proclaim the fact that he was really a farmer and only incidentally a man of war.<sup>85</sup> Instances of the worship at this festival of tent-ropes, the club of the watchman, the bridle of the horse, daggers, spears, arrows, boats, and the account-books of the tradesman are common.<sup>86</sup>

An obvious parallel to these forms of worship is the Roman Quinquatrus or Quinquatria, celebrated on 19th March, when there was a lustration of the *ancilia* or sacred shields, which were brought out to be ready for the cam-

<sup>83</sup> J. F. Hewitt, *op. cit.* p. 53, note; E. Thurston, *op. cit.* i. 191, ii. 249 sq., vii. 246, 278.

<sup>84</sup> E. A. de Brett, *Chhatisgarh Feudatory States Gazetteer* (1909), vol. i. p. 194.

<sup>85</sup> *Ethnographic Survey, Central Provinces*, part ix. (1911), p. 131.

<sup>86</sup> *Ibid.* part ix. (1911), p. 149 sq.; part iii. (1907), p. 6; *Census Report, Central Provinces, 1911*, vol. i. p. 83; R. V. Russell, *Damoh Gazetteer* (1906), vol. i. p. 47; K. D. Erskine, *Western Rājputāna States and Bikaner Agency Gazetteer*, vol. iii. A. (1909), p. 85; *Panjab Census Report, 1911*, vol. i. p. 448.



paigning season.<sup>87</sup> Probably the same object was attained by the Hebrews, when they anointed their shields with oil as a mode of consecration.<sup>88</sup>

The cult of fertility, the desire to expel evil spirits, the vague quest for good luck, all, in different ways, account for the worship of trees at the Dasahra. The sacred trees are the *sami* (*prosopis spicigera*) and the *āpta* (*bauhinia racemosa*) which the Rāja and his attendants visit, break off a few leaves or branches, and distribute them to their friends, saying that they are gold. In Bombay they do this with the invocation: "O great supreme forest king! The greeting of friends and relations is sweet as sweet food. May our enemies be worsted!"<sup>89</sup> There is nothing particularly grand or beautiful about these trees, and the reasons why they were selected as bringers of luck are obscure. General Sleeman observes that the *sami* tree is held sacred because when Rāma set out with his army to recover his wife he is said to have worshipped a tree of this kind which stood near his capital, Ayodhya,—another attempt, like the Rāmlīla celebrations, to associate the Dasahra tree-cult with the worship of one of the great Hindu gods. "It is a wretched little thing," he adds, "between a shrub and a tree; but I have seen a procession of more than seventy thousand persons attend their prince in the worship of it on the festival of the Dasahra."<sup>90</sup> It may, however, be noted that the Bharvāds of Gujarāt use the same tree to make their marriage-post, and believe it to be the home of the Māmo, or ghost of a maternal uncle, who is greatly feared.<sup>91</sup> The practice of demon-scaring may, therefore, be at the root of the cult. The same tree in the Panjab is called the *jandī*,

<sup>87</sup> W. W. Fowler, *Roman Festivals of the Period of the Republic* (1899), p. 58; W. Smith, *Dictionary of Antiquities*,<sup>3</sup> vol. ii. p. 535 sq.

<sup>88</sup> *Encyclopaedia Biblica*, vol. iii. (1902), p. 3469.

<sup>89</sup> *Bombay City and Island Gazetteer* (1909), vol. i. p. 172 sq.

<sup>90</sup> *Op. cit.* vol. i. p. 213, note 1.

<sup>91</sup> *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. ix. part i. (1901), p. 269 sq.

and the bridegroom, when he is going to fetch his bride, cuts down a branch of it, it is believed as an emblem of the destruction of his enemies. More probably the intention is to scare the evil spirits which are supposed to make their home in this tree and may interfere with the wedding rite.<sup>92</sup> It is also to be noted that, as among the Celts, the lives of Rājas and Chiefs are connected with a sacred tree, possibly as representations of the spirit of vegetation embodied in it, and under its shadow they were inaugurated.<sup>93</sup>

There are also indications that it was the custom to celebrate the Dasahra under booths erected in the forest. At the festival at Sakti in the Central Provinces the Rāja goes outside the town to a place where the potters have a goat tethered to a tree in the midst of a temporary booth made of twigs of the *sonpāu* tree. His retainers attempt to behead the goat, while the potters retaliate by throwing clods at them. The winner of the head gets a reward from the Rāja, and the potters receive the trunk of the victim.<sup>94</sup> This use of sacred booths is common at harvest observances, like the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, and at Greek sanctuaries.<sup>95</sup>

The cult of birds at the festival is another example of a form of sympathetic magic. The birds usually worshipped are the jay, the peacock, and the kingfisher, all adorned with beautiful plumage. The Mahrattas at the Dasahra

<sup>92</sup> *Panjab Census Report*, 1911, vol. i. p. 274; H. A. Rose, *Glossary of Tribes and Castes of the Punjab and North-West Frontier Provinces*, vol. ii. (1911), p. 371. The custom of shooting arrows at the tree may possibly be a mark of respect. The Ostyaks are said never to have passed a sacred tree without shooting an arrow at it as a mark of respect. Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, 3rd ed. part i. vol. ii. p. 11.

<sup>93</sup> J. A. MacCulloch, *The Religion of the Ancient Celts* (1911), p. 201.

<sup>94</sup> E. A. de Brett, *op. cit.* p. 194.

<sup>95</sup> *Encyclopaedia Biblica*, vol. iv. (1903), p. 4875 *sqq.*; Sir J. G. Frazer, *Pausanias* (1898), vol. ii. p. 165 *sq.* 204.

go out into the fields in the hope of seeing a blue jay.<sup>96</sup> Many of the Bombay tribes pay similar worship to the jay and the kingfisher, and at Nāgpur the Rāja used to release a jay amidst the discharge of artillery and musketry.<sup>97</sup>

A curious example of the magical ideas underlying these celebrations is found in Nepāl, where it was the custom to close the Courts of Justice and to remove from the city of Kathmāndu to a neighbouring village all the under-trial prisoners and convicts imprisoned in the jail, and to keep them there till the festival was over, when they were brought back and the Courts reopened.<sup>98</sup> Similarly, at the Greek festival of the Thesmophoria, the Law Courts and the Boulē were closed and prisoners were released, obviously with the intention that the spiritual activities current at these festivals should not be trammelled by knots or other forms of bonds.<sup>99</sup>

The custom of the Jogi taking the place of the Rāja at Mewār and Bastur is remarkable. The Mahārāna of Udaipur is, as we have seen, both priest and king. But even he appears to be unable to discharge the duties of royalty and the ceremonies connected with the feast at the same time, or, possibly, his conduct of the rites makes him too holy to undertake secular duties. The Jogi seems to be the descendant of the tribal medicine-man or exorcist, and perhaps, when at this period spirits likely to make themselves unpleasant are abroad, it is preferable that a holy man, immune from their attacks, should impersonate the Rāna. But even he is subject to rigid taboos. Church and State are always closely linked together in India. The

<sup>96</sup> *Ethnographic Survey, Central Provinces*, part ix. (1911), p. 131; R. V. Russell, *Wardha Gazetteer* (1906), vol. i. p. 47.

<sup>97</sup> E. Thurston, *op. cit.* vol. vi. p. 262 sq.

<sup>98</sup> H. A. Oldfield, *op. cit.* vol. ii. 343.

<sup>99</sup> J. E. Harrison, *op. cit.* p. 127; Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*,<sup>2</sup> part ii. (1911), p. 293 sqq. 316.

leading case is that of the Mahrattas, where the Brāhman Peshwa finally overshadowed the weak descendant of Sivajī, the founder of the State.

The instances which I have given, selected from a large mass of materials, sufficiently indicate the ritual of the Dasahra. The primitive rites have been so worked over by priests and courtiers that it is not easy to identify them. The Durga Pūja has become a celebration of the defeat by the goddess of the buffalo demon Mahishāsura, who gives his name to the State and city of Mysore. The *sami* tree is said to be worshipped on this day because when the Pāndava princes, whose exploits are recorded in the *Mahābhārata*, in their banishment came to the city of Rāja Virāta, they laid aside their weapons and hung them on this tree at the Dasahra. Finding a corpse close by they suspended it from the branches, saying, "This is the dead body of our mother, and it must remain there for a whole year, after which we will take it down and burn it." So, of course, no one dared to touch their weapons, which they found safe on their return.<sup>100</sup> Here, again, the tree seems to have been regarded as a haunt of spirits. The jay is said to be sacred because Siva, like the bird, has a blue throat, produced when he drank the deadly poison which would have destroyed the world.<sup>101</sup> The peacock, we are told, is worshipped because on it rides Kārttikeya, god of war. Such is the mythological rubbish which we must sift before we can secure the true grain, the original elements of Hinduism.

The Dasahra, then, seems to be an autumn festival representing the time both of harvest and seed-time. It is a *rite de passage*, the time for beginning war, business, education, or any other undertaking, because, with the cessation of the rainy season, the roads become open and all work can start afresh. These objects can be attained

<sup>100</sup> J. T. Wheeler, *History of India*, vol. i. (1867), p. 206.

<sup>101</sup> J. Dowson, *Classical Dictionary* (1879), p. 299.

only by a series of magical or semi-magical observances—animistic, or, if you will, pre-animistic, in their primitive form unconnected with the worship of these later gods in whose cultus they have now been included by the perverse ingenuity of the priestly body. Their primary object is the dispersal of those malevolent spirit influences which are most dangerous at periods of crisis in agriculture, the main occupation of the Hindus. This purgation of evil spirits and the quest of good luck naturally promote the fertility of man, beast, and crops. Much of the interpretation thus suggested is still obscure. I cannot claim to have winnowed the wheat from the chaff, but I am quite certain that it is only by a process of analysis conducted in this way that we can reach the bedrock of Hindu beliefs.

W. CROOKE.

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## SOME NOTES ON EAST AFRICAN FOLKLORE.

BY MISS A. WERNER.

(Continued from Vol. XXV. p. 457.)

*Tales of Bantu Origin.*—I have examined a few of these in the paper already referred to, and recent experience tends to confirm the conclusions then arrived at. The imported stories seem, on the whole, more popular among the Swahili—at least the majority of the stories I heard from Swahilis are of this type; but others are also current whose Bantu origin is obvious at first sight. At Lamu I wrote down, in the local dialect, a version of a very widespread “Brer Rabbit” incident, of which, a little later, I obtained a fuller form from the Wapokomo. The Hare provides the Hyaena with food by beating a drum to summon all the animals of the bush. (In the Pokomo version, where it is the Lion who has this service rendered him, they are expressly invited to a dance and decoyed inside the house—the lion being concealed in a pit within. I think we have remote echoes of this incident in the Jamaican “Annancy in Crab Country” and “How Monkey manage Annancy.”<sup>1</sup>) The Hyaena keeps all the meat to himself, and the Hare in revenge frightens him with the dead lion’s skin, which he leaves outside the burrow where the Hyaena is hidden.<sup>2</sup>

At Maunguja, near Mombasa, Mwenyi Ombwe told me the story of the Hare and Hyaena going on their

<sup>1</sup> Jekyll, *Jamaican Song and Story*, pp. 20, 70.

<sup>2</sup> See “Le Petit Lièvre” in Jacottet, *Contes Populaires des Bassoutos*, p. 18.

travels together, the first episode of which is given in Velten's *Prosa und Poesie der Suaheli*.<sup>3</sup> The Hyaena eats up all the meat which was cooking for both, and the Hare by a trick induces the villagers to beat him. This dissolves the partnership, but, some time later, they are once more reconciled, and, in a time of famine, agree to eat their mothers. The Hyaena's mother is eaten—the Hare breaks faith and conceals his. (This incident occurs, in innumerable variants, all over Bantu Africa and the Sudan.) Mwenyi Ombwe wound up the tale—giving it a certain artistic completeness—with an incident new to me: the Hare disguises himself “like a Kamba” (the Akamba, now the principal manufacturers of the fine iron and copper chains so popular among all the Wanyika, usually wear a profusion of these ornaments), and comes to the Hyaena, loaded with bead-work and glittering metal. The Hyaena fails to recognize him, and is consumed with admiration and envy—whereupon the Hare informs him that he can go just as fine, if he pleases, on condition of submitting to a small test of endurance, and allowing a nail to be driven into his head. He swallows the bait greedily—and that is the end of Brer Hyaena.

One night, when camping at Fundisa, I heard an old Swahili woman relating to my porters what I recognized as a Rabai story, of which I possess a copy, written out by James Mkoba, a teacher at the C.M.S. Mission.<sup>4</sup> The baboons, tired of getting a precarious living by stealing maize in people's gardens, whereby, as they said, “we may get enough to eat one day, and the next be driven off into the woods with our hunger,” hit on the plan of disguising one of their number by the simple process of cutting off his tail, and sending him to settle in a village, build a house and take a human wife. “You can then,” they said, “cultivate

<sup>3</sup> P. 51. There is a variant in Büttner: *Kisa cha Sungura na Cheche* (p. 95).

<sup>4</sup> See also Velten, *op. cit.* p. 71 (“Geschichte vom Sultanssohn welcher ein Affenkind heiratete.”) This is, however, a somewhat different story.

seven gardens, two for you and five for us." This was done, and the couple hoed and planted with exemplary industry, the husband's relations coming when the crops were ripe, and feeding in peace in the gardens set apart for them. This went on for some time, but at last the wife grew tired of the arrangement, and remarked, "Ah, what sort of a nuisance is this—to cultivate every day for those baboons only!" The husband agreed with her, saying, "Truly this is a nuisance!" They were overheard by a baboon hidden in the bush beside the garden, who immediately went home and informed the clan. They immediately took his tail, which seems to have been carefully preserved in the meantime, and set out for the village. Finding that he was not at home, but had gone to help thatch his father-in-law's house, they followed him there and sang :

"Nyani he! nyani! hala muchirao,  
Nyani he! nyani! hala muchirao!"

"Baboon! come and fetch your tail!" So the secret was revealed to the wife and her relations, and the baboon, resuming his tail, returned to the bush with his own people.

Another story which has found its way into Swahili collections is an interesting Duruma variant of "The Children and the *Zimwi*";<sup>5</sup> the Duruma tale of Mbodze is also partly the same as one given by Velten under the title "Hadithi ya mume jini." Both of them seem to exist all over Bantu Africa.

When trying to collect Pokomo stories, I was at first perplexed by receiving palpable Swahili ones, written in Swahili; and I in my turn perplexed my informants by insisting on their supplying me with real Pokomo tales.

<sup>5</sup> *Kibaraka*, p. 25. See also the Ndjao "Child and the Drum" (Kidd, *Savage Childhood*), the Suto *Tselane* (Jacottet), "The Cannibal's Bird" (Theal, *Kaffir Folk-Lore*), and a Duala variant in *Mitteilungen d. Sem. für or. Spr.* (Berlin), Jahrgang V. (1902). Cf. also *Folk-Lore*, Dec., 1909, pp. 448-450, and Tremearne, *Hausa Superstitions and Customs*, No. 84, p. 401.



“But there is no difference,” they said, “Swahili stories are just the same as Pokomo.” This is in so far true that a great many of the latter—such as the adventure of the Hare already referred to and many others—have passed into Swahili tradition, and may fairly be considered as their own by those Swahili who are of Pokomo descent. At a later date I obtained some very good Pokomo texts, chiefly of Hare stories, which I hope may be published *in extenso* on a future occasion. But one of the MSS. handed to me took my breath away—for it was a version, written out in Swahili by Andrea Kinape (a teacher at the Neukirchen Mission, Ngao) of the *Merchant of Venice*. He told me the story had been related to him by a “Banyan” at Kipini: he could not tell whether this man had heard it from a European or got it from one of his own Indian books—he thought the latter most probable. Internal evidence, I think, is in favour of the Indian origin. The translation of the Swahili text is as follows:

“THIS IS THE STORY OF THE FLESH OF THE THIGH.

“Long ago there was a Banyan who was very rich. And there was another Banyan, and he was not poor, but had just money enough to live on. One day he met a woman (whom he wished to marry); and she was the daughter of a rich man. So they two came to an agreement, and he set about providing money in order to marry, but he (found he) had not enough to pay for the wedding. So one day he went to the rich Banyan and said to him, ‘Sir, I pray you, be so kind as to lend me a thousand rupees, for my property is insufficient for my wedding.’ That man said to him, ‘I, for my part, cannot lend you even one pice, for you are not able to repay me anything.’ His neighbour said, ‘Even though I have nothing, yet you may trust that I will pay you.’ The rich man said, ‘If you want me to pay you all this money, you must tell me the day of your repaying it.’ The poor man said, ‘Be patient for the space of one

month, and on the fifteenth day of the second month I will repay you all your money.' The rich man said, 'Write here a paper with your own hand, and you must also have it witnessed.' The man fetched witnesses, and then the rich man said, 'And if you fail to pay this money, what shall I do to you?' The poor man said, 'I will give you leave to cut off a piece of flesh from my thigh.' So the witness signed with his own hand, and the poor man likewise, and the rich man likewise. Then the rich man gave him a thousand rupees, and he took his leave and went away.

"The poor man went to his father-in-law's house and gave him the money, and then he had a very grand wedding, just like that of a rich man. When the wedding was over—two, or three, or ten days later—the owner of the money sent his soldiers with a letter, saying, 'The time is up—to-morrow morning you must come with my money.' The poor man received the letter and said, 'Go—to-morrow morning I will come myself.' So the soldiers returned and gave the message to their master. Now, the bride loved her husband very much, and since the wedding day they had been very happy together; but to-day she saw that he was no longer joyful, he was overwhelmed with grief. The bride asked him, 'Sir, what is the matter with you to-day?' The bridegroom took the letter and gave it to her, and when she had read it she was much grieved and said to him, 'Explain to me the meaning of this letter.' He said, 'This money is the money of our wedding, for mine was not enough. . . .' (Here follows the account of the transaction already given.) The bride said, 'This is a strange business.' The bridegroom took leave of his father-in-law and set off. But now the wife set about devising means to rescue her husband. What did she do? She went away and took off her clothes and put on men's clothes and shaved off her hair, and took gum and smeared it on her chin and stuck hair on to it, and took a cap and a sword and a dagger and

put these on also. Then she set out for the place where the case was being tried. When she reached the *baraza* it was the third hour of the morning (*i.e.* 9 a.m.). The owner of the money said, 'Come, give me my money now, for this is the day we agreed on.' The poor man said, 'Sir! I have not yet got your money!' The owner of the money said, 'I do not know (whether you have or not)—what I do know is that to-day is the day of our agreement and of the document (*khati*).' The poor man said, 'Do as it pleases you, sir.' So he said, 'Now I will cut the flesh from your thigh.' And he ordered men to sharpen knives, and also that there should be a man ready to cut that piece of flesh.

"Now the woman came and spoke before the court, saying, 'What has this man done, that he should have flesh cut out of his thigh?' Those assembled replied, 'Sir, this is (a matter of a) debt,<sup>6</sup> and it was agreed between (the parties) that after the space of one month and fifteen days of the second month the creditor should get his money, and if the debtor had none, he should take the flesh of his thigh: so to-day the time is up and he has no money, and it is fitting that (the creditor) should take the flesh of his thigh.'

"The wife spoke, with a good and beautiful voice (*sic*) like that of a man, and said these words: 'Take off your trousers' (*suruali*),' and he did so; then she said, 'You with the knives, come here,' and they came, and she said, 'Let the creditor draw near himself, because if it had been money he would have had no hesitation in receiving it himself, and also (the debtor) received this gentleman's money in his own hands; so to-day the judgment of this court is

<sup>6</sup>The current expression *mali ya watu*, "(other) people's property," is curiously suggestive of *res alienum*.

<sup>7</sup>Worn by Indians. Later on the European words *koti* and *shati* are used, but these denote Indian as well as European garments; the Indian shirt is somewhat different from the Arab *kanzu*. The sash (*mshipi*) referred to later on is Indian.

that it is fitting he should cut the flesh himself, since this flesh takes the place of the money.' The assembly agreed to this saying. The creditor took off his coat and turned up his shirt-sleeves, and took a knife and approached the debtor, saying, 'Sit down properly, for I wish to take my money,' and his neighbour said, 'Very well, sir.' Now he put out his hand and seized his leg, but the lady (disguised as a man (*Bibi mume*)) said, 'Sir, are you going to cut him?' The rich man answered, 'Yes.' The lady again said, 'Did you agree as to flesh, or what?' The rich man said, 'As to flesh only.' The lady said, 'Do you not know of any other thing?' He said, 'I do not.' She said, 'Well, then, cut.' He lifted up the knife and was going to cut, when she said, 'But understand that you are to take flesh only, no blood, for you know yourself that flesh and blood are not the same thing.' The rich man said, 'What is the good of your cleverness? do you not know that flesh is (always found) together with blood?' She answered, 'Yes! but you did not make an agreement concerning flesh and blood, but only as to flesh.' The whole court assented to these words and said, 'Yes, truly, flesh and blood are not the same thing, but blood is greater.' The man was unbound and given leave to go his way, but he took off his ring and the sash (he was wearing) round his waist and his leather belt, and gave them to the clever (pleader).<sup>8</sup>

"The wife returned home in haste and resumed her own clothes. The husband also returned, with great joy beyond all comparison, and the lady saluted him with all courtesy, and said, 'What are the news, master? for I have been doubting in my heart whether you would return or not,

<sup>8</sup> *Akilimali*, literally "wits are wealth," is used here and subsequently as a proper name. See Taylor, *African Aphorisms*, §7. The husband seems (*vide infra*) to be under the impression that Akilimali was sent by his father-in-law to help him, and perhaps some statement to that effect has been omitted from the earlier part of the story.

for you have no money to pay so that you might escape from having your flesh cut.'

"The husband answered, 'God be praised, for your father sent a very clever fellow who can turn round the truth so as to make it a lie, and a lie so as to make it the truth. There came a very handsome person, whose face was very much like yours, only he was a man and you are a woman—still he was very much like you. He came and made inquiries and was told of the case, and spoke well. . . .' (Here follow the proceedings in court, in almost the same words as before.) 'The owner of the money let me go, saying, "As long as I live I will never again press you for that debt." And I for my part took my ring and my sash and my belt, and gave them to Akilimali by way of thanks.' His wife said, 'But do you know that man for certain?' 'No,' he said, 'I do not know him.' His wife said to him, 'Well, I am the person!' She took off the cloth from her head and gave him the ring, the sash and the belt. The husband believed her, and praised God for the beautiful wife He had given him. And then she said to him, 'As long as you live, never do so again.' (The story) ends here." (*Imekoma hapa.*)

What I had to say in my former paper with regard to the predominance of the Hare in Bantu folk-tales is only reinforced by the material collected during the last two years. The Pokomo and Giryama, as well as the other Wanyika, seem to be familiar with all the well-known incidents which appear in *Uncle Remus*. Perhaps the best known is that of the animals digging the well.<sup>9</sup>

I owe to the kindness of Mr. A. C. Hollis the MS. of a Rabai "*Ngano ya Katsungula na Fisi*," in which the Hare and Hyaena make an agreement to sell their mothers to the Swahili (Adzomba) in time of famine—not, as in most other versions of this episode (including that related to me

<sup>9</sup>See *Folk-Lore*, December, 1909, pp. 442 *et seq.* It is curious that this story is not represented in *Uncle Remus*.

by Mwenyi Ombwe—see *ante*, p. 60), to eat them. The Hare filled a sack with “snails, tortoises and millipedes”; the Hyaena put his mother into a sack, and both went to the coast to exchange the sacks for grain. The Hare advised the purchaser not to open his sack till he was gone. “If you let my mother out, she will see me and run after me.” By the time the sack was opened (it seems to be implied that the Hyaena’s was opened first and found satisfactory) the two were out of reach with the grain they had received in exchange. The Hare divided his share into two parts, and secretly carried one part to the place where he had hidden his mother, which seems to have been a cave in the hillside, inaccessible from below. Every time he came near he uttered a cry which was their secret signal (*yunapigu kaweba*), and she answered him; he then said, “*Mama, nitsuvira lubwe*—let me down a rope!” which she did, and drew him up to the cave. The Hyaena’s suspicions were aroused, he tracked the Hare to the cave, listened to the signal, and returned by himself, but could not gain entrance to the cave, as the mother knew that the voice was not that of her son. He consulted the Leopard in this difficulty, and the Leopard referred him to the *Loma* (ant-bear), who told him that, to soften his voice and make it resemble the Hare’s, he must let his tongue hang into an ant-hill till the ants (*tsalafu*) had eaten off part of it. Finding that his voice had thus acquired the right *timbre*, he tried again, and succeeded in imposing on the Hare’s mother, whereupon he killed and ate her. The Hyaena’s trick is new to me in this connection, and recalls the stratagem employed by the cannibal in the Suto tale of *Tselanc*,<sup>10</sup> who swallows a red-hot hoe.

Professor Meinhof suggests<sup>11</sup>—quoting Dr. Friedrichsen—that the Hare stories are derived from India, also that the rapid multiplication of the hare is the reason for his popularity in folklore and for his being credited with

<sup>10</sup> Jacottet, p. 69 *sqq.*

<sup>11</sup> *Die Dichtung der Afrikaner* (1911), p. 17.

abnormal acuteness. It seems difficult to accept this view, for it is the rabbit, not the hare, which multiplies rapidly, and the Katsungula, or Sungura, or Kitunguwe (Pokomo and Northern Swahili), or Kalulu, is most certainly a hare, not a rabbit. Indian influence, too, seems unlikely, when we consider the wide distribution of these stories—from Basutoland to Uganda. When the Hare is absent, and his place in the same stories is taken by some other animal, it is probably because he is not found in that particular district—*e.g.* Kamerun; but this needs closer investigation.

I may perhaps be pardoned for adverting to the fact that Professor Meinhof has done me the honour to give a reference in this connection to *The Bantu Element in Swahili Folk-Lore*, p. 438, which might imply that he looks on the passage in question as supporting his view. This is by no means the case, though I am no doubt responsible for producing such an impression by stating, without qualification, that the story of "The Washerman's Donkey" comes from the Sumsumara Jâtaka, which is indeed the case; but the Hare's share in the story (which I own I had forgotten at the time of writing) is absent from the Jâtaka, and is most likely a Bantu addition.

I have mentioned Kitunguwe as the Pokomo name for the Hare (this, like Katsungula, which Mr. Taylor renders "Harey," is a kind of affectionate diminutive), but he is quite as often called in the tales Mwakatsoo, which is explained as "the clever one." Katsoo, said to mean "cleverness," is also a proper name, belonging to one of the clans in the Buu tribe; but I have never been able to make out whether it has any totemistic significance. The word is an old one, and I think not much, if at all, used to-day.

I found that the Galla consider the hare very unlucky (this idea is also current in Abyssinia), will not eat it, and believe that no hunter will meet with success if one crosses his path. I was questioning Abarea (the Galla

headman of Kurawa) on this matter, especially with regard to the Hare's reputed cleverness, of which he would not hear. "He!—he has no sense—all his cleverness is just in running!" "But," I said, "how about all those tales in which he gets the better of the other animals—for instance, when he makes the Lion swallow a hot stone?" "Oh!" he said, "that's not the Hare—that's the *gedal*." The *gedal*, it subsequently appeared (though I was not certain of the point till Abarea showed me one on the road to Kurawa), is a jackal. He told me a story which, unfortunately, I could not take down verbatim, but which is somewhat as follows:

"The *gedal* sat in the *bara*, crying, all by himself. The lion passed by and asked him what was the matter. 'My father and mother are dead—I am a poor orphan!' 'I will take you with me, do not cry any more.' The lion took him to his village and told him to herd the cattle for him, which he did for some time. One day the lion, having killed a bullock, said he would go and look after the cattle, and desired the *gedal* to stay at home and cook the beef. He heated a stone in the fire, wrapped it up in a very fat piece of meat, and when the lion came home hungry told him to open his mouth wide, threw the stone down his throat, and so killed him. The hyaena (*worabes*) then came and asked for a share of the meat. The *gedal* gave him some bones, telling him to look out, as the lion was asleep; he thereupon sat down between the hyaena and the dead lion, and asked the former to let him play with his tail. The hyaena, busy with the bones, did not notice that the *gedal* was tying his tail to the dead lion's, but was roused by a sudden cry, 'Take care, the lion is awake!' He started off at a run, dragging the lion after him, and dived into his burrow, the mouth of which was, of course, blocked by the lion's body. The hyaena, thinking the lion was still alive, did not move for some time, till at last the carcass became decomposed and the tail parted company with it. He then ate up the carrion and came out. Meanwhile the



gedal, having finished the beef and being unable to procure other food, again went and sat in the *bara*, crying, till the elephant came by, carrying a bag of honey. Questioned, he replied as he had done to the lion, adding the information that 'father used to carry me on his back.' The compassionate elephant said, 'Up with you, then!' and the gedal climbed on his back and began eating the honey. From time to time he let some drops fall, and, when the elephant asked if it were raining, answered that the thought of his mother made him cry. Having finished the honey, he remarked that his father was in the habit of walking under trees, so that he could pick the fruit. The elephant fell into the trap, and passed under the overhanging branches. When he got home the honey and the gedal had alike disappeared." (Cf. the Masai story of "The Hare and the Elephants," Hollis, p. 107.)

The interesting point is the substitution of the Jackal for the Hare, as we find it in Hottentot folklore, and, as it is now placed beyond doubt that Nama and the other "Hottentot" languages are, partly at least, of Hamitic origin, it does not seem very unlikely that here we have remnants of a common Hamitic tradition belonging to the time before the Hottentots had left their original abodes in North Africa.

Another tale (written out for me in Swahili by a Pokomo teacher attached to the United Methodist Mission at Golbanti) is prefaced by the remark that "this Gedala or Mwakatsoo or Kitunguwe is all one: these three are his names because he is very cunning" (*mwerevu sana*). *Kitunguwe* (or *Kitungule*, as in Krapf's *Dictionary*) really does mean a hare, however, and the remark may imply either that the writer was not personally familiar with the hare, or that "Mwakatsoo" and the Gedal alike, as far as the stories are concerned, are losing their animal character and on the way to become quasi-human, or perhaps extra-natural personages, like the Zulu Hlakanyana.

The tale, written out for me by Benjamin Abare, is a

Galla version of the Pokomo one already referred to, identical with a part of *Petit Lièvre* (Jacottet, pp. 18 *et seq.*). The Gedal built a large enclosure and dug a pit inside it, in which the lion hid himself, the Gedal covering him over with earth till only one of his teeth projected. He then summoned all the animals to a dance, and induced them to enter the enclosure, singing:

“ This (*i.e.* the tooth projecting from the ground) is the tooth  
of a camel !

The civet-cat and I, we will dance outside the house,  
The rest of the animals will dance within,  
This is the tooth, the tooth of a camel ! ”

When all was ready, he gave the signal, and the lion forced his way out of the pit and killed them all. It is not said in this version that the lion ate all the meat, leaving none for the jackal, and thus supplying a motive for the latter's revenge; but probably this has been omitted by the narrator, who simply goes on to say that “ then he deceived the lion ”; he heated a stone in the fire and said, “ Father, you have had a very unpleasant time (*umesumbuka sana*)—I want to give you some nice fat meat, that you may be satisfied—just shut your eyes [and open your mouth], so that I may give you this fat meat.” So the lion opened his mouth and the jackal put in the stone, and his whole tongue was burned, and he fell down and died entirely (*kabisa*). The hyaena then arriving, the jackal first gave him the bones to eat and then attached his tail to the lion's skin, with results related elsewhere.

This incident is so well known to all collectors of folklore that my only apology for mentioning it is its interest in connection with the contact between Hamite and Bantu tradition.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> The Giryama, etc., tales I have collected are by no means confined to animal stories. There is a very interesting tale of Matsezi and Mbodze, which embodies the motive of the escape from cannibals, and several others, which, unfortunately, I am obliged to leave out of account in this paper.

As to other departments of folk-lore, equally important with the above, I must content myself with a few brief indications of beliefs and customs prevalent among the Swahili of Mombasa, Jomvu, Mambrui and Lamu.

*Animals.*—The harmless millipede known as *jongoo*, *Giryama gongolo*, is regarded with dread, being supposed to cause leprosy if it crawls over the skin. If one enters a house, as frequently happens, it is no use throwing it out unless you throw a stick or stone after it—if you do this, it will not come back. It has no eyes—once it had eyes but no legs and the snake had legs but no eyes: they effected an exchange when the *jongoo* was very eager to dance at a certain wedding, and—the snake refusing to return his eyes when the dancing was over—he has kept the legs ever since.

The little house-lizard (*mjusikafiri* or *ndikafiri*) is killed wherever found by Moslem Swahilis, who usually bite its head off. The reason given is that, when the Prophet was concealed in the cave, this lizard did his best to direct the pursuers to his hiding-place by stretching his neck and making the gurgling sound—like the dropping of water—which is so perplexing to new-comers when heard at night in the thatch. However, as a pigeon had meanwhile laid an egg on the threshold of the cave and a spider had woven her web across the opening, the lizard's treachery failed to attain its object.

A different account was given by Muhammadi Kijuma, who said that when the Prophet was about to be burned alive by the unbelievers (surely a confusion with the story of Abraham and Nimrod), the *ndikafiri* tried to blow up the flames—hence its name = “it is an infidel.”

A larger kind of lizard, most beautifully coloured in sky-blue and gold, which is occasionally seen running up the trunks of coco-nut palms, is called Kande. It has a habit of moving its head up and down when at rest, and is then supposed to be counting any people in sight, who will die

in consequence. Women at Lamu, when they see it, call out, "*kande, usiniwange*—do not count me!"

A little yellow wagtail (*kitwitwi*) is very tame and often seen hopping about close to houses. People, when they see it, sing "*kitwitwi, tambaa tiati!*" ("creep along the ground")—no doubt in allusion to its peculiar, gliding motion.

A kind of owl (*vumatiti*, or *nyuni wa yuu*) is very unlucky. If, when flying over a house at night, or perching on the roof, it hears a baby cry, the child is seized with convulsions.

If a black slug called *mbwashehe* enters a house where food is cooking, it will never be done, however long a time the pot may be left on the fire.

The ruins of Gede, about three hours' march south of Malindi, are supposed to be guarded by an enormous snake, which would kill anyone attempting to remove—*e.g.* the china plates cemented into the walls. People go there to make vows, pray for rain, etc., as they do to a ruined mosque at Kibirikani, in the jungle north of Mambui. At the latter place, Mwana Somoye Binti Haji assured me that she and other women who had gone there to pray in time of drought, heard voices within the ruins, chanting *La Allah il Allah*, when they had finished their prayers, and presently a long, slender, black and white spotted snake appeared and shortly after vanished among the stones. I never heard it expressly stated that these snakes are embodied ancestral spirits—probably among the Moslems this idea has become somewhat obscured.

A large snake has sometimes been seen in or about the enclosure containing Sharif Abudi's grave at Mambui (this is at a little distance from the pillar referred to *ante*, p. 467)—"it never does any harm to any one."

It is supposed to be unlawful to kill a cat, the reason given being that the Prophet had a cat of which he was very fond—so much so that once, when he was obliged to go to prayers, he cut off a piece of his sleeve on which she

was lying rather than disturb her. But I fancy the notion goes back to something older than Islam. Cats are never bought or sold—this might be on account of their small value, but I have been told there is a saying, "*Ni haramu kula ijara ya paka*"—literally, "It is forbidden to eat the wages (or 'hire') of a cat." The same notion is found among the ama-Xosa in South Africa, who say that "a cat is never sold, but always given away."

If the sun shines while rain is falling, the Swahili say "a lion is being born." Krapf mentions a belief held by the Abyssinians that a tiger (leopard?) or a hyaena is born under like circumstances. The Wapokomo say, "the wife of the great snake has brought forth."

If a cock flies to the roof of a house, it is killed. Eggs laid on a bedstead (*kitanda*) are considered unlucky, and never used. (The Swahili sometimes eat eggs or use them in cooking—most Bantu, like the Galla, avoid them.)

*Plant-Lore and Folk-Medicine.*—Many people have a very extensive knowledge of medicinal herbs, and a large number of plants are credited with occult properties. One of the most remarkable among these is a small shrub with clusters of pale yellow, wax-like blossoms, known as *mvutandovu*, "attractor of elephants," and much in request by hunters, who take a pinch of dust from an elephant's foot-print, pluck a sprig of the plant, and, twisting it between their hands, throw it and the dust, with *both* hands, backwards over the head, calling out at the same time "*ndovu!*" The elephant (there must *ex hypothesi* be one or more in the neighbourhood) will shortly appear and follow the hunter "as a cow does her calf," but he must be careful not to leave the path where he has performed the incantation. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, will hold good to secure for a woman the husband she desires; whether it will also serve in the case of a man, I did not learn, but a powerful charm used for the same purpose by men is the root of a white-flowering cruciferous plant called *kabilishemsi*.

A piece about half-an-inch long should be kept in the mouth and chewed. If he goes to the woman and says, "*Toa ithini, twende kwa kadhi niknoe!*" (i.e. "Give your consent and let us go to the kadhi that I may marry you") three times, biting the root each time, she will say, "*Haya, twende*—come, let us go!" at the third time of asking.

There appears to be a recognized hierarchy in plants—the baobab is the king; the wazir is the uvumbani, an insignificant herb about a foot high with a very strong scent, much liked by Swahili women; the kadhi is variously stated to be the myrrh shrub (called *murr* by the Somali and *shilole* by the Wasanye), or the msefu, a beautiful forest tree with a smooth, white trunk and seeds embedded in fibre not unlike cotton, but brown. (The Swahili call it the "msufi of the forest"—*msufi* being the *kapok* or cotton-tree—*Eriodendron*.) The "village-elder" (*mzee wa mui*) is a plant, called *mkete*, which I have not identified.

A kind of mimosa, with mauve and gold blossoms, called *mkingiri*, is a powerful charm to ensure success in love, in lawsuits, or in any undertaking whatever. To procure the root, which is the necessary part, you must walk backwards towards the shrub, kneel with your back to it at a distance of a few yards, and state the services you require, adding that if they are not rendered satisfactorily you will lay a complaint before the Sultan (the baobab). You then rise and pull up (or dig up?) the root, bite it three times, and cut out the bitten piece with a knife. This piece is cut into little slips called *pingu*, which are threaded on a string and worn under the clothes on the critical occasion.

Another plant, called *mtuà*, which I have not been able to identify, can be used to "bind" a person, so that he cannot cross the threshold of his house. I think the root is used; it is buried under the threshold (at a time when the person is within) with a conjuration in which he must always be addressed as *the son of his mother*: e.g. Ali bin Somoye—not bin Bui, which was his father's name, and

would be the usual designation. If the father's name is used the charm will not work. Unfortunately, I was unsuccessful in obtaining the exact words of this conjuration and the one previously mentioned.

A small kind of *Hibiscus*, with white flowers, is known as *mwundahukumu* (= "reverse the sentence"), and is carried about the person by suitors in court or people accused of any crime, or desirous of asking a favour of any official. It is supposed to ensure success in all these cases.

A kind of broom, with large pale yellow flowers (*ntesi*), should never be brought into the house, or there is certain to be a quarrel between the inmates. This belief is probably the result of a "popular etymology," which derives the name from *teta*, "to scold, wrangle." With regard to some plants which may be really serviceable medicines, it is difficult to verify the information received, as I have been unable to get the plants identified. A very popular remedy for *mtambazi* (rheumatism?) and the various complaints known as *mshipa*<sup>13</sup> is a creeper called *mwengele*, with delicate, bright-green leaves, in shape not unlike ivy, and piercingly acid in taste—sorrel raised to the *n*<sup>th</sup>. I never was able to find it in flower. One way of using the leaves is as a poultice, together with those of the castor-oil plant.

A leguminous creeper (*mpitipiti*), with pale blue flowers and scarlet seeds (I think it is *Abrus precatorius*), is supposed to be good for an affection of the eyes very prevalent during the north-east monsoon (*kaskazi*). I could not make out exactly what this is, but fancy it may be a kind of neuralgia. The seeds are taken internally. But they are also supposed—according to the assertion of one woman, who declared she had reason to regret taking this medicine to relieve pain in her eyes, in ignorance of its

<sup>13</sup> Mshipa, lit. "a vein," is a comprehensive term for any disease connected (or imagined to be so) with the veins, and may mean cramp, varicose veins, neuralgia or various other things.

other properties—to produce sterility. This, if true, is curious, since Pokomo men chew the leaves (which have a peculiar taste—sweet, very pungent and slightly bitter) with the opposite intention. (The plant is called *mdanda* in Pokomo.)

For convulsions, children are bathed in an infusion of the roots of a yellow-flowered shrub called *mnuka-uwundo* (or *mtokawazuka*), which springs up on rubbish-heaps in old gardens, etc.

A black substance called *msumai*, said to be cast up by the sea in Arabia, is also supposed to be good for the eyes—not as a remedy for any special affection, but to strengthen and “comfort” on general principles. Beads made of it are highly esteemed for rosaries (*tasbihi*), which are held in the hand and pressed against the eyes when they feel tired. A piece of the raw *msumai* in my possession is more like a twig of fossil wood than anything else.—Another extraordinary remedy is a marine product called *kingwani*—it looks like a branch of some sort of coralline—which gives relief if a fish-bone is stuck in your throat; you look fixedly at it, and the bone gradually gets loose and goes down. I suppose it is conceivable that, by taking off the sufferer’s attention, this might facilitate relaxation of the throat muscles and so give relief.—The efficacy of amber (*kaharabu*) is no doubt an idea derived from Arabia. Amber beads rubbed in the hands are said to be very good for the skin, especially if chapped or cracked; this must be distinguished from ambergris (*ambari*), which, among other things, benefits emaciated people whose food does not nourish them. They drink it dissolved in hot milk, but one must be careful to put in only very minute doses, or the patient will speedily reach the proportions of a Daniel Lambert.

Here I must bring these notes to a close, as it would be impossible to exhaust the material available without extending them to an undue length.

A. WERNER.



## A PRIEST KING IN NIGERIA.

THE following communication from Mr. P. A. Talbot, District Commissioner at Degema, South Nigeria, has been kindly forwarded by Sir J. G. Frazer, who writes: "This seems to be a notable discovery of a fresh African parallel to the priest of Nemi. Taken with Dr. Seligmann's discovery of a similar line of priestly kings among the Shilluk, it seems to show that the institution was widely spread in Africa":

While collecting information concerning the festivals held at Elele—an Ibo town of about five thousand inhabitants in the north-west of Degema district—chance brought to light that the dominant Juju of this region is called Ayaeke, the present priest of which is a powerful chief named Ileshi. At the feast of new yams, before the new season's crop may be eaten by anyone in this neighbourhood, the head priest of Ayaeke must eat a yam which has been kept over from the last harvest. This is the first which he has eaten from the year before, and is therefore called his "new season's yam," because he may never take fresh yams in his mouth. Every year, on this occasion, a great feast is given, during which each man, woman and child in the town bears a gift to the priest. Even little babes, too small to stand alone, must be carried to his compound, where the mothers press a gift into the tiny hands and then hold them out towards the chief, that not even the smallest should fail to make offering. The compound, where the Juju is kept, is called Omo-kpuruku, and in this, from his election until his death, at most seven years later—even should the full term of office be completed—the priest dwells, carefully guarded by all his people, and never once crossing the threshold unless summoned forth by some grave emergency.

The reason for this restriction is that, up to a few years ago, any man who succeeded in killing him would reign in his stead.

The whole prosperity of the town, especially the fruitfulness of farm, byre and marriage-bed, was linked with his life. Should he fall sick, therefore, it entailed famine and grave disaster upon the inhabitants, and there is reason to believe that in such a case facilities were offered to a successor. Under no circumstances did the term of office last for more than seven full years. This prohibition still holds; but now another of the same family, who must always be a strong man, is said to be chosen in his stead—at any rate this is stated to have been the case with regard to Chief Ileshi. No sooner is a successor appointed, however, than the former holder of the dignity is reported “to die for himself.” It was owned quite frankly that, before Government came, *i.e.* not more than a dozen years ago, things were arranged differently, in that, at any time during his seven years’ term, the priest might be put to death by any man strong and resourceful enough to effect this.

In answer to the question as to whether, in view of the fate known to follow after so short a period, it was not difficult to find men willing to succeed to the office on such terms, Mr. Braid, Native Court Clerk of Elele, answered in a somewhat surprised tone: “Oh, no! Many men wish for the post, because so much wealth is brought them at the annual festival, that they become very rich—past all others in the town.”

The compound, in which the priest of Ayaeke dwells, amid all the cult of fetishes, is said to be full of carved figures, which were described to us as resembling those of the “ancestors” set up, each in its separate shrine, in the houses of New Calabari chiefs. It is probable that, in this case, each represents a former priest of the Juju.

During his term of office, Chief Ileshi has only been known to pass beyond the compound walls for one reason. The occasion was as follows:

A fellow townsman accused him of making a Juju to kill the complainant. The case came into court, and all unknowing of the excitement which such a proceeding must cause, the Chief was bidden answer the charge. He came, attended by all the

townsfolk, who not only filled the courtyard, which is a very large enclosed space, but thronged the market-place outside. They came, in a state of great anxiety, to watch over the sacred priest and guard him, so far as in them lay, from any misfortune, the effects of which it was believed would at once react on all the countryside. On his head the chief always wears a hat decorated with seven eagle's feathers, and surmounted by the tail of a parrot.

So soon as official work allows, I am arranging to return to Elele to visit, and, if possible, photograph the chief in the sacred compound, with all the cult objects, and, in any case, gain every available scrap of information concerning him, his predecessors, and the cult itself, which is quite obviously connected with the spirit of vegetation.

It seems to me that here, alive and to our very hand, we have a triumphant refutation of all those who thought the theory of "Priests who slew the Slayer" far fetched and even impossible.

## COLLECTANEA.

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### FOLK-TALES OF THE ANGĀMI NĀGAS OF ASSAM, II.

(Continued from Vol. XXV. p. 498.)

#### XXII. *The Man who turned Ashes into Rupees.*

A man was riding along a road, and he had put a lot of ashes under his saddle. He came up with a man and his mother. The man said to him: "We are very tired, please let my mother ride home on your horse." "All right," said the horseman, "but if your mother rides this horse all my rupees will turn into ashes." "If they do we will pay you back even if we have to sell our rice field and our house." "On this condition I will lend you my horse." The old woman rode home, and when she dismounted the ashes fell from under the saddle. So she and her son had to sell their land and their house to repay him. When the rogue got home he told the people of his village how he had changed ashes for rupees. They forthwith burned down their houses, but no one would buy the ashes. Now, the way he got the ashes was this. His elder brother was a Chief, and he himself had a large herd of cattle. One day the whole herd fell down a precipice and were killed. So he skinned them and hung the hides on a tree with a fire beneath to dry them. It was a very cold night, and some travellers who had a lot of money halted beside the fire to warm themselves. Suddenly a branch broke and several hides fell on their heads, which frightened them so much that they ran away and left their money behind them. The rogue ran away with it, and when he came to his village he told the people that he had made a large sum by killing the cattle and selling the hides. The foolish people went and killed their cattle, but no one would buy their skins. So in their anger they burned down the rogue's

house, and it was with the ashes of his house that he swindled the old woman and her son.

In the end, the people caught the rogue and having tied him up were about to throw him into the river. They left him there for a short time, and he began to sing. A cowherd came up and said: "What a beautiful song!" "Let me loose and allow me to tie you up, and I will teach you how to sing it." So he tied up the boy, and when the people returned they flung him into the river, but the rogue escaped.

[This tale of the cunning rogue appears in many different forms throughout Northern India. It probably came to the Nāgas from the Hindus.

Mr. E. Sidney Hartland writes :

"I was disposed at first to think this a story introduced from Europe, since it is well known in the west of Europe. But on further consideration I do not feel quite so sure. The story of the deceiver who is ultimately caught but escapes by cunning and puts his enemies to confusion is found in many savage tribes. This often includes the incident of the man tied up, generally in a sack, who induces someone else to change places with him. The Uraons have a tale of a man who had captured a boy for human sacrifice and put him in a bag. While he was in a house drinking rice-beer the young women of the village heard the child crying in the bag. They took him out and substituted earth and thorns. The man came and took the bag on his shoulder and went off. The child was adopted in the village (*British Association Report*, 1896, p. 660). I have a note that there is also a variant in Anderson's *Report on the Yunan Expedition*, pp. 37, 249; but I have not the book at hand and cannot refer to it.

"Perhaps the best-known variant is that of Hudden and Dudden (Jacobs, *Celtic Fairy Tales*, 47). Jacobs refers to a number of variants, but I have others noted from Greenland and South Africa."]

### XXIII. *The Origin of the Kūkis and Lusheis.*

There was an old man named Thado, and he begat Shit-hloh, the ancestor of all the Kūkis. Lushei, the ancestor of the Lusheis, was born of an egg. There was a place in Thado's house where

the sun used often to shine, and when they looked there one day they found two eggs. One of them they cooked, but it was so bitter they could not eat it. So they left the other egg, and one day they saw a baby come out of it, and this was Lushei, from whom all the Lusheis are descended.

[This is not a Nāga tale, but its popularity among the Nāgas shows how readily they adopt stories from abroad. Compare the Hindu legend of the creation of the world from an egg (*The Laws of Manu*, i., 5 *sqq.*; and for other Indian parallels see J. Muir, *Original Sanskrit Texts*, part v., 1863, p. 26 *sqq.*). In Burma the Southern Chins are forbidden to kill or eat the King-crow, which they regard as their parent, because it hatched the original Chin egg; and the Palaungs of the same province trace their origin to a Nāga princess, who laid three eggs (*Census Report, Burma*, 1901, vol. i., p. 133). For the legend of Thado and Shit-hloh, as told by the Lusheis and Kūkis, see J. Shakespear, *The Lushei Kuki Clans*, 1912, pp. 142, 190 *sqq.* Mr. E. Sidney Hartland compares a similar tradition from Pegu (*Panjab Notes and Queries*, iii., 192; *Indian Antiquary*, xxix., 190). He adds: "On Kiwai Island in the Papuan Gulf 'the first man came from a bird's egg. The bird left the egg in the nest, and a maggot came out of it, which developed into a man.' Haddon, *Torres Straits Expedition* (Cambridge, 1904), vol. v., p. 17. In the Philippine Islands a MS. referring to the history of Magindanao relates that 'Sharif Maka-alang married Buli, a Bilan woman who was found by Parāsab in a crow's egg' (Saleeby, *Ethnological Survey Publications*, Manila, 1905, vol. iv., p. 37). Magindanao was conquered by Mohammedans some time during the Middle Ages. The MS. is one of several recording the old traditional history.

Ehenreich (*Die Mythen und Legenden der Südamerikanischen Urvölker*, Berlin, 1905, 48) refers to an old Peruvian legend, according to which a mother dying bears two eggs out of which the twins Apocatequil and Pigerao are born (citing Brühl, *Die Kulturvölker Alt-Amerikas*, Cincinnati, 1875-87, 472)."]

#### XXIV. *Head-Hunting.*

A famous Nāga tells how the sister of a man whose head had been taken by an enemy got into the house of the murderer, slew

him, and took his head, which she hung on a tree outside the village, because it is tabu to bring the head of a slain enemy within the village walls.

[Mr. T. C. Hodson (*The Nāga Tribes of Manipur*, 1911, p. 115) writes: "The first interesting fact that I learnt was that, in this village, it was customary not to keep the heads of enemies inside the village, but to place them on a tree outside."]

#### XXV. *The Dream Stone.*

At Khonoma there is a place called Viyakirieha, "the place of the Dream Stone." People first take omens from chickens, and if they are favourable, go and sleep there. If the dream is a good one, they send word, and are fetched back by their friends. Once upon a time the people of Marhoma heard that the Khonoma folk were going to the Dream Stone, and laying an ambush for them slew a large number of them, the result being a serious feud between the two villages.

["Khullākpas [village headmen] are entitled, perhaps required, to wear special clothes, the use of which is forbidden to all others except those who erect a stone monument. . . . The man then cuts a wedge from the stone and dreams on it." During this time he must fast and observe continence (T. C. Hodson, *The Nāga Tribes of Manipur*, 1911, p. 181). With this may be compared the practice of sleeping (ἐγκοίμησις) at Greek shrines (Sir J. Frazer, *Pausanias*, 1898, vols. ii., 476 sq., iii., 243, where numerous parallels are given; J. C. Lawson, *Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion*, 1910, p. 61 sqq.).]

#### XXVI. *The Echo.*

Echo is called Muza-muza, and this is also the name of the wood-spirit. He steals men when he catches them in the jungle, and when people go in search of him they cannot find him because he makes himself invisible. When a man is lost in this way, Muza-muza sometimes brings him back if his relations sacrifice chickens and make other offerings. At first the lost man becomes dumb and crazed. He gradually recovers speech and sense, but he never lives long.

[For Echo as a wood-spirit Sir J. Frazer (*Pausanias*, 1918, vol. iii., p. 296) compares the account of Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, iii., 356 *sqq.*). Some North American Indians believe that echoes are the voices of witches who live in snake skins, and love to repeat mockingly the voices of passers by (*First Annual Report American Bureau of Ethnology*, pp. 45-47; cf. Gill, *Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*, p. 115 *sqq.*)]

#### XXVII. *The Legend of the Origin of the Nāgas.*

Ukepenopfu,<sup>1</sup> ancestress of all men, had a husband with a big moustache and a long beard reaching to his feet, and he was very wise. If his children had seen him they would have been frightened, and would have run away without learning his wisdom. So he lived hidden in a wooden pot, waiting till his two sons should grow up. One day someone asked the boys whether they had ever seen their father, and they said: "No, we have no father." The man said: "Yes, you have. He has a long beard, and hides himself in a wooden pot. Go and say to your mother that unless she shows him to you, you will kill her." Their mother could not deny that they had a father, and said: "Very well, I will show you your father, but he who gets frightened will never learn his father's wisdom." The boys agreed, and taking them to the pot she showed them their father. The boy who was the ancestor of the Nāgas got frightened and ran away, but he who begat the Hindus wished to go into the pot with his father. Then his father came out, and taking this son in his arms, said to his wife: "I had thought to teach both my sons all my wisdom; but now my eldest son has run away. Keep him with you, and he shall take your name." The old man took his younger son to the plains, and this is the reason why the Nāgas have less wisdom and cunning than the Hindus.

#### XXVIII. *The Girl who wedded a Spirit.*

There was once an old woman who had a single daughter unmarried, and as she was going home from her field a spirit

<sup>1</sup> See above, vol. xxv. p. 479.



(*terhuma*) named Zise followed her, and put his hands over her eyes. The old woman said: "Who are you? Go away." But Zise said: "I won't let you go till you promise me your daughter in marriage." So she promised, and he let her go; but when she looked round she saw no one. A few days after the same thing happened, and again she promised, and went home in grief. One day the girl was at work with her companions in the field, and as she was returning she lagged behind, and Zise carried her off and lived with her as her husband. A year after she came back to her mother and said: "My husband is a very handsome, wealthy man. Come with me and he will give you anything you ask. But I warn you, there is a basket hanging on the right side of the middle room of his house; in it he keeps all kinds of animals: ask for nothing save that basket." Then they went along together, but they kept dropping husks all along the road lest the old woman should lose her way. The old woman stayed a few days with her son-in-law, and then said she would go home. Then Zise said: "Tell me what you would like, and I will give it to you." The old woman said: "There are many things I like, but I cannot carry them. I ask only for the little basket hanging in the middle room to keep my yeast in." Zise was troubled, and said: "Don't ask for that. Ask for something else." But the old woman said: "I am weak and cannot carry heavy things." So Zise gave her the basket, but he warned her: "Don't open it on the road or anywhere else till you get home. Then put a fence round it, and shut the door when you open it. Don't go out of the house for five days." So she started for home with the basket. When she had gone about half way she found the basket very heavy, and she took off the lid, when animals of every kind, wild bulls and *mithan*, and bears, birds, mice, and all kinds of creatures came out of it. Those that were able to fly or run away escaped; the others the old woman saved by shutting down the lid. When she came home she shut the door and opened the basket. She found in it cows and buffaloes, pigs and dogs, and various kinds of fowls. These she kept five days in the house, and they became tame. Next year her daughter and son-in-law came to see her, and found her house full of animals. Zise said to his mother-in-law: "Kill these fat bulls and eat them in my name." And so the Nāgas to

this day have an annual feast called Terhengi (*Terhu-ŋi*), "the spirits' feast," for Zise was a spirit.

[This tale seems to be aetiological, intended to explain the Terhengi Genna, or Harvest Home, with the slaughter of bulls which takes place on this occasion.<sup>2</sup> For the Gennas of the Nāgas, see T. C. Hodson, *The Nāga Tribes of Manipur*, p. 164 sqq. The incident of marking the road by dropping husks is common. In one of Somadeva's tales the heroine finds her way to her father's hermitage, having previously sown mustard seeds on the road which had sprung up (*Katha-sarit-sāgara*, 1880, vol. i., p. 290). With this Mr. Tawney compares Grimm's "The Robber Bridegroom," where the road is marked for the heroine with ashes, peas, and lentils (*Household Tales*, edited by M. Hunt, 1884, vol. i., p. 165), and the second and forty-ninth tale in L. Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*.]

#### FOLKLORE OF THE WALDENSES VALLEY.

Even in the twentieth century belief in the "little people" or fairies still lingers, particularly in mountainous and primitive districts. On the slopes of the Alps and down into the Valley of the Waldenses much delightful folklore may be found, which has been collected to form an interesting book, *Legendes Vaudoises*, or *Légendes des Vallées Vaudoises* (August Coisson, editeur).

Sometimes these stories give some vivid glimpses into local life and usages.

*Lichen*.—Lichen, as is well known, contains very little nourishment and presents a withered, dried-up appearance. Formerly this was not so, it was a beautiful plant, and such excellent fodder that a cow feeding on it could give enough milk for the wants of a big family. One day an old woman was invited to a wedding. After having milked her goat she began adorning herself, when she noticed the animal was nibbling at the lichen. This necessitated her re-milking it before her departure, and in her impatience she cursed the plant, and from that time neither goat nor cow could

<sup>2</sup>See vol. xxv. p. 477.

feed from it again. If they did they gave no milk. Thus the people of Val S. Martin call lichen "Old women's herb."

*Dead Leaves.*—Another legend with two versions is current about dead leaves. An old woman was picking violets near Lake Envy, one of the thirteen lakes in Waldenses Valley. After filling her apron with the fragrant flowers she was returning home, when she chanced to approach a hollow trunk. An enormous goat emerged from within it, and demanded her lovely bunches of violets one by one, offering in return only a few dead leaves. When she reached home the dead leaves which she had hidden in her shoes had turned into solid gold.

The second version is that a young girl had noticed some beautiful tinted dried beech leaves which were spread on a stone plate at Riail (Augrogne). So she filled her apron with them, and was returning home when a large goat met her, and demanded half of her treasure. He browsed on it so heartily that soon very few leaves were left. Despairing of keeping any she emptied her apron crying, "Please eat them all, enchanted goat!" Some leaves, however, that had fallen into her shoes were found on removing them to have turned into pieces of gold. Reproaching herself for laying such slight value on the others she rushed back, but all traces of them had disappeared.

The old tree trunk where the magic goat is supposed to have lived is still pointed out to tourists, and tradition avers that he who climbs down into its recesses will find a locked door, and on turning the key will find not only beautiful ladies but heaps of gold. If people are silent they are allowed to fill their pockets and leave unhurt, but if they speak a single word to the fairies a spell is cast over them, and they are never heard of again.

*The Punishment of Avarice.*—Another legend deals with the punishment of avarice and self-seeking. Two women, mother and daughter-in-law, lived together. Both were misers, and the older woman had amassed a great hoard of gold, which she was so afraid might be stolen that she wrapped it up in linen bags which she tied round her legs. The daughter-in-law, almost mad with spite and greed, cast the evil eye over the old crone, and thus hastened her death. Scarcely had her victim breathed her last when the daughter-in-law discovered where the treasure had been

placed, and, after making sure no one was about, proceeded to try and secure the bags, but they were tied on to her body with so many knots that she lost patience and taking a saw she cut off the old woman's leg. This revived the supposed corpse, who cried in a hollow voice, "Give me my leg." The daughter-in-law was so horrified at this manifestation that she fell back lifeless herself.

ETHEL HARGROVE.

FOLKLORE NOTES FROM SOUTH-EAST AUSTRALIA.

*Muldarbi.*—The object of the propitiatory rites practised by the natives of this part of Australia is to ward off the anger of Muldarbi, the evil spirit. Only men take part in these ceremonies, while the women and children conceal themselves and hide their faces as far as possible. The full moon is the time selected for those rites.

*Black Magic.*—When a party of Blacks are eating, and particularly if the meal consists of teal, the greatest care is taken to burn all the bones to ashes. If an enemy were to secure a bone the person who had eaten a teal would fall completely into his power. To make such a bone capable of doing injury to another person it must be well smeared with the fat of a corpse. It must then be thrust into a hollow kangaroo bone lubricated in the same way, and the ends of the bone in which it is enclosed must be carefully plugged with resin obtained from the gum tree. When the victim's enemy wishes to work the charm he must place the magic bone in an upright position close to a fire. As the fat in the bone begins to melt the strength of the victim wastes away, and unless it be removed from the neighbourhood of the fire the man attacked will rapidly weaken and eventually perish. If it is removed before dangerous symptoms begin to occur he will gradually recover. For such magical rites the fat round the kidneys of a corpse is preferred. The greatest secrecy is used in the performance of this rite, and a stranger finds it very difficult to obtain information about it; in fact, all questions are usually met with a denial that such rites are performed, and an outsider must

obtain the complete confidence of the tribe before he is able to ascertain the facts.

*Tienatinnati and the Giant Goat-sucker Bird.*—Many years ago, when I was living in the Long Desert, a dreary heath country lying between Adelaide and Melbourne, and close to the Victorian boundary, I amused myself by collecting natural history specimens. One day I secured a giant goat-sucker, a night bird with a collection of stiff hairs upon its beak. While I was away from home I left the bird in charge of my cook. On my return I found the bird dead, and the chief of the Coorong tribe told me the following story, which his nephew, a favourite of mine, interpreted to me.

In an age long ago there was a gigantic, savage member of the tribe called Tienatinnati, who was greatly feared. He had two wives, from whom two sons were born. Detested on account of his sulky disposition, he left his tribe and retired to the interior, where he made his home. Food was easily obtained, as the district abounded in kangaroo and emu. At last a drought occurred, and the family were reduced to grievous straits. Tienatinnati did not mind his wives suffering privations, but he was deeply concerned about his sons and himself. So at last he seized one of his wives, cut off one of her arms, and cooked it. Finally he killed and devoured both the women. After a time the rain broke, and when his kinsmen in the tribe heard what had happened they determined to be revenged. It was thought too dangerous to attack Tienatinnati openly, so the brothers of the murdered women devised a plan. Taking with them only their hunting weapons and a large quantity of an intoxicant made from the *gnoudong* root, they went to his camp. They were received in a sulky fashion, but as they were only two in number they were allowed to erect a *mi-mi* shelter. They offered the liquor to their enemy, who at once fell into a drunken sleep. Then the brothers went into the bush and collected a quantity of bind-weed, which is like the tendrils of the vine. They told the boys that they intended only to make their father warm and comfortable; and they commenced winding the fibre in and out round his *mi-mi*. When they had succeeded in confining him, they set fire to his *mi-mi*; and when the boys showed fight they were immediately killed. Aroused to a sense of his danger, Tienatinnati made

vigorous attempts to escape. But he was burnt to ashes. The Blacks believe that his spirit still animates the giant goat-sucker, and it is still known by his name.

Gloucester.

WILTON HACK.

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OFFERING OF A WAX FIGURE WITH AN ENGLISH ARROW  
AT BOULOGNE.

In Hall's *Chronicle*, Vith year Henry VIII. (p. 568), it is recorded that Prior John, a great captain in the French navy, raided the village of Helmston in Sussex. But an alarm was raised and the French were pursued by English archers, who wounded many of the sailors, and Prior John was shot in the face with an arrow, and was in evil case. "Therefore he offered his image of wax before Our Lady at Bolleyn with the English arrow in the face for a miracle." It would be interesting to know if the arrow referred to was preserved any length of time in the church at Boulogne.

A. B. GOMME.

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NORTH CHINA: SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

... The patients are brought to hospital often after many days' journey in carts drawn by an ox and a mule yoked together, or in a round basket hung on poles. A sad feature of the work is the fact that they so often refuse operation, as their religion forbids maiming or mutilation. The conditions under which doctors are obliged to operate, owing to deep-rooted suspicion, sound quite amazing. Sometimes baths can be given before operation, but usually local cleansing of parts is all that can be achieved. Two or more friends must always be present during operation to prevent foul play, *and all parts removed*, whether limbs or internal organs, have to be restored to the patients or their friends, in case the "foreign doctors" should make medicine from such broken bits of humanity. . . .

From an address by Dr. Norah L. Bryson to the Nurses' Missionary League, reported in *The Nursing Times*, Feb. 24, 1912.

## "LISTENER TO THE DEAD."

The death of an old Breton woman, Corentine le Clech, in the cemetery of a village near Lorient, Brittany, recalls the existence of a widely respected trade in the region—that of "listener to the dead."

The Breton folk (says the *Journal*) believe that the dead watch all the acts of their descendants. The peasants never take an important decision without asking the approval of their forbears. Thus there has grown up an occupation of interpreting to the living the wishes of the dead.

Corentine le Clech has acted as "listener to the dead" in her village for over thirty years.—The *Daily Mail*, 25th March, 1913.

I have consulted Mr. E. S. Hartland about this curious belief. He observes that it is remarkable that M. P. Sébillot, himself a Breton, does not mention it in his *Folklore de France*; that it does not appear in other books on Brittany, and does not seem to prevail in Cornwall or Wales. It is obviously a case of divination connected with the cult of the dead. Perhaps some member of the Society may be able to throw some light on the matter.

W. CROOKE.

## SCOTTISH FOLKLORE.

*Fairies changing a supposed Changeling.*—A poor woman came in haste to beg linen rags for her child, who had been dreadfully burnt. They were immediately given, with everything that could be wanted, and the inquiry made; "How did it come about?" "Oh! leddy, the bairn never grew ony, and we thought she was a changeling; and folks told us that if we put her in a creel (basket), and the creel on the lowe (fire), the fairies would come down the lum (chimney) and tak' her awa' and gie me back my ain bairn; but they never cam', and the poor wean was a'maist burnt."—*The Reminiscences of Charlotte, Lady Wake*. 1909. Ed. Lucy Wake, p. 31.

*Removing Birth Marks.*—"Having been born with marks of fruit on my face, the medical men considered that they were caused by

aneurism, and required an operation which must have left me scarred for life. . . . Our old nurse, Effie, had arrived at a different conclusion. She was convinced of the truth of the popular belief that a dead man's hand laid upon my cheek and brow would effectually remove the marks. . . . An old man at last did die in one of the nearest cottages. I must have been taken there asleep, as no child would have forgotten it, had she been carried awake to the bed of the dead man and seen and felt his cold hand placed on her face; and I was old enough to have remembered it, for I have the most distinct recollection of being constantly stopped in our walks by the widow, who always examined my cheek in order to ascertain the state of her husband's body in the grave,—as the marks, as she told my nurse, would certainly fade away as he turned into dust. . . . Whatever the cause of the cure, the red marks faded away as I grew older, and in time disappeared.”—*The Reminiscences of Lady Wake*. 1909. Ed. Lucy Wake, pp. 34-35.

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#### WORCESTERSHIRE FOLKLORE.

On St. Valentine's Day, in most of the villages round Stratford-on-Avon as lately as thirty years ago children used to go round singing for Valentines. In Armscote, a small Worcestershire hamlet, about eight miles from Stratford, they sang these words:—

“Morrow, morrow, Valentine,  
I'll be yourn if you'll be mine,  
Please to give us a Valentine.”

They always begged for apples, which were saved to make apple fritters on Shrove Tuesday.

The old saying in Armscote is—

“Mid-Lent Sunday more'n any other,  
Every child goes home to its mother.”

In most of the villages in this neighbourhood young girls reckoned on a holiday from service to go home on Mothering Sunday.



Cottagers in Armscote and the neighbouring villages generally reckon to plant potatoes on Good Friday.

A hot-cross-bun put over the door, and kept till the next Good Friday, is supposed to ward off evil for the year.

On May Day the children at Armscote and in nearly all the neighbouring villages still go round with a May Garland—*i.e.* a pole dressed with flowers and ribbons. There is always a Queen, with lords and ladies.

In Shipston-on-Stour, a small market town in Worcestershire, as lately as forty years ago there was a May Day dance of the trades—sweeps, hatters, tailors and haberdashers took part, a Jack in the Green was carried round, and there was dancing. When they had passed through the town they used to travel round the country for a week, taking with them a rough platform on which they used to dance.

In the district of Shipston-on-Stour the Hiring Fairs took place in the autumn; that at Shipston on the first Saturday before *Old Michaelmas Day*; Stow-on-the-Wold the first Thursday before, and that at Chipping Norton the first Wednesday before. There were three Mops, or hiring fairs, at intervals of a week, the third being called the Run-away Mop, where men and maids who had run away from places taken at the first Mop might be hired. If they ran away after that they might be put in prison by their masters. Besides these hiring fairs in Stratford, Shipston and other places there was also a Michaelmas fair, the Bull-roast; this is still kept up, and an ox roasted whole in the street.

I have been told by people in Shipston-on-Stour, Armscote, Darlingscote, and many other villages in the neighbourhood, that whatever quarter the wind is in at midnight on St. Clement's Day, that will be the prevailing wind till Candlemas.

Up to thirty years ago, in many villages near Armscote, and to this day in Todenham, Gloucestershire, on St. Thomas' Day, the children go from house to house, and receive money, cakes, and sweets.

M. L. STANTON.

At Cradley, on Shrove Tuesday, the children of the National Schools assemble at the church at twelve noon, and joining their hands together, the sacred edifice is encircled. For over

seventy-five years the custom has been observed without a break.<sup>1</sup>

As late as 1880 at Alvechurch, and perhaps later, servant girls expected to go home on Mid-Lent Sunday, but I never heard of cake being eaten on the occasion.

It is said at Alvechurch that you should always sow beans on Good Friday, and this was commonly done about twenty years ago.

At Alvechurch on Easter Monday the men lifted the women, and on Tuesday the women lifted the men. This was told me by an old villager, born 1817. The custom has been obsolete now for many years.

On the 29th May, Oak Apple Day, oak boughs were stuck over the doors and windows of most of the houses, and a big branch was set up in the church tower. (This is remembered by old people only.) Thirty years ago boys and girls wore sprigs of oak or oak apples, on May 29th. I have worn it myself many a time. Anyone failing to wear oak was pinched.

There used to be a Fair, with ox-roasting, on August 10th—St. Lawrence's Day, and the day of the church dedication. This was told me by an old inhabitant, born 1817, who remembered it in her youth.

The old date of the Hiring Fair at Alvechurch was September 22nd. This was changed to the first Wednesday in October some time since 1820. Hiring and Fair have both gone now.

On the 5th of November there were bonfires, but no Guys. This was well-known to me thirty years ago.

Boys went round in companies on St. Clement's Day, begging for apples. The custom was kept up till about 1900. The song was as follows :—

“ Catteny, Clemeny, year by year,  
 Some of your apples and some of your beer ;  
 Some for Peter, some for Paul,  
 Some for God who made us all.  
 Clemeny was a good old man,  
 For his sake give us some,  
 Some of the best, and some of the worst,  
 And pray God give you a good night's rest.

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<sup>1</sup> *Church Evangelist*, 6th March, 1906.

Plum, plum, cherry, cherry,  
All good things to make us merry.  
Up the ladder and down the pan,  
Give us a red apple and we'll be gone.  
Missis and Master, sit by the fire,  
While we poor children are trudging in the mire,  
All for the apples that grow on the tree.  
So Missis and Master, come listen to me."

On Christmas Eve bees sing in the hive. An old man, born 1828, said he had heard them many a time, and always went down the garden to listen, as long as he kept bees.

You must always wear some new article of clothing on Christmas Day or the birds will soil your clothes.

At Bromsgrove the church is dedicated to St. John Baptist, and on June 24th there is a fair held just outside the churchyard. Hiring was done until a few years ago. There are two local sayings about this Fair—"There is always a thunderstorm at Bromsgrove Fair," and "The cuckoo goes to Bromsgrove Fair to buy him a horse, and to Pershore Fair to buy him a saddle, and then he flies away."

Gingerbread used to be a great feature of the day.

At Evesham "Thread the needle" was played on Easter Monday within living memory by people of all ages, men and women.

J. B. PARTRIDGE.

It is curious that in the Shipston-on-Stour district, in which thirteen is in most things regarded as an unlucky number, thirteen should be considered, and from time immemorial has been considered, the most lucky number, and therefore the only right one for the eggs to be placed under a sitting hen.

F. S. POTTER.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### THE DEATH COACH.

(Vol. xxv. p. 388 *sq.*)

Miss Mabel Peacock enquires whether there are representations of chariots carrying away souls in the art of Rome, Greece, and Egypt.

With regard to Greece, Miss J. E. Harrison writes :

“The question takes us into the thick of controversy. Naturally, the dead, certainly in Greek art and literature, do not go to Hades by coach. But (*a*) on the Hagia Triada sarcophagus (most easily accessible in *Archiv f. Religionswissenschaft*, vol. xii. 1909, p. 161 [cf. Miss J. E. Harrison, *Themis*, 1912, p. 159 *sqq.*]) there is a representation which von Duhn claims to be the dead man in a chariot going to Hades (*op. cit.* p. 183). I doubt his interpretation. (*b*) Hades carried off Persephone in a chariot, and that scene occurs frequently on sarcophagi as symbolic of the dead man's transit to Hades.”

As regards Egypt, Miss M. A. Murray writes :

“As far as I know, the soul flew away in the form of a bird or a scarab. It flew to the Boat of the Sun, and in that boat it went through the abode of the dead and came out on the other side. This was the “Ba.” The “Ka,” which may have been another soul, arrived at the land of the dead by means which are not indicated. It just went there. The nearest approach to a car or chariot which I can think of is a scene which is usually painted on the foot-board of a coffin. It belongs apparently to the popular, and not to the state religion. The mummy is there shown lying on the back of a galloping bull. I do not think that the Egyptian mind would ever conceive of a car or chariot, as their only means of locomotion in early times were walking and boats. There is, of course, the ceremonial voyage in a boat, which might typify the passage of the soul to the other world. The litter is like an Indian dandy or janpan, but it is very rare, and does not occur in funerary scenes. The books on Egyptian religion do not take into account that the Egyptians appear to have believed in a multiple soul, like the modern African.”

## GYPSY CAROL.

The following carol was sung by Esther Smith, Gypsy, at Weobly in 1912 :

1. On Christmas Day it happened so  
Down in the meadows for to plough.  
As he was a-ploughing on so fast,  
Up came sweet Jesus hisself at last.
2. "O man, O man, what makes thee plough  
So hard upon the Lord's birthday?"  
The farmer answered him with speed,  
"For the plough this day I have great need."
3. His arms did quaver to and fro,  
His arms did quaver, he could not plough,  
For the ground did open and let him in  
Before he could repent of sin.
4. His wife and children are out of place,  
His beasts and cattle were almost lost :  
His beasts and cattle they died away  
For the breaking of the Lord's birthday.

The carol is sung to an old folk-tune, which has been noted from the singer by Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams.

E. M. LEATHER.

## OBITUARY.

IN MEMORIAM—LUCY CATHERINE LLOYD.

1834-1914.

Miss L. C. Lloyd was born at Norbury, Staffordshire, of which parish her father, the Rev. W. H. Cymric Lloyd, was rector. She was barely fifteen when the family removed to the then infant colony of Natal, where Mr. Lloyd was appointed Archdeacon. When afterwards her younger sister married Dr. W. H. I. Bleek, the noted South African philologist, Miss Lloyd became a member of their household at Mowbray, Cape Colony, and assisted her

brother-in-law in his researches into the Bushman language, which was till then unwritten and practically unknown. Dr. Bleek housed a number of Bushmen successively on his premises and wrote down the narratives they related. When he died in 1875 Miss Lloyd continued her studies alone, and in 1889 she published a Report or Calendar of the material collected. But it was not till 1911 that she succeeded in publishing a selection of *Bushman Folklore*, (cf. *Folk-Lore*, xxiii. 278), in which the narratives appear in Bushman and in English on opposite pages. She made a point of this, for though well-read in folklore, and fully aware of its scientific value, her own chief interest was in the language itself, which had been the original object of her fellow-worker. The University of Capetown subsequently granted her the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, a public recognition of her labours which gave her great pleasure. In 1887 she had returned to Europe, where she resided for some time in North Wales, afterwards removing to Berlin; but in 1912 she and her surviving sister undertook the journey back to Cape Colony, where her death occurred at Mowbray on the 31st August, 1914. The same mail that brought the news to England brought also a kindly-appreciative letter from herself, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the *Handbook of Folk-Lore*.

To the quiet dignity of an old-fashioned English gentlewoman she added the painstaking accuracy of the truly scientific student. "To all faithful workers" she dedicated her book. Her knowledge of Bushman lore was unique. It is pleasant to know that before the end came she had been able to impart much of it to Dr. Bleek's only surviving unmarried daughter, Miss Doris Bleek, who inherits the precious manuscripts and follows up the researches of her father and aunt.

C. S. BURNE.

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## REVIEWS.

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DE NUGIS CURIALIUM. By WALTER MAP. Edited by MONTAGUE RHODES JAMES, Litt.D., F.B.A., F.S.A. *Anecdota Oxoniensia, Mediaeval and Modern series.* Part xiv. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1914.

It is a matter of hearty congratulation, alike to students of folklore and of mediaeval history and literature, that we at length have a worthy edition of the text of this famous and interesting book. It should have been undertaken long ago, and by an Oxford scholar,<sup>1</sup> seeing that the unique manuscript is one of the treasures of the Bodleian Library. This is not to undervalue the work of Thomas Wright, who prepared for the Camden Society the only previously printed edition. That edition has been useful to students. But Wright, if he ever saw the manuscript, neither copied it himself nor collated his copy with the original, and he certainly exaggerates the difficulty of the handwriting. As we should expect, therefore, his printed text swarms with errors, and no one who has had occasion to consult it has felt that he could rely on it. The exactness of scholarship, however, has made progress since 1850, when Wright's edition was issued; probably mediaeval palaeography has progressed too. To produce the present edition a "rotograph" has been prepared. But Dr. James has not been satisfied with this; he has personally consulted the manuscript. His wide learning has enabled him to make emendations in the text where they were fairly certain (duly recording the original in the notes), and to suggest others, to trace a large number, at all

<sup>1</sup> A transcript had in fact been prepared at great pains by a young Oxford scholar for the purpose when this edition was announced.

events, of Map's numerous quotations to their sources, to point out many of his historical and literary blunders, and to identify many of the persons referred to. He has thus laid students under a debt of gratitude. His preface is very interesting. It contains a description of the manuscript, the details of which are contributed by Mr. R. L. Poole, a discussion of the previous ownership, and of the references to it by other writers. Here also the date of the work is discussed, and a short analysis is given, together with a somewhat more extended account of the Epistle of Valerius to Ruffinus against marriage (which is an earlier work of Map incorporated in the *De Nugis*) and of the mediaeval commentaries upon it. The references to the plan of the book do not seem quite consistent. On one page Dr. James says quite truly: "Nothing can be clearer than that there is no plan, and that the work was jotted down at various times, as the fancy struck the author." Three pages further on he says: "The plan, as I have said, is to seek." If we interpret this literally it means that the writer has not given up the hope that there is a discoverable plan. The fact is that the book is a desultory work of intermittent leisure or intermittent application. The items, doubtless written separately, have been shuffled and put together in a haphazard way, and no care taken to find any logical ground for the "distinctiones," to render the dates consistent, or to prevent repetitions or contradictions.

Dr. James' notes, valuable as they are, are very far short of what is needed for a full appreciation of the work. Indeed, he expressly says that he has "from the first renounced all efforts to compile a full commentary upon the text." Such a commentary would require the collaboration of more than one scholar. It should be preceded by a translation into English, which can now be undertaken with some confidence on the basis of Dr. James' text. No translation, of course, can reproduce Map's affected style, though perhaps a short specimen or two might be given where the antitheses, the assonance, and the alliteration are capable of being presented. The substance is of more importance for those to whom mediaeval history, tradition, and romance appeal; and they are an increasing number in these days. Cannot the Folk-Lore Society, or perchance the Cymmrodorion Society, be



induced to become responsible for the publication, and enlist the requisite band of experts in the labour?

The quantity of folklore contained is considerable. The famous tales of Herla, of Wild Edric, of Henno With-the-teeth, of Wastin of Wastiniog, and many another would have been lost to us if Map had not recorded them. Ghost-stories, portents, historical traditions, incidental allusions to manners and customs, especially of the English and Welsh, are scattered freely throughout the pages. We breathe the mental and moral atmosphere in which our fathers of that day lived. Map himself, as a man of the world and a courtier, was above the average, not merely of the laity but also of the clergy, in his intellectual grasp. Yet his credulity was very great, though not quite boundless. His prejudices, his hatreds were vigorous, not to say bitter. He takes a spiteful pleasure in hints and statements to the disadvantage of the Cistercians. His anecdotes of the Welsh are frequently inspired by malice. If not a full-blooded Welshman himself, he was probably born on the Herefordshire border. He displays some acquaintance with the Welsh language, and many of his best tales relate to Wales and the border. But if the new transcription be correct, as it probably is, it is curious that he should have explained the kingdom of Deheubarth as North Wales, and in the puzzling passage on the next page *Reynos* cannot be the correct form of an old Welsh name for either Brecon or Herefordshire. Another interesting result of the new transcription is that the scene of Wild Edric's adventure is definitely removed from the Forest of Dean. The single word, read by Wright as *Denis*, on which its localization rested, is now read as *devia*, and the locality is left undetermined: it must be sought for in Shropshire or Herefordshire. Map had probably heard the tale somewhere in the Marches, for which a man so curious had abundant opportunity either in his youth or his official life.

To refer, however, even to a small selection of the numerous and interesting points that arise upon the work would occupy far more space than the most accommodating and sympathetic editor can afford here.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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RELIGIONS MŒURS ET LÉGENDES : ESSAIS D'ETHNOGRAPHIE  
ET DE LINGUISTIQUE. 5<sup>e</sup> série. ARNOLD VAN GENNEP.  
Paris : Mercure de France, 1914.

THIS fifth series of M. van Gennep's Essays is dedicated to M. Henri Junod ; but it deals hardly at all with specially African matters. It is divided into two parts. The first begins with a consideration of the *lacune* in the ethnography of the present day, and is a timely protest against the insufficiency of its recognition in university *curricula* and as a subject of practical value on the one hand, and the want of proper manuals for its teaching on the other. The author points to Buschan's *Völker Kunde* as the nearest approximation hitherto published to the type of manual which is desirable. Miss Burne's new edition of the *Handbook of Folklore* has been issued since. M. van Gennep insists that ethnography is not an historical science, nor ought it to be primarily occupied with the collection and study of material fabrics. This is too much the case, especially in Germany, where it has given rise to the theories and the works of Foy and Graebner, who altogether mistake the objects and method of study.

The author then proceeds to the consideration of *The Golden Bough* and of some recent publications on Totemism. He launches some acute criticisms both on *The Golden Bough* and on Sir James Frazer's *Totemism and Exogamy* ; but he does not spare the other students who have taken part in discussions during the last three or four years on the problem of Totemism. He does not himself pretend to have a solution of the problem, and his critical observations are fair and by no means unfriendly.

The essay following is an account of Mr. Walter Leaf's *Troy, a Study in Homeric Geography*, for which he expresses considerable admiration.

The second part of the volume is a very interesting study of the beginnings of ethnographic science, which M. van Gennep claims to have taken its rise in France in the eighteenth century. The great names in the history of this movement are naturally Lafitau and De Brosses. The Jesuit Lafitau was a man of culture before he became a missionary. Brought into contact with the Hurons and Iroquois of North America, he was struck by the resemblance of their ideas and civilization to those of the Ancient Greeks and

Romans and even of the Hebrews, and of the barbarous and other nations of antiquity so far as they are known to us. Returning to Europe, he wrote his book on the *Mœurs des Sauvages Amériquains*, in which he insists on these resemblances and shows the light thrown by the customs of modern savages on those described or referred to by ancient authors. Of course, his work was imperfect. It was hampered by his ecclesiastical training, and by the want of detailed ethnographical knowledge of other parts of the world. These were his misfortune and that of his time, not his fault. He was a pioneer. His great merit was to have seen these resemblances, to have been put upon enquiry and to have evolved a methodical comparison. But the times were unfavourable. The great literary quarrel as to the superiority of the ancients or the moderns preoccupied the minds of the learned. No decisive arguments for the one or the other could be drawn from Lafitau's armoury. The doctrine of the Social Contract and Rousseau's contention as to the original nobility of the savage derived no countenance from it. Lafitau's work was neglected and forgotten. De Brosses, indeed, made some use of it in his book on Fetishism. He employed the same method in a fine critical spirit, though in a more limited sphere. The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres refused to print it, when presented to it in the shape of a *mémoire*, because of the boldness of the author's ideas. He published it himself, but it remained without effect on his contemporaries. Other men—Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, Goguet, Boulanger—had glimpses more or less rudimentary of the ethnographic method, and applied it partially and often to support preconceived opinions and objects quite different from those of science. The Revolution came, and scientific enquiry was suspended. Dupuis and Dulaure, who wrote in the midst of the commotion, were faddists who did not understand true scientific method, and their writings had little influence. Not until towards the middle of the nineteenth century did the science of Man begin to be really studied in France; and then it was not due to the impulse of the great forerunners prior to the Revolution. They preached in the wilderness; but the story of their labours, though they failed, was well worth writing.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

BYGONE HASLEMERE. A Short History of the Ancient Borough and its immediate Neighbourhood from the Earliest Times. By E. W. SWANTON and P. WOODS. West, Newman & Co. Pp. xvi, 394. 3 Maps, 40 plates. Price 7s. 6d. and 21s.

IN this handsome volume we are presented with a very comprehensive account of Haslemere and its surroundings, ranging from prehistoric times down to the extension of the local museum in 1913. Original documents—wills, registers, and monumental inscriptions—are freely quoted, but there is, as is too often the case in local histories, no reference to the churchwardens' accounts. Together with much care and accuracy of detail, there is a certain lack of lucidity in the presentation of the matter. The writers presuppose more local knowledge on the part of the reader than he can reasonably be expected to possess, and they treat important and unimportant features too much on the same level. The maps and illustrations are of unusual interest; so also is the account of the early ironworks in the neighbourhood. None of them, however, seem to have stood actually within the parish boundaries (p. 152). A chapter on the local folklore (pp. 284-292), records a church-building legend, traditions of a local witch and a "wizard or wise man," as he is with great accuracy styled; one or two items of folk-medicine (a "cramp-ball," viz. the excrescence of an oak-tree—known to have been actually carried as an antidote to cramp—is preserved in the local museum); the customs of saluting wife-beaters with "rough music," of "was-sailing" the apple-trees at the New Year, and of carrying about a "Jack-a-Lent" on Easter Monday. This is by no means a common practice, and it is curious to find it flourishing together with the observance of Guy Fawkes' Day, which is so great a feature of the folklore of the south-eastern counties, and is observed at Haslemere with much vigour. There is, finally, an interesting account of the folk-songs collected in the neighbourhood, which seems to have been rich in singers.

C. S. BURNE.

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ESSAYS AND STUDIES PRESENTED TO WILLIAM RIDGEWAY ON HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY, 6th August, 1913. Edited by E. C. QUIGGIN. Cambridge University Press. 1913. 25s. net.

THE number and variety of these essays contained in this volume testify to the wide range of Prof. Ridgeway's intellectual activity, which indeed surveys mankind from China to Peru. Classical archaeology and textual criticism, Quetzalcoatl or the thorough-bred horse, Byzantine inscriptions or the Mandible of Man, nothing comes amiss. The reviewer of such a volume feels himself to be a fraud; he can only look with awe and take a taste here and there according to his poor capacity. Our readers will have to be contented with a few notes on the topics that specially concern us.

There is a note of uncertainty in Miss Harrison and Mr. Gow which is unlike the usual professorial attitude. Miss Harrison gives us a number of suggestions as to *δια λίθον versus δια λίθον* and then declares that she cannot decide: Mr. Gow finds two jars in the story of Pandora, but leaves us without our *ἐπίς* that we have got to the bottom of either. Indeed, he tells us that when we have *ἐπίς* safely shut up in the jar, this means that we have not got her at all. Mr. Bosanquet on "Two Axes and a Spear" has something to say to the ethnologist; so have Mr. Balfour on "Kite-fishing," Mr. Myers on the "Beginning of Music," Mr. Haddon on "Outrigger Canoes," Mr. Duckworth on the "Gallery Hill Skeleton," Mr. Thurston on the "Number Seven." I wish some one would investigate the number Three and its connexion with singular, dual, and plural. Sir J. G. Frazer has a charming paper on the "Serpent and the Tree of Life," in which he reconstructs an alternative story for that of the book of Genesis. Mr. S. A. Cook deals briefly with an important question in his "Evolution of Primitive Thought," which, like the last paper, touches on the Old Testament. Another difficult and important subject is Mr. Rivers's "Contact of Peoples": he indicates that the source of influence by people on people is a superiority of material culture. Mr. Godley, in his witty verses that open the book, says "While Ridgeway lives, research can

ne'er be dull": and the same sort of praise may be given to this book, which has something good for every taste.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

*The Ban of the Bori: Demons and Demon-Dancing in West and North Africa.* By Major A. J. N. TREMEARNE.  
Demy 8vo, pp. 497. Heath, Cranton & Ouseley, Ltd.,  
London, 1914. Price 21s. net.

THIS is perhaps the most interesting and valuable of the long series of books in which Major Tremearne has described the beliefs, folklore, and sociology of the Hausa people. The title "Ban of the Bori" means the cult of spirits, ghosts, and bogies of various kinds and functions, collectively known as Bori, while "Ban" follows Robertson Smith's use of the word to imply "a form of devotion to the deity." The book represents four months' work among the Hausas resident in Tunis and Tripoli, where most of them are slaves. The elaborate account of demon-possession is valuable and interesting, and may be usefully compared with Mrs. Seligmann's description of the Egyptian Zār (*Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv. p. 300 *sqq.*). This demon cult appears to be a blend of three different elements: the indigenous Hausa beliefs; superstitions picked up from travellers and neighbouring tribes; from the Islam of the Arabic overlords. The chapters dealing with "Totemism and King-killing" are valuable in connection with Sir J. Frazer's discussion of the subject in *The Golden Bough*. Major Tremearne has adopted the sound method of recording the statements of his authorities in their own words. Though it may be difficult at times to reconcile vague and sometimes contradictory information, the value of the book is largely increased, and the writer has clearly done his best to enter into the thoughts of the Hausas, and "to think black." Major Tremearne promises us in the near future another book dealing with the question: "Is there anything in common between the

Hausa Mai-Bori and the English Witch?" which will be awaited with interest.

*The Threshold of Religion.* By R. R. MARETT, M.A., D.Sc.  
2nd ed. Cr. 8vo, pp. xxxii + 224. Methuen & Co., 1914.  
Price 6s. net.

It is unnecessary to recommend the reissue of this book, which marks an epoch in the study of Comparative Religion. Two of the chapters originally appeared in these columns: "Pre-Animistic Religion" (*Folk-Lore*, vol. xi. p. 162 *sqq.*) and "From Spell to Prayer" (vol. xv. p. 132 *sqq.*). In the new edition are included "Savage Supreme Beings and the Bull-Roarer," and "In a Prehistoric Sanctuary," from the *Hibbert Journal*, and the valuable essay entitled "The Birth of Humility," delivered as an inaugural lecture on his appointment as Reader in Social Anthropology in the University of Oxford. The book is largely occupied in discussing the views that animism, because it is too intellectualistic, supplies an inadequate definition of primitive beliefs; that spell occasionally develops into prayer, and that primitive religion includes an element of *mana* as well as of tabu. "In a Prehistoric Sanctuary" describes the Aurignacian cave-drawings at Gargas. At Niaux is a remarkable "creep," so narrow that fasting would be a suitable preparation for exploring it. The suggestion that in these places some kind of magico-religious rites were performed is certainly fascinating.

The book is written with the verve and charm of style which characterizes Dr. Marett's work.

*Boanerges.* By RENDALL HARRIS. Demy 8vo, pp. xxiv + 424.  
Cambridge: The University Press, 1913. Price 15s.

THIS is an extended survey of Twin-cults previously considered by the writer in his *Dioscuri in the Christian Legends* and *The Cult of the Heavenly Twins*. He begins by asking why the two sons of Zebedee—Simeon and John—are named "Sons of Thunder." This question he answers by the statement of M. Junod, in *Les Baronga*, that by this people twins are called Bana-ba-Tilo, "Children of Tilo,"—Tilo meaning the sky in its various

phases, including thunder and lightning, while Arriaga, in his *Extirpation of Idolatry in Peru*, says that the birth of twins is regarded as an "impious and abominable occurrence, and they say that one of them is the Child of the Lightning." The general result of this and other evidence of the same kind is that, in the beliefs of backward races, twins are abnormal or uncanny, and therefore "sacred." But the result of this belief is far from being uniform: some people thinking that such a birth being ominous or unlucky, one or both the twins, and sometimes their mother, should be slain; while others regard their arrival as a blessing, and accord even divine honours to the pair. But why is the birth of twins associated with thunder and lightning? Possibly because a thunderstorm produces the valued rain, and is thus an agent of fertility; or possibly because such a prolific mother is able to pass on her fertility to the tribe, its people, crops, and cattle. The next question is: "Is this cult of twins derived from a single centre, or was it independently evolved by races in various parts of the world, between whom culture-contact cannot be traced with any degree of certainty?" To use Dr. Rendall Harris's words: "Did the Baronga get the belief from the Aryans or the Semites? Have the Peruvians an ancestry that reaches across to India or Greece or Africa?" The old-fashioned anthropologist will answer this question in one way, Dr. Graebner in another. Meanwhile, the book may be safely recommended as an excellent repository of material. If at times the theory seems to go beyond the available material, if it contains some hazardous speculation, the treatment is always ingenious, and there is no attempt to disguise the occasional weakness of the conclusions. It is an able and scholarly discussion of a very interesting problem.

*Ritual and Belief: Studies in the History of Religion.* By EDWIN SIDNEY HARTLAND. Demy 8vo, pp. xiv + 352. London: Williams & Norgate, 1914. Price 10s. 6d.

It is needless to recommend this series of essays, one of which, "The Voice of the Stone of Destiny," was published in these columns (*Folk-Lore*, vol. xiv. p. 28 *sqq.*). Of the others, the elaborate survey of the Relations of Religion and Magic is an



expansion of two presidential addresses, one delivered before the Anthropological Section of the British Association at the York meeting in 1906, the other to the section on the Religions of the Lower Culture at the International Congress for the History of Religions at Oxford in 1908. The essay on "The Rite at the Temple of Mylitta" was contributed to the volume of *Anthropological Essays* presented to Sir Edward Tylor, in honour of his seventy-fifth birthday, in 1907. Previously unpublished contributions to the volume are: "Learning to 'Think Black,'" "The Boldness of the Celts," "The Haunted Widow," and "The Philosophy of Mourning Clothes." The volume thus contains, in a compendious form, the chief results of Mr. Hartland's work since the publication of "The Legend of Perseus." The moral of the book is pointed in the words: "We are learning the lesson that only by unwearied investigation, diligent observation, sympathetic inquiry without pre-possession, can we attain to a real grasp of the protean ideas and half-formulated speculations of savage minds."

*A Glossary of the Tribes and Castes of the Punjab and North-West Frontier Provinces.* By H. A. ROSE. Vols. ii, iii. Royal 8vo, pp. iv + 573, 533. Lahore, 1911-13. Price 13s. 4d.

WITH the publication of his Caste Glossary of the Punjab and North-West Frontier Provinces Mr. Rose is within sight of the completion of this important work. The first, and final, volume will be devoted to essays on the sociology and beliefs of these two great provinces, largely reprinted from the Census Reports of Sir D. Ibbetson and Mr. Maclagan for the years 1881 and 1891. Sir D. Ibbetson's chapters will be particularly welcome, because they represent the best anthropological field-work recently done in India. Mr. Rose modestly describes his book as a compilation from recent Census Reports, and this is so far correct that he has collected much material from local settlement reports and other official sources not readily accessible. But it is much more than a mere *réchauffé*. It is only in recent years that the question of the internal organisation of caste and tribe, reflected in their

systems of endogamy and exogamy, has received much attention. The elaborate schemes of sub-castes and sections, with their inter-relations, is practically all due to Mr. Rose, and will be of much value to students of sociology and marriage regulations. The work, as a whole, has been carried out with great care and ability, by an officer who was himself responsible for the Census of 1901, and possesses a wide and sympathetic knowledge of the people. It is much to be regretted that its format, printing, and binding are inadequate to the importance of the work. The sociology and beliefs of the peasantry of the Plains of the Five Rivers have already become familiar to students of the anthropology of India. But in the case of the curious Rajput clans of the hills, which still maintain much of their primitive institutions, and of the Mongoloid races of the Tibetan frontier, Mr. Rose has occupied a little-known field, and his accounts of these groups is particularly valuable.

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*Books for Review should be addressed to*  
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## EVENING MEETINGS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17th, 1915.

DR. M. GASTER (VICE-PRESIDENT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the January Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mr. H. J. Cooper and Mr. H. J. Weinberg as members of the Society was announced. The resignation of the Rev. Prof. S. A. B. Mercer was also announced.

Prof. Varendonck of the Institut Solvay, Brussels, read a paper entitled *The Folk Lore of the Flemish Child*, which was illustrated by the singing of Flemish Folk Songs by his twelve year old daughter, Mdlle. Varendonck.

In the discussion which followed, the Chairman, Miss Burne, Lady Gomme, Miss Broadwood, Mr. Clodd, Dr. Hildburgh, and Mr. G. R. Carline took part.

The meeting concluded with hearty votes of thanks to the Professor and his daughter.

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21st, 1915.**

DR. M. GASTER (VICE-PRESIDENT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Miss L. Macleod as a member, and the enrolment of the Minneapolis Athenæum Library and the Carnegie Free Library, Allegheny, Pittsburgh, as subscribers, were announced.

The death of Mrs. Draper, the resignation of Miss Musson, and the withdrawal of the subscription of the Minneapolis Public Library were also announced.

His Honour J. S. Udal read a paper entitled *Obeah in the West Indies*, and, in illustration of the paper, exhibited an Obeah skull and several other small instruments of Obeah. In the discussion which followed, Dr. Earle, Mr. C. J. Tabor, and the Chairman took part.

The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to His Honour J. S. Udal for his paper.

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**WEDNESDAY, MAY 19th, 1915.**

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The resignation of the Rev. Canon Savage was announced. The withdrawal of the resignation of Mrs. Pope was also announced.

Mr. A. Martin Freeman read a paper entitled *An Irish Festival*, with musical illustrations, and a discussion followed in which Mr. Longworth Dames, Miss Broadwood, Miss Hull, His Honour J. S. Udal, and Mrs. Herbert Lewis took part.

The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Martin Freeman for his paper.

## PSYCHOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY.

BY A. M. HOCART.

*(Read at the Meeting, 20th January, 1915.)*

THE ideas of our present generation are so different in many respects from those of our forefathers that we can hardly help believing that our minds also must have radically changed in order to think so differently. But in fact the old ways of thinking are merely being kept in check by accumulated facts and experiments that rise up like walls on the right and left to keep our thought in the straight and narrow path of science, but as soon as a new field of research has been thrown open in which there are no tracks laid out, our thoughts break loose again and range freely and recklessly as of old.

Such is the present condition of Ethnology: a playground for speculations escaped from the iron discipline of experimental science.

Larger tomes, volumes of facts, admirable industry in their collation, may give us for a moment the illusion that the present day anthropology has vastly outstripped the methods of Hobbes and Locke. But of all these facts, so patiently and conscientiously collected, only an infinitesimal proportion are made use of in drawing conclusions; only those that square with the theory; we need never read the rest to understand the argument. The method is still that of Hobbes and Locke: given a custom, our first question is what can have been the intended use of it? Having imagined some use, we postulate the idea of it as the origin

of that custom. We thus conclude that the desire for peace and security is the origin of modern government, or a dislike of inbreeding the motive for exogamy. It was and is still the way of rationalistic utilitarian psychology applied to the history of mankind. The curtain used to rise on highly intelligent White Men sealing a compact for the abolition of strife; now it rises on a camp meeting of "dull" Australian Blacks discussing how to prevent the injurious effects of incest. Religion used to open with philosophical reasonings about the First Cause; now it is content to originate with speculations about natural phenomena.

To explain a custom as the outcome of deliberate invention is to explain nothing. It is taking refuge in an event of which no records can be discovered, and which never can be proved. It is a surrender to ignorance, a confession that it is too strong for us, and that the explanation is for ever concealed in the dark and intricate mazes of unknown individual minds, that vanished from the earth thousands, it may be myriads, of years ago.

But, it may be objected, it is not a question whether this pleases us or not, but whether such things do happen or not. Now it is a fact that men do deliberate and invent things. For instance, a modern novel does not make use of traditional plots; they spring out of the individual mind, according to definite laws, no doubt, and from definite antecedents, but the processes are so complex, the antecedents so numerous, and our clues so few, that to trace back the finished novel to all its origins is an impossible task. We can only describe it therefore as the work of fancy, which is a way of saying we know not what it is.

The argument, however, is not to the point, because the plot of a modern novel is not the creation of a society, nor does it become an institution. As far as the incidents go, the plot is not an ethnological object, because they have their roots in individual experience and do not become

incorporated with the culture of the community; they do not become an inheritance of the race; they are for ever stereotyped within the covers of a book, ours to read and enjoy, but not ours to appropriate, transform, and hand down so changed to succeeding generations. The plots of a Thackeray or a Hardy are not like the plot of Little Red Riding Hood or Cinderella, which are still producing pantomimes every year. You can write a history of the Beauty and the Beast, but not of Pickwick Papers.

There are features of the modern novel which are of ethnological interest, such as the treatment of the characters, the moral tone of the plots and their general structure, the neglect or cultivation of style; and this we recognize by describing these peculiarities as Georgian, or Early or Mid Victorian. They are ethnological because they are what some might call the spirit of the times, others the average of all the trends of thought at that period.

It may happen that a knowledge of the actual motives that led up to a political change may mislead the field worker and throw him off the true scent.

In the island of Lakemba, Fiji, the nobility is all descended from Niumataiwalu. It is divided into four clans, which I will call A, B, C, and D. At first we are inclined to connect this fourfold division with the sacred character of the number four in Fiji. But, on enquiring into the past history and the formation of those clans, we find that at one time there were only three, A and C forming one single clan. It was found, however, that the people of A were very slack in preparing for feasts and relied on their cousins of C, who took more interest in public functions, to do all the work and keep up the clan's good name. So it was decided to split off A, so as to throw them on to their own resources and compel them to bestir themselves if they would not be put to shame by making a poor show at festivals. Therefore, we conclude, the fourfold division is a pure accident. Fortunately, however, we

do not stop there in our investigations, but go on to other islands, where we find this fourfold division so common that it is evident it was once an institution.

So often is this the case that in the field it is a good rule, after studying minutely one community, to collect bare lists of clans, titles, functions, etc., from neighbouring communities in order to determine what features are accidents and which are constant.

Motives arising out of temporary and local circumstances must be temporary and local in their effects. They may for a time be predominant in the minds of the community, but, as soon as they have been satisfied or quashed, their action ceases; but the permanent tendencies are always there. Reasons of state may for a time overwhelm a traditional preference for a fourfold division of the tribe, but this preference will remain when the reasons of state are gone, and it will assert itself at the first opportunity. A chief of C may succeed a chief of C because the candidate of B is unpopular; but at the next election this motive will have disappeared and the chieftainship will return to B. A collective resolution to change a custom, to prohibit incest, or whatever it may be, to be permanent must be the outcome of long and steady preparation; show us this preparation, show us previous custom inevitably and logically leading up to the resolution, and we can dispense with the resolution itself, which is to the new order of things but as the guard's whistle to the departure of the train.

Nothing can come out of nothing; a man cannot involve a whole system out of emptiness. No one has ever denied that Australian Blacks do reason, argue, and discuss ceremonies and the application of custom. We do so ourselves, and therefore we can safely assume that savages do likewise without our troubling to go and see. What one is justified in doubting is whether they could evolve a whole social organization out of their own minds. Consider how difficult it is to name a new thing when there is nothing about it to



suggest a name ; how painful it is to have to find one ; how we will rack our brains for days when the whole business could be settled in five minutes by opening a book at random or drawing letters out of a bag.<sup>1</sup> We are in practice thorough determinists : we must have something to determine our conduct, and it must be something of social importance, if it is to be accepted by society. Where is the man who would dare name a new island by lottery, and where is the geographer who would accept such a name ?

If we worry ourselves to hang even the most trifling inventions on to precedents, can we believe that savages,<sup>1</sup> some of the most backward of any we know, can invent a new social order bearing no relation to the old ? And if it was founded on the old one, we want to know what that old one was in order to understand the new one.

We are no wiser for being told that Australians deliberated at some time in the distant past, because all men are continually deliberating, only they are not always deliberating about the same objects, and therefore it is these objects that interest us by their difference, not their deliberations, which are all very much alike. What we want to know is what was the state of society so different from ours, out of which the Australian aborigines evolved another state of society different from the first, and known to us through the researches of Australianists.

The fact that social organization "bears the impress of design upon it"<sup>2</sup> does not prove that it was devised within one day or even a century. The British Constitution "bears the impress of design upon it" to such a point that other nations have copied it ; yet it is the boast of every true Briton that his constitution grew and was not made. The truth is, it is being made every day, and is

<sup>1</sup> People are not yet agreed whether to speak of Indo-Germanic or Indo-European languages ; and no one is quite satisfied with either.

<sup>2</sup> Frazer, *Totemism and Exogamy*, vol. iv., p. 106.

continually being moulded by intelligence and design, and a factor that runs so through the whole of history is incapable of explaining a particular episode.

Dual organization does not stop incest in the least. It allows a man to marry his mother, or a daughter her father, according as descent is patrilineal or matrilineal. The natural conclusion is that it was never meant to prevent incest. But the psychological anthropologist prefers the methods of Ptolemy to those of Copernicus. He maintains his original assumption and calls in another assumption to help the first. He supposes that the savage does not think as we do; that if he sets out after a definite purpose he generally goes a roundabout way and often never gets there at all. Thus rationalistic, utilitarian psychology has to be supplemented by what we may call functional psychology, which undertakes to explain savage customs by the mental functions of the savage mind: by association, emotion, confusion of thought, massive apprehension, analogical reasoning and so forth.

Both methods are inconsistent with one another: the first is merely the application of old English psychology to savages and is therefore uniformitarian; the second, on the contrary, is obliged to postulate for the savage different processes of thought to account for his different ideas. This does not prevent them from forming a close alliance. The first concludes that exogamy and matrimonial classes were invented to prevent incest; if you object that there was a much simpler way of doing it by proclaiming, "Thou shalt not marry thy sister, nor thy mother, nor thy daughter," then the second method comes to the rescue with the reply, "Oh, but savages have undeveloped intelligences and could not keep in mind their relationships." After the assertion that savages are no mere machines, but intelligent beings endowed "with a practical ingenuity and logical thoroughness and precision,"<sup>3</sup> it is suggested that this

<sup>3</sup> Frazer, *Totemism and Exogamy*, vol. iv., p. 105.

“dull witted savage” found it difficult “to remember his individual relationships with everybody else”;<sup>4</sup> that, having definite concepts of mother, sister, and daughter, they could not remember in practice who was who, and had therefore to invent a machinery which failed to work until it had been corrected twice or thrice, and by that time was so “bloated” that it fell into disuse.

I will not dwell further on these inconsistencies. I will merely remark that I have had some acquaintance with savages, and I have never noticed that, like Lamb’s Chinese, they burnt their houses down whenever they wanted to eat roast pig.

The application of functional psychology to ethnology need not detain us here, as we shall show further on that the mental operations of a people cannot be deduced from the customs they practice, or their customs deduced from their mental operations.

We will, for convenience’ sake, give the name of biological psychology to those theories that explain customs by instincts, real or supposed, of the human mind. The method is much the same as that of the other schools: we begin with a blank tablet, and on this tablet instinct proceeds to write customs. The objections are the same; you cannot evolve something out of nothing; it is impossible to understand how a variety of complex social organizations can in various parts of the world be evolved out of the same bare instinct. Male jealousy is an undoubted instinct, an undoubted factor in human affairs; but how it can have lain dormant for a time, then, according to Lang’s theory, suddenly begun to drive out the younger members of the community, and finally quieted down so far as to accept an organised exogamy, is more than has ever been explained. There is in human affairs a postulate of inertia, as in physics: a force that is acting must go on acting, or we must show cause why it should cease; every change of direction or intensity must be accounted for.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 113.

If ethnology is to become a science, it must postulate that the same cause cannot produce different effects, and that every effect must be fully explained by the hypothesis, or the hypothesis is null and void. If a custom is founded on an instinct, it must occur wherever and whenever that instinct is present, or we must be able to point to the cause that is counteracting the instinct. If a custom is founded solely on an instinct, every detail of that custom must be deducible from that instinct.

What should we think of a technologist who explained all the manifold methods of fishing, hunting and planting by the instinct of hunger? Yet I cannot see that he would be explaining less than a sociologist, who would deduce all the varieties of exogamy from sexual jealousy, or the countless forms of totemism from confusion of identity or fear of animated nature.

Even assuming instinct to be at the bottom of all custom, yet that would not help us one atom. For the instincts of man do not form a harmonious body, but a struggling mass of competing impulses; so that even if we could prove that a certain custom is a manifestation of a certain instinct, we should still have to explain why that particular instinct was allowed to come into play at all, and was not suppressed by its rivals. And this explanation can only lie in the historical antecedents.

For instance, over the greater part of the world, it would appear, it is the custom for the man to court and propose. The fact seems to require no explanation: it is the law of the animal world for the male to court and the female coyly to assent. And yet in parts of the Solomons it is quite common for the girl to propose: in the Western Torres Straits Islands<sup>5</sup> it is even considered improper for the young man to propose, or to accept the young girl's proposal with too much eagerness. Here then the instinct has been completely set at naught, and not by any other instinct that

<sup>5</sup> *Reports of the Cambridge Expedition to Torres Straits*, vol. v., pp. 222 ff.

we can think of, but to all appearances by a series of social changes which it is our task to reconstruct by historical research. Instinct in itself appears to be a precarious thing; it is weaker even than etiquette. However deeply in love, an English girl is forbidden by convention to propose; she can only hint in a modest and maidenly way, and, if the hint is not taken,

Sit like Patience in a monument,  
Smiling at Grief.

But if she is a Queen, etiquette requires that she should intimate to the suitor that he is at liberty to propose. South Sea women are not much given to dying of love; a mere liking is enough to overcome female modesty and impel them to propose; that is because custom supports the liking; in England it opposes the strongest passion.

The truth is there is one set of instincts that dominates all the rest, namely the social instincts. Their action is quite indefinite: they are essentially opportunists. They give the whole weight of their support to public opinion; it makes a man care more for what his people think right than for anything under the sun. It is clear that such instincts help us not at all, since they merely reinforce custom, but do not create it.

Instincts are therefore useless for our purpose: we can leave hunger out of fishing, love out of marriage,<sup>6</sup> pugnacity out of warfare, religious emotions out of religion, the social instincts out of everything, and Man out of Ethnology.

<sup>6</sup> Most theories of marriage seem to assume that it is based on the sexual instinct and jealousy. If it is so, it is hard to understand why those people who allow premarital freedom and do not enforce conjugal fidelity, should marry at all. In certain parts of the world marriage looks more like an economic institution; premarital intrigues are love affairs, but marriage is business. Love as the real or ostensible motive is possibly limited to a minority of races and due to the almost impossibility of indulging romance outside of marriage and to a strict individualism that makes pleasant companionship the all-important consideration in marriage.

We have as yet no use for Man, because he is much the same all the world over. There certainly are congenital differences of character between races, and the influence of these differences upon custom may at some future time become an interesting study, when we have first settled the history of these customs; but, in our present state of ignorance, these differences are negligible quantities, and man may be treated as an unchanging quantity. Now, from an unchanging quantity it is impossible to deduce the ever changing and endless variety of custom and belief throughout the world.

The psychological anthropologist will not admit that Man is very much the same all the world over: his argument is that different ideas must proceed from different mental constitutions. If that assumption is necessary, then we must assume millions of mental types to account for the millions of different customs and beliefs.

I have never heard it suggested that the contemporary French mind is structurally different from that of two hundred years ago. Yet in those days France was the eldest daughter of the Roman Catholic Church; now the majority are rationalists. We might say without paradox that they are now rationalists because they were once Roman Catholics; the mode of thought is the same; precision, simplicity, logic and consistency, arguing from axioms rather than experience. It is the axioms alone that have changed.

I have never heard it suggested that the inborn mental constitution of savages is modified by Christianity. In fact there are plenty of Fijians who find it quite possible to be at once heathens and Christians. I have translated a Fijian's defence of heathendom.<sup>7</sup> A Church historian thought it was just the line of argument of the Gnostics. One friend saw in it a parody of contemporary apologetic theology. An

<sup>7</sup> "A Native Fijian on the Decline of his Race," *Hibbert Journal*, 1912-3, vol. xi., p. 35.

old resident in Fiji assumed, as a matter of course, that it was my own invention.

It is precisely because savages think in the same manner as we do that they think different things; for the same processes working on different inherited material must lead to different results, unless we are prepared to admit that  $3 \times 2 = 3 \times 3$ , or that the same force acting on two different masses will produce the same velocity.

The material upon which the savage mind works is inherited tradition and social organization. We imagine indeed that we proceed differently, that we, White Folk, each individually derive our knowledge directly from objective reality, that we believe a thing only because it has objective reality and that we can see it, each for himself. We conclude that our knowledge is rational, objective, and obvious, and we are at a loss to account how the savage can be blind to facts and truths that are staring us in the face; we have to suppose that the eyes of his soul are closed and that he lives in a world of dreams and vague feelings. Men of all races and all generations are equally convinced they individually draw their knowledge from reality. A savage will defend his beliefs by an appeal to experience, and his doubts as to the sanity of our own are ill-concealed, though he is too polite to express them. We think that we believe in atoms because they really exist; a Fijian thinks that he believes in ghosts because he has seen them with his own eyes, and after all if he does claim to have seen a ghost, what have we to oppose to the testimony of his eyes but a scepticism which has no reasons but that ghosts do not fit in with European conceptions of the world and are to us an unnecessary hypothesis?

Every one agrees that savages do not believe in ghosts because they see them, but see them because they believe in them. But it occurs to few to say that we do not believe in our principle of inertia because it is self-evident, but that

it is self-evident because we believe in it, or that the economic law of supply and demand is to a great extent created by our belief in it, and not our belief created by the law. Who knows but that a race may sometime arise which has shaken off our mechanical conception of the universe and may proceed to invent psychologies of the twentieth century European to explain how he could possibly be so blind to an obvious and infinitely more fruitful theory of matter and mind? Who knows but that if we could throw overboard our traditional scientific conceptions we could take in vaster conceptions that would embrace mind and matter in one simple system as irresistible as our present mechanics? What we require in studying native customs is more humility, less confidence in the absolute validity of our own systems, and in an intellectual superiority which only seems absolute because, by accident, there is no higher race with which to compare ourselves.

Our physicist does not every time he wants an hypothesis make his mind a blank and start again at the beginning; he only tries those constructions which are fairly well in harmony with the traditional physics of the time.<sup>8</sup> Neither does the South Sea islander exhaust every possible combination of ideas in trying to explain some new phenomenon, but draws his theory from the doctrine of spirits to which he has been bred, and which has always proved so fruitful in explanations of every abnormality.

It is a proof of the incorrigible inconsistency of the White Man, that on the one hand we find it necessary to account for the erroneous beliefs of savages by endowing them with a peculiar mind, while on the other hand we give assent, or at least appreciation, to the reasonings of those philosophers and eminent men of science who reduce our own physics to a set of convenient assumptions which experience can neither refute nor confirm, and of simple laws which are approximately verified in experiment and can at any time

<sup>8</sup> Poincaré, *Science et Hypothèse*, p. 170.



be superseded.<sup>9</sup> If we remember that our mechanical conception of the world (and I use the word mechanical in a wide and loose sense, to include that impersonal and individualistic conception of human affairs such as we find in political economy), if we remember that this conception is a temporary phase, a tradition which may pass like other traditions, the difference between the savage and the civilized man vanishes. Grant a soul detachable from the body, there is nothing in a South Sea islander's doctrine of ghosts that is illogical or inconsistent with the premises; we cannot refute them by logic, more than we can an atomic theory; we can only say that there are infinitely more precise and productive hypotheses than a theory of ghosts; if our science does not profess to explain luck as spiritualistic theories do, on the other hand it can explain an infinitely greater number of things better worth explaining and has given us command of the whole earth.<sup>10</sup>

We must in ethnology escape the influence of philosophical systems. They profess to sweep away tradition and preconceived ideas, and to build upon one or two eternal truths. As a matter of fact, they merely rebuild with the old materials, following the old plan but in a simpler style; but of this we are quite unconscious, and imagine that we have come into possession of eternal and immutable truths; we conclude that if a savage does not see them, his mind is defective or, at least, differently made, and we feel it our duty to correct it by telling him that he is wrong and we are right, and he must believe what we tell him or incur our ridicule, the punishment of the Law, or the anathema of the Church.

A savage's mind is anything but defective. He is just a normal social animal whose chief interest in life is his relations to his neighbours. He is quite used to their opinions, he understands them and sees no reason to differ from them. What his neighbour says is plain and fits in with his general

<sup>9</sup> Poincaré, *op. cit.*, p. 119.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 66.

views of things and his practical needs; it is vastly more important to him than the obscure and exceedingly dogmatic assertions of the White Man, who, besides being an utter stranger and without practical experience of native affairs, manifestly has not a few bees in his bonnet. So far, therefore, from listening to the Voice of Reason speaking through the White Man, he has the audacity, if he is a thinker, to deduce his own gods, medicine, chiefs, and birth-rate from self-evident truths, even in the style of a European philosopher.<sup>11</sup>

It is as well that the savage does not read our anthropological works, or his peace of mind might be disturbed for ever. Alas! poor savage! Little does he suspect, as he sits crossed-legged in his hut, waggling his toes, discussing the yam crop and the weather, getting excited over the description of a monster rock-cod, seeking relaxation in tales that are best translated into Latin, hearing with interest how Mary in a passion left her husband after breaking up every object in the house, listening to John relating how he saw a ghost at dusk and ran away for dear life, discussing the next feast and the morrow's work,—little does he suspect what sums of mysticism, of awe, and fear are being placed to his account in Europe. Would he recognize himself in that timorous creature described as ever moving in a world not yet realized, like one continually turning corners into the mysterious Unknown, and as fresh and unused to the game as when he first started a few myriads of years ago?

Let us suppose that a savage of a more curious turn of mind and superior intelligence, having listened to the relations of his travelled friends about European customs and beliefs, should set himself to explain to his countrymen the workings of the European mind. He might write somewhat in the following style:

“With civilized man the bacterio-medical side of every-

<sup>11</sup> *Hibbert Journal*, l.c.

thing is always uppermost. When he is at business, or playing, or marrying, he is intensely keen on what he is about. What he is primarily about, however, is to control the process from first to last by bacterio-medical means, so as to be master of health for all time. Just as a dog lives in a world of smells that we cannot perceive, so the White Man lives in a world of bacterio-medical infection and contagion that we cannot perceive.<sup>12</sup>

“Everywhere he sees microbes, and germs, and bacilli, disease-bringing agents. He is not even allowed to spit about freely, lest he communicate tuberculosis, as they call it. Our custom of chewing kava is abhorrent to him, and he makes laws to forbid us doing it, thinking it will cause disease. As he will not touch his food with his hands, he has to undergo great inconvenience, using forks and spoons, thus detracting much from the enjoyment of a meal, which is obviously the reason why he eats less than we do. It may be truly said that Fear and Contagion dog him throughout life, and control all his actions. If he but cough, he must cough off the table. Living in such a perpetual state of fear, the community cannot allow the individual to expose himself to contagion that might endanger the existence of all. Hence that extraordinary tyranny of custom we note among them, under which individuality cannot develop. I will give an instance how far this is carried : to convey food to the mouth with a knife is certain ostracism from high society ; for the more careful a man is in avoiding contagion the more power he is supposed to have over the bacilli and the greater his prestige and rank ; now to touch the lips with a knife is to run the risk of transferring to them any pollution that may be on the knife. Of course, this is most inconsequent, since the same objection applies to a fork. But the White Man does not think logically as we do ; he is post-logical. Thus you may see a White Man hold a loaf with his hand to cut it,

<sup>12</sup> With apologies to *Notes and Queries of the British Association*, p. 252.

yet he dare not pass a slice with his fingers unless he says, 'Excuse the fingers,' which formula is evidently intended to neutralize contagion.

"Needless to say, the European theory of bacilli does not get at the psychological root of the matter, which is that their highly-strung natures everywhere see the workings of a mysterious power called Contagion, with which the whole world is loaded as with electricity. The theory of bacilli is merely the European way of justifying these feelings."

Here perhaps one of his auditors will interpose: "As for this invisible force, Contagion, or whatever it may be called, pervading things that once were in contact, and operating at a distance, which many civilized men believe in, it is easy to point to facts of experience, light, sound, odour, epidemics, from which it may have been abstracted. But surely so refined a notion cannot lie at the foundation of Bacteriology: we must begin the explanation with some much simpler mental process, which seems to need no further explanation, such as the habit of drawing inferences from analogy. According to contagious medicine thus:

"Latent premise: To touch an infected man communicates disease, therefore, to touch some utensil belonging to an infected man gives disease."<sup>13</sup>

Our savage anthropologist has applied the methods, often the very words, of the psychological school to ourselves. We may admire his ingenuity, but we cannot assent to his conclusions. If the result is unsatisfactory, then presumably the method is also unsatisfactory when applied to savages.

As a matter of fact, savages do interpret our customs psychologically, with results most unfavourable to ourselves. Old Melaia, an experienced midwife and fond of children, once remarked to me that White Women did not love their children, for they put their babies into separate cradles that they might sleep with their husbands, whereas Fijian

<sup>13</sup>With apologies to Mr. Carveth Read, "The Conditions of Belief in Immature Minds," *British Journal of Psychology*, vol. vi., pp. 314 and 315.

mothers kept their babies by their side on their couch while the husband slept in some other house. I tried to explain that our custom was due to care for the baby lest the mother should crush it in her sleep, and I reminded her of King Solomon's judgment; but, as it appeared that Fijian mothers never roll on to their babies, my argument failed. Now, Melaia's argument was quite right as far as Fijian women go; a Fijian mother who put her child away at night would show a lack of motherly love, for a loving mother likes to have her baby always by her side; a Fijian mother who slept with her husband within eighteen months of childbirth must be lustful indeed to fly so in the face of a stringent public opinion. But Melaia was utterly wrong when she argued from Fijian practice to European psychology; a European mother likes to have the child beside her, but our softer beds and more agitated sleep make it dangerous to do so, and so loving foresight checks the natural impulse.

An intelligent young Fijian once remarked to me that White Men had such an enormous number of taboos to observe. I pointed out to him that we were trained and broken in to observe them from our earliest childhood, and as we grew up got quite to enjoy them. "I understand now," he observed, "I had always thought European children were so harshly treated; I now see the reason why." He too had been applying to us the psychological method.

It is because savages interpret our customs psychologically that they think us wicked, or daft, or both.

A customary action is no clue to the state of mind behind it; in our own churches, while the whole congregation is going through the same performance, yet we know that it includes the greatest diversity of temperaments and opinions, and even their present state of mind cannot be inferred from the prayers they are saying, or the hymns they are singing; the sermon, if it is interesting and fixes the attention of the audience, is the only part from which we may infer approximately some of the emotions and

thoughts of part of the congregation, precisely because it has features which are not customary.

It is just the same with the savage. Because he is performing a magico-religious ceremony we have no right to infer that the magico-religious side of it is uppermost in his mind.

If there is one mystery fit to strike awe into the hearts of all beholders it is Death. I once saw a dying savage; here we were in the presence not only of Death but of Death's agents, the dread Kita spirits, that had wasted his once powerful frame to mere skin and bones, and left him gasping there, on the threshold of the Beyond, but unable to pass it. Here was food for solemn thoughts; but to them it was only food for impatience. How much longer was he going to be a-dying? He had died once already that morning, but had come to life again and kept them all waiting till he should be ready for his funeral. They got Rakoto to hang some leaves over him to drive away the Kita and let him die, and in the meantime they sat smoking. The leaves apparently took effect; he breathed his last; the women raised the usual wail; he was bundled up, paddled out to sea and dumped overboard.

If death does not evoke feelings of awe and reverence perhaps the departure of the soul for the abode of the dead will. Dr. Rivers and I had the good fortune to attend such a departure. We all met together at night in a house. The ghosts came to fetch the deceased away, but they had little to say, except that they had come for that purpose. Kopa was the only one who had any news to give about the future life: he announced, what did he announce? some mystic revelation? No, merely that he and Nui had in the other world bought a boat (presumably the ghost thereof) from the ghost of a White Man. But Mamana, his living son, did not appear interested in his father's posthumous business transactions, but bade him begone: "I am a man, you a ghost," said he, "I don't like you. I don't want to speak

to you, go away." So that is all we learned that night about the future life.

Perhaps the psychologist will concede that at the present time those beliefs are not accompanied by any strong emotion ; but he will contend that these ideas must have had a strong emotional value for those who discovered them. This, of course, is to presuppose that these ideas came into the world quite suddenly, a fact for which we can find no warrant in our own civilization. We develop old customs or invent new ones by carrying existing ideas to their logical conclusion, a process which need not be accompanied by any other emotion but the pleasure of discovery. Vaccination was a boon to mankind, but it does not follow that Jenner was prompted to discover it by a vision of human suffering, or that he had this vision while carrying out his investigations. A discoverer in tropical medicine may think science a blessing to human beings and sing its praises in verse, but it does not follow that he took to medicine out of philanthropy. Does a ritualistic High Churchman necessarily feel mystic emotions while debating the validity of incense, or the apostolic succession? Are his conclusions determined by the amount of mystic emotion each idea arouses in him?

If we are ignorant of the true motives and emotions of our contemporaries and fellow-countrymen, when we have not only the results before us but also their own statements of motives, what hope have we of deducing motives and feelings from a custom invented, the Lord knows where, when, or by whom?

If we had not the hope, neither have we the wish. We can do without it, and have done without it often. The history of art has been doing so for quite a long time. It is true that, wherever possible, it gives the lives of the artists and the occasion of their work ; at such times it becomes biography and annals ; but where records fail it is forced to become pure Ethnology. Especially is this the case in

Gothic architecture. There we hear little of architects, but we hear much of styles and periods, of foreign influence and provincial peculiarities, of problems of vaulting and lighting, of their attempted and successful solutions, of the influence of ritual and economic conditions; all these and many more questions can be answered without our knowing by whom a church was built or why.

Already the study of kinship and social organization, having dispensed with Mind, is fast advancing to a high degree of exactness, and Dr. Rivers can already be said to have annexed this province to exact method.<sup>14</sup>

I will not encroach upon territories won by so much patient strategy and faith. I will merely show how even religion is threatened with subjugation, though, as yet, but little impression has been made upon it.

At kava-making in Tonga, food is set down before the chiefs (*'eiki*) by the common people; the chiefs, however, do not eat of it; it is removed by their respective grandchildren and sister's children. The psychologist would say that the chiefs consider it below their dignity to take notice of the food. But where is his evidence that such is their state of mind? If we proceed historically the explanation is a very simple one: we know from independent evidence that the chiefs represent spirits. Now, in making an offering to the spirits, the worshippers offer up the food, which is then removed and eaten. The chiefs are spirits. Therefore offerings made to them are removed and eaten. Q.E.D. If any one is dissatisfied with this explanation, it cannot be on psychological grounds, for there is nothing in all this contrary to psychological laws.

There is no attempt in this to get at the back of the brown man's mind, and yet we would seem to have proved something, with the hope of proving more hereafter.

Ethnology may be compared to a moving picture;

<sup>14</sup> Nor must Kohler be forgotten, whose monograph, "Zur Urgeschichte der Ehe," will delight all those who enjoy mathematical precision.



psychology to the operator and his lantern. If a boy wants to know how moving pictures are produced, we expound to him the camera with which they are taken, the lantern with which they are projected on the screen, and the law by which retinal impressions fuse into one continuous sensation. But all this mechanism belongs to no particular time or place, but to any moving picture-show at any time in any part of the world, and it is continually in action from the beginning to the end of the film. Improvements may from time to time be made in the machinery, and these will be described in answer to the question why moving pictures are better now than they used to be. When, however, the boy wants to know why the hero of a particular film went up in an aeroplane, we do not go into the mechanism of the lantern and film, but merely tell him that it was to win the \$100,000, without which the hard-hearted father would not allow him to marry his charming daughter. It does not follow that the mechanism does not cause the picture, but only that it is irrelevant.

Let epistemologists explain how it is possible to give two so utterly different and independent accounts of one event, one casual and universal, the other logical and particular, and both independent of one another, the fact remains. We can conceive a psychology of Parliament which would study the frame of mind of M.P.'s under the influence of collective deliberation and traditional party animus; there are histories of debates in which each speech or repartee appears as the logical outcome of preceding statements and situations. A psychology of the stage would investigate the mentality of actors in general; but it cannot explain the particular action of a player at a particular time; that is conditioned by the logic of the play.

The logic of individual conduct is always approximate and unsatisfactory, because it is too indeterminate; there

is too much chance in it and too much psychology. Two chess players in presence of the same disposition of the pieces may make different moves; we cannot foresee exactly which, though we can expect one, yet whichever is made we can deduce it from the situation and the end in view. It is perhaps a weakness of the historical sciences that in them we are wise after the event. Yet, in the history of a custom, a more rigorous sequence and prediction may become possible within narrow limits, because individual aberrations compensate one another and leave us with nothing but averages to trouble about, because a mass of conflicting psychological processes are eliminated and only a few broad principles remain. Nor are we studying merely the average conduct of large numbers, but that conduct spread over extensive periods of time, during which the fluctuations compensate one another, so that only constant tendencies survive. Each woman may dress differently, but out of all these differences we can abstract fashion. Fashions may vary erratically from year to year, but, if we take a long period, we find a steady progress from the cumbrous, staid, and elderly, to the light, frivolous, and youthful. Our modern records are so full and minute, and they are so near that we cannot see the wood for the trees; but we study savages from a distance which blurs the details, and the absence of records leaves us only the outlines to work upon. That is doubtless one reason why ethnology has begun with savages, instead of beginning, like charity, at home.<sup>15</sup>

If out of all these fluctuations there results in any period of time, not a standstill but a continuous progression in one direction, it is evident that there must be some factor or factors at work which are constant in their operation; when they fail we have stagnation. What they may be it will be the task of the future to discover; it is something if, in the meantime, we have determined their direction.

<sup>15</sup> Poincaré, *op. cit.*, p. 211.

The conflict between psychology and history for the possession of ethnology is not merely a theoretic conflict, it is of the highest practical importance.

The "psychological" point of view logically leads to either of two ways of dealing with natives. They may be described as the "damn nigger" and the "little brown brother" schools. The first lays down that abominable customs presuppose an abominable mind, and, as many native customs are abominable in their eyes, they conclude that dark races are utterly depraved, and are to be treated worse than dogs. The men who hold these views are not necessarily bad men; they are merely logical and narrow in their moral code. We need not stop to refute this doctrine, because it finds little sympathy at home. The other school is more insidious, because it is kinder in intention. They also take custom as an index of character, but, being of a more paternal disposition, they conclude that the native is not responsible for his abominations, that his intelligence and moral sense is undeveloped, and even as a child's. He must be continually supervised, continually told what to do and what not to do, what to think and what not to think, he must be driven as children were driven at school in the good old days, and yet, since he is a child, gross offences must be but leniently chastised. Here, as it is so often in sociology, theory is father to practice, and savages soon become the children they were supposed to be, and bad children too. To describe the ensuing loss of initiative, of manliness, of common sense and moral responsibility, were too long and sad a tale. Let us hope that a better understanding and appreciation of savage customs will save the survivors from a similar fate.

A. M. HOCART.

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## MYTHS OF ORIGIN AND THE HOME OF THE DEAD IN INDONESIA.

BY W. J. PERRY.

THOSE engaged in the endeavour to trace out the early history of human culture are well aware of the variety in the modes of disposing of the dead and in the beliefs concerning the origin and destiny of man to be found among primitive peoples. It is suspected that the beliefs and practices concerning death are based upon ideas and beliefs which are deep-seated in the mental life of such peoples, yet it is curious that few, if any, systematic attempts have been made to seek these psychological bases of belief and action, or to elaborate a method which will lead to their discovery.

The aim of this paper is to put forward some evidence which shows that it is possible to group together certain of these beliefs and practices, and it is hoped that thereby a step forward will have been made in the study of that branch of Ethnology which concerns itself with such matters.<sup>1</sup>

An examination of the beliefs of the peoples inhabiting Indonesia regarding death, reveals the fact that the ghosts of the dead are sometimes supposed to go to a land of the dead situated somewhere on this earth. For example,

<sup>1</sup>This paper is a summary of some of the results of an investigation into the modes of disposing of the dead in Indonesia. It is only possible to enunciate results here with illustrative examples: the full evidence upon which the demonstration is based will be published later, together with the discussion of other problems that have arisen in the course of the investigation.

the Badoej of Bantam place their land of the dead in the south of the island of Java, at a place called Lemah Bados, "the white spot"<sup>2</sup>: the inhabitants of the Babar archipelago place their land of the dead west of the group<sup>3</sup>: the Pangin of the Ella district of Borneo believe that the land of the dead is situated to the east of their present habitat<sup>4</sup>: and, in Savoe, an island to the south-west of Timor, the dead are supposed to go to the west.<sup>5</sup> If the traditions of these peoples be examined, it will be found that the direction of the land of the dead in each case is the same as the direction of the land whence they believe themselves to have come. The Badoej came from the south<sup>6</sup>: the people of the Babar archipelago from the west<sup>7</sup>: the Pangin from the east<sup>8</sup>: and the people of Savoe say that their ancestor settled on an island, Randjoewa, situated west of the group.<sup>9</sup>

*Orientation.*—I have elsewhere shown that in many cases where the dead are supposed to return to the land of the forefathers, the body is placed in a position that is in a direct relation to the direction in which the ghost has to travel.<sup>9a</sup> The following cases will serve as typical examples

<sup>2</sup> A. C. Kruijt, *Het Animisme in den Indischen Archipel*, 1906, p. 373; L. V. Ende, "Die Baduwi auf Java," *Med. Geogr. Ges. Wien*, xix., 1889, p. 11.

<sup>3</sup> J. C. F. Riedel, *De sluijk- en kroeshaarige rassen tusschen Selebes en Papua*, 1886, p. 338.

<sup>4</sup> E. L. M. Kuhr, "Schetsen uit Borneo's Westerafdeeling," *Tijd. taal land- en volk.*, Ser. 6, iii., 1897, p. 74.

<sup>5</sup> W. M. Donselaar, "Aanteekeningen over het eiland Savoe," *Med. Ned. Zend. Gen.*, xvi., 1872, p. 309.

<sup>6</sup> Kruijt, *op. cit.*, p. 373; V. Ende, *op. cit.*, p. 11.

<sup>7</sup> Riedel, *op. cit.*, p. 334.

<sup>8</sup> Kuhr, *op. cit.*, p. 74.

<sup>9</sup> M. Teffer, "Naamlijsten van al hetgeen den Savoenees tot onderhoud en verangenaaming der levens wordt geschonken," *Tijd. taal land- en volk.*, xxiii., 1876, p. 351.

<sup>9a</sup> "The Orientation of the dead in Indonesia," *Jour. Roy. Anth. Inst.*, xlv., 1914, pp. 281 *et seq.*

of the orientation of the dead. The Badoej inter their dead in an east-west position, with the head at the west end; the body lies on the right side, so that it is thus facing to the south, the direction of the land of the dead.<sup>10</sup> In the Babar archipelago the dead are placed in canoes, the head being at the east end and facing to the west.<sup>11</sup> The Pangin cremate their dead in a sitting position facing the east,<sup>12</sup> and the Savoe folk inter their dead in a sitting position facing the west.<sup>13</sup> The dead are thus not only supposed to go in a certain direction, but they are so placed that their attitude is in a definite relation to this direction. Not only is orientation towards the land of the dead found in these cases where this land is situated in some given direction, but cases occur in which houses and images are also placed in a position related to this direction. For example, among the Badoej, the chief's house stands at the south end of the village; next to it and north of it stands the village-house, and north of that again is the common rice-stamping house.<sup>14</sup> The Tobada of Central Celebes offer another example. Their village-house is built in a north-south direction, with the door at the south end. The sacred part of this house is the north chief pile, to which is hung a bunch of palm leaves in which the ghosts of the dead come occasionally to live. The land of the dead is situated in the north. These people also have two stone images, one at Boelili and the other at Gintoe, which also face to the north.<sup>15</sup>

It will be evident from these examples that the relationship between the dead and the living influences the social

<sup>10</sup> J. Jacobs, *De Badoeys*, 1891, p. 92; Kruijt, *op. cit.*, p. 373; V. Ende, *op. cit.*, p. 11; S. A. Buddingh, *Neerland's Oost-Indie*, 1859, vol. ii., p. 61.

<sup>11</sup> Riedel, *op. cit.*, p. 360.

<sup>12</sup> Kuhr, *op. cit.*, p. 77. It may be mentioned that the Pangin also sleep with their faces turned to the east.

<sup>13</sup> Riedel, *Rev. Col. Int.*, 1885, p. 309.

<sup>14</sup> V. Ende, *op. cit.*, p. 9.

<sup>15</sup> A. C. Kruijt, *Het landschap Bada*, pp. 358, 359, 361, 366.

arrangements of those peoples who believe that the land of the dead is situated on this earth. Evidence will be brought to show that the disposal of the dead is, in these cases, sometimes influenced in another manner.

*Canoe-coffins and transportation.*—It will have been noticed that the Babar people place their dead in canoes. They place their land of the dead across the sea, and thus it becomes possible that the canoe is associated with this fact. A study of the distributions of the disposal of the dead in canoes and a belief in a land of the dead or a land of origin reached by water shows that this surmise is well founded, and that the two are in correspondence. For example, canoe-coffins are used by the Galela people of Halmahera,<sup>16</sup> and they have a tradition that their ancestors came over the sea from the north-west.<sup>17</sup> Again, the people of Timorlao place their land of the dead over the sea whence they have come,<sup>18</sup> and they place their dead in canoes which shall serve for the journey back to the land of origin.<sup>19</sup>

The next case is important, for it shows that the use of a canoe-coffin may in some cases have been more than symbolical. It also shows in yet another way how close may be the relationship between the living and the dead. The Olo Ngadjoe of south-east Borneo believe that the land of the dead is situated up the river on which they live. The disposal of the dead has two stages. First, the body is placed in a canoe-coffin, *raung*, which is placed in a direction parallel to that of the river, and is left for some time, generally two years, when the second part of the disposal is

<sup>16</sup> C. F. H. Campen, "De alfoeren van Halmahera," *Tijd. Ned. Ind.*, 1883, i., p. 294.

<sup>17</sup> J. G. F. Riedel, "Galela und Tobeloresen," *Zeit. f. Ethn.*, xvii., 1885, p. 58.

<sup>18</sup> Riedel, *Sluik- en kroeshaarige rassen*, pp. 276, 305-6.

<sup>19</sup> H. O. Forbes, *A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago*, 1885, p. 322; C. V. Hoevell, "De Leti eilanden," *Tijd. taal land- en volk.*, xxxiii., 1890, p. 169.

performed. This complex ceremony is called *tivah*, and is prolonged over six days, but there is no need to mention more than one part here. On the night before the bones are placed in the mausoleum, *sandong*, which is to serve as their final resting-place, a litany is chanted by a priest. The theme is a description of the journey of the ghost, guided by the priest, to the land of the dead. It has been thought by many that these descriptive chants are the purely fictitious products of imagination, but information is given by Kruijt which puts quite a different complexion on the matter. Herr F. E. Braches of Banjermassin has discovered that the Olo Ngadjoe came from Mambaroeh, a district between the upper Kahajan and the Melawi, so that they must have descended the Kahajan on their way to their present home in the south. It is probable that formerly, just after the migration, they actually took the dead back to the land of their fathers. When the memory of the land of origin became fainter, and the return became more difficult, the journey was done in pantomime and the ghost-guide simply named the places which the body would have passed. For example, a place mentioned in the chant as made wholly of gold is a spot actually situated between two bends of the river, called *sating malenak bulan*, "the satinf-flower glistening like gold." Further up the river is a spot described in the chant as *baras bulan busong litan*, "the sand is of gold and the banks of precious stones": this is the place where gold was formerly washed; and so on. Further, the boats used in the last part of the journey are much smaller than those used farther down. They are called in the song *banama rohong*, and Kruijt tells us that "this word *rohong* is identical with *raung*, the ordinary word for coffin. The coffin is thus a canoe."<sup>20</sup> The case of Olo Ngadjoe probably shows that the use of the canoe-coffin at one time was not ceremonial, but that it actually was used for the purpose of transportation.

<sup>20</sup> Kruijt, *Animisme*, p. 344 *et seq.*



It is not possible to say at the present moment whether the custom of taking the bones of the dead back to the home of the race has ever been wide-spread. It is evident that such a custom is of great importance in the study of such ceremonials as that just described, and there is a possibility that it has had a considerable influence upon the nature of funeral ceremonies. The case of the Chin is therefore of great importance and interest. They believe themselves to have come from Chin-nwe in Upper Burma, a village near the Chindwin.<sup>21</sup> At certain intervals they endeavour to transfer the bones of the dead to the tribal burial-place, which is situated in Upper Burma at the source of the race.<sup>22</sup> In view of the fact that it is always of great importance that the dead should be interred in or near to the ancestral village, the custom of transportation gives some idea of the strength of the sentiment which must underlie such a practice.<sup>23</sup>

The land of the dead when situated upon the earth is thus seen to be more than the expression of an empty belief in the minds of these peoples. It is the place whence the race has come, and whither the dead are supposed to return. The orientation of the dead in these cases is determined by this direction, and it has been seen that even the structure of the village and the orientation of houses and images are controlled in some cases by the same motive. When the land of the dead is reached by water, canoes are provided for the journey, and in one case at least evidence has been brought forward that their use may be a survival of actual transportation. Finally, it has been seen that the dead are sometimes taken back to the land of origin, a fact which strengthens the supposition with regard to the use of canoe-coffins.

<sup>21</sup> J. G. Scott, *Gazetteer of Upper Burma*, 1900, vol. i., pt. i., p. 456; Forbes, *British Burma*, p. 252.

<sup>22</sup> Forbes, *Ibid.*, p. 252; B. S. Carey and H. N. Tuck, *Chin Gazetteer*, 1896, p. 191.

<sup>23</sup> Scott, *op. cit.*, p. 470; Carey and Tuck, *op. cit.*, p. 191.

*Mountains.*—Sometimes it will be found that the land of the dead is situated on a mountain.

The Napoe Toradja of central Celebes place their land of the dead upon Tineba, a range of mountains east of the place which they now inhabit:<sup>24</sup> the people of Beloe in Timor also place their land of the dead on mountains,<sup>25</sup> and the same is recorded of the Dusun of British North Borneo.<sup>26</sup> When the land of the dead is situated on a mountain, it will generally be found that there is an accompanying myth of origin from a mountain. Kruijt says of the To-napoe:—“The conjecture that they have migrated from the east to their present position is confirmed by their traditions.”<sup>27</sup> Again, in Beloe, the land of the dead for the people of Fialarang is Mt. Lekaan, and it is out of this mountain that the first ancestress came<sup>28</sup>: the Dusun of British North Borneo state that their ancestor went to Mt. Kinibalu to live when he saw that they were comfortably settled.<sup>29</sup> These examples again show the relationship between the land of the dead and the place of origin. It will be noticed that the origin myths differ in character. The To-napoe tradition is similar to the class already considered; that of the folk of Beloe is an origin myth pure and simple, and it will be referred to again later; while the ancestor of the Dusun lives in the place which is the land of the dead. The belief that the dead go to a mountain after death is not without a corresponding practice. The Karen believe themselves to have originated from a mountain called Thaw-thi-kwo.<sup>30</sup> They usually cremate

<sup>24</sup> Kruijt, *Animisme*, p. 373.

<sup>25</sup> Gryzen, “Mededeelingen omtrent Beloe of Midden-Timor,” *Verh. Bat. Gen.*, liv., p. 26 *et seq.*

<sup>26</sup> Ling Roth, *The Natives of Sarawak and British North Borneo*, 1896, p. 220.

<sup>27</sup> Kruijt, *op. cit.*, p. 373.

<sup>28</sup> Gryzen, *op. cit.*, p. 46.

<sup>29</sup> Ling Roth, *op. cit.*, p. 220.

<sup>30</sup> Rev. David Gilmour, “Karen Folk-lore: The legend of Taw-me-pa,” *Journal of Burma Research Society*, No. I., pt. i., 1911, p. 79.

their dead now, by the banks of a stream, but "after cremation the remains of the bones are carefully preserved by the nearest relatives and every year a grand festival is held, during which the bones of all of the clan or family who have died during the year are solemnly carried to the tribal common burial-place, which is most religiously kept secret from all of a different race, and is generally situated on some most distant and inaccessible mountain, the whereabouts of which is unknown to all save themselves, and is called *ayo-toung*, or hill of bones. There, although it is very difficult to learn the facts from the Karen, it is believed that they are finally deposited, with the best of the clothes, arms and valuables of the deceased."<sup>31</sup>

So far then it is seen that there is a definite correspondence between the land of the dead and the place of origin of the race. Moreover, it has been seen that the disposal of the dead is distinctly influenced by the fact. It is now proposed to examine other modes of disposing of the dead in Indonesia, with a view to determining whether such a correspondence exists in these cases also.

*Tree-disposal.*—One of the most remarkable modes of disposing of the dead is that in which the body is placed either in the trunk of a living tree, or in its branches. The Olo Ot, Punan and Manketan of Borneo make a hole in the trunk of an iron-wood tree and place the body in it, the hole being afterwards so carefully closed up that it is not possible to tell that the tree has been interfered with.<sup>32</sup>

The Bahau of Koetei practise tree-disposal, and they would seem to have definite ideas concerning the relationship of men and trees. They hold that "men came from trees and to trees they shall return. . . . When a Bahau woman bears a child before the appointed time, it is

<sup>31</sup> Forbes, *British Burma*, pp. 277-8.

<sup>32</sup> G. A. Wilken, *Handleiding voor de vergelijkende volkenkunde van Nederlandsch-Indie*, 1893, p. 302; J. W. Tromp, *Tijd. taal land- en volk.*, Ser. v. 3, 1885, p. 93.

placed in a tree: it is, as it were, returned to the place which it has lately left." If a pregnant woman be troubled by bad dreams, and if the Behabei state that they are caused by the child, "then at its birth the child is rejected by returning it to the tree. This act of rejection consists of making a hole in the trunk of a large tree of a certain kind, and in it the child, even if alive, is placed in a standing position, the hole being afterwards closed up."<sup>33</sup>

There is evidence to show a correspondence between the myth of origin and the disposal of the dead when they are placed in trees or on tree-platforms, but until we know more about the nature of platform-burial it will not be possible to establish this correspondence fully. I have unfortunately only been able to collect two more cases where there is a correspondence between the myth of origin and the mode of disposal, and in these two cases the correspondence is not definite. The Mentawi islanders have one mode of disposal in which the dead are placed on a platform in the branches of a tree.<sup>34</sup> They also have an origin myth which relates that two evil spirits were fighting one day and one of them started to break off a bamboo to use as a cudgel, when out of the root crept the first men.<sup>35</sup> In Timorlao the dead are put in canoes which may be placed in the branches of a tree.<sup>36</sup> Corresponding to this is a myth that the first men came out of a bamboo.<sup>37</sup>

It will be noticed that, in these last two cases, the first men came out of a bamboo, and that the place of disposal is a tree. There is thus not a direct correspondence of place

<sup>33</sup>J. W. Tromp, "Uit de Salasali van Koetei," *Tijd. taal land- en volk.*, Ser. v. 3, 1888, pp. 92-3.

<sup>34</sup>H. A. Mess, "De Mentawei-eilanden," *Tijd. taal land- en volk.*, xxvi., 1880, p. 93.

<sup>35</sup>Mess, *Ibid.*, p. 76: C. M. Pleyte, "Die Mentawei Inseln und ihre Bewohner," *Globus*, lxxix., 1901, p. 3.

<sup>36</sup>C. V. Hoevell, *op. cit.*, p. 207.

<sup>37</sup>Riedel, *Sluik- en kroeshaarige rassen*, p. 275.

of origin and place of disposal, and this fact is of importance. In many cases the myth of origin states that men first came out of a bamboo, and the fact that two of the three definite cases that we possess are of this kind is of peculiar interest.

The position with regard to tree-disposal may be put in this way—that, wherever a myth of origin exists which states that the first men came from trees or bamboos, then it will generally be found that the dead are placed in trees, or disposed of in a way derived from tree disposal. It is the fact that the last part of this proposition must first be established which makes it impossible to state the case here with all its force.

There is an interesting matter connected with the disposal in Timorlao. Canoes have been claimed as the accompaniment of a belief in a land of the dead reached by means of a journey over water, and it would seem at first sight an extraordinary thing to place the canoe in a tree, as is done in these islands. The matter is simple, for a people who have a belief in an origin from trees, and have migrated over water, will continue to practise tree-disposal after their migration, and if they wish to send their dead back home in a canoe, then it seems quite natural that the canoe should be placed in a tree.

*Interment.*—Having thus established a correspondence between the myth of origin and the mode of disposing of the dead, it will be interesting to pass to the practice of interment. Here again it will be seen that a similar correspondence exists. Some of the clans of the Old Kuki of Manipur believe that their ancestors came out of the ground. The Purum clan claim descent from Tonring and Tonshu, who issued out of the ground, and the ancestors of the Kohlen sprang out of Khurpui.<sup>38</sup> These peoples inter their dead as do the inhabitants of Keisar, whose first ancestor sprouted out of Mt. Wahkuleren.<sup>39</sup> In

<sup>38</sup> J. Shakespear, *The Lushei Kuki Clans*, 1912, pp. 151, 164 *et seq.*

<sup>39</sup> Riedel, *Sluik- en kroeshaarige rassen*, pp. 401, 420.

Beloe it has already been stated that the first ancestress of the people of Fialarang came out of Mt. Lekaan, and they also practise interment.<sup>40</sup> Thus an origin from the ground is accompanied by a return to the ground.

When the dead are interred it is believed that the ghost goes into the underground land of the dead. The Batak of Similoengoen inter their dead, and the land of the dead is situated in the bowels of the earth: it is a land exactly like this and is situated directly underneath the place which the Batak inhabit. The dead go there to join their ancestors, and in turn are joined by their descendants.<sup>41</sup> In south-west Timor, where the dead are interred, earthquakes are supposed to be due to the efforts of the dead imprisoned beneath to break out from their underground land.<sup>42</sup> The practice of cremation is a late importation among the Karen. Formerly all the dead were interred and the ghost was supposed to go to the underground land of the dead.<sup>43</sup> Before interment "four bamboo splints are taken, and one is thrown towards the west, saying, 'That is the east.' Another is thrown towards the east, saying, 'That is the west.' A third is thrown towards the top of the tree, saying, 'That is the foot of the tree,' and a fourth is thrown downwards, saying, 'That is the top of the tree.' The source of the stream is then pointed to, saying, 'That is the mouth of the stream,' and the mouth of the stream is then pointed to, saying, 'That is the head of the stream.' This is done because in Hades everything is upside down in relation to the things of this world."<sup>44</sup>

<sup>40</sup> Gryzen, *op. cit.*, pp. 26, 65 *et seq.*

<sup>41</sup> J. A. Kroesen, "Nota omtrent de Bataklandern," *Tijd. taal land- en volk.*, xli., 1899, pp. 274, 284.

<sup>42</sup> Salomon Muller, *Reizen en onderzoekingen in den Indischen archipel*, 1857, ii., p. 261; J. S. G. Graamberg, "Eene maand in de binnenland van Timor," *Verh. Bat. Gen.*, xxxvi., 1872, p. 213; Bastian, *Indonesien*, ii., p. 36.

<sup>43</sup> *Burma Gazetteer*, 1879, ii., p. 231.

<sup>44</sup> Rev. F. Mason, "The Karens," *Jour. Roy. Asiatic Soc. Bengal*, 1866, ii., pp. 27-8.

*Caves.*—Associated with interment are certain origin myths which state that the first men came out of the earth by means of a cave. Some of the Old Kuki clans of Manipur claim that their ancestors came out of the underground world by means of a cave, while, as has been seen, other of these clans claim origin from the ground. The Lamgang say that on the Kangmang hill far away to the south, there is a cave, and their ancestors, a man and a woman, came out of it. The Chawte told Colonel Shakespear the tale of the peopling of the world out of a hole in the ground, adding the graphic touch that an inquisitive monkey lifted up a stone which lay on the opening, and thus allowed their ancestors to escape.<sup>45</sup> The Patalima of Seran also have a tradition that their ancestors came out of a cave.<sup>46</sup> Several peoples in Indonesia practise cave disposal, and the possibility arises that this method of disposal and interment may be related, both being means whereby the dead are introduced into the underground world. The Kabui Naga believe that the dead go into the underground world<sup>47</sup>: one mode of disposing of the dead among them is that in which an excavation in the side of a hill is made in which the body is placed.<sup>48</sup> In this case it is not easy to say whether the place of disposal is a grave or is intended to represent a cave. It may well be a case of transition from one to the other. The case of the Bunjogee and Pankho suggests a relation between cave origin and the underground land of the dead, and therefore, possibly, also with interment. They claim that their ancestors came out of a cave, and say that "The cave whence man first emerged is in the Lhoosai country close to Vanhuilen: it can be seen to

<sup>45</sup> J. Shakespear, *op. cit.*, p. 151.

<sup>46</sup> Riedel, *op. cit.*, pp. 89, 90.

<sup>47</sup> R. Brown, "Annual Report of the Munnipore Political Agency, 1868-9," *Sel. Rec. Govt. India, Foreign Dept.*, 1870, p. 107.

<sup>48</sup> M'Culloch, "Account of the Valley of Munnipore," *Ibid.*, xxvii., 1859, p. 52.

this day, but no one can enter. If one listens outside the deep notes of the gong and the sounds of men's voices can still be heard. They inter their dead. About their future home they are most explicit. After death they believe that the deceased go into the large hill whence man first emerged; this they say is the land of the dead."<sup>49</sup>

These two cases suggest the possibility of a genetic relationship between cave disposal and interment, but the scarcity of evidence and the possibility of the existence of other correspondences connected with cave-disposal make it quite impossible to decide one way or the other at the present. Probably the question will have to be decided in regions other than Indonesia.

*Stone disposal.*—In some parts of Indonesia there is the custom of using stone in the construction of graves; in one case indeed the dead are put in stone urns. The Kabui Naga have already been mentioned as placing their dead in a cave hollowed out of the side of a hill. They also have the practice of interring their dead, and in this case a flat stone is placed on the grave, or else an upright stone is placed standing on it.<sup>50</sup> In the case in which the dead are placed in a cave, the opening is filled up with stones.<sup>51</sup> The Tangkhul Naga inter their dead, the grave having a top dressing of stones.<sup>52</sup> Again, the Paiwan of Formosa inter their dead under the house and fill the grave with stones.<sup>53</sup> The people of Minahassa place their dead in stone urns which are put, partly in the ground, behind the house.<sup>54</sup>

<sup>49</sup> T. H. Lewin, *The Hill Tracts of Chittagong*, Calcutta, 1869, pp. 95, 97.

<sup>50</sup> *loc. cit.*, and Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 106.      <sup>51</sup> M'Culloch, *op. cit.*, p. 52.

<sup>52</sup> Rev. W. Pettigrew, "Kathi Kasham. The soul-departure feast as practised by the Tangkhul Nagas," *Jour. Roy. Asiatic Soc. Straits Branch*. New Ser., iv., 1909, p. 37 *et seq.*

<sup>53</sup> A. Fischer, *Streifzuge durch Formosa*, 1909, pp. 244-5; Davidson, *Formosa*, p. 575.

<sup>54</sup> Riedel, "Ueber die Tiwukas oder steineren Graben in der {Minahassa," *Zeit. f. Ethn.*, vii., 1875, p. 259; S. A. Buddingh, *op. cit.*, p. 51; L. Mangindaan, "Oud Tondano," *Tijd. taal land- en volk.*, xx., 1864, p. 364.



In all these cases myths are present which connect the first ancestors with stones. The Kabui came out of a stone at Aqoi<sup>55</sup>; the Tangkhul also originate from a stone,<sup>56</sup> and the first ancestors of the Paiwan came out of a stone which burst.<sup>57</sup> The myth which connects the first ancestors of the race with stones occurs in different forms in Minahassa. Lumimuut, the oldest goddess, created Kareima, the first woman, who was also a priestess, out of a rock.<sup>58</sup> Among the Toumpakewa branch there is a myth that the first man was made by the union of the foam and the sand on the shore. One day while walking he heard voices in a heap of stones, and on approaching he found a girl:—"she had sprouted out of the stones."<sup>59</sup> Again, on the hill Tonderukan are two stone figures, male and female, carved out of the rock. They are said to be Lumimuut and Toar, the first human pair in Minahassa.<sup>60</sup>

Here, again, then is a similar correspondence between the myth of origin and the disposal of the dead.

To sum up—the land of the dead when situated on the earth is generally supposed to be in the same direction as the land whence the people in question believe themselves to have come. In these cases orientation of the dead in relation to the land of the dead is often found, and, if the journey be over water, a canoe is generally supplied. Moreover, the body may actually be taken back to the homeland. When the land of the dead is on a mountain, it is believed that the race originated from a mountain. In this case too is found the practice of taking the dead back to some far distant mountain. It has also been found that tree-disposal

<sup>55</sup> T. C. Hodson, *The Naga Tribes of Manipur*, 1911, p. 14.

<sup>56</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 14. <sup>57</sup> Fischer, *op. cit.*, p. 241.

<sup>58</sup> Hickson, *A Naturalist in Celebes*, pp. 240-1.

<sup>59</sup> J. Boddé, "Een Minahassisch scheppingsverhaal," *Med. Ned. Zend. Gen.*, xlvii., 1903, pp. 222-3.

<sup>60</sup> Riedel, "De watu rerumeran de empung of de steenen zetel der empung's in der Minahassa," *Tijd. taal land- en volk.*, xl., 1897, pp. 189-90.

is accompanied by a myth of origin from tree or bamboos ; interment corresponds to an origin from the ground and to an underground land of the dead, and, finally, the disposal of the dead in "stone graves" is accompanied by a myth of origin from stones.

Whether such correspondences occur in the case of other modes of disposing of the dead and in ethnographic provinces other than Indonesia, investigation only can tell. Until such correspondences have been verified or proved not to exist, it will not be possible to make any wide generalisations. It is not always possible to apply the results of investigation in one region to other regions, for at present too little is known of the mentality of the various groups of mankind to make such a proceeding safe and wise.

A word of explanation is needed before closing. The aim of this paper is to enunciate the existence of certain correspondences : there is no intention to endeavour to formulate a psychological basis for any of the modes of disposal or beliefs here discussed. In the case of tree disposal, interment and "stone graves," the dead are certainly being "put back whence they came," and in some cases, as has been seen, this is recognised by those who carry out the practices, but it does not follow that this was the aim which first prompted the disposal in any case. It may have been only the result of reasoning about the mode of disposal. Once such an idea be present, however, it may quite possibly play an important part in the formation of new myths of origin and modes of disposal. Cases such as those of the Chin, Karen and Olo Ngadjoe reveal the possibility of the existence of deep-seated causes underlying the phenomena here treated, but their discussion is not part of the purpose of this paper.

W. J. PERRY.

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## COLLECTANEA.

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SCRAPS OF FOLKLORE COLLECTED BY JOHN PHILIPPS  
ENSLIE.

[THE late Mr. J. P. Emslie was a Londoner by birth, and an engraver by profession. He was accustomed throughout his life—1839-1913—to make sketching excursions on foot in different parts of England, and to enquire into the local folklore by the way. What he heard he recorded in two small 12mo notebooks, one dealing with London and its environs, the other with the country at large, which have now been presented by his executors to the Folklore Society. They will be placed in the Society's library, and the similar books containing topographical drawings, which accompanied them, in the London County Council's Museum. The following Notes represent the contents of the general commonplace book, arranged under counties by Miss Frances Henley of Charlton Kings. It will be seen that they consist chiefly of scraps of local legend, though here and there occurs the description of some celebration of which Mr. Emslie was an eyewitness. That of Bonfire Night at Lewes in 1899, where he tells us he *saw* men running through the flames, is especially worthy of note. The first-hand character of the evidence, and the early date of some of the records, give a value of its own to the little collection, begun before any Society existed to encourage the work, and patiently gathered together through so many years.

Mr. Emslie was an original member of the Folk-Lore Society and for some years had a seat on the Council. He contributed several notes to the earlier volumes of *Folk-Lore*, and gave the device which with the motto *Alter et idem* has figured on the

Society's title-page from the first. Among other things, a whole-page plate of weathercock designs in the volume of *Folk-Lore* for 1901 is from his pencil, and he also drew the illustrations for the Report of the Folklore Congress of 1891.

C. S. BURNE.]

*Bedfordshire*, see below, Oxfordshire, the Icknield Way.

*Berkshire*.—On the edge of the Ridge Way, near West Ilsley, is Scutchamfly Barrow. The hill here is called Scotchman's Nob (see account of Grim's Bank, in Oxfordshire), also Scratch my Nob. I was told (June, 1901) that a battle was fought there with the Scotch, and that the barrow was the grave of those slain in the battle. An elderly woman told me that her father used to say that the battle was called the Battle of Anna. About four miles to the north-east, near Upton, is a place called Scotland's Ash.

A great hollow in the downs above Letcome Basset, called the Punch Bowl on the Ordnance Map, is called the Devil's Punch Bowl by the people of the neighbourhood.

In a farm-yard at Letcombe Basset I saw three horseshoes nailed over one door, and a single horseshoe nailed over every other door in the yard. I asked a boy what it meant, and he said he believed it was to bring luck. (June, 1901.)

*Buckinghamshire*.—At Whitchurch, Buckinghamshire, are some banks of earth on which it is said that a castle formerly stood. Many attempts have been made to level these banks, but always without success; the men engaged on the work have died soon after commencing it, or have been called away to other work, or have been taken ill, or, in some way or other, been prevented from levelling the banks. (August, 1901.)

A solitary barn in a hollow of the hills near Ivinghoe, Buckinghamshire, is called Waterloo Barn, and is believed by some of the people of the neighbourhood to be the site of the Battle of Waterloo. (February, 1912.)

[Cf. Oxfordshire, Icknield Way.]

*Derbyshire*.—In the churchyard at Hathersage is Little John's grave; a little stone marks the place of the head, and another little stone marks the place of the feet. A thigh-bone 32 inches long was dug up in the church, "so that proved that he must

have been a very big man; some gentleman took possession of this bone, but he had nothing but bad luck as long as it was his; he re-interred it. It is now in the British Museum." (1875.)

*Devonshire.*—When, in 1869, I asked the people at Clovelly about the singular-looking people at the neighbouring village of Bucksmill, they always got rid of the subject, and appeared to have some undefined fear of it. I was told in 1872 that Jemmy Braund, a Bucksmill man, had been frightening people by threatening to bewitch them. (1869, 1872.)

A woman at Bovey told me that when anyone in a house dies the bees are "lifted," that is, when the corpse is taken out of the house some one lifts the hive, comb and all, and puts it down again. This is done to prevent the bees going away. (1874.)

Lydia Milton, a native of Devonshire, told me in April, 1893, that in her native place it is said to be lucky for a woman if, in putting on her dress, the end of it turns up; she should not smooth it out, but let it fall of its own accord, as it is a sign that she is going to receive a present. The same applies to a man in putting on his coat.<sup>1</sup> (1893.)

*Durham.*—



I am a little workhouse girl,  
My mother she is dead,  
My father is a drunkard,  
He will not buy me bread.

I travelled through the country,  
I had a mansion fair.  
God bless my poor old mother,  
She's dead and in her grave.

I heard the above sung by a little girl at Sunderland (August 9th, 1895) while another little girl and a little boy joined hands and

<sup>1</sup>[I have heard the same thing from a maidservant born at Kingsbridge, Devon. It was described as "it is lucky if the hem of your dress turns up to make a pocket; it is a sign of money coming."—C. S. B.]

walked backwards and forwards, or sometimes joined hands in such a manner that the face of one looked away from the face of the other, and they then went round in a circle, of which their hands were the centre.

*Essex.*—On Friday Hill, between Chingford and Woodford, old men have often seen a spirit of a woman dressed in white; others have seen spirits in long white dresses flying about in the air. The latter have also been seen in Chingford old churchyard.

(Told in 1872.)

*Gloucestershire.*—

I can laugh, I can sing, I can drive away care,  
I've enough for myself, and a little to spare;  
If a friend by chance should come by this way,  
We'll make him as welcome as the flowers in May.

I heard the above sung by a boy at English Bicknor, Gloucestershire, in 1880.

*Hertfordshire.*—At Weston, two stones in the churchyard, 14 ft. 7 inches apart, are said to be the head and foot stones of the giant Jack o' Legs, who is there buried with his body doubled up. He lived at Baldock,—where, as he walked along the street, he would look in at the first-floor windows,—and thence he shot an arrow, saying that where it fell he wished to be buried. It fell in Weston Churchyard, and, in its flight, knocked away a corner of the church tower.<sup>2</sup>

(Told in 1883.)

Near Stevenage are six barrows by the roadside. My father, John Emslie, was told, in 1835, by Mr. Williams, baker, of Stevenage, that in an adjoining wood are seven pits and one barrow. The devil, having dug out six spadefuls of earth, emptied them beside the road, thus making the six barrows. He then returned to the wood, dug another spadeful of earth (thus making the seven pits) and, walking along with this spadeful, dropped it and thus made the solitary barrow, which, I was told in 1883, had long since been cleared away.

(1875, 1883.)

*Isle of Wight.*—At Centurion's Copse, near Brading, there was formerly a tree, at the root of which a large treasure was said to be buried. This treasure could only be got at by rooting up the tree with twelve white oxen; in no other way was it possible to

<sup>2</sup> Compare Robin Hood's grave at Kirklees, and Little John's at Hathersage.

root it up. A man made the attempt with twelve oxen, but could not move the tree; afterwards, in looking over the oxen, he found that one of them had one black hair upon it, and this had spoiled the charm. Ultimately the tree was cut down, the spell was broken, and the treasure became irrecoverable. (1880.)

*Kent.*—In 1861 I was told that in the woods near Sevenoaks there was often found a venomous snake called the deaf adder. It could never hear the sound of approaching footsteps, but, if it caught sight of anyone, it would follow him, no matter where or to what distance, until it had given him a bite, which always proved fatal. Along its back was written :

If I could hear as well as I can see  
Nobody should escape from me. (1861.)

I was told in 1875 that the portcullis was down at Quay Gate, Sandwich, at the time when the French were invading England. King John came to the gate, he was in a private dress, and he asked to be admitted. "No," said the sentinel. The king repeated his demand. "Not if you were the king of England," said the sentinel, "and if you don't go away I'll give you a whack on the head." Next day the king came in state, and said: "We must have a fight; you said you'd give me a whack on the head." (1875.)

*London.*—Passing through Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in May, 1894, some children asked me to give some money for the



grave of Tommy on the Tubs. The grave was a design worked in grass upon the pavement. I asked the meaning of it, the children only smiled; I asked who was Tommy on the Tubs, and they said he was a man who used to work in the Covent Garden Market, and was drowned on the Embankment.<sup>3</sup> (1894.)

July 19th, 1895. I saw a few stones piled up to a height of about six inches, on the top some leaves, grass and flowers; in

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Folk-Lore*, vol. v. (1894), p. 290 *sqq.*

front a little patch of gravel, in which was an inscription "Please remember us," the letters being formed of white pebbles placed close to each other. I saw this in Camberwell Grove. (1895.)

*Northamptonshire.*—In August, 1904, I made a tour through part of Northamptonshire. I saw a great many horseshoes placed over doors, often there were several on one house. At the *Sondes Arms*, Rockingham, eight horseshoes were fastened up in the inn-yard; the landlady said that some of them were "favourites," which she explained to mean shoes of favourite horses, kept as memorials of those horses. (1904.)

At Watford (Northamptonshire) the Roman Watling Street is called the Old Street Road. (1904.)

Stowe Nine Churches was so named because attempts were made on nine successive days to build a church, but all the work that was done in the day was destroyed in the night, until, on the ninth day, the work was no more hindered. Who broke down the work they can't tell, "perhaps the devil," said my informant. (1904.)

[See W. Johnson, *Byways in British Archaeology* (1912), p. 16 *sqq.*]

At Weedon I was told that a wicked old gamekeeper died, and his ghost used to appear, exactly at twelve every night, within an old oak tree opposite to the park lodge gate. Many people used to go there at night and wait until twelve o'clock to see him. One night a parson went there and, the ghost not appearing, the parson called to him. Thereupon the ghost appeared, and said: "If you dig beneath this tree you'll find a lot of money." The next day a search was made in accordance with the ghost's directions, and a leather bag filled with sovereigns was dug out of the ground. After this the ghost never again appeared. (1904.)

*Oxfordshire: The Ickniel Way.* That part of the Upper Ickniel Way which, on the Ordnance Map, is called Ickleton Way, leads, "they say," to the world's end. A gentleman once travelled along this road till he came to the fiery mountains. He turned back long before he reached them, for the smoke and smell nearly suffocated him. He lived near Watlington, but the woman who told me this had forgotten his name, though she had heard many speak of him. He died before she came into this part.



The road is also called Akney Way and the Drove Road, on account of the number of sheep driven along it at fair time. It is said to go all round the world, so that if you keep along it and travel on you will come back to the place you started from. It is also said to go from sea to sea. A drover who had been "everywhere," Bucks., Oxfordshire, Herts., all over Wales, had always found the Akney Way wherever he had been. (Heard in 1891.)

In April, 1892, I walked along the Icknield Way from Crowmarsh, in Oxfordshire, to Dunstable, in Bedfordshire (a distance of 35 miles). I was unable to gain any further information about the legend previously mentioned, but, all along my route, heard that the road went all round the world, or that it went all through the island, that it went from sea to sea, that it went "from sea-port to sea-port."

A little way off the road, near to Eddlesborough (Bucks.) is a place called Bloodcot or Bloodcut Hill, where blood has worn the turf off and left the chalk bare.

On Dunstable Downs (Bedfordshire) is a place called Pigs' or Ligs' Hill, distinguished by a large patch of bare chalk, showing conspicuously among the turf. Here, on Good Friday, young people meet together and throw oranges down the hill-side, and then run after them. (April, 1892.)

Grim's Bank, near Mongewell, "goes, ditch and bank, all round the world," and was thrown up in the time of Cromwell; so I was told by some shepherds in April, 1892. They further told me that it was a bank on the low ground and a ditch on the hills, and pointed out two clumps of trees on the Berkshire Downs, some miles away, where the ditch (or bank) touched the hills; the place by the clumps of trees is called Scotchman's Nob. One man told me that Grim's Bank was made by the Romans, and never used, and that it goes all the way into Wales. (1892.)

There is a tree in Nettlebed Wood called the Nidget Tree. It is different from all the trees around. Lovers used to go into the wood, and the youth would give the maiden a leaf from this tree. (1888.)

Of the group of stones known as "The Five Whispering Knights," near Rollright, it is said that if you place your head in the midst of them you can hear the sound of their whispering. (1882.)

[On the legends connected with the Rollright Stones, see the article by Sir A. J. Evans in *Folk-Lore*, vol. vi. (1895), p. 6 *sqq.*]

*Shropshire*.—On Titterstone Clee Hill “a wall thrown down” was put up at the time of the Revolution, when cannon would fire balls from there to Ludlow Castle. “Old women in their red cloaks” would go up into the enclosure. The hill was an island in the time of St. Paul. (1881.)

An archway on the north side of Clun Church is said to be the tomb of a man who, coming from Holy Communion, was slain by his brother, and, on account of his peculiar death, was not allowed to be buried in the church. (1882.)

*Somersetshire*.—The “Giant’s Chair” is a cavity on the south side of the top of Grabbist Hill, near Dunster. In this a giant used to sit, bathe his feet in the river below, and reach out to Dunster Castle (when clothes were hanging to dry) for a towel wherewith to wipe them. (1876.)

Tarr Steps, near Hawkridge, were built by the devil, who brought the stones in his apron from a small distance. In the wood above the Steps is a heap of stones which he dropped when his apron-string broke.

A king used to live at Bratton Court, near Dunster. There is still a gaol there. The King of Dunster used to fight the King of Porlock. (Heard in 1876.)

At Water Row, near Wiveliscombe, in July, 1897, I have often heard little girls singing the following to the tune of the original polka :

My young man is fond of me,  
My young man has gone to sea.  
And, if he should marry me,  
Oh ! how happy I shall be.

At the same place and time I heard the following verse :

Mother, mother, Nelly, Nelly,  
Make a cake to fill my belly.  
Mother made a seedy cake  
Which gave me the belly ache. (July, 1897.)

*Suffolk*.—A Suffolk girl, Mary Plant, who was a servant of my mother’s, about 1845, told me that when there was a thunderstorm her father would beat any of his children that spoke, as he said that the thunder was the voice of God. (1845.)

The same servant, in reply to a remark of mine that I had seen some fairies in a pantomime who were dressed in pink, said, and very positively too, "Fairies are always dressed in white." (1845.)

Whenever I or my brother annoyed this servant, she would threaten us with "I'll send old Jack Bone to you." (1845.)

*Surrey.*—King John, whilst riding, said to his horse ("just as they might say it at Astley's") "Horse, lie down." The horse did lie down, and the place was called Horslydown.

(Heard in 1873.)

Above Aldershot is a hill called Caesar's Hill. On May 2nd, 1889, I was told that Julius Caesar, from that hill, witnessed a review of his army.

Near Farnham are three detached hills called "The Devil's Three Jumps." The devil borrowed a kettle of Mother Ludlam (a witch whose cave is in the neighbourhood) and would not return it. She ran after him, and he made three great jumps, and caused a hill to spring up out of the ground each time that he jumped, so as to hide him. Ultimately, being closely pressed, he flung the kettle over the hills and into the Devil's Punch Bowl. Mother Ludlam recovered it, and, by the advice of a clergyman, hung it up in Frensham Church, so as to be out of reach of the devil.

(1872.)

Under the tower on Leith Hill a man was buried with his head downwards, so that he should come on to his feet when the world shall be turned upside down; "but perhaps that is only a say," said my informant.

(1874.)

The same informant also told me that there is a serpent about the chalk hills called the red adder; it is about the colour of a coal fire, and anyone bitten by it cannot possibly escape death.

(1874.)

My grandmother, Clarissa Emslie (born Hill), a native of Mitcham, used to tell of a very wicked man who went into the woods one Sunday to gather nuts. He was terrified to find that as he pulled them off the trees they came again in greater numbers than before.

Miss Howell (a friend of my grandmother aforesaid) used to relate that at a house at Stockwell, as soon as it was dark, there was a strange feeling and a sound as of the rustling of a dress. A

servant sat up one night, and saw a figure of a lady. It ran away. The servant followed, till, in the garden, the figure suddenly stopped, said "Dig," and disappeared. On digging on the spot, a large sum of money was found, and the apparition was seen no more.

Mrs. Woolley told me that when she was a child and lived at Dulwich, her father always went out of the house about ten minutes to twelve on the 31st of December, and as the clock struck twelve he threw into the house a piece of bread, an apple, and some rice; the bread was to bring plenty, the rice luck, and Mrs. W. had forgotten what the apple was meant for. (1893.)

*Sussex.*—An almost unapproachable cave in the face of the cliff at Seaford Head is called (says M. A. Lower) Puck Church Parlour, and is the scene of an ancient superstition. A shepherd on the cliff top told me (1875) that it was called Buck Church; his boy had been in it, but he couldn't get down the face of the cliff. (1875.)

In the crypt under the Folly at Seaford the ghost of a nun opens the door, walks round, looks about, and then goes away.

I was told in 1875 that the Long Man at Wilmington (called Wilmington Giant by the people of the neighbourhood) was cut on the hills before the Flood. There are remains of a castle above Wilmington Priory; pilgrimages were made from the castle to the priory, and, at the time of the pilgrimage the giant (Long Man) was slain by the pilgrims.

I was also told that the giant on Firls Beacon threw his hammer at the Wilmington giant and killed him, and that the figure on the hillside marks the place where his body fell.

I was told this again in 1890, and in 1891 was further informed that the Long Man carries spears, not staves, in his hands, and that an upright line (which I was unable to find) runs from top to bottom of the hill a little to the east, and another a little to the west, of the figure.

A man told me that the Wilmington Long Man was a giant who fell over the top of the hill and killed himself; he also said that "a boy cut it out; they can't trace its history, it goes back so far." Another man told me that the Wilmington giant was killed by a shepherd, who threw his dinner at the monster.

The sun cast a shadow on the hill; the monks marked the place, and cut an outline; thus the Wilmington giant was made.

(1875, 1890, 1891, 1905.)

“One of the Romans” was buried in a gold coffin under the Wilmington giant. (1899.)

A man of 84 years of age told me that he had seen a book which told all about the rock called Great-upon-Little, but that it did not mention what he had heard people say, that the rock had formerly been an object of worship, and that to touch it was death.

(1905.)

A branch of the river Ouse at Glynde is called Glynde Reach. Skeletons and weapons have been dug out of the chalk-pit at Glynde; some are in the Lewes Castle Museum. (1890-91.)

King Arthur fought and won a battle at Flossenden (?) on the downs a little S.-W. of the Long Man (of Wilmington); others said that the battle was fought a little east of the Long Man, and on the hill-top, where there are entrenchments, and a cave with remains of building which I could not find.

King Arthur fought a battle on the hills near Friston House.

At Alfriston “people say” that King Arthur fought thereabouts.

A ploughman between Berwick and West Firle said “there can be no doubt that a war or two was fought hereabouts in the olden time.” (1891.)

I again heard that King Arthur had fought battles in this neighbourhood, but again was unable to obtain any particulars. A shepherd told me that King Arthur had fought a great battle amongst the barrows on the hill-top east of the Long Man.

I also heard, from several people at Alfriston and in the neighbourhood, that King Arthur had fought battles thereabouts, but, as before, I could not obtain any particulars. (September, 1899.)

Alice Carter, waitress at the “Star,” Alfriston, and others, told me that King Arthur had fought battles in this neighbourhood.

(November, 1899.)

King Arthur is “talked about” at Hassocks, near Brighton, “but not much” said my informant. (November 4, 1899.)

King Arthur lived at the Moat, a house between Mount Harry and Plumpton. (November 7, 1899.)

I could not hear of King Arthur (except once, doubtfully) in Ashdown Forest, at Robertsbridge, or Sedlescombe. A battle was fought at Gill's Lap, near Crowborough. (1905.)

King Arthur fought at Pevensey, and again I heard of his having been in the country between Pevensey and Lewes, but, as before, could not obtain any particulars. (1905.)

I could hear nothing of King Arthur between Three Bridges and Lewes; afterwards I heard that he had fought in the neighbourhood of Mount Harry. (1905.)

Alice Carter, waitress at the "Star," Alfriston, told me that the iron caldron, hanging up in the kitchen at that inn, was the one in which were the cakes which King Alfred burned; others told me the same. (November 4, 1899.)

King Alfred fought on Wolstonbury Hill, and the ten horse-shoes which are on the Bull Hotel at Ditchling are said to have been cast by his ponies. (1905.)

Near Turner's Hill, near Three Bridges, is a place called the Withy Pits; it is said that the Danes came forward here carrying branches of withies, that people thought that a wood was moving, and fled; the Danes came on to Turner's Hill, where they were turned back, and then crawled to Crawley.

(September, 1905.)

On the hill above Alfriston is said to be the figure of a man thrown from a horse: it marks the site of a victory gained by the Saxons over the Normans. (1905.)

A "hollow cave" goes underground from Robertsbridge Abbey to Battle Abbey, and from there to Winchelsea. (1905.)

Near Gill's Lap (near Crowborough), at a clump of trees called King James's Standing, King James stood and saw a hunt.

(1905.)

Fires were anciently lighted on the top of Firl Beacon, Mount Caburn, and other eminences of the South Downs. They were last lighted on the day of the Queen's Jubilee, June 21st, 1887. On the top of Firl Beacon is a "round"; the woman who told me this did not seem to be certain what this "round" was, and was inclined to think that it might have been a haunt or habitation of the giant of Firl Beacon. (1891.)

I was at Lewes on the 5th of November, 1891. In the evening

there were processions of people in all kinds of fancy dresses ; a very large number of the bystanders were also in fancy dresses ; fireworks were let off, constantly and at random ; often as many as a dozen squibs were rushing about or exploding within the space of half a furlong in the street. Three bonfires were kept alight all the evening. Each procession was headed by a band ; many of the processionists carried torches, there were several banners, and each procession was closed by an iron truck on which was a blazing tar-barrel, the heat from which was intolerable. About ten o'clock effigies of Guy Fawkes and of the Bishop of Rome were burned at three places in the town.

An old man, Morgan by name, who had the care of the Castle, told me that he believed the celebrations of the 5th were as old as the time of Queen Mary, in whose reign several men were burned alive at Lewes ; he, however, seemed to be very uncertain, and not at all clear in his memory. A young man told me that the celebrations were not (in their present form) more than a hundred and fifty years old, and that it was within the last forty years that they had been developed ; some ten or fifteen years years back all the processionists wore blue and white striped guernseys, white trousers, and scarlet caps ; the fancy costumes came later on.

One young man told me that bonfires are lit and fireworks let off all over Sussex on the 5th of November, and that in South Africa, where there are many "Leweses" (so he called the people of Lewes) "bonfire night" is observed with great spirit. He had had a letter from New Zealand informing him that about forty settlers, some of whom were natives of Lewes, whilst others had been in that town on November 5th, had got up a bonfire and firework demonstration, to the great delight of the people of the neighbourhood, who had never before seen such a thing, and asked to have it repeated. (1891.)

September, 1899, I was told at Lewes that on the occasion of lighting up the bonfires on the fifth of November, there is a mock bishop, a mock service, and the bonfire boys have prayers of their own. The whole affair commemorates the martyrdoms at Lewes in Queen Mary's time, and it is as flourishing as ever, "particularly since these ritualistic times."

Mr. Gearing, who for the last twenty-five years has been "bishop" of Lewes, informed me that the "bishop" is elected annually at a public meeting which is convened by the borough authorities. It is required of him that he should make a speech of an anti-papal character. Mr. Gearing gave me the bonfire-boys' "prayers," as follows :

Remember, remember the fifth of November,  
 The Gunpowder Treason and Plot,  
 I know no reason why Gunpowder Treason  
 Should ever be forgot.  
 Guy Fawkes, Guy Fawkes, 'twas his intent  
 To blow up the King and the Parliament.  
 Four score barrels of powder below,  
 Poor old England to overthrow.  
 By God's providence he was caught  
 With a dark lantern and burning match.  
 Holler, boys ! Holler, boys ! Ring, boys ring !  
 Holler, boys ! Holler, boys ! God save the Queen !  
 Hip ! hip ! hurrah !

A penny loaf to feed old Pope,  
 A farthing cheese to choke him,  
 Pint of beer to wash it down,  
 Faggot stick to burn him.  
 Burn him in a tub of tar,  
 Burn him in a flaming star,  
 Burn his body from his head,  
 Then we'll say old Pope is dead.

(1899.)

The Bonfire Boys of Lewes are selected by the Bonfire Societies of the town ; some of the boys are workmen, some tradesmen's sons, and some gentlemen ; all join as equals to do the work.

(Mrs. Wright, Newhaven, 1899.)

6th November [1899] I saw the festival at Lewes. Some of the fancy dresses were exceedingly pretty, and the torchlight processions with flaming tar-barrels were very effective. There was a certain lack of crowding and of noise amongst the spectators which, I was told, was probably owing to the fact that many men of the Army Reserve had been called out of Lewes. A little before 6 p.m. lighted tar-barrels were pitched in front of the County Hall, and then the crowd assembled around them chanted the song already noted. The evening was spent similarly to the



one described on the preceding pages. About ten o'clock a lighted tar-barrel was thrown into the Ouse. A few minutes before midnight a procession came up from Schoolhill, and, forming four abreast, danced round the bonfire in front of the Town Hall many times; presently one man broke from the ranks and ran through the flames; after a while others did the same. This continued until the town clock struck twelve, when fire-men with a hand-engine came up and totally extinguished the bonfire. The Gunpowder Plot song was then sung, the band then played "God save the Queen," many cheers were given, and attempts were made to prolong the revelry, but the crowd melted, though very slowly, and, as I lay in bed in an upper room of the "White Hart" Hotel, I could hear, when it was nearly one o'clock, distant cheering, with a brass band playing "God save the Queen."<sup>4</sup> (1899.)

*Wiltshire.*—At Wilton, on the first of May (1896), I saw many parties of little girls carrying short sticks, at the top of which were garlands or bunches of flowers. The girls stood at doors singing a song, the last line of which was "Please give a penny for the garland." I was told that the pence which they collect are spent at Wilton Fair, which is held on the first Monday in May. (1896.)

On the same day (May 1st, 1896) at Salisbury I saw little girls in parties of two, each of the two holding the end of one stick from whose centre hung a model of a crown worked in flowers.

(1896.)

[Compare the celebration at King's Lynn, *Folk-Lore*, vol. x. (1899), p. 443 *sqq.*]

Bulford Water Stone, near Amesbury, is a stone in the middle of the River Avon. On its north side is an iron ring, fixed in it, and which always lies upon it in a direction which is opposed to the current of the river. It has frequently been turned over so as to lie in the same direction as the current of the river, but it has always returned to its original position by going against the current of the river.

(1896.)

I was enquiring for the Sarsen Stones or Grey Wethers, when only about a furlong from them, but an old man and his niece did not know either name; at last they suggested that what I was seeking was what they called the Thousand Stones. The man

<sup>4</sup> See art. on "Guy Fawkes" in *Folk-Lore*, Dec. 1912.

told me (what I had heard before) that the stones certainly grew; he had seen this, for, when he was a boy, there were not nearly so many, nor were they so large, as now. (June, 1901.)

A man at work near Silbury Hill told me that somewhere thereabouts a king had been buried in a golden coffin. (June, 1901.)

A man in Devizes Market Place called my attention to the inscription commemorating the sudden death of Ruth Pierce, and then, pointing to the Corn Exchange, said: "They put her statue up on the top there when they built it." The statue was of a graceful female in classical dress with a wreath of flowers on her head and a cornucopia in her right hand. (June, 1901.)

In April and May, 1904, I made an excursion, principally in Wiltshire, and saw many places where horseshoes were nailed over doors.

I often saw horseshoes nailed over doors in and around Baydon in July, 1905.

In July, 1905, I enquired, in and around Baydon in Wiltshire, if King Arthur had ever fought a battle there. One or two said: "Yes, between there and Aldbourne," but others said King Alfred had fought there, and confounded the battle with that of Ashdown.

The following rhyme used to be sung by Hannan Pullen, a servant of my mother's, about 1848:

Come Richmond, come Tormond,<sup>5</sup> come Foolish, come Pretty,  
Don't let me die maiden, but take me for fifty:  
I'll be a good wife, never scold nor be jealous,  
I'll find you plenty of money to spend at the alehouse;  
And while you're out spending, I'll be at home saving,  
Ri fal the riddle lal, ri fal the riddle lido.

*Wales.*—Near Beddgelert, in Carnarvonshire, I saw, in 1857, the words "Llan Trwsgwl" painted on a rock by the roadside. David Roberts, our guide, said the words meant "Awkward Footstep," and that a giant, trying to jump across the river Colwyn, could not make a good jump, and only brought one foot down on to the rock on the further side of the river, which here flowed by the road's side. He pointed out the rock, and on it was painted a footprint about a yard long: it is said to mark the spot where the giant's foot came down. (1857.)

<sup>5</sup>"Come rich man, come poor man"?

About a mile east of Berriew, on the green by the side of a lane, is a stone about five feet high, called, on the Ordnance Map, Maen Beuno, but by the people in the neighbourhood "the Bynion Stone." A man who told me (in 1891) that he was fifty years of age, said he had been told by old men when he was a boy that it was intended to have built a church on the spot where the Bynion Stone stands, but that every night the stones which had been placed in position were carried away and put down on the spot where Berriew Church now stands. (1891.)

September 7th, 1891, I saw a funeral at Festiniog. The funeral procession was headed by a row of young men; next to these was a row of young women; then a row of little girls; then a row of boys; these were all dressed (apparently in their Sunday clothes) in colours. They all carried books, which contained words without music. After these came the coffin, carried on a bier by six men, not professional undertakers (there was no sign of an undertaker present), but apparently friends of the deceased's family. Then came the mourners, and aside and at back of them a crowd of some two hundred, mostly females, and all, or nearly all, dressed in black or in dark colours. These had all assembled in front of the house where the corpse was, and as soon as the bier was raised on the shoulders of its bearers, the young people in front sang from the books which they carried, and, at the same time, the procession started. The air to which they sang was somewhat as follows. I write from a very hazy memory of it, but the following is a record of some resemblance to it:



This was sung several times, until the churchyard gate was reached, when the singing immediately ceased. Here the priest,

in surplice and stole, headed the procession, reading the opening sentences of the burial service. The body was then taken into the church, and the service proceeded with until the end of the verses from 1 Corinthians xv. Then the choristers sang something to a very sad air. After this, very many of the congregation went up to a table which was in front of the altar-rails, and deposited thereon offerings of money (these, I was informed, were offerings for the clergyman). Then the corpse was taken out of the church, and the congregation followed without observing any order whatever. The body was lowered into the grave, and the remainder of the burial service (the whole of which was in the Welsh language) was read. Then the singers burst out with some beautiful singing, the air of which was very cheerful, and suggested to me that it expressed the hope of a joyful resurrection for the deceased. After this, the whole assembly broke up, and the people composing it went away in various directions.

A young peasant was looking at a drawing I was making of a view near Festiniog, and at last she remarked: "Well, you've made a drawing there that's worthy to have been done by King Arthur." (1891.)

*Belgium.*—In 1872 I was going with my father from Waulsort, near Dinant, to Falmignoul; a peasant who accompanied us across the fields told us that it was said of a man who plucks a dandelion "qu'il est bien chiqué—c'est à dire, qu'il sait tout." He also showed us a flower something like the English sheep scabious, and said that it was called *Fleur du diable*.

In Brussels a narrow and very steep little street near the Rue Haute is called the Rue du Mont des Géants.

At Antwerp, on the evening of the second day (August 18th) of the Kermis, the children placed lighted candles in little hillocks of sand in the middle of the bye streets, and danced around these lights. I could gain no further information regarding the custom than "ce n'est que le jeu des enfants."

In the rock on which the castle of Bouillon stands, and within the castle premises, is Godfrey de Bouillon's Seat and the seat of his lieutenant. They are two niches in the natural rock, and so shallow that it is difficult to sit in them, and so low that one's head, when one sits in them, touches their tops. (1872.)

## FOLKLORE OF THE WAR.

*Snakes: an elephant.*—Just before the outbreak of the war a Bengali saw a cluster of snakes descend from the sky, and another saw the heavens open on a stormy night, disclosing a gigantic elephant. A person at Meerut saw a two-headed serpent, which emitted fire and smoke at intervals, and whose path was marked by the scorching of the grass. It was also said to have been seen throwing up into the air with its mouths a brilliant ruby, which lit up the surrounding country. In view of these alarming rumours, coupled with the belief that a Bengali saint girl was coming from Calcutta to conquer the reptile and capture the ruby, enormous crowds assembled to witness the miracle, but after a time they returned disappointed.—*The Indiaman*, 4th September, 1914.

*Comets and war.*<sup>1</sup>—The curious in Russia are noting that in the past four centuries great comets have appeared only eleven times, each time in a year of war. The only exceptions were in the Turkish Campaign of 1877 and in the war with Japan, though a faint comet was visible in January, 1904. Delavant's comet, recently discovered, keeps up the tradition.—*The Morning Post*, 5th September, 1914.

<sup>1</sup> "Like a comet burn'd  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war."—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii., 708.

"There with long bloody haire, a Blazing Star  
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague & War:  
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many crosses:  
To all Estates, inevitable Losses:  
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plough-men, hap-lesse Seasons:  
To Saylers, Storms: to Cities, civill Treasons."

—Joshua Sylvester, translation of *Du Bartas, his Divine Weekes and Workes*, folio, 1633, p. 33.

The appearance of comets foreboded the death of Julius Caesar:

"non alias caelo ceciderunt plura sereno  
fulgura, nec diri toties arsere cometae."

—Virgil, *Georgics*, i., 487-488; cf. Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* i., 22.

*Touching the back of a hunchback for luck.*<sup>2</sup>—"There is nothing new in the story of Lord Torrington and his friends, when leaving for the front, treating the little hunchback newsboy at the Paddington bookstall as a mascot, and rewarding him for allowing them to touch him. Years ago a hunchback used always to take his stand outside Waterloo Station on race-meeting days, and there must be many who remember paying twopence to rub him on the back on their way to Sandown and elsewhere." —*The Observer*, 6th September, 1914.

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SOME NATURE MYTHS FROM SAMOA.

Fifty years ago I was resident in Samoa, and made the acquaintance of one of the most intelligent Samoans I have ever known. His baptised name was Penisimani (Benjamin), and he was well known all over the group as a native poet whose songs were eagerly sought after by the people. He was a Pastor, or Native Teacher, of the London Missionary Society, and the Missionaries of that Society published a small collection of native songs on Biblical subjects, composed by Penisimani, which were sung to native tunes. These became so popular that the Missionaries were afraid that they would recall the old heathen songs, and that the regular hymns and the English tunes would be displaced by them, and so they, most unwisely in my judgment, suppressed the sale of the little book and destroyed all the copies that could be found. I know of only two copies which are in existence at the present time. One of these is in the Mitchell Library in Sydney, and the other copy, partially damaged, is in my possession. Peni (Ben), as we called him, not only helped me in any difficulties

<sup>2</sup>In South India to meet a hunchback, when setting out on a journey, is unlucky (J. E. Padfield, *The Hindu at Home*, 1896, p. 288). The Gobbo or hunchback charm against the Evil Eye is described by F. T. Elworthy (*The Evil Eye*, 1895, p. 331), who regards it as a survival from ancient days, tracing it back to statuettes of the Egyptian god Bes. "The Gobbo," he says, "is sold as a charm in silver at Constantinople. There are also one or two small Phœnician figures in the Ashmolean which are undoubted hunchback amulets. Monte Carlo gamblers did not invent the lucky Gobbo."

which I had with the Samoan language, but, at my suggestion, he wrote down at his leisure any songs, proverbs, stories, riddles, etc., of which he had any knowledge. From time to time, sometimes at intervals of several months, he brought me what he had written, and I gave him a present and more paper. He lived several miles away from my house, and I had little or no intercourse with him except when he brought me the sheets which he had written, and he had no intercourse with any other white man. During the course of four or five years, this collection grew to about 600 pages of closely written matter. Of its value it is sufficient to say that the late Rev. George Pratt, in the preface to the third edition of his *Grammar and Dictionary of the Samoan Language*, says: "From a volume of MSS. songs written out by a native poet, and lent to me by the Rev. George Brown, I culled 500 new words." This was after many years spent in collecting words from the previous editions. Most of the proverbs given in the same book (pp. 50-52) were also extracted by Mr. Pratt from the same collection. The stories were written by a Samoan in his own home, and without any promptings or assistance from any white man, and that, in my opinion, makes them both interesting and valuable.

I have selected for translation some of the Nature Myths, which, I think, show the development of pre-animistic ideas to those which represent the results of many years' close observation of natural phenomena, whilst still retaining traces of the original opinions which were held by previous generations.

In the following translations I have endeavoured to preserve the idiom of the language and to give a literal translation of the writer's words, even at the cost of clearness in some passages.

*The Story of the War between Birds and Fishes.*

"Thus the story goes. There was a great fight and the birds were defeated. Then the story of the defeat of the birds says that they did not act thoughtlessly but meditated on their defeat. But the fishes, it is said, boasted foolishly, thinking erroneously that the birds were defeated because the crab was captured and turned into a turtle, and the frigate bird was captured. That was the spoil (or trophy) of the Fuga. The pigeon also was

the spoil (or trophy) of the Ume, and thus was first blood shed in the war. It is said also that some of the fishes got inland. Probably this was the reason of the carelessness of the fishes. They thought foolishly that the birds were defeated completely. Behold! the fishes were startled when a band of "avengers of the slain" came suddenly upon them. The fishes were slain or put to flight. Behold, they were utterly defeated. These were the pursuers of the rearguard: Gogo (the Tern); and Matuu (the Heron, *ardea sacra*); and Tuli (*charadrius fulvus*). But now a short story about that animal, the Funafuna (Sea Cucumber, *holothuria*). It was never certain with which army it would fight. It was a thing of two mouths. Behold, if the sea (folk) were driven it killed the fishes in the sea; if the inland (folk) were driven it killed the birds inland. Such was the custom of the Funafuna, because it was as though it had two mouths. There are many men like that. Now, behold there was held a council of the fishes concerning their war. The Inaga (a species of white bait) did not go to the council. They were late. It is not known what was the reason which hindered them from attending the council. Then began the speech-making in the council; they would not wait for the attendance of the Inaga. This was the tenor of the speeches; let there be no waiting for that Inaga. What is the use of those small useless fishes? It is not as if anyone would be afraid of those thin little fishes. Let the troops go forward to the fight. And so the council ended. The battle was fought and the fishes were defeated, and they were abused by the birds. At this juncture the Inaga arrived. Alas! they were grieved. Then was made the speech of the Inaga. What is the reason for all these happenings, that things look so ominous as they do, and that it looks as if we were defeated? Then the fishes replied. True, indeed, we have been driven (defeated) by the birds. Then the Inaga said, With all respect for you, the large fishes of the sea, you have brought about this calamity; it is all from your conduct, you the large fishes of the sea. Consider this will you. Although we Inaga are small fishes, yet it was becoming of you to postpone the council until we came, for although we are little fishes, we Inaga, yet (you might) have just waited awhile, but you have not treated with any respect this family of ours.



Then at once began the war of the Inaga. The battle was fought, the birds rushed down, then rushed upon each of them a hundred Inaga. Some Inaga stuck or clung to their eyes, others to their bodies, and so on to all the birds. And so the birds were defeated. And that is the reason why the Inaga can ascend inland to the mountain range. They can go up the rivers inland because the birds were defeated by them. This is the story in Samoa.

*A few words about the war between Birds and Fishes.*

It is not clearly known why they fought. I suppose the story has passed away as to what was the origin of that war, because that generation of men has long since passed away. It was in those days when birds, fishes, stones, trees, and all things spoke to each other. It was whilst the sky was down below, for men walked bent down formerly and were not able to stand upright. I suppose in those days men went to and fro between the sky and here below. Behold that plant, the Teve (*Amorphophallus*), which held up the sky when all the big trees of this world below were too weak to do so. Perhaps it was in those days that the fight was between birds and fishes. Behold, it is long, long ago. Who can know it all? I don't know all about that story, only some words picked up here and there in these days.

The battle was fought, the birds were driven (defeated). They were driven by the troops of the Inaga. That is the reason why they (the Inaga) pass inland to the mountain ranges of the birds. But though the birds were defeated by the fishes, behold they did not act thoughtlessly with regard to their defeat, but they devised plans every day and deliberated how they might overcome their enemy. But, behold, the fishes acted carelessly, the fishes were careless because they had defeated the birds, but the birds were not indifferent about their downfall. The birds could not sleep on account of their conquered state. Then suddenly they swooped down, and the fishes were driven and were utterly defeated. Behold they were the last driven in the war, and thus was established on them the rule of the birds for ever. They, the fishes, were subdued for ever and for ever; never again could they rise

from their subjection at any time or period. It is said that in that fight there was slaughter on both sides. The pig was "got"<sup>1</sup> (aulia = is killed and the head taken) from the sea party, but the turtle was "got"<sup>1</sup> from the inland party. The snake was "got"<sup>1</sup> by the inland party, but the sea-eel (murana) was the spoil of the sea party. It is not known to me what the speeches were about. It is not known why the Sapatu (a fish) did not attend the council.<sup>2</sup> It is not known to me what was the reason which made the speech of the Funafuna such a long one.<sup>2</sup> It is not known also the name of the fish whose was the speech which caused the council not to await the coming of the Inaga.<sup>2</sup>

I suppose these are known to the wise men in Samoa, but I don't know of such a wise man; perhaps there is such an one, for all men have not the same mind.

*A story about the Vaipalolo season and the Vaitoelau season.*

The Vaipalolo season begins at Toepalolo (August) and extends to Utuvamua (January). The Vaitoelau begins with Toeutuva (February) and extends to Palolomua (July). In the Vaipalalo is the month in which the Palola is obtained; Lotuaga is the name of that month. When that moon is seen, then the tenth night after that is called Puni-faga; the next day, Tafaleu; the next day, Atoa (full-moon); the next day, Lealea; the next day, Feiti; the next day, Atatai; the next day, Fanaeiele, that is the night on which the land crabs are caught by torchlight; next day the land crabs are again obtained by torchlight. That is the fourth time of the moon being visible at dawn, because that is counted from Feiti. Then it is six days after that probably that the Palolo is obtained. I suppose that on the tenth day after the moon being visible at dawn is the tatele (the great day for getting the Palolo). The eighth day after the moon being visible at dawn is Usonoauia (going to the reef in vain); the ninth day after

<sup>1</sup> Samoans always made a great distinction between an enemy who was killed, but whose head they were not able to secure, and one whose head they succeeded in getting.

<sup>2</sup> These replies are evidently in answer to some questions which I had asked him. Peni had the uncommon virtue with story tellers (in Samoa, at all events) of always being willing to admit his lack of knowledge.

is the Motusia (the first day of appearing); and the tenth day after is Tatelenga (the great day for getting the Palolo). The fifth time of re-cooking the land crabs which were obtained on the second night of their appearance is the Motusia, that is the first appearance of the Palolo. But this counting of the time for the Palolo is a difficult matter, because the opinion of wise men about the matter is drawn hither and thither. One count is right, another count is wrong. Is it like the days which go along regularly as we see them in the almanack?

It is very surprising the signs (portents) which are connected with Palolo. Their coming is accompanied with (or causes) hurricanes, rains, many troublesome contrary winds and heavy breakers. The influence continues until they have entered into hiding. Then there is quiet. The calm only comes when the Palolo has escaped into hiding again. Behold this little fish, how surprising it is that it should have such influence as to cause the heavens to shake with thunder and also the lightning. It is just like a chief. It is seldom seen in the sea or the ocean, but only on the eighth, ninth, and tenth day (after the moon being visible at dawn) in the month of October and then it goes away, for it is only known yearly, very seldom indeed. Behold, it is just like the conduct of a chief. No one knows its origin, whose child it is. Is it the child or offspring of the (deposit from the) froth? That is one opinion, that it is born from the froth of the sea, a thing like salt which settles down in the places where the Palolo is got. This stuff smells of the sea, and, when the time is near for getting Palolo, if there is a strong smell of the sea, men think there will be plenty of Palolo because the sea foam smells so strongly. This is the reason why men think that the Palolo comes from the (deposit from) sea foam. The sea foam (deposit from) is a white stuff like salt, its name is peapia of the sea. That word, peapia, is a bad (obscene) word. When the surf breaks on the reef the froth of the breaker becomes white (milky). What makes the word bad is that it is used to abuse men and women. It is doubtful with regard to Palolo where it comes from, whether from the reef, or a stone, or the evil-smelling Pua like the froth of the sea, or from some other thing. I suppose, however, that it comes from the Pua (peapia, froth) of the sea.

As to the Malio (land crabs) they also have their portents. Behold, it is just as if they also acted like chiefs, they have their days, which are like the (days of) sprinkling or washing of a king, for even if it is a hot day it does not prevent the gathering together of the Malio, but it is rain and fine alternately, because these are portents of the Malio, just as those days were his appointed portion and share. It is not known also what its origin is or whose child it is; only the name is known Maliolagi (malio of the sky). Behold, they suppose that it comes down from the sky. Consider also that the Malio is known only in the six months of the Vaipalolo, but the space during which it is not known is not like that of the Palolo.

As to the story about the Maliolagi, it is very surprising how sensitive and angry it is at any disrespect, just indeed like a chief. Behold (its custom) if its foot steps on some evil thing (filth) it breaks off that leg; it has no desire to be legged with a leg like that. Of what use is a leg which is polluted because it has stepped on filth? Very surprising is the wisdom of the Maliolagi in its great hatred of evil things. It crawls from the forest inland on the day of its second appearance (tofilofilo) and goes at once to the sea to bathe, after which it returns to the forest inland. That is the story. Very wonderful also is the wisdom of the Palolo and its rapid growth. I suppose they are born on the eighth day after the moon is visible at dawn; that they are young (folk) on the ninth day, and adults on the tenth day. Behold Usunoa is the day on which it is first seen. Motusia, the day when it is scattered; Tatelea, the day on which its body is complete, and then it is seen no more.

Seasea, is a tree (*Eugenia* sp.) by which the time of the coming of the Palolo is reckoned. When it fruits the Palolo is got. If it has not fruited, then the time for Palolo has not come.

These are the stars for the Vaipalolo (the wet season). O le Tulalupe (the perch for a pigeon); the Lii (the Pleiades); Tolugamauli (? three moons); Tuigalama (torch of candle nuts); Taulualofi (a pair in the circle of chiefs); Tauluatuafanua (a pair from the land at the back); Saliatoloa (the scooping out of the wild ducks); Toloamaoni (the true Toloa); Luatagata, that is two men, Felo (twins) and Mea (thing) are their names (Castor and

Pollux). It is from these "two men" that we calculate (the time of) the Palolo. See here. If when they rise up from the sea the man who is the highest is on top whilst the other man is just floating on the sea, then is the time (augalemu) for Palolo.

If we accept Sir E. Tylor's definition of Animism as "the belief in spiritual beings," these nature myths must, I think, be referred to a still earlier conception which he describes as "the belief in the animation of all nature, rising at its highest pitch to personification," when all natural objects "become personal animate creatures, leading lives conformed to human or natural analogies." Mr. Marett proposes for this "wider sense of animism" the title of "animatism," since that will serve at once to disconnect and to connect the two conceptions (*Anthropology*, p. 230).

In the endeavour to get at the back of the mind of the primitive man, and to estimate the value of these myths, we have always to guard against the danger of giving reasons for his beliefs and practices which never influenced him at all, and which indeed he never felt to be necessary. He, I think, simply accepted the facts, or what he regarded as facts, without troubling himself about any explanation of them; the myths which supply details and give reasons are the work of later generations of men who were trying to give an explanation of observed phenomena and facts. A Samoan in primitive times, whilst he believed in the animation of all natural objects, did not, I think, regard those objects as being on a par with himself, though he regarded them as being influenced by the same reason and prompted in their actions by the same motives as he himself was. He believed, for instance, in the duality of his own nature, but I never heard of any story which told of the ghost or phantasm of a banana, a hurricane, a mountain or a tree. The Samoans, like other Polynesian peoples, believed that in the beginning the sky and the earth were so near to each other that men could not walk upright. There are several stories relating how this was remedied, but the one generally received in Samoa is that the sky was pushed up by the *teve* (Amorphophallus). It was, however, always easy in the olden days for the inhabitants of the earth to exchange visits with those in heaven. Then the Samoans believed that all animals, trees and natural objects conversed with each other, and that they were influenced by the

same motives and affected by the same passions as they themselves were. It was quite easy, therefore, to account for observed facts, and in most cases the explanation was that certain conditions were the result of the victory or defeat of contending parties. The vines and climbing plants ran over the large forest trees and sometimes strangled them. This, of course, was their privilege, because in olden days the trees and the climbing plants fought and the latter were victorious. The mountain Plantatis (*Musa uranospatha*) and one species of banana always bear their fruit pointing upwards from a short thick stem from the top of the plant. All the other species of bananas bear their fruit on a long stem, and hang with the bunch pointing to the ground. The reason is obvious, viz., that in olden days the plantain and the bananas fought and the plantain conquered, and so the bananas have to hang their heads in token of submission. Only one species of banana sided with the plantains, and he lifts his head proudly to the sky as the plantains do, even to this day. The earth and the rocks fought and the earth conquered, and so it covers the rocks as it has the right to do. If we had the whole of the story we should, no doubt, have an explanation given why some pinnacles of rock are bare and have no earth covering them.

The birds and fishes fought with varying results, as the present stories tell, and that is why the whitebait can now go inland and why the gulls, the heron (*Ardea sacra*) and the Tuli (*Charadrius fulvus*), and other birds, can prey upon the fishes whenever they can get them. The personality extended to what we call inanimate objects, for there is a well-known story, complete in all its details, of a mountain called *Tapatapao* which quarrelled with the other mountains on Savaii, and so bitter was the quarrel that *Tapatapao* decided that it would not live any longer amongst such undesirable companions, and it therefore departed in anger (*ua sii le teva*) and first rested on the west end of Upolu. Unfortunately, however, the mountains of Savaii were visible from that place, and so great was the anger of *Tapatapao* at the treatment which it had received, that it again moved its position, and finally settled down at a place on Upolu from which the mountains of Savaii are not visible. A proverb connected with this story is often used by the people.

It was, I think, long after those times that animals, trees and mountains became sacred, as being the residence of spiritual beings or closely associated with them.

The story about the Palolo marks a still further development, and shows how a close observance of nature enabled them to predict with comparative certainty the appearance of this annelid. From observations made by me in Savaii I found that the Palolo was always obtained on two out of three given days, viz., the day before the day of the last quartering of the October and November moons; the day of the moon's quartering; and the day after the quartering. It was generally, but not always, most abundant on the day of the moon's quartering. Full details of these facts are given by Rev. S. J. Whitmee—*Proceedings of the Zoological Society* for June, 1875. It is interesting to note that the Samoans had found that by observing the flowering of two trees the Seasea (*Eugenia* sp.) and the Gatae (*Erythrina Indica*), they knew that the time was near at hand, and that by observing the position of the stars Castor and Pollux at a given period, they could determine the exact time. This was a great step in advance, and many years of close observation must have passed after the first discovery was made that the position of the two stars at a certain phase of the moon was coincident with the coming of the Palolo.

It will, however, be seen that in the account given by Peni there are distinct survivals of old beliefs of the personality of animals, fishes, and natural objects, and also of the later belief in their power as being associated with spiritual beings. The order of development appears to have been Animatism, Animism, and Natural Science. The signs and portents which accompany the Palolo are no doubt the natural results of the unsettled weather which always accompanied the change of the monsoons, but the Samoans as certainly believe, even to this day, that they are due to the Palolo, as the average sailor believes, with probably as much reason, that the many changes of wind and weather are entirely due to the influence of the moon at full and change.

G. BROWN, D.D.

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## FOLK TALES FROM CO. MAYO, IRELAND.

These three stories were told by a woman of sixty, named Una Canavan. Her great-grandfather had a big book full of stories written in Irish, and the three (which were told me partly in Irish and partly in English) were in it. His name was Bartholemew Conlon, and he lived at Woodfield, Kilkelly, Co. Mayo. Una had heard the stories from her aunt, who had heard her grandfather read them out of the book.

There is an abruptness, a possible hiatus here and there, in the stories as told by the woman that may not have been in the book. Two of them are variations of well known folk-tales. The drop of sweat that makes a sea, the nut from which a forest springs, the hatchet that cleaves to the wood, the bird's nest in the hair, and the story of the cock and hen, are all familiar. We may note in the two last stories that the duck with the fateful egg is concealed in one in a tree and in the other in a ram with the baleful eyes. But in both, for the egg to have effect, it must strike to the left; the mole on the left side, the arm on the left.

In the first story, in the queen, golden, flaming, we perhaps get a glimpse into some remote world of the gods—but it is a glimpse, nothing more. The mysterious queen from whose hair of dazzling gold the wind blows a tress which is a light in the darkness, may be a dim folk-memory of some radiant divinity in the old mythology of Ireland. The little dark horse that changes colour may also be connected with a solar myth.

The roof of feathers in the second story is interesting as evidence that the tale is as old (while it has elements that are much older) as the time when such roofs were actually made in Ireland. The ladies' *grianans*, or houses, were sometimes thatched with wings of birds.

L. McMANUS.

*Beanrioghan, oir, loisgeach.*

There was a nobleman long ago and his wife died when she had one son, and he married another wife, and she put the son out. On walking to another place the son met a young gentleman (*díune nasal óg*) and he asked where he was going. And he said



he was looking for a master. And the gentleman said, "That is good, I, myself am looking for a boy, and when the year is up, I will give you the best horse in my stable."

When the year was up the boy went to see an old blind sage, and he told him not to take one horse but a little brown horse that was in a dark stable. So when he was given his choice of the horses he said it was one little brown one he wanted.

And his master said, "That one you shan't get."

"I will take no other one but her," said the boy, when he found his master liked the horse. So he got it, and went off with the horse, and met another gentleman, a king's son, and was his servant and got good wages, but he did not get more than two inches of a candle for the night by which to eat his supper. And one day in the evening he was coming home with his horse when he saw a fine light (*agus connaic sé solas breagh*), and he drew to it. And he said to himself that fine light would show him light when he was eating his supper, for he was never half full when the light went out.

The horse had never spoken to him till then, and it said "Leave the rib of hair behind or you will suffer."

"I won't," he said, "it is just what will answer me while I am at supper."

And the light showed through the keyhole of his room, it was so beautiful; and the king's son came and knocked at the door. "Where did you get that beautiful light?" he asked.

"A rib of hair I got when I was coming home," said the son of the nobleman.

The king's son went to his old blind wise man, and asked him what did the rib of hair mean that showed such a light. The old wise blind man said, "That is a rib of the hair of the queen golden, flaming (*beanrioghan, oir, loisgeach*), and when she went out the wind blew the rib off her hair; and all her hair shines light."

And the king's son said, "How can I get that one?"

The wise man said, "Who can get her but the boy who got the hair."

The king's son told the son of the nobleman that was at him as a servant to go and get the queen, golden, flaming, for him. So he went to the little horse in the stable and told her the news.

"I told you," said the horse, "have nothing to do with the rib of hair. What will you do now, or where will you go? Now, if you are not a good horseman (*marcadh ag mait*) you're done! When you go as far as the big door of the house of the queen, golden flaming, I'll go up and down the lawn, and it is not the colour I'll have going up that I'll have coming down. And she will ask me of you to ride awhile. You must tell her that you do not give your horse to any one to ride on, but if she wishes she can sit behind you."

He went to the big door of the house. The horse was a beautiful speckle going up, and a different colour coming down. The queen, golden, flaming asked, "Will you give me your horse to ride? I like her very much."

The son of the nobleman said "I don't give my horse to any one, but if you like to sit behind me you can."

She said she would not, but if she did, in spite of that, she sat behind him. The horse went so fast that it would catch the wind that was before her, and the wind that was behind her could not catch her, until he came to the door of the king's son. The queen, golden, flaming, was the finest lady that could be seen, and she said she would never marry the king's son until he got her three bottles of water from the cow's well. The king's son went to the wise blind man, and asked him who would get that for him. "Who but the boy who got the rib of the hair and the queen, golden, flaming," said the wise blind man.

The king's son went to the nobleman's son and told him to bring him three bottles of water from the cow's well; and the boy went to his horse and told her. "I told you to have nothing to do with the rib of gold hair," said the horse. "Now! what are you to do at all? There is a great sea between us and the cow's well."

He got on the horse and went on till he came to the brink of the sea.

The horse said, "Take your sword and kill me."

"That's what I'll never do," said the boy.

"Kill me," she said, "and the crows will come to pick my puddings. You are to catch three, and tie these three bottles to their necks, and tell them to bring you three bottles of water from the cow's well."

The horse took the sword herself and left it in the sand, and lay down on it and killed herself. And the crows came picking the puddings, and the boy put the three bottles on the crows' necks. The three crows flew away, and he waited till he saw them coming in a week after without a feather on them, but bare necked. They had the three bottles at their necks, and he said, "If there is any virtue in the water I'll take some and rub it on the crows to see if it gives them back their feathers."

So he shook some of the water on the crows, and they had beautiful coats of feathers back again.

"It's well for me," he said to himself, "to rub some on my little horse to see if it would do her any good." He rubbed her with the water, and she sprang to her feet as lively as ever. He shook some of the water on himself, and went home to the queen golden, flaming, with the three bottles of water.

The queen golden, flaming, ordered a big cauldron of boiling water to be got ready and brought to her. She shook some of the water in the bottle over herself, and jumped into the cauldron of boiling water, and said, "I'll never marry a man but the one who can come in here."

The young king jumped into the boiling water and died on the spot. Then the nobleman's son went into the cauldron of boiling water and came out safe. The queen golden, flaming, married him then, and he went out to the stable and told his little brown horse that he was married.

And the little brown horse said to him, "You would sooner have the queen golden, flaming, than I who brought you out of all your dangers. It's her that you would marry and not me."

And with that she turned into a beautiful lady, and disappeared. She had been under an enchantment.

#### *The Hill of Needles.*

There was a nobleman long ago, and his wife died when she had a daughter. And there was a room in the house, and when he went out fowling he put a lock on the door after him. And one day he went out he forgot to put the lock on it; and his daughter found it open, and there was a chair in the room. And she went in

and she said to it that she wanted an officer in the army to come and marry her at the end of the week. And she told her second sister, and the second sister went into the room and wished with herself a husband, and the chair said that she should get a soldier called Shinel. And then the third sister came, and she asked for herself a husband, and she was told it was not a man but the white fawn on the mountain.

At the end of the week the army officer came and married the first daughter; and at the end of another week came the soldier, Shinel, and married the second daughter. And at the end of another week came the white fawn of the mountain and married the third daughter. The day after the marriage he asked her, "Which do you prefer I should be, a fawn in the day and a man at night, or a fawn at night and a man in the day?"

"I prefer you a man at night," she said, "and a fawn in the day."

At the end of a year after her marriage she said she would like to go home on a visit. "If you go home," said her husband, "take enough money with you, for your father is very poor, and the soldier Shinel, and the army officer are very poor. Take now this bridle with you, and when you want to come back, shake it and a coach will come for you. But if you let fall a tear the coach will never come for you."

When she had been at home awhile she had a son in the night, and the child was taken from her; and in the morning she shook the reins and the coach came for her. And when the year was passed she said she would go home again, and he told her the people were now so poor they had no clothes in the house, and he warned her that if anything happened to her to be sure and not let fall a tear.

On the night that she got home she had a young daughter (*bi ingean óg accí*) and when it was taken from her in the night, she let down a tear on her cheek, and she caught it in a handkerchief, and put a knot on it, and went to the door and shook the reins, but no coach came for her. So she travelled home on foot, and when she got there she found nettles growing in a green field in place of the house. She spent the day crying till the evening came, when she saw a coach pass with her husband in it, and

another woman with him. She followed the coach till she came to a house. Her husband came out of the coach, and told her to go into the house, and that she would lead there a lady's life. So she went in and found a baby in the house. Her husband came in and stayed with her all the night, and in the morning left her and got into the coach again. She made ready to follow the coach. But the woman of the house said to her, "Stop here with me, and you shall have a lady's life."

"No," she said, "I'll follow my husband till he kills me."

"Well," said the woman of the house, "since you won't live with me, take this little scissors with you, and if ever you have bad clothes, cut them with this scissors and you will have a fine suit."

So the wife followed the coach that day till the dusk came and she was near a house. And for pity on her the husband came out of the coach, and told her to go into the house, and he would stop with her. She went into the house, and there was another baby in it, and she had had it to sleep with her that night. In the morning she got up, washed her face, and combed her hair, and was out after the coach. The woman of the house asked her to live with her, and that she would have a lady's life. But she would not, so the woman of the house said, "Take this table-cloth, and if ever you are hungry, spread it out, and every sort of food will come on it."

So the wife went after the coach until night came, and she was near a house, and through pity on her her husband came out of the coach and told her to go into the house, and that from the morrow she would never see him again. "If you stay in this house," he said, "you shall have a lady's life. The two women you stayed with the last two nights were my sisters. And those were your two children that you saw. When you let down the tear the eye was taken out of your little girl."

The wife then went into the house, and found the little girl. She loosened the knot on the handkerchief and put the tear in the child's eye-socket, and it had its eye again. In the morning the woman of the house asked her to stay with her, and she said she had her three children with her the three last nights. But the wife would not stay. "No," said she, "I will follow the coach

till I am killed." Then the woman of the house gave her a comb, and told her that if ever she lost her hair to put the comb through what was left, and she would have a fine head of hair.

The wife followed the coach all that day until evening. The husband then came out of the coach to bid her goodbye for ever. He told her she could follow him no more as he was going through the Hill of Big Needles and the Hill of Little Needles, and you cannot go there without having iron shoes.

So he turned from her to get into the coach, and as he was going in, she threw some blood upon the breast of his shirt; and he went in through the Hills.

She cried there where he left her till she fell asleep.

There was a blacksmith that lived in that place, and he used to pass once a day where she slept. One morning she awakened from her sleep, and spread the cloth, and the food came, and she was eating when the blacksmith passed by. She called to him, and asked him to come and have some of the food. He said, "How long have you been here?"

"I don't know," she said, "but there was a bird's nest in my hair when I awoke."

"Well," he said, "I passed here every day while you were asleep. You are here a twelve months and a day. And now you are so kind as to give me food, I will make you a pair of iron shoes to take you through the Hill of Needles."

"I have nothing to give you for making the shoes," she said, "but I will be a servant to you for a day and a year while you are making them."

He agreed, and he was a day and a year making the shoes. When they were made she put them on, and went through the Hill of Needles.

And when she went through she heard a woman crying, who was washing clothes at a river. And she came as far as her, and she asked her why she was crying.

"Oh, there is a lady here," said the woman, "and there is one shirt no one can wash for her. Unless the blood on the breast is taken out of it she will kill me, as she has killed the other women who have tried to wash it out. And I have a young family, and that is why I am crying."

“Will you give me a night’s lodging if I wash the shirt?” said the wife.

“I will,” said the woman, “and anything you like if you wash the blood off the shirt.”

So the wife washed the stain away, and the woman went home with the clothes, and when the lady looked at the clothes she found the shirt clean. She wondered very much at that. The next morning the washerwoman’s children came to the house with a piece of beef in their hands, and the lady asked, “Where did you get that meat?”

“Oh,” said the children, “a woman lodged with us, and she has a tablecloth, and when she spreads it out, every kind of food comes upon it.”

“Send her to me,” said the lady, “and I will buy it.”

The wife came. “What will you take for that tablecloth?” said the lady. “This night of your husband,” said the wife.

“Come in at ten o’clock, said the lady.”

When her husband came back from fowling, she gave him a sleeping cup, and put him to bed. In the morning early she told the wife to get up quickly and go out of the house. That day the washerwoman’s children came to the house, and each one of them had a new suit. The lady asked them where they got such beautiful clothes. And they told her there was a woman staying in the house who had cut the old suits with a pair of scissors and made them into new ones. “Tell her to come to me, and I will buy her scissors,” said the lady; and the wife came. “What will you take for your scissors?” said the lady. “This night of your husband,” said the wife.

So the lady told her to come in that night, and she gave a sleeping cup to her husband; and in the morning she bade the wife rise up and go out.

On the third day the children came in, and they had beautiful long hair growing on their heads, and when the lady asked how they got the hair they told her that the woman who was in the house had combed their hair and it had grown long. So the lady sent for the wife and asked her what she would take for the comb. “This night of your husband,” she said.

When the husband went out fowling that day, he had his

servant with him. There was a board between the servant's bed and his master's, and he had heard all that the woman had said. He asked his master if he had had a wife in Ireland, and the master said he had.

"Well that wife," said the servant, "is sleeping with you for the last two nights."

"No," said the husband, "she is a long time perished."

"Which would you sooner have, the wife you had in Ireland or the wife you have now?" said the servant.

"I had sooner the wife I had in Ireland," said the husband.

"Then," said the servant, "when you go home to-night the wife you have here will prepare a cup for you and put a sleeping drop in it. You must say to her that you are not ready to take it, and when you get her going about the house, do you spill it. Then pretend you drank it, and when you are in bed she will put the candle to your eye-brows to burn them, to see if you are asleep, and you must not stir, and then she will call in the wife you had in Ireland."

So the husband said he would not drink it, and the lady called in the wife when she thought he was asleep. And the wife he had in Ireland moved him to see if he was asleep, and spoke to him. She told him all she had gone through, and how she had met the washerwoman crying at the river, and told him that her little girl had her eye again. And he understood every word she said.

"Now this woman who has me," he said, "will never let you go till she kills you. She will send you out for water in the morning to the well, and there is a ram at the well, and he melts every one he looks at with his two eyes. There is a duck in the ram, and an egg in the duck. The ram must be killed, and the duck killed, and the egg taken out. When you come back to the house, the woman who has me, will say that you are to strip yourself down to the waist that she may see if there is any sickness on you. And you are to tell her to strip herself that you may see if there is any sickness on her. There is a mole on her left side and you are to throw the egg at it, and she will fall dead. If you fail she will kill you."

In the morning the lady came and ordered the wife from Ireland to get up and go to the well, and bring her a can of water. When



she got to the well, she found the ram had been killed by the servant boy, and the duck taken out of the ram, and the egg taken out of the duck. When she came back with the can of water the lady was surprised, and she told her to strip to her waist. And the wife bade her strip herself. And in vexation the lady stripped, and the wife saw the mole on her left side, and threw the egg at the mole and killed her.

So the husband was happy at being released from his enchantment, and he brought his family together, and they lived long and happily.

*The Man under the Sea.*

There was a king's son who went out fowling and met an old man, and they had a game of cards. The old man put a *geasa* on him not to eat two meals at one table or sleep two nights in one bed until he said "God save all here." The king's son went to his wise man, and put his back to the fire and sighed, and the wise man said, "I never saw one more like a king's son than you."

"I am that to my sorrow," said the king's son.

The wise man said, "That man's house is under the sea, and a hatchet is in his hand well edged to cut the head of you when you enter his house. But his four daughters come as four swans once a year to this island to bathe, and you had better hide in this island and see what they can do for you." So the king's son did, and the four swans came to bathe, and left their four *cochulls* on the island, and went out to bathe.

They were not long out when he took up one of the *cochulls*. And they knew there was a stranger in the island, and they came in at once and ran to take up their *cochulls*, and the youngest one's *cochull* was missing. They went away and left her in the island, she begged him to give her the hood and she might do some good for him hereafter.

"My father is sitting at the door," she said, "and he has the hatchet in his hand to kill you. I will go looking at his head, and I will put a sleeping pin in his head till you come in. He won't let you go, if he can, till he kills you."

The king's son went then to the house, and she was at her father's head till he came in and said "God save all here."

The king's son said, "My *geasa* is over now, and I can go home."

"No," said the man, "you must build a house for me."

The king's son went to lay the first stone, he could not stir the second stone. The daughter came with his dinner, and found him crying.

"Oh, why are you crying?" she said.

"Because I cannot build."

"Sit down and eat your dinner at any rate," said she.

So she pinned up her dress, and she had the house built when he had the dinner ate. He went back to the man's house, and said he had done and that he would go home.

"No," said the man, "you must clean out the house, to take all the stuff out."

When the king's son went to throw the stuff out of the house, when he threw one shovelful out three shovelfuls would come in. When the daughter came with his dinner, she found him crying. "I get you crying always," she said, "sit down and take your dinner." And she went to work and had the house cleaned when he had his dinner ate.

Then the old man told him to roof the house; and when he gave the first blow to the house, his hand fastened to the hatchet and the hatchet to the timber. So when she came with the dinner she found him crying, "Don't be crying," she said, "take your dinner." So she pinned up, and had the house roofed when he had the dinner taken.

The king's son said he would go home then; the old man said no, and that he must thatch the house with the feathers of the wild birds, and that he would give him a whistle to call them.

And when he whistled there was not a bird in the world that did not come and put a feather on the house. A big storm of wind came and blew every feather away, and he began to cry. When the youngest daughter came again with his dinner, she found him crying. She said, "I believe you will be crying always, but come, sit down and take your dinner." So she pinned up her *cota*, and put her hand in her pocket and pulled up a whistle, and whistled, and all the birds of the air came and put a feather on the house without a head of a feather in, or the top of a feather out, and all the feathers keeping shelter and heat in the house.

"Now," said the youngest daughter to the king's son, "here are reins, and whatever horse will put her head into this reins, take that horse with you."

When he went with the reins it was the worst horse in the stable that was putting in its head to the reins. And he would beat it back till he could find a good one. But all the same it was the bad horse that he had to take with him.

"Now," said the daughter, "if I were to do anything wrong to my father you might think of me badly yet."

"No," he said "I will do all that I can for you."

She got behind him on the horse, and the horse went as fast as he could. When they were going awhile, she said, "Look behind and see if there is any one coming."

"There is," he said.

She looked then and said, "My father is coming and his army after us. Look again," she said, "and see are they coming near."

"They are very near now," he said.

"Put your hand in the horse's ear," she said, "and see if there is anything in it."

"There is nothing in it but a drop of sweat," he said.

"Take that drop of sweat and throw it behind us. But let it not fall on me or on you."

When he threw the drop behind, there was a large sea between them and the father and his soldiers.

So the father had to turn home to get a little dish to teem three dishes of water from the sea, and the sea then was empty. He then came on faster. The king's son and the daughter were a good way in front when the sea was dry. Then she told him to see if there was anything in the horse's ear, and he said there was a little nut. She told him to throw it behind them and there would be a great wood between them and her father. The father had then to turn home for a hatchet to give three blows to one tree, and then the forest was cut away.

She said, "If I do any wrong to my father, you may not think of me hereafter." He said, "I will never forget you."

"Now," she said, "there is a tree here, and there is a duck within the tree, and an egg in the duck. And here is a little

sword, and it will take out the duck out of the tree, and take the egg out of the duck. And if you do not strike my father in the left arm with this egg he will kill me and you."

He would not do it, and she had to get the egg, and she struck her father on the left arm and killed him. And then the king's son went home. She told him, "I will stay outside, and do you go in first. But if you kiss any one in the house, you will forget that you have ever seen me."

So when he went in he would kiss no one, but a young hound that was in the house, jumped up and kissed him. He forgot that he had ever seen her. He was happy at home, and he went and got married to a young princess. The youngest daughter got hired in a house in the village, and she was a very good servant. She had a big boiler out in the road boiling clothes on the day he was bringing home his wife. When she saw them coming near, she went into the boiler to turn the clothes. As the king's son and the princess came near, the princess said to the youngest daughter, "Do you think my mother ever taught me to do anything?"

She came out of the carriage, and went into the boiler to turn the clothes, and she fell dead.

The king's son was very lonely, and he heard there was a woman in the village who was a good story-teller, and he sent for her to tell him some stories to cheer him. She came and said she had no story to tell, and she took out a little box, and there was a little cock and hen within it. She took them out and left them on the table. She took out a grain of wheat, and the cock picked it from the hen.

"Sorrow go from you, cock," said the little hen, "you ought not to do that for me. Do you think of the day when I went trying my father's head and put the sleeping pin in his head till you said 'God save all here.'"

"Throw me another grain," said the king's son. And she did and the cock ate it on the hen. The hen said, "Sorrow go from you, little cock. You ought not to do that to me. Do you remember the day when my father told you to build a house and you could not stir till I came to you."

"Throw me another grain," said the king's son, and the cock

ate it on the hen. The hen said, "Sorrow go from you, do you remember the day when I cleaned the house for you."

"Throw another grain," said the king's son, and the cock ate it on the hen. "Sorrow go from you," said the little hen, "do you remember the day I whistled and the birds put the feathers on the house."

"Throw them a grain," said the king's son, and the cock picked it up. "Sorrow go from you," said the little hen, "do you remember the day I gave you the bridle, and the horse put his head into it."

"Now I understand myself," said the king's son. "I have proved very false to you. It was you brought me through the danger, so you shall be my wife."

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#### NOTES ON GUERNSEY FOLKLORE.

THERE lives in S. Martin's at the present time a family who are supposed to have supernatural powers, and they are credited with the possession of "bad books" (as our people call the "Grimoire du Pape Honorius," "Le Grand Albert," etc.). I myself know many people who are terrified of offending them in any way, and who, though careful country folk much averse to both lending and giving, dare not refuse anything asked for by any member of this family for fear of the consequences. One of the sons, a man of about thirty-five, who is deformed, follows the trade of a fisherman, and before I knew who he was I was surprised to see how peculiarly courteous the boys of the neighbourhood were to him,—helping him to tie up his boat, carrying things for him, always saying "Bonjour, Mess R——" when they met him<sup>(A)</sup>. At last I made enquiries about him, and was told that "he puts a spell on you if you aren't nice to him," and therefore it is necessary to be very polite to him. About three years ago a man, sober and much respected by his neighbours, had the misfortune to offend R——, and one evening at about seven o'clock they met. "Where are you going?" asked Mess R. "Straight home," replied the farmer. "You'll take a long time getting there," said

the little man, and they parted, the farmer continuing his way home, as he thought. However, the next thing he knew was that he was by S. Peter's Church, more than four miles away from his home, and it was near midnight, and he was extraordinarily tired. He could not remember anything after parting with Mess R——. Fortunately there was a moon, or he might have found difficulty in discovering his whereabouts. He arrived at his house after 1 a.m., and found his wife very frightened over his absence. Of course there was only one possible explanation, the fisherman had bewitched the farmer, and the boys became more polite than ever.

A somewhat similar experience occurred not long ago to a man who also lives in S. Martin's. He was on his way one evening to a wedding party in S. Peterport, and met several people he knew; he could never decide which of them had bewitched him, but he never reached his destination, and wandered about for hours till, as dawn was breaking, he "came to himself" on the Coast Road at Vazon.

I am indebted to the wife of a former churchwarden of S. Martin's for the three following stories :

A cousin of hers, when a little child, became very ill, and the doctor was unable to do anything for her; she grew weaker and weaker, and at last could not take any nourishment at all. For some time her father had been convinced that she was bewitched, and was sure too that he knew who had done it, so when the child grew so much worse and the doctor gave no hope of a possible recovery, death in fact being only a matter of hours, he decided to seek out the "sorcier" and force him to remove the spell upon the child. The father took a long fork, and going to the Rope Walk, not far from the Rohais, he sought out the old man and told him that if he did not immediately remove the curse from the child he would kill him. At first the old man protested that he knew nothing about the child's illness, and was not responsible for it, but as the father only got more indignant and would not believe him, he told him to go to a certain hedge and cut from a particular bush a piece of blackthorn about eight inches long. This blackthorn was to be placed on the child's pillow and left there, and the child would soon be well. The father did as he was told, and in a few hours the little girl took food, and in a

short time (twenty four hours I think it was) she was perfectly well <sup>(B)</sup>.

A garden or hay fork seems to have been a favourite weapon for those who were bold enough to tackle a person possessed of the evil eye. For obvious reasons the names in this and other stories are fictitious.

In the Forest Parish there dwelt a man, Le Page, who was invited to a wedding. On the day, arrayed in his best, he left the house, but on his way he met a neighbour, whom we will call Bourgaize, who owed him a grudge because he said that, while "vraiking" down at Vazon, Le Page had taken some vraic from his pile while he was carrying a load away. He asked Le Page where he was going, and then muttered something. Le Page continued his way, and arrived at his destination, and greeting his host he sat down by a friend who, after a moment's talk, leant forward and said, "Where on earth have you been?" "What do you mean?" asked Le Page. "Look at your shirt front," replied the friend, and looking down the unfortunate man saw a number of lice crawling over his white shirt. He jumped up horrified, and hurriedly departed home, where he undressed, his sister, who lived with him, getting him an entirely fresh set of clothes, as the ones he took off were swarming with lice. He was sure that Bourgaize had "overlooked" him, but deciding that he would not be done out of his pleasure, once more set out to the party. He had not gone a hundred yards or so upon his way when he again felt and saw the horrible creatures upon him. In a rage Le Page turned back home and, telling his sister he would make Bourgaize sorry for himself, seized a large garden fork and rushed off to the latter's dwelling. Le Page in a fury told him that unless he removed the curse he would kill him, even if he was afterwards hung for murder. "And he would have done it too," said my informant, "for he was a man who saw red at times." Well, he managed to convince Bourgaize that he meant what he said, and the man waved his hand, said something, and immediately Le Page felt the lice no more—neither could he see any. Bourgaize assured him that he could go with perfect safety to the party, as he would not be troubled by the lice again, and the event proved this correct. <sup>(C)</sup>

The third story I was told by Mrs. Tardif was one which she remembered her great-grandfather telling her when she was a child. When he was a young man he went, with one or two others of the family, to visit his wife's uncle, who was ill, for the purpose of trying to persuade the sick man to destroy a "bad book" which he had in his possession. In this book there were directions for establishing communication with the Devil, and numerous spells. If the possessor of the book was annoyed by any of his neighbours he would go indoors, unlock the box or chest in which the book was kept, lay the book on the table, and proceed to read aloud whatever spell seemed to him to fit the case. It might be one for killing his neighbour's pigs, or for causing the cattle to fall ill—or maybe that weeds should come up in the fields instead of the wheat which had been sown. From what was told me I gather that this old man was peculiarly vindictive even for a sorcerer. I do not know what arguments his visitors used, but at last they got the key of the little chest out of the old man, and permission to destroy the accursed book, which they took away with them. The obvious thing to do was to burn the book, but knowing that the Devil or his angels would keep an eye over it, the family decided not to attempt to burn it in an ordinary fire, but to wait till baking day, when they would place it in the brick oven among the blazing furze. When the day came, the family being assembled and an immense fire of furze burning in the oven, the book was placed on the wooden "paule" or shovel which was used for the bread, and put inside the oven. But though more and more furze was added to the fire that book would not burn, and at last they gave it up, and when the furze was raked out the book came too, unsinged, and it was placed again in a strong chest and the key thrown away.

A man and his wife, named Denise, lived for some years within five minutes' walk from us; the woman was a white witch, but the husband was also supposed to know "a bit too much," as the neighbours put it. The trouble with white witches is that they are apt to use their power badly, and Denise was rather apt to do this. A farmer happened one day to offend an old woman with the evil eye, and she told him that she would make him sorry for it. A few days after this he went to look at two fields of wheat



belonging to him ; the wheat was already in the ear, but he did not think it looked as flourishing as when he had last seen it, and he remembered what the old woman had said. Anxious about it, he went again the next day and saw that there certainly was something wrong with it. While the farmer was examining it, Denise passed by, who asked him what was the matter, and on hearing the answer said, "Don't you wish that old woman was dead?" "No," said the farmer, "I'd not wish that of anyone, even if she *has* spoiled my wheat." They parted but met again next day at the same place, when Denise again asked his question, the farmer replying as before, though perhaps less emphatically. Two days later, all hope of saving the wheat was gone, for it lay dead upon the ground, struck by some unknown disease. As the farmer stood ruefully regarding it, up comes Denise, and for the third time asked him if he did not wish that the woman, who had evidently caused the mischief, was dead. "Aye, and in her grave, too," responded the farmer. "She'll be soon," briefly stated Denise—and within a week she was both dead and buried. This same old man went one day to a grower living on the Forest Road, and asked to see his greenhouses. The man, Carré, was uneasy, but feared that if he refused Denise would cast a spell on the crops, so he said he would take him round the place. They went through several large greenhouses, and came to a little one with melons in it. The plants were strong and healthy and the fruit already set. Denise walked up and down fingering the leaves, and remarked as they left the house: "Well, they look fine now, but they wont be so for long."

A few days after this it was seen that the melon leaves were drooping, and on examination it was found that the plants were covered with a small black fly. Spraying and fumigating took no effect, and before the week was out the plants were done for. Mr. Carré took a leaf with the fly on it to an Englishman he knew, who advised him, in the words of my informants, "to send some to that society in England which finds out what the flies are and how to destroy them." (The R.H.S. I presume.) This was done, the answer being that the fly was quite unknown to them, but that if they found out anything about it they would let Carré

know. This was told me by two lads working on the place, who evidently believed it absolutely.

Some time ago I was told by a woman, who is now dead, that at the birth of a child the phase of the moon should be noted, as by that it was possible to foretell the sex of the next child. She went on to say that a lady living near would have a son born soon, and another neighbour would have a daughter—"I know, for I looked at the moon when their last children were born," she said. I must add that when the babies arrived they proved to be as she had prophesied. The story of a curious curse comes from the parish of S. Saviours. A family were cursed by a witch, the curse being that nothing that belonged to them should be straight; the farmhouse is crooked, the trees that grow round the garden are very much so, and the five or six brothers and sisters who now are in possession of the place are all tiny and very deformed. I have been told that since the place was cursed it has always been so. (D)

There is an old house on the S. Peterport side of the hill above Havilland Vale which was troubled, many years ago, by a ghost. A woman used to come from the house at night, walk down the garden, stand at a certain place wringing her hands, and then disappear. This went on for many years till some workmen were building a wall bordering the garden, and one day they began talking about it. A certain Pierre Thowme, a mason, who lived between the Vallon and the Courtes Fallaize, decided to return that evening to see if he could lay the ghost. He was a very good old man and he took with him his Bible, a lantern, and a walking stick; when he arrived at the garden he had to wait awhile before he saw a figure leave the house and pass down the path; he followed it and at the place where it disappeared he dug in his stick, and leaving it there to mark the spot he returned home.

The next day he told his fellow workmen what he had seen, and showed them the marked place, and they decided to dig there and see if anything could be found to account for the ghost always stopping there. They dug deeply before they came upon the skeleton of a baby; they took the bones out most carefully, and deciding that the mother must have buried the baby there and then have been overcome with remorse because it was uncon-

secrated ground, and in consequence was unable to rest—with the permission of the owner of the house they took the bones away, and on leave being obtained from the Rector of S. Martin's, they buried the bones in a corner of the churchyard. This happened years ago, but the ghost has never been seen again.

CHRISTINE OZANNE.

St. Martin's Rectory, Guernsey.

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*Notes on Enclosed Folklore Jottings. By Miss F. Carey.*

(<sup>A</sup>) "Bonjour, *Mess* R——."

In Guernsey the country titular etiquette is rather peculiar. A gentleman is "un Monsieur' pur et simple," and would of course be talked of as "Monsieur le Marchant" or "'Monsieur' de Sausmarez." Yeoman farmers are legally known as "le Sieur"; such as "'le Sieur' Jean Allez" or "'le Sieur' Pierre Hocart," and would be talked of by their equals and inferiors as "'Mess' Allez" or "'Mess' Hocart." A mere fisherman would not of course have any prefix attached to his name, so that the mere fact that the man in question was called "Mess," would show that he was feared by his neighbours.

(<sup>B</sup>) I myself can vouch for a similar story.

About fifteen years ago a former gardener of ours at Le Vallon had an only boy who, for the first six months of his life was quite strong and well. Suddenly he began to ail and steadily grew weaker and weaker. His parents took him to the doctor and faithfully carried out all his prescriptions, but the child grew steadily worse, and, when I saw him, he looked as if he had only a few hours to live. Then his mother persuaded her husband to let her send for a "désorcelleur," or white witch, as her mother had been convinced from the first that the child was "under a spell." The "désorcelleur" came and said she had just been called in in time as the child was dying. She muttered a charm over the cradle and said that the child must never go anywhere without the protection of a bag of quicksilver hung round his neck, in his cradle, and on his perambulator. This was done, and the

child began to mend. I saw him the next day, and he certainly looked much more normal and had lost the blue tint and drawn expression he had had previously; and in a week he was well.

The father, who had not hitherto believed in witchcraft, was firmly convinced of it afterwards, and told me he would like to see the worker of the spell burned to death in the market place.

(<sup>c</sup>) It certainly seems proved that the power of possessing and of ridding of vermin both persons and places was possessed by various people in the island. I have met too many well authenticated cases, which have been vouched for by people, who, for obvious reasons, would not have wished to own that they had been the victims of such a degrading infliction, to personally doubt the fact.

(<sup>d</sup>) I have a photograph of the "crooked" house. It does not show much, but no single line in it is straight. The front curves round from the centre door; no single window is set in straight or is parallel with the other; the neighbouring trees are more gnarled and deformed than any I have ever seen elsewhere; and the poor little deformed inhabitants have queer little crooked faces as well as dwarfed misshapen bodies.

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GULLIVER AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY,  
AND THE TALE OF THE DOG-HEADED MEN.

A Karaite writer, Judah Hadas, who lived in Constantinople in the first half of the twelfth century, tells the following story very briefly in a polemical work composed by him in the year 1148, called *Eshkol Kakofer*, printed in Gozolow (Eupatoria) in 1836.

When describing the various miraculous beings created by God he comes to the story of the Pitikos (the Greek name for the dwarfs and pigmies), and he says:

"In a certain country far away, near Kushand Hairlahby, a great lake where aromatic plants and trees are growing, there lives a people known as the Pitikos. Their height is only of

two cubits and a half. They are very numerous. They have their kingdoms and their countries. They have their families, and herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and round the lake there swarm many kinds of birds. Once a year there is a fight between the birds and these Pitikos. The wise men among the latter know the day in the year when the battle is to take place. Shortly before the day comes they take their families, their cattle, their flocks, and hide them under the ground, and then they arm themselves with swords and lances, with bows and arrows, with spears and clubs, and they prepare for the fight. The sky gets darkened with the multitude of birds that are coming to attack these dwarfs with their claws and their beaks. On both sides many are slain before the sun sets. From the day after there is again peace in the land. The survivors bring their women and children, their cattle and their flocks, from the hiding places, and the birds withdraw. Once upon a time it happened that a big and burly man, who had left Constantinople on board a merchant ship, came to grief not far from that place. The ship foundered, and he was able to save himself by swimming until he reached that land. Arrived there, he was greatly astonished to behold these dwarfs and their ways and their habits. They greatly rejoiced in seeing such a big man, as they had never seen any before. They felt confident that he would help them in their battle, and save them from the slaughter by the wild birds. When he saw them rejoicing he asked them the cause of it, and they told him that they had never seen a man so big as he was, and that they felt that he would now help them in their great battle. He reassured them, and he promised to fight the birds for them. So he armed himself, for the day was fast approaching. He went forth with the army of the dwarfs that had gathered ready for the fray. When he saw the multitude of birds that darkened the sky his heart well-nigh sank, but he picked up courage and fought valiantly, and helped the dwarfs to drive off their enemies victoriously. The man did not stop long among these people, and after a time he found the road which led him out of their country to the country of other human beings. On reaching Constantinople he told his friends what had happened to him."

Here we have more or less an exact parallel of the story of Gulliver among the Lilliputians, mixed up with the famous story of the battle between the dwarfs and the storks known already from the time of Herodot. It formed then part of the well-known romance of Alexander the Great, but nowhere except here is there any mention of a big man coming among these little people. It is, at any rate, a curious fact that a story of this kind should be known in Constantinople and as far back as the middle of the twelfth century.

I am not aware that any one has endeavoured to trace the direct source for Swift's tale of Gulliver and the Lilliputians. It may have been a sailor's yarn brought to the West from the East, for we find it as a well-known tale in Constantinople, that is, in the Levant, in the twelfth century. The version recorded by Hadasi leads now almost directly to Swift's Gulliver and the Lilliputians. I must leave it to others to trace the immediate stages of transmission from Byzance to the West. Was it brought by the Crusaders, by word of mouth as a sailor's yarn, or was it carried in a written form from East to West? In any case, it is a very curious parallel which seems to have been hitherto unknown.

## II. *The Story of the Dog-headed Men.*

I might now mention also here the story of the Dog-men (*Kynocephaloi*) recorded by the same author, for it belongs to the same cycle of the Romance of Alexander as the previous story, and has undergone a similar change and localization as the former. From being a purely mythical tale, it becomes now almost a concrete fact. This story is told by the person himself who experienced these adventures, and yet it is not at all improbable that this story of an "eye-witness" is a story of fanciful imagination. The belief in dog-men was so strong that the Eastern Church counts among its saints one of these dog-men, Christopher; and I possess in my library an old Rumanian chap-book, the "Life" of St. Christopher, where he is depicted with a dog's head. This booklet was printed in the monastery of Neamitz by a monk under the blessing of the then Metropolitan of Moldavia. In the

book of Hadasi we find first a description of these curious dog-men, and then the tale of the adventures of a contemporary of his who said he had been among them, and also the manner how he has been saved.

It makes him the precursor of the Sinbad stories in the *Arabian Nights*, and also brings us back to the story of Polyphem, no doubt a Greek story circulating in Byzance at that time, although it is vouched for by the author as one heard by him from the man who was so miraculously saved.

Now his description is as follows : There are men who from the head to the waist are like dogs, and from the waist downwards are like human beings. They talk with a human voice, and they also bark like dogs. Their feet are sponge-like webs, so that they cannot go in the water. They have three eyes, two in front and one at the back of their heads. They are cannibals, and they live in a land where pepper grows, and they trade in that commodity with the merchants who come thither. When they catch a man singly they throw him into a pit, and there they fatten him. They give him first, however, a drink by which he loses his senses, and then they give him to eat honey and other sweet food, so that after a time he gets very fat, and then these dog-men eat the captive. When they think him ready to be eaten they try the captives first by slicing off a portion of his little finger to satisfy themselves that he has reached already the last degree of fattening. If they find him ready for eating they impale him on a spit, and then putting him on the fire, they roast him and eat him. If they think that the man is not fat enough they cut his flesh up in slices and salt it and eat it in that state.

Once upon a time two travellers were caught by these dog-men, and they were thrown into the pit. One of them took what they gave him and drank of that narcotic beverage, and got so fat that they took him out and roasted him and ate it. But his companion, who saw what was in store for him, refused to eat and to drink what was given to him, and fasted and prayed, and so in consequence he was very lean and withered, so they left him alone. One night he managed to climb out of the pit and to enter the house of his captor. There he found a sword, and as they were all sleeping soundly, he killed the inhabitants of the house and ran

to the river to save himself. When the people heard what had happened they ran after him trying to catch him, but no sooner did they get into the water than they could not move, for the water had filled the sponge-like web. He waded through the water till he reached the mouth of the river, where he found the trunk of a wonderful cedar tree in the water. He mounted it, and he was carried by the waves until he came to Egypt. There he sold that log for a large sum of money, and with that money he was able to reach safely his own country, where he related to his friends the adventures which had befallen him, and the miraculous way in which he had been saved by God. We have here thus a combination of the story of Polyphemus, with the difference that the cannibals are half human and half dog. They have not one eye but three eyes, and their sponge-like feet also differentiated them from the captors of Ulysses. The story resembles, on the other hand, more closely that of Sinbad in the *Arabian Nights*. A similar story—another sailor's yarn—had also been brought from East to West already some centuries before by the mysterious Eldad the Danite, an old counterpart of Sir Robert Mandeville. He pretended to have come from the lost ten tribes and from the descendants of Moses, and told that story to his hearers in Kalruan in North Africa in the ninth century.

Here we have an example of how these tales have travelled by way of mouth, for Judah Hadasi, the author of the book, states that he heard these stories from the men themselves, the one who had been among the pigmies and the other who had escaped from the dog-men. As already remarked before, they were in sooth popular tales current among sailors of the Levant, and probably carried by them westwards to Venice, Spain, and the northern parts of Europe, and in this manner the story of "Gulliver and the Lilliputians" may have reached England in one form or another either by the sailors or by the Crusaders, and Swift got hold of it and wrote his classical book.

M. GASTER.

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## BURNING THE YULE LOG IN MONTENEGRO.

The following letter, addressed to Sir J. G. Frazer, has been kindly forwarded by him :

I have just been reading in "Balder the Beautiful"<sup>1</sup> your account of the burning of the Yule log in Montenegro. In the winter of 1906 I resided several weeks in a two-roomed peasant cottage on purpose to witness the whole proceeding. It was rather more elaborate than you describe.

The "badnyak" was a whole long thin tree trunk. Every adult male of a house has to bring a small one. The house-lord brings the chief one. My old guide had no son, so we had only one badnyak, but he described to me how his father had made him bring one when he was quite a boy, and how he had suffered from the cold and the weight of his badnyak.

In the Eastern church it is customary to fast for a fortnight before Christmas. The peasants do this very severely, eating little but bread and beans. On Christmas Eve, Krsto (the man), came in at the door with the badnyak on his shoulder. His wife and I stood ready to pelt him and the log with mixed handfuls of maize, wheat, rice and sugar plums. "All the fruits of the earth" they call it.

The fire of course in all such houses is on the floor. There is one iron dog (demir odzak). The end of the log rested on this. The other end reached nearly to the door. Krsto then poured wine on the log and sprinkled it with corn, sugar, etc. The floor of the room was thickly laid with straw. They explained this by the fact that Christ was born in a stable. The meat was baking under hot ashes in a corner. But till the fast was over at midnight it might not be eaten. At midnight the church bells rang, and each person greeted the next "Christ is born," "Truly He is born."

We sat in the straw to eat, and had to eat out of the great dug-out wooden trough in which the bread is kneaded. The wife gave Krsto a big flat loaf (loaves are always flat there), and he put it on the top of his head and broke it by bending it down on either side. For this he could give no explanation. "You always do." We

<sup>1</sup> *The Golden Bough*, 3rd edition, Part vii., vol. i., p. 263f.

ate roast pork. The Montenegrins believe that pork must be eaten to show you are not a Moslem. They explained the bread trough by saying "Christ was born in a manger." Next day, Christmas day, we paid and received numerous visits. Every visitor to our house (male that is) had to shove the badnyak a little further into the fire and lay an offering on the further end, usually an orange or sugar plum. The badnyak was saved to burn on New Year's day. The ashes are thrown on the fields to make them fertile.

This is what I saw. But last year the Montenegrin consul in Scutari, Albania, told me I had not seen the full ceremony. He stated that when he was a boy, and at the time of telling he was only twenty-eight, his father always cut the throat of a sheep on the badnyak, and that those who could not afford a sheep sacrificed a fowl. He regarded the present custom of pouring wine as a degenerate substitute for blood.

You note that in Montenegro at Christmas all the family drinks wine from the same beaker. Till recently, and still in many places the whole family does, Christmas or no Christmas.

The same Montenegrin consul told me that when he was a child he saw his grandmother every first of March stir the wood ashes on the hearth with a pair of horns (goats', sheeps', or oxens'). This was to protect the house from the witches, who always assemble on that day. The following day a large heap of rubbish was always burned, but he did not know why.

M. EDITH DURHAM.

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#### NOTES ON SCOTTISH FOLKLORE.

*The jaw of a hedgehog used as a cure for toothache.*—A countryman and native of Glenluce, Wigtonshire, told me lately that he knew an old farmer some years ago who had a firm belief in the efficacy of a hedgehog's jaw for keeping off the toothache. He had been long troubled with a bad tooth, and his remedy was to take the jaw-bone of a hedgehog and put it in his waistcoat pocket on the side where the bad tooth was. The jaw-bone was most carefully wrapped up in a piece of the best cloth, and

the old farmer was never without it on his person. He assured my informant that he never had had a return of the toothache since he kept the jaw-bone in his pocket.

*Witchcraft: wart-curing: use of saliva: powers of a witch.*—Last year my landlady in Glenluce, Wigtonshire, told me that when she was a little girl about forty years ago, there were two old women in the village who were always considered to be witches. One of them professed to cure warts, and would offer to come to the house to treat those who were affected. The patient was to go outside and pick up a stone without looking for it. The old woman then spat upon the stone and rubbed the warts with it, and those on the hands of my landlady all disappeared, she assured me, leaving impressions where they had been. After the warts had been rubbed with the stone, the patient was ordered to take it outside the house and throw it over her left shoulder.

There is a well-known tradesman in Stranraer who told me he knew a farmer only about fifteen years ago, perhaps less, who was terrified at an old woman who lived near him. He firmly believed that she was a witch, and whatever she asked for he always gave her, for fear of her displeasure. One day he was out on his farm when she came to the house and asked for a basket of straw. The farmer's wife said she could not give her any as her husband was away. The old woman went away muttering something, and presently, when the farmer came in, his wife told him what had happened. He was instantly seized with fear, and drove off as fast as he could with three times as much straw as the old woman had asked for, hoping thereby to avert the evil which he feared would ensue on the refusal of his wife to give her what she wanted. He overtook the woman just as she reached her cottage, and explained to her about the unfortunate incident, and having appeased her wrath he was relieved to find that no ill-results took place.

The same informant told me that the old woman who cured the warts often came in to see her mother in the evening, and once when she was frying some muskets for her husband's supper (the contents of a razor-shell) the old woman came in, and seeing the muskets frying on the fire, and her appetite being tempted by the

savoury smell, she asked if she could have some of them. Mrs. Porter said she was very sorry, but she had only just what would do her husband's supper. The old woman turned away to go with much displeasure, and as she went out of the door a fall of soot from the chimney entirely spoilt the savoury dish. The children all thought it was because the old woman was a witch, but their prudent mother said it was a thing that might happen to any one.

G. A. LEBOUR.

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FOLKLORE SCRAPS—ENGLAND.

*Gloucestershire.*—Derived from E. P., a native of the shire, now in our employ.

A bumble-bee flying into the room should not be let out again, as it brings luck.

If the hem of a woman's skirt turns up behind, forming a sort of bag, she will receive a present, and ought not to turn the skirt down again for fear of annulling the omen.

A child who is easily tickled will be proud.

Nails should on no account be cut on Friday; the best day for the purpose is Monday, as this will bring a present. (E. P. seems to believe quite seriously in this.)

*Norfolk.*—The following were observed at Weybourne, a small village midway between Sheringham and Holt.

One of the houses in the village has a horseshoe over the street door; but by way of strengthening the charm a cross has been added inside the horseshoe.

To make the fire burn up our landlady placed the poker, a short one, horizontally across the top bar, resting on the coals. This was, I am informed, practised also at Hornsea, near Hull, by an old servant in the last generation. I take it to be the original method, as a cross is thus formed which is visible from up the chimney, thus keeping off any evil thing which may attack, like a Greek Kallikantzaros, from that quarter.

*Oxford.*—A street urchin, on seeing one of the writers tread on a large blackbeetle, remarked, "Now we'll have rain."

E. H. AND H. J. ROSE.

## LANCASHIRE FOLKLORE.

*The Kirkby Moor Circle.*—On Kirkby Moor (Kirkby-in-Furness) is a low ringwork of loose earth and stones. "It goes by the name of 'The Kirk,' and a 'venerable inhabitant' (*Archæologia*, liii.) could recollect that it had once borne a peristalith. The natives assert that the spot was traditionally 'a place where their fathers worshipped,' and, as a matter of fact, games used, until recent times, to be held on the spot by the Lord of the Manor at Eastertide" (Allcroft, *Earthworks of England*, 1908, p. 139). The annual Fair held at "Four Acres" or "Acrefield" (Manchester), represented, it is clear, an interference with ancient rights of commonfield agriculture and common pasture (P. and B. Webb, *The Manor and the Borough*, vol. i., p. 107). This Fair was proclaimed by the Manor Court; Acrefield (enclosed, 1708), was common pasture from Fair time till February. At the Fair (which was just outside where St. Ann's Church now stands) "an ancient custom obtained of pelting the first animal driven into the Fair with acorns, and striking it with whips. This has been very conjecturally explained as a survival of an original protest of the inhabitants against the interference with their grazing rights by the establishment of the Fair" (Tate, *Medieval Manchester*, 1904, p. 45, quoted by Webb, *loc. cit.*).

T. B. PARTRIDGE.

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 WILTSHIRE FOLKLORE.

*Thread the Needle.*—"Thread the Needle" is played on Shrove Tuesday all down the street at Longbridge Deverell. This is the only day in the year when boys and girls play together.<sup>1</sup>

*Hill Sliding.*—Martinsell Hill, on the top of which is an ancient encampment, formerly used to be the scene of a great fair on Palm Sunday. Boys used to slide down the hill on the jawbones of horses; men from the neighbouring villages used to settle their

<sup>1</sup> For this game, with the words of the songs sung, see Lady Gomme, *Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, vol. ii., p. 228 *et seqq.*

disputes on this day by fighting; oranges were thrown down the slope and lads used to rush headlong after them.<sup>2</sup> At the present day only a few children stroll about the hill on Palm Sunday.

*Boundary Custom.*—On Bidcombe Hill “gathering together of people did continue some few years ago on Palm Sunday; it was in some way connected with the maintaining of bounds.”<sup>3</sup>

*Furmety Eating.*—On Palm Sunday an annual excursion is, or was until quite recently, made to Bidcome Hill, where there is an excavation, known as Furmety Hole, round which the people used to sit and eat furmety.<sup>4</sup>

*Silbury Hill.*—“Silbury Hill is to this day thronged every Palm Sunday afternoon by hundreds from Avebury, Kennet, Overton, and the adjoining villages.”<sup>5</sup>

*A Sacred Spring.*—It was formerly the custom to make merry with cakes, figs, and sugar mixed with water from the Swallow Head, the sacred spring of the district, and the principal source of the river Kennet.<sup>6</sup>

J. B. PARTRIDGE.

#### FOLKLORE FROM DURHAM.

*New Year's Day.*—In Sunderland every one, however poor, buys a cake for New Year's Day, and the streets are crowded to see the New Year in.

*Passion Sunday.*—Passion Sunday is known as Carling Sunday, when, in the poorer parts of the town, everyone eats pease pudding, and the children are provided with pea-shooters.<sup>7</sup>

J. B. PARTRIDGE.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the “Cheese-bowling” at Cooper's Hill, Gloucestershire, *Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii., p. 351.

<sup>3</sup> *Wilts Archaeological Magazine*, March, 1878, vol. vii., p. 290.

<sup>4</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 5th Ser., vol. v., p. 273.

<sup>5</sup> *Wilts Archaeological Magazine*, December, 1861, p. 181.

<sup>6</sup> W. Long, *Abury Illustrated*, 1858, p. 34.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. J. Brand, *Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, 1848, vol. i., p. 113 *et seqq.*

## BAPTISM FOLKLORE.

After I had given her friend's baby clinical Baptism, a Speyside woman told me it must be put back to bed wearing the clothes in which it had been baptized, and, having thus taken its first post-baptismal sleep, it would be much better in health afterwards; and, in any case, baptism would do the child's health good, and not harm. The baby has since died.

RONALD BURN.

## GOATS AND CATTLE.

I asked a large farmer here and he told me that it was considered good for cattle and sheep to have a goat with them, and that the smell keeps off diseases and promotes good condition. It appears to be a convention, at least from 13th century, to represent pastoral scenes with sheep feeding on the ground, and a goat on his hind legs craning up to browse on a tree: in one case there are two, one eating the foliage, the other the bark of the tree. "Many persons keep goats in stables, with an idea that they are good for the health of horses. It is likely that they promote the good temper of their companions. Now, good temper and cheerfulness tend to health, and it is a fact that a horse often shows great attachment to a goat."<sup>1</sup>

J. T. FOWLER.

Winterton, Doncaster.

## WELSH FOLKLORE.

*Cutting a Baby's Ear to Cure Rickets.*

Before the Neath magistrates an old woman was charged with cutting a baby's ear with a razor. The solicitor who appeared for

<sup>1</sup> *One Hundred and Twenty Plates illustrative of History, with a short Description annexed to each Plate*, London, S.P.C.K., 1843.

[In some places the presence of goats is supposed to check abortion among cattle—11th Ser., *Notes and Queries*, ii. 534. In India a monkey is kept in the stables as a means of protection for the horses. A common proverb says: "The luck of the stable is on the head of the monkey."—ED.]

the defendant admitted that his client had committed the assault, but claimed that she possessed a peculiar gift for curing children of rickets by means of this operation. On her promise that she would not exercise her peculiar gift in future, the defendant was discharged on payment of the costs.

*The Gloucestershire Echo*, 14th October, 1914.

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AN ANIMAL BELIEF.

In the *Early South English Legendary* (Early English Text Society. Original Series, 87. London, 1887) the following lines occur in the *Life of Beket* :

Seint thomas caste houndes of is<sup>1</sup> bred ; that bi-fore him lai,  
 And euerech hound it for-sok : ase al that folk i-sai<sup>2</sup>  
 Tho<sup>3</sup> handlede, he othur bred : and let menge<sup>4</sup> hit at the laste  
 Al that he i-handlet hadde : the houndes al for-lete,<sup>5</sup>  
 And chosen out that othur thare-among : and wel clanliche it etc.  
 The gudnesse (al : mansinge<sup>6</sup>) was on him i-sene : a-non-right that ilke dai  
 Whane<sup>7</sup> the houndes that bred for-soken : that bi-fore him lai.  
 bi a fridaï thulke yeres : was christemasse-dai,  
 that was gret miracle of god : that al that folk i-sai.<sup>8</sup> (ll. 1957-66.)

This happened on the Friday (Christmas Day) after Beket had been cursing the enemies of holy church. On the following Tuesday (Tuesday was an unlucky day for St. Thomas, as the life explains in ll. 2457-73) he was murdered. The explanation that suggests itself for the refusal of the dogs to eat of the bread that was Beket's own, while any other bread he gave them they ate 'wel clanliche,' is that they recognized him to be near his death—to be 'fey.'

It would be interesting to know whether any parallels are on record in which dogs and other animals recognize that a man's death day is approaching, and show their recognition of the fact by refusing to touch his food.

P. J. HEATHER.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* some of his.

<sup>2</sup> said.

<sup>3</sup> then.

<sup>4</sup> mix.

<sup>5</sup> refused.

<sup>6</sup> cursing.

<sup>7</sup> when.

<sup>8</sup> saw.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

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I should be very greatly obliged to any member of the Society who could tell me where I might find information concerning a game that children play in the street on a chalked spiral. The spiral is divided up into a number of compartments (named, at present, London, Paris, Belgium, Berlin, etc.) and the children hop along the spiral, kicking a flat piece of stone or wood from one compartment to another. I believe this game has an ancient origin, and I should be much interested to read something about it if anyone would kindly indicate the literature.

DORIS L. MACKINNON.

University College, Dundee.

With regard to Miss Peacock's enquiry concerning the "Death Coach" (*Folk-Lore*, vol. xxv. p. 388 *sq.*), in the frescoed Etruscan tombs at Orvieto the dead man is represented in a very fine chariot, which is led by his special Fate, who carries the scroll of his deeds in her hand. No doubt there is some big book on these important frescoes; in any case, the local picture post-cards give the whole series.

L. M. EYRE.

The Hudnalls, St. Briavels, Glos.

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## REVIEWS.

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THE HISTORY OF MELANESIAN SOCIETY. By W. H. R. RIVERS, F.R.S. Two volumes. Cambridge: University Press. 1914.

THESE two volumes not merely record the result of the anthropological enquiries made during the Percy Sladen Trust Expedition to Melanesia, they endeavour to interpret the meaning of the facts, so as to lay bare the process of evolution which has issued in the complex phenomenon of Melanesian society. Dr. Rivers has wisely presented his facts separately in the first volume, where they stand for the use of any future enquirer, as well as for evidence of his own case. The long unfolding of his ingenious argument occupies the second volume.

Briefly put, his conclusions amount to these. At a certain unknown period in the past the Melanesian islands were occupied by a people (themselves probably the product of an amalgamation of at least two separate bodies of immigrants), whom he calls "the dual people," because socially they were divided into two distinct exogamous and matrilineal moieties, who were to some extent hostile. They were governed by a body of old men, who monopolized all the young women, and thereby produced highly complicated relationships. Enter to them another body of immigrants of somewhat higher culture. Having few women, or none at all, they intermarried with the islanders; but their moral sense, somewhat more highly developed than that of the aborigines, revolted at the matrimonial customs they found. They broke the power of the old men and introduced better laws, though they did not succeed in doing away with all the former customs, or in completely rooting out the native terms expressive of the relationships resulting from the practices of the gerontocracy. Desirous

of performing in secret the cult, which they had brought with them, they founded in so doing the secret societies of Melanesia. In the islands where they were more numerous secret worship was unnecessary, and there the secret societies do not exist, but the open cult corresponds with the secret societies elsewhere. A characteristic of their culture was the use of kava, which they carried all over Melanesia and Polynesia. Another immigration took place later, of a people who brought with them the use of the areca nut, and hence called "the betel people"; but it only extended to northern Melanesia. They introduced some further social modifications. The civilization of Melanesia, as it existed when Europeans first came upon the scene, was the product of these immigrations and of the interaction of the autochthonous and intrusive cultures.

The scheme of which this is a rude outline is lucidly and elaborately worked out. Its validity depends on a large number of factors. Social organization, kinship terms, ghosts and spiritual beings, cultural practices, the kava ritual, betel practices, burial customs, decorative art, money, magic, stonework, puberty rites, tattooing, language are all in turn subjected to critical examination. A consistent edifice of theory is carefully built up out of all these elements of native culture. It is a triumph of synthetic reasoning on which the author may be heartily congratulated. Whether it will stand the test of further explorations, and of the criticism of observers approaching the subject from the point of view afforded by other islands than those here most profoundly treated, remains to be seen. The author, contemplating the possibility of a radical modification or even destruction, expresses the hope that any such result will be due to his insufficient knowledge of facts rather than to faults of method.

The strength of a chain is that of its weakest link. Dr. Rivers' hypothesis is forged of so many links that it would be no wonder if one of them should snap, with disaster to the whole. It is with no desire to contribute to such a catastrophe that I venture to draw attention to one or two links out of several that seem to me to require strengthening.

"At the present time," he says, "there is little question that it is peoples of the rudest culture who are the most ready to accept

new institutions and new ideas" (ii. 293). For this, among other reasons, the proto-Melanesians must have been ready to accept the institutions and ideas of the kava people. But as a generalization the statement requires much qualification. It is true that great ancient civilizations like those of China and India are not easily impressed by the ways of foreigners. On the other hand, "peoples of the rudest culture" are equally impervious. The Bushmen have been for centuries at least in contact with Hottentots and Bantu, and have learned practically nothing from them. The story of the Indians of the Paraguayan Chaco and that of the Australian natives is to the same effect. Many other examples might be cited. As yet we know too little of the conditions of fruitful receptivity to venture to generalize with safety. In so far, therefore, as the statement is a necessary postulate of Dr. Rivers' argument it would seem to be too fragile for his purpose.

Again, I cannot but think he lays far too great a stress on the modes of disposal of the dead in use in the South Seas. On another recent occasion he has made a similar use of the very varied funeral rites in Australia. But there is distinct evidence there that variations in this matter are often dependent on local or economic conditions, while there is no evidence at all that they are derived from foreign contact. "The preservation of the dead in rocky tombs" is one that suggests itself wherever caves and clefts are available for the purpose. Burial in a contracted position is a very wide-spread custom, and, so far as I know, no real distinction has ever been determined between the attitudes of squatting and lying on the side. Either is a natural attitude, for it is the attitude usually assumed in rest; and to make it a test of race is hardly convincing. The custom of preserving the corpse either temporarily or permanently in the house seems more special; but even this is found in various parts of Africa and America. It probably is connected, we may agree, with a development of the cult of the dead. The cult in question is, however, so widely distributed, even to the extent of keeping the skull and other bones in the house, or wearing them on the person, that the claim of a particular racial characteristic is difficult to maintain for such a practice.

Among the questions raised by the book is the interesting and

important one of secret societies and their relation to the ordinary life of the people and the other institutions of the community. A wide survey of such societies and of the function and history of mysteries is a crying need in ethnology. It is probable that such an enquiry would show that they are traceable to more than one origin. It is clear that they respond to some deep-seated psychological need. They may be turned, as they are in certain of these islands, to some self-regarding purpose of a material kind. But it is incredible that these mummeries would have been carried on in so many parts of the world, and even among races high in the scale of civilization, unless some loftier and real benefit, however elusive it may appear to the coldly judicial enquirer, had been conveyed by their means. This benefit may be a social power; it may be the satisfaction of some religious emotion; whatever it is, we may be sure that it is conferred. This leads to the question how far we are safe in attributing to the hypothetical kava people the introduction of secret societies into Melanesia. For the diffusion of secret societies in the most distant quarters of the globe renders it more than possible that they may in some form or other have been known in the islands from very early times, and before the intrusion of strangers with religious rites which they desired to keep secret from the profane aborigines. But if so, what guarantee have we that the secret societies have preserved the features of an immigrant culture? Dr. Rivers' scheme avowedly rests largely upon the fidelity with which they have done this.

The work is an example of what is called in the scientific jargon of the present day the "intensive" (which only means detailed) method of enquiry. In Dr. Rivers' hands the method has been applied with an accuracy and logical force that cannot be too highly admired, and with that quality of moderation and common-sense upon which we are apt to plume ourselves as specially English. The observations of preceding paragraphs are intended only to suggest that in the extreme complexity of human civilization there are considerations to be taken into account that are often not obvious, if we confine our view to the particular culture with which we are for the moment occupied. It is unavoidable that a student labouring at one culture, however

learned and skilful he may be, should overlook difficulties that occur to more detached fellow-students. It remains to test alike Dr. Rivers' principles and his conclusions by applying them to other cultures. For some of them at all events we need have no fear of any such tests. Among such we may note, as one of the most striking and satisfactory results of his researches, the rehabilitation of Morgan's theory that terms of relationship express real kinship, and are not empty terms of address. Dr. Rivers had put this forward in his lecture on *Kinship and Social Organization*, and has now worked it out more fully. Indeed the argument of the present work is based upon the correctness of the hypothesis. As a pioneer, of course, Morgan fell into many errors of detail: but he grasped the central truth which makes his work of permanent value. The so-called "classificatory system" is founded on the clan, and thus is brought into line with the conclusions of a school of anthropology which it is now the fashion to depreciate. It is only too probable that those conclusions, as research progresses, will have to be modified in various particulars. Many of them were doubtless too hasty; they were based on unwarranted generalizations. But on the whole they seem likely to stand firm against objections based on a narrower outlook and more impatient inferences.

The descriptive volume contains a number of excellent illustrations, both in the text and as separate plates, many of them from Dr. Rivers' own photographs.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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ZEUS, A STUDY OF ANCIENT RELIGION. By ARTHUR BERNARD COOK. Vol. I.: Zeus of the Bright Sky. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1914. Medium 8vo, pp. xliii + 885.

THE ASIATIC DIONYSOS. By GLADYS M. N. DAVIS. Pp. x + 276. London, G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. 1914.

MR. COOK'S great monograph on Zeus, of which only the first volume has as yet been published, will have special interest to our Society, because some of the preliminary studies on which

it is based appeared in these pages under the title of "The European Sky God."<sup>1</sup> "I had meant," he tells us in his Preface, "to go further along the same road. But at this point Dr. Farnell in the friendliest fashion put a spoke in my wheel by convincing me that the unity of an ancient god consisted less in his nature than in his name. Thereupon I decided to abandon my search for 'The European Sky God.' . . . After some hesitation I resolved to start afresh on narrower lines, restricting enquiry to the single case of Zeus." The result of this change of method is that we now possess a detailed investigation of a single mythological problem, carried out with that wealth of learning and vigour of thought which we are accustomed to expect from the Cambridge school of anthropology and folklore. The Syndics of the University Press have liberally undertaken to publish the work in fitting style, and this volume, with its numerous fine illustrations and excellent typography, makes a splendid book.

Naturally, the monograph owes its origin to the impulse of *The Golden Bough*, but Mr. Cook does not agree with many of Sir James Frazer's conclusions, and the general outlook of the two writers on the question of religion is very different. Mr. Cook distinctly avoids the "use of ethnology as a master-key to unlock the complex chambers of Greek religion," and he urges that "analogies drawn from a contiguous area are much more likely to be helpful than analogies gathered, sometimes on doubtful authority, from the ends of the habitable earth." He will not accept the theory advanced in *The Golden Bough* that Zeus was named "Bright" as being an oak-god, the wood of the tree being used for fire-making. He recognises in Zeus Lykaios a god of light, not a wolf-god. He rejects Sir James Frazer's account of the relation of magic to religion, denying that magic everywhere came first, religion second, the latter being directly due to the unmasking of the former. "The baffled magician," he argues, "would most plausibly account for his failure by attributing it to the counter-charms of some rival practitioner on earth, say a neighbouring chief, or else to the machinations of a ghost, say a dead ancestor of his own. Why should he—how could

<sup>1</sup> *Folk-Lore*, vols. xv., xvi., xvii., xviii. (1904-1907).

he—assume a sky-god, unless the sky was already regarded as a divine Potency? And if this was the case, then religion was not subsequent to magic, but either prior to it or coeval with it." This is not the place to discuss serious questions like these, but it is hardly necessary to remark that there is no real conflict between these two scholars. "It was Sir James G. Frazer," writes Mr. Cook, "who first advised me to put together in permanent form the materials that I had collected; he has seen about a third of the present volume, and though well aware that I differ from him on certain vital issues, he has with characteristic generosity more than once encouraged me to persist in my undertaking."

It is premature to discuss this book in detail until the second volume, which promises to be the more interesting of the two, is published. It will be sufficient to say that up to this point of his journey Mr. Cook arrives at the following conclusions: Zeus, whose name means "the Bright one," was originally conceived in zoistic fashion as the bright sky itself; the change from the zoistic to the anthropomorphic Zeus was occasioned, not by any despair of magic, but rather by a naïve attempt to express heaven in terms of earth. The divine dark sky, as supreme weather-maker, was represented under the guise of an ordinary magician or weather-ruling king. Besides this, Zeus was brought into connexion with every celestial luminary, but genuine Hellenic religion never identified Zeus with sun or moon or stars. Again, the conception of him as a procreative god appears in great prominence, and as sky-father he is in essential relation to an earth Mother, or to a goddess like Demeter, an earth Mother that has developed into a vegetation goddess.

The book on the Asiatic Dionysos stands in a different class. The writer adds a good knowledge of Sanskrit to that of Greek, and her main thesis is that Dionysos is identical with the Vedic Soma. A reaction is now setting in against what M. Salomon Reinach called *le mirage Oriental*, and the modern school of mythologists having disposed of the theory of Babylonian influence on Greek belief will hesitate to accept the theory of direct, extensive borrowing from the Hindus. They look forward rather to the decipherment of the Minoan records to show that Greek cults and



beliefs were largely derived from that culture. It is possible, of course to trace, as Miss Davis does with elaborate detail, numerous analogies between the doctrines of Greek philosophers, notably Plato, and those of Indian thinkers. This review of what she calls 'Asianism in Ancient Greece' is valuable even if we are not prepared to believe that it is due to direct borrowing from Eastern sources by Greek thinkers. At present, most people are satisfied to accept a Thrako-Phrygian origin of Dionysaic worship, and the difficulty in the Indian theory lies in the question of the mode of transmission. In early days the road was barred by Babylonians, Assyrians, Hittites or Phrygians, and the evidence of communication between Greece and India through the Persians does not seem quite satisfactory. Although the main thesis which Miss Davis supports may not meet with general acceptance, the wide learning and ingenuity displayed in this book establish her claim to be regarded as a valuable recruit to the ranks of students of Comparative Religion.

W. CROOKE.

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SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

*Village Folk-Tales of Ceylon.* Collected and translated by H. PARKER. Vols. II. and III. Lucas & Co., 1914. 8vo, pp. viii + 466, vii + 479.

THE first volume of this valuable collection of Sinhalese folk-tales has already been reviewed in these pages.<sup>1</sup> The work is now completed by the publication of these volumes. The contents are arranged partly according to the classes of the population among whom the tales are current, partly by locality. The second volume is devoted to "Stories of the Cultivating Caste," which are continued in the third volume. This also includes "Stories of the Lower Caste" and "Stories of the Western Province and Southern India," with some texts in Sinhalese as examples, and additional notes and corrections. Each volume is provided with an excellent index by means of which parallels to the incidents can be traced.

<sup>1</sup> *Folk-lore*, xvii., 123 ff.

The work comprises in all two hundred and sixty-six tales. It is perhaps the most important collection of oriental folk-tales published in recent years. In the case of many tales a note is appended giving parallels from Indian and other sources. Mr. Parker is a well-known Sinhalese scholar, and his transcripts and versions may be accepted with confidence. The notes are interesting, and record many curious beliefs and usages of the natives of the island. The work may be strongly commended to students of folk-tales.

*The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion.* By J. G. FRAZER, K.T. Third edition. Vol. XII.: Bibliography and General Index. Pp. vi + 536. London, Macmillan & Co., 1915.

THE publication of a Bibliography and General Index to *The Golden Bough* marks the completion of a great achievement. The work as it progressed has been several times discussed in these pages, and by general admission it is the most important contribution to anthropology and folklore which has appeared in the present generation. The value of the work is largely increased by this volume. The new Index incorporates those of the separate volumes, but it has been considerably extended, and has been constructed on generous lines. We knew, of course, that a wealth of learning had been devoted to *The Golden Bough*, but until we were confronted with 144 pages of closely printed book titles, we could hardly realize the extent of the author's reading, not confined to standard authors but searching the by-ways of anthropological and folklore literature.

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## SOME ALGERIAN SUPERSTITIONS NOTED AMONG THE SHAWIA BERBERS OF THE AURÈS MOUNTAINS AND THEIR NOMAD NEIGHBOURS.

BY M. W. HILTON-SIMPSON.

THE notes contained in this paper were obtained during two journeys in Eastern Algeria undertaken by my wife and myself in the early part of the years 1913 and 1914, the main object of which was to study medicine and surgery among the Shawia Berbers of the Aurès mountains, and to make a collection of the instruments used by their surgeons for the Pitt-Rivers Museum, Oxford. The Aurès, more properly pronounced Aourès, massif lies just to the north east of Biskra, forming a part of the rugged chain of barren hills which constitutes the northern boundary of the Sahara from the Atlantic to the gulf of Gabès, and its inhabitants are representatives of the Berber race who have retained most of their physical characteristics despite the various waves of conquest which have spread over Algeria during the last two thousand years.

but who were compelled, not without a gallant struggle, to accept Islam when the Arabs overran North Africa.

Our researches into native surgery led us to traverse the massif of the Aurès by different routes from south to north each year, and obliged us to stay for days together in very remote hamlets, where the Berber may be found as little altered by the French occupation of the country as in any part of Algeria ; we were also obliged to stay for some time among the Ouled Ziane so-called Arabs, a nomad people who wander with their flocks over the desert to the south west of the Aurès during the winter, migrating to the northern slopes of these hills in summer, when the arid plains in the south will no longer support their goats and sheep.

The French administrators of the districts in which we stayed very kindly lent us the services of orderlies to assist us in procuring accommodation from the sheykhs (in whose houses we were always received as honoured guests) and to act as interpreters, for my own knowledge of Algerian Arabic, while sufficient for the ordinary needs of the traveller, is not such as to enable me to obtain intricate information from the natives, and I am ignorant of the Shawia Berber dialect.

The orderly who accompanied us among the Ouled Ziane was an Arab, while in the Aurès proper we were accompanied by a Shawi orderly who was able to render us exceptional services in his native land. Both these orderlies, though speaking excellent French, were staunch followers of the Prophet and firm believers in the various superstitions of their people.

A few customs of the town population of Aïn Touta, on the western border of the Aurès, which are mentioned in this paper were described to me by the Arab orderly ; those of the people of El Kantara (on the railway to the south west of the massif) and the Shawia and Ouled Ziane were obtained on the spot from the people themselves.

The Ouled Ziane nomads claim to be Arabs, speak Arabic, and regard their Berber neighbours with considerable distrust ; but at the same time, their principal sheykh informed me that they had migrated from the Seggia el Hamra in Morocco, where, he says, some Ouled Ziane are still to be found, and had not originally come to the Moghreb with the Arab invaders. It would appear, therefore, that there has never been any great amount of Arab blood in the veins of the Ouled Ziane, and the custom so prevalent among them, despite their dislike of their neighbours, of choosing their wives from among the pretty daughters of the Shawia, has tended to obliterate what little there may have been at the time of their migration from Morocco about the year 1500 A.D.<sup>1</sup> Concerning the reason for this migration the sheykh told me the following legend. Seven men of the tribe had gone forth to bring in a bride. On their return with the lady they encountered a jinn known as a "khatel el areis," or stealer of the bride, who promptly captured the girl and flew away with her. The seven men, ashamed to return home without the bride, turned their steps eastward, and, gaining a livelihood as professional herdsmen, gradually made their way to the plain of the Hodna, in central Algeria, where they settled down, married, and founded that portion of the Ouled Ziane which, by treachery and conquest, later became masters of the country south west of the Aurès which they now inhabit.

Most of the superstitions which we noted during our wanderings refer to the dread which both the Shawia and the Arabs entertain for the jenoun (plural of jinn), one of whom is mentioned in the above legend.

These demons, some of which are good, though the majority appear to be evilly disposed towards man, have

<sup>1</sup>This is the approximate date given by Colonel de Lartigue (*Monographie de l'Aurès*, p. 322) for the immigration of the Ouled Ziane ; the sheykh gave me no date.

been described among other writers by Professor Westermarck,<sup>2</sup> who has devoted a paper to them in the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*, and by Lane, who says, in his *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*: "The ginn are said to be of pre-adamite origin, and, in their general properties, an intermediate class of beings between angels and men, but inferior in dignity to both, created of fire, and capable of assuming the forms and material fabric of men, brutes and monsters, and of becoming invisible at pleasure."<sup>3</sup>

#### CHARMS AGAINST THE EVIL EYE.

The belief in jennoun seems to be closely bound up with the dread of the "evil eye," against which many of the charms we collected were worn.

A certain Shawi scribe in the Rassira valley of the Aurès, who enjoys quite a wide reputation as a writer of charms and a foreteller of the future, informed me that among his people the belief is held that when the admiring glance leaves the eye it is joined by a jinn, who accompanies the glance to the object admired, and causes the harm which is popularly supposed to befall the person or thing upon whom the "evil eye" has been cast. This theory should help to make clear the reasons for the use of some of the charms worn as a protection against the "evil eye" which would otherwise seem to be obscure.

Some charms, such as the little manuscript texts sewn up in leather which are worn for almost every conceivable purpose by man, woman, child, and even some animals in Algeria, possess in themselves virtue which protects the

<sup>2</sup> Westermarck, "The Nature of the Arab Ğinn illustrated by the Present Beliefs of the People of Morocco" (*Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xxix).

<sup>3</sup> Lane, *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians* ("Everyman's Library" ed.), p. 228.

bearer from evil influences, but against the "evil eye" there is a great variety of other charms in common use.

Some of these are apparently simply intended to attract the admiring glance to themselves, and thus ward it off from the wearer or the object they are intended to defend.

For example, the single cowrie shells which the Ouled Ziane attach to the head-dresses of children, in order, as an old sorceress of that tribe informed me, to protect them from the "evil eye," like those mentioned by Lane, "are evidently meant to attract the eye to themselves, and so to prevent observation and envy of the object they are designed to protect."<sup>4</sup> The Shawia are in the habit of placing a cooking pot in as conspicuous a position as possible upon a corner of the roof of a new house, where it cannot fail to immediately attract the attention of the passer-by, to protect the building against the "evil eye." I have seen in the Rassira valley a large white stone with a hole in it, an oblong gourd and a mule's skull hung together upon a cord stretched across the roof of a Shawia house against the "evil eye"; and in those Shawia villages which possess common defensible granaries I have seen similar gourds hanging conspicuously from the balconies of these buildings for the same purpose. In a Shawia house at the southern end of the Aurès massif I photographed a loom from the top bar of which was hung an empty spindle-whorl, in order, I was told, to protect the fabric in course of manufacture from the "evil eye"; and in another house in the same district I noted, hanging from a loom, a small piece of wool which had been dipped in the stewpot, an empty spindle-whorl, and a red-pepper pod, all three of which, combined, were suspended as a charm against the "evil eye."

I was not able to learn any reason for the use of the piece of wool for this purpose, but it seems possible that the spindle-whorls were originally intended merely to attract

<sup>4</sup> Lane, *Modern Egyptians* ("Everyman's Library" ed.), p. 257.

the glance, and I was told by the scribe mentioned above that all red things, particularly red pepper, are regarded by the Shawia as protective against the "evil eye."

Among both the Shawia and the Ouled Ziane women and girls very commonly wear a single string of European glass beads around the neck, from which a large number of similar strings hang vertically over the chest; each of these vertical strings of beads had a red bead at its lower end, which is regarded as an "evil eye" charm, and is probably so used as a cheap substitute for coral, small pieces of which are similarly worn upon the pendant silver chains with which the Shawia embellish their earrings, necklets, and other personal ornaments. The Shawia are extremely fond of coral, but my friend the scribe told me that, although it is to some extent useful as a charm against the "evil eye," it is largely worn on account of its beauty.

The red pepper alluded to above possesses another quality in addition to its colour which renders it efficacious against the "evil eye," namely, its pungent taste.

The scribe informed me that many of the objects worn as charms were either evil-smelling or disagreeable to the taste, or were intended to suggest the presence of some "spiteful" creature in order to disgust or frighten away the jinn which, as we have seen, accompanies the admiring glance.

For instance, among the Shawia, garlic, red pepper, and copper (*e.g.* a copper coin) are used as charms against the "evil eye" on account, I was told, of their strong taste, and both the Shawia and Ouled Ziane hang little packets of hantit (asafoetida) upon the person in order that its smell may keep away the jinn of the "evil eye." The objects suggesting the presence of a creature harmful to this jinn observed during our last two journeys in Algeria are the following—a viper's head sewn up in leather is worn by the Ouled Ziane; the skin of a snake which has been killed on a Thursday (the fifth day of the week is considered



lucky for operations against the "evil eye"<sup>5</sup>) is worn in the head-dress by these nomads for the same purpose, as well as for a charm against fever; a morsel of a puppy's ear is worn upon a child's necklet among the Shawia in order to frighten away the jinn that accompanies the admiring glance,<sup>6</sup> and a black bead with yellow and white stripes is thought among the Berber inhabitants of Aurès to convey the impression of a wasp to this much dreaded demon, while the head of a chameleon is worn suspended round the neck by the children of the Ouled Ziane against the "evil eye," possibly in the hope that its unprepossessing appearance may strike terror into the jinn, though the head and the dried body of the chameleon are widely used in medical magic in North Africa, and may, therefore, be held to possess some virtue concerning which I have not yet been able to obtain any information from the natives.

The so-called Arabs of El Kantara on the south-western border of the Aurès, as well as the Ouled Ziane, are in the habit of attaching a canine tooth of a dog (neb el kelb) to a child's head-dress as a charm against the "evil eye," the former people also regarding it as useful to preserve the child's health; but I received a sheet of manuscript from a Shawi doctor in the Rassira valley which shows that there are several other reasons (described in the medical section of this paper) for wearing dog's teeth, which seems to show that they are useful as protectives against jennoun in general. I do not know anything of the origin of this manuscript,

<sup>5</sup> E. Doutté, *Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord* (Algiers, 1908), p. 327. "Enfin le jeudi, qui est le *cinquième* jour de la semaine, est particulièrement favorable aux opérations magiques qui ont pour objet de combattre le mauvais œil."

<sup>6</sup> Doutté in *Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord*, p. 237, states: "Si l'on tient un morceau d'oreille de chien dans sa main, tous les chiens ont peur de vous," his authority being the Egyptian author Suyuti. My Shawi informants, however, stated that a piece of a puppy's ear is used as a charm against the "evil-eye" for the reason I have given above.

however, except that it was left to my doctor friend by his father.

Two substances to which jenoun in general have a great objection are salt and iron. In the case of the former this may be due to its taste, while as regards their dislike for the latter, it has been said that jenoun are stone-age beings who have dreaded iron since the time when it was first manufactured.<sup>7</sup> Thus we find that salt is used to protect small babies from the "evil eye" among the Shawia of the Rassira valley.

These people take a small quantity of trade salt (not the natural salt that can be obtained upon some of the neighbouring hills), wrap it up in a bundle of rag and pass it with a circular movement seven times over the baby's head, counting aloud, as the child lies in its basket-cradle slung from the roof. The bundle of salt is then attached to the cord which supports the cradle on the left hand of the baby. When the baby appears to be suffering from the effects of the "evil eye" the above seven circular movements are repeated, a little of the salt is scattered around the child and a pinch or two of it is thrown upon the fire, doubtless with the object of driving away any jenoun that may be in the neighbourhood by means of the fumes that arise as it burns.

In a Shawia village of the Wad el Abiod I noticed a child wearing a small bundle of salt attached to its left foot in order to keep away jenoun.

My Arab orderly informed me that the town-dwelling natives of Aïn Touta put aside a little salt upon the twenty-seventh day of the month preceding Ramadan, and when a person thinks that the "evil eye" has been cast upon him he puts a little of it, with some hedgehog's bristles, on the fire and jumps across the fire seven times while these substances are burning.

An iron bracelet is worn upon the left wrist by people of all ages and both sexes among the Ouled Ziane as a charm

<sup>7</sup> Westermarck, "Nature of the Arab Ginn" (*Journal Anth. Inst.*, xxix).

against the "evil eye," and jenoun in general ; while among these nomads I collected a string of fifteen different charms worn by a boy of about one year old, among which were the following objects : a European key (very commonly worn as a charm in Algeria) and small iron models of a native key, a hoe blade, a reaping-hook, and an agricultural implement which, I was told, were intended to act as charms against the "evil eye" and jenoun. It seems possible that two objects are missing from this set, for my Arab orderly told me that among the town-dwelling populations seven iron models are worn by children for these purposes, the set which he obtained for me at Ain Touta consisting of a pick-axe, a ploughshare, a knife, a reaping-hook, a shovel, a hoe blade, and a mattock.

A disc of lead, which is another item in the above string of fifteen charms, and which is said to consist of, or to represent, a flattened bullet, is worn as a charm against the "evil eye," and may be intended to convey a threat against the jinn, for Lane tells us that these demons are subject to death,<sup>8</sup> as may also the small glass points of European manufacture, somewhat closely resembling stone arrow-heads, which are commonly worn in necklets of beads by both the Ouled Ziane and Shawia girls.

The chief sheykh of the Ouled Ziane told me that these points were intended to enter into the eye of the giver of the admiring glance, but it is curious that they should be called "heart of the cock" (*gelb el ferodj*) ; and an old sorceress, from whom I obtained a good deal of my information upon Ouled Ziane superstitions, could not say what their origin was, and denied ever having seen a real cock's heart worn as a charm.

Upon a Turkish string of cornelian points in the Pitt-Rivers Museum, similar in shape to the glass ones I collected, there is a heart-shaped piece of cornelian, and upon another specimen in the same collection, from Mecca, there is a

<sup>8</sup> Lane, *Modern Egyptians* ("Everyman's Library" ed.), p. 228.

piece which may represent a heart in a conventionalized form. In the Pitt-Rivers Museum, too, there are some cornelian points which are said to have been worn by Arabs as being "good for the blood."

Certain objects worn as charms, among which, if the sheykh is to be believed, we ought perhaps to include the glass points mentioned above, appear to intend to threaten with injury the eye of the giver of the admiring glance rather than the jinn which accompanies it.

Among both the Shawia and the Ouled Ziane small pieces of white crumbling stone or of "plaster" are worn as charms against the "evil eye," with the idea, I was told, that they would enter into the eye of the admirer and blind it. I collected a disc of chalk which was suspended upon the swinging cradle of an Ouled Ziane child for this purpose, and the silver models of "hands," more or less conventionalized in form, so universally worn by Algerian women, are considered by Professor Doutté<sup>9</sup> to be representations of the gesture of holding up the hand, fingers and thumb out-stretched with the palm towards the offender when an unqualified flattering remark has been made about a person, an animal, or an object, a gesture that should be accompanied by a remark "Five in thine eye" (*Khamsa fi aïnek*) or "I was born on Thursday" (*zit bel khamis*). The sheykh told me that this gesture implies that the giver of the admiring glance should have the fingers and thumb of the hand thrust into his eyes.

I do not think, however, that the silver hands are regarded by the Shawia as very efficacious for their purpose of protecting the wearer against the "evil eye." They are easily purchasable from the women, and the scribe in the Rassira valley informed me that they are worn only on account of their ornamental qualities. They may be, like coral in the estimation of the Shawia, of some value as charms, but mainly worn for their beauty.

<sup>9</sup> Doutté, *Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord*, p. 143.

The Ouled Ziane sheykh asserted that the sight of the skulls of large animals, mostly of mules, that are hung upon date palms and other trees in the orchards of his tribe to protect them from the "evil eye" causes injury at some future time to the giver of the admiring glance, but I was unable to learn how this is explained.

These skulls are suspended by the Shawia in their gardens and upon their houses, and I have seen upon one of the latter a piece of a camel's backbone hung in a conspicuous position as a charm against the "evil eye." The Ouled Ziane hang written talismans upon their young horses and mules to protect them from the effects of the admiring glance and other ills; but nothing is usually done for the protection of goats, sheep, dogs, or cats. When a donkey is born in a camp of these nomads, however, some cinders from the camp fire are wrapped in a rag and hung over its forehead, from its ears, in order, the sorceress told me, that it should not return to old camping grounds when the tents are moved on in search of fresh pasture.

The people of Aïn Touta, according to my Arab orderly, place a necklet of snails around a young donkey's neck to protect it against the "evil eye."

The Shawia regard the pine tree as distasteful to jenoun for reasons which we shall understand when considering the medical superstitions described below, and accordingly small pieces of its wood are attached to children's necklets as charms against the "evil eye," as are pieces of a root known to the Shawia as "adath," the identity of which I have not been able to establish; while among both the Shawia and the people of Aïn Touta little bundles of the seeds of "kamoun" (*Cuminum cyminum*) are worn by women to keep off the jinn of the "evil eye" as well as other jenoun, though I have not been able to learn why they should be considered efficacious for the purpose.

A person who thinks that he has been made a victim of

the "evil eye" often betakes himself to a scribe in order to be cured.

The Shawia scribe of the Rassira who gave me some of the information set forth above, told me that in order to ascertain if a person is really suffering from the effects of an admiring glance, and, if so, whether the giver of that glance is a man or a woman, he measures the "patient's" arm from the shoulder to the tip of the middle finger; if the right arm is found to be too short a man is responsible for the harm, if the left arm is too short it is a woman who has caused the mischief.

In order to effect a cure the scribe reads the *Koran*, meanwhile gently rubbing the affected arm with the palm of his hand upon which he blows from time to time, the breath which reads the *Koran* possessing healing virtues which are thus transmitted to the patient.

This treatment cures the patient, causing the arm to resume its normal length, but the scribe also writes out for him a text from the *Koran* to be sewn up in leather and worn suspended from his neck.

My scribe friend is a leather worker by trade, and can therefore manufacture cases for his talismans as well as writing them; in addition to this he foretells the future with the aid of a printed book called *The Book of the Birds* (which can be purchased for a franc or two at Batna or any large town) so that he makes a very fair income among a naturally superstitious people.

The town-dwelling Arabs are in the habit of throwing a handful of earth behind a known caster of the "evil eye" when such a person passes by.

*Spells and Philtres.*—Written talismans, upon which should always be inscribed the name of the wearer's mother, are worn to protect the Shawia and Ouled Ziane from every sort of misfortune; indeed, I was told that such a talisman is a necessary item in every necklet of charms and among both peoples evil spells are cast upon individuals

by means of written charms which are often secretly suspended from a tree, whence they cause injury to their victim. Such spells as these are combated among the Ouled Ziane by eating the dried and powdered body of a chameleon.

The people of Aïn Touta employ the following method of getting rid of evil influences set to work in such a manner.

Certain women possess the power of detecting the presence of spells which are acting upon an individual; one of these women takes three leaden bullets which have been fired out of a gun and melts them together, pouring them when molten into a metal mortar filled with water. The lead, of course, hardens in the water, from which it is then removed and examined, the nature of the spell being discernible to the sorceress when she studies the shape of the mass of lead; for example, if a fragment of it is so attached to the mass that it hangs merely by a shred it implies that a written charm has been suspended to cause harm to the person who is seeking her aid. When the molten lead is poured into the water small fragments of black stuff (*i.e.* impurities in the metal) are seen to fall out of it, and as these fragments leave the lead, so do the jenoun or the evil influences leave the victim upon whose behalf the rite is being performed.

The operation of melting the lead is repeated seven times, but the name of the contriver of the spell is not ascertained by this method.

The sister of my Arab orderly was able to practise this system of divination and exorcism, and the orderly himself had often availed himself of her skill; but he was unable to give me any further details upon the subject, and I did not meet with it among either the Shawia or the Ouled Ziane.<sup>10</sup> Evil influences are set to work among the

<sup>10</sup> Cf. the Egyptian custom of placing alum on the fire in order to counteract the effect of the "evil-eye" and to ascertain, by the shape which the alum assumes, who is responsible for the mischief. Lane, *Modern Egyptians* ("Everyman's Library" ed.), p. 257.

Ouled Ziane by causing the victim to drink a written spell in the following manner. A hard lump of soiled wool is cut from the hind quarters of a sheep and is made into a kind of ink by boiling it in a little water; with this ink the spell is written upon a piece of paper and is then washed off in a little water; the water which thus contains the ink with which the spell has been written being then secretly introduced into the victim's coffee or other beverage, while the paper, being of no further use in the proceedings, is thrown away.

A nomad doctor who discussed the matter with me recommended a purge as the most efficacious means of combating an evil spell thus set to work; but the sorceress told me that a piece of a dried chameleon, a herb known as "batol" and "fesouch" (? ammoniac) taken in broth constitute a successful remedy.

Among both the Ouled Ziane and the Shawia the passing of a flatus is regarded with the greatest repugnance. In order to cause a woman to thus offend, a man will take the blood of a bat to a scribe who writes some words with it upon a piece of stick. The man conceals himself near a spring or a place where the women wash clothes and when his victim approaches with her female acquaintances to fetch water or to wash, he taps a tree, his own hand, or any other object with the stick, whereupon the victim is compelled to offend repeatedly, and is thus made the object of the jeers of her companions.<sup>11</sup>

Among the Ouled Ziane this custom appears to be in the nature of a practical joke or a revengeful attempt to render the victim unpopular; but I was told that a Shawi will cast the spell upon his wife if she should loiter too long gossiping with her friends at the water to the detriment of her other household duties, in order that her companions may cease to desire her presence and oblige

<sup>11</sup> This custom is reported from the environs of Algiers by Doutté, *Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord*, p. 297.



her to return home. Spells to produce discord between a husband and wife are written by scribes among the Ouled Ziane usually, I think, at the instigation of a lover who wishes to possess himself of the woman's affections, and who, for the same purpose, will occasionally put into the couple's food, a little kuskus which has been stirred with the right hand of a fresh corpse<sup>12</sup> and is sold at a high price by old women for use in this way—a practice which I have described in the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*,<sup>13</sup> as existing among the Shawia, and which is regarded with loathing by the natives. The eating of this kuskus leads to domestic quarrels which often culminate in divorce, enabling the lover to marry the woman whose freedom the spell has secured.

Persons who think that they may be the victims of this disgusting means of casting a spell protect themselves by means of written talismans, as do men who suspect that a woman has secretly mixed a little of her katamenia with their food in order that they may be attracted to her even against their will, a practice which exists in the towns, and had been tried with success upon my informant when he was sixteen years old, but which I have not yet noted in the Aurès nor in the desert. At Ain Touta a woman who fails to obtain the affections of a man will sometimes be driven by jealousy to wreak vengeance upon him by taking a fresh liver of a goat or a sheep, inserting a number of pins in it, and hanging it up in some secret place, for example, in a chimney; as the liver dries up and shrinks so will the object of her wrath waste away and die.

This custom, which, of course, finds a parallel in many another part of the world, closely resembles a means of curing an enlarged spleen by sympathetic magic which I

<sup>12</sup>Doutté mentions the use of the hand of a corpse for stirring kuskus in *Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord*, p. 302.

<sup>13</sup>Hilton-Simpson, "Some Arab and Shawia Remedies" (*Journ. Roy. Anth. Inst.*, xliii., p. 715).

noted among the Shawia and described in the *Anthropological Journal*,<sup>14</sup> and which consists in allowing a goat's spleen in which thorns have been placed to shrink and dry up in sight of the patient.

Among the miscellaneous charms which are worn by the Shawia I may mention a small piece of the skin of an animal, said to be a lion (once common in the Aurès) which was worn by a small boy upon his necklet in order that he might have power, and possess plenty of friends, while among the Ouled Ziane I collected a "bandolier" of charms, including a morsel of hide, the species of which was unknown to the child's mother, but which had been left with the family by one of the wandering negro clowns whose antics cause so much amusement to young and old in southern Algeria, and was worn by the baby boy in order that he might grow into as big a man as the negro. This string of charms, worn over one shoulder like a bandolier by the little Ouled Ziane boy, held no less than fifteen items, consisting of

A viper's head against the "evil eye."

A piece of hide given by a negro clown.

A chameleon's head against the "evil eye."

A piece of a camel's gorge as a preventative against coughs.

A bundle of "hantit" (asafœtida), presumably against the "evil eye" and jenoun.

A bundle of "ommouness" (a herb) against crying.

A disc of lead against the "evil eye."

A European key

An iron model of an Arab key

" " " " a reaping hook

" " " " a hoe

" " " " an agricultural implement

} against the  
"evil eye"  
and jenoun.

A written talisman against a complaint in the eyes.

Two written talismans against fever.

<sup>14</sup> Hilton-Simpson, "Some Arab and Shawia Remedies" (*Journ. Roy. Anth. Inst.*, xliii., p. 708).

*Taboo.*—Among the Shawia of the Rassira valley I found that certain families observe taboos; for instance, members of the family of the Shawi orderly who accompanied me through this district never kill chickens; other families may not slaughter cattle but must get someone to kill the beasts in return for a share of the meat; others may not wear anything black upon their heads; others may not pluck certain plants, while some may not touch the earth “*iwanken*,” which is used in the process of dyeing wool black. The reason I was given by several informants was that it would be unlucky for members of the family to break the family taboo. I was told that wives are not included in the family for purposes of the taboo, but that daughters are so included. On the other hand, one Shawi said that his daughter, when married, would observe her husband’s family taboo.

These contradictory statements may indicate that it is not a matter of great importance if a wife should infringe her husband’s taboo, especially in the matter of killing animals to be used as food, for, in any case, the Shawia do not regard as “clean meat” the flesh of animals killed by a woman even in the orthodox manner.

*A Rain-inducing Ceremony.*—At Beni Ferah in the south-western part of the Aurès massif I observed a rain-inducing ceremony which has been reported by Professor Doutté<sup>15</sup> and Professor Westermarck<sup>16</sup> from various other districts in North Africa. During a drought the little Shawia girls take a large wooden ladle, known in their Berber dialect as “*aghenja*,” and dress it up with kerchiefs and silver ornaments to resemble a woman’s head; they then carry it from house to house chanting, “The ladle plays in the street; clouds that are on high, allow the rain to fall,” and asking for flour, which is given to them by the householders.

<sup>15</sup> Doutté, *Magie et Religion dans l’Afrique du Nord*, p. 585.

<sup>16</sup> Westermarck, *Ceremonies and Beliefs connected with Agriculture, certain Dates in the Solar Year, and the Weather in Morocco* (Helsingfors, 1913), p. 117 *et seq.*

The flour is then taken to the mosque, where it is made into cakes and kuskus, and the girls summon all the other children of both sexes to join them in eating the meal thus provided, after which they cry "Rain, Rain."

At Menaâ, in the Wad Abdi, the Shawia children take the food to a sacred tree high up on the rocks overlooking the village and there partake of the meal.

This ceremony appears to be performed all over the Aurès, and I have been told that it exists among the neighbouring "Arab" peoples as well, but I have personally seen no evidence of this.

Objects which have been kept from one of the great Mohammedan feasts possess great virtue for the Shawia.

Thus oleander leaves picked before dawn on the feast of the Ashura (on the tenth day of the first month of the Mohammedan year), besides being burnt to fumigate fever patients, are stored in the houses to keep away injurious creatures and moths; while driess (*Thapsia garganica*) is considered to be specially good for medical purposes if it has been gathered on the first day of the third month, when the Shawia of the Wad el Abiod go into their orchards before daybreak, light fires in them, and put driess upon the fruit trees.

I have seen in the valley of Bouzina in March male pomegranate trees upon the branches of which small pieces of driess had been placed in order to ensure a good harvest of that fruit.

*Divination.*—The scapulae of sheep slaughtered for the Aïd el Kebir, or Great Feast, are kept suspended in their houses by the Shawia in order to bring luck, and these bones are also believed to contain omens. For example, if there is a pronounced excrescence in the angle of the scapula a birth in the family of the owner is to be expected; while white patches upon the flat side of the bone indicate approaching deaths; if near the tip of the shoulder the death will be among the near relations of the owner, if near the

wide end of the scapula the death of a member of his tribe is foretold.<sup>17</sup>

In order to ascertain whether some projected journey or enterprise is likely to be successful the Shawia of the Rassira valley will ask some old woman who possesses a reputation for skill in divination to obtain an augury for them.

The old woman draws two lines across the bottom of an upturned wooden dish, a dark line made with soot or ashes and a white line made with flour, so that the two lines intersect at right-angles in the centre dish.

She then takes an ordinary spindle-whorl with some wool on it and attaches a small piece of thread to its pointed end so that, when suspended by this thread, the spindle-whorl hangs vertically downwards. She holds the spindle-whorl by the thread with its knobbed end resting upon the dish at the point of intersection of the white and dark lines and gently raises it so that it is at liberty to swing like a pendulum. If the spindle-whorl swings along the course of the white line the journey or enterprise will be brought to a successful conclusion, but if it swings along the dark line an unsuccessful issue may be expected.

I do not think that any special dish or spindle-whorl need be used for the purpose, for I have seen them borrowed among the women standing by when a sorceress wished to use them.

Obviously the spindle-whorl can be made to swing along either line at the will of the sorceress, but the Shawia appear to believe in this means of ascertaining what chances of success await their enterprises.

Among the Ouled Ziane there are sorceresses who find out from what complaint a person is suffering with the aid

<sup>17</sup> For uses of scapulae kept from the Great Feast see Westermarck, "The Popular Ritual of the Great Feast in Morocco" (*Folklore*, xxii., p. 150); Douuté, *Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord*, p. 371; and Mauchamp, *La Sorcellerie au Maroc* (Paris), p. 148.

of the stick of a spindle-whorl from which the knob has been removed, and a plaited woollen girdle or a long black head kerchief.

The sorceress, known as Tayaha, first puts some "jowi" (? gum benjamin) on the fire and makes seven circular movements with the stick and the girdle in the smoke that arises from it; and in the name of God and the Prophet she adjures them to return true answers to her questions. She then lays the girdle across the stick so that its two ends hang down on either side and, holding the stick by one end, she rolls both ends of the girdle together round the stick. When they are completely wrapped round it she takes the stick in both hands by the ends and, holding it horizontally, unwinds the girdle by a series of outward circular movements, at the same time asking if the person who has invoked her aid is suffering from, for example, fever. If when the girdle is unrolled from the stick it remains hanging across it in the same position as before it was wrapped round it the answer is in the negative and the performance is repeated, some other malady being suggested by the sorceress. When the correct malady has been mentioned the girdle will return an affirmative answer by falling clear of the stick on to the ground.

The cause of the applicant's indisposition having been thus ascertained the sorceress again adjures the stick and girdle to answer correctly, and then proceeds, in the same manner as before, to suggest to them the names of certain scribes who would be likely to write a useful talisman to combat the complaint. In this way the name of the best scribe is ascertained, certain scribes being better than others for writing talismans against certain maladies.

I have not actually seen this method of divination employed by the Shawia, but I am assured by these people that it is known and practised in the Rassira valley; the sorceress who showed it to me was a member of the Ouled Ziane tribe of so-called Arabs.

*Medical Magic.*<sup>18</sup>—Although in the Aurès mountains and in the neighbouring desert there are to be found numerous native doctors who treat their patients in a more or less scientific manner with the aid of herbs, and surgeons who are capable of successfully performing operations such as that of the trepan, yet the people employ a great number of charms to prevent or combat their maladies.

Their belief that jenoun cause a great proportion of their complaints seems to account for some of the charms and magical practices described below.

The violent hysteria which frequently seizes people of both sexes, usually perfectly normal, when attending a pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint, and which causes them to rave, prophesy, and even to cut themselves with knives, lick hot iron, etc., is believed to be caused by jenoun, who can be instantly expelled from the patient by the recitation of texts from the *Koran*, and who leave no trace of their presence upon the victim other than a passing feeling of lassitude. According to the Shawi scribe in the Rassira valley, epidemics, such as cholera, typhus, and smallpox, are caused by armies of jenoun,<sup>19</sup> known as "wakhs," who invade a village and strike down the inhabitants; as a proof of which theory he remarked that the victims in their delirium rave and shout as if they were in battle. The armies of jenoun which cause the serious epidemics mentioned above are called "French," because the harm they do is considerable, the reason for this doubtless being that at the time of various insurrections the French have been obliged to send military expeditions to the Aurès, and certain villages of the Rassira valley have been made

<sup>18</sup> For magical remedies noted during our journey in the Aurès in 1913 see Hilton-Simpson, "Some Arab and Shawia Remedies" (*Journ. Roy. Anth. Inst.*, xliii.); those detailed here were noted in 1914.

<sup>19</sup> "When the cholera was in Morocco some years ago, the people believed that an army of ġnūn had overrun the country." Westermarck, "Nature of the Arab Ġinn" (*Journ. Anth. Inst.*, xxix., p. 254).

acquainted with the effect of artillery. The jenoun which cause outbreaks of less serious complaints are known as "Arabs," and these do little real harm, their attacks, therefore, being more comparable to the old-time forays of Arab raiders than to the operations of a modern army.

When an epidemic occurred, the scribe informed me, the people used to leave their village and flee to the forests of Aleppo pines in the higher parts of the mountain, whither they found the army of jenoun could not pursue them. This led them to the belief that the jenoun dislike the Aleppo pine, a belief which induces the Shawia to wear pieces of its wood upon necklets in order to keep off the "evil eye," as I have noted above, and (according to the scribe) accounts for the very general use of the pitch of the Aleppo pine and cedar (which also grows in the high forests) in Shawia medicine. The jenoun dislike the smell of this pitch, and they also dislike the bitter taste of certain herbs, such as rue (*Fijil*), harmel (*Peganum harmalum*), and colocynth (*Haandhal*), which are largely employed in medicine. The canine tooth of a dog, which I have noted as being worn against the "evil eye," is worn by the town-dwellers of El Kantara and by the Ouled Ziane to protect the health; and I find from the sheet of manuscript given to me by a Shawia doctor that the *front* teeth of a dog are regarded as a cure for talking in sleep, are suspended over a man suffering from jaundice, and will prevent dogs from barking at the person who wears them; while the *other* teeth of a dog hung over a baby are believed to facilitate teething.

As I have suggested before, a supposed fear of dogs on the part of jenoun may account for the use of the teeth in some of these cases; for a living scorpion, enclosed in a reed, is suspended round a child's neck to prevent crying, because, my Shawi informant told me, the jinn which causes the crying is likely to be afraid of a scorpion, and a Shawia woman whose children always die in infancy will wear a scorpion



in a reed, or wrapped up in cotton rag, suspended from her girdle over her stomach, presumably in order that the child as yet unborn may be protected as early as possible against the attacks of the jenoun who have compassed the death of its predecessors.

A Shawi informed me that in order to cure a child of uncleanly habits in the night it is sufficient to cause it to ride once upon the neck of a camel (a rare beast in the Aurès), whose grunts of protest against this unusual placing of a burden will frighten away the jinn which has caused the child to offend. The dislike of jenoun for strong tastes and smells seems to suggest a reason for the custom among the Shawia of suspending a packet of black pepper around a child's neck as a cure for whooping-cough, the habit of the Ouled Ziane women when recovering from child-birth of attaching a small packet containing charcoal, barley, and salt (to which, as we have seen, jenoun object) to their right ankles, and the cure for headaches used by the Ouled Ziane, which consists in placing a little pounded onion mixed with barley flour upon the head and attaching a red stone, known as "gettamara," to the head-dress.

We have seen that all red things are regarded as charms against the "evil eye," and it seems that they are useful as protection from other jenoun than those which accompany envious glances, for I saw a Shawi man in Wad el Abiod suffering from the effects of a severe blow over the right eye-brow who was wearing upon his right wrist, in addition to a small packet of salt, two necklets, one of European beads and coral and the other of coral and rectangular silver ornaments, such as are commonly worn by Shawia women. The Shawia find a further use for coral in medicine, for they are in the habit of suspending from the head-dress or the girdle a long pointed piece of coral to check a tendency to nose-bleeding in men and excessive menstruation in women. These pieces of coral, I was told, should not be pierced, but should be set in a metal socket for

suspension. One of the two specimens which I procured from a Mozabite trader at Batna, however, had been pierced to receive a wire ring, while the other is set in a very small empty cartridge case or "bulleted cap."

I could not obtain a specimen in the Aurès, where corals of this shape are rare and are sometimes sold at high prices, but in the large towns they are cheap enough.

The gall bladder of a crow, a jackal, a black bull or a hedgehog are used by the Ouled Ziane in curing sore eyes by touching the eyeball with the gall bladder, which may possibly be considered efficacious on account of its bitterness, if the condition of the eye is attributed to jenoun. Professor Doutté, however, quotes as an instance of sympathetic magic a cure for jealousy in a woman by secretly causing her to swallow a mixture of jackal's gall and honey.<sup>20</sup>

The hedgehog is used among the Ouled Ziane to cure colic in infants either by suspending two halves of the animal's lower jaw upon the child's necklet or by powdering a piece of its intestine, dried and kept for the purpose, and giving it to the child to eat mixed in butter; and we have seen that the people of Aïn Touta burn hedgehog's bristles with salt and fumigate themselves in their smoke to counteract the effects of the "evil-eye." The hedgehog, therefore, possesses some magical virtue for the natives, the reason for which is not very easy to find, like that underlying the custom, common in the Aurès and the desert, in accordance with which women suspend a porcupine's foot over their breasts to prevent them becoming sore when giving suck.

It may be, as I have suggested in the *Anthropological Journal*,<sup>21</sup> that the immunity of the hedgehog to certain poisons has been observed by the natives, who consequently attributed to it magical powers which, combined with its

<sup>20</sup> Doutté, *Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord*, p. 226.

<sup>21</sup> Hilton-Simpson, "Some Arab and Shawia Remedies" (*Journ. Roy. Anth. Inst.*, xliii., p. 712).

bristles, would render it a formidable opponent to jenoun, on the principle that the suggested presence of a "spiteful" creature (such as the dog, the snake, and the wasp) is believed to frighten away the jinn in charms against the "evil eye," an explanation which might also account for the use of the porcupine's foot.

I have not yet been able to obtain any reason for the magical use of hedgehogs and the feet of porcupines from the natives other than that these animals are "healthy" themselves, or that experience has proved them to be valuable in medicine. A well-known marabout of the Wad el Abiod, however, put forward as a possible suggestion that the porcupine might live on medical herbs, and, having thus absorbed their virtues, have become useful in medicine itself.

Among the Shawia, the Ouled Ziane, and the people of Aïn Touta it is believed that if a bat flies over the head of a very young child (without necessarily touching it) the child will be afflicted with a complaint known as "mard el boujlida" (illness of the bat), the symptoms of which are protruding eyes, crying, headache, and, sometimes, loss of consciousness.

A little gunpowder thrown on the fire will restore the child's senses, after which it is made to take a mixture of pitch, onions, "shih" (*Artemisia herba alba*), and orange flowers. As a preventative against this complaint and as a cure for it a dried bat is suspended from the child's neck, and a little pitch is smeared upon its forehead to prevent bats from flying near it. Children affected with this complaint are said by the townspeople to have "grand-mother's illness."

I could not learn why the bat should be supposed to cause harm to children, but two ingredients of the mixture used as medicine for the complaint, pitch and onions, are also used, as we have seen, to keep off jenoun, the "shih" being presumably intended as a digestive and the orange

flowers to give the dose a taste. It seems quite possible, therefore, that a jinn, having temporarily assumed the form of a bat, is believed to have caused the illness.<sup>22</sup>

Some complaints attributed to the presence of jenoun are treated by expelling these demons with the aid of texts from the *Koran*, which, in the case of headaches, are written with a needle upon a fragment of a gourd and worn inside the sheshia, or red woollen cap, by the natives of Aïn Touta. These texts can be prepared by anyone who can write, and are not exclusively written by professional scribes. The Shawia are in the habit of burning short texts written on paper in order that a person suffering from fever may be fumigated in the smoke.<sup>23</sup>

I was given three such texts by an old Shawi from the slopes of the Amar Khaddou range, who told me that if the first one should fail to cure me of an attack of fever I was to burn the second, while it would have to be a very severe attack indeed which would resist all three. These texts, too, can be efficiently prepared by anyone who can write them.

The people of Aïn Touta and, I think, the Ouled Ziane consider it unlucky to mention the word "rhozal" (gazelle) in the presence of a child on account of its resemblance to "rhoziel," the name of a complaint (possibly convulsions) to which children are liable; some other word must be used for the dorcas gazelle instead of "rhozal." The cure for this complaint, which consists in giving the child an iron key to grasp, may indicate that it is a jinn which causes the malady and which is attracted upon hearing a word so like its own name.

<sup>22</sup> "Ginnees are believed to assume, or perpetually to wear, the shapes of cats, dogs and other brute animals." Lane, *Modern Egyptians* ("Everyman's Library" ed.), p. 230.

<sup>23</sup> A form of treatment mentioned by Westermarck, "Nature of the Arab Ğinn" (*Journ. Anth. Inst.*, xxix., p. 258), and by Douité (*Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord*, p. 232), who states, with Suyuti as his authority, that the charms should be written on three olive leaves.

Chameleons being considered by the Ouled Ziane to be displeasing to jenoun, it seems probable that their treatment of whooping-cough, by administering a chameleon made into soup to the patient, may be intended to expel the jinn which is causing the malady; a starling, too, is made into soup for the same purpose by these people, who also use a soup made of snails and butter; while the Shawia of the southern portion of the Aurès are in the habit of suspending from the neck of a child suffering from whooping-cough the dried body of a "black" bird (which from its name appears to be a starling), such as is found in the oases.

The habit of the natives of El Kantara of heating a colocynth fruit, cutting it in half and binding one half to each foot in the evening in order to cure pain in the small of the back, was possibly suggested by the supposed dislike of jenoun for the bitter colocynth, and as Lane states that "alum is esteemed a very efficacious charm against the 'evil-eye,'" <sup>24</sup> and, therefore, if the connection between the "evil-eye" and jenoun suggested by the Shawi scribe is to be taken as correct, likely to be disliked by jenoun, the custom of the Ouled Ziane mothers of making alum into paste in their mouths, and putting a little of the paste into each *ear* of children whose eyes are sore, may perhaps be intended to drive away jenoun who are causing the mischief. I came across another instance of administering medicine by the ear among the Ouled Ziane. When a child has colic some "shih" (*Artemisia herba alba*) is put into cold water in the evening and the child obliged to sleep out of doors; in the morning a little of the "shih"-water is poured into each of its ears. As "shih" is, I believe, really efficacious as a digestive it is not clear why it is not administered directly, for I have never heard that it is considered useful as a protection against the attacks of jenoun.

<sup>24</sup> Lane's *Modern Egyptians* ("Everyman's Library" ed.), p. 257.

With the exception of this method of administering "shih," the magical forms of treatment for illness which I have described above seem to me to be based upon the belief that a jinn has caused the complaint they are employed to cure or to prevent; those, with a list of which I conclude this paper, however, do not appear to be connected with any such superstition.

A well-known Shawi surgeon informed me that one eye of an owl sleeps but the other is permanently wakeful; in order to tell which is which the eyes must be put into a bowl of water, when the sleepy eye will sink while the other floats. The sleepy eye can then be suspended as a charm upon a person who suffers from insomnia, and the wakeful one may be similarly used by one who sleeps too much.<sup>25</sup>

An Ouled Ziane wife who has borne no child and is desirous of having one must drink the milk of a mare with her first foal or of a bitch with her first litter, having added a little saffron to the milk. It is curious that even at the present time women in Oxfordshire will drink an infusion of saffron and wear a sprig of it between their stockings and their shoes for the directly opposite purpose of preventing conception.

The Ouled Ziane consider a dried piece of the gorge of a camel to be a valuable charm against coughs in children, who wear it upon necklets. Among those nomads I learned the following cure for the bites of scorpions, which must be of common occurrence during the summer in their stony deserts. Any person bitten must on no account mention the accident to anyone (this is most important), but must at once put a little earth into his mouth and retain it there until it becomes paste, by which time all chance of the venom causing any ill effects will have

<sup>25</sup> Mauchamp, *La Sorcellerie au Maroc*, p. 144. "En sorcellerie, si on fait manger l'œil gauche d'un hibou à quelqu'un on le prive de sommeil, tandis que l'œil droit fait dormir."

disappeared. The reason that my informant gave for this treatment was that the scorpion "was born of the earth," a reason which recalls that given to me by a Shawi surgeon for employing earth as a dressing for wounds, namely, that we originate from earth and therefore earth must be beneficial to us.

An Ouled Ziane doctor, well skilled in practical surgery, described to me a magical preventative for hydrophobia. Within forty days of being bitten by a mad dog, the victim must take seven insects such as are to be found on the *thapsia garganica* plant (I have not been able to obtain specimens of these as they are not procurable in winter) and pack them alive in a reed, after which the reed is closed up. When the reed is opened on the seventh day after packing, six of the insects will be found to be dead while one is still living; the living insect is then killed, dried, and powdered, when the powder is rolled in honey into a pill the size of a grain of wheat and swallowed. If taken within forty days of being bitten this medicine will prevent hydrophobia.

In order to alleviate pain in accouchement, the Ouled Ziane and the people of Aïn Touta will wash the right big toe of the woman's husband in a coffee-cup full of water and give this water to the woman to drink, while to ensure an easy delivery the Shawi suspend a flint wrapped in cotton rag upon the woman's thigh, because, I was told, this charm was recommended in Arabic books, which require the use of yellow or white flint only, and has been found by practice to be successful.

Ouled Ziane mothers keep the umbilical cords of their children, and when the children suffer from soreness of the eyes they dip the dried "cord" in butter and introduce a drop or two of the butter from it into the child's eyes.

My Arab orderly from the Aïn Touta told me that a good cure for cold in the head of a child is to cut a piece of paper to fit the crown of the head, prick this paper all

over with a pin and dip it in olive oil, after which it is laid upon the child's head, the "cold" being supposed to go out through the holes made by the pin.

The Ouled Ziane, who were formerly great horse owners, are in the habit, when first turning out a foal to feed upon the young shoots of rising corn in the spring, of clipping his hair with scissors along the line of his backbone, along a line over each shoulder, and in lines across his knees, the clipped lines being smeared with the pitch of the pine tree in order that the green food may cause the animal no harm, while the Shawia cure "gripes" in horses by causing them to inhale the smoke that arises from the burning of rags soiled with the discharge of katamenia.

M. W. HILTON-SIMPSON.

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## OBEAH IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY HIS HONOUR J. S. UDAL, F.S.A.

I TRUST that the members of this Society will not be disappointed when they fail to find many traces of original thought or work in a paper which has been thrown upon me, I may say, by my desire not to let slip or lose any items appertaining to folk-lore which I have come across in many years' sojourn and legal administration amongst the negro races of the British West Indies, particularly when they happen to form part of such a vast and interesting system of superstition as that known as "Obeah."

The origin of Obeah is known and its materials can be investigated. I have been content to note and record its instances as matters of folk-lore, rather than as anthropology, as I came across them. That, I think, is sufficient for those of my generation of folk-lorists.

What is Obeah? One is apt, if one wants the best definition of a word, to turn to the *Oxford English Dictionary*. From it we learn that "Obeah," or "Obi," is a West African word. And it gives two meanings (i) an amulet, charm, or fetish used by negroes for magical purposes, and (ii) a kind of pretended sorcery or witchcraft practised by the negroes in Africa, and formerly in the West Indies and neighbouring countries. This latter definition—with the exception that the learned editor is much too optimistic, I think, in using the word "formerly" with regard to the West Indies—I accept as sufficient for my purpose, and as being more true to what Obeah is, as I know it, in the West Indies. In this definition there is a

cross-reference to "ju-ju," which is defined as "an object of any kind superstitiously venerated by West African native tribes and used as a charm, amulet or means of protection; a fetish." Hence "jujuism" is the system of beliefs and observances connected with the juju religion. Sir James Murray's great dictionary has not yet progressed so far as to reach the word "Voodoo" or "Voodooism." When it does it will probably be found that both "obeah" and "jujuism" connote, and in some branches include, "Voodooism."

But fortunately for our British colonies in the West Indies, I think I am warranted in accepting, with one terrible exception that has occurred in recent years—to be later referred to—the second definition of "obeah" given by the *Oxford English Dictionary*, "and as having no part in the blood ritual" that obtains in the "Juju" and "Voodoo" cults of other countries. That, I am glad to say, is my own personal experience of the practice in my own part of the West Indies.

But outside the British dependencies, even in the West Indies, no such distinction or amelioration can well be drawn; and it is necessary, in order to understand the later development of obeah, to realize the forms and often the terrible ceremonies which it took under the name of "Voodooism," which designation will suffice for the West Indies, the cognate form of "Juju" not having, I believe, left the mainland of West Africa.

In order to achieve my object I have called in aid the accounts and opinions of several writers, more or less well known, from sources some of which may still be examined; others, more ephemeral, may soon be lost.

I think that those of us who have any knowledge of this subject will agree that no better or more trustworthy account of this worship or cult of "Voodooism," extending at times to its most serious form, is to be found than in Sir Spenser St. John's *Hayti, or The Black Republic*, first

published in London in 1884, a work now out of print and scarce. Formerly Her Majesty's Minister Resident and Consul-General in Hayti, his means of knowledge were very high. His work created a great sensation; his accusations of frequent cases of cannibalism following upon Voodoo sacrifices being indignantly denied by the local authorities. How careful the British Minister was that these charges should not be hastily made is shown by his remarks in the preface to the second edition in 1889, where he says: "As my chapter on Vaudoux-worship and cannibalism excited considerable attention both in Europe and the United States, and unmitigated abuse in Hayti, I decided again to look into the question with the greatest care. The result has been to convince me that I underrated its fearful manifestations. I have therefore rewritten these chapters, and introduced many new facts which have come to my knowledge."

Mr. Froude, the historian's, remarks upon this point are very pertinent. In *The English in the West Indies*, published in 1888, at p. 343, in describing the Haytians of Port-au-Prince as "Catholics with African beliefs underneath," he says: "We English are in bad favour just now. . . . But the chief complaint is on account of Sir Spencer (*sic*) St. John's book, which they cry out against with a degree of anger which is the surest evidence of its truth." I may say that, so far as I am aware, the gravamen of these charges does not apply to Santo Domingo, formerly a Spanish possession, which forms the eastern and larger part of the same island.

In Chapter V. of this later edition, Sir Spenser St. John deals fully with this hideous question of Vaudoux worship, as he calls it in French *patois*. In speaking of the extent to which it exists amongst the better class of Haytians, he says that it may readily be believed that the masses are given up to this brutalizing worship and its rites,—indeed, almost every Haytian of the lower orders is more

or less connected with one or other of the two Vaudoux sects,—those who are content with the flesh and blood of white cocks and spotless white goats at their ceremonies, and those who are not only devoted to these, but on great occasions call for the flesh and blood of the “goat without horns,” that is, a human victim, which was the highest sacrifice of the Vaudoux rites. Besides the goat and the cock the Vaudoux priests occasionally sacrificed a lamb. This idea, the author says, they have probably taken from the Catholic Church,—the paschal lamb. It is carefully washed, combed, and ornamented with bunches of blue ribands before being sacrificed.

When Hayti was still a French colony, Sir Spenser says, Vaudoux worship flourished, but there was no distinct mention of human sacrifices in the accounts that have been transmitted. But he gives from the account of a French writer, M. Moreau de St. Méry, a very graphic description of fetishism as it existed in his day (end of eighteenth century). After speaking of the dances which had been brought from Africa to the colony, amongst which was the “Vaudoux,” known for a long time principally in the Haytian or western part of the island, he goes on to describe the cult or worship of the Vaudoux, which, according to the Arada negroes,—who are its true sectaries in the colony in the maintenance of its principles and rules,—signifies an all-powerful and supernatural being on whom depends all the events which take place in the world. This being is a non-venomous serpent, who only consents to communicate his powers and to prescribe his will through the organ of a grand priest whom the sectaries select, and still more by that of the negress whom the love of the latter has raised to the rank of high priestess. These two delegates bear the pompous names of King and Queen (Papa and Maman Roi, corrupted to “Papaloi” and “Mamanloi”). They are during their whole life the chiefs of the great family of the Vaudoux, and they have a right to the unlimited obedience

of those that compose it. The Papaloi may generally be distinguished by the peculiar knotting of their curly wool, which, like the Fijians', must be a work of considerable labour, and by the profusion of ornaments.

The reunions for the true Vaudoux worship never take place except secretly, in the dead of night, and in a secure place safe from any profane eye. He then gives an interesting picture of such a "reunion"; the adoration of the serpent, which is kept in a box or cage; the installation of the king and queen; the taking of the oath of secrecy before them; their exhortation to the crowd to show their loyalty to them. Afterwards the members who desire assistance or favour in their designs approach and implore the aid of the Vaudoux. "Most of them," he says, "ask for the talent to be able to direct the conduct of their masters. But this is not enough. One wants more money; another the gift of being able to please an unfeeling one; another desires to reattach an unfaithful lover; this one wishes for a prompt cure or long life; an elderly female comes to conjure the god to end the disdain with which she is treated by the youth whose affection she would captivate; a young one solicits eternal love, or she repeats the maledictions that hate dictates to her against a preferred rival. There is not a passion which does not give vent to its vow, and crime does not always disguise those which have for object its success."

He then proceeds to describe the manner in which these appeals are made and answered by the Queen in the name of the god (the serpent), more or less oracularly, her followers making their offerings to the god. A fresh oath as to secrecy is then taken, and sometimes a vase in which there is the blood of a goat, still warm, puts a seal on their lips to the promise.

After these ceremonies commences the dance of the Vaudoux, which is preceded, when necessary, by the ceremony which a candidate for the sect has to go

through, and the dance generally ends in scenes of great demoralization.

Sir Spenser St. John says that in studying these accounts, freely taken from M. Moreau de St. Méry, he was struck by the fact how little change, except for the worse, had taken place during the last century, and that, though the sect continued to meet in secret, it did not appear to object to the presence of its countrymen who were not yet initiated.

He adds that notwithstanding the efforts made to keep white men from their sacrifices two Frenchmen and one American succeeded in being spectators on different occasions. The American account (pp. 203-7) is an extremely vivid and repulsive one of the sacrifice of a little negro boy and girl at one of these hideous "reunions."

Sir Spenser gives at considerable length an account of a trial under French criminal procedure of four men and four women, taken from the *Moniteur Haytien*,—the Haytian official journal of January, February, and March, 1864,—for the murder of a girl named Claircine, about twelve years of age. The murder took place on New Year's Eve, 1863. The details of the report of the murder and of the cannibalism which followed are revolting in the extreme. The trial lasted two days, and in the end all the eight accused persons were found guilty, and although great efforts were made to save them, they were all publicly executed.

Sir Spenser asserts that human sacrifices to the serpent took place every New Year's Eve, Twelfth Night, Easter and Christmas Eve, and gives instances of the strange mingling of Catholicism and Vaudoux worship. During the few years immediately preceding the issue of his book in 1884, he tells us that these fearful sacrifices appear to have extended. According to the accounts published in the Haytian papers, people were killed and their flesh sold in the markets; children were stolen to furnish the repasts

of the cannibals; bodies were dug from their graves to serve as food, and the Vaudoux reigned triumphant.

In Chapter VI. of his book—on Cannibalism—Sir Spenser speaks of the great knowledge shown by Vaudoux priests of herbs as poisons and antidotes, which, though possibly exaggerated by some inquirers, is no doubt very great. He gives instances; some showing that certain of the interior organs of a supposed corpse, buried under the influence of a narcotic, resuscitated by night in the cemetery and then murdered,—were destined for the celebration of some Vaudoux rite of the African fetishism still practised by the great majority of the Haytians. This he confirmed by the testimony of a botanical friend, who informed him that the number of medicinal plants—deleterious or not according to the use made of them—to be found throughout the Republic was very great, and that it was certain that the Papalois made use of them in their practice. Sir Spenser St. John concludes his most interesting chapter on Vaudoux worship by a reference to Froude's *The English in the West Indies* (1888), and he calls the historian's testimony in aid where, in alluding to this same subject, he states: "Behind the immorality, behind the religiosity, there lies active and alive the horrible revival of the West African superstitions, the serpent worship, the child sacrifice, and the cannibalism. *There is no room to doubt it.*"

The next authority in point of date that I would invoke as to the very prevalent practice of obeah in the West Indies is that of my old friend Sir Hasketh Bell, K.C.M.G., who has recently been appointed to the important position of Governor in my old colony of the Leeward Islands, and who was formerly in the Government service in the island of Grenada, one of the Windward Islands group.

Of this place and its many points of interest and charm he published in 1893 a very attractive account in the shape of a little book called *Obeah*, with its sub-title of *Witchcraft in the West Indies*. In its opening chapters he gives

a most interesting account of the practices of the native sorcerer, or "obeahman,"—his description more largely applying to those forms which have more especially come under my own notice. He follows the definition already given of the word "obeah," from "obi," a word used on the East Coast of Africa to denote witchcraft, sorcery, and fetishism in general. The etymology of "obi," he says, has been traced back to a very antique source, stretching far back into Egyptian mythology; a serpent in the Egyptian language was called "ob," or "aub," "obion" being still the Egyptian name for a serpent. The book opens with an amusing picture of a planter friend of the author having his garden "dressed" by an old obeahman as a protection from depredations by the natives. The old African's *modus operandi* is best shown in the author's own words: "From out of his basket he produced a number of small and large medicine bottles, each filled with some mysterious liquid; then taking up a position in front of a plantain he tied one of the vials on to a bunch of fruit, and then began muttering a sort of incantation in what seemed a most uncouth African lingo, accompanying his spell the while by frequently waving his arms and constant genuflexions. He would then pass on to another row of trees and perform the same ceremony. Having hung up all his stock of bottles, Mokombo next produced from his basket a tiny, little, black coffin, apparently empty. This he placed with much ceremony in the branch of a cocoa-tree, and on the top of it put a saucer containing a little water and a common hen's egg floating in it. Then after walking right round the field, muttering and waving his arms continually, Mokombo finally came up and declared that he had put an effectual stop to the robbery, and that not another bunch of plantains would be missed."

On a subsequent inspection of the contents of one of these mysterious bottles it was found to consist of nothing but sea-water, with a little laundry blue in it and a dead



cockroach floating on the top. Apparently they nearly all contained exactly the same things; some may have besides the cockroach a few rusty nails and a bit of red flannel or such-like rubbish.

Another powerful instrument, says Sir Henry, in the hands of the obeahman is the "criboe," or large black non-venomous serpent, very common in the island, and notwithstanding the size, quite harmless. The natives firmly believe that when one of these sorcerers "dresses" a garden or field he lets go in it by means of his spells and incantations a large number of the most ferocious "criboes," which would infallibly destroy anyone venturing into the place for the purpose of stealing.

Snakes, although non-venomous, are held in the greatest dread by the natives, this fear and veneration being, it is supposed, due to the ideas inculcated into them by the serpent worship of their fathers and mothers in Africa.

From this it would seem that the offence of "prædial larceny" is as common in Grenada as in Antigua, or any other island of the Leeward group. Before I came out to these islands considerable agitation had been going on amongst the planters for the introduction of more severe enactments in order to prevent the serious depredations amongst growing crops. The natives, however, like those in Grenada, seem to set more store upon the assistance of their own fellow-creatures in the shape of obeahmen, and by very much the same means. It is a very common sight in one's walks about to see the provision grounds "dressed" in the way described as existing in Grenada, one of the most effective-looking, at all events, being the skulls of animals, particularly of cattle,—sometimes with branching horns,—fastened to the top of a stake in the ground. I wonder what the natives must have thought as they passed by, and sometimes stood and watched me in silence—me, their highest legal authority and protector in the island—in my efforts to knock these most fascinating targets from off

their posts where, as they occasionally were, they were within easy range of a stone from the high road! No wonder they did not readily conform to the protection afforded to their crops by the strong arm of the law!

His further remarks as to the origin and prevalence of these superstitious practices in the West Indies are very interesting. He says (p. 8): "Naturally the hundreds of thousands of African slaves imported during two centuries into the West Indies brought with them into their new homes the same superstitions as were rife in Guinea and on the Congo. . . . Of late years, with the progress of education among the negroes, they have become a little ashamed of their belief in obeah, but still cling tenaciously in secret to the mysteries they were taught in their youth to dread and venerate, and any man with the reputation of 'working obeah' is looked on by all with the greatest fear and treated by the utmost deference. . . . Before the emancipation, however, the practice of obeah was rampant in all the West Indian colonies, and laws and ordinances had to be framed to put down and combat its baneful influence. There were few of the large estates having African slaves which have not one or more obeah men in the number. . . . The darker and more dangerous side of obeah is that portion under cover of which poison is used to a fearful extent, and the dangerous and often fatal effects of many a magic draught are simply set down by the superstitious black to the working of the spells of obeah, and never to the more simple effects of the scores of poisonous herbs growing in every pasture, and which have formed the ingredients of the obeah mixture. Owing to the defective state of the laws relating to the declaration of deaths and inquests it is to be feared that very many deaths occur from poisoning which are set down to a cold or other simple malady."

Sir Hesketh Bell's concluding remarks on this subject are well worthy of note, and afford strong confirmation of

the reasons which doubtless compelled the authorities both at home and abroad to initiate the more stringent laws and to take the more energetic measures to repress these evil practices that were in force in the next decade. He says :

“ Fifty or sixty years ago the practice of obeah, being the cause of so much loss of slave property by poisoning, it was found necessary to enact the most stringent laws for its repression, and an important ordinance was passed in all the West Indian colonies imposing heavy penalties on any persons found guilty of dealing in obeah. Unfortunately, through the knowledge possessed by some of the old negroes of numerous poisonous bushes and plants, unknown to medicine but found in every tropical wood, it is to be feared that numerous deaths might still be traced to the agency of these obeahmen. The secret and insidious manner in which this crime is generally perpetrated makes detection exceedingly difficult.”

It will be seen that in Sir Hesketh Bell's book there is no mention of “ Voodooism,” or any of the grosser forms of these evil practices as they existed in Hayti, for instance. The author seems to deal only with those forms of witchcraft or sorcery, superstitions which we would willingly believe are the extreme limits of this cult in those regions which are known as the British West Indies ; though this is not absolutely so is shewn by the Monchy murder trial, which took place in St. Lucia, one of the Windward Islands group, in 1904, and to which I will refer later at some length.

Proceeding to other authorities, we find some interesting observations in a chapter on “ Obeahism ” in a book by Mr. W. R. Hall Caine, called *The Cruise of the Port Kingston*, published in 1908, in which he also deals with its aspect with regard to “ Voodooism,” and in which reference is made to Mr. W. P. Livingstone's *Black Jamaica*, published in 1899.

Other writers have also evinced considerable interest in the matter. It is reassuring to hear from a traveller of such experience as Sir Harry Johnston that these stories of early voodooism are much exaggerated. In a letter in the *Times* (weekly edition) on 16th April, 1909, on "The Negro in Cuba," he says that the white Cubans charge the negroes with still maintaining in their midst the dark Voodoo, or Hoodu, mysteries of West Africa. "These are fast becoming a past phase in the life of the American negro, and much of the evidence to the contrary is out of date, or is manufactured by sensation-mongers for the compilation of magazine articles. The last vestige of noxious witchcraft lingering among the Cuban negroes is (said to be) the belief that the heart's blood, or the heart of a white child, will cure certain terrible diseases if consumed by the sufferer."

And later, in an article on "The Haytian Negroes,"—of the peasant class of whom Sir Harry speaks very favourably, especially the women, as a hard-working and industrious class,—he says, under the heading of "Voodooism": "As to Voodooism, much exaggeration and untruth have been committed to paper on this subject, so far as it affects Haiti. Snake worship is of doubtful occurrence owing to the rarity of snakes in Haiti. Such harmless snakes as do exist are tolerated in some village or fetish temples for their rat-killing propensities. The idea, therefore, has got abroad that they are 'kept' as sacred animals by the Voodoo priests or priestesses. Sacrifices of eggs, rum, fowls, possibly goats (white fowls or goats preferred) are offered to ancestors or minor deities presiding over the fertility of crops, rain-fall (nature forces in fact), and various small animals (perhaps even human remains) are deemed useful in sorcery.

"To obtain human bones, and also for the more materialistic purpose of robbing the dead of their clothes or ornaments, graves are sometimes violated, but not with the loathsome intent to eat the dead body. This ghoulish practice still

survives in the Congo basin, but has never been traced to Haiti on trustworthy evidence. Isolated instances—about four or five—of cannibalism (the killing and eating of children) have occurred in the criminal records of Haiti during the last twenty years, but the convicted were in nearly all cases punished with death; the one or two not executed had been proved to be mad, and were confined in prisons or asylums. These acts of cannibalism were mostly examples of mad, religious exaltation.

“Haiti Voodooism has absorbed elements of Freemasonry and Christianity. It predicts the future, investigates crimes, arranges love and affairs. . . . The 2,500,000 Haitian peasants are passionately fond of dancing,—will even sometimes dance almost or quite naked. And following on this chorographic exercise is much immorality. It is for these dances and not for mystic ‘voodoo’ purposes that the drums may be heard tapping, booming, rattling all night. No secret is made nor is any shame felt about these village dances in which many young people take part. . . . In fact, in almost all features of their lives, except in dress, language and rudeness of manners, the Haitian peasantry has returned to African conditions.”

Of course it may be said that Sir Spenser St. John’s book had been written before the twenty years’ limit laid down by Sir Harry Johnston, but I do not think that anybody can now disbelieve the accuracy of the charges made by its author at that time, and verified, as he tells us it was, by his own further inquiries and by the testimony of his colleagues and other trustworthy sources. It is much to be hoped that Sir Harry Johnston’s view can be justified at the present time in Hayti; but his own admission that, except in certain particulars, “the Haitian peasantry has returned to African conditions,” sounds very ominous. Nor is it borne out by Mr. Hall Caine,—who, writing about the same time as Sir Harry, gives an account of a voodoo meeting held by a negress priestess in a wood a few miles

out of Jacmel, on the south coast of Hayti, in which a black cock was sacrificed and other ceremonies took place similar to those related by Sir Spenser St. John. "This," says Mr. Hall Caine, "is Voodooism in its less terrible aspect. The supreme feature of the ritual is practised only in some dark and lonesome wood or cave, and every art of cunning and deceit is exercised that none shall respond to the call of the sacred drum save those whom it legitimately summons to its terrifying rites. The preliminary sacrifice is a black goat; and then when the worshippers are raised to a state of uncontrollable madness and intense sensuous excitement by blood and drink, the priestess's suggestive dances, heightened by intoxicating music, there comes the crowning sacrifice of the 'goat without horns'—a drugged child, whose blood and flesh form part of the cannibalistic feast."

At all events it would appear that as regards Cuba Sir Harry Johnston's view must be considered too optimistic if the following communication from New York, furnished by the *Central News* and published in the London *Evening Standard* so recently as the 2nd December, 1913, can be relied upon for accuracy. Under the heading of "Negro Sorcerers: Alleged Blood Ritual Practices in Cuba," it states:

"The newspapers this morning publish despatches from Havana containing extraordinary revelations regarding 'blood ritual,' which is alleged to be practised in connection with the cult of Voodooism (negro sorcery) in Cuba:

"The negroes have been charged with killing a white girl, four years of age, for the purpose of Voodoo sacrifice, and the detectives engaged on the case claim to have unearthed the existence of what practically amounts to a Voodoo trust. This organization is said to have branches all over the island, and the blood of white children obtained by agents in one district is alleged to have been forwarded to other parts of the island for the purpose of ritual sacrifice.

“In the case in question the allegation is that the Voodoo, or witch doctors, saturated the body with alcohol, and then dynamited the house in which the orgies took place, the object being to obliterate all traces of the crime. The noise of the explosion, however, brought up the rural guards, and their investigations led to the arrests.

“It is added that the arrest of forty voodoo doctors is expected shortly as the result of six years’ tracking. It is generally believed that the blood of white girls is sought by the voodoos as being considered by them the most favourable charm against ill.”

It is a long cry from Hayti and Cuba to that part of the West Indies which I know best, namely, the British colonies of the Leeward and Windward Islands and their dependencies which form the main subject of my paper.

As I have already stated, the system of obeah as practised in this part of the world would seem to belong to the milder form of the great cult, and may, with very few exceptions, be summed up in the words sorcery or witchcraft. There can be no doubt that for some time past obeah in this form has prevailed in these regions to a very large extent without any serious attempt by the Government authorities to interfere with its practice, so long as it did not amount to any serious crime. But in the last decade public opinion,—stimulated, no doubt, by promptings from the home authorities,—took a more active turn against its practices, and several attempts seem to have been made to bring its perpetrators to book; whilst acts or ordinances, similar in terms, were brought into force in various British colonies with this object in view. It will be easily seen that it must be a very difficult thing in proceedings for obeah to obtain direct evidence of any offence owing to the natural unwillingness of the natives who had been implicated in it to give evidence against the obeah man by reason of the fear and awe that he is always held in by all those in his district, and by the dread lest they themselves might suffer the punishment of participators or as aiders and abettors

in what was now considered as a serious criminal offence. So in 1904 an Act was passed by the Legislative Council of the Leeward Islands which made the mere possession of "instruments of obeah" *prima facie* evidence of guilt against the person in whose possession they were found. Consequently, in all prosecutions for "practising obeah," the mere possession of these "instruments" is now held sufficient to throw upon the defendant the *onus* of proving that the articles seized were not "instruments of obeah," but were ordinary articles intended for domestic use or for some other unobjectionable purpose. Hence in cases where these articles were fairly numerous there was not much difficulty as a rule in obtaining a conviction.

During the ten years that I was resident in the Leeward Islands several of these cases were brought to my notice, and I took full notes of them in the hope that some day I might be able to weave them into a paper such as I am now offering to the Folk-Lore Society.

It was under these new provisions that the following prosecutions were undertaken, and as they represent three of the most typical and important cases that were tried whilst I was in the West Indies I have thought fit to deal with them at some length.

The first is that of Charles Dolly, who on the 18th August, 1904, at the Court House at Plymouth, in the Presidency of Montserrat, was charged with "practising obeah." From the evidence—of which I had obtained a copy through the kind offices of Sergeant-Major W. E. Wilders of Montserrat, now a Superintendent in the Leeward Islands Police Force—it would appear that on the evening of the 12th August the local sergeant of police, accompanied by other officers and armed with a search-warrant, went to Dolly's house and searched the premises.

They found, on entering the living room, a bottle of turpentine, and in a cellar, to which access was afforded by



a trap-door partially under a couch, a cloth hanging from a nail. This was found to be wrapped round a human skull. Some horse-hair, together with a tin band, was plaited round the front part of the skull, and inside the cloth was found the sum of four shillings in silver. Upon further search being made in the room above a piece of skull, with the mark of a cross upon it in chalk, was found concealed underneath the bolster of a bed. Other minor articles were also discovered, and were produced before the magistrate.

On another visit being paid by the police to the premises subsequent to Dolly's arrest a small wooden coffin was found in a mango tree near the house, though, apparently, no steps had been taken to conceal it. The coffin also contained similar cedar leaves to those found in the basin in the house.

The police, several of whom had had previous experience in these cases, stated in their evidence that all these articles were ordinarily used in the practice of obeah, and, further, that the accused man had a notorious reputation for obeah practices. As to the general characteristics of the "instruments of obeah," the Sergeant-Major himself was able to give me some interesting and personal information, for during the few years previously he told me that he had prosecuted some seventeen persons for obeah practices, of whom sixteen had been convicted. He informed me that the articles seized by the police in these various cases were largely composed of skulls, of portions of skulls, human bones, brass chains, with pieces of bone attached, silver coins, pieces of chalk, pieces of looking-glass, horse-hair, turpentine, vinegar, and asafœtida.

It appeared that two other men were charged on the same day as Dolly with similar offences, the only "instruments of obeah" being produced in evidence against them being phials containing asafœtida and quicksilver. The magistrate, having heard the evidence in all the cases, deferred his decision upon them until the following day.

In the meantime Dolly, fearing, it is presumed, that from the paucity of the evidence against them these two men might be discharged and their evidence utilised against himself, volunteered to give evidence for the prosecution to show that these two articles—asafœtida and quicksilver—apparently harmless enough in themselves, were real “instruments of obeah.” It was, of course, however, then too late. The Sergeant-Major kindly reduced into writing for my benefit the statement which Dolly had made to him. It was to the effect that the skull had been brought to him by another man ; that he had dressed it with the horse-hair and metal band ; that the brass chain and piece of bone attached were intended for a sick girl, who should wear it around her neck as necklaces are worn by women ; that turpentine and vinegar form part of the obeah man’s stock-in-trade ; that the man who took him the skull also took him the turpentine and vinegar, which were used by the man under his (Dolly’s) supervision ; that if mixed by any other man than an obeah man it would be useless ; that the mixture was to be applied as a lotion to the sick girl, who was a daughter of the bearer of the skull ; that asafœtida was a dangerous “instrument of obeah,” it being used as a poison by obeah men ; that if smoked from a pipe by an obeah man through openings or crevices in a dwelling-house the occupants would be rendered unconscious ; that he (Dolly) never used such dangerous things ; that he was a firm believer in spirits, and could successfully banish them ; that the skull with the metal (silver?) band and horse-hair, etc., on it was intended to banish spirits from the house of the man who took him the skull ; that this man’s sick daughter would die if he (Dolly) did not drive away the spirit which was the cause of her illness ; that the skull was to be buried outside the entrance door to the house in order to keep off the spirit ; that the silver band on it was intended as a bribe to “buy the spirit” ; that the spirit would not be kept off unless bought with silver,

and that the silver should be given in this manner by the obeah man,—if given by any other person it would be useless.

“This in brief,” said the Sergeant-Major, “was the information given by one of the most notorious obeah men in the Colony.”

In the end Dolly was convicted and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, with the addition in his case as he had been three times previously convicted of this offence, of a flogging. The Government had felt bound to introduce this additional punishment in cases of confirmed practitioners in obeah, and in order to act as a deterrent to would-be participants; for obeah in many cases wears a much more serious aspect, and not all obeah men carry on their profession in the harmless way that Dolly affected was always his practice.

But this deterrent did not seem to have had the desired effect that it was hoped it would have upon Dolly, for a short time before I left the colony he was again in trouble and for the same offence. The easy prey which the credulous and superstitious native always affords to these unscrupulous impostors, and the large gains they sometimes make (I was told that in this last case considerably over £100 in silver was found in Dolly's house when it was searched by the police) seem to render it almost impossible for them to give up this practice so long as it is such a lucrative one and carries with it the awe and respect which is so dear to this class of persons.

In some of the milder forms of obeah I must confess that I can see little difference between those impostures which still in our supposed higher plane of civilization exercise such influence over the credulous and superstitious of all peoples and of all ages. Our old law characterized such poor fortune-tellers as the gipsy woman as a “rogue and a vagabond,” and treated them as such. Those laws still remain in force; and I for one do not see why they

should not be applied because the palm now requires to be "crossed" with gold instead of silver.

It may have been with some feeling of this kind in my mind that I first heard of this last lapse of old Dolly as I was returning from holding a circuit court in one of the Presidencies not very long before I left the colony, when I happened to hear some of the passengers on the steamer discussing the case of an old and blind man who was on board and who had been convicted of obeah at Montserrat, and who was being sent up to the prison headquarters at Antigua to undergo his sentence of imprisonment and, once more, a flogging. Upon inquiry I learned that this was Charles Dolly.

It seemed to them, as I must say it did to me, rather an excessive punishment to inflict upon an old man (he was now said to be over seventy years of age), apart from his blindness, even though such a hardened offender as I knew him to be, whose principal, if not sole motive, was greed. I therefore, shortly after my arrival at Antigua, went to the gaol, where I saw Dolly, and after satisfying myself as to the facts I represented his case to the Governor, with the result, I am thankful to say, that the latter part of his punishment was remitted. I trust that this action on my part will not be taken as implying any approval of the practice of even the more harmless phases of obeah, however much these may have proved interesting to me from a folk-lore point of view.<sup>1</sup>

The next case in point of date that I have is that against Timothy Dasent, which took place at Charlestown in the island of Nevis on 28th September, 1904, at a special sitting of the magistrate's Court held for the trial of obeah cases, of which Dasent's was the principal one.

<sup>1</sup>I may say that I have now in my possession the human skull which figured as an "exhibit" in this case, together with a few of the smaller objects. These, together with a few others "exhibited" in a Virgin Islands case given me by Dr. Earl, I have brought here with me in case any members of the Society should care to inspect them.

The main incidents were much the same as in the last case. A search was made of the defendant's house by the police, and a long list of "instruments of obeah" was produced as the result. The list comprised the following articles:

A tin canister containing two pieces of bone, three pieces of chalk, and other things. A quart tin containing sundry bones and bluestone. A calabash with bones, hard bread, orange peel, and cassava roots. A parcel containing powdered leaves. A parcel of ashes tied up and put in a cup. Glass bottle. Small tin can containing "jumby" beads<sup>2</sup> and old blue glass. Parcel containing what looked like Epsom salts, alum, rosin, etc., in a broken glass cup. Egg-shells. Calabash with dried "bird-pepper" (*Pyper methysticum*). Parcel of what looked like "grave dirt." Bag containing cassava. Pack of playing cards. Small calabash cup. Large black helmet or hat. Pint of vinegar (gin). Small bottle of oil.

The defendant, who was defended by counsel, stoutly maintained that the articles seized by the police and asserted by them to be "instruments of obeah" were ordinary articles of domestic use, and gave evidence himself as to their harmless nature. Much amusement was, however, caused when, challenged in cross-examination by the counsel for the Crown, he vehemently refused to touch some of the articles. For instance, with regard to the ashes that were found in his house, he said that he would rather die than touch them with his hand. When asked to put on his head the old hat which he said had belonged to his father, who had died several years previously, he said: "I object to putting on that hat in the Court House, neither outside. I would not put on that hat in this world. I would sooner die than put on that hat." He admitted that he would not mind touching the castor oil, the vinegar,

<sup>2</sup>A small red oval-shaped seed with a black spot at one end. So called from its being used as a protection against "jumbies," or spirits (ghosts).

scented castor, and certain other things, but "nothing else on that table to save my life."

No importance seems to have been attached to four letters that were also found in the defendant's house; but it was stated that he had strenuously endeavoured to resist the sergeant's taking possession of a piece of paper which he had discovered in a drawer, and upon which he found his own name written in full: "Henry James Geen." The defendant seized it with one hand and tried to disfigure it, but with the help of two other constables the sergeant managed to retain possession of it. In all probability it was intended as a charm for him to work the spell of "over-looking" the sergeant, who was the head of the local police in Nevis, so as to prevent him from carrying out his duty. From some of the questions asked the defendant in cross-examination it would seem that he had also been engaged in a similar attempt against the prosecuting counsel!

The result of this case does not seem to appear in the magistrate's notes of the evidence, but I understand that he was convicted and punished.

A similar prosecution took place at the same place in the following month (October), when Theophilus Dasent of Gingerland, in the island of Nevis, and no doubt a relation of the defendant in the last case, was charged with similar malpractices. In this case, however, a considerable number of letters were found by the police in the defendant's possession,—a circumstance which obeah men very seldom allow to occur—and formed a very important feature in the proceedings.

The usual "instruments of obeah" were discovered during a previous search of the defendant's premises by the police, consisting of:

A keg containing white lime and hair. Bottles containing carbolic oil, and something white like—but not—a fruit salt. Kerosene oil and quicksilver. In a locked-up room were found phials of Florida water, turpentine, oil, and parcels

of Epsom salts, and of sulphur. Also bottles of carbolic oil and turpentine ; and in the defendant's own chamber a tusk and some asafœtida. In a trunk in that room were found the letters, of which several were made "exhibits" in the case.

It appeared that in the month of May previously an inquest had been held upon the body of a woman named Edwards who had died at the defendant's house. No medical assistance had been called in until she was in a moribund condition, when, as the doctor declined to certify as to the cause of death, an inquest was rendered necessary, at which both the defendant and his wife gave evidence. The *post-mortem* examination, however, showed that the death resulted from a disease of long standing, and the jury accordingly returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

The coroner, however, seemed to be clearly of opinion that the deceased's presence in Dasent's house was for some illicit purpose, and that it had not been satisfactorily accounted for and was a cause of grave suspicion. From these letters, which came from far and near, and of which I was kindly afforded the opportunity of inspecting, one could easily gather that the defendant had acquired a considerable reputation as an obeah man or witch-doctor, both for warding off evil influences and for being able to impose them upon others ; whilst there was not wanting evidence which raised very grave suspicion that still more nefarious practices than mere obeah had been carried on by the defendant with the help of his wife. This case, therefore, was more serious than most of the obeah cases that came up for trial, and fully warranted the strengthening of the law that had recently been introduced in the Leeward Islands.

Nearly all the letters were covered with hieroglyphics in pencil, very similar in character, representing plain short strokes in regular lines, as if scoring in a cricket score-book,

and finishing up each line with a couple of *o*'s; thus :  
 ////////////////*o o*. They extended over a period of four years. Some asked for protection against the machinations of other persons, and for means of attacking or injuring them in return.

One (B) who writes from Tortola, in the Virgin Islands, says : "I cannot have any peace with those persons, they working on me in every side, so I lie in great danger. Try your best with them for me, if even to kill them, or something according to what I begged.... Oh! friend, try your best with them, for this I am writing you is with tears. I will give you gold and silver if I have only to get the satisfaction of those men.... I send you the four of their names. If you done anything for me, don't leave out Daniel, for he is working enough on me."

Several applicants for assistance evidently looked upon Dasent as a doctor. Indeed, there was evidence in the case that he was commonly known in Nevis as "Dr. Dasent." There is one letter (F) from a woman, complaining that she had been sick for over a year with a sore on her foot and had done everything he had advised without success, and appealed to him to send her something to cure it, promising to give him a little barrow pig as a present when it was a little bigger.

Another (G) is evidently from a jealous wife, asking for assistance against a rival. "I want you to fix me straight, not half-way." She asks that "the thing" may be sent to a friend of hers with directions, "for I want when he sees this woman to see the devil, for I am seeing the devil with this woman. . . . I want my husband from this woman."

Another (I) apparently seeks for protection against "overlooking," or "the evil eye." The writer (a man) says : "Thank God we are nothing worse, and I have done what you told me to do. I have done so, but I can't say fa[r]ther for the present. As for the letter you told me I



will receive as soon as I come home I met<sup>3</sup> it, an' they breakin' me an' family life to kill us out. So I have [?] depending on you to guard us from evil. Please send an' let us no [*sic*] who do this injery with us."

The following (J) would seem to come from a somewhat higher or better educated class than the majority of Dasent's correspondents, where the writer had evidently asked for advice or assistance in procuring a schoolmaster's or teacher's situation. "This is to inform you that I have done as you directed me. I saw the parson, Mr. K., on Wednesday last. He spoke to me, but he has not decided in his mind to give me the school at all."

The motive for or object of some of the letters seems sometimes darkly veiled, though it may be conjectured. Here is a portion of one (P) written in 1900. "My lady told me she is to come back. So she will by D. V., and I will be glad for your arrival, and let things be accomplished as we mean it to be. In one and everything except the taking of life do all that is in your power."

The counsel for the defence objected to the production of these letters, and that they were not "instruments of obeah"; whilst he contended that the articles found on the defendant's premises were ordinary ones of domestic use. The magistrate, however, allowed them to be put in evidence, and similar testimony was given as in the last case to show that the articles seized were the common paraphernalia of an obeah man's profession.

The effect of the letters was no doubt reflected in the magistrate's decision, for he found the defendant guilty and sentenced him to twelve months' hard labour and two years' police supervision. One cannot help being struck by the general sameness which occurs in these cases and by the entire absence of anything that savours of the tenets or practice of "voodooism." It is pleasant to

<sup>3</sup> A common West Indian expression, meaning to come across anything,—used of inanimate objects.

think that this is probably the result of these colonies being under British rule and protection.

Shortly after these prosecutions were set on foot the British Government at home seems to have called for a report upon the working of these new provisions of repression ; and accordingly the magistrates of the Leeward Islands, of which colony I can, of course, best speak, were called upon to furnish to their government for transmission to the Secretary of State a report upon the working of the Act of 1904 and on the practice of obeah as carried on there.

The best of these reports, I believe, was sent in by Dr. Robert Stephen Earl,<sup>4</sup> who was not only otherwise well qualified to deal with the subject, but had had exceptional opportunities as British Commissioner and medical officer at Tortola in the Virgin Islands of studying its effects in those more distant and obscure parts of the colony.

From his report, which is a most admirable one and which he kindly accorded me the privilege of perusing, I venture to make observations upon and extracts from at some length.

Dr. Earl says that "this practice is best understood if it is regarded as the whole body of primitive beliefs and customs of fetichistic African tribes which has undergone a certain change by their fusion by being placed in a different environment, *i.e.* the West Indies, and by contact with a civilization having higher and different beliefs."

Without drawing the distinction which I have done between the worship of voodoo and the practice of obeah—both no doubt founded upon, or akin to, the juju system of the country of origin, *i.e.* West Africa—Dr. Earl speaks generally of the practice in the Leeward Islands as "obeah," and recognizes, as I have done, the less serious forms only of this practice as prevailing in the British West Indies.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Earl was subsequently appointed Chief Medical Officer at the Falkland Islands, and has, I understand, since retired from the service.

He says that whilst obeah would seem to have the same general characteristics in all the Leeward Islands, he had noticed that in the obeah practice of the *patois*-speaking places, or places having much communication with them, blood seems more frequently necessary for the charm, and where, too, the belief in vampire-women, *i.e.* women who divest themselves of their skins at night, and, in this worse than nude condition, fly about amusing themselves sucking blood of children, horses, etc., is more prevalent. The only one of the Leeward Islands where *patois* is now usually spoken by the natives is Dominica, a colony more recently taken from the French, and where Dr. Earl resided for some years as a medical officer. St. Lucia, one of the British Windward Islands group, and the seat of the "Monchy Murder" trial in 1904, is another *patois*-speaking country, and confirms this statement.

Dr. Earl's remarks on the attributes and practice of obeah are very interesting, and I give them in his own words.

"Obeah men officiate for a primitive people in the threefold capacity of priests, magicians, and medicine men. The necromantic function is most prominent, and many of them do little but practise sorcery, closely resembling the witches of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Great Britain and the New England States, the definite personal contact with the Evil One being much less prominent. The obeah man catches 'jumbies'—*i.e.* the spirits of the dead. He bottles them with a secure cork; he finds them permanent employment by staking them on the sea-shore in a loop of string, instructing the unhappy spirit not to leave his post until he has bailed the sea dry; or he sets the jumby on some other person. He gives charms to be taken into Court to influence the magistrate's decision, or to obeah his adversary's tongue, so that he will be unable to speak properly, thus losing the case. He keeps wives faithful or gives seduction powders; he protects gardens and fruit-trees with some vile stinking stuff in a bottle; he makes shops profitable; he prevents boats from being wrecked; he cures diseases; he kills your enemy or his stock, or sends him away crazy; he compels an unwilling shop-keeper to give credit,

and makes him unable to press for a settlement of his account ; he professes to be able to find treasure ; he counteracts or takes off the obeah of a professional brother ; all with equal indifference, provided he receives his fee, which is usually large, frequently ending in his stripping his unhappy client of everything he possesses. His power may be summed up by saying that he knows how to propitiate or deceive strong spirits, and by his own secret knowledge and experience is able to make weak ones do his bidding. He also by certain rites and magical arts professes to have control over persons and things, so that he is able to bring about what he wishes or engages to do."

Dr. Earl mentions the fact that no person had been convicted of obeah in the Virgin Islands before the passing of the new Act, and since then three persons had been convicted. The sentences he awarded varied from one to six months' imprisonment, with periods of police supervision. The first was a simple case of a woman telling fortunes by means of playing-cards, the only "instrument of obeah" in this case being a pack of cards. The second case was also that of a woman. The police on searching her house found several bottles of stinking mixtures and charms, consisting of little bags, evidently for her clients to wear round their necks. He adds that he once found a similar packet of obeah on a woman who came to him for medical aid in a hysterical condition, believing herself to be obeahed as fowl eggs had been recently found in her husband's grave.

The third case was that of a man belonging to the Virgin Islands, who was returning home after spending several months in Santo Domingo. His belongings being extensively searched for Customs purposes a very complete outfit for an obeah man was discovered.

Besides these cases, Dr. Earl speaks of a man having recently arrived in the Virgin Islands from the French island of Martinique, where, of course, a French *patois* is spoken, whose dress seemed suspicious, especially as he brought with him a cenci cock. The police had reason to

suspect afterwards that this fowl had been sacrificed at Carrot Bay in order to find hidden treasure. As Dr. Earl, who was evidently acquainted with Sir Spenser St. John's *Hayti*, says, "blood is always found necessary for this; a goat, horse, cenci fowl, and even occasionally a 'goat without horns,' *i.e.* a child, is killed to obtain the necessary blood for the magical rites."

Dr. Earl would seem to disclaim any suggestion that the natives of his own colony participated in any of these more serious rites. He says that he has never known any serpents to be used by obeah men there, with the single exception of a serpent with a head at both ends of its body being put into a man's house at Road Town (Tortola) to obeah him. Whilst believing that the worship of the serpent was a part of the systematic obeah as practised at Hayti, he does not believe that meetings to worship it with voodoo ceremonies have for many years past taken place anywhere in the Leeward Islands. Many Virgin Islands labourers go to Santo Domingo every year to work on the sugar estates during crop time, and he has no doubt that they are aware of these voodoo rites, but he has no evidence that they ever participated in them.

Whilst Dr. Earl does not appear to share in the general belief that there had been a revival of obeah in recent years in the Leeward Islands, he admits that the belief in it is very general, if somewhat less intense than formerly. He has no doubt that 90 per cent. of the Virgin Islanders believe in it, and that quite 50 per cent. of the persons practising obeah there are women.

Dr. Earl's opinion as a professional man as to the extent to which it was generally feared that obeah practice might go in the direction of injuring or removing persons through the agency of poison comes somewhat as a relief. He thinks that the popular belief in the obeah man's knowledge of mysterious poisons is very much exaggerated; the will to poison may be there, but the knowledge is absent,

except with such substances as would lead to his detection. He adds that when he first came to the West Indies in 1898 he thought it probable that these people had a knowledge of African bush poisons handed down to them from their ancestors; but experience had led him to modify that opinion, and to believe that any knowledge their ancestors may have had had been almost completely lost so far as the Leeward Islands were concerned.

During one of my visits which I had occasion to make to Tortola on circuit duties Dr. Earl gave me the annexed copy of a letter, printed in St. Kitts, and circulated in Tortola by a woman whose house had been burnt down, and who distributed these copies (sold at six cents apiece) as the charm against the repetition of such an event. It is an extraordinary production, but, I believe, is not the only one of its kind in existence. Perhaps some member of the Folk-Lore Society may be able to afford us some information on the subject of letters supposed to have been written by our Saviour.

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN  
BY OUR  
LORD JESUS CHRIST.

This letter was found eighteen miles from Iconium, sixty-five years after our blessed Saviour's Crucifixion; transmitted from the Holy City by a converted Jew, faithfully translated from its original Hebrew copy, now in the possession of Lady Cura's family in Mesopotamia. This letter was written by Jesus Christ, and found under a great stone, both round and large, at the foot of the Cross, eighteen miles from Iconium near a village called Mesopotamia; upon the stone was written, or engraved, "Blessed is he that turneth me over!" People that saw it prayed to God earnestly, and desired that he would make it known to them the meaning of this writing, that they might not attempt in vain to turn it over; in the meantime a little child turned it over without any help, to the joy of all that stood by.

## A LETTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

Whosoever worketh on the Sabbath day shall be cursed; I command you to go to Church, and keep the Lord's day holy, without doing any manner of work. You shall not idly spend your time in bedecking yourself with any superfluities and costly apparel, or vain dresses, for that I have ordained a day of rest; "I will have that day kept holy, that your sins may be forgiven you." You shall not break my commandments, but observe and keep them written with my own hands, and spoken with my own mouth. You shall not only go to Church yourself, but also your menservants and maidservants, and observe my words, and learn my commandments. You shall finish your labour every Saturday by 6 o'clock, at which hour the preparation of the Sabbath begins; I advise you to fast FIVE FRIDAYS in every year, beginning with GOOD-FRIDAY, and to continue the four Fridays immediately following, in remembrance of the five bloody wounds which I received for all mankind; you shall diligently and peaceably labour in your respective callings, "wherein it has pleased God to call you." You shall love one another with brotherly love, and cause them that are baptised to come to Church and receive the Sacrament, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, and be made members of the Church, in so doing, I will give you a long life and many blessings; your lands shall flourish and your cattle shall bring forth in abundance; and I will give you many blessings and comforts in the greatest temptations; and he that doeth to the contrary, shall be unprofitable; I will also send a hardness of heart upon them, till I see them, but especially upon impenitent unbelievers. He that hath given to the poor shall not be unprofitable.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day, for the seventh day I have taken to rest myself; and he that hath a copy of this my letter, written with my own hands, and spoken with my own mouth, and keepeth it without publishing it to others, shall not prosper; but he that publisheth it to others, shall be blessed of me; and although his sins be in number as the stars of the sky, he that believes in this shall be pardoned, and if he believes not this writing, and the commandments I will send many plagues upon

him, and consume both him and his children and his cattle ; and whosoever shall have a copy of this my letter written with my own hand, and keep it in their house, nothing shall hurt them ; neither pestilence, lightning, nor thunder shall do them any hurt, and if a woman be with child and in labour, and a copy of this my letter be about her, and she firmly puts her trust in me, she shall safely be delivered of her child.

You shall have no news of me but the Holy Scriptures, until the day of Judgment. \* \* \* All goodness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this my letter shall be found.

I now come to the last and the most serious of the cases of obeah in the British West Indies which have come under my notice. This is what is known as "The Monchy Murder"—the strangling and mutilation of a boy for purposes of obeah, of which three men were convicted at St. Lucia, one of the Windward Islands, in 1904. This was indeed a serious relapse from the comparatively innocuous practices of the obeah man in this part of the world, and may probably be accounted for by the comparatively short time that this French island has been brought under British domination ; by the fact that the crime was committed in a remote rural district ; and that the natives of the island still speak a French *patois*,—a circumstance already noted by Dr. Earl in its application to the more serious cases of obeah. Furthermore, the ringleader in the crime was shown to have been a resident in Hayti for some years, where, in all probability, he had been brought under the influence of voodoo worship ; and whence he had brought back with him to St. Lucia the full equipment of an obeah man.

The particulars of the case I have obtained from a reprint of the evidence at the trial, published at the office of a local newspaper, *The Voice of St. Lucia*, and though somewhat lengthy are of considerable interest, and afford, perhaps, the first instance of a crime of this nature being tried in an English Court of Justice, and under a form of procedure



which gives every assistance to the accused to establish their innocence.

On 23rd November, 1904, was commenced in the Court House at Castries, before the Chief Justice of St. Lucia, the trial of three men named Montoute Edmond, St. Luce Leon, and Edgar St. Hill, all natives of the island, for the murder of a black boy named Rupert Mapp, aged about twelve years, a native of Barbados. The accused were tried separately and were separately defended, the Attorney-General of St. Lucia prosecuting in each case. The evidence, as given by numerous witnesses, was much the same in each case. It appeared that the boy Rupert Mapp had been brought to St. Lucia from Barbados on 28th September, under the pretence of employment as an errand boy, by Montoute. On arrival at Castries he had been taken by Montoute, who was an elderly man, to the house of St. Luce Leon at Monchy, Gros Islet, some twelve miles north-west of Castries, situated in one of the most sparsely populated districts of St. Lucia.

St. Lucia, having only been finally ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris in 1814, its country inhabitants are mostly ignorant of the English language, and only speak a French *patois*, which the boy Mapp, coming from the English-speaking colony of Barbados, did not understand. Monchy is not far from Dauphin, one of the old French capitals of St. Lucia, where it is said that the French Empress Josephine spent many years of her childhood, for her parents owned an estate at Chaubourg, in the vicinity, at which there is strong evidence to believe that she was born.

St. Luce Leon would appear to be a man of some substance and a typical landowner of his class, owning some five acres of land under cultivation with ordinary tropical produce. The usual practice of men of this class was to hoard their savings and to secrete them in nooks and crannies and in the thatch of their cottages. A fire, however, which had occurred to a neighbour, resulting in his house and

all his belongings being totally destroyed, caused Leon to draw all his monies out of their hiding-places, and to make them up in numerous parcels, which he wrapped in leaves and packed amidst vegetables and fruit, and sent in trays to his solicitor in Castries. This subsequently was found to exceed £800 in gold and silver coins and colonial bank-notes.

It appears that the boy was left by Montoute at Leon's house, but presently, presumably becoming alarmed at being by himself with a person whose language he did not understand, nor did they his, followed the track taken by Montoute and eventually overtook him, and was immediately brought back by him to the house. There, apparently, they all remained for the rest of the day, and, being joined by St. Hill, who was considerably younger than the other two, they passed the night together there. The house ordinarily was only occupied by Leon, who also was an elderly man, living apart from his wife who dwelt in a cottage some little distance away with their daughter, which latter gave evidence at the trial as to the movements of the prisoner Montoute and her father on the day in question. This was the last occasion upon which the boy was seen alive.

What gave rise to suspicion of foul play with regard to the boy does not clearly appear from the evidence, but at all events a few days later a sergeant and corporal of police went to the house occupied by Leon, where he was seen with Montoute. The sergeant presently left the house for a few minutes, and on returning was just in time to see Leon trying to steal out carrying a tin pan with a lid over it. Upon his taking hold of it and removing the lid it was found to contain two human hands, cut off at the wrist, and a heart. Upon subsequent search the body of the boy was discovered in Leon's garden with the stomach cut open and the hands missing. Both men were thereupon arrested and brought into Castries.

Leon affected not to know the contents of what he was carrying, and made charges implicating St. Hill, the youngest of the three prisoners. St. Hill was in consequence subsequently arrested upon the same charge, and at the preliminary inquiry before the magistrate he gave the whole thing away by stating how the boy had come by his death at their hands. This statement I give in his own words :

“On Thursday (29th September) about two o'clock p.m., I was at my house ready to dig manioc when Montoute arrived with the child. He told me St. Luce asked me to come to him, as he wished to speak with me. I remained talking awhile with Montoute. I reached St. Luce's house at the same time as Montoute did. When I got there St. Luce told me he wanted me to help him dig a hole. We remained there until sunset. After sunset Montoute said to St. Luce to look for a piece of rope for him. St. Luce went to his mill-house and brought a long mahaut rope, from which Montoute cut with a knife the length he required. Whilst we were there in the afternoon St. Luce, in going to fetch canes for us to eat, had prepared the place where he wanted the hole dug. When it was time St. Luce told me to come and dig the hole. We did so. When we returned to the house we found Montoute and the boy asleep. St. Luce awoke Montoute and asked him if it was not yet time. Montoute said it was time—we must wake up the boy. Montoute awoke the boy. St. Luce asked Montoute if he had read the book again. Montoute said, ‘Since I read it this morning I do not require to read it again.’ Montoute said, ‘Let's see what we have to do.’ Montoute took the rope and made a knot on it. He said to me, ‘Your hand is rougher, tighten it.’ St. Luce took hold of the boy by both feet. Montoute closed the boy's mouth. We strangled him. We tied him up and took him to the place where we dug the hole. When we got there Montoute took from his pocket a large knife. He held the knife out to me and asked me to cut the boy open. I refused. He then told St. Luce to open the boy. St. Luce opened him. Montoute gave the knife to St. Luce. The cut was not wide enough. Montoute tried to get his

hand in but could not, so he cut the boy's chest further. Montoute was speaking English to the boy when he was closing his mouth at the house, but I do not understand what he said, for I do not understand English. When Montoute could get his hand inside he felt and felt about till he found the heart. When Montoute had taken out the heart he cut the boy's two wrists. We buried the boy. Montoute said to St. Luce, 'Why did you not take the head, as you said you would, to bury in the mill?' I said to St. Luce, 'No, you have committed one sin; that is enough.' Then St. Luce said, 'There is only a piece of new line wanting.' Then we went to the house. Montoute got St. Luce to pound some salt St. Luce had there. Montoute said to St. Luce he would send him some other stuff to sprinkle over it. Montoute told St. Luce he would procure him a new glove, and another for myself also. Montoute said that we should have to procure a piece of coffin pall. I said it would be difficult to do so. Montoute said he had already commissioned some one in Barbados to get a piece for him. While we were digging the hole,—St. Luce and I,—I asked him if he had known Montoute before he had gone from St. Lucia, and St. Luce replied that they had been comrades from the time they were boys. Up to now Montoute had not told us what he intended doing with the heart and hands. I don't think St. Luce himself knows up to now. They say that I alone killed the boy. I am not the only one. They could not have sat down there while I alone did the killing. If I had been the only one to do the killing I would have carried 'the things' to my house. Up to now not even a crooked pin has been found at my house. The book was found on Montoute; the parts of the boy at St. Luce's house; nothing has been found on me or my place, so I cannot be the only one who killed the boy. St. Luce could not have sat down with Montoute while I alone killed the boy. We all three did it. That's all."

The simple directness of this horrible narrative could scarcely have failed to carry conviction of its truth; but at his trial, however, when he was defended by counsel, St. Hill repudiated what he had said before the magistrate, and stated before the Court that Montoute had some time

previously come to his house and had told him that he was going to give him something that would make him live more easily, and had said that he wanted him to go to Barbados and get two boys to give to the devil in order to get money from the bank ; that he had indeed promised to go, as he was afraid of Montoute, but that he had really no intention of doing so ; and that finally Montoute had gone himself. He now gave a very different account as to what had happened to the boy, and explained that on the 29th September Montoute had come to his house with a little black boy, and had asked him to go with him to St. Luce's to hold a mesmeric séance in connection with St. Luce's hernia, as Montoute had used him as a medium in such séances. He stated that he had then gone to St. Luce's, and that there Montoute had put him to sleep, and that on awakening him from his trance Montoute and St. Luce pointed to the ground inside the hut and told him to see what he had done. He was then aghast to see lying before him the body of the boy with his hands cut off and his chest opened ; and not knowing what he might have done during his trance, and believing what they said, he carried out the body and buried it. Subsequently he had been seized with terror, and, running away to the woods, had been arrested there by the police.

This very ingenious defence, based upon the theory of hypnotism, did not, however, commend itself to the jury, who had before them the statements made before the magistrate, and which were confirmed by the medical evidence given at the trial in the person of the doctor who had been called by the police to examine the contents of a tin pan, which, he said, contained the two hands of a black child ; also a human heart. The hands had been removed at the wrist joint very skilfully, apparently by a practised hand.<sup>5</sup> He had also examined the body of a black boy,

<sup>5</sup> It was stated that Montoute was employed in business as a licensed butcher.

about twelve years old, from which both hands were missing. The body had been laid open from the throat almost to the navel. The breast-bone was missing, also the heart and left lung. The doctor also confirmed the statement that the boy had been strangled, and stated that a strip of the shirt was wound tightly round the neck of the corpse. He also was of opinion from their appearance that the hands had been removed before, or immediately after, death.

All three accused, after a short consideration of the verdicts, were found guilty by the respective juries, and were executed amidst general approval and satisfaction shortly afterwards in the gaol at Castries.

Considerable sensation was caused by the trial, for such revelations as were disclosed could scarcely be believed to have existed in any West Indian colony under the protection of the British Crown.

The Chief Justice of St. Lucia (Mr. Walker), in sentencing the prisoners to death, had, indeed, spoken of their crime as having been committed "in the doings of an act of obeah," for "there could be no doubt," he said, "that the boy had been murdered in order that parts of his body might be obtained for this abominable practice." But the prosecution had treated the case throughout as one of murder, pure and simple, and, whether designedly or not, made no reference whatever, so far as I can see, to its being connected with any "acts of obeah" or worship of voodoo.

In the explanatory introduction to the reprint of the trial reference is made to the previous history of Montoute Edmond,—the prime mover in the murder,—in which it is stated that Montoute, who bore a bad character and had been previously convicted of forgery, had escaped from confinement and gone to Hayti, where he stayed a long time, and only returned to St. Lucia some two years before the murder, and embraced the trade of a butcher under an assumed name. There at the "University of West Indian

Obeah," as the paper describes Hayti, "he must have become an adept in the 'black art,' and have been allowed access to the arcana, from which he copied with his own hand into the book found on him on the day of his capture the gruesome and ludicrous receipts, the perusal of which excites horror or hilarity." (I may say, however, that no evidence of the existence of this book appeared in the reprint of the evidence except the reference to it made by St. Hill.) So it was then that Montoute was enabled to "work upon the cupidity of his old chum St. Luce Leon, and on the credulity which he discovered in Edgar St. Hill, both staunch believers in and, in a small way, practisers of obeah, to join him in a grand *coup* which was to secure them the means of power and wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."

The author of a little brochure on "Obeah," which preceded the reprint of the evidence, in commenting upon the trial makes a distinct and very interesting reference to this book, and says that "when Montoute Edmond was arrested at Monchy there was found in a blue bag which he carried about with him a book in which were copied in a good hand a great many *formulæ* for attaining certain advantages or for bringing harm. The receipts, or formulæ, were in many instances disgusting, in all ridiculous, but in every instance drawn up in fairly correct French. Among these is the formula of *La Main de Gloire*, which would seem to be the one which the Monchy murderers undertook to work out.

"Take the hand of one who has been hanged (or strangled), dry in the sun in the dog-days (August, September, October), or, if the sun should not be hot enough to dry thoroughly and quickly, dry the hand in an oven. When thoroughly dry sprinkle the hand with salt and a number of other ingredients (which are stated), and wrap it in a piece of coffin-pall. Then make a taper of virgin wax, and anoint it with various fantastic oils and fats. Fix the taper between the fingers of the dried hand. The light of

the taper will paralyse completely the faculties, both mental and physical, of anybody who comes within its influence.'

"This formulæ," the author, who evidently speaks from first-hand knowledge, goes on to say, "as well as numerous others in the book, in which the grotesque and obscene jests jostle the horrible, is copied from a work entitled *Petit Albert*, the pretended author of which is claimed to be a monkish occultist of the middle ages. The formulæ are followed by prayers in barbarous Latin, which, it is claimed, have the virtue of neutralizing the baneful effects of the sorcery. This *Petit Albert* is a fairly rare and rather expensive book, published at Nantes, in France, and is well known in the French West Indian colonies and in Hayti. In it are contained the child-murder formulæ and the horrible receipts for hidden treasure, which has such an attraction for that very large class in these countries who wish to get money without working for it. The similarity of the procedure in all the cases which have come to light indicate a common origin in this pernicious volume."

The author then goes on to mention the case of one Adolphe Lacroix, who was executed in St. Lucia in 1876 for the murder of a dumb cripple, a boy of fifteen, whose body he had cruelly mutilated to obtain portions of it for purposes of obeah. There was also found in the house of Lacroix a note-book belonging to him in which were found receipts for working spells which were known to be used in the practice of obeah.

He then proceeded to give several extracts from newspapers of neighbouring British West India colonies, *e.g.* Grenada, Trinidad, and Dominica, which had taken a great interest in the trial in St. Lucia, and which serves to show the extent to which the practice of obeah had prevailed in these localities. The one from the *Dominica Guardian* I append :

"Murders such as that of little Mapp are happily very infrequent in the West Indies. But this case forcibly brings to our mind the several cases of 'mysterious disappearance' in Dominica which are still shrouded in mystery. Happily for the wheels of justice



in St. Lucia the men charged with the murder appear to be devoid of any degree of intelligence ; there is not even cunning decipherable in their faces, which have been reproduced in a Barbados paper,<sup>6</sup> albeit that Montoute's broad chin betrays the obeah practitioner, or else the murder might have come to be classed as one of 'mysterious disappearance' as well. Within the past twelve years several such cases have taken place here, and those missing have never been traced up to this day, while there have always been broad hints about hidden treasure in connection with each of these 'disappearances' given by people inhabiting the various localities."

However this may be, I think I cannot better conclude my paper than by expressing the hope, now that the consciences of the public of our West Indian colonies and of the home Government have begun to realize to what terrible lengths any indulgence towards or weakening in the repressive enactments against this widespread plague of obeah may lead, that we may see the rapid disappearance of any objectionable features in its cult, leaving only, it may be, a harmless residuum that may still afford some interest to the student and lover of folk-lore.

J. S. UDAL.

<sup>6</sup> This I have not seen, but I have here photographs of the three prisoners taken in St. Lucia.

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## COLLECTANEA.

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### ROUMANIAN FOLK TALES.

THE following collection of folk-tales from Roumania has been translated from the original versions by Miss Aga Berindei, grand-daughter of the late Roumanian Minister for War, General Berindei, and of M. Costinescu, Minister of Finance. They have been arranged for publication by Miss Frances Browne.

#### *“The Tale of the Lad and his Fate.”*

Once upon no time, when the sky was so near Earth that tall people could reach it with their hand stretched out, there lived an Emperor who had three Lads. When the time had come for them to marry, the Emperor said to them :

“My dear children, now that you are grown up, go, each one of you, into the World in search of a bride, so that you also shall become men amongst men.”

“Your words, Father, are for us an Ikon, before which we bow,” answered the Three Lads, and, after kissing their father’s hand, they made ready to go, each one hurrying to be the quickest.

The Eldest Lad put on his best clothes, and taking some attendants and money with him, went off.

Riding towards the East, he came upon the castle of a certain Emperor who had an only daughter. The Lad asked for her hand in marriage, and the Emperor her father promised her to him for wife.

The same with the next Lad ; after attiring himself as beautifully as he knew how, he went towards the West, and he also came upon the castle of an Emperor who had a daughter. The

Lad asked the Emperor for her hand, an agreement was quickly come to, and he also became betrothed.

However, with the Youngest Lad, it somehow seemed that his heart was not drawing him towards marriage. But he could not refuse to set out upon a search for a bride, for his father kept on bothering him to go. So the Youngest Lad also took some clothes, but only for the sake of peace, for people would talk about him did he not attire himself fittingly. He hardly took any money with him, and so he went away, too, you know—just like that.

But where was he to go? You see, he did not know. He went on, moving his feet lazily one after the other, just to be able to say that he was walking; then, turning into a path that he came across, he went on and on along it, without realising where he was going or anything. When, suddenly, what do you think? The path he was following led him right to a big, big Pool. On his way he had come across a wand of hazel-nut, and he had picked it up, just like that, for the love of an apple-blossom, without knowing what he was going to do with it.

And now he set himself down by the Pool, looking dreamily at it, and just to say that he was doing something, he splashed the water with his wand, and made fun of the water-drops which sprang up as he beat them. Then he began to think. He had noticed that round each drop which fell back into the water there appeared a circle, which became wider and wider, until it lost itself in the Pool from whence it sprang, and so faded away, till no trace of it could be seen,—not even the spot where the drop had fallen, not even the circle that had been around it,—everything was as quiet as before, and the surface of the water was as smooth as glass.

He was far away with his thoughts, staring in front of him, but seeing nothing, still splashing the water, but realising nothing. He no longer knew whether he was, or whether he was not. When, suddenly, out upon the surface of the water, there popped a Tortoise, who gazed at him sweetly.

Wherever he splashed with his wand, there where the circles began to close upon its tip—*zusht!*—out she popped, and looked at him, and couldn't take her eyes off him!

She looked at him as if she would sip him in with that look. But he neither saw nor heard, so far away was he in his thoughts.

After a long time,—who knows how?—he began to notice that a Tortoise followed the tip of his wand, so he looked at her; and he felt, dear me, 'as if his heart were telling him something, but what it was he could not understand.

When he quite woke up from his thoughts, it struck him that the sun was setting, so he got up slowly and went home, just like that, dreaming about nothing.

The next day, he wandered off again, and did just the same thing, without even remembering that he had set out to search for a bride.

On the third day, as soon as he woke up, he went again towards the Pool. It seemed that the String of his Fate drew him.

And now, once more, he sat down by the Pool, idly splashing the water with his wand, while the Tortoise, popping out each time after its tip, looked longingly at him. And suddenly he remembered, with a start, that he had really gone out to search for a bride, and that his brothers were bringing their betrothed to their father on the following day.

And just as he wanted to get up and go off somewhere to try his luck,—*zusht!*—pops the Tortoise out of the Pool; so he cast a more attentive glance at her, looking straight at her eyes, and he felt an “I don't know what” just there at his heart, as if he had been shot by an arrow. So he sat himself down again. He would have liked to go away, but it was as if somebody had nailed him to the spot. Again he tried to get away, but in vain, his legs refused to move.

Wondering at this lack of will, he once more looked at the Tortoise, and then he saw her eyes, which seemed to glow with a fire that began to burn in him also. So then, with his heart on his lips, he cried out:

“This shall be my bride!”

“My Dear Love!” then said the Tortoise, “Thou art my Fate! I will follow thee so long as I have life in me!”

The Lad was rather frightened when he heard the Tortoise

speak, and for a moment he rather wished to run away; but the charm of her sweet talk took his strength from him, and so it was his Fear alone that fled.

Then, what do you think? The Tortoise tumbled three times head over heels, and there she stood,—a Maiden, delicate, graceful, and so very pretty that there was no one like her under the sun. Our Lad wished that he could sip her in a spoonful of water from sheer love. But he stopped himself and did not move, so that he should not disturb or vex the Maiden, for he felt that he could not possibly live without her.

They began to talk, but do you think they knew what they were talking about? Now they began about this, then they began about that, just like that, until they suddenly found that it was evening. As the two other lads were going to bring their betrothed to their father on the following day, Our Lad told the Maiden that he must go home to tell his father that he, too, had found his fate.

So the Maiden went back into the Pool, while the Lad set off for his father's castle. He walked along, but it seemed to him as if something were drawing him backwards. He kept on looking back, but there was nothing to be seen; yet back and back he still kept looking. Luckily, he soon got home, for had the walk been longer, you wouldn't have been at all surprised had he got a crooked neck from so much looking backwards!

When he got home, and found his father and his brothers, he began to tell them of the queer things that happened to him. When he got to the part of his story where he had said to the Tortoise, "Thou shalt be my Bride!" up went a great shout of laughter from his brothers, and they began to make fun of him, and to crack many unsalted jokes about him and his Tortoise. The Youngest Lad tried to explain that the Tortoise was a beautiful Maiden, but he couldn't get a word in, they didn't give him time, but talked and talked the silliest nonsense.

When the Lad saw this he kept quiet, and swallowed the shame that he felt in being made fun of by his brothers before his father.

"You see," thought he, "just now, a thousand words are not worth a penny. Wait and see," he said to himself, "for he who laughs last, laughs longest."

On the following day, all Three Lads went flying each to his betrothed. But when the Youngest Lad parted from his father :

“ You see, Father,” he said, “ till my Bride comes—wait ! And then you shall know how beautiful she is !”

So the Emperor gave a holiday to his people, and had the castle and the city beautifully decorated to receive his future daughters-in-law. The people were walking about in their best clothes, the soldiers were wearing their parade uniforms,—why, even the children were rejoicing over the Old Emperor’s happiness !

Then the Emperor’s two Eldest Lads came home with their future brides. Quite true, the two Girls were very beautiful, and their dresses seemed to be moulded upon their lovely figures. Each of them brought a valuable dowry, and many slaves, horses and carriages ; and the Emperor welcomed them as Emperors’ daughters should be welcomed.

As they were all assembled there, they went back to the subject of their youngest brother’s Tortoise, and they all began to talk about him, rather jestfully and so-so, I should say.

The Emperor could not hide his grief, for the Youngest Lad was his son, as much as the others, and his heart ached that he should be made a joke of.

In the meantime, the Youngest Lad had gone off to fetch his Bride from the Pool. When he reached the Pool, the Tortoise came out of it, tumbled three times head over heels, and there she was—a Maiden again. They talked for some time, and then the Lad asked her to get herself ready to come to his father’s castle. So then she said :

“ My Sweetheart, I want you to know that I also am the daughter of a mighty and wealthy Emperor, one more mighty than you know. But some accursed witches buried our castle under this Pool, our Kingdom was stolen by enemies, whilst I was made as you have seen me.”

Her words were sweet as honey, and her voice so bewitching that it softened your heart ; somehow, she made the Lad quite believe her. However, he said quickly :

“ Leave all this alone now, My Love. I have chosen you, and you are mine, let the World say what it may ! Come, they are waiting for us.”

“Our custom,” said the Maiden, “is that we should bathe ourselves before the wedding.”

“Well, we’ll bathe at my Father’s castle,” said the Lad.

“Why shouldn’t we bathe here?” was all the Maiden said to that, and with a smile so sweet that it made his head swim, she held out her hand to the Lad; and he, feeling as if his very heart were being drawn from him, took it, closed his eyes, and let her lead him where she would.

So she led him to the brink of the Pool,—but when the water touched his feet, he drew back a little, for it seemed to him that a chill rose round his heart. Then the Maiden’s voice called to him :

“Come, my Dear Love !” and so she drew him down into the water. . . .

And the trees saw only an ever-widening circle that faded away into the silence of the Pool.

But the Emperor? . . .

He still waits for his Youngest Lad.

So I jumped on a Saddle and came to tell you so. . . .

*“The Tale of the Girl who had no Luck.”*

Once upon a time, when eggs were boiled in ice, and night began towards morning, there lived an Emperor who had twelve sons. When he sat at table with his children in a circle round him, no happier Emperor could be found; for his kingdom was prosperous, his subjects loved him and his wife was beautiful,—but his twelve sons were the true crown of his life.

Neighbouring Emperors envied his quiet happiness: for, you see, this Emperor was good at heart, never worrying his people, and never oppressing the widow or the poor.

But, aei! No one knew that a worm was gnawing even at his heart! You see, he would have liked to have a daughter amongst his sons, that was all!

And so to-day, and so to-morrow, it came to pass that this one wish of his heart was fulfilled; for the Empress his wife gave him a daughter, so beautiful, so beautiful, that she had no peer in all the world.

And now, when the Emperor thought that at last he would be absolutely happy, no, not at all! What do you expect? The saying :

“No one yet in this world born,  
Has known Great Joy without its Thorn”—

came to be true of him, as it is of all miserable people in this world.

The state of his Kingdom began to get bad. His country, you see, instead of going forwards, began to go backwards. One day, such and such an Emperor of his neighbourhood, would threaten to take arms against him would he not do such and such a thing; another day, such and such an Emperor, would ask for another thing; or else his people would fight amongst themselves, or else his cattle would step over his neighbour's borders and would be stolen, or else his sheep would die, and so on, misfortune following misfortune and things going from bad to worse, till one day the Emperor found that he was quite a poor man, and so unhappy, oh, so unhappy!

And you ought to know, that he was struggling, poor Emperor, with the help of his twelve sons, to make peace with his neighbours, to pacify his own subjects, and to stop the evils that were overcoming him; but all was in vain, sorrow was flowing over him like a river.

So, as there was no other way out of his difficulties, the Emperor called a Star-reader, and asked to be told the cause of all the misfortunes to him and his Kingdom.

So when the Star-reader came, he read the stars, and told the Emperor that during the three following nights he was to watch the sleep of his children.

Those three nights having passed, the Star-reader came back.

The Emperor then told him, that some of his sons had been sleeping with their arms under their heads, some with their hands folded on their chests, some lying on one side, some on the other, and some lying on their backs with their arms by their sides. But his daughter had been sleeping either curled up like a kitten, or sitting up with her hands between her knees.

“This Girl is the cause of your ill-luck,” said the Star-reader,



“and if you don't drive her away from home, not even dust will stick to you.”

The Emperor realised that the Star-reader's words were true, for only since his daughter's birth had things gone wrong with him. He did not know what to do to save his twelve sons from ruin!

It was painful for the poor Emperor, for, after all, this daughter was his child. You see, he would have liked to keep all his children and not lose any of them. But in the end, he followed the Star-reader's advice; for it was better to lose one child and save twelve, than to have all his children become the mockery of the world.

Poor Emperor and poor Empress! They struggled with themselves, for how could they do such a thing? At last, however, hastened by the many misfortunes which still poured unmercifully down upon them, they had to give way and follow the Star-reader's counsel; and so they decided to sacrifice one child instead of thirteen.

So the Emperor called for his Faithful Servant, and whispered to him to take the Princess into the woods hunting, for she said she liked hunting. Once in the midst of the woods he was to leave her there, but all this, of course, without rousing her suspicions.

The Emperor thought his kidneys would burst from the pain he felt at the idea of destroying his child; while the Empress felt bitter to the marrow of her soul as she filled a basket with food for her beloved daughter. So, as she filled the basket, she slipped her few remaining jewels into it.

When the cart was ready with the basket of food and a jug of water, they got into it,—I mean the Emperor's daughter and the Faithful Servant,—and they started, and soon they came to a big wood. Those they had left behind—that is to say the Emperor, the Empress and their twelve boys,—lamented and wept bitterly.

When the Girl and the Faithful Servant came to that big wood, they stopped, put the cart aside, and taking with them the basket and the jug of water, they went into the wood in search of game.

Then the Girl, while resting on a knoll, thought she would like to get herself some flowers, and so she went further into the wood to pick them; and so she wandered on, dreaming the day away. In the meantime, the Faithful Servant went through the wood in

search of game, and slowly, slowly he got further and further away from the Girl, until at last he came to the cart, jumped into it, and ran away.

When the Emperor's daughter came out of her dreaming, she realised that the Faithful Servant was not there! She called out, she screamed, she cried! But no one answered. What was she to do? And as she saw that night was falling, the Girl climbed up a tree, looked here and looked there, to see if by chance there were a hut or anything. But no, there was not. So she climbed up another tree, and looked again, and then she saw, *aei, aei* ever so far away, a faint light twinkling between the dark trees like a star. So then she came down, and with the basket in one hand and the jug in the other, the Girl set forth straight towards that light.

When she came near to the light, the Girl saw that it was a tiny little cottage; a candle was burning in the window. She knocked at the door, it opened, and a poor Old Woman came out. The Girl begged to be sheltered for the night, and the poor Old Woman asked her in; but she told her that she had no food to give her, as she was very, very poor; a Hen, a Dog, and a Cat were all she possessed in the world.

The Girl took food out of her basket, and shared it with the Old Woman.

Next day, when they got up, the Old One began to moan and to weep, for the Hen had died on her nest. What should she do now? She would starve, for the one egg the Hen used to lay every day was all she had to live upon.

Our poor Girl gave her a jewel with which to buy herself another Hen.

The Old Woman refused at first, and wept, but in the end she had to accept the Girl's present and be quiet.

However, the Dog died on the second night.

Then she said:

“My daughter, I am afraid you will have to go away from here. For since you came misfortunes have come upon me in a chain. I would not have exchanged my Dog for anything in the world, because he guarded my little cottage, and because I have had him for so many big years.”

“Old Mother,” said the Girl, “do not get angry! I’ll give you something to buy another Dog with.”

And she gave her another jewel.

But on the third day the Cat died!

“Go away from my house, Darling Girlie!” said the Old Woman, “And back you shall never come! I see you belong to rich people, for you have jewels, but what is the use of them to me? I had rather be without them! I am happier in my poverty, for I can live in peace. Since you came worries have cut my heart. Go, Mother’s Darling, and take with you all you have brought,—good and bad!”

So the Girl went sadly away from the Old Woman’s tiny cottage.

However, before going, she exchanged her rich clothes for some rags that the Old Woman had. For the Old Woman would have given her all the rags she had in her house, would the Girl only be gone the quicker!

And so the Girl, dressed as a poor beggar-woman, went wandering through the thick wood in the hope of finding a path which would take her to the light.

And going on like this, she came upon a sheep-fold. But no one was there; for the owners were three Comrades who were away tending their sheep. So the Girl swept their cottage, tidied the rooms, lighted the fire, and put the copper, with the maize, to boil. Then she washed up the vessels and the buckets which the shepherds used for sheep’s milk. Then she hid herself.

The Shepherds, coming in at lunch time, and seeing all the house-work done, were astonished. They looked here and they looked there, but no one could they see.

Then they said:

“Whoever did this, if it is a Boy, he shall be our Brother; if it is a Girl, she shall be our Sister.”

So then the Emperor’s daughter came forward. She begged them to keep her there, for she was miserable; she had no shelter, not even anything to rest her head upon.

The Shepherds were quite willing to have her, and they showed her what work she would have to do.

At night, when they came in, they found everything nice, and clean and tidy again, and their supper all ready.

But one of the Shepherds complained that his sheep were very languid, and would not eat anything all day long, and he did not know what was the matter with them. It seemed that a sickness had stricken them, or God knows what.

On the Second Day, the next Shepherd complained that Footrot had broken out amongst his sheep, and he did not know if he could save any from it.

On the Third Day, the next Shepherd came home with only the shadow of a flock. He explained that in crossing a bridge to which they were well accustomed, one of the sheep had got frightened, and had jumped into the river; after that one jumped another, after that one jumped another, until nearly all the sheep rushed into the river. The poor Shepherd tried to stop them, but—*asch!*—can you stop the Devil? When Fright enters into a flock of sheep, nothing is of any use: with hard work he had succeeded in saving a few sheep, with which he had come home.

They took to thinking, poor Shepherds, for how was it that since this Girl had come into their home, all these misfortunes had fallen upon their heads? They saw that this Sister of theirs must be unlucky, and that she had dropped upon them like a calamity. So they decided to drive her away, and they said to her:

“Sister, as thou cam’st to us, so shalt thou go from us, wherever God’s pity shall guide thee. We can help thee no longer. To our Door cam’st thou and Poverty, hand in hand. The losses we have borne since thou cam’st to us are so great that Ten Big Years will not mend them.”

The Girl could say nothing. She saw it was like that. She got up, therefore, and asking forgiveness for all the harm she had done without her will, she went away at a venture, just like that, over field, over fold, wherever her eyes should guide her. And so going on, her heart full of bitterness, and her tears streaming down her cheeks, she saw a glittering castle far away. She quickened her steps lest she should be benighted on her way, and so came, at dusk, to the castle.

In that castle there lived a rich Negress.

The Girl begged the servants to let her in. The Negress, who had seen her come from a turret window, gave orders that the Girl should be brought before her. As soon as she saw her she knew who she was! The Girl was then bathed, dressed beautifully, and made Lady-in-Waiting to the Negress.

Now, one day, the Negress put her head upon the Girl's lap, and asked her to stroke her hair. Now, one knows that the Negroes, be they as clean as they can, will always have some filth in their hair, for it is so very thick and bushy. The Emperor's daughter, seeing in the Negress' hair that which she had never seen since her mother bore her, became so sick that she felt she must spit. She looked right, and she looked left, but her eyes only met treasures upon which she dare not spit. She could not move away, for the Negress had fallen asleep with her head resting on the Girl's lap. So the Girl just spat into the Negress' hair!

The Negress, just like the Devil, felt it, and woke up at once. However, she looked at the Girl with pity :

"If I didn't know who you were," said she, "you would have got it this time from my hand. But as it is, I forgive you. Now go and get ready, for we are going somewhere together. Tell them to harness the horses to the cart."

The cart was ready waiting for them when they came down. So they got into it, and the Negress told the coachman where he was to go. On the way, the Negress told the Girl what she had to do at the place to which they were going.

She had scarcely finished talking, when they found themselves at the door of a very, very big castle. As soon as they got down, the Negress went straight to a room where there were two men. The one, a fat young man, lolled upon a golden bed, playing with two balls of silken thread ; the other, a very old man, was walking to and fro, unable to calm his restlessness. He stooped with age and work, was all in rags, and was so thin and small, that you would have believed him to be anything rather than a human being. It seems that with the Young Man lived the Girl's Luck, while with the Old One, lived the Luck of the Negress.

As soon as the Girl saw the Young Man playing with those balls of silken thread, she went straight to him, as the Negress

had told her, snatched the two balls from him, and ran away with them. She ran out quickly, came to the cart, jumped into it, the coachman whipped up his horses and they flew fast and did not stop until home was reached.

The Fat Young Man, heavy as he was, slowly got up, then tried to run after the Girl; but she was far quicker than he, for by the time he had even started to follow her the cart was back again, had taken the Negress too, and flown home with her, leaving the Fat Young Man standing with his mouth open!

Just about this time, the Young Emperor of the Kingdom decided to marry. His betrothed asked him to get her a dress of a certain very expensive silk. And the Emperor fussed round until he got that silk and gave it to the dressmaker. But wouldn't you lose your temper with worry, when, after all that fuss, the silk was just one little bit too short for the dress? The Emperor enquired all over his Kingdom for just that small patch of precious silk, and—would you believe it?—in the whole of his Kingdom there was not one bit of that silk to be found!

Aci! What was to become of the bride's dress? If it was not made as Her Capriciousness had ordered it, she would not accept it; if that patch of silk was not found, the dress would remain unfinished. How could that be? For, indeed, the wedding could not be spoiled by such a trifle. After some more enquiries, the Emperor heard that a certain Negress in his Kingdom possessed a bit of silk matching that which he already had, and exactly the size that he wanted.

It seems that the balls of silk thread the Girl had stolen from her Lazy Luck, were just what the Emperor needed.

The Emperor sent men to buy that silk. The Negress told those men that the silk would be given for as many golden coins as would weigh it down on a scale, for the silk was worth its weight in gold.

So the silk was placed upon one dish of a scale, and down it dropped at once. Then golden coins were poured into the other dish, but it stood unmoved! And so the Emperor's Messengers put all the coins they had onto that Scale, but the Scale still stood unmoved! So then off they went and told the Emperor. He wondered much at this occurrence, and sent many bags of gold,

but the Messengers came back, saying that that Devil of a Scale would not, and would not, be weighed down at all, at all!

Then the Emperor, taking with him some bags of gold, went to see this marvel with his own eyes. You see, he did not believe that it could possibly be anything else.

Arrived at the Negress' castle, he went in, and there he saw the Emperor's daughter, the one that had been driven away as a Being of Ill-luck by her Father-Emperor. And what do you think? That Girl stuck to this Emperor's heart. For you see, she was not ugly. Oh no! She had charm, and she had "Come along" in her eyes; then she was learned, of course; remember, she was an Emperor's daughter; but she had been dry of Luck, that was all.

The Emperor saw the Scale, too. The dish with the many golden coins upon it was high up, whilst the other one was right down. He put a bag of gold on it himself. But do you think the Scale weighed down? Not at all! He put another bag, and then another, and then all the bags that he had,—but the Scale seemed as if she didn't know that there was anything on that one dish of hers! Then, what do you think flashed into the Emperor's mind? He jumped on the Scale himself! And then the Scale weighed down, and the dish on which the Emperor stood came just to the same level as the one that contained the silk.

"So then I see that this bit of silk can only be bought with myself as the price?" said the Emperor, who understood the mystery of this Scale like the Emperor that he was.

"So it is, Emperor," said the Negress.

"Well then, if it is so," said the Emperor, "I've got a jolly good mind to throw up my wedding with that capricious slip of a girl I had chosen, if only I knew that the mistress of this silk would have me."

"How could you think that she would not have you?" answered the Negress again, "When you see yourself that even the bit of silk that belongs to her wants you!"

And so the Girl and the Emperor became betrothed, and soon after that they married, with great joy and love.

And what great happiness do you think the parents and the brothers of Our Girl felt when they heard of this?

They all joined together, and celebrated one of those Imperial Weddings that everyone hears of.

And I heard of it too, and jumping quickly on a Saddle, came to tell you so. . . .

*“The Tale of a Bet.”*

Listen, and you'll hear what happened once upon a time. But remember that it really did happen, for otherwise no one would ever have talked about it. So listen, for the tale begins.

One day, three fellow-shepherds went into the woods to get some game; they lost their way, and as night fell, they all three sat down under a tree. As they sat there, they began to feel hungry, but they had no fire to cook their game upon; so the Eldest climbed up a tree, hoping to catch a glimpse of a fire upon which to cook their game. When he had climbed the tree, he saw, far away, the faint flickering of a fire; so down he came, and went towards it. When he got to the fire, what do you think he found? Why, Half-a-Man roasting a Man!

“Lord! What a wonder!” said he, “That Half-a-Man should roast a Man! A thing unseen and unheard of!”

“Do you know that I am going to roast you, too, if you don't hurry up and tell me a good lie!” answered Half-a-Man.

“I don't know of any lie,” replied the Shepherd.

Upon that, Half-a-Man tied the Shepherd to a tree, and went back to his fire.

The two younger brothers waited for a while, and then, seeing that their elder brother did not come back, the Second Shepherd climbed the tree, saw the same faint flickering of a fire, and went towards it. The same thing that had happened to his eldest brother happened to him also.

After a little while, the youngest of the Shepherds climbed the tree, and seeing the same light, he, too, went towards it.

“Now . . . how is this?” said he, when he saw Half-a-Man roasting a Man; “but . . . do you mean to say you will be able to eat a whole man?”

“Don't you know that I'll roast and eat you, too, if you don't hurry up and tell me a good lie,” said Half-a-Man.

“Whom?” said the Shepherd.



“You!” said Half-a-Man.

“All right,” said the Shepherd, “I’ll tell you a lie, but if you happen to say that I lie, I warn you that I shall kill you!”

“Right!” said Half-a-Man, “If I happen to say that you lie, kill me you shall!”

So the Shepherd began :

“At my father’s wedding, going to the mill to grind some corn, I yoked the corn-bags to the cart, I put the corn into the cart, and I went off. There, at the mill, I ground the corn, then I put the oxen into the cart, yoked the corn-bags to the cart again, and home I came. When I reached home, my mother brought me into the world; this was on Saturday, and on Sunday she married. After this, my father gave me an axe, and sent me into the woods to cut some wood from the top of a tree. The tree was so tall that it reached to Heaven, and it only had branches at the top; my father also told me that if I wanted to climb up that tree, I should have to drive my axe into the tree, then put my foot upon the axe, take the axe out again, and drive it into the tree higher up, put my foot upon it again, and so on and so forth, until I reached the top. But my father told me to be very careful not to drop the axe, for if I did so, the axe would split into seven she-axes and one he-axe, upon which they would all seize me, and fly with me to Heaven, where lived some baby swallows, who would surely eat me as soon as they caught sight of me. So I went into the woods, and did as my father bade me. However, I did drop the axe, all the same. Sure enough, it split into seven she-axes and one he-axe, and off they flew with me to Heaven, where, as soon as the baby swallows saw me,—do you think they ate me? Dear me no!—they popped me into Paradise! No sooner was I there, than I saw a well, and went towards it to drink some water. After I had slaked my thirst, I went for a walk, but on my way, I noticed that I had left my head behind me in the well. When I went back to the well to fetch my head,—Lo and Behold!—it had grown two boots and there it was—ice-skating! I took hold of it and stuck it back upon my shoulders, and then, I don’t know why, I took a fancy to put my head into the well again. I did so, and this time I found myself once more upon Earth. There I saw my father, sitting with your

father, upon the trunk of an oak tree, making pots; but my father was breaking all the bad pots upon your father's head!"

"You lie!" cried Half-a-Man.

"I know I lie!" answered the Shepherd, "but what did I say I'd do if you told me that I did?" and saying this, he hit Half-a-Man—Bang!—on the head and killed him!

Then he freed his brothers, and, taking some fire, they went back into the wood, cooked their game, and had a good dinner.

*"The Tale of Youth free from Age, and Life free from Death."*

A long, long time ago,—when violets grew on poplars, and bears had fights with their tails; when wolves kissed lambs, calling them their brothers,—there lived a mighty Emperor with his Empress. Both were powerful, young and beautiful. But were all these things of any use, when their only wish, to have some children, wouldn't and wouldn't be fulfilled in spite of all they did? For they went to old Witches, and they went to all those Clever Men who can see your fate in the Stars,—but all had been in vain. At last, one blessed day, the Emperor heard that not far away, in a tiny little village, there lived a clever and wise old man. The Emperor sent at once for him, but the Old Man sent word by the Emperor's Messengers that whosoever needs him must come to him himself; and so both the Emperor and Empress set out on their way to go to him. When the Old Man saw them coming, he went to meet them, saying:

"Be welcome, both of you! But what is it you want to know, Mighty Emperor? For the wish you have will only bring sadness upon you."

"I haven't come to ask you this," said the Emperor, "I only want to know if you happen to have anything that would give us the great joy of having children."

"I have," said the Old Man, "But you will only have one child, a lovable prince, from whom you will get no joy."

And so the Emperor and the Empress, taking some herbs from the Old Man, went home, much relieved, and greatly rejoicing; and not long after this the Empress knew that her wish was at last to be fulfilled.

The news went all through the country, and filled the people's faithful hearts with joy.

However, before the time had come for the child to be born, it began to cry, and it cried and cried so bitterly that nobody and nothing could stop it. The Emperor then began to promise the child all the Beauties of the World, but the child still went on crying.

"Don't cry, My Son," said the Emperor, "for I will give you the most beautiful wife in the world." And so he went on, promising all and everything till at last, when he saw that nothing and nothing was of any use :

"Don't cry, My Son," he said again, "for I will give you Youth free from Age, and Life free from Death."

Then the child stopped crying and came into the world.

The Child grew fast, and the more he grew, the bolder and the cleverer he became, and things that would have taken one year for another child to learn, only took him one month, so that the Emperor his father was dying and then coming to life again, from sheer joy. Also the whole of his Kingdom rejoiced greatly at the thought that their future Emperor would be as wise and clever as the Emperor Solomon. But as the boy grew older, he became more sad and more thoughtful, and one fine day he went to the Emperor and said :

"Father, the time has come for you to give me that which you promised to me before my birth."

The Emperor was greatly saddened at this.

"But, My Son," he said, "how can I give you a thing that was never heard of? If I promised it to you, it was only to pacify you."

"If you can't give it to me, Father," said the Boy, "I shall have to go myself in search of that for which I came into the World."

Then the Emperor and the people begged him not to leave them, for his father, being old, they would soon be without any Emperor at all; and they promised to give him the most beautiful wife that ever lived under the sun, but nothing would induce him to stay, nothing would make him change his mind, and he was as steady and hard in his decision as a rock.

So then the Boy went to the stables to choose his horse. He took hold of the tail of each horse and pulled, and when he pulled the horse fell down; so, one by one, he pulled down all the horses until he came to a thin, sick and glandered horse, which, turning its head towards him, said :

“What do you want from me, My Master? Thank God for once more giving me the happiness of being touched by a brave man !”

And as he talked, he stiffened himself, and remained as straight as a candle while the Boy tried to pull him down.

The Boy then told the Horse what he wanted.

“If you want your wish to be fulfilled,” said the Horse, “you must ask your father for the Sword, the Lance, the Bow with the Quiver and the Arrows, as well as the Clothes that he wore when he was young; and then you will have to care for me with your own hands for six weeks, boiling my barley in milk.”

The Boy did so, and when six weeks had passed, he came to tell the Horse that everything was ready. The Horse shook himself, and all the glanders fell from him, and there he stood, a beautiful, black, four-winged Horse.

“We’ll start to-morrow morning,” said the Boy, rejoicing at this marvel.

“Long shalt thou live, My Master !” answered the Horse, “I am ready to go this moment if you wish me to !”

On the next day, after taking leave of the much-grieved Emperor and the weeping Empress, they started. They rode and rode towards the rising sun for three days and three nights, until they came to a wide-spread field on which there lay in heaps the bones of men.

Stopping there to rest, the Horse said :

“I must tell you, My Master, that we now find ourselves in the Kingdom of a gigantic Wood-pecker, who is so cruel that no one may step over her borders without being killed. She was once a woman like any other woman, but she never obeyed her parents, and so their curse fell upon her, and she turned into a Wood-pecker. Just now she is with her children, but to-morrow morning we shall meet her in the woods, coming to kill you. She is frightfully big, but do not be alarmed by her. Keep yourself ready

with your Bow, and Arrows, and don't forget your Sword and Lance, they may be useful."

They gave themselves to Rest, but each of them watched in turn.

Next day, when Dawn was pouring over Earth, they were ready to cross the woods. They started, but suddenly, a dreadful knocking was heard.

"Keep steady, Master, for here comes the Wood-pecker!" said the Horse. And dear me, dear me, she came as fast as the wind, knocking down all the trees on her way! The Horse flew, as quickly as Thought, right above her, and the Boy shot an Arrow at her, and off went one of her feet! He was about to have another shot, when the Wood-pecker said:

"Stop, My Prince, for I won't harm you!" and as the Boy didn't believe her, she wrote the promise down with her blood.

"Prince, give thanks to your Horse," she said, when they came down, "For he, and he only, saved you from being roasted and eaten by me. Now I am in your power, and this is the first time that a Human Being has ever escaped alive from my Kingdom."

After that, they went home with her, where she entertained them, and in the middle of dinner, she screamed with pain, upon which the Boy took the foot he had shot off and stuck it back. The Wood-pecker's joy was so great, that she offered the Boy one of her beautiful daughters for wife; but he refused, and told her frankly of his search.

"With a Horse like this, and with your courage, you will soon find what you want," said the Wood-pecker. So the Boy went off with the Horse, and again they rode and rode a long, long way. When they had left the Wood-pecker's Kingdom, they came to a big and beautiful field, one side of which was covered with flowers, while the other side was all scorched.

"What is the cause of this?" asked the Boy.

"Well, My Master," said the Horse, "we are now in the Kingdom of a Scorpion. She is the Wood-pecker's sister; the curse of the parents fell upon her also. The rivalry between these two sisters is dreadful. They fight each other most of the time, each one wanting to rob the other of her ground. When the Scorpion is very angry, she spits flames. I suppose that she has just had a quarrel with the Wood-pecker and the grass has been

scorched where she passed. She is more wicked even than her sister, also, she has got three heads. Let us rest a little, for to-morrow, early in the morning, we must be ready for the fight."

Next day they were ready to start, when suddenly, there began a howling and a rustling such as man had never heard before.

"Keep steady, Master, for here comes the Blasted Scorpion!" cried the Horse.

The Scorpion, with one cheek in heaven and the other on earth, was spitting flames and advancing like the wind. But the Horse flew as swiftly as an arrow right above her, the Boy shot, and off went one of her heads! As he was just going to have another shot, the Scorpion begged him with tears in her eyes to forgive her, writing down with her blood the promise that she would not harm him. Afterwards she entertained them even more magnificently than had the Wood-pecker, and the Boy stuck back her head in the same way, and was very much thanked for it. After three days had passed, the Boy and the Horse started once more upon their search.

Leaving the Scorpion's Kingdom behind them, they rode and rode again, until they came to a flower-covered field that was never left by Spring. Each flower was a beauty, and had such a sweet smell that it bewitched one quite! A soft breeze was hardly breathing, and here Boy and Horse stopped to rest.

"We have come safely so far," said the Horse, "but now we have got one more difficulty; we have to pass through a great danger, but if we get through it, then we are really safe. A little further on our way there lies the castle where lives Youth free from Age and Life free from Death. But that castle is surrounded by a tall and thick forest, where live the wildest beasts of the world; they are on the watch day and night, and as there are a great many of them there is no way of fighting them, therefore, there is no question of our being able to pass through the forest. However, we will try to fly over it."

So they rested for two days in the field, and after that, they once more got ready to start. Then the Horse, holding his breath, said:

"Master, tighten my girths as much as you can, and jumping on my back, sit firmly in your saddle, and hold on to my mane."

The Boy jumped on to the Horse's back, did as he was told, and in the twinkling of an eye they were near the forest.

"Master," said the Horse again, "this is the time that the Wild Beasts are fed; they are all assembled in one place. Let us cross."

"Yes, let us cross!" answered the Boy, "and may Luck be with us!"

They flew up into the air, and they saw the castle far away below them, glittering so brightly that you could have looked at the sun, but not at it. They flew over the forest and wanted to get down by the castle. But in doing this, they touched the top of a tree, they hardly touched it, and yet all of a sudden the whole forest became alive with endless howlings and roarings. They hurried to get down, but had the Lady of the Castle not been there to defend them, they would surely have been torn to pieces by the Wild Beasts. She saved them, however, and she saved them because she had never seen human beings before. The Beasts were sent back, each to his place, and then the Lady turned towards the Boy. She was a Fairy, tall and slight and graceful and pretty. Oh, very pretty!

The Boy looked at her in amazement; but she, looking at him pitifully, said:

"What are you looking for in this place? Why did you come here?"

"I am looking for Youth free from Age and Life free from Death," replied our Boy.

"If you are looking for that, then you have found it," said the Lady.

Upon this, the Boy jumped down from his Horse, and entered the Castle.

There he found the Lady's two sisters, both of them young and beautiful. They were all so pleased that he had come, that they prepared a magnificent feast for him. The Horse was allowed to feed wherever he pleased, and they were both introduced to the Wild Beasts of the forest, so that they should be able to wander about in peace.

The Ladies asked him to live from now on with them, for, they said, they found it rather sad living all alone. He didn't wait to

be asked a second time, but accepted as one who wished for nothing better.

Slowly, slowly they got used to each other, till, at last, the Boy fell in love with the youngest of the Ladies, and married her. After that, he was allowed to go anywhere he liked, only one place being forbidden to him.

“You shall never go there,” said the Ladies, “for that is the Valley of Sorrows, and if you enter therein,—woe betide you!”

He lived there, forgetting time, and remaining just as young as when he had come. He wandered through the forest, and enjoyed himself in the beautiful castle; he lived in peace with his Lady-wife and his sisters-in-law; he delighted in the beauty of the flowers and the purity of the air. He often went hunting, and one day, seeing a hare, he shot an Arrow at it. He missed it, so he followed it, and shot another Arrow at it and missed it again, and so on and so on. Thus following the hare, the unfortunate Boy didn't notice that he had passed into the Valley of Sorrows. At last, having shot the hare, he took it home, but what do you think happened? He suddenly felt such a passionate longing for his Mother, Father, and Country, that he could not bear it. He did not dare, however, to confess this to the Ladies, but they knew what had happened by his sadness and his restlessness.

“Unhappy One, you have passed into the Valley of Sorrows!” cried they, in despair.

“I did, Precious Ladies,” answered the Boy, “but without knowing it; and now my heart is melting with longing for my Parents and my Country. But I feel that I cannot leave you. I have been so happy staying these few days with you. Could I only see my Parents and my Country for a moment, I should return here happily, never to leave you again.”

“Do not leave us, Dear Love!” cried his Lady-wife. “Your parents died many hundred years ago, and if you leave us you will never come back. A feeling tells me that we shall lose you.”

But pray as the Ladies might, and pray as the Horse might, the Boy could not quench the longing that was burning his soul. So at last the Horse said to him:

“If you refuse to listen to me, Master, I warn you that if any-



thing happens, it will be all your fault. However, I will have a word with you, and if you accept the bargain, I will take you back."

"I accept willingly," said the Boy.

"Then listen," said the Horse, "as soon as we arrive at your father's castle, I will leave you and come back here, even if you only want to stop there for an hour."

"Be it as you wish," said the Boy, and bidding the Ladies farewell, he went away, leaving them sighing and weeping behind.

So the Horse and the Boy rode away again, until they came to the Scorpion's Kingdom; but there they found towns, and the woods had turned into fields. The Boy asked this one and that one about the Scorpion. But people, laughing at him, only answered that their great-grandfathers had heard from their great-grandfathers of such rubbish.

"How is that?" said the Boy, "I passed through here only the other day," and he began telling them all he knew. But the people only laughed at him anew, and listened to him as to one who dreams awake. And so he rode away, much grieved, not noticing that his hair and beard had turned quite white.

Then they came to the Wood-pecker's Kingdom, and here too all was changed, and when he asked again, and again got the same answers, and again was laughed at, the poor Prince could not understand how all these things could have changed in a few days; and being now still more grieved, he rode off once more, his white beard reaching to his waist and his legs shaking in his stirrups.

And so he rode, for mile upon weary mile, until he came to his father's Kingdom; but here, too, there were other people and other towns, and everything was so changed that he could not believe his eyes. He went to the castle in which he had been born. As soon as he dismounted, the Horse kissed his hand, saying:

"Good-bye, Master, I am going back. If you wish to come too, jump at once on my back and let us start."

"Go alone, and Good Health to you. I will come later on," said the Prince, sadly. So the Horse, sighing deeply, flew away as quickly as an arrow.

When he saw his father's castle all grass-grown and in ruins, the Prince was overcome with sorrow, and with tears in his eyes he tried to remember how beautiful it had been, and how happily he had spent his childhood there. He tottered slowly round the ruins, and each crumbling room and weed-covered corner reminded him yet more bitterly of the past.

His white beard reached to his knees, he lifted his drooping eyelids with his fingers, while his weak and trembling legs could scarcely support him. And so staggering along, he came upon an old trunk. He raised the lid, and as he did so he heard a weak voice say :

“Be welcome ! For had you come later, even I would have died !”

Then Death, for it was She, fluttered out of the trunk right into his face, and he fell down lifeless, and turned at once into Dust.

And I jumped on a Saddle and came to tell you so. . . .

“*The Tale of Peter.*”<sup>1</sup>

I'll tell you a tale of what never was and what never will be ; who, therefore, wants to know what never was and what never will be, should read this tale, and he will know everything.

At one time there lived a mighty Emperor who had no children at all. Because of this, he always quarrelled with his Empress. One night, he went to sleep, feeling very cross that he could not have any children. During the night, he dreams that an Old Man comes to him and says :

“Emperor, if you want to have any children, then go, to-morrow, to a fisherman, and tell him to catch a fish and bring it to the Empress at a certain hour, and if the Empress eats that fish at that hour, she will have a child.”

Next morning, the Emperor gets up and goes to a fisherman, who owned nothing else except a cat, a cock, a donkey and a small cart,—not forgetting himself and his wife. When the Emperor arrives he tells the Fisherman how things stand, and asks him if he can or can not bring him a fish at such and such

<sup>1</sup> This tale was taken down from the mouth of an old soldier, and the tenses are his.

an hour; only he should remember well, that if he doesn't bring the fish, he'll be killed; while if he does bring a fish, he'll get a big present.

The Fisherman promises to bring a fish, if anything, before the appointed hour. So then he harnesses the donkey to his small cart, and starts for the river, to catch a fish. Arriving there, he unharnesses the donkey, takes his line, and casts it into the water; but he doesn't catch anything. Aei! It is nearly time that he should take the fish to the Emperor, and he can't catch one. So then the poor man gets very worried, and he cries out:

"God or Devil! Give me a fish!"

Then, suddenly, a River-Monster pops out of the water, and asks him what he wishes. The Fisherman tells him how things stand. So the Monster says:

"All right. I'll give you a fish, only you must promise to give me that which you know you have not got at home!"

The Fisherman thinks, "Lord! What can that be? For besides the cat, the cock, the donkey, the cart, my wife and myself, there isn't anything at home, I know." So after some time, he casts his line into the water again, saying to the Monster:

"Right! I promise!" and he catches a fish which has no peer in beauty; he takes it, and brings it to the Emperor, who then gives him a big present.

The Empress eats the fish, and she knows that she is going to have a child.

However, we'll leave her, and we'll come back to the Fisherman.

This one, coming home, tells his wife what has happened, and that he has promised the River-Monster that which he knows he has not got at home. The wife, who has more brains than he, says:

"Noah! God has punished you! For I am going to have a child, and you have promised the child that I am going to bear you, to the River-Monster."

The husband comforted himself quickly, saying it didn't matter, for by the time the child was born, they would have forgotten all this trouble, t'was lucky it was no worse.

So time passed, and they forgot their promise. So now the time of the birth comes, and the Fisherman's wife gives birth to a boy, whom she calls Peter.

Peter grew stronger than any other child. Then, when he was older, he went with the other children to school. Coming back from school one day, he said to his Mother :

"Mother, give me a bundle with some food, for I am going!"

His mother asked :

"Where are you going, darling?"

So he said :

"I am going to whom my father gave me."

Then his mother was reminded of her husband's promise, and she began to beg her son not to go ; but in vain. When she saw it was useless, she put some food into a bundle, and kissed her Peter, who then went away.

Walking along the road, the child meets a man, the man says :

"Good day, Peter."

"Thanks to you," answered Peter.

"But where are you going, Peter?" asked the man.

"I'm going to whom my father gave me," answered Peter again.

"So!" said the man, "Then you are my child!"

For I must tell you, the man Peter met on the road was the River-Monster that had come out of the water, and had been seen by Peter's father.

"Go further on along this road," said the Monster again, "and you will meet my horse, which will take you to my house."

So Peter goes on, and meets the horse. But I must tell you, that horses used to talk at that time. Then the horse said to Peter :

"Where to, Peter?" for notice that the horse knew his name. Peter said :

"I'm going to whom my father gave me."

"You see," said the Horse, "I've wandered about, just like you, only. . . Here's an idea! Jump on my back, and we'll go wherever our eyes shall lead us."

So Peter jumped on the Horse's back, and they went away.

How much they rode, where they rode, I don't know ; it is

quite enough to say that I suddenly saw them on a field in the middle of which something blazed like the sun.

Then the Horse said :

“ Peter, do you see anything? ”

“ I see, ” answered Peter.

“ Take care, for there lies a golden feather, ” said the Horse again.

“ But shall I take that feather? ” asked Peter.

Then the Horse answered :

“ If you take it, you’ll be sorry,—if you don’t, you’ll be sorry, too. ”

Peter thought a little, then said :

“ I had better take it and be sorry, than not take it and be sorry, ” and saying this, he took the feather, put it in his pocket and rode away.

After some time I suddenly found myself with them in the Kingdom of Emperor Rusty Beard, who had just lost one of his Lords-in-Waiting. What Peter did I don’t know ; it is enough to say that he became Lord-in-Waiting to that Emperor, in place of the dead man. At that time, the Lords-in-Waiting worked hard, for they had to write the whole night long. So Peter had to write also. But you should have seen the comedy, for Peter slept, while the golden feather wrote, quite alone, and so Peter always had his work done before the others. The Emperor, noticing this, said to them :

“ I don’t know what’s the matter with you, for you’re not half as quick as Peter. ”

So the other Lords-in-Waiting, hearing this, began to hate Peter, and they watched to see how he managed to get his work done so well and so quickly.

So, one night, they peeped in through the key-hole, and what did they see? Peter was smoking in bed, while the feather was writing at the table. So they went to the Emperor, and advised him to ask Peter for his feather. In the morning, when Peter went to the Emperor, this one asked for the feather. Peter gave it to him.

The Emperor tried the feather, but it wouldn’t write for him. While Peter took another feather, which began to write alone,

just as well as the first one. So the other Lords-in-Waiting, seeing this wonder, took counsel together to decide how they could wrong Peter. One of them said :

“Here! Do you know what? Let’s go to the Emperor, and tell him that Peter boasts, saying that he can fetch the bird to whom the golden feather belongs.”

“We’ll do so!” cried the others, and so they went to the Emperor and told him.

As soon as the Emperor heard of this, he called Peter and told him to bring the bird, or he’d be killed. The poor, wretched Peter said that he didn’t know where the bird was, neither could he bring it to the Emperor. But all was in vain.

So Peter, much worried, went to the Horse and told him all. The Horse said :

“Didn’t I tell you that you’d be sorry if you took the feather? But never mind now, we’ll bring the bird. Go to the Emperor, and ask for three oven-fulls of bread, three roasted oxen, three bags of corn and some money. Then we’ll go, trusting in Good Luck.”

Peter did as he was bid, asking the Emperor for all these things, and they went in search of the bird.

They went as much as they went, no one knows how much, until they came upon a field. When they got to about the middle of the field, they came upon a lot of men who were eating each other.

Lord! Who had ever seen such a man-eating affair?

When Peter saw them, he called to them, asking them why they were eating each other. Because they were hungry, was their reply. Peter then gave them the three oven-fulls of bread. When the men had eaten, they said :

“Master, whenever you think of us, we will be with you.”

Peter went further with his Horse, until they came to a sea. What the name of that sea was I have forgotten, for it was long ago; anyway, I think that sea has dried up since, for at one time there was no rain for three days and seven nights. So Peter came to that sea. When he got to about the middle of it, he noticed that it was boiling dreadfully. Peter asked the Horse why the water was boiling. The Horse answered :

“Because the fishes are quarrelling.”

So Peter called the fishes, and asked them why they were quarrelling, and the fishes answered :

“Because of hunger.”

Now Peter cut the three oxen into small bits, and threw them to the fishes. When they had eaten, the fishes said :

“Master, if you ever think of us, we’ll soon be with you.”

Now Peter rides further again, with his Horse, until he comes to a field where some birds are quarrelling, because of hunger again. He gave them the three bags of corn, and so he went empty away. But I want you to know that the birds also said to him :

“If you ever think of us, we’ll be with you.”

Peter rode on his Horse again as much as he rode, until he came to an Inn, in front of which there stood a tree so tall that no one could see its top. The Horse then said to Peter :

“Can you see the sun that glitters up there? Well, it is the bird. Now, go into the Inn, and ask for a tablecloth, a plate, a loaf of bread, and a glass of wine. Then lay the table with all this, under the tree, and wait at the Inn door. The bird will come down and eat; when you see it is drunk, catch it.”

Peter did as the Horse had told him, and he really did catch the bird. He took it and went back to the Emperor.

On seeing it, the Emperor was mightily pleased and surprised at so much beauty. For what’s true is not sin, the bird was beautiful, so much so, that you could hardly take your eyes from it.

Now the other Lords-in-Waiting saw that Peter had got over this difficulty in safety, and they hated him badly for it.

When Evil falls upon Man, it sticks to him.

So listen further, for the end of the tale hasn’t come.

The Devil, God forgive me, pokes his nose in, and makes the Empress die. The Lords-in-Waiting go, as soon as she is dead, to the Emperor and say :

“Emperor, Peter says that he will bring you for wife the Pride-of-the-World.”

“Peter,” says the Emperor, “if you don’t bring me Pride-of-the-World for wife, you are done for !”

The wretched Peter says he doesn't know where to get her from, but it's no use, for he has to go and look for her. He goes to the Horse and tells him all, so the Horse says :

"Never mind! We'll bring her, too!" . . . and they went off.

They came to the sea, and the Horse stopped.

"Do you see that glass house there? It belongs to the Pride-of-the-World; she lives there," said he. "Go inside and take her, only be sure that she sleeps. Take her quickly in your arms; if she wakes up whilst you are indoors, you are lost; but if she wakes up outside, she can't harm you."

Peter goes inside the glass house, and finds the Pride-of-the-World sleeping. When he saw her, he never wished to leave her, then he remembered the Horse's words, took her in his arms, and out he went with her.

The Pride-of-the-World now asked Peter where he was going to take her. He answered :

"To Emperor Rusty Beard."

So on they went, and brought her to the Emperor.

When the Emperor saw her, he asked her to marry him on the spot, but she said she would not marry him until he brought her the glass house, without breaking it.

"Peter, go and bring the glass house!" said the Emperor, and Peter went off again with his Horse, to fetch the glass house.

While they are going to fetch the glass house, we'll have a look at the Pride-of-the-World. I don't know if you ever saw her,—but I did! Lord! But she was beautiful! As soon as I saw her, I fell so in love with her, that had I had a revolver in my pocket, I would have shot myself. However, it's rather lucky for you I didn't have one, for were I dead, who would tell you this tale?

I should like to tell you some more about her, but please forgive me if I don't, for look, Peter is struggling to fetch the glass house, and I must go and help him.

Now what shall we do, for we can't take the house, even if two and a half more men came to help us? So what flashes into the Horse's mind? He says to Peter :

"Now you just think of those men that you once gave bread to."



Peter thought of them, and suddenly a great lot of men were there, and as soon as they arrived, they said to Peter :

“What is your wish, Master?”

“I want you to bring this house to Emperor Rusty Beard,” said Peter.

So then all the men took hold of the house, and brought it along to the Emperor.

But there is one thing I want you to know ; the keys had dropped to the bottom of the sea, and the doors were all locked ! . . .

When the Emperor saw the glass house, he was filled with astonishment, and he asked the Pride-of-the-World to marry him now that the house was there. She answered :

“How am I going to marry, when all the doors are locked?”

“Peter, run quickly, and fetch the keys!” said the Emperor, for it was Peter and again Peter who had to do everything.

Poor, wretched Peter! He went away again in search of the keys.

When they came to the spot where the keys had dropped, the Horse said to Peter :

“There, now go and fetch the keys.”

“How on earth am I going to reach the bottom of the sea?” said Peter.

So then the Horse said :

“Why don't you think of the fishes you gave meat to?”

Peter thought of the fishes, and as quickly as he thought, there they were, only one was missing. After some time, there it comes, too, with the keys in its mouth. So the Chief of the Fishes said :

“But where were you that you didn't come at once?”

“Well,” said the fish, “I don't know where these keys came from, for they fell right on to my babies, and that's why I'm late. I couldn't come more quickly, the keys are rather heavy.”

“Give them to Peter,” said the Chief of the Fishes.

Peter took the keys, and brought them back to the Emperor.

Now for the third time, the Emperor asked the Pride-of-the-World to marry him, but :

“No!” she said, “I'm not going to marry, until you bring me the Water of Life, the Water of Beauty, and the Water of Death.”

"Peter, go and fetch all those!" said the Emperor.

Peter goes off again, with his Horse, to fetch the Three Waters. When they arrive near a mountain, the Horse says to Peter :

"Listen, up there on that mountain are the Three Waters. Go there alone, I daren't go, for I am afraid that the Old Woman that lives there will kill me. For you will find an Old Woman there, who will swear at you as soon as she sees you, only you must tell her politely what you have come for, and bet her that you can do whatever she asks you."

So Peter went up the mountain, and as soon as he got to the top, he saw the horrid, thin Old Woman, who said, harshly :

"What are you here for?"

Peter said :

"Well, look here, I've come to fetch the Water of Life, the Water of Beauty, and the Water of Death."

"All right," said the Old Woman, "I'll give you what you ask for, if you can do the thing that I shall ask of you in one hour."

"I bet you I can!" said Peter.

Then the Old Woman brought three bags, in which corn, barley and oats were mixed.

"Here," said she, "do you see these three bags? Well, you have to pick out the corn and put it aside, pick out the barley and put it aside, and pick out the oats and put them aside. And all this must be ready in one hour's time."

And she went away to do her business.

Peter begins to pick the corn out, but—*aiei!*—do you expect him to do it all so quickly? Then the barley, then the oats! It's no use! When the hour was nearly over, he had hardly picked out a handful of each. So the Horse comes slyly up to him, and says, in a whisper :

"Do think of all those birds you gave corn to!"

Peter thought of them, and there they were in a flash, and began to pick out the corn, the barley, and the oats. So when the Old Woman came back, the work was done, and she gave Peter some of the Three Waters, and he went home and gave them to the Emperor.

Now the Emperor asked the Pride-of-the-World again to marry him, but she would not until the Emperor had drunk some of the

Water of Life. So he took the glass, and drank some of the Water of Life, and felt at once that he had more life in him than anybody. After this, the Pride-of-the-World gave him some Water of Beauty to drink. He had it, and then looked in a glass, and saw that he had become most beautiful.

“Some more Water of Beauty?” asked the Pride-of-the-World.

“Please,” said the Emperor, and she gave him the Water of Death instead.

The Emperor drank, and died!

“I wasn’t going to live with you!” then said the Pride-of-the-World, “I’m going to live with the one that brought me here!”

She went to Peter, and put her arms round him. They kissed, and they married, and Peter became Emperor.

Now, I want you to know that I was asked to the wedding dinner, and no one was so gay as Peter.

Aiei! But I’ll tell you something; the wine was so nice that I drank rather well, and now I’m sleepy, and I’m going to bed, so good-night.

Now, while I sleep, you tell me a story, and when I wake up in the morning, I’ll tell you another one again. . . .

*(To be continued.)*

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## REVIEWS.

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THE BEOTHUCKS OR RED INDIANS, THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF NEWFOUNDLAND. By JAMES P. HOWLEY, F.G.S. 4to. Cambridge: University Press. 1915.

THE Beothuck are one of the puzzles of anthropology. They seem to have been the original inhabitants of the island of Newfoundland. A numerous people they could never have been. Relentless warfare was waged upon them, on the one side by the Micmacs, an intrusive Algonkin people from the mainland of America, and on the other side by the intrusive British and French hunters and fishers. The result was that they were utterly destroyed, unless (which seems improbable) a few of them succeeded in escaping across the Strait of Belle Isle to Labrador, and there merged in the Montagnais or Nascapi. The last-known survivor (like that of the Tasmanians at the other end of the world, a woman) died in captivity in 1829. Previous to her death the conscience of the colony had been aroused to the iniquity of the endless massacres, and in some measure to the interest attaching to this friendless and on the whole inoffensive folk. A Beothuck Institution had been established for their protection. Expeditions had been sent in search of the survivors; but in vain. No trace of them could be recovered. A few graves have been found from time to time; but beyond their contents hardly any material object remains to tell us what manner of people they were.

The earliest expedition, it is true, met with some of them in 1810. It was under the command of Captain David Buchan, R.N. At first it promised success; but, owing to a misunderstanding and some mismanagement, it failed. From the leader's

report we learn the kind of wigwam, or *mamateek*, as they called it, in which these wild people housed. It was either circular or octagonal. The first kind seems to have been a rough temporary building used in the summer. The octagonal structure was stouter and more carefully built, to resist the snow and cold and the storms of winter. The fire was in the centre, and a hole in the structure above it (we can hardly say in the roof, because the hut was conical, being built with poles planted in the ground and carried to the apex, consequently there was no true roof) enabled the smoke to escape. From another source we are informed that around the fire there were small hollows, like nests, dug in the earth, apparently one for each person to sit or lie in.

The Beothuck were tall and well-built, though not gigantic, as they have been represented. They wore a mantle of deer-skin, and carried bow and arrows, a spear and a club. They did not scalp their enemies when killed; they cut off their heads, and stuck them on poles. In this they differed from the American aborigines of the mainland.

So much of their external life we know. But when we come to enquire into their institutions, their social arrangements, their beliefs and customs, our information is of the most fragmentary description. Shanawdithit, the last survivor, was questioned on these subjects by Mr. W. E. Cormack; and the summary of what he obtained from her through the medium of her broken English was put into writing. The document is unhappily missing from among his papers. It is not likely to have been very valuable, considering the difficulty of communicating with her, and the date at which it was written, when savage organization and ideas were little understood. We are therefore thrown back on chance fragments of information and on the examination of the graves.

The women seem to have been treated well. There was a belief in a life after death, in which the departed were not entirely debarred from communication with the survivors. At all events Shanawdithit believed herself to be from time to time visited by her deceased relatives. There may have been a belief in some sort of a divinity. Various vocabularies were compiled with the

assistance of three different captives. They extend the known words of the Beothuck speech to some four hundred and eighty vocables. Among them is the word *mandee*, translated as devil, and compared by Mr. A. S. Gatschet of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington with the Algonkin word *manitou*. It is also on record that in one of Mr. Cormack's conversations with Shanawdithit, he questioned her on the origin of her tribe, and she stated that "the voice" told them that they had sprung from an arrow or arrows stuck in the ground. Even if we add this tantalizing statement to the evidence of the word *mandee*, it is obvious that we are far from being assured of the existence of a belief in a divinity. It does point, however, to ideas, which we have no means of defining, on the subject of the supernatural. There is moreover a memorandum in Mr. Cormack's handwriting, showing that sacred ceremonies were performed. It runs: "Men singing to Ash-wa-meet, with eagles' feathers and deers' ears in cap." It apparently relates to a drawing not now extant; and the ceremony was possibly of a totemic character. The writer, among other notes, adds: "The Red Indians never wash, except when a husband or wife dies, then the survivor has [to bathe?] in some water heated by stones in a birch rind kettle, decocted with the shrimps [*siz*, chips?] of dogwood tree or mountain ash." This is perhaps the most important scrap of evidence we possess, because it tells us by implication more concerning the Beothuck beliefs on the subject of the life after death, even than the collection of amulets, tools, and weapons found in the graves. It shows that death was not enough of itself to end the relation of husband and wife. The deceased still clung about the survivor, and had to be got rid of by a process of "purification," similar to that of the Ntlakapamux of British Columbia, or that of some of the Congo tribes.<sup>1</sup> If it does not appear to be as elaborate as these, we must remember that we have only a fragment of the story in the sentence quoted above. We have enough however to give us a hint on the relation of the living and the dead in general. We perhaps need not interpret too literally the statement that "the Red Indians never wash," though washing may have been a rare

<sup>1</sup> I have studied this custom in *Ritual and Belief* (1914), Art. "The Haunted Widow," pp. 194 *sqq.*

adjunct of their toilet; I will not say a luxury. It was their custom to paint themselves and all their belongings with red ochre: whence their name of Red Indians. Possibly all that was meant by Mr. Cormack's informant is that they never washed ceremonially, except on this occasion.

The predilection for red paint is found among savage peoples all over the world. But few have carried it to the length of the Beothuck. Recent discoveries in the Penobscot Valley and elsewhere in the State of Maine have disclosed the former existence of a people addicted to the use of red paint, and so primitive as to have been, like the Beothuck, unacquainted with pottery. Professor Moorehead, the discoverer, has cautiously hinted that this ancient people may perhaps be allied to the Beothuck, while admitting that research has not proceeded far enough to warrant the comparison. His article has provoked a lively controversy in the pages of the *American Anthropologist*. The painting of the bodies and bones of the dead with red ochre or hæmatite, and the deposit of these substances in the grave were practised in prehistoric times in Europe, and have been reported all over the world. Whether the "Red Paint People" of Maine were in any way connected with the Beothuck must therefore be determined rather by a general comparison of their culture, as gathered from the other contents of their tombs, than by the deposit of paint.

The question is of some importance, because hitherto all efforts to connect the Beothuck with any other specific branch of the North American race have failed. There is very little evidence to guide the enquiry. Their light complexion, their abundant use of red paint, their lodges, their canoes (which were of a peculiar shape), their custom of cutting off the head of a fallen foe, all distinguish the tribe from adjacent peoples. Perhaps also their frequent, but not exclusive, use of caves for burial may point in the same direction. On the other hand, their fondness for gambling is a common savage characteristic, practically universal in North America. There only remain the vocabularies. These have been carefully analysed by Professor Gatschet, but without any definite result. All sorts of guesses, wise and otherwise, at the ethnic relations of this mysterious people have been made by

learned and unlearned. We can only say that the vocabularies show the language as an American speech, but that it is impossible to identify it with any known tongue. To this negative result the meagreness of the vocabularies themselves, the want of co-ordination between them (having been taken down in different circumstances by persons of various degrees of education), and especially the absence of any grammatical details, powerfully contribute.

It only remains to deplore that so interesting and mysterious a people should have been absolutely annihilated, leaving behind even less information on their origin, customs and beliefs than the equally unfortunate and ill-used Tasmanians. In the case of the latter, the entire blame must rest upon the colonists. The destruction of the Beothuck was probably almost as much due to the Micmacs, an Algonkin tribe from the mainland, whose relations with them were as bitterly hostile as those of the white furriers and fishermen. Mr. Howley, like Cormack and other enquirers, has felt the pathos of their story and the mystery surrounding them. He has put together in this splendid quarto volume, illustrated by sumptuous plates, all that is known of them. He has been even too conscientious; for we could have spared the repetitions which he has deemed necessary for the purpose of giving every fragment of evidence relating to the destruction of the people and the efforts made to discover and save any remnant. We could have spared, too, sundry hypotheses and suggestions as to their origin and that of the American race at large, which are not abreast of anthropological science. But when all is said the book is a noble monument of Mr. Howley's unselfish labours, and must remain the authoritative account of a tribe, only to be thought of by descendants of the white race with feelings of shame, compassion and regret.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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LOWLAND SCOTCH AS SPOKEN IN THE LOWER STRATHEARN  
DISTRICT OF PERTHSHIRE. By Sir JAMES WILSON, K.C.S.I.  
8vo. 276 pp. Oxford University Press. 1915.

IN this volume Sir James Wilson gives us a study of the dialect spoken in the valley of the Earn, in the south-east of Perthshire, between the Grampians and the Ochil Hills; a dialect with which, he says, "I was familiar in my childhood." It is an interesting variety of the Scottish tongue, located as it is on the borders of the Highlands and Lowlands, and bordered on the east by the ancient Kingdom of Fife. Sir James Wilson has treated it very thoroughly, and on a somewhat novel plan. Instead of merely giving us a glossary, he deals with the grammar, idioms, and pronunciation, and besides an alphabetical vocabulary he gives lists of words arranged according to subjects such as clothing, crops, health, occupations, weather, and so forth, as well as specimens of oral literature—proverbs and verses (p. 187, pp. 216-227). A foreigner might, in fact, learn Scottish from the contents.

The subject-vocabularies are particularly welcome, both as showing the comparative wealth or poverty of the dialect in various directions, and also as tending to refute the calumny, not even yet quite extinct, that the British peasant's vocabulary is limited to three or four hundred words. It is no doubt narrow in some directions, but it is copious enough on matters which specially concern him, as Sir James Wilson's work shows. One must not complain of the phonetic spelling, though to any but philological students it appears to be simply an invention of the Evil One to obstruct the progress of learning; but it is surely a literary blemish that the phonetic phrases should so often be translated, not word-for-word, but in paraphrases. *E.g.* "Dhe kail'z noa loang on; iz dhe day-sairvis duin?" is rendered, "The broth has not been long on the fire. Is the service over?" The lines

" 'Guid moarn,' koa dhe peddlur, foo fraank an foo free,  
'Cum see hwaw dhis day wull be haansul tay mee,'"

become

" 'Good morning,' quoth the pedlar, quite frankly and freely,  
'Come see who to-day will be the first to buy something from me.'"

This, however, is the only criticism we have to make. Sir James Wilson understands his "ain foak" and their speech so well that we hope before long he will go a step further and record their folklore. When we get beyond stories and rhymes, Scottish folklore is "sadly to seek" except in a few favoured districts, of which Perthshire is not one.

C. S. BURNE.

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## EVENING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16th, 1915.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The withdrawal of the subscription of the Swansea Public Library was announced.

Mrs. Holland read a paper entitled "Chinyanja Folk-Lore," and in the discussion which followed, the Chairman, Mr. N. W. Thomas, Mr. Longworth Dames, Miss Moutray Read, and Mrs. Banks took part.

The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Holland for her paper.

**WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, 1915.**

THE PRESIDENT (DR. R. R. MARETT) IN THE CHAIR.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mr. T. H. Vines, Mr. A. Quin-Harker, Miss Musson, Miss C. Pollard, and Mr. R. L. Junghanns as members of the Society was announced.

The death of the Rev. R. M. Heanley, and the resignations of Mr. G. Cadbury, Jr., Mr. C. P. Bowditch, Miss A. Garrett, Mrs. Montague, Mr. J. A. Fallows, the Rev. J. Roscoe, Mrs. Singer, and Miss de Brisay were also announced.

The President apologized for the absence of Mr. Lovett, who had been advertised to give a lecture on the Children's Toy Museum at Stepney, owing to serious illness.

Dr. Hildburgh exhibited and explained a number of Spanish amulets from his collection, upon which Dr. Gaster offered some observations.

The President delivered a lecture on the "Prehistoric Monuments of the Channel Islands and their Folk-Lore," which was copiously illustrated by lantern slides; and in the discussion which followed Miss Burne, Miss Moutray Read, and Dr. Gaster took part.

The meeting terminated with hearty votes of thanks to Dr. Hildburgh for exhibiting his amulets, and to the President for his lecture.

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# THE RELIGIOUS BASIS OF SOCIAL UNION.

BY DR. F. W. BUSSELL.

## SYNOPSIS.

### I. Lessons from *primitive* ideas of social union—needed to-day.

Factors in Development :

- (1) The Sire or Patriarch.
- (2) The Elder Brethren (Absolutism in Commission).
- (3) The Sisters (aboriginal element).
- (4) Fusion with neighbours.
- (5) *Dualism* of the new group.
- (6) *Totemism* and exogamy.
- (7) Above development the result not of natural affection, but of a series of tacit contracts and compromises.

### II. Where is *Religion* in such a Society?

- (1) and (2) Ancestor-worship and Magic.
- (3) Feminine-cult and the Mother Goddess.
- (4) Cult of the abnormal or uncanny: inlet into the Sacred World; *magician* becomes *fetish-king*: (*Mana-ism* arrayed against unprogressive *Manism*).

### III. Method of social expansion: the Liberal King. (*Mana* active and personal, or passive and imparted by Elders in name of community.) Suspicion and dislike of the Royal Shaman or Divine King.

- (5) Active and innovating Royalty. (Successful protest throughout history of the Whig Oligarchy.)
- (6) The Tyrant and Robber Band. (New types of non-moral and secularist authority.)

- (7) Actual worship of the King (from Alexander to Constantine).
- (8) Monarchy again falls under the control of the Elders (the Christian Hierarchy).
- (9) 'Divine Right' at the Reformation = deifying actual force: the new worldly autocracy of the Modern State: frank utilitarianism of the unit: Society based on force and coercion, not moral appeal.

*Summary:* Human aggregation *artificial* not *natural*; up to present society has been reinforced by *religious* sanctions—which have now altogether disappeared.

15th December, 1915.

I. THIS paper represents an analysis of a book soon to be issued, which deals with a historic (indeed prehistoric) study and a momentous modern problem. The present war has thrust us all back upon the rudiments, has destroyed much of the easy rationalism and shallow idealism of the Victorian Age, and has sent some of us back with humbled mind to the study of average human nature. I have not myself felt qualified, as many of my Academic colleagues at Oxford have obviously felt, to rise from the arm-chair and note-books of a student and explain exactly how the present crisis arose, what lines its progress and final settlement must follow. I am a little sceptical of the value of these views set forth by worthy professors in subjects for which their own researches, their previous training and outlook, can hardly have fitted them. I am content, in the amazement or stupor, the enforced idleness, the mingled feelings of pride and humiliation, which the war produces in Oxford—I am content to apply its lessons to our studies and theories, to the ideals which it has savagely and contemptuously overthrown.

Somehow to-day in every state the social unity seems hopelessly imperilled, quite apart from national conflicts and the selfish but inevitable efforts of younger nations to expand (for I cannot suppose that any but the shallowest thinker believes that autocracy and militarism can exist, or ever have existed, without the backing of the opinion, the wealth and the brains of the community). I do not think that a single one of the convictions, ideals or beliefs current in the Victorian Age is left standing:—on the natural trend of mankind towards peace, the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon race and its moral standards, the scope of government, the value of education or the suffrage, the meaning of the words *freedom* or *democracy*. We are still using the old shibboleths as if they had a meaning upon which everyone was agreed; whereas we all know perfectly well that the most expert statesman, the oldest 'parliamentary hand,' would often be at a loss to explain his own definition, and would only be sure that if he could give one, not half or a quarter of his audience would share it.

The complacent rationalism never understood average human nature, nor even tried to understand it. Constitutionalism, bureaucracy, economics, statistics, present us with a highly sophisticated and reflective system of life from which every normal feeling or emotion is eliminated. Such a crisis as the present sends us back (as I have said) to the rudiments, to the origins, of human society.

*Folk-Lore*—both the study and the publication (to which I owe personally a heavy debt)—have helped to open my eyes and clear them of the mist of academic *à priori*sm natural to a lecturer on Plato and Aristotle, or Machiavelli and Hobbes, or other pioneers of the present national State—that unwieldy, incoherent aggregate of conflicting races, creeds, interests which accident or conquest has roughly put together, which has somehow got possession for use in every department of human life of the old centralised autocracy and the coercive measures of absolute

kingship. What is the basis of social union? is it force or feeling? is it calculation of interest or affection? If Society and the State—I here use them for the moment as synonymous—have ceased to have a moral appeal, how can this be restored? Let us look at the earliest known development of man.

1. Primitive Society beyond the family is *artificial*, and depends on *contract*, whether tacit or explicit; the jealous, polygamous, patriarchal sire drove out the adolescent males, and they are only allowed to come back on condition of 'avoidance' between brothers and sisters, between sons and their fathers' wives. (I need not perhaps, before such an audience, detail the disproof of the 'promiscuous undivided commune' or 'horde' which some have supposed to be the starting-point.)

2. When the patriarch dies, the brothers, who are also the Elders of the group—the oligarchy, the gerontocracy, the 'whigs'—succeeded to an absolutism 'in commission,' and a second covenant is needed between equal members of a corporation who must surrender, to belong to it, a portion of their rights and personal freedom. In laying down the law or custom for the juniors in effect they bind themselves, and no member of a Senate of Elders ever gets his own way. But that group succeeded and survived where first, the aged father allowed his adult sons to stop on conditions or on 'parole,' second, when brethren (unlike Joseph's) held together, and refrained from the temptation to 'fall out by the way.'

3. Meantime the Sisters, really the stationary element, the aborigines of this early group, rose in value when suitors came in begging to be allowed to live as humble dependents of their spouses and brothers-in-law in *beena*-marriage—as Jacob dwelt with Laban. Their children will not really be theirs; this fatherhood without rights has nothing to do with 'primitive promiscuity' (as was once thought); merely the children born to the ladies of



the group obviously belong to their brothers, who form an impenetrable and privileged aristocracy: they are allowed to exist for their uncles' profit, and are severely nurtured in their code. Hence a system<sup>1</sup> which is crudely called *matriarchy* (e.g. amongst the Khasis of Assam or the Madis of Albert Nyanza)—though it is very often found where the status of women is low: hence, too, the rights of the maternal uncle, until late years a standing puzzle all over the world, and found even amongst our Teutonic ancestors with male descent.

4. The next contract—we may call it third or even fourth—is between some neighbouring group, which has perhaps been wont to supply these humble bridegrooms and also wives for the Elders by violent capture: the classical instance is the junction of two exogamous tribes into one under Romulus; in place of mutual fear and raiding excursions there is an alliance which enables men to marry, no doubt under the strictest law and State supervision, but without actually fighting for the bride, without disturbing the peace between neighbours, without rousing the undying blood-feud.

5. We have at this stage a group bifurcated by a careful *dualism*, a group which is in the highest degree non-natural and artificial. For the higher mammals (with which even on the Darwinian hypothesis man has closer affinity than with the wolf-pack) the only *natural* group is the father with his wives and children, living (I fear) not in the strictest monogamy, for which the birds set so lofty an example, but frankly jealous and exclusive—each group or family living as far apart from neighbours as any Boer farmer could wish—in the significant phrase of Tacitus

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Akha settlements in N. Burma (Shan State of Kengtung) with the Chinese quest-bridegrooms. The villages are known as *Khochias* or Communities of Guests. So the Cambodian betrothed has to 'do menial service' for the girl's parents (*thvo banto*). The Banks Island custom (indeed duty) of jeering at and insulting the husband of one's *aunt* (father's sister) is almost certainly derived from this inferior position of the client-bridegrooms.

*invicem vitabundi*. Primitive man has not the least wish to fight if he can help it; man is a compromising or contract-making animal almost from the very first, and it would be surprising if in this respect he fell below the ability and intelligence of the pariah dogs of India or old Constantinople. He knows the limits of his hunting area, and (to keep out the reprisals of unwelcome strangers and visitors) will respect his neighbour's landmark with commendable self-restraint.

6. At this point enter those perplexing questions of *totemism*, and the nomenclature of tribe and *phratry*, about which I will only say this: distinctions naturally arose (1) when the sons of the same father by different wives had to be discriminated, (2) when an alien element was admitted in the suitors for the Aboriginal Sisters and the tribal clients, (3) during the period of wife-capture between hostile neighbours, (4) when two groups were fused (as at Rome) to produce two inter-marrying divisions for the fixed exogamous rule. I only briefly add that the *mystical* and *religious* connotation of the *totem* seems to be a later product of leisured reflection and, as many may think, of perverted ingenuity. At first, at least, the animal-names must have been distinctive epithets, emblems, symbols, what you will, supplied perhaps as nicknames or sou-briquets from without (as Dr. Lang passionately argued up to his last moment), adopted by the sufferers from this rude wit, and translated into tattooing, gesture-languages, and the blazonry of honourable and heraldic device.

7. We see that purely natural affection will not account for the group; the sire did not wish his grown-up sons to stay near the pristine seraglio, and only admitted them with reluctance and suspicion: a vast proportion of folk-stories turn on the fortunes of sons expelled to seek their fortune, and finding heiresses waiting for them in primal families similarly dispossessed of adult males. Again the Brethren only hold together because they are stronger in

partnership (like the faggot of Aesop's fable), and can depend on each other's help to carry off their wives by capture. The Sisters' suitors certainly entered as very subordinate members of such a community, and had but little control of their offspring, who bore a different name and followed a different usage and a different creed.

II. We have now at last reached the great problem: where in such a State can we find *religion*? We have, like Plato, stage by stage constructed our not wholly imaginary State, and the task completed we ask where we shall find, not *justice* as in the Republic, but *faith* in the unseen and the rudiments of *reverence* and *worship*?

1 and 2. I think the embryo of ancestor-worship, still the most widely-spread creed and practice on the globe, is found in fear of the jealous old patriarch. We may find in very early sepulchres objects meant to pass into the hereafter with the buried person; but there is scarcely worship as yet. And this awful respect is not found when Patriarchy is under a cloud, when the primal family absolutism has been put into commission, and the government of groups carried on by the aristocratic compromise, the oligarchy of the Elder Brethren. In this interval—an interval unbroken to the present hour among many tribes—what will be the prevailing cult? It will, I think, be found to be something much nearer *science* than *religion* in our sense: it will have nothing to do with tribal morals, which are prescribed by usage and the Elder Brethren; it will be directed towards the processes of Nature so far as they affect the tribal welfare; it will be strikingly ignorant or unsuspecting of any single will or person (or even multiple wills) behind phenomenon; it will be effective like an experiment in a laboratory, or a pilgrimage to Lourdes, *ex opere operato*, and without reference to the performer's motive or moral attitude; and it will be founded upon a curious inductive system, which will often justify its dupes and rear up an imposing pseudo-science

by accident. It will be *Magic*—not the malevolent sorcery of the private practitioner for the benefit of rich clients at the cost of the community, but the public authorized magic for the general weal, which, I believe, is found oftener at the root of primitive religion than is sometimes allowed. That it is wholly estranged from the religious attitude of prayer, entreaty, appeasement, I hesitate to say; but at least the cool scientific *opus operatum* of fertilizing, rain-making, sun-raising, ritual is in the foreground; and I suspect that when prayer begins to fall half-unconsciously from the sorcerer's lips, he is thinking of an ancestor-soul and not of a nature-spirit at all.

3. Meantime within the tribe were the mysterious Mothers of the race; the unknown female sex with its wonderful powers and strange symptoms. When the curtain rises upon history proper, we find over the whole Aegean and Anatolian area, the worship of the Great Mother. In Egypt, in the crowd of animal and (latterly) human deities, Isis stands out—not perhaps so striking as the regal patron the Sun, but far more popular with the common folk, far more active than the curiously quiescent and dummy figure of her spouse Osiris: and it is certain that what survived out of this obsolete religion, right on into Roman imperial times, was her attractive worship. In Hindustan patient research has established the Mother-cult as one of the chief features of the indigenous religion, and its revival in the darker side of Hinduism marks a Dravidian victory over the Aryan father-right and the religion of heaven. The growing tribe, fused with other groups in *connubium* with all the ensuing complex Tables of Affinities and Prohibited Degrees, was, as we have seen, a *dualistic* society, with a fierce sex-rivalry and sex-antipathy, separating men and women (in spite of their mutual need of each other) for long periods and at important crises, jealously marshalling the boys and girls in two opposite regiments, overpowering the natural exclusiveness

of the family by the doctrine that its offspring are the children of the State. Sparta is the best instance of the savage tribe within the borders of History, and really forms, I believe, the only connecting link between modern tribalism and the Classical State. But in spite of this dualism the wondering awe felt for the weaker and mysterious sex showed itself in usage, *tabu*, and religious practice. It is likely that the savage is a 'realist' in the platonic sense, that (in some matters at least) he very early arrived at group-names and collective terms. Of this perhaps the derisive epithets of Totemism and their solemn use for the mnemonics of the marriage-law is the earliest sign. But I believe the one life-current of the tribe was a very primitive notion—reacting as it did upon the one life of the Nature in the world around. How closely implicated these were is well known, for the very text of magic is the dependence of *cosmic* order upon *social* routine. Therefore it is not hard to see how veneration for the source and vehicle of tribal life would take form (in later times) as the cult of a Mother-Goddess when subjective feelings, impressions and hopes were objectified.

4. Side by side with this co-operation in Nature's normal tasks there arose another very strange belief which led perhaps, to all later development in hierarchy and politics—I had almost said in Church and State—the *cult of the abnormal personality*. It would be easy to show that the Savage, whose metaphysics are often far more refined than his manners, lives in two worlds—the normal and the supernatural, the Profane and the Sacred. Long before he deified personal spirits, in or behind phenomena or directing them from above, he had vaguely divinized the irregular, the unusual, the odd, the grotesque—in nature, in animals, and lastly in man himself—anything indeed that struck his fancy or roused his alarm. How very late appears that cult which seems to us the most natural and inevitable in the world—the worship of the heavenly

bodies! It is because sun and moon are 'taken for granted,' are too familiar to excite attention. But the droll or uncanny insect and animal (like the praying-mantis or the tortoise) stir up unstinted wonder and homage. In these objects, places, creatures there inhered a spiritual force—I do not shrink from using the term—which might be controlled and utilized. It was neither good nor bad, kindly nor malevolent; it was just latent energy like an electric battery which might be 'set going' by one who knew. 'About the path and about the bed' of primal man was the Sacred World, with its strange and sudden inroads and its uncovenanted inrushes into normal use and wont. Hence the inseparable correlates *mana, tabu*—with all the various ideas which these simple terms to-day stir in the brain of the student of anthropology.

This unaccountable 'force' is from the first entirely unrelated to *intention* or conscious purpose. The pious Catholic knelt to get the blessing of Pius IX., but he made horns if he was unlucky enough to meet his eye. It is not the expression of a personal power behind things; it is always the mark of a later age, of a humanistic and reflective theology, of the musings of leisured priests when a Will like our own is to be approached or appeased as the author of these happenings. When this force or electrical current takes hold of man it makes him in the last degree odd and abnormal; the 'holy man' in every land has to live a life directly contrasted in every respect with routine and convention. The lunatic or the cataleptic is respected *because, not in spite of,* his weaknesses. He is an inlet, not into Emerson's 'Oversoul,' but into the Sacred World, where everything is lawless and topsy-turvy. The *medium* with an exceptional clairvoyant faculty, the self-hypnotized trance-producer, the hysterical prophet or witch, are common enough among savage tribes; *shamanism* is actually the religion of a greater part of Asia, and underlies many creeds nearer home that are called by more respectable

names. There is no need of the hypothesis of conscious imposture: fortune telling or rain-making is a precarious livelihood when life is the forfeit of failure. The public *magician* whose abnormal powers were utilized became the *Fetish-King*—a figure down to our own time regarded with suspicion by the Whig Oligarchy of the Elder Brethren. If these 'rude forefathers' had a religion beyond formal magic, rites of initiation for the young, mysteries and bull-roarers to terrify the women, it was *Manism*—the placation of ancestral ghosts whose character as a rule was anything but improved by their passage into the Sacred World of the hereafter. But the cult of the personal powers of some strangely gifted individual threatened this monopoly. Over against their *Manism* arose what might be termed *Manaism*—belief not in the hereditary right of the Seniors but in tested and approved capacity wherever it could be found. As the Elder Brethren had set up their aristocratic compromise in place of the Sire's absolutism, so now their privilege was challenged by personal aptitude, sometimes appearing as the champion of 'democracy,' of innovation and of reform.

III. Only by this path lay the way out of the old grooves. We cannot explain the expansion of mankind into more 'spacious times' and wider sympathies by the sole hypothesis of War—the great migrant movements of robber-bands driven on to more peaceful folk by the Drought in the Grasslands. No doubt the able war-captain came to the front in such a crisis by purely personal merit. But war is, we may say, a late phenomenon—except in the form of marriage-capture or the alternate victims of the blood-feud. War does not account for the fetish-king. He appears in two phases—*active* and *passive*, as a worker of marvels in his own right, as the vehicle of an effective *mana*—so long as it is content to rest upon him; or as the symbol (rather than the channel) of a spiritual grace which he derives from the sanction of the Elders, from public

consecration and the mystical rite of crowning. Priesthoods, which, I take it, are the lineal descendants of these Elder Brethren or 'whig oligarchy,' have always been able to make a monarchy their tool and mouthpiece—whether hereditary or elective—Babylon, Egypt, India will occur. Personal autocracy is the rarest thing in the world; the normal type of kingship everywhere is something very like the Limited or Constitutional Royalty for which the last century took out a patent in its wonderful conceit as a novel invention. This form will not, of course, be the means for breaking out of routine, convention, tribal limits: it has become a feckless instrument of the Conservative party, who honestly believe that the common welfare depends on the maintenance of their privileges. Still it leads to a very important development in religion, of which we can feel the effects to the present hour. However the king acquires his *mana*—from his forefathers as a birthright or by (so-called) popular election and investiture—he is for a time the sole source of authority and fountain of honour: even if he be kept a close prisoner in his compound (as is very often the case), and like the Mikado for 700 years allowed no active part whatever in government, whether as judge, general or administrator. Yet he is *divine*—as the ambiguous word can be understood from time to time; he is the temporary vehicle of an indispensable yet incalculable force: on him depend fertile crops and success in hunting or campaign. When he lost this volatile essence he was killed (as Sir James Frazer has so abundantly witnessed) that his *mana* might pass on unimpaired to his heir; and of the fitting moment for assassination or *felo-de-se* the Elders, or later the Priests, were the best judges. When virtue had gone out of him he was just an ordinary man, indeed something less—*aut Cæsar aut nullus* is literally true. *Regicide*, instead of being an exceptional act of sacrilege, was the normal and legitimate ending of every reign.



It is easy to justify the Elders in their suspicious and adroit use of the royal *Shaman*. He is clearly on his way to become a God Incarnate, but the divine is capricious and cannot be reckoned with. Their system of fetish-monarchy—in theory everything, in effect nothing—is an honest attempt to centralize and render innocuous the magical *mana* for the tribal good—to forestall its unauthorized abuse for private ends. Hence the trappings of royalty—the crown, the sceptre, the throne—are far more important than the wearer for the time being: as in the tribal life-current, here once again the impersonal is prominent. The king unites the functions of a deity, a rain-maker, a healer (at least down to Queen Anne and Dr. Johnson), a magician, a harvest-victim, a piacular scapegoat: the spirit must pass from him into his successor when he is in full vigour before its power has evaporated. This monarchy differs *toto cælo* from the Sire's patriarchal absolutism, often wrongly described as its origin. It is the first reflective or calculated form of government: the *mana* of the tribe, the uncovenanted 'grace' and holiness of the unit must be localized and concentrated for tribal purposes like a charge in a galvanic battery; it must then be guarded with the utmost care. It is curious to note the changes in this notion of Sacrosanct Royalty: the wizard-king, the personal fetish empowered by the sorcerers to be the vehicle of power, the divine son of Solar ancestry, the incarnate deity, the monarch ruling by 'right divine,' the elective popular monarch, who is even to-day in Servia and Norway something quite different from a mere official or first magistrate in virtue of the mystic act of crowning. He represents, as our Gracious Sovereign to-day, the continuous tradition and stability of the realm, the unity and harmony (if this be possible) of the incoherent aggregate of conflicting races, interests and creeds within it. For such an idea no possible substitute could be found among the shifting adventurers of demagoguery or upon the impenetrable

wall of oligarchic conservatism, where the Humpty Dumpty of privilege has his precarious seat. But it is only with a change in the conception of that divine nature which the king embodies that he becomes an active ruler, a genuine earthly providence.

5. Beneficent activity is by no means an early attribute of the Divine. The Sacred World, with its perilous inrushes upon the normal and conventional, was always under suspicion: the sign manual of the divine was pettiness and unaccountable caprice. Where speculation had reached the stage of cosmogony the creator was represented as a bird or animal, or an ancestor as yet only half human, perhaps by accident or in fun setting physical evolution at work. Or else there was a dim tradition of a Supreme Being like Plato's demiurge in *Timæus* or *Statesman*, moulding the chaos into form and then leaving the world to its own devices, placing his lieutenants in charge and thereafter taking no further interest in its welfare, as Baiame in one legend lying asleep for ages in the sand, which now almost buries him. I would not for a moment deny that this primitive monotheism is possible: writers like Dr. Legge for China and Andrew Lang for a host of savage tribes have pleaded warmly for its recognition. But it is clearly a quite otiose dogma, without the influence on life, morals or the development of worship which *Manism* and *Mana-ism* exert. But when divine figures in human form began to appear, the kingship shook itself free from its fetters and became an active and a reforming agency. Still charged with *mana* and 'spiritual grace,' the wearer of the crown began to 'forsake the counsel of the old men,' like Rehoboam, to come forth as war-captain into the light of day, to despise the ritual etiquette which fenced him round and kept him in the shadows; above all, to pose as the friend, patron and protector of new plebeian settlers within a community whose prosperity implied his own success and renown.

But we have all read of the dismal failure of this early Liberal Kingship. From the early Homeric days down to 1689 the Whig Oligarchy have been the obstinate and successful foe of the kingly prerogative. The same scene is re-enacted in Greece and Rome, as later in Poland, Denmark, Sweden and even medieval Germany—bringing the terrible Nemesis to-day of a belated autocracy in the last tragic act of the drama. The Divine Monarch, who had ventured forth into public life from his sanctuary, is politely but firmly conducted thither again and begged to confine his attention to his sacred and formal duties. Once more the path of expansion—I do not say ‘of progress’—is checked and choked by the union of vested interests against all change and liberal expansion.

6. Hence, in the break-up of tribal kinship and affinities, the decay of those narrow hearth-cults of the household and group, the increasing crowd of hungry, kin-shattered men who must find a master who will feed them,—there appears a new phenomenon: the classical *Tyrant* and the *Robber Band*,—a frankly unscrupulous wielder of force against privilege become obsolete and a spokesman of the disinherited,—an equally frank predaceous group, whose aim is booty and whose method is trained *militarism*. This is the victory of youth with a vengeance: the old men no longer terrorize the young by hard tests of initiation or by mystery-bugbears. The Whig Oligarchy is overthrown—no doubt, like feudalism, to rise up (in a new form) again and again in subtle disguise, and perhaps as a secret Trade-Union of Capitalism, to prove invincible in the end. With it vanishes—possibly for ever—one of the old religious sanctions of Society. There could be no common ground for patrician and foreigner in the matter of religion: how the Roman noble ridiculed the notion that a plebeian could have gods, altars, prayers, legitimate marriage! he fought (unlike interested classes to-day) for no private end, but for the very existence of the Society as he conceived

it, for the fathers' graves and the rights of ancestors to honours and offerings, for the tribal welfare, which depended wholly on these conventions. The new Tyrant tried to be all things to all men; he loved the slaves and the amorphous masses of urban settlers in search of a patron. Usually a noble—for the 'people' have always distrusted delegates from their own class—he was a traitor and a renegade to his order. He had given up his religion and his *tabus* to eat with loathly outcasts, with publicans and sinners, with *sudras* and *chandalas*. He was pursued by the nobles with a deathless hate.

7. Yet this irreligious and secularist government won the day. In default of a common creed the Monarch himself became the focus of worship. From Alexander to the last deified emperor of Rome the *præsens deus* was the human king,—charged or 'anointed above his fellows' with divine *mana*. Overthrowing all religious ideas and restrictions, he became himself the sole religion. The fearful carnage among the Cæsars from Severus II. to Diocletian (235-285) did not seem to disturb the conviction—or was it only a convenient legal fiction?—that the purple conferred divinity and unlimited power beyond the wildest dreams of the African fetish-worshipper. So inseparable is *religion* from *state-craft*. The Socialist must somehow divinize society, Comte, the cosmopolitan, has to offer humanity as the object of a genuine *cultus*, and the President of the Board of Education must speak of 'sacred citizenship,' which he dare not call patriotism (Nov. 23, 1915).

8. Meantime there entered with the Christian faith a new religious sanction—at least new in the western world. For the first time there was a Hierarchy, united and unsecularized by celibacy in the days of its highest power. It will be seen that they claimed the old right of the Elder Brethren, to nominate and invest, to control and guide, the monarch for the time being. They certainly favoured

birthright and hereditary descent. Constantine at once founds a dynasty with the approval of the Church, and the old normal custom of regicide becomes the exception. But, save in rare cases, the king becomes a recluse again, and the two arms of the public service are once again the *soldier* and the *priest, kshatriya* and *brahman*. The king, formerly revered as Divine *suo jure*, is now respected only as scion of a house favoured by heaven, as recognised and receiving sanction from the Pope.

9. With the Reformation there appeared an entirely new doctrine, which, expressed in various ways, has been a puzzle until quite recent times. The 'Divine Right of Kings' was not a legacy of medievalism: I cannot conceive any belief against which the genuine medieval mind would have protested more strongly. It is in effect a belief in the authoritative and absolute character of the modern secular State—which took its rise not only in overt rebellion against Rome, but in a less frank rejection of all moral obligations whatever on the plea of urgency and State-need. Luther and Nationalism were the joint creators of the new worldly autocracy; Machiavelli wrote its text-book; Locke and our constitution-mongers, down to Mill and Spencer, attempted in vain to modify its exorbitant claims. The need of a strong, even ruthless, central power was pressing: the merchant-class, real masters of the situation from that moment to the present hour, used the vanity and the popularity of kings like Louis XI., Henry VIII. or Charles V. to put an end to feudalism and instal themselves as the sole privileged order. The State became an aggregate of atoms without natural cohesion and mutually resilient: only the king united them artificially, as George V. is the only cement of his empire, indeed of the United Kingdom itself. The philosophy of government and citizenship became with Locke frankly utilitarian and contractual: human society (we saw) is always in some measure contractual, but it is to-day nothing else. We

are to-day listening to the old calls and summons to forgotten duties against which all our theories and personal interests are in revolt. Which will conquer?—*reason*, which is always selfish, or *feeling*, which is most often inclined to altruism and personal loyalty?

*Summary.* I have ventured to trace the general development of politics from the very outset. I have only tried to treat in a *synoptic* manner the conclusions which other men have reached; wiser and more patient than myself, specialists each in his own branch, speaking with an authority which the all-round Oxford amateur can never challenge or attain. We have seen that human society is in great measure artificial and non-natural: it is at best a coalition of the many weaker to prevent any one of their number becoming a tyrant like the old detested patriarch at his worst. But underneath every conception of the social union, until to-day, has lain some vaguely *religious* thought: the ancestral spirits, the Earth-Mother and her retinue, the personal *mana* embodied in the strong man of the crisis or the son of a divine house (who comes not from earth but from heaven and the sun), the *mana* transmitted by tribal election and consecration, the incarnate deity worshipped in person down to the victory of the church under Constantine, the carefully watched medieval king still held, even in his strict tutelage, to be God's lieutenant upon earth,—down to the break-up of Christendom into the hostile national camps or fortuitous alliances of to-day. I fail now to trace a single religious idea surviving in the body politic, an effective element or motive of social harmony and cohesion. The problem of restoring a *religious*—nay, a *moral*—basis to human society and the art of government is one of the most serious difficulties that must confront us at the close of the present war. More ideals have been irretrievably shattered than one at present can reckon, and a glance backwards at the convictions or delusions of untutored and unsophisticated man

must have an interest for all of us. I shall be glad if this brief paper shall have made clear at least some of the ideas to which this primitive, but undoubtedly moral and religious society, owed its stability, its sense of common interest and patriotic duty.

F. W. BUSSELL.

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## CATALOGUE OF BRAND MATERIAL.

THE accumulation of Notes on Calendar Customs for the intended new edition of Brand's *Popular Antiquities* has now reached a point when it seems to the Brand Committee desirable to draw up a Classified Catalogue of them, as a preliminary to the proposed revision; and the Council have sanctioned the publication of such a catalogue in *Folk-Lore*. The first instalment, dealing with the series of Moveable Feasts from Shrovetide to Whitsuntide and Corpus Christi, begins below. It is not an Abstract or Digest of the material gathered, but a mere list of notes, a sort of Table of Contents. References have not been given—mainly to save space—but will of course appear in the finished work.

Readers are invited to study the Catalogue in the light of their own local knowledge, and to inform the Secretary of the Society whenever they find omissions, either of details of ceremonial, or of the names of localities where any given custom prevails. Definite *negative* evidence is also much desired.

It may be advisable to call attention to the fact that the Moveable Feasts are *lunar* festivals, regulated by the spring moons. They pivot on the full moon of Easter, which is that occurring next after the 21st of March, and extend over seven or eight weeks before and after it. The supposed influence of the moon on growth and increase should be borne in mind in any consideration of them.

Shrove Tuesday, falling between six and seven weeks before Easter, is naturally the next Tuesday after the February new moon. The season of Christmas was in olden days variously reckoned to conclude either at Candlemas or at Shrovetide. This seems to explain the first item on our list.

The arrangement of this Catalogue of the stores of materials in



her hands is entirely the work of Miss Burne, who has done the Brand Committee and the Folk-Lore Society the honour of acting as Secretary of the Committee.

H. B. WHEATLEY,  
Chairman of the Brand Committee.

*SHROVETIDE.*

*ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, IRELAND AND THE  
LESSER BRITISH ISLANDS.*

WEEK PRECEDING SHROVE TUESDAY.

ENGLAND.	LOCALITY.
<i>Tuesday before Shrove Tuesday.</i>	
Girls burnt "Holly-boy": boys, "Ivy-girl" - - - -	Kent (village in, 1779).
<i>Saturday before Shrove Tuesday.</i>	
Called Egg-Feast - - - -	Oxford (1813).
„ Egg Saturday (eggs eaten) -	North Country.
„ Brusting Saturday ("frying- pan pudding" eaten) -	Lincoln.
SCOTLAND.	
<i>Candlemas to Shrove Tuesday.</i>	
The Gyre-carline, a spinning hag, visited houses - - - -	Caithness.
IRELAND.	
<i>Thursday before Shrove Tuesday.</i>	
Called "Cropping-Thursday." (People had their hair cut, and not again till Maundy Thursday) - -	Leitrim.
<i>Last Sunday before Lent.</i>	
Called "Chalking-Sunday" (un- married girls' backs chalked) -	Galway.

## MONDAY BEFORE SHROVE TUESDAY.

## ENGLAND.

I. *Names.*

## LOCALITY.

Shrove Monday - - - -	West of England.
Collop Monday - - - -	North Country, Cheshire.
Guttots Monday - - - -	North Shropshire.
Paisen Monday - - - -	} Cornwall.
Hall (? Haul) Monday - - - -	
Nickanan Night - - - -	
Dappy-door Day - - - -	Devon.

II. *General Observances.*(a) *Special Viands.*

Bacon collops, general in - - -	North Country, Cumberland, Lancs., N. Yorks. (Swaledale, Whitby).
Eggs and bacon - - - -	Northumberland, Yorks. (Mashamshire), Derbyshire.
Eggs on fried bread - - -	Richmondshire.
Mutton-ham collops - - -	N. and E. Ridings.
Beans, soaked and stewed - - -	N. Riding (Stokesley).
Peas and pork - - - -	West of England.
Pea-soup - - - -	Cornwall (East).

(b) *Begging Customs.*

Begging for collops - - -	Yorks. (Whitby, Bolton-by-Bowland), Derbyshire.
"Lent-crocking," see below,	Devon.

(c) *Mischievous Pranks.*

Boys knock with clubs at doors, run away, steal unguarded articles. (Repeated more mildly next night, begging pancakes.)	Cornwall (Polperro).
Windows tarred, boats pulled up, <sup>1</sup> water thrown, people's faces blacked - - - -	Cornwall (Newlyn).
"Dappy-door Night"; crockery, bricks, stones, etc., thrown at doors, song	

<sup>1</sup>Qy. if Monday or Tuesday.

	LOCALITY.
demanding pancakes, run- away knocks and rings -	Devon (remote villages in).
“ Lent-crocking ” ; begging, with rhyme, for any gift -	Devon (Bridestowe).
Throwing Lent-sherds against doors, with rhyme de- manding pancakes next day - - - -	Devon (South Molton).
Throwing crockery into houses after dark - - -	Devon (Northam).
Crockery thrown on both days, especially if pan- cakes not forthcoming -	Devon (Barnstaple, Bide- ford, Bramber, Ash- ford, Buckland Bre- wer, etc.).
“ Drowin’ o’ Cloam : <sup>1</sup>	
(1) Thrown into the house, the thrower departs secretly - - - -	Hill district of West Somerset (Withypool).
(2) Throwers say rhyme and decamp. Residents follow to catch them, black their faces, and give pancakes <sup>2</sup> - - -	Somerset (Hawkridge).
(3) Stones thrown at doors	Somerset (Wellington).

III. *Local observance.*

Hurling matches between two parishes (obsolete) - - -	Cornwall.
Between Toms, Wills, Johns, and all others, played on sands	Cornwall (St. Ives).
Between townsmen and coun- trymen - - - - -	Cornwall (St. Colomb). (Qy. date.)
Between married and unmarried	Cornwall (Truro).

SOUTH WALES.

Mrs. Trevelyan states that children call at houses and sing the Lent-crocking rhyme (which she quotes) in Welsh. (*Folk-Lore and Folk-stories of Wales*, p. 246.)

<sup>1</sup> *Cloam* is crockery. In the Vale district these are called Lent-crocks.

<sup>2</sup> Illustration of this as a game 1823. Qy. Shrove Tuesday?

## SHROVE TUESDAY.

I. Names.	ENGLAND.	LOCALITY.
Pancake Day	- - - -	Common.
Fastern's E'en	- - - -	North Country.
Fassen's Tuesday	- - - -	Cheshire, Lancs.
Soft Tuesday	- - - -	Gloucester, Worcester.
Sharp Tuesday	- - - -	Cornwall.
Panshord Day	- - - -	W. Somerset.
Goodish or Gooditor Guttit Tuesday	- - - -	Salop and Staffs.
Also Join-night, Throwl-egg Day, Dogstick Day, etc., in accordance with local observances.		

II. *Natural Phenomena.*

Thunder on Shrove Tuesday fore- tells store of fruit and plenty	- - - -	(Authority ?).
As much as the sun shines on Shrove Tuesday the like will it shine every day in Lent	- - - -	(Locality ?).
If you have not a sweetheart on Shrove Tuesday you will be lousy all Lent	- - - -	Derbyshire.

III. *General Observances.*(a) Things done to obtain Luck  
or Omens.<sup>1</sup>

Wealth ensured by eating pancakes	- - - -	Leeds (c).
Marriage omens from frying them	- - - -	Yorkshire (c).
Marriage omens from feeding poultry with them	- - - -	Lincs. (c).
Marriage omens from playing shuttlecock	- - - -	Yorkshire (g).
Health at harvest secured by playing ball	- - - -	Yorkshire (g).

## (b) Special Viands.

Seedcake (formerly)	- - - -	Cheshire.
Dough-nuts (hence called Dough Nut Day)	- - - -	Herts. (esp. Baldock). Isle of Wight.
Dough-cakes	- - - -	Bedfordshire.

<sup>1</sup>Other observances are evidently connected with Luck, though the fact is not explicitly stated.

	LOCALITY.
Currant loaves, called co- quilles - - - -	Norwich.
Care-cake - - - -	Northumberland.
Sodden bannock - - -	Northumberland.
Sweetball, shared between sweethearts (hence day called Join-night) - -	N. Riding (Whitby).
A cock and bacon, or a fat hen - - - -	North Country.
Stewed peas and bacon -	South Staffs.
Pancakes <sup>1</sup> - - - -	Universally.

(c) Ceremonies connected with special Viands.

If you do not eat enough poultry at supper, "Hob- thrust" will cram you with chaff - - -	North Country.
Eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday and grey peas on Ash Wednesday, and you will have money all the year - - - -	Leeds.
Unlucky not to have pancakes	East Anglia.
Who eats a pancake must first fry it - - -	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Cottagers and others allowed to enter houses to fry pan- cakes - - - -	Newcastle - on - Tyne, Notts (Aspley, 1767).
One who tossed her pancake successfully would be married that year, and <i>vice versa</i> - - -	York.
A maid who failed would be carried out of doors, or her face would be blacked while eating, etc. - -	West Riding (Bolton by Bowland).
He or she would be tossed on to the dunghill - -	Lancashire (Didsbury).
One who could not turn a pancake was not eligible for marriage - - -	East Riding.

<sup>1</sup> In many old-fashioned Staffordshire families, nothing else is eaten at the mid-day meal.

	LOCALITY.
One who could not make apple fritters was not fit for a farmer's service -	Staffs. ("Tedbury Mop").
First piece of pancake given to slug-a-bed - - -	Essex, Suffolk (1710).
First piece of pancake given to cock - - - -	Notts (Ollerton), Lincs. (general), Durham (Weardale).
First piece of pancake given to poultry - - -	Staffs (Stone).
As many hens as helped cock, so many years before girl married - - - -	Lincolnshire.
Whoever could not finish his pancake was "whummeled on to the muck-midden" - - -	Cheshire, Sheffield.
The last to finish was carried on to the midden - -	Cheshire (Northenden).
The well-known custom of Westminster School.	

*(d) Begging Customs.*

Begging flour and milk by adults - - - -	North Riding (Whitby).
"Shroving" (begging for pancakes) by children -	Berks. (Purley). Bucks. (Worminghall). Oxfordshire (Baldon, Checkendon, Islip, Oakley and Ickford, Weston-on-the-Green). Hants (Isle of Wight, St. Mary Bourne, Hantington). Devon (west of, Dartmoor, Bridestowe, Marystowe, Lanerton, Okehampton).
"Lent-croaking" (the same, but broken crockery thrown at doors when gift denied)	Dorset, Wilts. (S.W. and near Salisbury). Devon (Hartland) (Tavistock, 1833).

## LOCALITY.

- Stones substituted for crocks - Berks. (Sunningwell,  
1724).  
Stones tied to door-handles - Somerset.  
Short clubs used to knock at doors - Cornwall (St. Ives).<sup>1</sup>

## (e) The Pancake Bell.

Notes of this very general custom have so far only been received from the following places:—

Northumberland: Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Durham: Durham Cathedral, Gainford.

Yorkshire: York, Richmond, Whitby, Scarborough, Masham, Morley near Leeds, Hull, Hedon (rung by the oldest apprentice), and East Riding generally.

Lancashire: Blackburn, Poulton-le-Fylde.

Cheshire: Middlewich, Church Minshall, Tarvin, Congleton (called Pancake Bell or Goodit Bell), Barthomley, and general.

Derbyshire: Dronfield Grammar School and other places (Pegge's *Derbicisms*, 18th cent.).

Lincolnshire: Crowle, Grantham, Barnoldby-le-Beck, and North Lincolnshire generally.

Leicestershire and Rutland: Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Aylestone, Barrow-on-Soar, Belgrave, Belton, Billesdon, Bottesford, Broughton Astley, Burton Overy, Church Langton, Claybrook, Cosby, Coston, Dalby Magna, Diseworth, Evington, Fleckney, Frowlesworth, Glen Magna, Hallaton, Hinckley Hose, Houghton-on-the-Hill, Hungerton, Kegworth, Kibworth, Knipton (St. Margaret's), Leicester (St. Mary's), Leicester (St. Mark's), Leicester (All Saints'), Loughborough, Lutterworth, Market Bosworth (now discontinued), Markfield, Muston, Nailston, Oadby, Peckleton, Rearsby (now discontinued), Rothley, Sapcote, Scale (Over), Sharnford, Sheepshed, Sibson, Sileby, South Kilworth, Syston, Thedingworth, Thurnby (now discontinued), Woodhouse, Wymondham, Ashwell, Ayston, Belton, Braunstone (discontinued), Caldecot, Empingham (discontinued), Glaston, Langham, Lyddington, Manton (discontinued), Market Overton, Morcot (discontinued), Oakham, Ryhall, Seaton (discontinued), Teigh, Thistleton, Wardley, Whissendine.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Nickanan Night." There is probably some confusion or some borrowing here.

<sup>2</sup> At Belgrave the Pancake Bell is rung by the oldest apprentice in the Parish, North, pp. 118, 144.

Staffordshire : Stone, Wolverhampton, Bilston, Brewood,  
and various other places.

Salop : Shrewsbury, Newport, Edgmond.

Herefordshire : Leominster, Ross.

Warwickshire : Southam.

Northants : Daventry (called Pan-burn bell), Staverton,  
Stamford, Baron, Lowick, Blakesley, Higham  
Ferrars, Stanwick, Oundle, Sudborough, Wellington,  
Culworth, Weston Favell.

Oxon. : Burford, Charlton-on-Otmoor, Oxford (St.  
Mary's, down to 1722), Islip.

Herts. : Ashwell, Hoddesdon.

Kent : Maidstone (called Fritter Bell).

London : 18th cent.

(f) General Holiday.

LOCALITY.

Enforced by blows - -	Salop (Norton-in-Hales).
Stipulated for in indentures -	York.
Proclaimed by bells - -	(As in list above).
Eldest apprentice rings bell	Leicestershire (Belgrave), East Riding (Hedon).
Granted by quarrymen -	Somerset (Yeovil).
Exactd by school-children	
Barring-out - - -	Eton (1686). Cumberland (Bromfield, Scotby, Wetherall), Durham (Durham City, Houghton - le - Spring, Thornton, etc.). Leicestershire (Frisby). Staffs. (Lichfield). Yorks. (Ramsgill, till 1860-70), etc.
Runaway rhymes current	Staffs., Salop, Yorks.

(g) Sports and amusements.

Right of entry to places	.
otherwise closed - -	York, Minster Tower (1690); Leeds, Baile Hill. Leicester, The Newark, Hinckley and other church towers. Lincs., Grantham Church Tower. Cambs., the Camping Closes at Ickleton and Dryford.



	LOCALITY.
Mischievous pranks.	
Gates unhung, knockers wrenched off, exposed articles seized, people rubbed with soot - -	Cornwall (Penzance).
Passers-by drenched with water - - - -	Cornwall (Penzance). Herefordshire (Kington).
Children hoaxed about pancakes falling - -	Durham, Dronfield, Ox- ford.
Hornblowing - - -	Derbyshire (Eyam). Salop (Wellington). Oxford (1686).
Thrashing the hen - -	Suffolk, Essex, Staffs. (Bilston, 1710).
Throwing at Cocks, or " Cock- squailing " - - -	Bristol, Devon (Kings- bridge), Dorset, Lancs., Northants., Hants (Romsey, Lymington), South Staffs., Sussex, Wilts. (Chippenham).
Cock-pence in schools - -	Lancashire (Lancaster, Hawkshead, Burnley). Cheshire (Warrington), Clitheroe, etc. For- bidden at Manchester 1525. Cumb. (Whitehaven, Mil- lom, St. Bees). London (12th cent.).
Cockfighting in schools -	London (12th cent.). Lancashire (common). Yorks. (Sedbergh, Hever- sham). Cumberland (Bromfield). Cumberland and West- moreland, Barton and others. Lincs. (Massingham, Bar- noldby-le-Beck and Grimsby).
(Victor privileged to obtain misdemeanants' pardon) - - -	Somerset (Yeovil).

	LOCALITY.
Cockfighting in church, 1661-2	North Riding (Hemingbrough).
„ elsewhere -	Hants. (Romsey). Yorks. (Richmond).
Cocksticks (throwing sticks to dislodge ginger-bread hearts from brick-ends) -	Stockport Grammar School.
Egg-battle (at Dame-School)	Cornwall (St. Columb's).
Lent-cocks (game, decapitating daffodils) - - -	Derbyshire.
Blindfold race for cocks -	Yorks. (Crosby, 1728).
“Squailing,” “Squirling,” or “Squirreling” (hunting squirrels) followed by squirrel feast - -	Hants.

## (h) Games.

Opening Day for games—marbles, tip-cat, skipping-ropes, <sup>1</sup> whipping-tops <sup>2</sup> -	<sup>1</sup> South Staffs., <sup>2</sup> South Lincs.
Ball - - - - -	London (12th cent.).
Ball-play begins Pancake Tuesday and continues till Easter - - -	North Country, Durham.
Called Keppin' Day and Ball-day - - -	Scarborough, etc.
If you do not catch a ball before twelve o'clock you will be ill in harvest - - - -	E. and W. Riding.
New balls given to school children - - -	E. and W. Riding.
Football begins, and is continued till Easter - -	Durham.
Battledore and Shuttlecock.	
Played by grown people in streets - - - -	Leic. (Hinckley), W. Riding, Richmond, Sheffield, York.
Omens of length of life taken from the game -	Sheffield.
Played in nave of church -	Grantham.

	LOCALITY.
Knurr and Spell - - -	Yorks. (Masham). Salop (Newport). Bury St. Edmunds.
Played by old women at - Throwing Eggs (rolling dyed eggs in the fields, the one that went furthest was winner. Called " Throwl- egg-day ") - - -	North Holderness.
Camping (" Rugby football without the ball ") - - -	Cambs. (Ickleton and Duxford).
Shooting at a door for tea kettles - - - -	Cheshire (Wilmslow).

IV. *Special Local Celebrations, etc.*

Pageant representing end of Christ- mas - - - - -	Norwich (1442).
Jousts at Henry VIII.'s Court -	Greenwich (1526).
Racing substituted for football -	Chester (1539).
Stag-hunt - - - - -	Warwicksh. (Southam).
Football Contests.	
Married <i>v.</i> unmarried - - - -	Northumb. (Alnwick, <sup>1</sup> Ford, Rothbury, <sup>2</sup> Wooler).
Tradesmen <i>v.</i> countrymen - - -	Durham (Sedgefield).
Up-street <i>v.</i> Down-street - - -	Durham (Chester-le- Street, 1904).
" " - - - -	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
" " - - - -	Cumb. (Bromfield).
" " - - - -	Lincs. (Caistor, 1839).
Upwards <i>v.</i> Downwards (2 days' play) - - - - -	Derby (Ashbourne).
East <i>v.</i> West. (If ball goes into house it must be thrown from an upper window) - - - -	Dorking (1887).
Rhyme commemorates custom dropped 1846, renewed 1885 -	Derby.
Very rowdy in 1881 - - - -	Warwicksh. (Nuneaton).
Man died from injuries received, 1709 - - - - -	Salop (Gt. Ness).
Attempt to put it down, <i>temp.</i> Queen Elizabeth - - - -	Shrewsbury.
Said to be customary - - - -	Staffs. (Cheadle and other places not named).

<sup>1</sup> Now, one parish against another.

<sup>2</sup> Followed by a " tansy " or parish feast.

	LOCALITY.
Played to preserve right-of-way (2 days' play) - - - -	Dorset (Purbeck).
Saint Rattle-doll Fair (speciality gambling. Dwindling in 1877)	Crowland.
Bull-baiting, up to middle of 18th century - - - -	Portsmouth.
Rope-pulling - - - -	Ludlow, Presteign, Pontefract. <sup>1</sup>
Threading the Needle - - -	Leicester.
	Wilts. (Longbridge Deverill, Trowbridge).
Threading the Needle combined with Clipping Church - - -	Salop (Bradford-on-Avon, Ellesmere).
	Somerset (S. Petherton).
Clipping Church alone - - -	Wilts. (Westbury).
	Worcester (Cradley).
	Salop (Wellington).
"Whipping Toms." (Hockey played on the Newarke, to keep up a privilege, ground cleared later by men with cart-whips. Suppressed 1841) - - - -	Leicester.

V. *Business transacted.*

Houses of ill-fame cleared - - -	Middle Ages.
Tenants paid dues (of poultry ?) -	<i>Paston Letters</i> (1450).
Cattle removed from meadows -	Tusser (1620).
Women look for shellfish (probably to eat on Ash Wednesday) -	Penzance.

WALES.

I. *Local Name.*

Guttots Tuesday - - - -	North Wales.
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II. *Natural Phenomena.*

A good day for any new undertaking - - - -	South Wales.
Buttermilk drunk on Shrove Tuesday prevents freckles and sunburn - - - -	South Wales.

III. *General Observances.*

(a) Viands.

Pancakes as in England -	Universal.
Sold in baskets to football players - - - -	South Wales.

<sup>1</sup>Particulars wanted.

(b) Ceremonies *re* Viands. LOCALITY.

- A piece of pancake buried on this day brings luck for twelve months - - South Wales.  
 If pancakes are not made and tossed, it brings ill-luck South Wales.  
 Spinsters must be able to toss a pancake before marriage North Wales.

(c) Begging Customs.

- The poor beg for flour and lard to make pancakes - North Wales.

(d) Games and Sports.

- Throwing coloured eggs - West and Mid-Wales.  
 " Threshing the hen " (which had not begun to lay) - Formerly common.  
 " Throwing at birds " (leaden figures, used as cockshies) - Pembrokeshire.  
 " Bun loaves " used as cockshies - - - - Flint (Whitford School).  
 Cockfighting (formerly a favourite sport not confined to Shrovetide).

IV. *Special Local Celebrations.*

- Blindman's Buff (called *Mwgwd yr Teir*, the blinding of the hens).  
 (A masked man having a hen tied to his back ran about the streets carrying a long rod, with which he chased anyone who touched him. The crowd similarly armed, endeavoured to kill the hen with one blow.) } Montgomery (Llanidloes).

Football Contests

- Between different parishes - Pembrokeshire (Narberth, Hund. of Cemmaes, Tenby, etc.).  
 Denbighshire (Llanarmon and LlanCadwladr).  
 Between town and country - Carmarthenshire (Laugharne).

V. *Business transacted.*

- Dues of hens paid to landlord - Cardiganshire (Nantros).

## SCOTLAND.

## I. Names.

## LOCALITY.

Fastern's E'en - - - -	General.
Brose Day - - - -	N.E. Scotland <sup>1</sup> and Shetland.
Bannock Night - - - -	N.E. Scotland.
Milk Gruel Night - - - -	Shetland Isles (Harra).
Inid - - - -	(Gaelic.)

## II. Proverb.

“ First comes Candlemas, and syne the new meen The first Tuesday aifter that's Festren's E'en ”	} N.E. Scotland, <sup>1</sup> High- lands, Shetland Isles, Jedburgh.
“ The first Tuesday of the Spring light ” ( <i>i.e.</i> of the spring new moon) - - - -	
	Hebrides.

## III. General Observances.

- (a) Things forbidden.  
Spinning - - - - N.E. Scotland.
- (b) Things enjoined.  
Beef dinner, to ensure that  
cattle thrive - - - N.E. Scotland.
- (c) Viands and Ceremonies *re* Viands.  
Beef-brose ; a ring put in' it  
for marriage divination - Caithness, Highlands  
and North-east.  
Children visit houses to beg  
for brose - - - - North-east.  
Bannocks baked by whole  
household - - - - North-east.  
Previous divination with the  
eggs used - - - - North-east.  
A “sautie bannock” (“dumb-  
cake”) for marriage divi-  
nation - - - - North-east.  
Scones or bannocks mixed  
with soot, for ditto. - - Highlands, the Mearns,  
Aberdeen.
- (d) Amusements.  
Knocking doors with stolen  
cabbage-stumps, driving in  
commandeered carts - Cromarty.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* the district between Moray Firth and the Firth of Tay.

	LOCALITY.
Cockfighting, especially in schools, under superintendence of master - - -	Highlands, Caithness, N.E., Aberdeen, (general ?)
Ball-play, whether handball, football, or games with clubs, to prevent a " sore back " in harvest - - -	} North-east.

IV. *Special Local Celebrations.*

Ball Contests.

Hand-ball, decorated with ribbons, played with and for :	
Between Married and Un-married - - -	Perthshire (Scone).
" " " -	Berwick (Duns).
Between Uppies and Downies - - -	Denholm.
Between Uppies and Downies, in streets and river - - -	Jedburgh. <sup>1</sup>
In streets and river - -	Hawick.
With balls given by couples married within the year - - -	Ancrum.
Football - - -	Melrose.
Played by women - -	Inverness.
" Kate Kennedy's Day," Students' processions - - -	St. Andrews.
Beef and Brose dinner renews tenants' covenants - - -	Aberdeen.

IRELAND.

I. *Name.*

Seraft (Shrovetide).  
Seraft Day (Shrove Tuesday).

II. *Natural Phenomena.*

Departed souls come out of Purgatory ; fire, lights and seats are prepared for them - - - Wicklow.

<sup>1</sup>Said to have superseded football.

III. *General Observances.*

## (a) Things forbidden.

## LOCALITY.

To give food, fire or anything  
else out of the house - South Connemara (Kil-  
keiran, Carna).

## (b) Things enjoined.

"No Christian should be  
without [flesh] meat in his  
house at Seraft" - - Wexford.

(c) Viands, and Ceremonial *re* Viands.

Remains of meat hung in  
chimney till Easter - - Wexford.

Pancakes<sup>1</sup> - - Londonderry (Maghera,  
1814), Cork, Kerry.

Dream of a future husband  
on a piece of pancake rolled  
in a stocking - - Clare (Kilrush).

## (d) Other Observances.

Weddings customary - - Leitrim, Londonderry  
(Maghera), Clare.

Cockfighting (extinct) - - Connaught.

IV. *Local Observance.*

"Skellig Lists" (rhyming lists of  
maids and bachelors whimsically  
paired, published at Seraft) - Cork and Kerry.

"Boys" tied women to railings - Cork.

## MAN.

I. *Proverb.*

"On Shrove Tuesday night though thy supper be fat,  
Before Easter Day thou may'st fast for that."

II. *Viands.*

Dinner; "crowdy" (oatmeal porridge) made with gravy.  
Supper; meat, pudding, and pancakes.<sup>2</sup> A ring and silver  
coin for marriage divinations are thrown into the batter.

<sup>1</sup> Vallancey says Irish baked cakes and offered them to the Queen of Heaven or the Moon, in February, to secure peace and plenty.

<sup>2</sup> Otherwise described as "a late dinner of broth, pudding and meat." Cf. the "No broth, no ball; no ball, no beef," of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*.



SCILLY.

*Sports and Pastimes.*

- (1760). Cock-throwing.  
Stone-throwing (assailants tripped up with rope).
- (1794). Music and dancing at taverns.

GUERNSEY.

*Viands.*

Pancakes (*crêpes*); an old local custom, or would not be universal as they are.  
Children's rhyme about them.

*LENT.*

ENGLAND.

I. *Things formerly forbidden or disapproved by authority, still traceable in Popular Custom.*

LOCALITY.

(a) Marriage.

"Marry in Lent, live to repent" - - - - North Country.

(b) Eating Meat.

"Beef and bacon's out of season" (children's rhyme at Shrovetide - - - Oxon.

"Here's long life to the Pope and death to thousands" (fishermen's toast) - - Cornwall.

"Here's to his Holiness the Pope," etc. (fishermen's toast) - - - Suffolk (Lowestoft).

(c) Particular Recreations.

Card-playing (up to modern times) - - - - Yorks. (Masham).

II. *Things Allowed.*

(a) Eating Cakes, Fish, Pulse.

"Cymnells and Wafers and Marchpane" - - - Aubrey (1686).

Endowed doles of Fish distributed - - - -	LOCALITY.
	Essex (Clavering, Felsted).

Endowed doles of fish, bread, and pease distributed -	Bristol.
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## (b) Drinking Strong Liquors.

"Potation Penny" paid to schoolmasters - - -	Lancashire.
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Churchwardens drank when forswearing meat - -	Stafford (1617).
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## (c) Recreations permitted.

Miracle Plays - - -	(Middle Ages).
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Oratorios - - -	(later).
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"Exercise" ( <i>i.e.</i> cavalry manœuvres) - - -	London (12th cent.).
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"Troy-game" (a sort of war-game) - - -	London (12th cent.).
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III. *Special Local Observance.*

"Jack o' Lent" (effigy carried through streets and destroyed on sea-shore <sup>1</sup> - - - -	Cornwall (Polperro).
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IV. *Business Transacted.*

"Lent-tillin'" (sowing Lent-corn)	General.
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"Begin to sow oats when parson begins to read Genesis" - -	Exmoor.
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"Begin to sow oats when parson begins his Lent sermons" - -	Bucks. (Slough). <sup>2</sup>
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## WALES.

I. *Proverbial Saying.*

"Salmon and Sermon in Lent."

II. *Observances.*

Wearing Mourning (obsolete).

"The Lent Cauldron," a common trick: an eggshell filled with water, meat, flour, etc., put secretly on the window-sill while people were at supper - - Carmarthenshire.

<sup>1</sup> Formerly common, but generally set up all through Lent to be thrown at before destruction. Cf. Easter Monday, Haslemere.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Note to Presidential Address, *Folk-Lore*, March, 1910.

SCOTLAND.

Eating "flesche" in Lent forbidden by LOCALITY.  
 Town Council - - - - - Edinbro' (1564).

MAN.

*Proverbial Saying.*

"Lent without a moon, Lent dark.  
 Feast-day to-night and work-day  
 to-morrow."

• ASH WEDNESDAY.

ENGLAND.

I. *Names.*

Ash Wednesday (from use of ashes  
 in the Church service) - - - General.  
 Fruttas (qy. Fritters?) Wednesday - Yorkshire.

II. *Natural Phenomena.*

Wind on Ash Wednesday deter-  
 mines wind through Lent - - - East Anglia.

III. *General Observances.*

(a) Things forbidden.

Weddings. "Marrying goes  
 out" this day.  
 Eating "flesh meat," still  
 observed by many.  
 Keeping "lye" (for washing)  
 in the house - - - East Worcestershire.

(b) Special Viands.

Frutas fritters - - - Yorks. (N. Riding).  
 Apple fritters - - - Lincs. (Grantham).  
 Grey pease (eaten for wealth) - Leeds.  
 Dole of pease - - - Norf. (Gt. Witchingham).  
 Furmety - - - Cheshire (Wirral).  
 Hasty pudding - - - Lancs. (Didsbury).  
 Salt fish - - - General.

(c) Games and Sports.

Tutball (non-players would  
 be sick in harvest) - - - East Yorksh.  
 Throwing "Lenten sherds"  
 (cf. Shrove Monday) - North Devon.

## WALES.

I. *Natural Phenomena.*

LOCALITY.

Witches were supposed to "groan" South Wales.

II. *Things forbidden.*The young obliged to keep silence  
(obsolete) - - - - *Ibid.*

A day of gloom - - - - In remote country parts.

## IRELAND.

*Name.*

"Die Oaskean" - - - - Wexford.

## MAN.

I. *Proverbial Saying.*

Ash Wednesday is the first Wednesday after the spring new moon.

II. *Observance.*

Penance in white sheet still remembered at - - - - Kilbride.

## FIRST WEEK IN LENT.

## ENGLAND.

*Names and Observances.*

Ash-week, the first week in Lent - Suffolk.

Clerk Thursday, the day after Ash  
Wednesday.

(Scholars bar out master) - - - Lincs. (Huttoft).

Frutas or Fruttors Thursday, *ibid.*

(Little raisin cakes eaten) - - - Leeds (Swaledale).

Bloody Thursday, *ibid.*

(Black puddings eaten) - - - North Riding.

Lang Frida,<sup>1</sup> the first Friday in Lent.(Frutas left from Wednesday  
eaten) - - - - East and North Ridings.<sup>1</sup> This is the earliest English name for *Good Friday*. Cf. N.E.D.

THE SUNDAYS IN LENT.

*Enumerated in Rhyme.*

" Tid, Mid, Misera,	LOCALITY.
Carling, Palm, and Paste-Egg	
Day" - - - - -	North of England.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

IRELAND.

*Name and Observance.*

" Chalk Sunday " (backs of  
bachelors and unmarried girls  
marked with chalk) - - - Limerick, Tipperary.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

*Names and Observance.*

Le Dimanche des Brandons.  
Le Jour des Vitres (masks).  
(Bonfires ; dancing round them ;  
torches carried and thrown  
about the fields) - - - Alderney and Guernsey.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

ENGLAND.

I. *Names.*

Midlent Sunday - - - -	General.
Mothering Sunday - - - -	Devon, Gloucester, Herefordshire, Lancs., Monmouthshire, Notts., Northants., South Salop, South Staffs., Worcestershire.
Simnel, Simlin, or Simblin Sunday	Lancashire.
Fag-pie Sunday - - - -	Lancs. (Blackburn, Rosendale).
Braggot Sunday - - - -	Lancs. (Altcar, etc.).

II. *General Observances.*

## LOCALITY.

- (a) Visiting Mother Church (obsolete) - - - - Lichfield (Cath'l Reg.).  
 Church-going generally - Herefordshire Worcester-  
 shire (Stoulton).
- (b) Visiting Parents <sup>1</sup> - - - Devon, Gloucester (Bris-  
 tol, Haresfield, Rand-  
 wick, Stroud and dis-  
 trict, Wotton-under-  
 Edge), Hants (?), Here-  
 fordshire, Lancs. (Alt-  
 car), Leics., Monmouth  
 (Chepstow), Northants.  
 (partially observed),  
 Notts., South Salop  
 (Aston Botterel, Lud-  
 low, Church Stretton,  
 and all county as far  
 north as Tong), Somers-  
 set, South Staffs. (Bre-  
 wood, Shenstone, Black  
 Country), Worcester-  
 shire (Alvechurch,  
 Stoulton, Worcester),  
 Warwickshire, Yorks.
- (c) Taking Gifts to Parents - - Devon, Gloucester (Bris-  
 tol, Randwick, Stroud,  
 St. Briavel's), Lancs.  
 (Altcar), Monmouth  
 (Chepstow), Somerset,  
 Worcestershire (Stoul-  
 ton), Yorks.
- (d) Special Cakes for Presentation  
 by Visitors.<sup>2</sup>  
 Mothering Cakes (iced and  
 ornamented) made and  
 sold)<sup>3</sup> - - - - Bristol, Stroud, Hereford.

<sup>1</sup> "On Midlent Sunday above all other  
 Every good child should dine with its mother."

—Baker's *Northants Glossary*.

<sup>2</sup> The "correct" usage was for the donor personally to make the cake, but naturally this has fallen greatly out of use; and one authority (Mrs. Hewett) even describes a Devonshire mother as herself preparing the "mothering cake" for her children.

<sup>3</sup> Readers interested in the influence of commerce on folklore will note that the icing of the cakes can only have become customary since sugar ceased to be a rarity, and

	LOCALITY.
Simnel Cakes (round plum-cakes encased in hard saffron-coloured crust, edges scalloped) made and sold -	Shrewsbury.
Simnel or Simblin Cakes (rich, flat round plum-cakes, edges scalloped) made and sold - -	Bury, Lancs. (Devizes, what evidence?).
" Symbol " Cakes - -	Worcestershire, Warwickshire.
Wafers - - - -	Hants (Chilbolton, Leckford).

(e) Special Viands provided for Visitors.

Furmety - - - -	Lancs. (Altcar), Notts., Somerset (Bristol), Warwickshire.
Lamb, suet pudding, furmety	Devon.
Veal - - - -	Gloucester (Haresfield), Herefordshire, Worcestershire.
Veal and furmety - -	Leicestershire.
„ with " laid " (gravy mixed with milk) -	South Staffs.
„ rice pudding, and custard - - -	South Salop.
" Fraises " (a sort of thick pancake) - - -	Salop (Stottesden).
" The last of the mincemeat "	Salop (Pulverbath).
Plum-pudding (to give strength in harvest) -	Norfolk.
" Fag " (fig) pies - -	Lancs. (Blackburn, Rosendale).
Braggot ale - - - -	Lancs. (Altcar, Blackburn, Leigh, etc.).

(f) Sports and Pastimes.

Boys attach coloured shreds to women's gowns on road to church - - -	Lancs. (Leigh).
Bell-ringing - - -	Herefordshire.

further, that *iced* cakes are only reported from the area around Bristol, the port of entry for West Indian imports.

III. *Special Local Observances.*

## LOCALITY.

Games at waste hollow, by men and women separately - -	Oxfordshire (Chalgrove).
Landlady treated household and friends to cake and wine - -	Gloucester (Swan Inn, Wotton-under-Edge).
" <i>Fathering Monday</i> ," the day after Mothering Sunday - - - -	South Staffs.
" <i>Fathering Sunday</i> ," the Sunday after Mothering Sunday - - - -	Gloucester (St. Briavel's).

## FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

I. *Names.*

Carling or Carlin Sunday <sup>1</sup> - -	Northumberland, Cum- berland, Westmore- land, Durham, Yorks., Lancs.
Carle Sunday - - - -	North Yorks.
Careing or Care Sunday - -	Lincs., Notts., Lancs., Cheshire (Leigh).
Fag-pie Sunday - - - -	Lancs. (Burnley).
Whirlin Sunday - - - -	Isle of Ely (Wisbech).

II. *General Observances.*

## (a) Viands.

" <i>Carlings</i> ," viz. dried peas, steeped, boiled, and fried in butter. Some- times eaten with rum and sugar - - - -	North of England.
Eaten as a sweetmeat be- tween meals, or as des- sert - - - -	(Newcastle-on-Tyne).
Made into a pancake and eaten in the afternoon -	Cumberland.
Inn-keepers offer them free to customers - - - -	Northumberland (general) Cumberland, West- moreland, Yorks.
" <i>Carling-groats</i> " spent in ale to drink with carlings	Northumberland (Aln- wick).

<sup>1</sup> "Carlin" seems to be the Northumberland pronunciation.



LOCALITY.

Pease-pudding	-	-	-	Durham (Sunderland), Yorks. (Richmond).
Fig-pies	-	-	-	Lancs. (Burnley).
" Whirlin Cakes "	-	-	-	Isle of Ely (Wisbech).

(b) Ceremonial in eating Carlings.<sup>1</sup>

Everyone should eat carlings till so full that the " Gy-carlin " could not get hold of his stomach - - - Border (E. D. D).

Served in a bowl or dish, from which each helps himself with a spoon. Who gets the last pea will be the first married - - - Northumberland (Roth-bury).

(c) Pastimes.

Pelting with raw or parched peas - - - Northumberland (Newcastle), Cumberland, Westmoreland.

Using peashooters - - - Durham (Sunderland).

III. *Local Observances.*

Careing Fair held previous Friday Notts. (Newark).  
 " " " following " Lincs. (Grantham).

WALES.

*Local Observance.*<sup>2</sup>

Parched peas or grains of wheat eaten ceremonially on the top of the Foel Mountain. Water drunk from the well there. - - - Montgomeryshire (Llan-santffraid).

Old people believed that peas eaten before Lent would choke them - " "

<sup>1</sup> It was formerly believed that peas and beans sown in the waxing of the moon would run to haulm and not to pods. Hence Tusser's maxim (still observed):

" Sow peason and beans in the wane of the moon,  
 Who soweth them sooner, he sows them too soon."

It may be noted that the 5th Sunday in Lent must always fall in the waxing of the Easter moon. Hence the sowing of the (field) crop of pulse should have already been completed, and the remaining seed might be consumed.

<sup>2</sup> Attributed to 4th Sunday, but query?

## SIXTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

## ENGLAND.

I. *Names.*

## LOCALITY.

Palm Sunday	-	-	-	-	General.
Fig Sunday	-	-	-	-	Beds., Bucks., Herts., Northants., Oxford- shire, Wilts., Yorks.
Fig-pie Sunday	-	-	-	-	Lancs. (E. D. D.).
Flowering Sunday	-	-	-	-	Cheshire (E. D. D.), Glou- cester (St. Briavel's and district).
Pawne Cross Day	-	-	-	-	Yorks. (Whitby).

II. *Natural Phenomena.*

If seeds be sown this day, flowers  
will be double - - - - Gloucester.

III. *General Observances.*

## (a) Observances with Plants.

Withe, or twisted tree, brought into great houses					London (1603).
Willow catkins called Palms					Herts. and general.
Forbidden or unlucky to gather Palm before Palm Sunday - - - -					Hants.
Forbidden before Palm Sun- day to take it into the house - - - -					Dorset, Salop.
Children go "palming" or "palmsoning" - - -					Northumberland, Yorks.
Palms searched for and carried - - - -					Derbyshire.
Palms searched for on pre- vious Sunday - - -					Lincs.
Palms carried - - - -					Cornwall (Polperro), Yorks. (Sheffield).
Palm sold in Covent Garden in Hone's time - -					London.
„ worn in hats - -					East Yorks.
„ carried to church -					Hants.
„ used in decoration -					West Somerset.
„ „ „ of houses					Northumberland (Roth- bury), Yorks. (Filey).
„ „ „ „ Church					Northants. (Cliffe Regis).

	LOCALITY.
Windows decorated with evergreens - - -	Northumberland.
Yew or Box, used as Palm in R.C. Churches.	
Churches decorated with -	Salop (1808).
Land held by rent of bunch of box - - -	Salop (1086).
Yew used in Palm Sunday processions - - -	(Caxton 1483).
Yew in Churchyard called Palm - - - -	Devon (Woodbury), East Kent (17th cent.).
Plants used to preserve from Evil.	
First sprig of Yew gathered on Pontesford Hill preserves from ill-luck -	Salop.
Hazel and Willow twigs gathered and kept in water preserve from lightning - - -	South Lincolnshire.
Quarrel subsequent on Blessing of Palms -	Hants (Romsey, 14th cent.).
Palms blessed by R.C. priest carried as amulets by Protestant miners	Staffs. (?).
Palm crosses made - -	Cornwall (Little Colan), Durham (City, Gainford, Lanchester), Yorks. (Whitby, Northallerton, Richmond).
 (b) Places Visited.	
Graves decorated and visited <sup>1</sup>	Cheshire, Salop (Albrighton), Herefordshire (Ewyas Harold and Newton - in - Clodock), Gloucester (St. Briavel's and district).
Wheatfields Visited - -	Wilts.
By young men and maids By women and children, to "tread the wheat"	(Aubrey, 17th cent.). (Longbridge Deverill, (19th cent.).

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Wales, *infra*.

Wells Visited.	LOCALITY.
Palm cross thrown in Lady Nant's Well to foretell owner's fate - - -	Cornwall (Little Colan).
Eas Well frequented to drink sugar and water and to eat cakes - -	Salop (Baschurch).
Children drink sugar and water or liquorice-water from certain wells out of "pawne-bottles" -	Yorks.
Children drink bottles of liquorice-water in forest, and make fires if possible - - - -	Oxfordshire (Leafield-cum-Wychwood).
<i>(c) Viands.</i>	
Figs - - - - -	Beds. (Dunstable), Herts. (Kempton, Ippett, nr. Hitchin—cooked), Northants. (Brackley, Syresham), Oxfordshire, Wilts., Yorks. (Filey, etc.).
Fig-pudding - - - -	Bucks. (Edlesbro'), Wilts.
Fig-pie - - - - -	Lancashire.
Bragget-ale (a sort of sweet-wort, spiced) - - -	Lancs. (Weeton in the Fylde).
Furmety - - - - -	Wilts. (Bidcombe Hill Feast).

#### IV. *Special Local Observances.*

Crowds go to eat figs on Dunstable Down - - - - -	Bedfordshire (Dunstable).
Wake held on Pontesford Hill - -	Salop (Pontesbury).
(Traditional object, search for mythical arrow. Yew sprigs gathered as talismans. Race down steep descent, finger dipped in pool at foot ensures marriage.)	
Feast on Bidcombe Hill - - - -	Wilts. (Warminster).
(Traditionally connected with a boundary. Furmity eaten in "Furmity Hole" on hill.)	

	LOCALITY.
Revel on Cley Hill - - - -	Wilts. (Corsley).
(Traditionally connected with a boundary. Game played, hitting ball up hill with sticks.)	
Feast on Roundway Hill - -	Wilts. (Devizes).
(Similar game played.)	
Gathering on Martinsell Hill - -	Wilts. (Marlboro').
(Ball having been hit up hill with hockey-sticks, is then hit from top to bottom of the steep. Oranges are thrown down for boys, who slide down steep on jawbones of horses, branches of tree, etc. Village quarrels are fought out: stalls and booths set up, "land figs" eaten, and palms (hazel and willow branches) carried.)	
Feast on Silbury Hill - - -	Wilts. (Marlboro').
(Cakes and figs eaten. Sugar drunk in water from source of river Kennet. Legends: Devil's Spadeful formed hill; man and horse in gold entombed in it.)	
Gathering on Longbridge Deverill Cow Down - - - -	Wilts. (Longbridge Deverill).
(Hill ascended by "Jacob's Ladder," ball beaten up with sticks. Trap-ball played on top. Apparition of Devil routed assembly.)	
Scouring the Red Horse - - -	Warwickshire (Tysoe).
Meeting at ale-house after church service - - - -	Cumberland (Pyat's Nest).
"Filly Fair." Children's amuse- ments after catechizing - -	Cumberland (Arcledon).
Fair opened: bragget drunk - -	Lancs. (Weeton).
Fair held in churchyard - - -	Surrey (Crowhurst).
Holiday given to 'prentices (trans- ferred from Mothering Sunday) -	Cornwall (Polperro).
"Pan cakes" distributed in church -	Herefordshire (Hentland)

V. *Business Transacted.*

## LOCALITY.

Church floor strewn with rushes	-	Bristol (St. Mary Redcliffe).
"Palmson Money" paid at Easter	-	Wilts. (Bradford).
Bundle of box-twigs paid as rent (1086)	- - - - -	Salop (Poston).
"Gad-whip Tenure." (Rent, 30 pieces of silver, tied to a whip-thong and paid publicly in church service)	- - - - -	Lincs. (Caistor).

## WALES.

I. *Names.*

Sul-y-blodau (Welsh).  
Flowering Sunday (English).

II. *Natural Phenomena.*

Fairies and witches have power over persons born this day - South Wales.  
Walking round boundaries this day keeps away thieves - - South Wales.

III. *Observances.*

Decorating Graves and visiting Churchyards.<sup>1</sup>  
General in South Wales - - General (Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen, Glamorgan, Monmouth).  
Occasionally met with in North Wales - - - - - (Montgomery, Cardigan, also Pembroke).  
Drinking sugar and water at well Denbigh (Llansantffraid).

## SCOTLAND.

*Observances.*

Pace eggs used - - - - Hebrides (Uist).  
Schoolboys carried palms through streets - - - - Lanark.

## IRELAND.

*Observances.*

Palm twigs worn - - - - Co. Derry (Maghera).

(To be continued.)

<sup>1</sup> Often on Easter Sunday in country places of late years.

## COLLECTANEA.

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### ROUMANIAN FOLK TALES.

(Continued from p. 329.)

*“The Twelve Princesses with the Worn-out Slippers.”*

“The Tale of how Luck took a Lad  
To win a Lass whose Doom was sad.”

Once upon no time, there lived a young Lad born of poor parents. He earned his living by working on a farm, and because he was nice-looking he was disliked by all the other boys of the village, who laughed at him whenever they could, whilst he never took any notice of their nonsense, but quietly went on with his work.

In the evenings, when all the peasants assembled in one place to tell each other stories, the boys used to spend their time mocking our Lad and cracking dry jokes about him; but he pretended not to understand any word said against him; he pretended to be slow-witted. So the boys nick-named him “The Ninny of the Village.”

However, the farm-masters were pleased with him, and each one tried to get the Lad to work on his farm.

But when our Lad was passing through the village! Ooh! You should have seen the girls elbowing each other, and casting glances at him through their eyelashes. Quite true, they had something to look at, for our Lad was proudly handsome; his long raven locks fluttered upon his strong white neck that was white as the snow; his small moustache was black, and just like a soft shadow over his upper lip. But his eyes! Dear me! He had a pair of eyes so beautiful that all the girls were pining for him.

At the well, when he was watering the cows, the village girls would come, and in eager rivalry they would try to engage him in conversation. But not he! Oh no! He pretended not to understand what they meant. So then, the girls would pretend to be quite indifferent, and just to show that they didn't care a straw whether he noticed them or not, they nick-named him "The Beautiful Lad of the Village." And wasn't he that? What do you think?

He looked nor right nor left, but went on driving his cattle to pasture, and his work was always well done. No one knew how he managed to keep his cattle in such good condition, and his cows giving such good milk. Why, one even knew where his feet had passed, for the flowers and the grass rejoiced under his foot-step. It seemed that this Lad had been born in a happy hour and that he was meant to become something. But he didn't care, he didn't pride himself, for he didn't know what was hidden in the course of time. He was just nice and willing, looking after his own business and never touching people with a nasty word. And that's just why the other boys hated him.

One spring day, feeling rather tired with so much walking about with the cattle, our Lad laid himself full length upon the grass under a big, shady tree, and went to sleep. You see, he had chosen just the spot for that. It was a dale, all filled with flowers, and they were all in bloom.

Not far away, there was a rill of clear, sparkling water; it sprang from high up a hill, and from there, it came down, winding round flowers and bushes, its soft murmuring lulling you to sleep. The proud tree under which our Lad shaded himself, was striving, it seemed, to reach the clouds. Amongst its outstretched branches, birds were singing and building their nests, and listening to their chirping, the flame of love lit up within you; the thickness of the leaves made such a dreamy shade, that it woke you to Desire. So, as I said, the Lad went to sleep; but suddenly, he woke up with a start.

He had dreamed a beautiful dream. He had dreamed that the loveliest fairy had come to him and told him to go to such and such an Emperor's court, for he was meant to become something.



When he woke up, he said to himself :

“ I wonder, I wonder what this means ? ” and the whole day long he kept on thinking and thinking of it, and he was very restless, for what could such a dream mean ? He didn't know that the star under which he had been born had brought him luck.

Next day, going again with his cattle to pasture, he struck into the same dale, saw the same tree, lay down in the hollow at its root, went to sleep, and dreamed the same dream !

Upon waking, he said to himself, “ Dear me ! There seems to be something in all this ! ” and again he was lost in his thoughts the whole day long.

On the third day, he went into that dale on purpose, and went to sleep under the big tree. Well, I'm blessed if he didn't dream the very same dream ; why, this time the fairy even threatened him with all sorts of human miseries did he not go to such and such an Emperor's court, and that quickly !

So our Lad got up, went home with the cattle, put them into the stables, and going to his master said :

“ Master, some thoughts to go into the world and look round for luck, keep on worrying me. I've worked for you quite enough, and I see I can't climb higher here. So would you just give me what you owe me.”

“ What's the matter with you, my lad ? ” said the master, “ Why do you want to leave me ? Don't I pay you enough ? Don't I feed you well ? Come on, do stay here, and marry one of our pretty village girls, and settle down nicely, like all the others. I'll help you. Don't go wandering about through the world. You may become a goodness knows what ! ”

“ 'Tisn't that ; I'm quite pleased with you, Master,” said the Lad. “ There is enough food, too. 'Tisn't that. You see, I just feel I must go into the world, and I'm going too, that's all ! ”

So the Master saw that it was better to pay him what little money was due to him, and let him go. And the Lad took the money, bade his Master farewell, and went away.

The Lad tramped and tramped the country, until he came to the Emperor's court to which he had been told to go. There he was made a Gardener's Boy, and the Gardener was rather pleased

to have such a nice and handsome Lad to help him. The Gardener was also pleased, because, until then, the Emperor's daughters had always laughed at him for choosing the ugliest and filthiest boys to work for him. "This time," thought he, "they can't laugh at me. Oh, no!" And he looked smilingly on the Lad. Then the Lad was bathed, and new clothes were given to him; you know, nice clothes, such as court people wear. And you should have seen how nice the beautiful figure of our Lad looked in them!

Then he was told what to do, and besides gardening, his chief job was to make twelve bunches of flowers, and give them to the twelve daughters of the Emperor when they left the castle to take a walk through the gardens each morning.

Now these Princesses were fore-doomed, and they couldn't marry until someone was found who would guess their doom and make one of them love him. The doom that weighed upon them was a passion for dancing. They were mad on dancing, and so every night they wore out a new pair of white silk slippers each.

No one knew where they danced at night.

The Emperor began to get thoughtful; he had too much expense over his daughters' slippers; and then, thought he, why on earth do they have such icy hearts and never love anybody?

So the Emperor announced throughout the whole of his Kingdom, that if anyone could find out why his daughters wore out a pair of slippers every night, he could choose whichever of the princesses he liked, and make her his wife.

You see, the Emperor knew that at night, all his daughters were locked up in one room of his castle, with nine iron doors, and nine big iron locks. However, no one knew how they wore out their slippers, for no one had ever seen them go out of the castle; beside how could they?

It seemed that they were to spend their lives dancing. It was their Doom.

As soon as the people heard of the Emperor's offer, young lads, of all sorts, began to pour in,—Emperors' sons, and Kings' sons, nobles' sons and poor people's sons. Each one of them tried to watch the twelve princesses during the night, but, next morning,

whatever lad it was, had disappeared. No one ever knew what had happened to them. No trace of them was ever left.

Eleven lads had disappeared in this fashion, till those that were left began to doubt, and didn't want to watch. They didn't want girls for whom so many young lads had been sacrificed.

And so, one by one, they all went away, leaving the princesses in the hands of Fate. Why should they lose their souls for a woman's head?

At this, the Emperor lost hope, and never dared to encourage anyone to try again. He was grieved that all the young lads who were so willing to free his daughters should be lost. And so he had to go on buying twelve pairs of white silk slippers daily. Poor Emperor! He was so worried, for he saw that his daughters would never marry; their hair would grow white before they would be able to put the wedding crown upon their heads.

However, it couldn't be helped!

Our Lad, the Gardener's boy, was getting on with his work. The princesses were pleased with his bunches of flowers, the Gardener was pleased with his industry. When he handed the flower-bunches to the princesses, he never raised his eyes to them; but when he handed the last bunch to the youngest princess, I don't know why, he used to blush like a peony, and his heart beat so hard that he thought it would jump out of his breast. The girl noticed this, but she only thought the Lad was shy.

So to-day, and so to-morrow, aei, aei, the Lad saw that she stood too high for him to touch. However, can you stop your heart? You see, it beat no less in him for that he was a Gardener's boy, and it pushed him towards her, blast it!

He wanted to watch the princesses too, but then he thought of all the other lads, and became discouraged.

One day, the Youngest Princess happened to mention to her sisters how the Lad who gave them the flowers blushed, and how handsome he was. Whereupon her eldest sister began to scold her, and to laugh at her.

"Dare your heart soften?" said she.

The Lad's heart told him to go to the Emperor and ask to watch his daughters too, but dare he do that, he, a poor Lad,

only a Gardener's boy? He was not afraid of what might happen to him did he watch as had the other lads, but, he was frightened at the idea of perhaps losing his job, and he was filled with horror at the thought that perhaps he would be driven away from the castle; for then, he would never be able to give flowers to the Princesses again, never be able to see their grace, nor the dreamy, soft, black eyes of the youngest, nor touch her white hand in handing her the flowers.

Night and day, such thoughts as these tortured him, and he didn't know what to do to satisfy his heart's desire, for he realised that in not doing so, he was slowly killing himself.

One night, Our Lad went to sleep, thinking of the hopeless love that was gnawing at his heart, and in his sleep, he saw the fairy that he had seen in the flowery dale. She said to him:

"If you go to the Eastern corner of the garden, you will find two laurels, the one cherry colour and the other rose colour; next to them, you will find a golden hoe, a golden ewer, and a silken towel. Take the two laurels, put them into two nice pots, hoe them with the golden hoe, water them out of the golden ewer, wipe them gently with the silken towel. Care for them as if they were the light of your eyes. If you do this, the laurels will grow, and when they are as tall as a man, whatever you wish for, that they will grant to you."

On this, she vanished, not even giving the Lad time to thank her.

He woke up quickly, and still quite sleepy, ran to the Eastern corner of the garden, where he stopped, quite stupified with joy, for everything was there, just as the fairy had told him in his dream. He rubbed his eyes, and pinched himself. Was he still dreaming? But no, he was wide awake by now, and saw that it was no night-fancy.

He took the greatest care of the laurels, hoeing them with the golden hoe, watering them out of the golden ewer, and wiping them gently with the silken towel. We needn't lengthen our talk any more, he just took care of them as of the light of his eyes.

The laurels grew beautifully. Before long, they got quite big, and no one had ever seen such magnificent bushes.

When they were as tall as a man, the Lad came to them and said :

“ Laurels, laurels,  
 With a golden hoe have I hoed you,  
 With a golden ewer have I watered you,  
 With a silken towel have I wiped you.  
 Now give me the gift that I ask of you.  
 Let me be unseen by all when I wish to.”

A bud appeared at once upon a laurel, it grew, and slowly opened, till it became a beautiful and scented flower before his eyes, leaving him struck with wonder. The Lad then broke it from the branch, and taking it, placed it in his bosom ; you see, the fairy had taught him to do so.

That night, the princesses entered their room as usual, where-upon nine heavy iron doors closed upon them, locked with nine heavy iron locks. But the Lad, unseen by any one, slipped into the room too. He saw all that they did whilst they couldn't see him at all. So the Lad saw, that instead of getting undressed and going to bed, they began to dress themselves most beautifully, to comb their dark hair, and to put on their jewels.

The Lad was amazed, and he decided to follow them, and see where they went to, and what they did ; when, suddenly, the Eldest princess said :

“ Are you all ready ? ”

“ We are ready,” they answered.

So the eldest princess stamped her foot on the ground, and the floor opened. They went through that opening until they came to a garden, surrounded by a copper wall. The eldest of the princesses again stamped her foot, and the heavy copper gates opened to let them pass. In following them, the Lad stepped on the dress of the Youngest Princess. She turned quickly, but there was no one to be seen. Calling to her sisters, she said :

“ Sisters, I fear that someone has followed us, for I felt someone tread upon my dress.”

Her sisters looked round everywhere, and not finding anyone, they said :

“ Don't be so suspicious, Sister, can anyone ever pass through here ? Probably your dress caught on a thistle, and so you think that someone has followed us. Don't be so foolish, Sister.”

Sea and no more. The Lad went on following them.

After this they passed through a forest with silver leaves, then through one with golden leaves, then through one with leaves of diamonds and precious stones, that drew your eyes away with their glitter. At last they came to a beautiful lake. Out of the middle of the lake there rose a hill, and on that hill, stood the most beautiful castle that ever was. It was so very beautiful and so very wonderfully made, that when you went up in it, you thought you went down,—and when you went down, you thought you went up!

Twelve boats, and twelve men, all covered in gold, were waiting on the shore. Each prince got into a boat. The Lad hid himself down in the boat of the Youngest Princess.

So they, the twelve boats and over the smooth water. But the boat that the Youngest Princess was in, was far behind the others, and could hardly move. The boatman rowed hard, but it seemed to be so heavy. At last they came to the hill on which stood the castle. They could hear music, but such music, that wanting or not wanting, you had to dance!

The princesses roared in like lightning, and they began to dance with the young lads that were waiting for them, and they danced and danced until their slippers wore out. Our Lad went into the castle, too, and what did his eyes meet with? A beautiful, big dancing hall, adorned with gold and precious stones. All round it, big candles burned in golden sconces. The walls were white as milk, with broad lines of emeralds and rubies, all blazing like fire.

The Lad sat himself in a corner, and watched, for he really had something to look at. But where was the blessing to be able to sit? He couldn't help beginning to jump from here to there, for it was impossible to sit still when that music was playing. Why, even the candlesticks began to dance! No one could even begin to imagine the beauty of those songs. Flutes, guitars, Pan-pipes, wooden trumpets, bag-pipes, all were playing in such harmony, that the best musicians of the world would have been left quite out of it. But the dances! With such fire did that music play the Hora, the Bătuta, the Brâu, the Ca La Uşa Cortului, the Pipăruşul<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Popular Roumanian dances.

and so many others, that the thickest boots were worn through with so much fiery dancing.

They danced and danced until dawn, when the music suddenly stopped, and through the floor came a table, piled high with the best dishes in the world. They all sat at the table and eat and drank and rejoiced. The Lad's mouth watered, but he couldn't touch anything. Arabs handed round the dishes, and they were most beautifully dressed.

When they got up from table, the princesses went home the same way. The Lad followed them as close as the Devil follows the Monk.

When they came to the silver-leaved forest, what flashed into the Lad's mind but to break a tiny branch from a tree! A shudder passed through the whole forest, and the trees roared as though a storm had burst upon their leaves; however, not a single leaf trembled, not even as if moved by the faintest breeze.

The twelve sisters started.

"What can this be?"

"What should it be?" answered the eldest one, "Perhaps the bird that has its nest up on the tower of our father's church, has just flown through the leaves; for that bird alone, can get through here."

So the princesses went on, and up through the floor, and so went back into the room they had been locked up in.

Next day, our Lad cleverly hid the little silver branch that he had broken off in the silver forest, in the Youngest Princesses flower-bunch.

The Young Princess looked thoughtfully at the Lad, and she began to wonder how that silver branch had come to be amongst her flowers.

On the second night, the same thing happened; the Lad, unseen by anyone, followed them closely again, only this time, he broke a tiny branch from the golden forest. The shudder went through the forest again, but the eldest princess calmed her sisters with her words.

When, next morning, the Youngest Princess found the golden branch amongst her flowers, a red-hot iron went through her heart. During that day, pretending that she just wished to have a walk

through the garden, she met the Lad at a turning ; so she stopped him, and said :

“Where did you get the golden branch that you put amongst my flowers?”

“From where, your Royal Highness knows quite well.”

“That means that you followed us at night, and that you know what we do?”

“’Tis rather so, your Royal Highness.”

“But how did you follow us, for none of us noticed you?”

“Well, slyly, I should say.”

“Here is a bag of gold, and don’t mention anything you have seen.”

“I don’t sell my silence, your Royal Highness.”

“Well then, if I hear you so much as whisper anything about it, your head won’t stay long on your shoulders, I warn you!”

Her mouth said these words roughly, but not so her heart. She looked at the Lad, and it seemed to her that he got more and more beautiful every day!

On the third night, the very same thing happened, only this time the Lad broke a branch from the diamonds and precious stones forest, and again the shudder passed through the trees. With calming words, the eldest princess soothed her sisters’ fear. However, a hidden joy, slid into the youngest one’s heart.

The next day, she found a diamond branch amongst her flowers ; she glanced at the Lad through her eyelashes, and he looked to her more beautiful than any Emperor’s son.

The Lad looked at her, too, and he noticed that she got rather upset, so he pretended to understand nothing, and went on with his work.

The other sisters noticed all this, and they began to laugh and mock their younger sister. She just swallowed the shame, and kept quiet, but she thought a great deal. How did that Lad follow them? Well, he didn’t seem quite a ninny in doing a thing that no one else had succeeded in doing before. And then, to speak the truth, the proud figure, the beautiful features, and in truth the whole of the Lad, had so much “come along,” that he had rather stolen the heart of the young princess. However, she would not be beaten, she called all her sisters, and told them what had



happened ; so they decided to make him lose his mind and all his feelings, just as they had done with all the others.

But our Lad? It seemed that the hedge-hog had told him that the princesses were going to talk about him.

Unseen by anyone, he slipped into their room, and heard everything. So now that he knew everything that there was to know, he went to his laurels and said :

“Laurels, laurels,  
With a golden hoe have I hoed you,  
Out of a golden ewer have I watered you,  
With a silken towel have I wiped you.  
Now give me the brains and the wealth of an Emperor's son.”

As it had happened last time, a bud appeared upon a laurel, it grew, and then opened into a beautiful flower. The Lad took it, and then put it in his bosom. At once the sunburn fell from his face, and his skin became clear and bright. He felt a change in his brains, although he did not realise what it was. He began to judge differently. You see, his mind got sharper. At the same time, he found himself dressed in the most beautiful clothes.

So then he went to the Emperor, and asked him if he might watch his daughters during that night.

The Emperor pitied his youth, and told him that he had better look after his business, and leave this matter alone. The Lad insisted, however, until the Emperor granted his wish. You see, the Emperor had no idea that this was his Gardener's boy! When the Lad was introduced to the princesses and the Emperor told them of his wish, they didn't recognise him either, he had become so very beautiful. Only the Youngest One, who had the “Augh” in her heart, knew him, and she began to pine away with love!

That night the princesses took him with them. He knew what was awaiting him, but he kept a look-out.

They arrived at the Bewitched Castle, and again they danced till dawn, when they all sat at the table and rejoiced. A drink was brought to the Lad ; it was a drink that had been brought to all the lads before him, a drink to make him lose his mind and feelings, a drink that was to be the undoing of him as it had been of the others.

Then the Lad turned his eyes, full of the burning passion that consumed him, towards the Youngest Princess, and he said to her :

“Dost thou wish it? I will drink it for love of thee. Why hast thou such an icy heart?”

“My heart is not icy!” she answered, “The fire of thy passion hath warmed it. Do not drink! I would rather be a Gardener’s wife, if you were my husband, than be as I am, and an Emperor’s daughter!”

He listened to her, and then he threw the drink away.

“I tell thee,” he said, “thou shalt never be a Gardener’s wife!”

All that were at the table heard them as they spoke. The Spell, under which they were, broke; the Bewitched Castle disappeared, and they all found themselves in the Emperor’s castle. When the Emperor saw them, he stood, stunned by so much wonder, with both hands in his beard!

The Lad explained everything to him. The Emperor then gave him his Youngest Daughter, and each of the other princesses chose a lad, and they all married in great joy. And the joy at the wedding was so great that one mouth like mine couldn’t describe it to you.

However, before marrying, the Youngest Princess asked the Lad where his power lay, that he had succeeded in overcoming their Doom, and he told her. So she burnt the Laurels, that Husband and Wife might be equal! Then they married, and lived a life as happy as one can live on this spotted world of ours, until they were drowned in Old Age.

And I jumped on a Saddle, and came to tell you so. . . .

FRANCES BROWNE.

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“BRINGING IN THE FLÝ.”

[*Folk-Lore*, xxv. pp. 198-205.]

By an unfortunate oversight I omitted to acknowledge my indebtedness to Miss C. S. Burne for her very kindly and apposite criticism of the first draft of my paper—criticism which induced me to re-write it.

In my summary of evidence for the fact that insects were frequently regarded, both in Great Britain and on the Continent,

as the vehicles of sprites or disembodied personalities, I quoted (p. 204) the Servian and Transylvanian beliefs that the soul of a sleeping witch left her as a fly or a butterfly. A recent publication of the Folk-Lore Society contains an excellent Scottish example of this belief. A witch lying under sentence of death was allowed to go to sleep, when "immediately she vanished in the shape of a droning beetle, and that insect is known by the name of the De'il's Horse to this day."<sup>1</sup>

As a parallel to the Oxford custom of carrying an insect in procession, I cited from Grimm the Danish practice (p. 202) with the cock-chafer. I owe to my friend, Dr. H. Krebs, a reminder that in parts of Germany the cock-chafer is a sacrosanct personage, and takes the place of our "lady-bird." Children pick up the cock-chafer and thus address it:

"Cock-chaferling, I ask thee  
how long shall I live?  
One year, two years...?"<sup>2</sup>

[etc., until the insect flies away].

The following lines are practically identical with those commonly addressed in this country to the "lady-bird":

"cock-chafer, fly,  
your father is at the war,  
your mother is in gunpowderland,  
and gunpowderland is burnt."<sup>3</sup>

On page 202 of my paper I suggested that Anthony Wood's epithet, "Sir Cranion," implied that the Oxford "fly" was a "crane-fly" or "daddy-long-legs." Mr. H. A. Evans<sup>4</sup> has kindly given me references which show not only that my guess was

<sup>1</sup> J. E. Simpkins: *Printed Folk-Lore of Fife* (1914), pp. 65-66.

<sup>2</sup> "Maikäferchen, ich frage dich,  
wie lange soll ich leben?  
ein Jahr, zwei Jahr...?"  
(E. L. Rochholz, *Liederfibel* (1872), p. 49.)

<sup>3</sup> "Maikäfer, flieg,  
der Vater ist in Krieg,  
die Mutter ist im Pulverland,  
und Pulverland ist abgebrannt."  
(Rochholz, *l.c.*)

<sup>4</sup> See Mr. Evans' *English Masques*, p. 40.

correct, but also that, in the seventeenth century, the "crane-fly" was intimately connected with the world of fays, sprites, witches, and the like. In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* is the following passage: "he looks . . . like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir Cranion legs."<sup>1</sup>

Drayton makes the "crane-fly" Queen Mab's charioteer :

"four nimble gnats the horses were  
their harnesses of gossamere  
Fly Cranion her charioteer,  
upon the coach-box getting."<sup>2</sup>

The "crane-fly" might serve as the bodily manifestation of a familiar spirit. One of the "hags" in Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, says :

"the scrich-owl's eggs, and the feathers black,  
the blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,  
I have been getting; and made of his skin  
a purset to keep Sir Cranion in."<sup>3</sup>

The following passage in Jonson's *The Alchemist*, compared with that last quoted, shows that "Sir Cranion," the familiar spirit, was also known simply as "the fly": "here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin; wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night, on your right wrist."<sup>4</sup> A character in the same play asks the alchemist for

"a familiar  
to rifle<sup>5</sup> with at horses and win cups  
a rifling fly, none of your great familiars."<sup>6</sup>

This belief that sprites in the form of insects should be fed and cosseted, explains a modern custom in the west of Scotland: "the common white butterfly was a favourite with children, and to catch one and preserve it alive was considered lucky. Care was taken to preserve them by feeding them with sugar."<sup>7</sup>

In marked contrast to the favour with which the white butterfly was regarded was the treatment awarded to coloured butterflies,

<sup>1</sup> Act I., Sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Michael Drayton, *Nymphidia*.

<sup>3</sup> Evans, *l.c.*

<sup>4</sup> Act V., Sc. 2.

<sup>5</sup> *I.e.*, raffle, or gamble.

<sup>6</sup> *The Alchemist*, Act I., Sc. 1.

<sup>7</sup> Jas. Napier, *Folk-Lore in the West of Scotland* (1879), p. 16.

which were regarded as malign beings: "the dark brown and spotted butterflies were always detested, and were named witch butterflies. Ill luck, it was believed, would attend any one who kept one alive, but to kill one was an unlucky transaction."<sup>1</sup> On the borders of Wales, too, coloured butterflies were regarded as hostile beings, which "it was considered a duty to chase, and if caught, to kill," while the white butterfly, "if caught, was treated kindly, and indeed generally set free."<sup>2</sup>

In this distinction between benign and malign insects, we have perhaps the explanation of a passage in which the Oxford "fly" is called "the enemy." Edmund Gayton, of St. John's College, speaks of "the man that preaches the Cooks Sermon at *Oxford*, when that plump Society rides upon their Governour's Horses, to fetch in the Enemie, the Flie."<sup>3</sup> Bearing in mind the biblical phrases, "the enemy that sowed them is the devil," "to tread over all the power of the enemy"; and the expression in the church catechism, "our ghostly enemy," it would appear that the Oxford "fly" was sometimes regarded as personifying a malign influence, which might take a merely "ghostly" form, or manifest itself actively as an enemy of crops, etc. As in so many half-civilized societies where primitive beliefs are breaking down, the "fly" cult was very confused. Its object, now a crane-fly, now a butterfly, was two-faced, sometimes a beneficent, sometimes a malevolent being. It might be conciliated by gifts of food, be honoured by being carried in procession, or receive that supreme token of esteem—to be solemnly and ritually eaten by its devotees. But, on the other hand, the attitude of compulsion was equally present; it was "fetched in," as Wood says, and might be overawed and hunted to its death.

PERCY MANNING.

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> *Montgomeryshire Collections* (1877), x. 261.

<sup>3</sup> *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote* (1654), III. v. 99 (quoted in *New English Dictionary*).

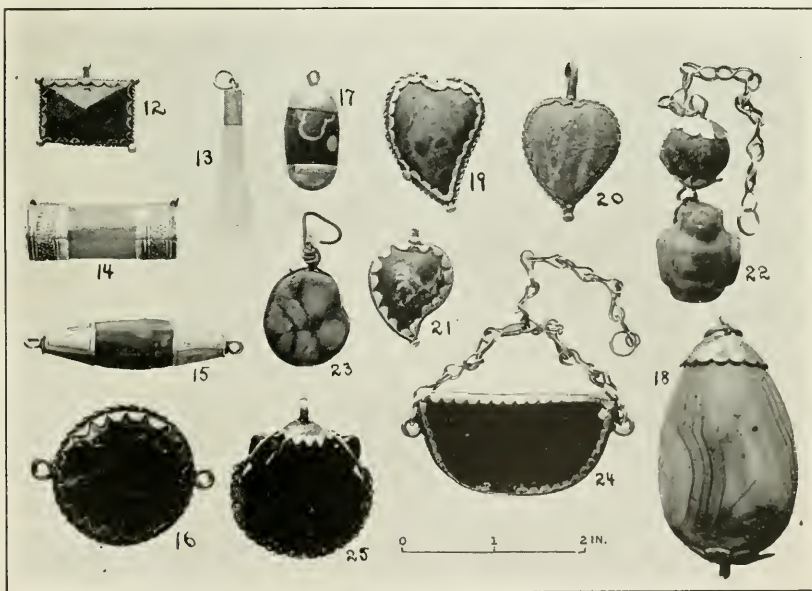
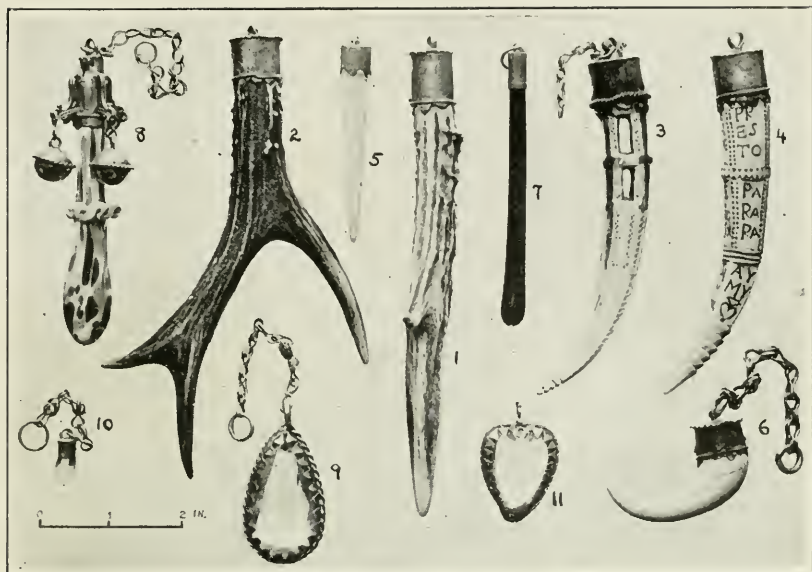
NOTES ON SPANISH AMULETS (FOURTH SERIES).<sup>1</sup>

(With Plates I. and II.)

THIS series of notes is to a great extent a mere description of the specimens shown on Plates I. and II. In only a portion of the cases in which I am unable to refer for comparison to objects described in my earlier notes am I able to quote any precise information as to the intention, in Spain, of the amulets illustrated. A number of the specimens described below are unique in my experience; I think it possible that such were never very common, and that they are at present practically, if not actually, obsolete. I have not had the good fortune to meet with more than a very few people who could give me an explanation concerning any of the things to which my previous notes supplied no key. Much of the value of the present series lies, therefore, in the placing on record, in association with the specimens illustrated previously, of a number of objects of types I had not recorded previously or of forms differing from those of the specimens of the other series. I believe that all the specimens (with the exception of those of Figs. 39, 40, 41, 42, and A and B) shown on the plates are of Spanish make; it must, however, be remembered that in former centuries, just as at present, amulets of foreign manufacture filtered into Spain, and, if of sufficient intrinsic or ornamental value, tended to be preserved—thus, I have a pendant, of agate mounted in silver, of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, which, although it is almost certainly of Bavarian or Tyrolese origin, I found among Spanish amulets at Madrid.

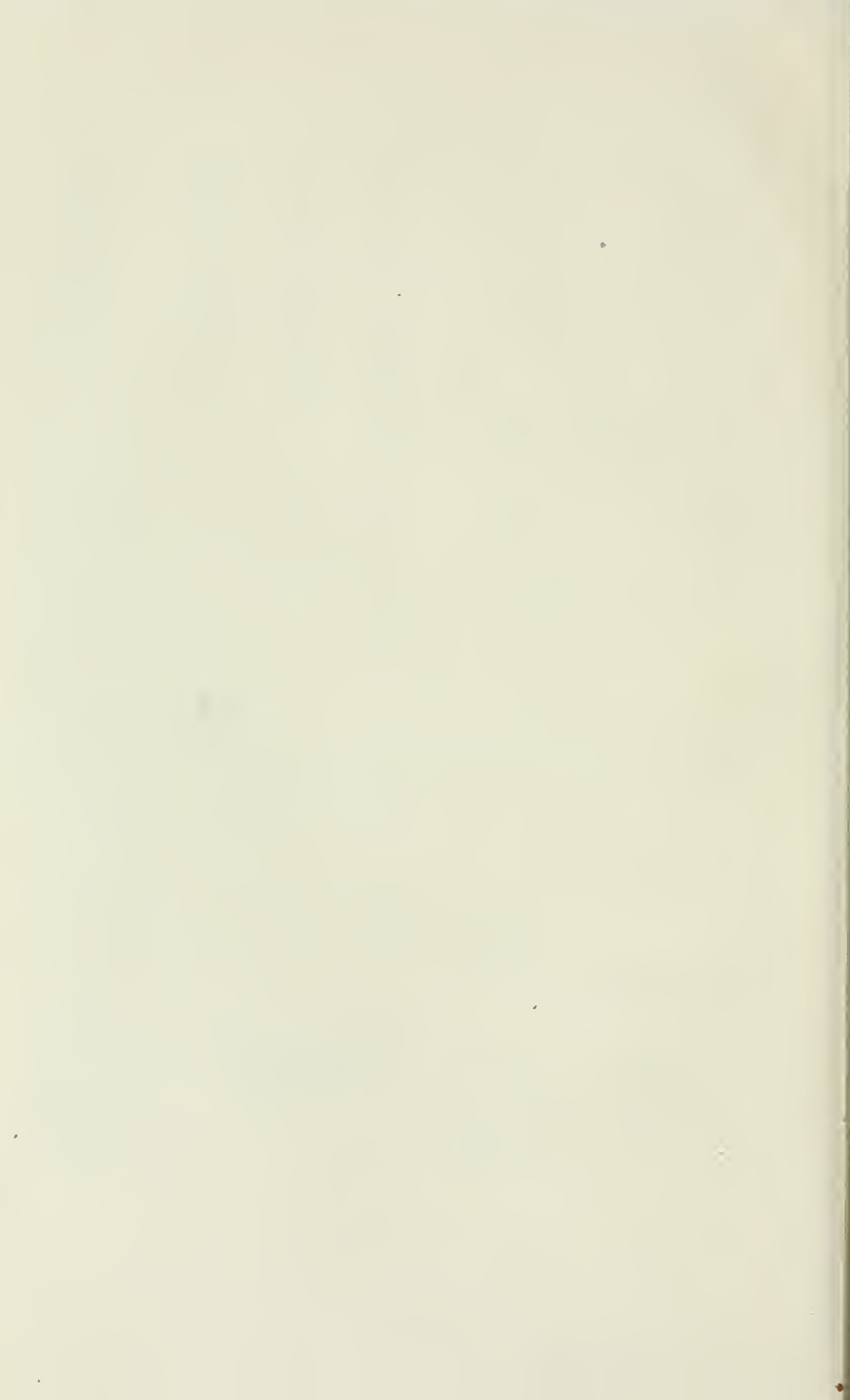
*Horns, Teeth, Bone.*—Figs. 1 and 2 show unusually large and fine specimens of pieces of deer's horn, mounted in silver, for suspension from the waists of small children against the evil eye; they are similar in intention to the specimen shown in Fig. 3, Plate IV., vol. xvii., *supra*. The straighter one, which is about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, I obtained at Madrid; the branching one comes from Toledo. I bought at Madrid another amulet of the same kind, unusual in that the socket is made of iron, treated in a

<sup>1</sup> For my previous notes on this subject, see *Folk-Lore*, vol. xvii., pp. 454-71; vol. xxiv., pp. 63-74; and vol. xxv., pp. 206-12.



SPANISH AMULETS.

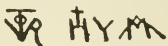

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decorative manner, and not of the silver generally employed (compare note under Fig. 8 *infra*, and remarks on p. 207, vol. xxv., *supra*).

Fig. 3. A piece of deer's horn, the base cut into two sets of four columns each, the surface decorated with wavy lines in low relief, in a silver socket ; Madrid.

Fig. 4. A piece of deer's horn, carved in a conventional form (the lower extremity is worthy of notice), in a silver socket ; Madrid. It is inscribed, in characters filled in alternately with red and with green pigment : “+ NI ME PRESTO NI ME DOI SOLO DE MI DUEÑO SOI PARA RAMON RUIZ AÑO 1776,  AY MI .

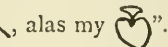

“+ Neither lend me nor give me ; I am only of my owner, Ramon Ruiz, year 1776, , alas my .

Fig. 5. A piece of bone, in a silver socket, for an infant ; Seville. This object, which belongs to the same class as the specimens of Figs. 5 to 9, inc., and 40, Plate IV., vol. xvii., *supra*, is unusual in that the piece of bone is shaped simply as a very elongated cone.

Fig. 6. A small piece of ivory, seemingly formerly the handle of a small stick or parasol, with a silver socket and a heavy silver chain, which indicate that it was regarded as having rather valuable properties ; Toledo. Probably an amulet dependent for its value on the virtues ascribed to ivory ; perhaps against the evil eye, although the mounting suggests that it may possibly be a lactation charm,<sup>1</sup> for hanging on the breast. The vendor, an elderly woman, called it the tusk of a wild boar (cf. *supra*, vol. xvii., pp. 457, 458), and said that it was to be worn by an infant against the evil eye.

*Stones, Glass.*—Fig. 7. A “*chupador*” (“sucker”) for an infant, of translucent dark blue glass, circular in section throughout, and unusually slender, in a brass socket ; Madrid.

Fig. 8. A *chupador*, formed of opaque white glass with irregular spots and streaks of blue, red, and yellow incorporated with its

<sup>1</sup> I have not recorded the employment in Spain of ivory as a regulator of lactation ; in Italy, however, it is so used, in addition to being used against the evil eye (cf. Bellucci's *Catalogo Descrittivo, Amuleti Italiani*, Perugia, 1898 Tablet xii.).

surface, in a silver socket to which small bells are attached ; Toledo. This kind of glass seems evidently to have been considered protective ; I have seen some half-dozen or more "fig" hands made of it (one of these is described *supra*, vol. xvii., pp. 459, 460).

A *chupador* of an ordinary form, similar to that of the one shown *supra*, vol. xxiv., Plate I., Fig. 21, but of colourless glass and in a sheet-iron socket with a silver chain, was obtained at Madrid ; in this the portion just below the socket is twisted, the twisting seemingly taking the place of the more usual twisted coloured stripes. This specimen, like that of Fig. 7, and like most of the other various glass specimens I have seen, was spoken of as "an amulet" for children.

Fig. 9. A large drop-shaped piece of rock-crystal, with numerous facets, and with a small hole through its upper end, in a silver frame with a chain ; Madrid. The glass specimen shown in Fig. 18, Plate I., vol. xxiv., *supra*, is almost identical with it in form. As the facetting makes the glass more catching to the eye, I imagine that it is probably thought to add to the efficacy of the amulet against the evil eye.

Fig. 10. A small faceted drop of rock-crystal, with a silver socket and chain ; Seville.

Fig. 11. A heart-shaped piece of colourless glass, in a silver frame ; Madrid.

Fig. 12. A pyramidal piece of brown aventurine glass, in a silver frame ; Toledo. Specific intention not ascertained.

Fig. 13. A long drop-shaped piece of milky agate, in a silver socket ; Seville. Probably to be worn to secure an abundance of milk during nursing.

Fig. 14. A carnelian bead, in the form of a long hexagonal prism, with an ornamented silver cap (furnished with a loop) at each end ; Madrid. This object is seemingly arranged for tying upon some part of the body as a remedial agent ; I could not ascertain its specific intention, but I suspect it to be associated in some way with the blood. While the object, in shape, is strikingly like certain modern metal charm-cases of Arabic peoples, it is, I believe, Spanish in origin, because I obtained another of the same material and of similar form at Madrid

on another occasion, while the specimen of Fig. 15, which evidently belongs to the same class as the two mentioned, was obtained in a previous year.

Fig. 15. A hexagonal bead, tapering toward each end, of carnelian with some faint whitish streaks, with a silver cap (with a loop) at each end; Madrid.

Fig. 16. A circular piece of agate (reddish, with streaks of yellow, black, white, green, etc.), slightly convex on one side, flat on reverse, in a silver frame with two loops, seemingly designed for tying in position on some part of the body; Madrid. This object, although formed of a stone differing considerably in colouring and opacity from the specimens shown in Figs. 14 and 15, has been, I imagine, intended for the same purpose as those two.

Fig. 17. A bead of dark red agate, with whitish markings, in a silver mounting; Madrid.

Fig. 18. An unusually large agate bead, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and weighing several ounces, mounted in silver for suspension; Valladolid. The stone is grey, brownish grey, and pinkish; on one side are concentric zones which might possibly have been regarded as giving the bead the appearance of an eyeball (cf. *supra*, vol. xxiv., pp. 66, 67, and vol. xxv. p. 212).

A considerably smaller bead was obtained at Madrid, of similar sections but imperfectly shaped, of reddish brown agate with greyish and reddish concentric zones on one side, similarly mounted in silver.

The association of reddish with whitish or (and) greyish stone or glass, which we find so often in Spanish amulets (cf. *supra*, vol. xvii., p. 468, and vol. xxiv., pp. 67, 68), is exemplified also in a compound amulet, obtained at Toledo, consisting of two agate beads, each mounted in silver, hung tandem, one bead being of reddish and whitish agate in octagonal form, the other being of greyish and whitish agate in globular form.

Fig. 19. A heart-shaped pendant, composed of two pieces of limestone, one mottled red and brownish yellow, the other grey, set back to back in a silver frame; Madrid. I obtained no information concerning the specific intention of this specimen, nor as to that of the next following specimen, which seems to belong to

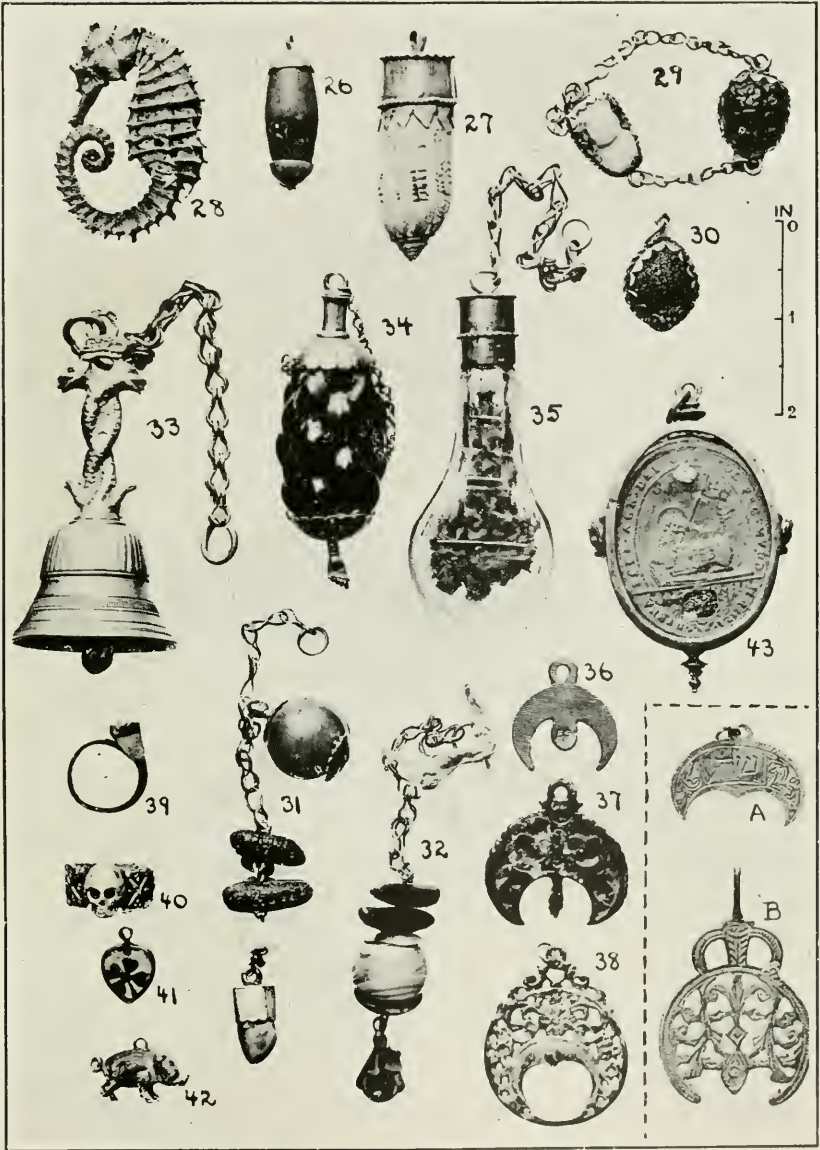
the same class. (For some notes on heart-shaped amulets, cf. *supra*, vol. xxv., pp. 210, 211.)

Fig. 20. A heart-shaped piece of veined pinkish limestone, in a silver frame; Toledo. A smaller specimen of the same kind was obtained at Madrid.

Fig. 21. A heart-shaped piece of brown and light brownish limestone, in a silver frame; Madrid. Said (by a woman at Toledo) to be an amulet against witches, the evil eye, etc., of a kind no longer used.

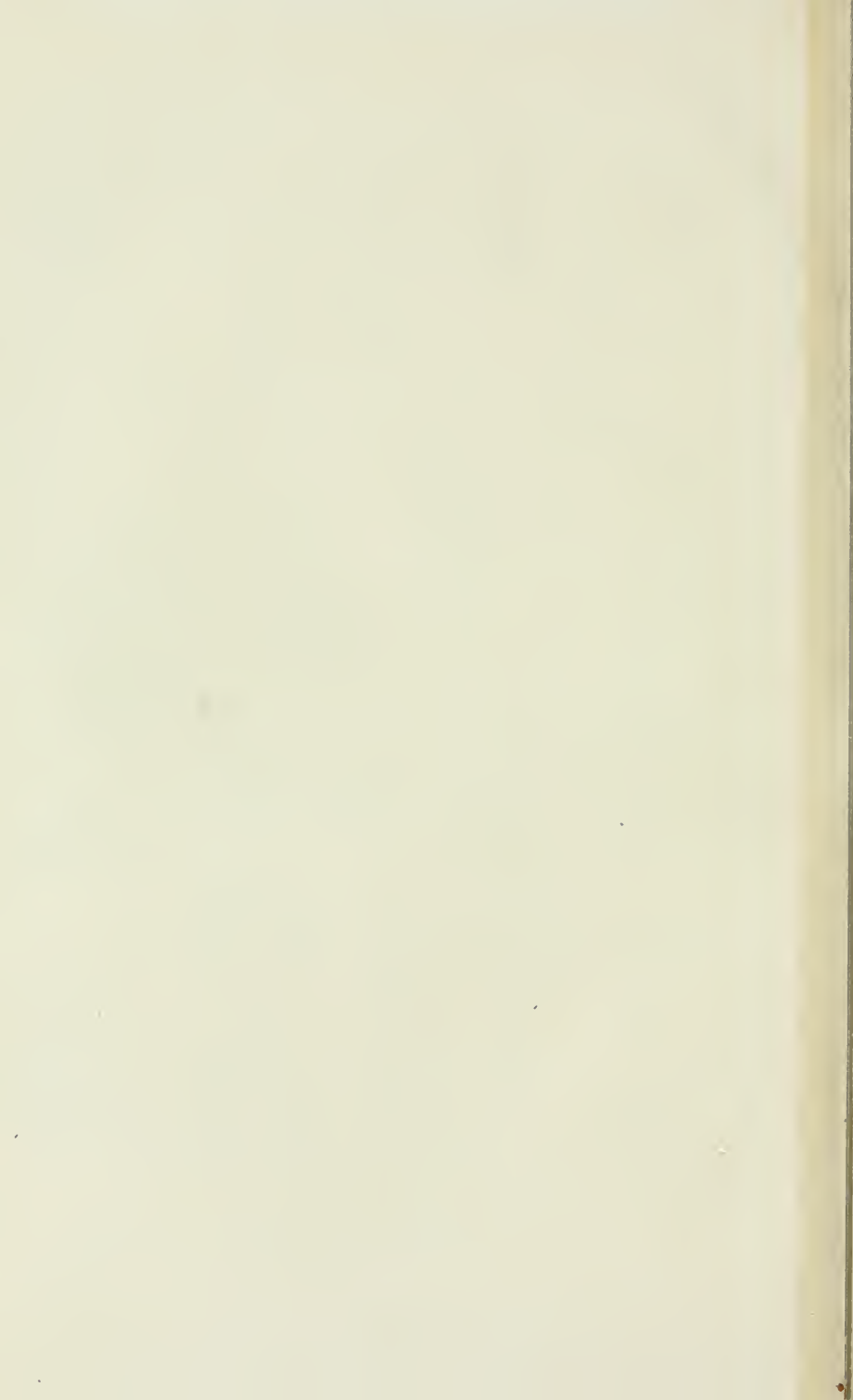
Fig. 22. A compound amulet, composed of a globular bead and a pinkish agate object hung from a silver chain; Toledo. The bead is made of a brown hardstone with whitish flecks, and is mounted in silver; it was said to be for wearing in order to secure abundant lactation. The agate object has a form resembling that of a bird, and looks to be of exotic origin; an informant told me that it represented a "*galápago*" (a fresh-water tortoise), and was to be worn as a protection against (or as a cure for) fevers; she stated that the few people who wore such representations always had them made of a similar stone (? always of some agate). I think that my informant, a rather uneducated woman, may possibly have confused "*papagayo*" (a parrot, which the object somewhat resembles) with "*galápago*," and then have attached to the object some belief really referring to the tortoise; I have quoted her explanation here because it seems to contain a certain amount of folklore. My own belief is that the amulet as a whole belongs to the numerous category, to which I have referred above, in which a reddish material and a whitish material are combined, presumably for use by a woman, and that the shape of the reddish object is in this instance merely fortuitous.

Fig. 23. An irregularly circular piece of chialstolite (a variety of andalusite), with parallel flat faces, showing a black cross on each face, due to its natural structure; Toledo. It is bound round with a piece of wire, and by means of this it was fastened, at the time I bought it, below a small ornamental brass cross such as might be placed on the wall of a room. Its nature and any beliefs attached to it were not known to the vendor. In Italy a stone of this kind is called



SPANISH AMULETS.

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a "*Pietra Crocina*" or "*della Croce*," and serves against witches and sorcery.<sup>1</sup>

An object made of the same mottled brown, yellow, and white hardstone as the specimen referred to *supra*, vol. xxiv., p. 67, Fig. 14, and resembling in shape a small neolithic axe which has been greatly waterworn, was obtained at Madrid; it lacks the silver mounting of the other specimen referred to, but otherwise it is very similar to it. The vendor, when asked in a general manner as to its purpose, said that he believed it to be an amulet.

Fig. 24. A thin slab of black serpentine, mounted in silver; Madrid. The stone shows at one end traces of a perforation now broken through; the present silver binding, probably put on after the breaking of the end, shows traces of much usage. I could obtain no information concerning the intention of this specimen. As the material would serve as a touchstone, the object may have been possibly merely the testing-stone, conveniently mounted, of a buyer of precious metals.

Fig. 25. A representation of a pecten shell (an emblem of St. James of Compostella) of jet, mounted in silver; Madrid. (For some notes on jet and on its association with St. James of Compostella, cf. *supra*, vol. xxv., pp. 206 *sqq.*)

*Miscellaneous.*—Fig 26. An elongated polished red coral bead, mounted in silver; Madrid.

Fig. 27. An *Oliva* (? *Oliva irisans*) shell, in a silver socket; Madrid. Probably a child's pendant; compare the *Oliva* shell mounted with bells and a chain, described *supra*, vol. xxiv., p. 69, Fig. 25. These shells owe their selection as amulets, I imagine, partly to their pointed form, but largely to the natural designs formed of numerous intersecting, or wavy, and broken lines (compare description of Fig. 35, *infra*).

Fig. 28. A dried sea-horse (*hippocampus*); Seville. From a shop where it was kept, with others, for sale to women, to be carried by them in order to secure an abundance of milk during nursing.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bellucci, *op. cit.*, Tablet v.

<sup>2</sup> Dried sea-horses are used with the same intention in various parts of Italy; for an example, cf. Bellucci, *op. cit.*, Tablet xi., No. 7. I do not know the

Fig. 29. Two objects on a silver chain, seemingly forming a bracelet for a child; Madrid. One object is a bone from a fish's head (cf. *supra*, vol. xxiv., p. 70, for some notes on such bones)<sup>1</sup> in a silver frame; the other is a piece of an organic material, perhaps a part of the callosity, the "chestnut," from the leg of some equine animal, also mounted in silver. I obtained no information concerning the latter object; we may observe, however, that as the Spanish word for the callosity referred to, "castaña," exactly corresponds to our word "chestnut," and that as amuletic virtues are attributed to "chestnuts" of various kinds in Spain, it seems not at all unlikely that this kind of "chestnut" was employed as a substitute, more resistant to the effects of time and usage, for the ordinary varieties of vegetable origins.

I have seen, at Madrid and Toledo, a considerable number of horse-chestnuts mounted as amulets, sometimes in silver or silver filagree, with bells (as in the one shown in Fig. 39, Plate VII., vol. xvii., *supra*) or without, sometimes with merely a piece of iron wire for suspension and with some hanging beads attached. I have recorded (*loc. cit.*) the employment of these chestnuts (and of *Entada* and *Mucuna* seeds called, by some of my informants, "chestnuts") against the evil eye. Horse-chestnuts, which may be either unmounted and carried in the pocket, or worn mounted as pendants, are commonly employed at Toledo (and seemingly in

reason for the connection of sea-horses with lactation, but as I have reason to believe that there is an ancient and widespread folk-conception associating fish with lactation, I suggest that possibly the *hippocampus* has been selected for carrying because it is cleaner and firmer than most dried fishes, is of a suitable size, and is nearly odourless. We should note, however, that at Naples the *hippocampus* serves as an amulet against the evil eye, and sometimes against fevers (as well as in one or more direct associations with lactation), and that either of these applications would tend to fit it for use by nursing women, even without any direct association of the animal with milk.

<sup>1</sup> In J. Rodríguez López's *Supersticiones de Galicia* (2nd edn.), Madrid, 1910, p. 147, a writer is quoted who speaks several times of the "*piedra corbina*" as useful against various illnesses, and says of it: "I believe that this stone is not a stone, but is one of the bones that the fish *corbino* has in its head"; he says also that he has such a stone or bone that he obtained at Pontevedra [Spain], where, due to experience, it is supposed to possess special efficacy in kidney diseases.



other parts of Spain) for preservation against or relief from hemorrhoids or piles.<sup>1</sup>

Fig. 30. An ovoid piece of material, seemingly similar in nature to the unidentified material of the object of Fig. 29, but finer grained, in a silver mounting. I obtained no information concerning this.

Fig. 31. A compound amulet, for a woman, composed of a chain carrying (a) a globular milky and pinkish agate bead, mounted in silver; (b) two pierced date-stones; (c) a small opalescent glass bead; and (d) a deer's canine tooth in a silver socket; Toledo. The agate bead is for the regulation of lactation and of menstruation. The date-stones are to secure abundant milk during nursing; such are quite commonly employed for this purpose at Toledo, and my informant had herself so used them. The opalescent bead is an object commonly used for lactation (cf. *supra*, vol. xvii., p. 468, and vol. xxiv., p. 66). The deer's canine was said to be probably for the protection of a teething child, or possibly to be intended as a cure for toothache; I think, however, that it, also, may be a lactation amulet, because it is creamy in colour, and rather drop-like in shape.

Fig. 32. A compound amulet, composed of a chain carrying (a) two perforated date-stones on a wire with (b) a globular bead of whitish and pinkish agate, whose zoning causes it to have somewhat the appearance of an eyeball, mounted in silver; and (c) a small silver representation (inscribed "Nêva") of an image of the Virgin and Child. It is worth observing that both in this specimen and in the one above two date-stones are utilized; I could gather no reason for the duplication, but I think that possibly it may be due to the two breasts which are to be affected.

In the earliest series of these notes I have illustrated and described (*supra*, vol. xvii., Fig. 32) another compound amulet of this kind, also from Toledo, comprising a red bead, a faceted

<sup>1</sup> Rodríguez López mentions (*op. cit.*, p. 129) that in Galicia an "Indian chestnut" is carried in the pocket to prevent hemorrhoids or piles. In Italy, Bellucci records (*op. cit.*, Tablet xiv., No. 6) that a fruit of the "Indian chestnut" (*Aesculus Hippocastanum* L.), old and worm-eaten, is carried in the pocket as a cure for hemorrhoids.

glass bead, a bone bead, a date-stone, and a piece of opal glass, which, as I had been told that it had been worn by a child, I was led to regard as an amulet especially against the evil eye. In view of my recent information I must now consider that specimen to be a woman's amulet, corresponding very closely (even to the number, five, of the objects of which it is composed) to the specimen of Fig. 31, and probably intended to be worn especially during nursing; the faceted glass bead, which is the only object in it which I do not recognize as possibly directly connected with a nursing woman, was perhaps intended to prevent the stoppage of the milk due to the influence of an evil glance.

Fig. 33. A silver bell, with a chain, to be worn, suspended from the waist, by a child; Madrid. (See *supra*, vol. xxiv., pp. 70, 71, note on Fig. 30.)

Fig. 34. A scent bottle, formed of a fruit of the raphia palm mounted in silver; from the lower part of the mounting a "fig" hand of silver projects; Seville.

Fig. 35. A flattish bottle of cut glass (probably originally a scent bottle), filled with red silk cloth in the form of small scraps with serrated edges, in a silver socket with a chain; Madrid. Said, by the vendor, to be a child's *chupador*. I think that this object, which is the only one of the kind I have ever noted, has been intended as a child's protection against witches, the evil eye, etc., and that it has probably been believed to depend for its value on the inability of the harmful agency to do injury to the bearer until all the bits of silk (? and all the serrations of the edges) have been counted—a task impossible unless the bottle be opened. This system of protection, which underlies certain well-known Italian amulets, is also the basis, I believe, of the multi-coloured spots of such Spanish amulets as the one shown in Fig. 8, and of the twisted streaks within the substance of certain other Spanish infants' glass amulets; I think that an application of it almost identical with the one in question occurs in England in certain small glass phials, filled with a mass of twisted coloured threads, which I have seen.

*Crescents*.—Fig. 36. A brass crescent pendant, with a projection from the centre of the inner curve; Seville. The object seems to have been cut from a piece of stout sheet brass. On

the projection a (?) full moon has been impressed with a punch (compare Fig. 14, Plate VII., vol. xvii., *supra*).

Fig. 37. A copper crescent pendant, with a projection resembling a conventionalized "fig" hand extending from the inner curve, and a four-petalled flowerlike emblem in the body of the crescent; Granada. This object closely resembles the quite common silver amulets (which are, however, almost always, or invariably, of openwork, while this one has been cast with a back), of which a specimen has been illustrated *supra*, vol. xvii., Plate VII., Fig. 15, and other specimens have been referred to *supra*, vol. xxiv., p. 64, and the brass amulet shown in Fig. 2, Plate I., vol. xxiv. Concerning the four-petalled emblem, occurring on many of the crescents of this type, which I have described elsewhere (vol. xxiv., pp. 64, 65) as seemingly an emblem of the Virgin Mary, a Spanish gentleman suggested to me that it represented the plant called the rose of Jericho, which is regarded as an emblem of the Virgin.

Fig. 38. A gilt silver openwork crescent pendant, of rather an unusual form; Seville. The inner curve of the crescent is occupied by a human profile (compare Fig. 13, Plate VII., vol. xvii., *supra*), whose nose projects slightly at the point where the projections of the other forms of crescentic amulets occur; in the body of the crescent is the four-petalled flowerlike emblem, with each petal bifurcated. The specimen has a further unusual feature in the meeting of the tips of the horns in such a manner that the external line of the object is approximately a circle.

Fig. A. A silver crescent pendant, with a projection from the inner curve; modern Moroccan (but obtained at Seville). Inscribed with a Hebrew name of God, "Shaddai" (Almighty), and engraved with scrolls. Shown for comparison with the Spanish forms.

Fig. B. A silver openwork necklace ornament; contemporary, from Tripoli. The projection between the horns and the scrolls in the body of the crescent occurs as in many of the Spanish crescentic amulets, while the small square at about the centre of the ornament has the appearance of being derived from, or related to, the four-petalled flowerlike emblem found in the Spanish forms.

*Imported Amulets.*—The following four specimens are shown as examples of amulets which seem to have been introduced recently,

and primarily through commercial enterprise—that is, I think, they have been made and introduced into Spain in order to create a need for their forms, not to meet such a need already in existence. I believe that all of them are of foreign manufacture. Whether any of them represent old Spanish beliefs or not, I do not know; I have not come across old Spanish amulets which would represent their prototypes, although it is not improbable, I think, that the ideas underlying some or all of them have become obsolete in Spain until their possible recent reintroduction from abroad.

Fig. 39. A finger-ring, formed of a nickel-plated horseshoe-nail; San Sebastian. Similar rings, either plain, nickel-plated, or of silver, were kept for sale in a small jeweller's shop at San Sebastian; questioned as to these, the shopkeeper said that she believed that their idea had been recently introduced into Spain, and that it had come to San Sebastian from Madrid about a year previously (*i.e.* in 1913).<sup>1</sup> A woman, of the working classes, who was wearing one of the rings (in 1914) told me that they were luck-bringers—but only if *given* to their wearers; a person must not buy his or her own ring—and that the best rings were made from simple nails, the next best from the nickelled ones, and the least efficacious from the silver representations.

Fig. 40. A white metal finger-ring with a representation of a skull; Madrid. Rings of this kind were exhibited in a shop-window, in a well-to-do quarter of Madrid, in 1915, as rings “to bring good luck.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Recently, at a French railway station, I have seen a number of rings, identical with the one illustrated, attached to a printed card stating that they were favourite English luck-bringers; it may be that the Spanish specimens came from the same source as these. The idea of such rings may possibly, however, really have been long established in Spain; in any case, protective and luck-bringing virtues are there ascribed to the horseshoe (for some examples of these, see L. Giner Arivau's “Folk-Lore de Proaza,” in vol. viii. of the *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españoles*, p. 271). Furthermore, I saw, some nine or ten years ago, at Naples, among broken silver sent to be melted down, some rings (probably, however, of quite recent manufacture) of similar form, which may possibly indicate an old belief in horseshoe-nail rings among Latin peoples.

<sup>2</sup> A representation of a skull is a very common contemporary Italian amulet against the evil eye and, I believe, also to secure good luck.

Fig. 41. A small heart-shaped pendant, formed of a metal frame enclosing a representation of a four-leaved clover between two pieces of green glass; Madrid. This object, which is one of a large class of small and cheap amuletic objects sold all over the Continent, has, if worn, I was told by an old woman whose business was partly the selling of various truly Spanish amuletic objects, "merit" as a protective object. It is interesting to compare the form of the quatrefoil here with that of the four-petalled emblem, referred to above, found commonly on certain Spanish types of crescents and jet compound "fig" hands.

Fig. 42. A small pig, of silvered bronze; Madrid. Worn to secure good luck.

*Amulets embracing Religious Conceptions.*—Fig. 43. A cake of "Agnus Dei,"<sup>1</sup> in a pendant reliquary of silver and glass; Madrid. The cake is of Pope Urban VIII. (1623-44). Two fragments of bone, relics, have been inserted within the body of the wax, forming an unusual feature in amulets of this kind.<sup>2</sup>

In the second series of these notes I have illustrated and described (vol. xxiv., Plate II., Fig. 37, and pp. 72, 73, *supra*) a kind of amulet formed of a thin, bowl-shaped, bronze or copper medal or coin, in a silver mounting, with an eyelet at each end to enable it to be tied upon a patient. I have since seen several examples of these objects in fairly good condition. On some of them are two human figures, with a cross in the background, on the concave face, while the convex face is smooth; these seem to be copies of a late Byzantine coin, prepared to be used as a remedy. In the department of Numismatics, at the National Museum at Madrid, are some Byzantine coins (with figures on both sides), similarly cupped and mounted (at about the same date as the medals) for employment as amulets. An informant at Toledo told me, in 1915, that such objects are known as "Medals

<sup>1</sup> For notes on the history, distributing, symbolism, and protective uses of Agnus Dei, cf. *The Catholic Encyclopædia*, vol. i., s.v. "Agnus Dei," Rodríguez López, *op. cit.*, pp. 248, 249, and Bellucci, *Il Feticismo Primitivo in Italia*, Perugia, 1907, pp. 121 *sqq.*

<sup>2</sup> There are Agnus Dei made from wax mixed with dust believed to be that of the bones of martyrs, which are of a grey colour, and are treated as relics. *Catholic Enc.*, *loc. cit.*

of St. Helena," and that they are used against infantile convulsions ("alferecia" of infants; "alferecia" = epilepsy), by being tied on the patient's wrist, with the figured side toward the skin.<sup>1</sup> I have seen a medal or coin of this kind in which the mounting was made of fairly heavy gold, although the piece itself was very much rubbed and worn, whence we may gather an idea of the value sometimes attached to such pieces.

In the second series of these notes I have described a ceremony, which took place annually, on June 23rd, at San Sebastian (cf. *supra*, vol. xxiv., p. 73), in which a tree was "burnt." The latest observance of this occurred in 1912. In consequence, I was told, of an accidental injury to some of the children engaged, or about to engage, in the scramble for pieces from the tree, the *fiesta* has been proscribed since. So far as I could gather, the common people wish to keep up the ceremony, while the upper classes seem to consider it beneath the dignity of so large and progressive a town as San Sebastian. There seemed to be hope, for some time, that the *fiesta* would be permitted to take place again, for I was told that the motion to allow it in 1914 was lost by a very small margin, while the matter was brought up again in 1915. The following correction should be noted with respect to the species of the tree formerly "burnt." I have stated (*loc. cit.*) that the tree was an ash, and I was under the impression when I wrote that an ash was always or generally used. I have since ascertained, from both oral and printed sources, that the tree used was almost invariably a cherry (I was told that either one of two species of cherry was used); the ash tree "burnt" (according to the several contemporary newspaper accounts from which I took parts of my information) in 1911 seems, from what I have since learned, to have been an exception.

W. L. HILDBURGH.

<sup>1</sup> In Proaza fits ("accidentes") are treated by placing a medal of St. Helena on the person attacked; in order that the treatment may be efficacious the medal has to be (?) unornamented [or (?) stolen; the term used is "robada"]; Giner Arivau, *op. cit.*, p. 264.

## FOLK TALES FROM MALABAR.

1. *The Pupils of the Guru.*—There was a Guru, or spiritual adviser, who had five silly pupils. When he became too old to travel about with them they clubbed together and raised five pagodas<sup>1</sup> to buy him a horse. Two of them were sent to purchase the animal, and as they were passing a field of pumpkins they asked a man working there what they were. “Mares’ eggs,” said he. So they bought a pumpkin for three pagodas, planning to make the Guru hatch it out, and thus save two pagodas. Soon after, the man who was carrying it slipped and the pumpkin was smashed in pieces, and part of it rolled into a bush close by, whence out jumped a hare. “Well,” said one worthy to the other, “it is just as well it ran away while it was so young. What would have happened if it had grown to be a big horse.” [A satire on Brahmans common throughout India.]

2. *The Revival of the Brahman Girl.*—Three Brahman youths loved a girl of their caste, but she died. Then one of them, after she was cremated, rolled in her ashes; the second took some of her remains into the Ganges; the third kept a piece of her bones. The last went on his travels, and, coming to the house of a Brahman, asked for food. It so happened that there was plenty of water and rice, but no firewood. So the host took his little son, chopped him in pieces, and used him as firewood to cook the meal. After dinner the father collected all the ashes, and bringing out a book recited a charm, when the boy jumped up alive and well. Seeing the virtues of the charm, the youth stole the book and went off to the place where the girl had died. He recited the charm and brought her to life. Then a dispute arose between the three youths who was to have her. A caste council was held to decide the dispute. It was held that he who had taken her ashes to the Ganges could not have her, because he had performed her obsequies, and was therefore her son. He who had given her life could not have her because he was to her as a father. So she fell to the third, who had only rolled in her ashes.

F. FAWCETT.

<sup>1</sup> A coin worth about 3½ rupees.

## REVIEWS.

ABORIGINAL SIBERIA: A STUDY IN SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY. By  
M. A. CZAPLICKA. With a Preface by R. R. MARETT.  
Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1914.

IT was a happy inspiration which caused Dr. Marett to suggest to Miss Czaplicka, on completing her course at Oxford in Anthropology, that she should undertake a monograph on the aboriginal tribes of Siberia. For though the present volume, which has resulted from his suggestion, comprises no original researches in the field, it is none the less important, as presenting to the English-speaking student a summary—and frequently much more than a summary—of valuable reports from Russian sources not otherwise accessible. It is chiefly from such sources that first-hand information must be obtained, together with a few works in German, chiefly by German-speaking Russians, and the Reports (in English) of the Jesup Expedition, so far as they relate to the extreme north-east. All these sources and others have been utilized by Miss Czaplicka. The book will thus be a very useful, and, if I may judge by its rendering of the voluminous reports of the Jesup Expedition, trustworthy compendium of facts relating to tribes little known to western European students.

But it is more than this. Beginning with a chapter of geographical and physiographical information, essential for the proper understanding of the life of the Siberian tribes, the writer proceeds to give a list and a short account of the tribes themselves. She divides them (following Patkanoff) into two classes, the Palaeo-Siberians, the real aborigines, consisting of the Chukchi, Koryak, Kamchadal, Ainu, Gilyak, Eskimo, Aleut, Yukaghir, Chuvanzy, and the Ostyak of Yenisei; and the Neo-Siberians, later incomers



from Central Asia, comprising the Finnic, Samoyedic, Turkic, Mongolic and Tungusic tribes. It is questionable whether she is correct in classing the Eskimo and the Ainu as Palaeo-Siberians. There can be little doubt that both these are intrusive peoples. The Eskimo are, according to the most recent researches, immigrants from America, where the main stock has been located from time immemorial. The Ainu are only found in the islands of Yezo and Sakhalin, and would seem to be properly the aborigines of Japan, who have pushed (or been pushed) northward to islands now reckoned Siberian. It is a pity, by the way, that the first form of Batchelor's work (1892) on the Ainu is the only one used, instead of the enlarged and corrected edition published under the title of *The Ainu and their Folk-Lore*, in 1901, though it is true Miss Czaplicka has had the advantage of consulting the same author's article on their religion in the *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*.

From an enumeration of the tribes, she proceeds to an account of their sociology and religion in detail. Dealing with the principal tribes *seriatim*, she is led into a certain amount of repetition. This is unavoidable if vague and often misleading generalization is to be excluded. Students at all events will not be less grateful to Miss Czaplicka on this account. She concludes her enquiry with a very interesting chapter on Arctic Hysteria—a general term under which various nervous diseases are subsumed, either peculiar to the natives of high latitudes or common and highly developed there. The subject is all the more important, because these diseases have been very little studied, and yet they play a prominent part in the life of the Siberian tribes, particularly in the religious life, contributing no little to the qualifications and power of the shamans.

Careful attention is devoted to the shamans, as the priests of the religion professed all over Siberia are called. Their training, their practices, their types, and their implements and accessories are described tribe by tribe. The difference between the Shamanism of the Palaeo-Siberians and that of the Neo-Siberians is discussed. Among the former "Family Shamanism" prevails, while among the latter it has developed into "Professional Shamanism." In the former there are no professional shamans,

as there are in the latter, but anybody may communicate with the spirits and lead the religious exercises of the family, though no doubt some persons acquire a greater reputation than others, and are more frequently called on to give *stances*. Miss Czaplicka attributes the dissimilarity to geographical, including probably economic conditions. She leaves it, however, in doubt whether the Palaeo-Siberian form is the more primitive. *Prima facie* it would seem that it is; but the question must finally be determined by a minute investigation of the history of the Siberian tribes and their religion—a task on which nobody has yet seriously entered.

The mythologies of the tribes vary much. Most of them acknowledge a chief god or Supreme Being. In all cases there are other and more or less independently acting divinities. The Koryak, Mr. Jochelson thinks, have a tendency to monotheism. Nevertheless their "Supreme Being" is but a vague entity. He is propitiated for such things as food supply; yet he does not interfere actively in human concerns. The souls of the departed go to his dwelling, and hang on posts and beams until the time comes for them to be born again, the duration of their subsequent life being marked by thongs, whether short or long, fastened to them. It may be that if we had of the other tribes as full an account as of the Koryak (which we owe to the Jesup North Pacific Expedition), we should find the highest deity of other tribes equally prominent. This, however, is by no means certain, since Mr. Jochelson considers it possible that the monotheistic tendency he discerns may be due to Russian intercourse. The possibility is heightened by the number of names which are applied by the Koryak to their "Supreme Being," and which may well have been originally the names of distinct mythological personages.

Turning, amid the many interesting subjects scattered over the pages before us, to that of relationships, detailed lists are provided for several of the tribes. They need to be carefully examined and compared with the customs of the tribe, in view of Dr. Rivers' discoveries as to the meaning of terms of relationship in the Melanesian area, and of Dr. Lowie's criticisms in a recent number of the *American Anthropologist*. If Dr. Rivers hypothesis as to the value of the terms be found to hold good

generally, it will provide an invaluable instrument for the investigation of the history of savage society.

The tribes discussed in this volume belong to diverse stocks, and their organization is by no means always the same. The importance of observing this is shown by the different meanings attached to the word *clan*, according as it is used of one tribe or another. Among the Votyak a clan comprises from ten to thirty villages; but they are all united by their descent from a common founder-protector and by a common cult—the cult, as I understand, of the common ancestor. Clan-organization among the Chukchi is decadent. Formerly a collection of from ten to fifteen families, living always together, dividing among themselves various occupations, and keeping themselves continually in readiness for war; to-day the organization is much looser. A group of kindred families is called *varat*—a collection of those who are together—or, as it is also called, a collection of those who take part in blood-revenge. It is unstable; and the number of families “that are together” changes almost every year. The Chukchi clan is in strong contrast to the Gilyak clan, with whom “the clan forms a society or union, cemented by common rights and marital duties of men related through their fathers, taking their wives from another similar group and giving their women in marriage,” not to the group from which their own wives are taken, but to a third group or clan, all clans being thus exogamic and patriarchal in organization. Moreover, they have a common fire: not one hearth, but a right to take fire from one another’s hearths, which is forbidden to non-clansmen. Their objects of worship—that is to say, the dead of the clan—are in common. They have a common duty to feed the bear which is caught and kept for the bear-festival, and to take part in the festival when it is killed. The bear-festival is the occasion for the reunion of the clan, however widely separated some of the members may be. It is thus a clan-feature of cardinal interest. The clansmen have also common responsibility in respect to the blood-feud, and a common right to share the payment made for compensation. Lastly, they have “common sin,” that is, they are all subject to certain taboos or prohibitions, and other religious or social laws, the breach of which is a sin for that particular clan.

The clan-organization of all the tribes is not so strict as that of the Gilyak. It varies from tribe to tribe. But it is always of importance, because upon it social, religious and political rights and duties depend. The Russians have, however, for purposes of government created among all the tribes artificial divisions, which they call "clans." In studying any of the Siberian peoples, therefore, care must be taken to ascertain the exact form of their clan-organization, and not to confound it with the exotic organization forced upon them by their foreign rulers.

The volume contains a useful glossary of native terms. It would have been very desirable to indicate for the benefit of the English reader the pronunciation of the strange words met with in the course of the book. But scarcely any effort has been made in this direction; and the values of the various letters are to such a reader conjectural. A bibliography is also added, and a number of excellent plates of the various types of face and costume, and of some of the religious and mortuary customs. Dr. Maret's preface rouses interest in his pupil's work, which the reader will find fully justified.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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THE PEOPLE OF INDIA. By SIR HERBERT RISLEY, K.C.I.E.,  
C.S.I. Pp. xxxii+472. Map, 35 plates. Second Edition.  
Edited by W. CROOKE, B.A. Thacker & Co., London, 1915.

THE late Sir Herbert Risley in his preface to the first edition of this work alluded to a complaint made by Mr. Edward Clodd in an article in the *Quarterly Review* that certain observations of his had been hidden away under the 'prosaic title' of the Report on the Census of India, 1901. I made the same complaint myself in a review of that Census Report which appeared in *Man* in 1904. Sir H. Risley shortly afterwards brought out *The People of India*, which consisted mainly, as he too modestly phrased it, "of the less dreary portions of my own contributions to the Report," with certain additions and a series of illustrations, taken for the most part from Dalton's *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal*. The

original work has now become scarce, and the second edition which now appears was entrusted to Mr. Crooke. Had Sir H. Risley lived, he would no doubt have revised the work thoroughly, but his lamented death in 1911 soon after his retirement from India prevented all such plans, and Mr. Crooke, in the absence of any notes left by Sir H. Risley, has reprinted the text almost without alteration, simply bringing the statistics up to date in accordance with the Census of 1911, and making a few obvious corrections. Some interesting additions have also been made to the plates, but the series is still far from representative of the People of India as a whole. Mr. Crooke has added an introduction, including a biographical sketch of Sir H. Risley and some remarks on controversial points which have become prominent since the publication of the first edition.

One of the most important of these questions is the influence of caste isolation on physical characteristics. This influence, which was perhaps unduly exaggerated at the time of the 1891 and 1901 Censuses, now tends to be treated with undue neglect, for, whatever may be the influences tending to miscegenation, those tending to isolation are still very strong. Another tendency is to neglect anthropometry as a test of race, and to trust rather to environment as the true cause of modifications. Here again great caution is needed in accepting any sweeping theories. The classification of the races of India adopted by Sir H. Risley in the 1901 Census and in this work has also been the subject of much criticism, and the supposed extension of the Dravidian race in Northern and Central India can hardly now be maintained as advocated by Sir H. Risley. The theory of a Scythian origin for the broad-headed element among the Marāthas in the Western Deccan can also hardly be maintained. If the far more extensive 'Scythian' settlements of Northern India, still recognizable as tribal entities among Rājputs, Jats and Gūjars, have left no influence upon head-shape, it seems improbable that the small settlements in Western India should have produced such a result. Nor can it be regarded now as certain that all the invaders classed together as 'Scythian' were of one race. The investigations of Sir A. Stein in the Takla-Makān Desert (analysed by Mr. T. A. Joyce in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* in 1912) show

that the prevailing substratum of the population in that region is Iranian, and that mesaticephalic elements are by no means absent. It is more than probable that the Sakas were a branch of the Iranian race. The 'Turko-Iranian Race' although a useful term for certain branches of the population (as for instance the Ghalzai of Afghanistān) can hardly now be accepted as used by Sir H. Risley as an ethnic designation for the mixture of Indian, Afghān, Iranian Baloch and Mongoloid Hazāra, which we find in the territory west of the Indies. It is probably in this part of his work dealing with social types, caste and religion, and more especially with animism (Chap. V.), that the greatest permanent value of Sir H. Risley's work will be found to lie. As a whole the work is a valuable and thoughtful contribution to the study of an important subject, and this edition with Mr. Croke's excellent introduction must be welcomed, especially as the original work is now very scarce.

M. LONGWORTH DAMES.

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RECENT WORK ON THE FOLKLORE OF INDIA.

FOLKLORE NOTES. Vol. i., Gujarat; Vol. ii., Konkan. Edited by R. E. ENTHOVEN. British India Press, Bombay, 1915. Royal quarto, pp. ii-159; ii-92-xxxviii. Price 3s. 6d. per vol.

KHASI FOLKLORE. By Mrs. JOHN ROBERTS. D. O'Brien, Carnarvon, 1914. Crown 8vo, pp. 46. Price 1s.

LEGENDS OF VIKRAMADITYA. By THAKUR RAJENDRA SINGH. Allahabad, 1913. Crown 8vo, pp. vi-243. Price Rs. 2.8.

THE GREAT WAR OF ANCIENT INDIA, ITS CAUSES, ITS ISSUES, ITS LESSONS. Allahabad, 1915. Pp. x-191. Price Re. 1.8.

IN December 1909, Mr. A. M. T. Jackson, one of the most learned members of the Bombay Civil Service, an accomplished Sanskrit scholar, historian, and antiquary, was assassinated by a fanatic at Nasik. His many friends, desirous of establishing a monument to his memory, raised a fund, part of which was devoted to the pur-

chase of his valuable library, now entrusted to the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and in part to the publication of two volumes on the folklore of Western India. Mr. Jackson some years before his death had issued to school masters in the districts of the Presidency a *questionnaire*, in which he appealed for information under the heads of : Worship of the Nature Powers ; Heroic Godlings ; Disease Deities ; Worship of Ancestors and Saints ; Worship of the Malevolent Dead ; the Evil Eye and the Scaring of Ghosts ; Tree and Serpent Worship ; Totemism and Fetishism ; Animal Worship ; Witchcraft ; Rural Festivals and Ceremonies. As Mr. Enthoven remarks : "The notes as now presented contain much that is trivial, and possibly many inaccuracies ; but among them students of folklore may, on the other hand, discover material of real value. Such as they are, they will, I trust, repay careful study, and perhaps serve one day to form the basis of a further and more comprehensive examination of the folklore of the Bombay Presidency—an examination which should not be too long deferred, for the old practices and beliefs are yearly tending to decay and vanish in contact with the spread of education." This instalment of notes collected in response to Mr. Jackson's appeal is confined to the seaboard divisions of the Presidency. Gujarat, from the earliest times, has been a battleground of nations, and through it the trade from Northern India to the sea has been conducted. Surat is the centre of the Musalman pilgrimage to the holy cities of Arabia, and the intercourse between the ports of the Western coast and Zanzibar and Somaliland has long been active. Bombay and Goa represent the seats of British and Portuguese influence, and carry on a large trade with the Deccan and Central India. We are therefore prepared to expect a considerable mixture of folk-belief and custom, indigenous and foreign. The material now provided is of the highest value, and constitutes the most important addition to our knowledge made within recent years. Every page contains useful information, and the very moderate price at which they are issued brings these volumes within the reach of every one interested in oriental folklore. It may be hoped that the success of this publication will encourage Mr. Enthoven to publish the remaining portion of Mr. Jackson's collection. When the collection is

complete a general index to the set of volumes would be a useful addition.

Mrs. Roberts has published a small collection of tales recorded by her late husband, who served for thirty-seven years as a missionary among the Khasis. There are in all thirty-six tales, many of them animal stories, explaining how they came to be domesticated by man, and giving reasons for facts of nature: "How the Thunder obtained the Lightning"; "How the Moon got its Shadows"; "The Origin of the Betel Nut and Pan Leaf"; and so on. They are evidently genuine stories, recorded in a simple way, and illustrated by some photographs of the local scenery. This little collection will form an interesting supplement to Lieut.-Col. Gurdon's admirable monograph on the tribe.

It is pleasant to find an Indian landowner, Thakur Rajendra Singh of Sitapur, Oudh, interesting himself in the folklore of his country. In the first volume he has given a translation of that celebrated work, the *Singhāsan Battisi*, "The Throne with Thirty-two Images," which has already been rendered into English by Mr. C. H. Tawney in his version of the *Katha-sarit-sāgara*. Mr. Tawney's work is not easily procurable, and the present readable version will be useful to students of Indian folk-tales. The second book is a summary of the Great War as recorded in the *Mahābhārata*. It is timely in the present crisis, and the Thakur draws the moral that Hindus are vitally interested in the result of the present war. It may be hoped that the Thakur will be encouraged by the success of these volumes to do some original work in the collection of folklore and folk-tales from Oudh, where the field is almost entirely unworked.

W. CROOKE.

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## SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

*Negro Folk Singing-Games and Folk Games of the Habitants.*  
Traditional Melodies and Text transcribed by GRACE CLEVELAND PORTER. Accompaniments by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS. Large 4to, pp. xi + 85. London, I. Curwen & Sons, 1914.

THIS collection of Negro Singing and Folk Games is based on articles by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel and information from a Negro nurse, Mammy Mary. A pleasant Introduction gives a charming account of this delightful old lady. Some of the games were shown for the first time in Europe, in 1913, by the children of the Espérance Guild of Morris Dancers, at Miss Porter's Recital in Small Queen's Hall, and were received with much favour. It is a valuable addition to the stock of Singing Games, and doubtless in a few years they will be as popular among English as they now are to American children, and form yet another link with our over-sea neighbours.

*Modern Greek Carols in Honour of St. Basil.* By W. R. PATON and W. R. HALLIDAY, reprinted from *The Annual of the British School at Athens*. No. xx., 1913-14.

THIS pamphlet contains an interesting collection of carols sung by singers who go about from house to house on the Eve of St. Basil, which is fixed at New Year's Day, and make collections under the pretext of wishing the inmates good luck for the coming year. It is a curious fact that throughout the Christianity of the Nearer East St. Basil has not been uniformly honoured by popular rites; he does not appear in the carols of the Armenians, and Dr. Gaster calls attention to the remarkable point that, as the Saint dropped out of recollection, the plant *busuoi* (*basilicum*), which enjoys a high reputation owing to some legends connecting it with the Passion, has been substituted for him. A bunch of *busuoi* is offered as a gift, or carried about as a protection against all kinds of evil influence. The basil plant plays, as is well known, an important part in the religious rites and superstitions of modern Greece.

*Sun-Cult and Megaliths in Oceania.* By W. H. R. RIVES.  
Reprinted from *The American Anthropologist*, N.S. V.  
xvii., No. 3. July-September, 1915.

"THERE IS," says Dr. Rivers, "at present no decisive evidence that the Sun was the object of a public religious cult in any part of Polynesia." There is, however, reason to believe that behind the practices of the Areoi, best known to ethnologists as chartered libertines practising infanticide, there is a cult of the Sun. For example, it is remarkable that this society becomes inactive and goes into retreat at the season of the year when the Sun is north of the Equator, and the members come out of their retirement to celebrate the festival of Mahui, the god who brings fertility and abundance, who is, according to one observer, a personification of the Sun. There is other evidence from Polynesian cults which supports this theory. But such annual movements of the Sun which take place in an equatorial region would not be so noticeable as to suggest the birth and death of a human being or of an anthropomorphic god. The inference is that if the central idea of these Polynesian secret societies be the representation of the Sun's movements by the simile of the birth, life, and death of a god, we are driven to the view that the idea and the resulting cult must have been introduced into Oceania by a people who came from some latitude where the simile would have a meaning. This is the view of Dr. Rivers, a new convert to the theory of the transmission of belief and custom. For the present there is no evidence where this centre of origin was situated. He makes the interesting suggestion that the foreign race which, on this supposition, introduced the Sun cult were also the builders of the stone buildings and carvers of the images which still constitute such a mystery. There remains, of course, the possibility that these structures and images may originally have served some other purpose, the cult of the dead for instance, and may at a later period have been associated by the societies with their Sun cult. But wider study of the cults and traditions of Oceania is needed before the problem raised in this interesting paper can be finally solved.

*Legends of Saints and Sinners.* Collected and translated from the Irish by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., D.Litt. London: T. Fisher Unwin, n.d. [1815]. Crown 8vo, pp. xiv + 295. Price 2s. 6d.

THIS is a volume of an excellent new series, "Every Irishman's Library." It is a collection of genuine Irish folk-tales, which may be called Christian, and many of the tales are translated for the first time or gathered from sources not generally accessible. "Some of them," Dr. Hyde says, "obviously come from Continental sources, though how they first found their way to Ireland is obscure, and the derivation of some of them cannot now be traced; others, however, are of purely native invention; while a third class engrafts native traits and ideas upon foreign subject matter." The dovetailing of what is Pagan into what is Christian is very characteristic. It is to be noted that the Devil personified rarely appears, and Witches, with the terrible tales of Witch Sabbaths, are unknown. The tales chiefly relate to Irish Saints; among foreign Saints the name of St. Peter is predominant, followed by St. Paul and St. Martin. Among mythical characters we find Grainne Oigh, Father Brian, the Old Woman of Beare, Mulruana, and other well-known names, like Oisin, Oscar, and Solomon. How the tale of the Great Hebrew King, with its strong oriental flavour, came to Ireland is unknown. The Evil Eye was known in Ireland, but no tale is based on this belief, and while witches are unknown they are replaced by characters male and female, known as Amait, which are purely Pagan and owe nothing to Christianity. The Devil is a grotesque rather than a terrible figure, and Mr. Hyde warns us that names like "The Devil's Bit" and "The Devil's Punchbowl," so common in Irish nomenclature, do not always correspond to the original Irish appellation. One curious tale, "The Stone of Truth, or The Merchant of the Seven Bags," is based on the legend of the famous Lia Fail which has been exhaustively discussed by Mr. Hartland;<sup>1</sup> another, "The Death of Bearachan," is almost unique, as showing a point of contact between Breton and Irish folklore; the story of "The Student who left College" embodies the belief in the danger of eating food of the Other World; that of "The Old Woman of Beare" appears to be

<sup>1</sup> *Ritual and Belief*, p. 290 *et seqq.*

in part a reminiscence of "Sindibad the Sailor"; the "Poem of the Tor" bears a strange resemblance to the famous "North of England Wake Dirge"; the "Great Worm of Shannon" is based on the belief that the winding course of a river is due to the wriggling of a serpent. We have also the curious belief in an insect known as the Dardaol, which must be burnt: "because if you stamp on it with your foot, or kill it with a stone or a stick, then the next time your foot, or the stick, or the stone strikes a person or an animal it will give rise to mortal injury."

Enough has been said to indicate the value of Dr. Hyde's collection, and it may be hoped that he will soon give us another instalment from the wide material at his disposal.

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ERRATA.

Vol. xxvi., p. 210, line 9—*for* G. A. Lebour *read* Nona Lebour.

Do. p. 211, line 23—*for* T. B. Partridge *read* J. B. Partridge.

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## OBITUARY.

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### MAJOR A. J. N. TREMEARNE.

By the death in action at Loos on 25th September last of Major Arthur John Newman Tremearne the sciences of anthropology and folklore have lost an enthusiastic and diligent student. Major Tremearne was born at Melbourne, Victoria, in 1877, and studied in the universities of Melbourne, Cambridge, and London. He received the degrees of M.A., LL.M., M.Sc., and the Diploma of Anthropology (Cantab.), and was also a barrister of Gray's Inn. He saw active service in the South African War of 1899, and also in West Africa, where he held various civil appointments and gained that wide knowledge of the Hausa language that led to his obtaining the Hausa Scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he became University Lecturer in that language. In 1913 and 1914 he visited Tunis and Tripoli to investigate the condition of the Hausa communities in these countries. His published work in anthropology and folklore was considerable. He contributed several important papers to the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute* (vols. xli., xlii., xlv.), to *Man* (vols. x., xi., xii., xiv.), to the *Journal of the Royal Society of Art* (vols. lviii., lix.), *Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation* (N.S. No. xxxiii.), and to *Folk-Lore* (vols. xxi., xx.). He was also the author of several important works: *The Niger and the West Sudan, or the West African Note Book* (1910), *Fables and Fairy Tales for Little Folk, or Uncle Remus in Hausa Land* (1910), in which he was assisted by his wife; *The Tailed Hunters of Nigeria* (1912), *Hausa Superstitions and Customs* (1913), *Some*

*Austral-African Notes and Anecdotes* (1913), *Hausa Folk-Tales*, assisted by a grant from the British Association (1914); *The Ban of the Bori: Demons and Demon-Dancing in West and North Africa* (1914). The extent and value of these contributions during a short period show the energy with which he worked, both in the field and at the desk, and they amply prove the great loss to science by his untimely death, when his powers were at their fullest, and much more valuable books and articles might have been expected had his life been spared. He was a gallant and skilful soldier. His geniality of character and his readiness to assist his fellow-workers endeared him to a large circle of friends.

A. C. HADDON.

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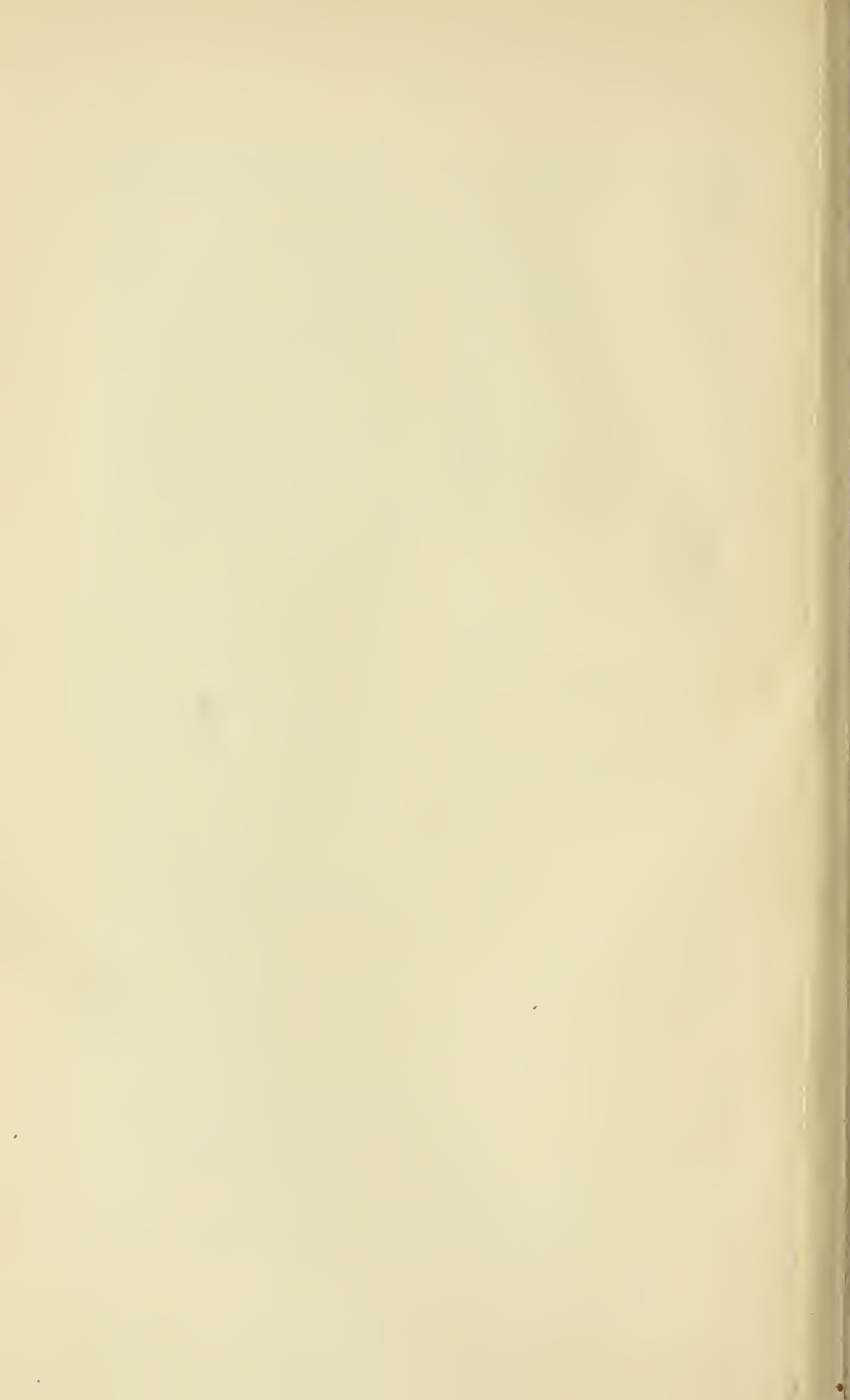
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 1910. Hocart, A. M., Esq., 5 Walton Well Rd., Oxford.  
 c. 1883. Hodgkin, J. H., Esq., F.L.S., F.I.C., F.C.S., 97 Hamlet Gardens,  
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 1897. Ker, Professor W. P., M.A., 95 Gower Street, W.C.  
 1913. Kipling, Rudyard, Esq., The Athenæum Club, S.W.  
 1913. Knabenhaus, Dr. A., 97 Berg Strasse, Zurich, Switzerland (per Speyer & Peters, Berlin).
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 1913. Langdon, Stephen, Esq., 17 Northmore Road, Oxford.  
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 1915. Macleod, Miss Liebe, 7 Stonor Rd., Kensington, W.



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 1898. March, H. Colley, Esq., M.D., Nethergrove, Portesham, Dorchester.  
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 (*President*).  
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 per H. S. King & Co., Cornhill, E.C.  
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 1902. Maxwell, W. G., Esq., Attorney General, Kedeh, Malay Peninsula.  
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 c. 1897. Myres, J. L., Esq., M.A., F.S.A., 101 Banbury Road, Oxford.  
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 1913. Nourry, M. Emile, 62 Rue des Ecoles, Paris.  
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 1913. Smith, Prof. John A., Magdalen College, Oxford.  
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- c. 1896. Thomas, N. W., Esq., M.A., Egnoba, Manorgate Road, Norbiton.  
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 c. 1893. Wissendorff, H., Esq., 19 Nadeschkinskara, St. Petersburg, Russia.  
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1893. Aberdeen Public Library, per G. M. Fraser, Esq., M.A., Librarian.  
 1894. Aberdeen University Library, per P. J. Anderson, Esq., Librarian.  
 1902. Adelaide Public Library, South Australia, per Kegan Paul & Co., Broadway House, Carter Lane, E.C.  
 1891. Amsterdam, The University Library of, per Kirberger & Kesper, Booksellers, Amsterdam.  
 1879. Antiquaries, The Society of, Burlington House, W.  
 1905. Asiatic Society of Bengal, 1 Park Street, Calcutta, per B. Quaritch, 11 Grafton St., W.  
 1914. Baillie's Institution, 153 West Regent St., Glasgow.  
 1881. Berlin Royal Library, per Asher & Co., 14 Bedford St., Covent Garden, W.C.  
 1880. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, per Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 31 and 32 Paternoster Row, E.C.  
 1884. Birmingham Free Library, Ratcliffe Place, Birmingham, per W. Powell, Esq.  
 1882. Birmingham Library, c/o The Treasurer, Margaret St., Birmingham.  
 1908. Bishopsgate Institute, Bishopsgate St. Without, E.C., per C. W. F. Goss, Esq., Librarian.  
 1899. Bordeaux University Library, per Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 4 Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.  
 1878. Boston Athenæum, Boston, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, Ld., 14 Grape St., W.C.  
 1881. Boston Public Library, Mass., U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.  
 1902. Bradford Free Public Library, Darley St., Bradford, per Butler Wood, Esq.  
 1894. Brighton Free Library, per H. D. Roberts, Esq., Chief Librarian, Brighton.  
 1906. Bristol Central Library, per E. R. Norris Mathews, Esq., F.R. Hist. Soc.  
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 1905. California State Library, Sacramento, California, per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

1908. California, University of, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.
1903. Cambridge Free Library, per W. A. Fenton, Esq.
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- (2) 1904. Carnegie Library, Pittsburg, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.
1898. Chelsea Public Library, Manresa Road, S.W., per J. H. Quinn, Esq.
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1890. Cincinnati Public Library, per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1914. Cochin State Museum, Trichur, S. India, per The Curator, L. K. A. Krishna Iyer, Esq.
1894. Columbia College, New York, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.
1879. Congress, The Library of, Washington, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
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1890. Detroit Public Library, Michigan, U.S.A., per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
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1901. Giessen University Library, per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., W.C.
1883. Glasgow University Library, per J. MacLehose & Sons, 61 St. Vincent St., Glasgow.
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1911. Kansas Public Library, Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A., per Mrs. C. W. Whitney.
1905. Kensington Public Libraries, per H. Jones, Esq., Central Library, Kensington, W.
1892. Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society, per J. A. Hopps, Esq., 25 Friar Lane, Leicester.
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1885. Library of the Supreme Council of the 33<sup>o</sup>, etc., 10 Duke Street, St. James', S.W., per J. C. F. Tower, Esq., Secretary.
1899. Liverpool Free Public Library, per Peter Cowell, Esq., Chief Librarian, William Brown St., Liverpool.
1879. London Library, St. James's Square, S.W.
1904. Los Angeles Public Library, California, U.S.A., per E. Steiger & Co., New York.
1910. Lund University Library, per Karl af Petersens, Librarian.

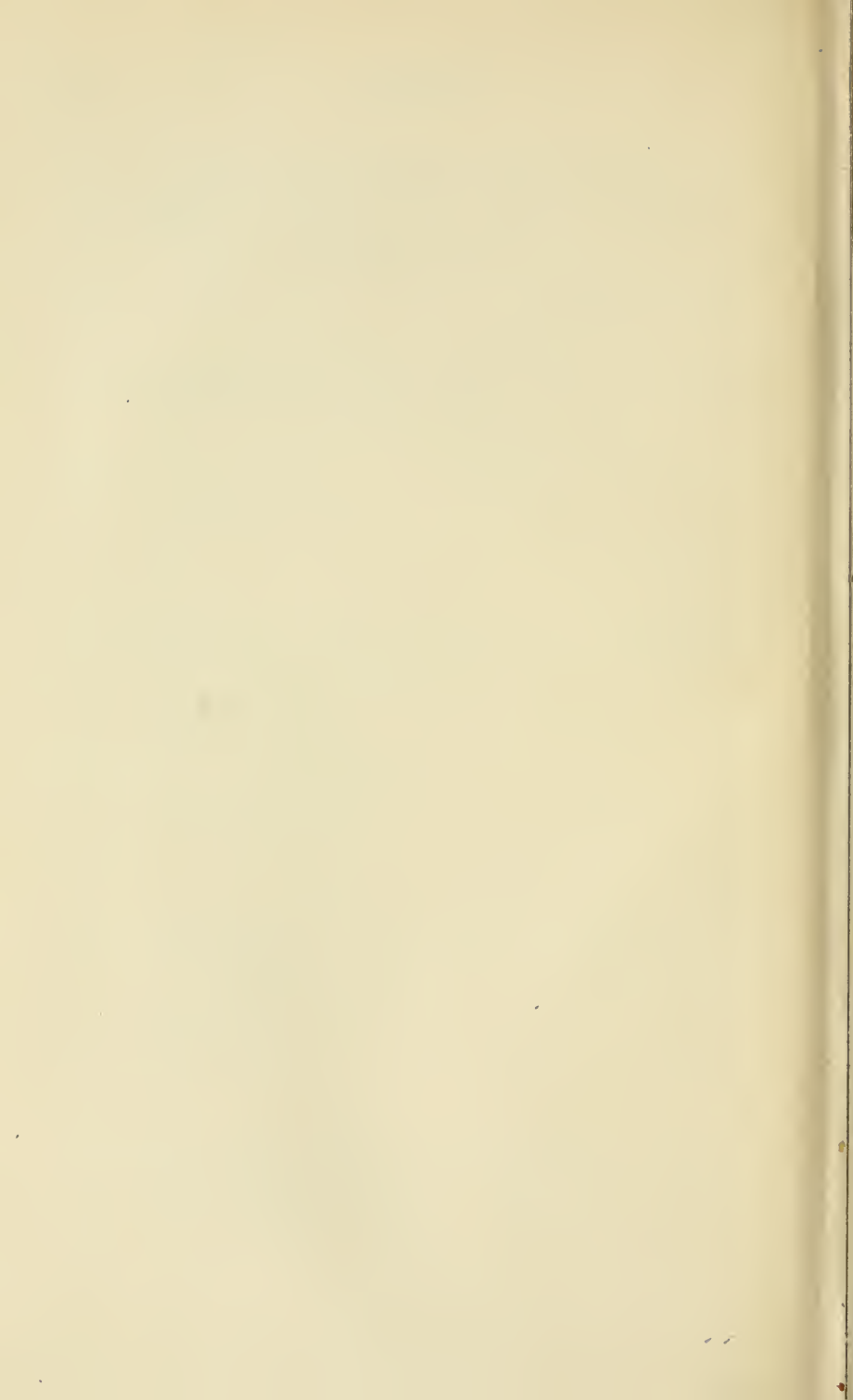
1913. Malvern Public Library, per The Librarian, Graham Road, Malvern.  
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 1897. Max, J., & Co., 21 Schweidnitzerstrasse, Breslau.  
 1902. Meadville Theological School Library, Meadville, Pa., U.S.A., per  
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 1908. Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, U.S.A., 10th St. Above Chestnut  
 St., Philadelphia, U.S.A., per T. Wilson Hedley, Esq.  
 1904. Mercantile Library of St. Louis, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co.,  
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 1893. Meyrick Library, Jesus College, Oxford, per E. E. Genner, Esq.,  
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 1878. Mitchell Library, North St., Glasgow, c/o F. T. Barrett, Esq.,  
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 1880. Munich Royal Library, per Asher & Co., 14 Bedford St., W.C.  
 1909. Museo di Etnographia Italiana, Pallazo Delle Scuola, Piazza D'Armi,  
 Rome, Italy, per Dr. Giovanni Ferri, 54 Via Crescenzo,  
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 Carey St., W.C.  
 1913. Nordiska, Museet, Stockholm, 14, Sweden, per Visen Lewin, Esq.



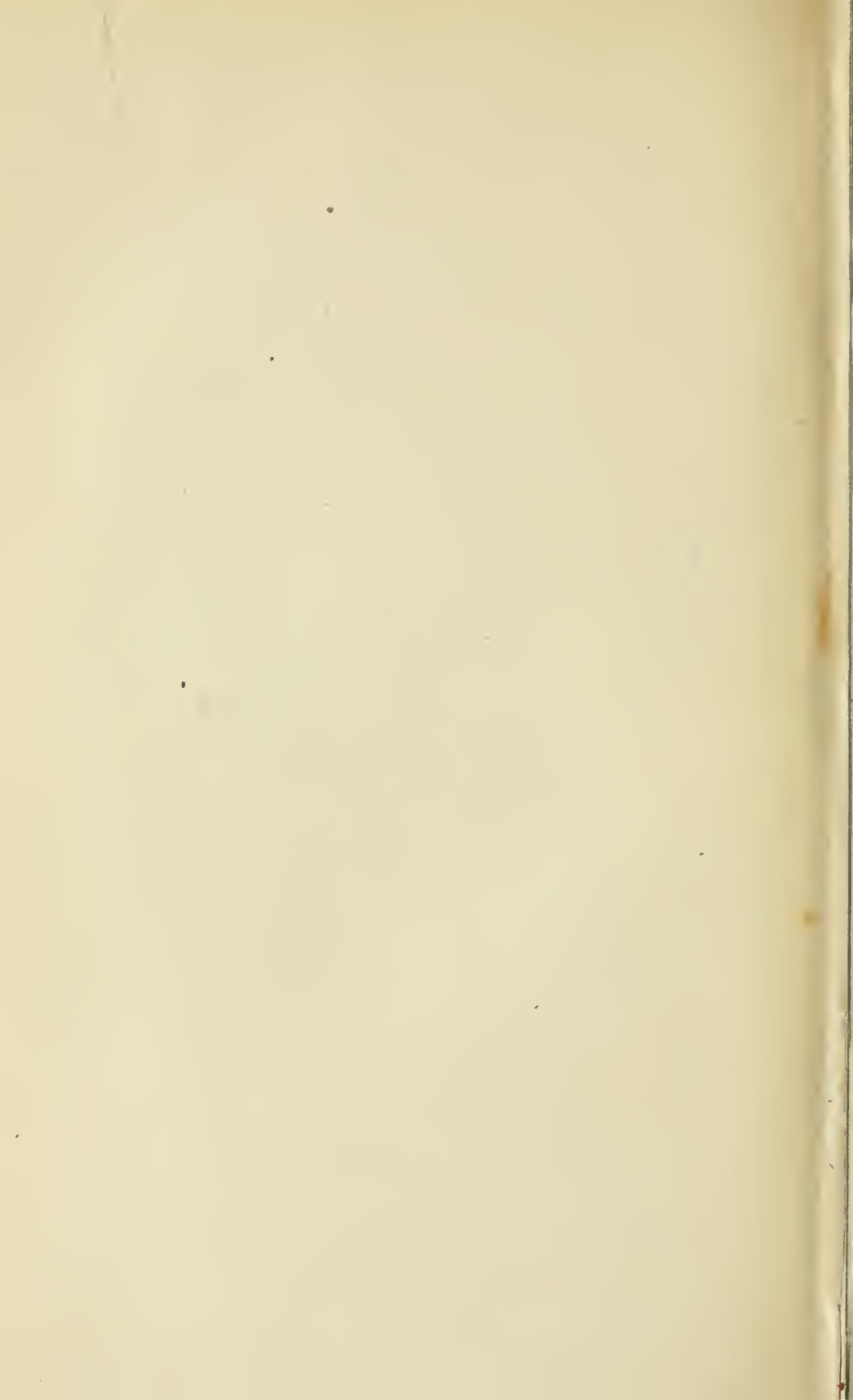
1911. North Staffordshire Field Club, per J. R. Masefield, Esq., Roxhill, Cheadle, Staffs.
1908. North Western University Library, Evanston, Ill., per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1883. Nottingham Free Public Library, per J. E. Bryan, Esq., St. Peter's Churchside, Nottingham.
1911. Oriental Institute, Vladivostock, per Luzac & Co., 46 Gt. Russell St., W.C.
1894. Oxford and Cambridge Club, per Harrison & Sons, 45 Pall Mall, S.W.
1881. Peabody Institute, Baltimore, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
1909. Pennsylvania University Museum, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.
1894. Peorio, Public Library of, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.
1899. Philadelphia, Free Library of, per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.
1881. Philadelphia, The Library Company of, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
1879. Plymouth Institution and Devon and Cornwall Natural History Society, per R. R. G. Monk, Esq., 13 St. Lawrence Rd., Plymouth.
1903. Portsmouth Public Library, per A. E. Bone, Esq., Borough Treasurer.
1894. Providence Public Library, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.
1900. Reading Free Public Library, per W. H. Greenhough, Esq.
1894. Röhrscheid, L., Buchhandlung, Am Hof, 28, Bonn, Germany.
1908. Royal Asiatic Society, Bombay, per Kegan Paul & Co., Broadway House, Carter Lane, E.C.
1908. Royal Dublin Society, per Arthur H. Foord, Esq., Leinster Ho., Dublin.
1894. Royal Irish Academy, per Hodges, Figgis & Co., 104 Grafton St., Dublin.
1888. St. Helens Corporation Public Libraries, per A. Lancaster, Esq., Librarian, Central Library, St. Helens.
1898. Salford Public Library, Manchester.
1908. San Francisco (Hayes and Franklin States) Public Library, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.
1907. Seattle Public Library, Seattle, Washington, U.S.A., per B. F. Stevens & Brown, 4 Trafalgar Square, S.W.

1899. Sheffield Free Public Library, Surrey Street, Sheffield, per S. Smith, Esq.
1898. Signet Library, Edinburgh, per John Minto, Esq., Librarian.
1905. Sion College Library, Victoria Embankment, E.C., per C. H. Limbrick, Esq., Sub-Librarian.
1913. Société Jersiaise, per E. T. Nicholls, Esq., 9 Pier Rd., St. Heliers, Jersey.
1879. Stockholm, Royal Library of, per W. H. Dawson & Sons, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.
1903. Sunderland Public Library, Borough Road, Sunderland, per B. R. Hill, Esq.
1894. Surgeon General Office Library, Washington, D.C., U.S.A., per Kegan Paul & Co., Broadway House, Carter Lane, E.C.
1891. Swansea Public Library, per S. E. Thompson, Esq., Librarian.
1908. Swarthmore College Library, per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
1881. Sydney Free Public Library, per Truslove & Hanson, 153 Oxford St., W.
1895. Tate Library, University College, Liverpool, care of J. Sampson, Esq.
1883. Taylor Institution, Oxford, per Parker & Co., Broad Street, Oxford.
1906. Texas, University of, Austin, Texas, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.
1898. Toronto Public Library, per C. D. Cazenove & Son, 26 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W.C.
1899. Toronto University Library, per C. D. Cazenove & Son, 26 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W.C.
1879. Torquay Natural History Society, per H. J. Lowe, Esq., Hon. Sec., The Museum, Torquay.
1899. Upsala University Library, per C. J. Lundström, Upsala, Sweden.
1896. Van Stockum, W. P., & Son, 36 Buitenhof, The Hague, Holland.
1899. Vassar College Library, Poughkeepsie, New York, U.S.A., per H. Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand, W.C.
1907. Victoria Public Library, Melbourne, per Agent-General for Victoria, Melbourne Place, Strand, W.C.
1909. Vienna Imperial Court Library, per Asher & Co., 14 Bedford St., W.C.
1901. Vienna Imperial University Library, per Asher & Co., 14 Bedford St., W.C.
1910. Washington Public Library, D.C., Washington, U.S.A., per G. F. Bowerman, Esq., Secretary.
1910. Washington University Library, St. Louis, per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.

1890. Watkinson Library, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A., per E. G. Allen & Son, 14 Grape St., Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
1898. Weimar Grand Ducal Library, per Dr. P. von Bojanowsky.
1907. Wesleyan University, Library of, Middletown, Connecticut, U.S.A., per W. J. James, Esq., Librarian.
1898. Wisconsin State Historical Society, per H. Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand, W.C.
1908. Woolwich Free Library, William St., Woolwich, per E. B. Baker, Esq., Librarian.
1905. Yale University Library, New Haven, Connecticut, U.S.A., per G. E. Stechert & Co., 2 Star Yard, Carey St., W.C.







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