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THE FIGHT OF THE WITCHES.

[*Translated from the oral original of the Pussamaquaddy dialect, by*
ABBY LANGDON ALGER.]



ANY, many long years ago, there dwelt in a vast cave in the interior of a great mountain, an old man who was a "Kiawahq' mtèoulin," or a Giant Witch.

Near the mountain was a big Indian village, whose chief was named "Hassagwāhq'," or the Striped Squirrel. Every few days some of his best warriors mysteriously disappeared from the tribe, until Hassagwāhq' became convinced that they were killed by the Giant Witch. He therefore called a council of all the most powerful magicians among his followers, who gathered together in a new, strong wigwam made for the occasion. There were ten of them in all, and their names were as follows:—"Quābit," the Beaver; "Mosque," the Wood-worm; "Quāgsis," the Fox; "K'tchí Atosis," the Big Snake; "Agwem," the Loon; "Kāsq'," the Heron; "Mūin," the Bear; "Lox," the Indian Devil; K'tchiplāgan," the Eagle; and "Wābèkèloch," the Wild Goose.

The great chief Hassagwāhq' addressed the sorcerers, and told them that he hoped they might be able to conquer the Giant Witch, and that they must do so at once if possible, or else his tribe would be exterminated. The sorcerers resolved to begin the battle the very next night, and to put forth their utmost power to destroy their enemy.

But the Giant Witch could foretell all his troubles by his dreams, and on that self-same night he dreamed of all the plans which the followers of Striped Squirrel had formed for his ruin.

Now all Indian witches have one or more "poohegans," or guardian spirits, and the Giant Witch at once despatched one of his poohegans, "Little Allum-oosett," the Humming-bird, to the chief Hassa-gwāhq', to say that it would not be fair to send ten men to fight one; but if he would send one magician at a time he would be pleased to meet them.

The chief replied that the witches should meet him in battle one by one; and the next night they gathered together at an appointed place as soon as the sun slept, and it was agreed that Beaver should be the first to fight.

The Beaver had "Sogalun" or "Rain," for his guardian spirit, and he caused a great flood to fall and fill up the cave of the Giant Witch, hoping thus to drown him. But the Giant Witch had the power to change himself into a "Segnapp Squ' Hm," or Lamprey Eel, and in this shape he clung to the side of his cave, and so escaped.

The Beaver, thinking that the foe was drowned, swam into the cavern, and was caught in a "k'pagūtihigan," or beaver-trap, which the Giant Witch had purposely set for him. Thus Beaver, the first magician, perished.

The next to try his strength was "Mosque," or the "Wood-worm," whose poohegan is "Fire."

The "Wood-worm" told him that he would bore a hole into the cave that night, and bade him enter it next day and burn up the foe. He went to work, and with his sharp head, and by wriggling and winding himself about like a screw, he soon made a deep hole in the side of the mountain. But the Giant Witch knew very well what was going on, and he sent the "Humming-bird" with a piece of "chee-qwā-qu'-seque," or punk, to plug up the hole, which he did so well that the "Wood-worm" could not make his way back to the open air, and when Fire came to carry out his orders the punk blazed up and destroyed "Mosque" or the "Wood-worm," and thus perished the second sorcerer.

The next to fight was "K'tchī Atosis," the "Big Snake," who had "Amwess," the "Bee," for his poohegan. The Bee summoned all his winged followers, and they entered the cave in a body, swarming

all over the Giant Witch and stinging him till he roared with pain; but he sent "Humming-bird" to gather a quantity of birch-bark, which he set on fire, making a dense smoke which stifled all the bees.

After waiting some time, the "Big Snake" went into the cave to see if the Bees had killed his enemy; but he was speedily caught in a dead fall which the Giant Witch had prepared for him, and thus perished the third witch.

The great chief, Hassagwāhq', was now much distressed at having lost three of his mightiest magicians without accomplishing anything, but, however, seven more still remained.

The next witch to fight was "Quāgsis," the "Fox," his poohegan being "K'sīnochka," or "Disease," and he commanded him to afflict the foe with all manner of evils. He was soon covered with boils and sores, and every part of his body was filled with aches and pains. But he dispatched his guardian spirit, the "Humming-bird," to "Quiliphirt," the God of Medicine, who gave him the plant "Kikaywih-bisūn,"* and as soon as it was administered unto him he was immediately cured of all his ills.

The next to enter the list was "Agwem," the "Loon," whose poohegan was "Tkayon," or "Cold." Soon the mountain was covered with snow and ice, the cave was filled with cold blasts of wind, the frost split the trees and cracked asunder the huge rocks. The Giant Witch suffered horribly, but did not yield. He tried his magic-stone, and heated it red-hot, but so intense was the cold that it lost its power and could not help him.

Allumovset's wings were frozen and he could not fly on any more errands, but another of the master's spirits, "Lithustrāgan," or

* This plant is much used by a tribe of Indians in Lower California, who are said to live to a great age, 180 years being no uncommon term of life among them. Among our own Indians it is not now known to exist. It grew like green corn, about two feet high, and was always in motion, even when boiling in the pot. It gave to him who drank it great length of life. Lewy Mitchell's mother received it from an Indian who wished to marry, and to whom she gave in return enough goods to set up housekeeping. She divided it with her four sisters, but on their death no trace of it was found.

"Thought," went like a flash to "Sūwessen," the south wind, and begged him to come to the rescue.

Luckily the warm south wind began to blow around the mountain, and the cold was forced to vanish from the scene.

The next to try his fate was "Kāsq," the "Heron," whose guardian spirit was "Chenco," or the giant with the heart of ice, who quickly went to work with his big stone hatchet, chopped down trees, tore up rocks, and began to hew a great hole in the side of the mountain, but the Giant Witch now for the first time let loose his terrible dog "M'dassmüss," who barked so loudly and attacked Chenco so fiercely that he was driven away in alarm.

The next warrior was "Mūin," the "Bear," whose poohigans were "Petargun," or "Thunder," and "Pessarquessok," or "Lightning." Soon a tremendous thunderstorm arose which shook the whole mountain, and a thunderbolt split the mouth of the cave in twain: the lightning flashed into the cavern and nearly blinded the Giant Witch, who was now terribly frightened for the first time. He yelled aloud with pain, for he was badly burned by the lightning. The thunder and lightning redoubled their fury, and filled the place with fire, much alarming the foe, who hastily bade "Humming-bird" go and summon "Haplebembo," the big "bull-frog," to his aid. The "bull-frog" soon appeared, and spat out his huge mouth full of water, which nearly filled the cave, quenching the fire and driving away Thunder and Lightning.

The next to fight was "Lox," the "Indian Devil." Now "Lox" was always a coward, and when he heard of the misfortunes of his friends he cut off one of his big toes, and when "Striped Squirrel" called him to begin the battle he excused himself, saying that he was lame and could not go.

Next in order came "K'tchiplāgan," the "Eagle," whose poohigan was "Applausumbressit," the "Whirlwind." When he entered the enemy's abode in all his fury and frenzy and noise, the Giant Witch awoke from sleep, and instantly "K'plāmūsūke" lost his breath and was unable to speak, but he made signs to the "Humming-bird" to go for "Culloo," the lord of all great birds, but the whirlwind was so

strong that "Humming-bird" could not get out of the cave, but was beaten back again and again. Therefore the Giant Witch bade "Thought" summon "Culloo." In an instant the great bird was at his side, and made such a strong wind with his wings at the mouth of the cave that the power of the whirlwind was destroyed.

Hassagwāhq' now began to despair, for but one witch remained to carry on the contest, and that was "Wābèkèloch," the "Wild Goose," who was very quiet, though a clever fellow, never quarreling with any one, and not regarded as a powerful warrior. But the great chief had a dream in which he saw a monstrous giant standing at the mouth of the enemy's cave. He was so tall that he reached from the earth to the sky, and he said that all that was needful to destroy the foe was to let some young woman entice him out from his lair, when he would at once lose his magical power and might readily be slain.

The chief repeated this dream to "Wābèkèloch," ordering him to obey the words of the giant whom he had seen. The "Wild Goose's" poehegan was "Mikumress," a "fairy," who speedily took the shape of a beautiful young woman and went to the mouth of the cave, where he climbed into a tall hemlock tree, singing this song as he mounted:

"Come to me, young man,
Come listen to my song,
Come out this lovely night,
Come out on this fair mount,
Come, see the leaves so red,
Come, breathe the air so pure."

The Giant Witch heard the voice, and coming to the mouth of the cave he was so fascinated by the music that he left his home and saw a most lovely girl sitting among the branches of a tree. She said to him: "W'litt hoddm'n, natchi pen eqūlin w'liketnqu'henus,"—"Please, kind old man, help me down from this tree." As soon as he approached her, Glūskap, the great king of all men, sprang from behind the tree, threw his stone hatchet or "timhegen" at him, and split his head open. Then, addressing him, Glūskap said: "You have been a wicked witch, and have destroyed many of the chief

Hassagwāhq's best warriors. Now speak yet once again and tell what you have done with the bones of your victims." The Giant Witch replied that in the hollow of the mountain might be found a vast heap of human bones, which was all that remained of what was once the noblest warriors of Striped Squirrel's time.

When he was dead, Glūskap summoned all the beasts of the forest and all the birds of the air to assemble and devour the body of the Giant Witch.

Then Glūskap ordered the beasts to go into the cave and bring forth the bones of the dead warriors, which they did. He next commanded the birds to take each a bone in his beak and pile them together at the village of Hassagwāhq'.

He then directed that chief to build a wall of large stones around the heap of bones, to cover them with wood and make "equnāk'n," or a hot bath.

Then Glūskap set the wood on fire, and began to sing his magic song: soon he bade the people heap more wood upon the fire, and pour water on the heated stones. He sang louder and louder and faster and faster until his voice shook the whole village, and he ordered the people to stop their ears lest his voice should kill them. Then he redoubled his singing, and the bones began to move with the heat, and to sizzle and smoke and give forth a strange sound. Then Glūskap sang his resurrection song in a low tone: at last the bones began to chant with him; he sprinkled on more water and the bones came together in their natural order and became living human beings once more.

The people were amazed with astonishment at Glūskap's power, and the great chief Hassagwāhq' gathered together all the neighbouring tribes and celebrated the marvellous event with the resurrection feast, which endured for many days, and the tribe of chief Hassagwāhq' were never troubled by evil witches for ever afterwards.

SOME FOLK-LORE OF THE SEA.

BY THE REV. WALTER GREGOR.



SAINT ELMO'S Light is called Covenanter, or Covie's Aunt, in Portessie; Fiery Cock, in Crovie; Jack-o'-lantern, in Nairn; Jack's lantern, in Findochty. When it appears, some fishermen fancy that they will never get to land, or that some disaster will fall upon them. (Portessie). Some think that the death of one of the relatives of the crew is not far off, and that the light is the ghost or spirit.* (Nairn.)

The phosphorescence of the sea goes in Nairn by the names of "burnin wattir" and "fiery wattir."†

When it begins to appear on the sea, a Nairn fisherman would say: "The sea's firin"; and when at the herring-fishing, before casting the nets, "Wait till the wattir fires."

The dulness that appears in the sea during the month of May is spoken of as "the easterly wattir"; and the fishermen say, "The sea's alive wi' the livin breed," or, "The sea's alive wi' the livin vermin."‡ (Crovie.)

THE STORM.

In Buckie and the neighbouring villages the sound of the sea coming from the west bears the name of "the chant fae (from) the saans (sands) o' Spey," and is regarded as a token of good weather. The Nairn folks call this wind from the west "the sooch (*ch* guttural) o' the sea," and regard it as a forecast of fine weather.§

* *Δημῶδεις μετεωρολογικοὶ Μῦθοι*, by N. G. Polites, p. 14.

† *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. pp. 53, 306.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 306.

§ *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 54.

At Portessie and along the shore of the Moray Firth, on the Banff and Morayshire coasts, before a storm from the north or north-east, the sea becomes perfectly calm, "like a beuk (book) leaf," as my informant expressed it, and the phenomenon is called a "weather gaa."

The swell before the storm is called "the win-chap."* (Portessie.) The broken water on the shore goes by the name of "the breach." (Nairn.) When the waves are heavy at the mouth of the harbour (Nairn), so that the boats cannot go to sea, the fishermen say, "There's ower muckle sea-gate."

The fisher folks of Portessie say that the sea before any disaster of drowning has "a waichty (weighty) melody," "a dead groan," or simply "a groan." In Nairn they speak of "a waichty groan" before any fatality takes place.†

In Portessie and Buckie the belief exists that the sea cannot become calm till the body of the drowned that is destined to be buried has been found;—in the words of my informant, "gehn (if) the body is t' get cirsent meels (consecrated ground), the sea's never at rist (rest) till the body's ashore."

Said a Portessie fisherman: "We were going to Beaully with fish and oil. The wind came down strong against us, and we had to go into Burghead. We lay there for two days, with the wind always a-head. There was a queer woman in Forres, and we did not know whether the woman, in whose house we were, sent for her or not, but she came into the house. She asked us what we were doing here. We told her. She said we would be in Beaully in two hours. We went out, and, though the wind was against us when the woman came in, found it had changed in our favour. We put out at once, and in two hours we were in Beaully."

"We were in Potmahomack once. A woman there baked a bannock, and gave it to one of the crew, with strict orders not to break it till he reached home, in order to get a 'roon win'.' The bannock was carefully rolled in a napkin, and put into his breast. In

* *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. pp. 53, 305.

† *Ibid.* vol. iii. pp. 53, 54, 306.

climbing up a rope into the boat—'breestin' the boat'—the bannock was broken. The wind was quite favourable when the boat set sail, but in a short time a heavy breeze came down, and home was reached after the greatest difficulty."

"On another occasion," said he, "we got a piece of twine with three knots upon it. One knot was to be loosed when the sail was hoisted. The second was to be loosed after a time to freshen the wind. All went well for a time, but after a little it fell 'breath-calm.' The third knot was loosed, but hardly was this done when a storm burst upon us, and we hardly escaped with the life."

A fisherman of Banff was at one time in Invergordon. When there, he showed some kindness to a woman by giving her fish. When the boat was about to return, the woman presented herself, and gave the fishermen a bottle with strict orders not to uncork it till they reached harbour at home. Curiosity, however, overcame all fears, and the boat had not half accomplished the voyage when the bottle was unstopped. In the course of a short time a breeze burst upon the boat, and it was with the utmost difficulty land was reached. (Told by J. R., Roseheartly.)

THE TIDE.

When the tide is running on the parts of the sea between the shallows and the deeps there is commonly a good deal of swell, and, if the weather is in the least rough, great care must be taken in passing through this swell. It is called "the tripple o' tide." (Pittulie.)

When the tide is lowest it is called "slack tide" (Findochty), and the point of time is called "the slack o' the tide."

At Portessie the fisher folks do not begin any piece of work, such as barking nets, baiting lines, &c., except when the tide is "flouwin." As my informant said to me, "I pit on the barkin pan fin the tide begins t' flouw." *

Hens must be set when the tide is flowing. The chickens are stronger, and thrive better. (Buckie.)

* *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii. p. 356.

In parts of the West Highlands the fisher folks build rough stone dykes across the mouths of the small inlets, so as to form convenient places for keeping crabs and lobsters alive. My informant said he has often seated himself on a dyke and watched the conduct of the prisoners, and the moment the water of the rising tide entered through the stones they were in motion to meet it.

Here is a theory of the movements of the herring. When the tide begins to rise, the herrings that were lying at the bottom rise, and are carried southward with the flowing tide. When the tide begins to ebb, the herrings again go to the bottom, and lie till the tide begins to flow, when they again rise, and are carried farther southward. This accounts for the southern migration of the herring. (Findochty.)

THE BOAT.

Some boats are supposed to be unlucky, "have an unlucky spehl in them." I heard of a carpenter, now dead, that pretended to forecast what the fortune of the boat would be by the way a certain "spehl," or chip of wood, came off when he began the work of building.

Fishermen (Nairn) speak of "he-wood" and "she-wood," and they say that a boat built of "she-wood" sails faster during night than during day. They believe that one built of "stealt" (stolen) wood does the same. "A thief goes fast at night," said my informant.

To secure luck in fishing, the owner's wife must, when the boat is tarred, put on the first mop of tar. (Porthnockie.)

The boat has always to be turned, when in harbour, according to the course of the sun. The phrase in Buckie is: "Pit the boat's head wast about" (west about).*

When a new boat was to be brought home (Crovie), those, that were to do so, set out when the tide was "flouwin." When the boat arrived, the village turned out to meet her, and bread and cheese, with beer or whiskey, were given to all. A glass, with spirits or beer, was broken on the boat, and a wish for success was expressed in such form

* *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 199.

as : " I wiss (wish) this ane may gyang (go) as lang safe oot and in, an catch as mony fish as the anl' ane."

It is accounted unlucky to go for a new boat, and come back without her. J. Watt, of Crovie, went to Pennan for a new boat. She was not finished, and he had to return empty-handed. He went for her some time after, and brought her home on Saturday. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, he proceeded to the fishing, and everything went right. But there was something that had to be remedied about the sail. The boat had to be taken to Macduff for this purpose. On Friday the journey was undertaken. When off Gamrie Mohr, a high headland, a gust of wind came down, and sank the boat. One man was drowned. The boat was afterwards recovered, but she had to be sold, as the crew would not go to sea in her. She proved a good seaworthy craft. The gusts off this headland go by the name of the "flans o' Mohr," and are accounted more dangerous than the gusts or "flans" off the other headlands. (Flan, a gust of wind from above.)

When the new boat was brought home (Portessie), the fisher folks assembled beside the boat. One of them "flang bere in ower the boat, sang oot the boat's name, and three cheers wiz geen (given)." Then followed the "boat febst" (feast)—bread, cheese, whiskey, or porter, or a dinner of broth, beef, &c., accompanied with quantities of whiskey. At this feast attended often all the men of the village, if small, and each set of men sat together. In each of the large fishing boats there are eight men besides the skipper. Each man has his own seat in rowing, and always keeps it. Counting from the stem, the first man on the left is called "the aivran hank," or "hanksman," whilst his companion on the right is called "the farran hank," or "hanksman." The second two go by the names of "the aivran mid-ship" and "the farran mid-ship." The third pair has the names of "the aivran slip" and "the farran slip"; and the fourth, those of "the aivran boo" and "the farran boo." The master is "the skipper." At the feast all the skippers sat together, all the "aivran hanksmen," or "aivran hanks," sat together, and so on with the others. The drinking was often carried far into the night, and even into the morning. A common toast was, "I wis you may burn 'er."

A toast, frequently used at feasts and drinking bouts, was:

“Health t’ men, an death t’ fish,
They’re waggin their tails, it’ll pay for this.”

THE LINE.

When a new line was to be made by a few neighbours, it had to be begun when the tide was rising, and finished without any interruption, so that all might have a share in the “allooance,” that is, the whiskey that was drunk for luck, on completion of the work. (Crovie.)

In Portessie, Buckie, and other villages, the first one that enters the house when a “greatlin”—a great line, that is, a line for catching cod, ling, skate, and the larger kinds of fish—is being made, has to pay for a mutchkin of whiskey, which is drunk in the house after the line is finished. “The line gets the first glass,” that is, the first glassful is poured over the line.

A story is current that an old fisherman, who was somewhat fond of “a dram,” had very often a new great line—“ane in the month,”⁷ the explanation of which was, that he kept one by him, and, when he was anxious for a glass, he took out his new line, so that, when a neighbour came in, he was busy measuring it off, and working at it. His “teename” was Old Pro.*

The first hook baited is spit upon, and then laid in the scull. My informant told me that she invariably followed this practice. She also told me that it is a custom to spit in the fire when the “girde” is taken off the fire when the baking of the bread, oaten cakes, is finished.

THE GOOD AND THE ILL FIT, &c.

If one with an “ill fit” was met when going to the boat to proceed to sea, there were some that would not have gone till the next tide had flowed. (Buckie.)

There were some that, if they had met one who asked them on their way to the sea where they were going, would have struck the one so

* *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 307.

asking "to draw blood," and thus turn away the ill luck that was believed (Portessie) to follow such a question.

A person with flat-soled feet is looked upon as an "unlucky fit." (Nairn.)

It is a notion among some that if you see below one having an "ill fit," no harm will follow. One morning a Spey salmon-fisher said to his companion on meeting him to proceed to their work, that he had met a certain man well known as having an "ill fit." "We'll hae naething the day, than." "Oh, bit he wiz ridin, an I saw through aneth (below) the horse-belly," was the answer.

Another mode of counteracting the evil of an "ill fit" is to have "the first word o' the one that has the evil power," that is, to be the first to speak. An old woman of the name of P—— lived in Fraserburg. She had the repute of having an "ill fit," and fishermen did not like to meet her. She kept a cow or two, and pastured them along the sides of the public roads, and no one that passed along the roads ever could have "the first word on her." She made it a point of being the first to speak. (Told by a Pittulie fisherman.)

As some people are looked upon as having an "ill fit," others are regarded as carrying luck with them. Such as have led an immoral life, whether man or woman, are those that bring success, and the name of such a one is used as a talisman. Thus (Buckie) when beginning to shoot the lines one of the crew will say, "We'll try in ——'s name for luck." When the line, on being hauled, sticks on the bottom, it is said, "Up, or rise ——." Sometime ago, the name of Maggie Bowie, an old woman, was frequently used. (Portessie.) In Buckie a talisman was "Nelltock," the familiar name of a well-known woman, and the saying was, "Blow up, Nelltock."

The cat, the rat, the hare, and the salmon are all bringers of ill-luck, and the words were never uttered during the time the lines were being baited. (Crovie.)

To meet the cat in the morning as the "first fit" was the sure fore-runner of disaster that day.

A. R——, of Crovie, did not leave his bed in the morning without calling out "Hish, hish, hish," to drive away the house cat, lest it might be lying near, and thus be his "first fit."

A fisherman will not keep a pig for feeding (Buckie), and the word pig or swine, as well as rottin (rot), salmon, which is commonly called "the fool (foul) beast," hare, and rabbit, are words of ill-omen. (Buckie.)*

It is unlucky to catch a sea-gull ("a goo") when out fishing, and keep it on board. My informant told me that one day he caught a gull, with the intention of bringing it ashore to his boy. One of the old men in the boat, in very strong language, ordered him to set it adrift, which was done at once. (Portessie.)

W. W. of Crovie, had gone to the West Highlands to prosecute the cod and ling fishing. The first time the boat went to the fishing-ground the first fish that came up on the line was a ling. The skipper at once ordered it to be thrown overboard, as being unlucky to have a ling for the first fish caught.

The "scull," which holds the lines, must not be overturned in the boat after they have been shot. It is unlucky to do so. (Crovie.) A poor "shot" (catch) of fish is supposed to follow. (Nairn.) It is accounted unlucky to put the foot by accident into the scull ("the scoo") after the lines have been thrown. (Nairn.)

It is unlucky to have a rat on board a boat unless it is caught, and killed. The drawing of blood counteracts the bad luck. (Buckie.)

During the herring-fishing of 1885 a rat appeared in the boat of a Crovie fisherman fishing in Roseheartly. A hunt for the animal was made, and it was caught. The fisherman mentioned the fact on returning to his house, when one of the women said, "Ye'll be sure o' a boat fu' the first time ye gyang oot." Another said, "That's az gueede's (as good's) three hunner (300) cran."

Two Crovie boats were, one spring not long ago, fishing in S. Uist. In the boat of one was caught a rat. The skipper of the other boat made the remark, "This winna (will not) be a rich year fahtever (whatever), for we hinna gotten a beastie."

THE HERRING FISHING.

In Portessie and other neighbouring villages white stones are

* *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 182.

rejected both as ballast and as lug-stones for the herring-nets ; but in Portessie a "boret-stone," that is a stone bored by the *pholas*, is looked upon as particularly lucky for ballast.*

It is accounted very unlucky to take a stone of the ballast from another man's boat, and, if one did so, he would be resisted. Neither would one allow a "waicht" (weight) of a herring-net to be taken away. These weights, used for sinking the nets, are small stones tied to the lower side of the net. A man had to cross his neighbour's boat to reach his own. In doing so he lifted a weight to use as a hammer to drive a nail in a part of his own boat. He intended to restore the stone ; but the owner, in very surly fashion, ordered him at once to lay it down. The luck of the fishing was supposed to go with the stone. (Nairn.)

Some will not give away a "fry o' herrin," that is, a few herrings as a dish. The luck of the fishing goes with them. (Nairn.)

If one of the crew makes his water over the boat's side before casting the nets, the boat would have been brought back at once without the nets having been shot. (Porthnockie.)

When the herring fishing was going on in a poor way, in the words of the fisherman that told me—"Fin we wiz jist driven t' desperation," he would say, "Wife, for God's sake, turn your sark !" (Portessie.)

Another mode to get herring is to put the boat through the "main riggan." My informant said that a friend of his told him he once tried this "fret," and lost his "main riggan."

Another mode of securing herring is the following :—The "tail bow" (buoy)—that is, the buoy fixed to the net thrown first overboard, and, therefore, the farthest from the boat when the whole of the nets—"the fleet"—are overboard,—is cut off in the name of some one reputed as carrying luck. For example, a fisherman of Portessie would say, before beginning to cast the nets, "Cut aff the tail bow in Meggie Bowie's name," to bring the fish into the nets.

J. Watt was engaged in the herring fishing at Gardenston. He was not at all successful, and for over a week had caught nothing

* *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 308.

One evening as he was proceeding to sea "raither hingen-heedit" (with hanging head), the woman in whose house he was lodging, without saying a word to him, threw the beesom (the broom) after him. That night a good fishing was made. J. Watt told one of the crew (a hired man) what had been done. His remark was: "That's fat (what) did it. Tell 'er t' dee 't (do it) again. (Crovie.)

The same custom holds round the coast.

Another custom to secure a fishing, if it is poor during the herring season, is to throw a handful of salt after the skipper, or any of the crew, as he is leaving the house, or to throw salt over the boat. (Portessie.)

THE HADDOCK, &c.

The black spots on the shoulders of the haddock are called Peter's spots, and it is believed by some fishermen (Crovie) that no one can grasp and hold the fish in the same way. My informant told me he had often tried to do so, and seen others do the same, but to no purpose. The fish slipped from the fingers.

Here are two variants of the haddock rhyme:—

"Roast me weel, an boil me weel,
Bit dinna burn ma beens,
Than ye'll never wint me aboot yir hearth-steens."

And—

"Roast me an boil me weel,
An dinna burn ma beens,
An a'll come t' yir fireside aftner nor eens (once)."* (Portessie.)

Here follows something of a contest between the herring and the flounder or fleuk:—

The herrin' said she wiz the king o' the sea, but the fleuk turnt her moo, an' said she wis 't.

And—

"She thrawd her moo, says she,
Faht (what) am I tee,
Fin (when) the herrin's the king o' the sea?" (Portessie.)

* *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. pp. 183, 310.

It is believed that there is a "beest i' the sea for ilky beest o' the laan" (land), said a Portessie man to me.*

It was a custom to go to the sea, and draw a pailful of water, and take it along with a little seaweed to the house on the morning of New Year's Day. (Portessie.)

DOG STORIES.

A fisherman in Crovie had a collie dog. He was always at hand when the boats were putting to sea. One morning when the men were on the beach making ready to go to the fishing, the dog got into a great state of excitement, rushed about, and laid hold of the men when putting the lines into the boats. His conduct was such, that the men did not go to sea. Scarcely had they got their lines back to their houses, than a great storm suddenly burst over the Firth. Several boats were lost from the other villages.


On another occasion, the owner of the dog was going with his boat to the south to sell his dried cod and ling. The dog was to be taken along with him. The boat was to sail from Gardenstone, another village about a mile distant. It was with the utmost difficulty the dog could be induced to follow his master. But no sooner did he reach the boat, than he bolted, and ran back, rushed into the house, and hid under one of the beds. He was taken by force from his hiding-place, and carried to the boat. The voyage was performed, and the boat was returning, and had come as far north as Stonehaven, when a heavy storm came down, the boat was driven ashore in the early morning, and two of the crew perished. The third one escaped through the intervention of the dog. He had become entangled about the wreck, and could not free himself. The dog ran to the town, went up to the first man he met, began barking and pulling at him in such a way as to arouse his attention. Off the dog went. The man followed, and soon saw what had happened. The fisherman was rescued. This took place many years ago, but the dog still lives in the memory of the fisher folks.

* *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 183.

FOLK-LORE IN MONGOLIA.

(Continued from vol. III. page 328.)

14. THE CUCKOO.

 IN one house were two maidens. The elder married; a horse of the brother-in-law was lost; the younger sister—that is, his sister-in-law—(Balduiz in Kirghis) went forth to look for it and lost herself. Now she only screeches “At djok (there’s no horse) kukuk!” When she started on the search she wore on one foot her own black shoe, on the other foot the shoe of her brother-in-law, which was made of red felt (baltgarui).—(The same as No. 13. See *Folk-Lore Journal* for October 1885.)

15. THE BEE.

The king of the birds, Khan Garudē, sent two birds, Uran shēba (the Messenger of Poland*) and Khatuin-Kharatsē, or Altuin Kharatsē (the swallow), and the bee, to dine upon the earth and find out whose flesh was best eating. On their return they met Bur khan; † he asked them whose flesh is best to eat? They replied, “Human flesh.” Bur khan, to save man, persuaded them not to tell the bird Khan Garudē. The birds agreed; but not believing that the bee would keep silence they cut out her tongue.

When they flew up, the first said to Khan Garudē that the most delicious flesh was the snake’s, for so Bur khan had advised them to say. The bee then flew up; but to the question of Garudē she

* “Messenger of Poland,” *Ægithalus Pendulinus*. (Potanin.)

† Bur khan, king of the storm. (C.T.G.)

could only give out an unintelligible buzzing.—(Dorchkē, a Khalka man of the Baru tribe from the mouth of the Orkhon River.)

16. THE MESSENGER OF POLAND BIRD AND THE SNAKE.

Formerly there was war between the Messenger of Poland and the snake (Djēlan Kurkul taiga Uch buladui). The snake's young ate the commander of the Messenger of Poland (Kurkulgai duin tiurēnui). After this the Messenger of Poland (Kurkulgai) built his nest over the water on the end of a branch.—(Siēr Bai, a Kirghis of Tarbagatai.)

In former times the snake was crooked, and destroyed much people and animals; the Messenger of Poland, out of fright, built herself a nest over the water and hid herself. A priest came to the land and met a man. "Whither goest thou?" asked he him. "To complain to God," replied he, "of the snake who destroys men and animals." The priest said, "I will overcome her by fraud." Then the priest went to the snake, and said: "If thou wishest, O snake, I will make thee straight—thou shalt run still faster." The snake agreed; the priest pressed her under a press, and drew her out under a sickle. From this time she became straight, slippery, and without strength.—(Raēs, a Kirghis of Chubaraigir, clan of Tarbagatai.)

17. OLBĒ * LETYAGA.

Not only was it no sin to kill Letyaga, but, by his death, fortune came to the sky itself. In grey antiquity the son of the sky came upon the earth; him Olbē saw. God's son slept under a tree. Then Olbē bit through his throat. Therefore, a Mongol deems it a good deed to slay Olbē and hang him upon a tree. The sky destroyed Olbē with thundering lightning † and now, whenever a storm rages on the earth, the thunder-stroke is directed to that quarter where sits Olbē.‡—(Tabuin Sakhal, a Shaman of the Mongol Uryankhait race, in the Altai mountains.)

* Olbe, giant. (Potanin.)

† M. Potanin, in a note, adds: "The Russian peasants believe the lightning strikes the pulsatilla patens because Satan hid himself behind that plant when God ordered Michael to drive him from heaven."

‡ *i.e.* towards the trees. (C.T.G.)

To slay *Olbē* is considered a meritorious action. If slain, *Olbē* people take courage, and form a cross from his hide which they place at the junction of two roads, and fasten it to the ground with nails.—(Sambo, of the *Tabuin Khotoghait* tribe on the lake *Sanghin Dalai*.)

18. SHORT SAYINGS ABOUT ANIMALS.

“The wicked magpie pecks the back,
But the *Shabe* tea decoction.”—

(A *Khalka* man.)

Abta Kherem, in winter, lives by the water like a bird; but in summer changes himself into a mouse.—(A *Uryankhait* in *Cobdo*.)

The animal “*Crongo*” has only one horn on the head.—(Same as above.)

The flying mouse does not carry taxes and fines to the *Khan Garēd*, the king of the birds; the other birds all do.—(A *Tabuin Sakhal*, a *Mongol Uryankhait Shaman*, in the *Altai* mountains.)

19. ACCOUNTS OF THE ORIGINS OF NATIONS.

In ancient times the *Diurbiuts* had no *khan*; ten men wished to have a *khan*; they saw in a dream that of the tree *Urun* * and the bird *Urun* was born a divine son who became their *khan*. His name was *Urun molon êkētai* (having for mother the tree *Urun*), *Urun shēbo êtseqtai* (having for his father the bird *Urun*), *Udontai Bodontai Gurbushtên Têngriēn Ku*.—(*Buēn-dotkho*, a *Diurbiut*, from the valley of the *River Cobdo*.)

The father of all the *Mongols* or the race (bone) of *Tsagan tuk*, was the dog *Noka*, the mother *Odun modun*, the tree *Odun*; the father of the *Mongols* was born of a tree, and a dog suckled him. The mother of *Tanguto* was *Tents* and *Sword*, and the father,

* *Urun*, perhaps *Spermaphylus Duricus*. (*Potanin*.)

Manguis.—(Tabiun Sakhal, a Mongol Uryankhait, in the Altai mountain, who assumed to belong to the race (bone)* of Tsagan tuk.)

The father of the Bersēt race was a wolf, living in a wood by a lake, with whom lived Moralukha (the reindeer). From them was born a son, the progenitor of the Bersēts.—(Aiusha, a Khalka man of the Bersēt tribe, a race of Adjē Bogdo mountains, Eastern Altai.)

The Mongol race descends from the maid Udul (Kukiun Udul).—(A Shama in the Eastern Altai mountains.)

In ancient times there was a great shama (Buddhist priest). He took a handful of earth, spit upon it, and threw it away—out came the Chinese nation. He gathered grass, spit upon it, and threw it away—out came the Russian nation. He took four stones, spit upon them, and threw them away—out came the four Mongol encampments. Others say the Chinese were made of earth, and the Mongols of meat; because the Chinese bury their dead in the ground, while the Mongols expose them to be devoured by dogs and birds.—(Chērēn Dorekē, a Khalka man of Zain Shabēn, from the Tamēr River.)

In ancient times two khans warred among themselves, and destroyed the whole nation; only one woman was left alive. She met a bull in a field, and begat of him two daughters, from whom the Mongol nation multiplied.—(The same as above.)

The daughter of the khan of the Kotons, taking with her forty of her maids, went into a field to gather Djemuis (a wild edible vegetable product). Wishing to drink, they went to the water. In the middle of the water there was a drop of blood. The khan's daughter alone saw it and drank it up. From this she became pregnant; fearing to return home she remained on the steppe. The khan asked the forty maidens—"Where is my daughter?" They told him they had

* Mr. Baber mentions that the Lolos in West Szechuan call themselves white bones and black bones. (C.T.G.)

drank water, and with this water the khan's daughter had become pregnant and was ashamed. The khan said: "Lay stones on your bosoms and ye shall thus perhaps become pregnant, and say to her, 'We also are pregnant'; then shall she come (home)." Thus it was. The khan only said to them all, "Ye are all pregnant," and drove them away. The maidens went away to a place where a birch-tree grew. They had no food with them. The khan's daughter gave birth to a boy child; but the famished mother had no milk. At that time there came to them an old man tending cows. "Why do you live here?" asked he. The khan's daughter told him her history. Then the old man plucked the birch and gave the end of it to the baby to suck. The baby was then all right. Afterwards the old man went to the khan, and said, "There is a child, Uēl shēbo épēgtai urgo modon êkhetai (having for mother the bird Uēl, and for his father the tree Urgo). The khan sent him with some nobles to fetch the child. The old man brought the child in his arms and threw him inside the tent. The child fell right on the khan's seat with folded legs as though he were going to sit; from that they understood that he was destined to be khan. And he was made khan. The mother of the child threw herself in the water. Therefore, the men of the Koton tribe, on the approach of a flood, kill a black ram and throw it into the water; besides this, they also throw into the water hairs from their beard, and believe that the waters marry them. Of the forty maidens who served the khan's daughter were born forty sons, who became chiefs of the Buruts.* From them multiplied the tribes (êl) of Sarabash.† The son of the khan's daughter was Gelgentē.— (Khodja Gul, of Koton tribe south of Ubs Lake).

The father of the Russians, Kirghis, and Chinese, was Au ata, and their mother, Au ênê. They had forty daughters and forty sons. From the youngest son and youngest daughter sprung the Kirghis nation; from the eldest children, the Chinese; from the middle, the Russians. — (Têngis hai, a Kirghis of the Chubaraigir race of Tarbagatai).

* Buruts, districts in Mongolia. (C.T.G.)

† Sarabash, tribes in the Altai Mountains. (Potanin.)

Three women in their labour clutched—the first, the earth ; the second, a tree ; the third, the mane of a horse ; from them were born : from the first, the Chinaman, whose land is vast and people numerous ; from the second, the Russian, whose forests are many, and whose people are numerous ; but it was not so with the third ; from the third came the Kasak, who has but little hair on the mane, and is but a little people.—(The same as above.)

God, when he made man, ordered them to choose what suited them. The Chinaman seized the earth ; the Russian, a tree ; the Kazak (Kirghis), the herb *hētégé* (*Festuca ovina*). Therefore, the Chinese is a husbandman ; the Russian, a huntsman ; and the Kirghis, a herdsman.—(A Kirghis of Tarbagatai.)

20. KHUKHU BUKHA (THE GREY OX), THE FATHER OF THE MONGOL NATION.

There were two maidens blooming with colour. Then a lake divided from a grey calf. A tiger lived with a calf and protected him. When the tiger went to the mountains for food he hung a bell on the calf. To the calf came one of the maidens ; the calf was frightened and ran away ; at the sound of the bell up rushed the tiger and threw the maiden into the lake. On the second maid the bull begat a four-footed son, who was left to browse at the entrance to the gorge ; at the entrance of a neighbouring gorge browsed a mare ; the son of the maiden of the bull ate in one day as much as the mare ate in seven. Therefore, they cut off his fore feet ; and he stood up to eat not grass but meat.—(Ochër, a Khalka, near Cobdo. The story was translated in a confused way.)

21. ÊLDJĒG (THE ASS), THE FATHER OF THE CHINESE NATION.

There was once a poor Bandē. He had nothing to drink or to eat. The Bandē went on the road and met two men quarrelling over a precious-stone as big as a sheep's eye. Bandē said to them that they should hand him the stone, and that he should run with it,

and whoever first caught him should be given the stone. They prepared to race; then Bandē swallowed the stone and disappeared. He came to the territory of a certain khan. In a poor tent lived an old man and an old woman; he lived with them; the old man adopted him as a son to his house. Bandē spit and vomited gold. The old man took the gold to the khan to ask him for his daughter for wife to Bandē. The khan wished to see Bandē himself with his own eyes. Bandē vomited out some gold before the face of the khan. The daughter of the khan ordered him to be bound with a horse-girth, and, having given him salt water, flogs him with a whip; out flew the stone from him. The khan's daughter seized the stone and swallowed it. Bandē returned to his old man and said that he had lost the power of procuring gold. "What are we to do now?" says the old man. "Make an ass's saddle and bridle," said Bandē. When the things were prepared Bandē went to a tree and sat down. At that time the khan's daughter with twenty virgins went out to play with the white tree. Then Bandē began to read a writing which had been read out to him in his sleep, when he in the time of his poverty had once slept in the road under the tree. By this reading, the khan's daughter, who was pregnant because she had swallowed the precious-stone, was changed into a she-ass. Then the other maidens seeing only the she-ass, and not seeing the khan's daughter, were frightened; but Bandē saddled the ass and rode off; he rode for a month; then the ass was wearied out and could go no farther. Bandē left her and proceeded on foot to a certain town where he became a Lhama (a Buddhist priest). The ass which he left behind gave birth to two boys—one good, the other evil. The following generations were all likewise twins. They all became rich, had much gold, silver, cloth, tea, &c. From them came the Chinese nation.—(Daba, a Khalka man of Khêbê Tushe gun Gachoun, on the north slope of Tsastu Bogdo.)

22. GAKHAI (THE PIG), THE FATHER OF THE KIRGHIS NATION.

Ginghis Khan built a Pēr; then his son made a house of the materials. Some bad women smeared the back of the thief with soot.

In the morning the thief was recognised, and the father drove him into Gobi. On his departure, the criminal stole and took with him a stirring-stick, with which kourmiss is stirred, in a leather sack, and together with it he carried off the luck of the Mongol nation. In Gobi he came to a river, on the banks of which he met a pig. Out of the pig he begat children, from whom the Kirghis have multiplied. The Kirghis are rich in cattle and possessions, because the Bêliur of the Mongol nation was taken to the Kirghis *Ulus*. *—(The same as above.)

The Kirghis † themselves, especially those living in Tarbagatai and Altai, also say that they are descended from the pig—"Kazaknuin Akêsni Chusko." Therefore, said they, "We do not eat pork."

23. THE FIRST PEOPLE.

In former times a mare with her foal and a woman and her son fed entirely upon grass; but the woman and her son did not bite the grass, but tore it up by the root with their hands, so that where they fed grass no longer grew, and the land became desert; therefore succeeding people were commanded to eat not grass but meat.—(Uchja, a Tourgout of Tarbagatai.)

At first only four men and four animals were made, the camel, horse, ox, and sheep, and all were ordered to live on grass. But the men pulled up the grass by the root, made a store of it, and laded their arms with it. Then the animals complained to God that man was thus destroying all the grass; and God asked them, "If I forbid men to eat grass will you consent that they should sell, buy, slaughter and eat you?" The animals consented.—(Siër Dai, a Kirghis of Tarbagatai.)

* *Ulus*, nomad villages. (C.T.G.)

† The Kirghis are influenced by Arabs Mahommedans, and therefore do not eat pork. A Chinaman has explained to me, "Mahommedans do not eat pork because the pig is a sacred animal." (C.T.G.)

24. KARAGAN.

People wished to kill the saint Elias ; he fled to the wilderness and built himself a tent and a bed, and lived by hunting wild animals. To him came the fox and said, "Feed me with the meat thou hast captured, and I will find thee a wife." Elias fed her, and the fox really brought him a wife, and then ran away. No sooner had she hid herself than the wife changed into a trembling karagan (*caragana frutescens*). Elias said, "May I never see thee again, O fox!"—(Djak sui hai, a Kirghis of the Baidjêgêt race, of Tarbagatai.)

25. LEGENDS OF THE SWAN, THE WIDGEON, AND THE CROW,
EXPLAINING WHY IT IS WICKED TO KILL THEM.

Khong, the swan. In ancient times there was only water, there was no land. A Lhama came from the sky and began to stir the ocean with an iron rod. The ocean, like butter, grew thick from the wind and melted from the fire. From this stirring in the centre of the ocean there thickened a ball of earth, and from the stirring of the more distant part of the ocean the earth grew hard in the form of a square. After this, from the sky to that land, came two swans; the Lhama made from the nails of the female a woman, and from the nails of the male a man. From these two the first of men sprung the human race; for this cause the Mongols do not kill the swan. The swan has yellow cheeks, a white body, and black feet; therefore the Tangût Lhamas all wear yellow clothes. The body is bigger than the head; therefore the White Khan (Russian Emperor) rules over ten tongues. The feet are black,* therefore people living by the sea-shore know little of books. Thus too the Tangüts † know more than them all (for the tongue is nearest of all to the head).—(Chêrên Dorchkê, a Khalka man by the River Tamêr.).

* *Khava*, black, also means desert, and by metaphor intellectual darkness. (C.T.G.)

† The tanguts, being the cheek of the swan, contain the tongue, language written and spoken. (C.T.G.)

Arigur, the widgeon. In ancient times there was a poor man. He had only five goats. While tending them he saw seven Lhamas sitting down drinking tea. He took them a little goat's milk; the Lhamas accepted the milk and said to him, "Be rich for seven centuries." After that those seven Lhamas flew away in the form of widgeons; and indeed that man became rich, he lived for a century, died, was born again and again, became rich. That very man lives now in Tachjën Uryankhai Gachoun, his name is Khun Taichjē.

According to another account, people do not kill the widgeon because he is yellow, and there is yellowness on the cheek of the swan.—(Daba, a Khalka man of Kêhē tushē gun Gachoun.)

Kēre the crow. In olden times there was a Lhama (the narrator thought it was the same Lhama who stirred the ocean with his rod). He created all the animals and the birds and among them the crow. Having drawn some beautiful water in a cup he gave it to the crow and said, "Pour this water, drop by drop, on the head of each man, that they may become immortal." The crow flew away, and sat in a certain place on a cedar tree. She croaked, the precious cup fell in consequence, the water was spilt. In that place grew three plants, always green, always fresh, that never die, the *kosh* (*Pinus cembra*), the *djergene* (ephedra) and the *artsa* (juniper). Other trees, like men, are mortal, they die each winter. The crow returned to the Lhama; he asked her, "Where is the water?" "Spilt." Then the Lhama said to the crow, "For this thy name shall be *Khara kēre* (black crow). Thou shalt have no other food than the eyes of dead men."

By another account people do not kill the crow because she is all black, and the swan has black feet.—(Chērēn Dorchkē, a Khalka man by the River Tamēr.)

26. THE HARE'S TAIL.

In former times people who died rose again after three days. This has ceased to be so, from the following circumstance: a man died who had only a wife and one daughter. The widow went to and fro

in the tent. At that time daughter wanted to steal some of the provisions, so that she might eat them without her mother's knowledge. In comes the corpse of the father and says, "Why do you steal?" Then the daughter said to him, "Must the dead indeed rise again?" and she struck him with the poker, that is, the stick burnt at the end, which lay close to the stove to stir the charcoal with. That is why the hare has a black mark on his tail.*—(Udja, a Torgout of Tarbagatai.)

27. THE CAMEL AND THE MORAL (REINDEER).

In olden days a Lhama who understood magic made a living machine, and thought to subdue all the khans on the earth, and be himself sole khan. With this view he made a beast which could when it ate destroy men. This was the camel, which had then the horns of the reindeer. He struck men with his horns and bit them with his teeth. The camel destroyed many nations, until a khan who was then Guigên † placed in his nose a wooden stick, and fastened to it a rein, and, calling the wild beast "Têmên" (camel), subdued him thus, "Bear henceforth wood argal" (fuel made of dung), said the khan. Then the camel began to carry argal, and man began to lead him by the nose to drink.

Once, when the camel was browsing on grass, the reindeer (*Cervus Elephas*) came to him. The reindeer then had only horns, like the Tsa (*Cervus Tarandus*, northern deer). The reindeer said, "Give me thy horns: to-day is the marriage of the lion and tiger. To-morrow, when thou comest to the drinking-place, I will return them to thee." The camel gave his horns. On the morrow he went to the drinking-place, but there was no reindeer; so the camel was left without horns, for the reindeer had tricked him. That is why the camel now, when he drinks water, looks about to right and left, and lifts his head high—he is trying to see where the reindeer is. The reindeer also sheds his

* Certain superstitions attach to the hare in China as being connected with ghosts. (C.T.G.)

† Guigên, Buddhist high priest.

horns every year, because they do not belong to him.—(Chērēn Dorchkē, a Khalka man by the River Tamēr.)

28. THE FOX AND THE WOLF.

The wolf and the fox found on the road a skin full of fat. "Hand it over; let us eat it," said the wolf. "That won't do here. Here people are going backwards and forwards; we must carry it to the top of a mountain and eat it there. Do thou carry it." The wolf carried the fat to a great mountain. The fox says, "There's not enough fat for us both, it's not worth dividing; let one of us eat the whole." "Which of us?" asks the wolf. "Let the elder eat it," said the fox; "pray how old art thou?" The wolf thought a while, and determined to invent a lie, so as to cheat the fox. "When," says he, "I was a youngster the Mount Sumēru was only a clot of earth in a bog, and the ocean only a puddle." The fox lay down and wept. "Why weepest thou?" "I wept because I once had two cubs, and the youngest was just your age"; so the fox cheated the wolf, and the wolf was so ashamed that he ran away.—(Daba, a Khalka man from Kheke tushe gun Gachoun.)

29. LEGENDS ABOUT SHĒDUIR VAN.

There were four Djan djēn * to the four aimaks, and Shēduir Van was one of them. He purposed to free the Mongols.† Uī Djan djen was in the same council, but thought differently, and informed Êdzēn Khan ‡ of Shēduir Van's designs. Shēduir Van had an officer (mêrēn) named Donduk, who had only one eye; he warned Shēduir Van. "Do not trust Uī Djan djen, he says one thing but thinks another." Shēduir Van did not believe him, and said, "Donduk has only one eye, he sees badly and counsels badly." When the plot was discovered, and there remained nothing to do but to escape, Shēduir

* Djan djen, perhaps chin Chiang chun, general. (C.T.G.)

† From Chinese yoke. (C.T.G.)

‡ Êdzēn Khan, Emperor of China. (C.T.G.)

Van went northwards. Donduk again gave him good advice: "Do not cross Khan Khoro, but cross Khonēn daban." * Again Shēduir Van did not heed the advice. Khan Khoro proved to be impassable. He turned back, and at the exit of a narrow gorge was met by the Chinese army.—(A Mongol of the Khotogait clan.)

A Khotogait man told me that there is a saying of an ancient Shaman. "Khun taidjē êtsēgtai, Khongre notuktai Khonēn daba dzamtai," that is, "I am a descendant of Khun taidjē, a native of the country of Khongre, and having a road across Khonēn daban." Perhaps the saying refers to Shēduir Van.

Shēduir Van was the ancestor of Bēshērēltui Van, one of the five princes of Khotogaitu. Not more than a hundred years ago three men plotted to pay no more tribute to the Emperor of China. These three men were Amursan, Shēduir Van, and Noi-on Khutuktu. They agreed at Êrchēmuin-nuru to establish a Mongol army, and to collect taxes for their own benefit. The Emperor heard of the plot, and sent an army. The three Noions were put to flight. Amursan fled straight on, crossed the Altai mountains and escaped into Russia; Noi-on Khutuktu was left in the present Darkhatsk territory. Shēduir Van was taken, carried to Peking, and there executed. Noi-on Khutuktu started for Peking with contrite face and bribes; in the village of Kalgau he met a carriage with a hearse, and learnt that it was carrying the bones and corpse of the executed Shēduir Van to his family. Noi-on Khutuktu remained, closed the hole through which the smoke escapes and the door, and recited prayers, having clothed himself all in black from head to foot. The Emperor, hearing where he was, sent to seize him; but Khutuktu resisted. The Emperor intended to send an army; but his wise men told him that Khutuktu would pray to the sky for help, and the sky would send him an army of the sky chērēks, of whom each would be able to slay 1,000 Chinese. The Emperor rescinded his order, and then the clothes of Khutuktu became yellow; only on the neck was any black left; that is why the Lhamas now wear yellow coats with black collars.

* Khonen daban, modern Russian province of Yeneseisk. (Potanin.)

Shêduir Van, before his execution, said : " I am to be executed ; but that is no misfortune ; my soul shall enter the womb of the wife of the Emperor." Shêduir Van was beheaded. The Empress was pregnant, and gave birth to a son who had a cicatrice on the neck. The Emperor asked his wise men what that signified. They told him the soul of Shêduir Van had entered the womb of the Empress. The Emperor ordered that the child should be slain, and that pieces of flesh as large as money should be plucked off. After this the Empress conceived again, and bore a son with a scar. Again the Emperor asked his wise men, who told him that this, also, was again the soul of Shêduir Van. Then the Emperor ordered the babe to be thrown in the fire ; the charcoal went out and changed into water. After this the soul of Shêduir Van did not again enter the womb of the Empress, but revealed itself in a hairless bay mare ; the skin of this mare is preserved to the present day ; but it is not known in what Gachoun or in what Khuré it is. In the Gachoun of Bêshênêltu. Van is secretly kept the standard of the Mongol nation. It will only be unfurled on the day Mongolia is freed from the Chinese yoke.—(Chênên, a Khalka man of the River Tamêr.)

A Diurbiut, named Buen Dotkhs, translated to me very briefly another story about Shêduir Van, which only, however, differed from the preceding story that in the place of Noi-on Khutuktu here figures Kuukiun (saintly virgin) Khutuktu. That, say the Mongols, is the gêgên, who is on alternate days of the male and female sex.

30. SARTAKTAI.

Sartaktai lived in ancient days by the sources of the River Êder ; from thence he rode in one day on his piebald horse without a tail right to Barun tszu (Tibet) ; he had a wife and eight children ; he slew many wild beasts and caught fishes. The coats and clothes of his family were very bad. Sartaktai himself wished to join the lake Subsenor to the Khara usu ; he began to dig ; he throws away a scoop of earth dug from the canal. There's a mountain—another—another mountain. Thirty-three times he scoops and throws away

the scoopfull. Thirty-three mountains rear themselves; they are the thirty-three mountains of the Khankhu Khêi range. Yet the water did not flow from the Ubsa Lake; after each dig with his spade the water gushes from the lake, but flows back directly. Then Sartaktai got into a rage, threw aside his work, and said: "Be thy name Subsenor." Bad wine, the dregs of the spirit that comes from the still, is called *sybsa*.—(Chêrên Dorhkê, a Khalka man by the River Tamêr.)

Near the town of Cobdo, in the valley of the Khara usu, on the right bank of the River Cobdo, there is a peculiar gulley stretching in the direction away from the river. This gulley is attributed by the local inhabitants to Sartaktai-Batuir,* who once dug a canal from the Khara usu lake to Peking, and traversed the distance between the two in a single day.—(Muno, a Torgout.)

According to the inhabitants of the Altai, somewhere on the Katune, below the ford of Kort Kêstu, there is a place where the imprint of Sartaktai's sitting down is apparent.

31. BOROLTAI KU.

Boroltai Ku lived in a hut on grass, and was clothed in a felt coat. His only possession was a girdle; once he saw a fox's hole, and dug out the fox. She said to him: "Don't kill me, and I will marry thee to a khan's daughter, and will make thee a khan." Boroltai Ku let the fox go. She ran to Gurbushtên Khan, and says: "Boroltai Ku, the rich khan, wishes to marry thy daughter." "If Boroltai Ku is indeed a rich khan then let him procure me a leopard, a lion, and an elephant," said Gurbushtên Khan. The fox ran to Boroltai Ku, and said: "Give me three strings." Boroltai Ku took from his girdle three strings. The fox took them and went at first to the leopard and said: "Gurbushtên Khan and Boroltai Ku, the rich khan, prepare a summer feast; and, as you are a famous animal, the khan

* Batuir. Can this be Arabic *Badur*?

wishes to invite you." She placed on the leopard the string and led him forth. In like manner she bridled the lion and the elephant, and led them to Gurbushtên Khan. The khan ordered an iron Baishên-house to be built, which was enclosed by three walls, and fettered the beasts with chains. Then he said: "If Boroltai Ku is indeed a rich khan, then let him drive his cattle and come here." The fox ordered Boroltai Ku to follow in her footsteps. Boroltai Ku went on foot in his bad coat. On the road to the khan they came to a river; the fox ordered Boroltai Ku to stay by the river, and herself ran on before to Gurbushtên Khan, and says: "Boroltai Ku, the rich khan, is close at hand; but a misfortune has befallen him; all his cattle, his southern camels, all his silk garments and gold, at the time of his crossing sank—Boroltai is left naked. Send him quickly silken raiment in which he may visit you." Silken raiment they sent; Boroltai Ku came to the khan's camp. The khan gave him his daughter and let him go home, and as a guide gave him his *Noi-on*.* The fox ran on ahead, and begged each herdsman on the road if a passer-by should ask them whose is this cattle? to reply, "It is the cattle of Boroltai Ku, the rich khan." The *Noi-on* despatched by the khan received the same answer all along the road. The fox ran to the tent of the Khan Manguis, lay down at the door and groans. The khan asks—"What art thou groaning at, O fox?" "A misfortune will befall unfortunate me," said the fox; "a storm is coming." "Oh, dear, that is a misfortune to me, too," says the Khan Manguis. "How to you?" says the fox; "you can order a hole ten fathoms deep to be dug, and can hide in it." So he did. Boroltai Ku appeared in the tent of the Khan Manguis, as if it was his own. The fox assured the *Noi-on* of Gurbushtên Khan that it was the house of Boroltai Ku, the rich khan. "There is only one defect here," says she. "What is that?" "Under the tent under the earth a demon inhabits. Won't you bring down lightning to slay him?" The *Noi-on* brought down lightning and it struck the Khan Manguis who was sitting in the hole; and Boroltai Ku became khan, and took all the possessions,

* *Noi-on*, perhaps Chinese *Nei jen*, attendant, one who holds office in the palace (?) (C.T.G.)

the cattle, and the people of Manguis, and lived near Gurbushtén Khan.—(Daba, a Khalka man of Kêbe tushe gun Gachoun.)

In ancient times, before the baptising of the inhabitants of the Altai, the khan ordered all the Kamas (Shamans) to be burnt because he found out that they were all cheats. They collected all the Kamas to the number of 250, and made for them a tent of straw in which they placed 249 of them, and the remaining one in a similar tent separately. This they did because they considered him to be very strong. The tent with the 249 Shamans in it was completely consumed; but the fire was only able just to reach the great Kama (when it went out), he perspired so much. Again they constructed a tent, set fire to it—the same thing happened. A third time they collected and heaped up still more wood and grass in the hope that the Kama would not be able to withstand the heat a third time. As soon as the fire began to reach the Kama he flew from the fire a bird straight to the mountains; his home is still there. One can reach the place on horseback. The place is somewhere near the source of the River Kuiërliuky (in the upper part of the valley of the River Uruoul.)—(Alexis, a Christian Altai man.)

The Diurbuts and the Bulugunsk Uryankhairs (who speak Mongolian) have a blade of grass of the heroes Galtuma and Shuno.—(A Zain Shabên man.)

Asser Karbustu, to procure fire, to plough fields, to heat iron, &c.—(Same as above.)

In ancient days, before Ginghis Khan, existed Prëntêi Êbugên,* who had nine sons, from whom descended ninety-nine grandsons.—(Same as above.)

In ancient days lived the khans Shambolên and Khunker; about the latter, people believe he still lives; his nation eats fish.—(A man of Zain Shabên.)

* Êbugên, the aged. (Potanin.)

Ginghis Khan was the Son of the Sky.* He appeared on the earth as a babe at the time of building a village. A woman who was collecting fuel of dung heard a child's cry, found him, and brought him up. He married, and had seven sons, of whom six had children, and the seventh not. From the six sons, and from Ginghis Khan himself, proceeded the seven Gachouns.—(A Khalka man of Tachjën Uryankhai Gachoun.)

The men of the Altai are divided into three tribes—Kaldjan ěrkhuit, Sarui ěrkhuit, and Kara ěrkhuit. When they gave them the names a cunning man divided meat among the three tribes in the following manner: to the first he gave the first joints of the neck, to the second the second joints of the neck (the meat was not roasted nor boiled), to the third he gave soft flesh, “kara ět,” that is, black or boiled food. It was thus the three tribes received their names.—(Alexis, a Christian Altai man.)

There lived a khan named Gander Uriuha. He waged war a great deal, once he was at war for three years. At that time his wife was left at home. In the capital where she was left there lived a great Lhama. On his return home Khan Gander Uriuha found his wife had a child, and he suspected it must be the son of the Lhama. He ordered them both to be banished to a mountain. There they lived, the Lhama under one rock, the woman under another; while she cooked the food or fetched water and firewood he looked after the baby. Once when the woman had gone to fetch water, the Lhama, having closed his eyes to recite his prayers, did not observe that the child had run off to the river for something or other. Opening his eyes, and not seeing the child, the Lhama was distressed out of pity for the mother; and, so as to avoid causing her sorrow, he mixed some dough and made of it just such an other second child: he gave it life, and placed it by himself. The mother comes to the Lhama and finds the new babe. To her question whence it had come the Lhama told her the fact. The woman then brought up both children.

* Son of sky, perhaps same as Chinese Tientze, Son of Heaven, or Emperor (?) (C.T.G.)

After the lapse of three years Khan Gander Uriuha sent a man to the mountain where those he had banished lived, and said, "If after three years a new child is come, that is a sign that the elder child belongs to them, and in such case they are to be slain. If, on the other hand, there is only with them one child, as before, then they are innocent." The messenger saw the mode of life of the banished ones, and said to the khan "His was the deed." The khan sent an army to slay them. When the woman saw the army coming she ran to the Lhama and said, "An army surrounds the mountain." The Lhama ordered her to pluck a quantity of grass and bring it to him. Then he breathed upon the grass, and it became a numerous army, which put the khan's warriors to flight. The khan's city was besieged. Then the khan said, "This Lhama is a great miracle worker; he cannot be a sinner." So he sent an embassy to him with the prayer that the Lhama would throw himself into the city.—(A Khalka man from the Khêhê tushe gun Gachoun.)

There was a great city, in which lived an amban (Chinese military governor). In the city, in the market, appeared an expensive handkerchief. The amban asked who made it; it was made by a woman who lived in great poverty on the shore of the lake. When the amban knew that the kerchief was worn by the husband of the woman he ordered him to build him a palace. The old man returned to his wife and wept. The wife said to him, "Do not weep, but go to the lake and call the white man who lives at the bottom of the lake and say the word, "Khêl mêrchên." From the lake came forth a man all in white clothes and with white hair, and took him to the bottom of the lake, where there was a beautiful town. In that town he said the word, "Khêl mêrchên." Then the white man gave him sand from the bottom of the lake. The man thought, "What good will this sand do me?" he nevertheless took his lap full of sand to his wife. She said, "This is Khêl mêrchên," and she threw it there where the amban had ordered a palace to be built. In that place sprang up a beautiful tower. Next morning the amban saw it and was delighted; he ordered, "Let that man make five golden towers, otherwise I will cut off his head." The old man returned to his wife and wept. The

wife ordered him again to go to the lake and call forth the white man to accompany him to the city under the water, and to say there the word, "Tohugu tachën." When he pronounced that word the white man gave him a small iron box. His wife again told him the box was "Tobugu tachën." She opened the box and said, "Let there come forth 500 soldiers and 500 horses." This army went to the town, took it, and killed the amban. After this the army returned to the box. The woman kept the little box for herself. Whatever army she wished for she could draw from the box.* The narrator added that she was the Empress of Russia.—(The same as above.)

32. KHOVUGU AND KHADUIN-DZIUGÊ.†

Khovugu was a tremendous hero. He leant against the mountain Sumbur and drank of the ocean Sum Dalai. His tent had 1,500 stanchions; the screen for the hole that let out the smoke was of white Taipuin. He sat on a chair of red "Dzanduin." Ten men could not lift up his black "Domba Asuir," five men could not lift his grey cup "Batuir." He hunted in the three mountains, the Altai, the Khanghai, and the Khukhêi; his steed was the grey "Solongo."‡ Besides him he had two dogs, Aisuir and Bassuir, and two birds, Aigan and Taigan. On the Khangai mountains browsed his herds of black horses, on the Khukhêi mountains his herds of grey horses, and on the Altai his herds of piebald horses. His whip Koshyak was thirty fathoms long; his saddle was like a mountain pass. Without smoke he made a red fire; without steam he boiled red tea. He hunted on the three mountains, the Altai, the Khangai, and the Khukêi; he watered his cattle at the water of Iusun sur. He had a mother and a sister older than himself.

A tremendous dust rose in the south-west. When the dust drew near it appeared that a black-bearded man, thirty years old, on a bay

* The Mongols call the Tsar "the White Khan," and believe he is a woman. They confound him with the White Khan of mythology. (Potanin.)

† Khovugu, the Hare (?), Khaduin, the Hare (?), Dziugu, the Glutton. (Potanin.)

‡ Solongo perhaps weazel? (Potanin.)

horse, had arrived. To the question of Khovugu who he was he replied that he was the subject living in the south-west of the country of Balai Khan, and that his name was Khaduin-Dziugê. Khovugu seized him, bound him, and placed him on the bank of Isun sur. He ordered his sister to go to guard him, and again went off to hunt. His sister did not submit. She went indeed to guard him; but when she saw the hero she unbound him, took him to the tent, and feasted him.

When Khovugu returned home his sister hid Khaduin-dziugê, and herself feigned to be ill, and said that the heart of Abruik the snake could cure her. To get it, it would be necessary to ride for seventy years. Khovugu goes forth, and on the road he comes across a tent, in which three maidens live. "Go not forth," they advise him, "or thou wilt perish." But Khovugu did not delay, he did not even drink tea, he rode further. Ten years passed he in one day. Reaching Abruik the snake he slew him. For three years he cut up his flesh, until he arrived at the heart. On his return he passed by the maidens and they stole from him the heart of the snake, and in its place laid the heart of an ox. The sister of Khovugu ate it, and said she had recovered. Khovugu again went out hunting; when he returned his sister again feigned illness, and said it was necessary to procure her the heart of the twenty-five headed Khara Manguis.

Khovugu again rode past the white tent, but did not stay there even to drink tea. He slew Khara Manguis, and on his return rides to the white tent. The maidens take out the heart of Khara Manguis, and place in his sack the heart of a male camel. When Khovugu arrived home he felt weary, and therefore laid down to sleep. Then the man who was hidden in the box of Khovugu leapt forth and began to strike him. Khovugu also got up; but in strength they were well matched. Then the sister strewed under the feet of her brother frozen camel-dung, and flour under the feet of Khaduin Dziugê. Khovugu fell, but Khaduin-Dziugê was not able to pierce him. He asks the sister for something wherewith he may pierce her brother, and she gave him the knife of Khovugu himself. Having cut up Khovugu they buried his body. They took all his cattle, his property, and his tent, and started for the land of Balai Khan, but they could not force the grey mare Solongo, the dogs Aisuir and

Bassuir, or the birds Aigan and Taigan, to go with them; for as soon as Khaduin-Dziugê turned from them they all returned back.

When Khaduin-Dziugê was at a distance the grey mare Solongo told her companions to wait at the tomb while she went to the white tent to beg some healing-charm. The three maidens all together sat on the grey mare Solongo, and rode to the tomb of Khovugu. Solongo struck the tomb with her hoof, and from the blow the stones thereof were scattered in every direction. Again she struck with her hoof, and the bones revealed themselves. The three maidens first pronounced a charm, the bones of Khovugu clothed themselves with flesh. They pronounced a second charm, he stood up. "How soundly I have slept," said he. "Thou didst not sleep, but Khaduin-Dziugê slew thee," said the maidens. Then Khovugu changed himself into a tiny man, and changed his steed into a scabby foal. Water ran from Khovugu's nose. In this wise he rode to the south-west country, whither Khaduin-Dziugê had withdrawn himself. He stands at the tent, round him is much cattle and a numerous nation—these were formerly his cattle and his nation. The old man who lived in the tent feasted him and slew a sheep for him. Khovugu asked the old man, "Where is the mother of Khovugu?" He replied, "A little further to the south." Khovugu rode along the indicated road, and found a poor tent and in it an old woman. Of all the things in the tent one only was his former property, the cup which it took five men to lift. The old woman gave him tea in this cup, and he drank it up. "Where is Khaduin-Dziugê?" asked Khovugu of the old woman. "A little further to the south," replied the old woman. Khovugu rode to the place indicated. Khaduin-Dziugê was living in his great tent. Khovugu entered it and asked his sister, "Where is Khaduin-Dziugê?" His sister replied that he had gone to amuse himself at shooting from a bow with Apban Batuir. When Khaduin-Dziugê returned home and saw Khovugu, not knowing him, he asked, "What man is this?" Khovugu replied, "I am a beggar." "Can you shoot?" "Badly." Khaduin-Dziugê invited him to show his skill. Khovugu made a bow from a reed and an arrow from Dêrês. He shot, but the arrow falls close to the bow, and does not fly far. "If I had a good bow I could shoot better," said Khovugu.

They ordered the old bow of Khovugu to be brought in a cart, for it was so large. Then Khovugu again assumed his former appearance of a giant, seized Khaduïn-Dziugê, and cut him in ten pieces. His sister he bound to the tail of nine horses and tore her in pieces. He took his cattle, his people, and his mother, and returned home. He married the middle one of the maidens, that is, Nogon-darêkhu.

The narrator at the end of his story only remarked the three maidens were, Tsagan Darêkhu, Nogon Darêkhu, and Nar Khandjêt. —(A Khotogait from the Bai-Bulik guard-station.)

33. ERĒN TSAIN AND BAI GU Ê IDER KHAN.

In the North country lived Bai gu ê ider Khan; in the East country, Erĕn tsain mĕrgĕn. Once upon a time, Bai gu ê ider Khan ordered to beat the drum; they beat on the big drum; big people collected together; they beat on the little drum; little people collected together. To the assembly Bai gu ê ider Khan gave the order—"I have heard that there is a certain Erĕn tsain mĕrgĕn who has many horses, cattle, and nations; let three men go forth and spy the wealth of Erĕn tsain mĕrgĕn."

Three mĕrgĕn (officers) went forth to the land of Erĕn tsain mĕrgĕn. They rode for a month, till they came to the plain in which were the herds of horses of Erĕn tsain mĕrgĕn; they took ten days to ride through the herds of horses; five days and nights to ride through the herds of camels; twenty days and nights to ride through the flocks of sheep. After that they met an old man quite white; he was the father of Erĕn tsain; he was seated on an enormous roan horse, and was clothed in a cloak made from sixty-eight sheep, and in a hat of eighteen foxes' skins. Still further, on a small plain, stood the mare of Erĕn tsain; then, on a large plain, they saw a great tent with eighteen stanchions, and by it a stable which had on one side the image of Tsonkabĕ; on the second, of Ochĕr Van; on the third, of Mandjĕshĕre; on the fourth, of Khonĕsuïn-bodĕsattĕi. In the tent with Erĕn tsain mĕrgĕn were two dogs, Asuir and Basuir, besides them, other animals, Shar ĕrĕn mogoe, Khar ĕren mogoe, Altuïn dziugĕi, and Mĕngun dziugĕi. When the messengers returned he ordered the drum to be beaten, collected the nation, and

went to war against Erĕn tsain mĕrgĕn. The father of Erĕn tsain, from a snowy white mountain, saw the thousand troops, and rode off to tell Erĕn tsain; but he was asleep at that time; he slept three years at a stretch. At last, having heard the prayer of his father, he woke, sprung up, saddled and bridled his steed, drank a cup of tea, ate, sat on his steed, rode forth and defeated the whole army only with his whip "Kungkhai." Bai gu ě ider Khan was changed into a hare and fled to the mountains. Erĕn tsain took all his nation and feasted for sixty days.—(Chĕrĕn Dorchkĕ, a man of Zain Shabĕn.)

34. THE WHITE KHAN AND GUNUIN KHARA.

In the dominions of the White Khan lived Ēlsuin ěbugĕn (the aged); the old man lived with his old woman; ten kinds of cattle had they. Each day the old man guarded his cattle, and watered them from the lake Khuntai. Once, whilst he was standing at the guard-station, the old man thought—"I have ten kinds of cattle; when I die to whom will they go? I will go to Ēlguin Ulan Khada, to the hero Shartzur Khan, and I will beg of him a son." He hastily rode home and told his old woman his design and intention. "Wait," said the old woman, "the course of three days in the herd and then come again." Having passed three days with his herds, Ēlsuin the aged returned home; his wife was with child. In the course of a year she gave birth to a babe; a day he lived, and the skin of one sheep was not large enough to cover him; five days the boy lived, five sheep-skins were too small; ten days he lived, ten sheep-skins were too small. The old people rejoiced that so fine a boy had been born to them. They made him a saddle and bridle, and a bow with arrows; they gave him for a horse a chestnut colt born of a mare the same day he was born. Now Ēlsuin the aged had two relatives who served as advisers to the White Khan, and had hoped to inherit the wealth of the old man if he were to die without children. Having heard that to him was born a big, strong son, they counselled to destroy him, and said to the White Khan: "Ēlsuin the aged has a son who will be a danger to thee. It is necessary to destroy him. To-morrow call him and say: 'In the South country

is the fifty-headed Altuir Kharui Manguis ; if he can be got it is well ; there is no other man like thee, and there is no other horse on which to ride like thy chestnut. Go and bring Manguis here ! ' He will not return alive from Manguis."

On the morrow the White Khan required the son of Êlsuin the aged, so he saddled his chestnut horse and rode to the khan. The khan he did not salute; he did not salute the khan's lady; he demanded that they should at once tell him what they needed. The khan said : "There is no man like thee ; there is no horse like thy chestnut ; ride to the South country and bring hither the fifty-headed Manguis. If thou bringest him I will give thee the name of Erēn tsain Gunuin Khara !" Having heard these words the hero rejoiced, and rode to the South country. A year of riding he changed into a month ; a month of riding he changed into one day. On the road he met a white tent in which lived an old woman. "Who art thou, and whence comest thou ?" asked the old woman. "I go to obtain Manguis," replied the son of Êlsuin the aged. "Thou wilt perish," said she ; "Manguis is strong, and thou wilt not overcome him." The hero rode further ; all at once his horse stopped. "Why hast thou stopped ?" said the son of Êlsuin the aged. "See that black spot ; what is it, in your opinion ?" asked the horse. "I think it is far, far away—some mountain-ridge." "No ; that is Manguis !" The horse told the hero to tie himself to her by a rope eighty-eight fathoms long, and himself to sit in a well, and that when Manguis fell upon his horse to catch him while he was fleeing and spurring the steed.* The son of Êlsuin the aged seized him (Manguis) and led him to the khan. When the wind blew in the khan's country, and the rain came, old people said, "That is Manguis going about; Gunuin Khara is leading him."

Fifty-six days after Manguis was taken to the khan terror seized the khan, and he ordered Gunuin Khara to let him go. A month passed. The two councillors again came to the khan and began to advise him to send Gunuin Khara to a far country—"Order him to ride to the South country and procure for thee the daughter of Erēb suin Khan, the maiden Saikhan sangē Abakhai." On the morrow the

* This is not clear. (C.T.G.)

khan calls Gunuin Khara. Gunuin Khara appears; the khan he did not salute; he did not salute the khan's lady. He demanded that they should at once tell him their command. The khan said: "There is no man like thee; there is no horse like thy chestnut. Bring from the South country the daughter of Erēb suin Khan, namely, Saikhan sangē Abakhai, and I will make thee khan." The hero rejoiced. His father and mother stopped him, and said that on the road he would meet a great red river, then a yellow sea. Whoever drank their water died; neither man nor beast was able to swim them. Still the hero rode on. A year of riding turned he into a month; and a month of riding into a single day; he rode to the great red river; he rode down it seven days, and up it he rode seven days, but did not find a ford. He sat on the river-bank and saw two clouds of dust approaching him; the one was his father and mother; the other Manguis. Manguis warned him of the scheme which his relatives had plotted, but he would not return. He begs Manguis during his absence to protect his father and mother, and to keep guard over his cattle. Saying these words, Gunuin Khara rode further. When he rode down to the river his horse leapt across it. Further on the Sea Khort Shar Dalai was in his way; across this, also, the horse leapt, but she hurt herself. Gunuin Khara wept. The horse said to him: "Do not weep! Wait fifteen days and I will get well." Fifteen days Gunuin Khara remained in the one place, and occupied himself in hunting wild animals. Then he rode farther, and came to the land of Erēb suin Khan. Here he found a multitude of tents, and a nation was assembled. Gunuin Khara asked a man what the assembly means, and receives the reply that Têngriēn Khu tēkhiě shatsgai and Urtu Shanē Khun were to compete in three games as to which should possess Saikhan sangē Abakhai; for such was the custom of that country. When Gunuin Khara came to the tent of the khan, the khan asked—"Who art thou, whence comest thou, and whither dost thou go?" "I am from the North country," replied Gunuin Khara, "a subject of the White Khan, the son of Élsuin the aged; my name is Erēn tsain Gunuin Khara. Having heard that in thy country it is the custom that he who wishes to receive Saikhan sangē Abakhai must

contend in three games, I have come hither." "*Tsa!*"* said the khan. "Contend!" The three games were shooting, wrestling, and racing. On the morrow the three competitors began to shoot. There were appointed a black stone as big as a cow in the near distance, and a white stone as big as a sheep in the far distance; these were the targets. Têngriën Khu and Urtu Sharē Khun shot short. Gunuin Khara shot his arrow, not only reached the target, but flew straight to the mountains on the other side of the target. In wrestling Gunuin Khan laid both competitors on the ground; in racing, also, the chestnut horse came in first. Erēbsuin Khan had to give him Sangē Abakhai. Three days they feasted. Sangē Abakhai cautioned Gunuin Khara that when gifts were brought him he should not accept the mares, the cows, the camels, the rams; but should ask that they might foal, calve, produce young camels and lambs. So Gunuin Khara did, and when he started, after them a whole herd stretched. On his arrival in his own country he became khan.— (Chērēn Dorchja, a native of Zain Shabēn.)

35. KHABUL-DÊI MÊRGÊN AND BOGU (THE STAG).

There was a stag with 220 deer. In the same time lived Khabul-dêi Mêrgên, who had a grey horse and a white dog. Once the stag went to the mountain Ulan Baidzē, where Khabul-dêi was then hunting; seeing the stag, the hunter shot an arrow, and the stag fled home with a broken leg. His mother said to him: "Thou hast been to the mountain Ulan Baidzē; do not go there; do not run in the shady wood; the cold water of streams that do not freeze thou must not drink." With these words she died. Nevertheless, the stag determined to go to Ulan Baidzē. The sound of an arrow was heard. The stag looked first to one side and then to the other; one-half of his 220 deer were gone. "Where can they have gone?" thinks the stag. He ran in the shady wood. Again shooting is heard, and the remaining deer are gone. Then Khabul-dêi, riding his grey horse, and leading his white dog in a leash, began to pursue the stag. The stag fled. On the way he drank water from an unfreezing stream.

* *Tsa*, perhaps same as Manchu *Chá!* "All right!" (C.T.G.)

He could not run fast, so Khobul-dêi catches him. The stag said to the mērgên (hunter), "Thou hast killed all my people. When thou killest me, give my flesh to the seven-four animals, and lay my head in the valley of the Khunk." Having said this, the stag died. The mērgên gave his flesh to the seven-four animals; they ate, but did not eat it all up. The head he laid in the valley. When they came there was no head; in place of it lay Êlguin ulan khada.*—(The same as above.)

The River Tes was a bride; the Askhuit was her bridegroom. In the place where they meet lies a peculiar cliff, the Tunchē Tologoē. Tunchē is the name given to the tent that is erected for a newly-married couple. The cliff is so called because it is there that the two rivers enter into marriage.—(A Khotogait man.)

The River Tes is a foal, and the beautiful River Têrkh (flowing into the Chagan nor) a beautiful maiden.—(A Khalka man.)

FOLK-TALES OF INDIA.

(Continued from vol. III. page 366.)

BY THE REV. DR. RICHARD MORRIS.

THE DĪPI JĀTAKA.†

The Panther and the Kid.



VERY long ago the Bodhisat was reborn in a certain village in the Magadha country. When he grew up he abandoned worldly pleasure, adopted the life of a holy recluse, and attained to the supernatural knowledge arising from ecstatic meditation.

* Elguin ulan khada, explained by narrator to be a smooth red rock. (Potanin.)

† *Jātaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 426, p. 479.

After dwelling for a long time in Himavat he went to Râjagaha to get salt and vinegar, and then he caused a hermitage to be made right in the midst of the cattle-runs upon the hills.

At that time the goat-herds said : " Let the goats graze about here." Then they made them go on to the hill-runs, and there they lived and enjoyed themselves.

One day as the goatherds were driving their flocks homeward at sunset a kid, straying far away, was not missed when the goats started (for their folds), and so was left behind. But a certain panther perceived the kid lagging in the rear, and stood at the entrance (of the pen) thinking, " I'll eat that kid." She, too, having seen the panther, thought, " To-day I shall be killed ! I'll have a pleasant talk with this panther and cause him to be tender-hearted, and so by some artifice I'll save my life." Then even from afar she held pleasant converse with him, and while coming along spake the following *gâthâ* :—

" Dear uncle, I hope you find yourself well,
And comfort and ease enjoy in these wilds ;
My mother doth wish to know how you fare,
Well-wishers of you indeed are we all."

On hearing this the panther thought : " This deceitful thing seeks to cajole me by saying ' uncle.' She don't know how cruel I am." Then he uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

" On my tail have you stept, you false-speaking kid.
You have done me much harm, you careless young thing !
Do you think to cajole and escape me to-day
By your calling me ' uncle,' and other fine names ? "

The other, on hearing this, replied, " Don't talk like that uncle " ; and then uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

" Your face was toward me, your tail was unseen ;
In front did I come, and not in the rear.
Far out of my reach was your appendage behind ;
How then could I tread on the end of your tail ? "

" There is no place to which my tail does not extend," replied the panther, as he spake the following *gâthâ* :—

“ My tail is full long and reaches so far,
 As to cover the earth and quarters all four,
 And mountains and streams do fall in its way;
 How then could you miss to step on my tail? ”

When the kid heard this she thought, “ This wicked creature is not to be influenced by friendly talk so I’ll address him as an enemy.” Then she spake the following *gáthá* :—

“ Long ago did I hear of the length of your cue,
 From my father and mother and brother besides.
 To avoid your long tail, O panther depraved,
 Through the air did I come, and touched not the ground.”

“ I am aware,” said he, “ that you came through the air, but as you were making your way you came and caused me to lose my prey.” Then he spake the following *gáthá* :—

“ O kid, I did see you come through the air.
 The beasts you alarm’d and frighted full sore;
 They all took to flight and ran far away,
 And thus you quite spoilt the food that I eat.”

When the other heard that she was frightened to death and was unable to adduce any other reason. In a suppliant tone she said, “ O uncle, do not commit such a cruel deed but spare my life.” The other seized her by the shoulders, even while she was making her appeal, then killed and devoured her.

The moral of this story is given by the Buddha in the following *gáthás* :—

“ Thus e’en the little kid in piteous terms
 Did beg the panther spare her tender life ;
 But he, athirst for blood, did tear her throat,
 And then her mangled body quickly ate.

“ Unkind of speech, unjust the wicked is,
 Nor listens he at all to reason’s voice.
 Nor friendly is with those that would be kind ;
 With force full strong he must be kept in bounds.”

THE VADDHAKI SUKÂRA JÂTAKA.*

Very long ago, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born as a tree-sprite. At that time, close to Benares, there had sprung up a village of carpenters.

A certain artisan, on going to the forest for wood, found a young hog that had fallen into a pit, took it home and brought it up. When it grew to its full size it became bigbodied, had curved tusks, and behaved itself properly. But because it was reared up by the carpenter it always went by the name of the carpenter's hog. When the carpenter was engaged in chopping down a tree the hog used to drag off the tree with its snout, laying hold of it with its mouth, collected the adze and hatchet, chisel and mallet, and took up the end of the measuring line.

At last the carpenter, through fear lest any one should (steal and) eat it, brought it with him and let it loose in the wood. The hog went into the forest, and, on looking about for a safe and pleasant dwelling-place, saw among the mountains an immense cave, a pleasant abode abounding in tubers, roots, and fruits. He saw there several hundreds of hogs, and went and joined them. He also said to them, "I happened to catch sight of you as I was wandering about just now, and since I have met with you and have come across this delightful spot I shall now at once take up my abode here along with you."

"It's quite true," they replied, "that this is a pleasant place, but it is not free from danger." "I was aware of that, too, as soon as I saw you, because I noticed that those living here were lean and pale. But what have you to be afraid of here?"

"A tiger comes here very early, takes whichever he sees and off he goes," they replied.

"But does he take his prey constantly (day by day), or only at intervals?" he asked. "Constantly," they answered.

"But how many tigers are there?" "Only one." "Are not so

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 283, p. 405.

many of you a match for one?" "We are not a match for the tiger." "I'll capture the tiger if you'll only follow my instructions. Where does that tiger live?" "On yonder mountain," they replied. Making preparations for war he caused the hogs to be drilled at night, saying, "War, indeed, is carried on in three modes: by immense numbers of troops, by hosts of chariots, and hosts of waggons." He therefore went about with an immense army (of hogs).

As he was well acquainted with the slope of the ground he determined that it would be best to carry on war in this region (where the hogs were living). In the centre he arranged and placed those that were suckling hogs along with their dams; then he apportioned a place to the old sows, next to the hoglings; then to the adult hogs; and, lastly, he distributed the long-tusked hogs fit for war, very powerful hogs, to the number of forty thousand individuals. So in this part he made and placed a strong array of forces. In front of his own position he caused a circular pit to be dug, and behind it he constructed a rampart (dyke) with a gradual incline like a mountain slope.

The dawn arose e'en while he, with his fighting-hogs to the number of sixty or seventy, was going about directing operations in this place and that, encouraging them to be of good heart and to fear nothing.

When the tiger woke up he set out, aware that it was time (for feeding), and stood with his face toward the hogs. Standing on the mountain summit he opened his eyes and beheld the hogs.

The carpenter's hog gave orders to his followers to stare back at the tiger (with a defiant air), and they did so. The tiger opened his jaws and drew in a breath. The hogs also did the same. The tiger relieved himself; so did all the hogs. In this manner they imitated whatever he did.

The tiger thought to himself: "Formerly, when I used to look at the hogs, they tried to run off, but were unable to escape. To-day my enemies do not take to flight, but actually imitate whatever I do. There is, too, a commander of these hogs, standing on a rising ridge of ground (below). I don't think I shall get the better of them to-day." Then he turned back and went forthwith to his lair.

But there was a certain false hermit who ate of the flesh of the

animals taken by the tiger. When he saw him coming back empty-handed he entered into conversation with him, and spake the following *gáthá* :—

“ On other days in roaming o'er this wood,
The hogs you overcame and slew the best.
But you to-day quite sad have here come back.
Thy strength, O tiger bold, is now all gone.”

On hearing this the tiger gave utterance to the following *gáthá* :—

“ These hogs erewhile were wont to scamper off,
And seek their cave, each one in piteous plight ;
But now in columns firm they boldly grunt.
'Tis hard to-day to beat them where they stand.”

Then that false ascetic excited the tiger to renewed effort, saying, “ Don't be afraid, go ; and when you have given a roar, make a spring, then all affrighted they will break up and make off.”

The tiger on being stirred up to make a fresh attempt, plucked up courage, went back, and stood on the mountain top.

The carpenter's hog stood between the two pits (*i.e.*, between the excavated pit and the dyke). “ Master,” said the hogs, “ that big thief has returned.” “ Don't be alarmed, I'll capture him now.”

The tiger roared, and then bounded over the carpenter's hog, who, as he was making a spring, turned quickly aside and dropped straight into the excavated pit. The tiger, unable to moderate his speed, went rolling over and over across the face of the dyke, and fell into that part of the excavated pit where the entrance was very narrow, and there he was, as it were, completely jammed in.

The carpenter's hog came out of the pit, and with lightning-speed struck his tusk into the tiger's groin, until he severed the region of the kidneys, then he buried his tusk into the flesh that possessed five savours. Then he wounded the tiger on the head, and, tossing him aside, he cast him outside the pit, saying to his followers, “ Here, take hold of your foe !”

Those that came first got the tiger's flesh, but those that came later on went about smelling the mouths of the others.

“ Tiger's flesh of some kind, is it not ?”

The hogs were not quite pleased about it.

The carpenter's hog, on noticing their looks, said : " Why, I pray are you dissatisfied ? " " Master," they replied, " on account of this one tiger that false hermit will be quite able to bring ten tigers.' " Who may that be ? " he inquired. " An immoral ascetic," they replied.

" The tiger was in truth killed by me. Will he prove a match for me ? " So saying he went forth with his troop of hogs for the purpose of capturing the hermit.

As the tiger tarried (and did not return) that false ascetic went in the direction the hogs were advancing, thinking that the hogs had surely captured the tiger. On seeing them marching along he fled, taking with him his eight requisites, which, on being pursued, he threw away, and with great haste got up an Udambara-tree.

" Master ! " said the hogs ; " we are now done for : the ascetic has run away and got up a tree." " What sort of a tree ? " he asked. " An Udambara-tree," they replied.

The commanding hog issued the following directions : " Let the sows bring water, let the hoglings dig up the ground, let the long-tusked grub up the roots, and let the rest surround the tree and keep guard ! "

While they were thus occupied the leader himself struck a single blow at the thick tapering root of the Udambara ('twas like striking with an axe), and at once caused the tree to fall. The hogs surrounding the tree brought the false ascetic to the ground, and rent him piecemeal until they had eaten all the flesh from the bone.

Then they made the carpenter's hog sit down on the trunk of the Udambara-tree, and with water brought in a shell (belonging to the false ascetic) they consecrated him as king.

From that time forward—it is said—until this day they made kings sit in a fine chair made of Udambara-wood and consecrated him with three shells.

A sprite that dwelt in this dense wood beheld that wonderful sight as he stood in a hole in the trunk facing the hogs, and uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

“ All hail ! O host of hogs assembled here.
 Your friendship rare and strange to-day I've seen,
 And now aloud proclaim what has been done.
 The hogs, I see, have slain a tiger fierce;
 By concord firm that bound them one and all
 They killed their foe and rid themselves of fear.”

THE DABBHAPUPPHA JĀTAKA.*

In times long since past, when Brahmadata reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn as a tree sprite.

At that time a jackal named Sly (*Mâyâvî*), along with its mate, lived in a certain place near the bank of the river. It came to pass one day that the female jackal thus addressed her spouse: “ Husband, a longing has seized me. I wish to eat a rohita-fish.” The male jackal replied: “ Don't worry about it. I'll bring it you.”

Going to the bank of the river he muffled his feet with some jungle-grass and went straight along the bank.

At that time two otters, named *Diver* (*Gambhîracârî*) and *Lander* (*Anativacârî*), stood on the bank of the river looking out for fish. One of them, *Diver*, catching sight of a big rohita-fish, dived into the water, and caught it by the tail; but the fish was strong, and went along, dragging the otter with it.

So he called out to *Lander*, “ Here's a big fish that's quite enough for both of us. Come, and be my partner.”

While talking with the other he spake the following *gâthâ* :—

“ I greet thee well, my friend,
 O hasten to my aid,
 A big fish have I caught
 That drags me here and there.”

The other, on hearing this, spake the following *gâthâ* :—

“ Good luck to thee, my friend.
 Tight hold keep on that fish.
 I'll draw it quickly up,
 Like *Garala* † does snakes.”

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 400, p. 333.

† *i.e.* *Garala* is a gigantic bird that carries on war with *nâgas* and snakes.

Then those two together brought out the rohita-fish, set it upon the land and killed it. On coming to divide it a quarrel arose, and they sat down, with the fish alongside them, unable to apportion the prey.

At that moment the jackal came up to that place, and, on seeing him, both of them went forth at once to welcome him, saying, "This fish, friend Tawny, was captured by both of us together; but a quarrel has arisen between us, because we are unable to divide it in such a way as to satisfy each of us. Do you divide it, and give each his just share." Thereupon they spake the following *gâthâ*:—

" A bickering here you'll find,
Pray listen, friend, to us;
Come end our quarrel now,
And stop this fierce dispute."

On hearing this the jackal, in explanation of his own power (as a settler of disputes), spoke the following *gâthâ*:—

" A just judge once was I,
And weighty cases tried.
Your quarrel soon I'll end,
And this contention stop."

And as he was making the division he uttered the next *gâthâ*:—

" Let Lander take the tail,
The head may Diver have;
The judge the rest will take,
The middle is his share."

Having thus apportioned the fish the jackal said to the others: "Don't quarrel, but eat both head and tail." Then, with the middle of the fish in his mouth, he went off under their very eyes.

They, like one who had lost a law-suit of a thousand pence, sat down chap-fallen and spake the following *gâthâ*:—

" For some long time much food there would have been
If we to-day no quarrel had begun;
But now the jackal sly has us deceived
And carried off the middle of our fish."

The jackal went home to his wife, delighted that she should get such a fine white fish to eat.

On seeing him come she joyfully exclaimed :—

“ Just as a king full glad would be,
Did he a kingdom get,
So I to-day rejoice to see
My husband with his prey.”

Having uttered this *gāthā*, she inquired what means he had used to secure his booty—

“ How now did you that land-born are
A river fish obtain ?
I ask you, sir, pray tell me how
Your booty you did gain.”

The jackal, informing her of the device he had used, spake the following *gāthā* :—

“ By litigation they are lean,
Their fish they have quite lost.
The otters now their suit have lost;
Enjoy the fish, my dear.”

“ Thus when disputes 'mong men arise
To law they have recourse.
The judge their suit full soon decides,
And fees they have to pay;
And though their means get less and less
The king's chest fuller gets.”

THE DŪTA JĀTAKA.*

The Messenger of Lust.

Very long ago, when Brahmadata reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born as his son. When he grew up he studied sciences at Takkasilâ, and, after the death of his father, he ascended the throne.

He was very particular as to his food ; they therefore called him *King Dainty*. It is said that he partook of his food with such ceremonies and costly array as to expend a hundred thousand pence upon one dish of food ; for when he took his meals he did not par-

* *Jātaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 216, p. 319.

take of them within the palace, but, out of a desire to gain notoriety from the public, who watched the ceremonious arrangements connected with the meals, he caused a jewelled pavilion to be made, and when he took his meals he caused it to be decorated, and sat on a couch made of gold, surmounted by the white parasol of state. Surrounded by men and women servitors he ate his food out of a golden dish that cost a hundred thousand pence.

Then a certain greedy man, on seeing all this serving of the king's food, longed to taste the fare, and was unable to restrain his desire. He, however, thought of a device, so, girding up his loins and throwing up his hands, he approached the king, shouting loudly—"Oh! make way! I am a messenger, a messenger!"

At that time it was a custom among the people not to stop any one crying out "I am a messenger!" Therefore, the multitude made way for him, and allowed him an opportunity of passing through their midst.

He rushed along into the king's presence, took a piece of meat from the dish and put it into his mouth. Then the sword-bearer drew out his sword with the intention of cutting off his head, but the king forbade him to strike, saying: "Don't be afraid; eat away!"

After washing his hands he sat down. At the end of the meal the king ordered water and also betel-leaf to be given him.

"Well, you say you are a 'messenger.' Whose messenger are you?"

"O, great king, I am the messenger of lust and of the belly. Lust gave me a command to you—made me a messenger, and sent me here." Then he spake the following *gāthās*:—

"The lust that makes men travel far and wide,
And e'en from foes a boon to ask and take,
Hath sent me on its errand here to-day.
Restrain thy wrath, be angry not, O king.

"The lust that all men day and night here sways,
And makes them do its will and its behest,
Hath sent me on its errand here to-day,
Restrain thy wrath, be angry not, O king."

The king, on hearing these words of his, thought—"That's true. These beings are messengers of the belly, and go about urged on by lust, and lust causes them to go about. Oh! how charmingly has this brâhman spoken." So he was pleased with the man, and spake the following *gâthâ* :—

"To thee, O brâhman, skilled in sacred lore,
I give a thousand cows, all red of hue.
A leader of the herd, a bull, I add,
For thou hast said in jest the sober truth.

"Both thou and I, nay, all that live on earth,
Emissaries are, I trow, of carnal lust.
Then why should I, a messenger like thee,
Withhold my hand, and not give thee a boon?"

And, moreover, when he had thus spoken, he was pleased, and bestowed upon the brâhman great honour, saying: "Of a truth this great man has told us a thing that we had not previously heard or thought of."

THE KUHAKA JĀTAKA.*

In days long since past, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, there lived near a certain village a false and deceitful ascetic. A wealthy landowner made a hermitage for him in the forest, and there let him live, and provided him with the best of food, prepared in his own house. Believing that ascetic to be "virtuous," the landowner, for fear of thieves, brought one hundred golden pieces to his hermitage, and buried them, saying, "Reverend sir, perhaps you'll have an eye to it." † Then the ascetic replied, "It is not fit, sir, to talk thus to those who have renounced the world. We have no desire at all for another's wealth." Believing the other's word the landowner departed, saying, "Well! be it so."

The wicked ascetic said to himself, "On so much wealth as this I shall be able to live."

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. p. 375.

† This phrase admits of a double meaning. The ascetic takes *olokete* in the sense of "to look at" (with a longing eye).

After some days had passed he took the gold and hid it in a certain place on the road (outside the village), then he returned and stayed on in the hermitage. The next day, having taken his meals in his friend's house, he said to him, "I have, sir, lived a long time dependent upon you; but since to those dwelling too long in one place there is association with men, and this fellowship is indeed a sin in those devoted to a religious life, I shall therefore take leave of you and go (elsewhere)."

Though the landowner besought him again and again to stay on, he did not wish to remain. Then said he, "Since such is the case, sir, take your departure." He accompanied him as far as the entrance to the village, and then turned back. The ascetic, going on a little way, thought to himself, "I must outwit this yeoman." Having placed a single blade of grass in his long, matted hair, he made his way back. "How is it, reverend sir, that you have come back?" asked the landowner. "Sir," he replied, "a blade of grass from the roof of your house clung to my hair. Ascetics must not take anything that is not given them (not even a single blade of grass), therefore I've come back with it."

The landowner said, "Go, sir, since you have given it up." Then he thought, "This holy man seems to me to be very sensitive, for he does not take even a blade of grass belonging to another." He was much pleased with the ascetic, saluted him and bade him good-bye. At that time the Bodhisat, on his way to a border village to transact business, took up his abode in that quarter. On hearing what the ascetic had been saying he thought, "Surely this depraved ascetic intends to carry something off." He inquired of the yeoman, "Have you, sir, entrusted anything to the care of that ascetic?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "a hundred gold pieces." "Well then you had better go after him and question him about it," said the Bodhisat. He went to the hermitage, but, not finding him there, speedily returned, saying, "It is not there, sir."

"Well, since your gold has not been taken by any one else, it must have been taken by that deceitful ascetic. Come let's follow after him and seize him." Rushing after him, they caught that artful ascetic,

beat him both on his hands and feet, made him bring back the gold, which they took possession of.

When the Bodhisat saw the gold he said, "You stuck to and carried off a hundred palas of gold, though you did not suffer a blade of grass to stick to you." Upbraiding him, he uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

" Thy words were smooth and soft, O crafty monk,
Full friendly was thy speech, O artful saint.
No blade of clinging grass thou took'st away,
Yet thou didst steal and carry off our gold."

After the Bodhisat had thus rebuked him he gave him good advice: "Never again, O deceitful ascetic, do such an act." Then (after his death) he went to receive the reward due to his deeds.

THE MANISŪKARA JĀTAKA.*

In times long since past, when Brahmadata reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in a certain village, in the family of a brâhman. When he grew up he saw the disadvantages of worldly pleasure; and, having crossed three mountain ranges, he dwelt in a hermitage as a holy anchorite. Not far from him there was a jewelled cave, in which lived some thirty hogs. Not far off the cave there dwelt a lion, whose shadow appeared in the crystal cave.

On seeing the lion's shadow the hogs were terrified and alarmed, and got thin and pale. They thought to themselves, "On account of the brightness of this crystal (cave) does this shadow appear; we'll make it dirty and dull." Going to a pool at no great distance off, they rolled themselves in the mud, came back, and rubbed themselves against the crystal cave. Through being rubbed by the hogs' bristles the cave became brighter. The hogs not seeing a means (of making the crystal dull) said, "We'll ask the anchorite what plan to adopt for making this crystal cave lose its lustre." They paid a visit to the Bodhisat, saluted him, stood on one side (at a respectful distance), and uttered the following *gâthâs* :—

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 285, p. 417.

“ We thirty hogs for seven long years
 Within this cave have dwelt.
 ‘ We’ll spoil this lustrous crystal cave.’
 This was our firm resolve.

“ The more we rubbed, the more it shone
 (Our brains it puzzled sore).
 O brâhman true, we you entreat
 To say what’s to be done.”

Then the Bodhisat, by way of informing them, spake the next
gâthâ :—

“ This crystal gem is pure and bright,*
 No lustre does it lack ;
 No power have you to make it dull.
 Away with you, ye hogs ! ”

THE KÂKA JÂTAKA.†

The drunken Crows.

Very long ago, when Brahmadata reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born as a sea-sprite.

It happened that a certain crow, with his wife, came to the sea-shore in search of food. At that time folks, after making nâga-offerings on the sea-shore, of milk, ghee, fish, flesh, spirits, &c., went away home.

The crow, on going to that spot where the offerings were left, noticed the milk, and the rest. Having partaken of the milk, he drank a good drop of the spirituous liquors ; so both crows got quite drunk. They sat down on the beach and prepared to bathe, saying, “ We’ll enjoy some sea-sport.”

By chance a great wave came, caught the female crow and ingulphed her in the sea. Then a fish seized and devoured her. On this the male crow roared and cried, saying, “ My wife is dead.”

Many crows on hearing the noise of his lamentation flocked together and asked him why he cried so.

* *i.e.* naturally. It is a real gem, and not glass or paste.

† *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 146, p. 497.

“Your (poor) friend,” answered he, “while bathing on the beach was carried off by a big wave.” Whereat they all cried and roared and made a general wailing.

Then this thought occurred to them—“What’s the use, indeed, of this sea-water to us? We’ll bale out the water, empty the sea, and then get our friend out.”

Then they all went on filling their mouths and spitting out the water. At last their throats got dry with the salt-water, and they all flew up and went on shore for a spell of rest. Their jaws were weary, their mouths dry, and their eyes red for want of sleep; then they addressed one another—“Oh! how’s this? We have taken the sea-water and have poured it away outside (*i.e.*, on the land), but the places from which we have taken the water are at once filled up again. We find it impossible to empty the sea.

“E’en now our weary jaws do ache,
Our mouths indeed are parched and dry.
We work and toil, no rest we have,
Yet still again the sea doth fill.”

And when they had thus spoken they made a great lamentation, saying: “This crow had, indeed, such a (beautiful) beak, such well-rounded wings, such a (lovely) complexion and figure, such a sweet voice, and she is lost to us (for ever) through this thief of a sea.” While they were thus bewailing, the sea-sprite appeared to them in a horrible form and put them to flight.

And in this way they (the sprites of the sea) got peace.

SABBADĀṬHA JĀTAKA.*

Long, long ago, when Brahmadata reignèd at Benares, the Bodhisat, who was the domestic priest of the reigning sovereign, was well versed in the three vedas and the eighteen sciences, and was well acquainted, moreover, with a charm (*mantra*) for conquering the (whole) earth. (The meditation-charm is called the earth-conquering

* *Jātaka Book*, vol. ii. No. 241, p. 243.

spell.) It came to pass one day that while the Bodhisat was sitting on a stone seat in a certain part of the palace-courtyard he resolved to repeat the spell, and did so. It is said that it was not possible to impart the spell to any one, except in a proper formula; he, therefore, repeated it in a convenient spot (where no one could listen). While he was reciting it, a certain jackal lying in a hole heard and learnt the spell. It is said that in a previous state of existence the jackal had been a brâhman familiar with the charm for conquering earth.

As soon as the Bodisat had repeated it, he arose, saying, "Surely! I know this spell now." The jackal, leaving his hiding-place, said: "O, brâhman, I know this spell even better than you do!" When he had thus spoken he scampered off.

The Bodhisat, knowing that the jackal would do great mischief, followed him for some distance, crying out, "Seize (him)! seize (him)!"

The jackal fled and made his way into the forest, and, as he went along, he gave a certain she-jackal a slight nip on the body. "Well, sir!" said she. "Are you acquainted with me or not?" he asked. "I am not," she replied.

He repeated the spell for conquering the earth, and so ruled over many hundreds of jackals, and also brought around him all quadrupeds (elephants, lions, tigers, hogs, deer, &c.)

And, moreover, when he had done this he became a king, Sabbadâtha by name, and made a certain she-jackal his principal queen.

A lion stood on the back of two elephants while Sabbadâtha, the jackal king, with his chief queen, the she-jackal, sat on the lion's back, and was highly honoured.

By reason of his great distinction he became remiss, pride arose within him, and he resolved to capture the city of Benares. Attended by all the quadrupeds he came to a place near Benares. (His host extended to the distance of twelve yojanas.) While in this position he sent a message to the king that he should either give up his kingdom or do battle.

The inhabitants of Benares, who were greatly terrified and alarmed, remained within the city, the gates of which they kept closed.

The brâhman drew near to the king, saying, "O king, fear not! Let it be my task to wage war with the jackal, Sabbadâtha, for no one else but me is capable of warring against him!" and thus he relieved the fears of both the king and citizens.

Then he ascended the watch-towers over the gates for the purpose of ascertaining what means Sabbadâtha would use to take possession of the kingdom, and cried out: "O, Sabbadâtha, what will you do in order to take this kingdom?"

"I will cause a lion's roar to be uttered, and, having terrified the multitude with the sound, I will take possession of the city."

When the Bodhisat had ascertained the means to be employed, he came down from the tower and gave orders, by beat of drum, that all the dwellers in the city of Benares within an entire circuit of twelve yojanas should plaster up the orifices of their ears with bean-meal. The populace, as soon as they heard the edict that had been proclaimed, having got hold even of the cats, plastered up both their own ear-orifices and also those of all the (domestic) quadrupeds with bean-meal, so that it was not possible, indeed, for them to hear a sound made by another.

Then the Bodhisat again ascended the watch-tower, and cried out, "Sabbadâtha!"

"Well, what is it, brâhman?" he replied.

"What is it you are going to do in order to take possession of this kingdom?" he asked.

"I'll frighten the multitude by causing a lion's roar to be uttered, and, having destroyed the lives of all, I'll take the kingdom."

"You are not able," said the brâhman, "to cause a lion's roar to be uttered, for maned-lion-kings of noble birth will not obey an old jackal like you."

The jackal, obstinate and proud, replied: "Never mind the other lions; I'll e'en cause the lion, on whose back I am sitting, to utter a loud roar."

"Well, then, do so if you are able!"

Striking with his foot the lion on whose back he was sitting, the jackal bade him roar.

The lion, pressing his mouth on the elephant's frontal globe, thrice roared an indisputable lion's roar.

The elephants became alarmed, and caused the jackal to fall at their heels ; then they trod upon his head and crushed him to pieces. There forsooth Sabbadâtha lost his life.

The elephants, too, on hearing the lion's roar, were frightened to death, and, wounding one another, they also there suffered loss of life. Except the lions, all the quadrupeds (the rest of the deer, hogs, &c. save the hares and cats) lost their lives in that place.

The lions then made off and entered the forest. For twelve yojanas round there was nothing but a mass of flesh. The Bodhisat, coming down from the tower, caused the gates of the city to be opened. And by beat of drum throughout the city he issued the following order :—"Having removed the bean-meal from your ears, let all those desirous of flesh take it."

The populace ate what moist-flesh they could, desiccated the remainder, and made dried-flesh of it. In that time, it is said, that the making of dried-flesh arose.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOLK-TALES.

THE first volume of the *Folk-Lore Record* contains an article entitled "Notes on Folk-Tales," in which Mr. Ralston, after considering certain proposed classifications of such stories, says, "Their weak point is that in them too much attention is generally paid to the mere framework of the story, the setting, which often varies with time and place ; more stress being often laid upon the accidental than the essential parts of a tale." Mr. Ralston therefore suggests another classification, based on the general character of each story, where, in the first place, folk-tales are divided into mythological and non-mythological. The mythological stories are then classed according to the principal myth they illustrate

or embody, and the non-mythological ones are divided into moral stories, puzzles, jokes, &c., "the moral stories being arranged according to the leading ideas which were in the mind of the teacher who first shaped them." Mr. Ralston gives several illustrations of his system, and he states that almost all the tales about grateful beasts are "expansions of moral apologues" intended to teach that man ought to behave with kindness towards animals. In the same class he also includes the stories relating to *destiny*; as, although connected with the mythological class, "they are intended to inculcate the doctrine that human life is ruled by fate." Another large group of stories, at the same time moral and mythological, are those, says Mr. Ralston, in which supernatural personages act "in such a manner as to teach, though unintentionally, a moral lesson." In all these tales two persons of opposite character are contrasted: the one meritorious and the other undeserving, the former being rewarded and the latter punished. Next in importance to the moral and mythological stories, Mr. Ralston places the numerous tales which appear to have had no higher purpose than to amuse, or at most to cause the exercise of ingenuity. In conclusion, Mr. Ralston gives a classification of the two hundred folk-tales collected by the Brothers Grimm: of which he says 103 are non-mythological. In this division are 50 comic stories, and 43 moral or didactic. Of the latter, "eleven are animal-tales; five belong to the 'grateful beasts' cycle; and five to the group of stories in which good and bad conduct are contrasted and recompensed; two are in praise of filial reverence and two of industry; and two show that 'murder will out.' The remaining sixteen illustrate as many different wise saws or moral axioms. There are also two robber-tales, which demand a separate place." As to the ninety-three tales in the mythological division, thirty-five are classed together as being "Husk Myths" or other transformation-stories, or as having magic and witchcraft for their subject. Of the remaining stories twenty are classed as "Eclipse Myths" or other nature-myths, thirty-one are described as "Demon Stories," and seven are unclassified. Two of these give the history of Thumbling, one refers to the myth of the Golden Goose, one to the association between snakes and treasures, and one accounts for the existence of the moon.

No one can read Mr. Ralston's "Notes" without being convinced that the "moral" element must be recognised as a very important one in connection with folk-tales. If we place ourselves in the position of those who originated these stories, we shall see that in many cases at least the incidents related occupy a secondary place. The teller of the tale has usually a motive, a lesson to enforce by it. This "moral" is the kernel or central idea, of which the incidents are the clothing or accompaniments. No doubt, occasionally the object was simply to amuse, but generally it was to teach a truth. The truth may be intellectual, a conclusion arrived at as the result of the observation of nature or of the experiences of every-day life, or it may have a moral or religious character. The author of *Bible Folk-Lore*, who applies to Semitic myths the principles by which Mr. Max Müller and others explain the myths of the Aryan peoples, says: "The sun and the cloud, the river and the rain, the wind, the storm, the tree, and the star, were to savage man living beings of wonderful nature. The fire was a beast, which crept and devoured, and which might be wounded by a spear. The very stones and woods and hills had living spirits within them, and the most familiar acts of animal-life—growth and reproduction—were conceived to account for the phenomena of the heavens and earth." This may be perfectly true, and those ideas may be embodied in the so-called mythological stories, but I much doubt whether many of these were originally told with the object merely of expressing such ideas. The motive would rather be a prudential one, having for its aim to enforce a lesson of worldly experience or of moral or religious truth. Of course, the vehicle for conveying the lesson must be acceptable to the popular mind, and therefore it would introduce the marvellous incidents with which folk-stories generally abound. According to this view we may expect to find in most of the "traditional narratives" to which Mr. Gomme gives the first place in his classification* of the subjects of the science of Folk-Lore a *motive* which at first gave them their practical value, and which probably might often be identified in the popular sayings or proverbs of Folk-Speech. Such tales as those referred to in Mr.

* *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 5.

Clodd's paper, entitled "The Philosophy of Punchkin," *ante*, vol. ii. are intended to teach a lesson beyond the philosophy which that able writer finds in them. No doubt they "embody that early system of thought, if system it can be called, which confuses ideas and objects, illusions and realities, subjects and shadows," and they may be evidence of "the survival of primitive belief in one or more entities *in* the body, yet not *of* it, which may leave that body at will during life, and which perchance leaves it finally, to return not, at death." Such stories, however, do more; for they teach the triumph of love or goodness over evil, even though aided by the power of magic. The incident of the existence of the soul apart from the body appears to me to be introduced merely as presenting an additional difficulty to be contended with, and to show that no obstacle is too great to be overcome: as expressed in the saying, "Love will find out the way."

Mr. Clouston in his edition of *The Book of Sindibad** well remarks: "It is a peculiarity of fairyland that there are certain rooms which the fortunate mortal who has entered the enchanted palace is expressly forbidden to enter, or doors which he must on no account open, or cabinets which he must not unlock, if he would continue in his present state of felicity." Many stories referring to that prohibition have been brought together by Mr. Sidney Hartland,† who regards it as the central thought of the class to which such stories belong. He is not satisfied with this conclusion, however. He supposes the story of the forbidden chamber to have developed "from the slaughter of his wife and children by a capricious or cannibal husband, to a marriage and murder for previously-incurred vengeance, or for purposes of witchcraft, and thence to a murder by a husband for disobedience, express or implied. At this point the fatal curiosity comes upon the scene as one mode of accounting for the disobedience; and when once this element is introduced it proves a most potent influence, and the story branches off and blossoms in all directions." I cannot see, however, any occasion to go beyond the "fatal curiosity" for the original idea on which all the

* P. 308, Appendix.

† *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. pp. 193-242.

stories referred to by Mr. Hartland are based. Nor do I see anything in the Algonquin or Sicilian stories that can require us to regard them as marking stages of development of the forbidden chamber myth, or otherwise than as different modes of representing the same idea of the evil of giving way to the feeling of undue curiosity.*

That large classes of folk-stories were framed to convey a moral lesson may be shown by reference to the fables ascribed to Æsop, which were intended to inculcate "tales of practical morality, drawn from the habits of the inferior creation." Again, if we refer to the *Folk-Tales of India*, translated from the Buddhist *Jâtaka*, and contributed by the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris to the *Folk-Lore Journal*, we see that many of those birth-stories contain one or more *gâthâs* enforcing a moral or practical lesson. As an example may be quoted the last verse of the *Daddabha Jâtaka*,† or "The Flight of the Beasts," which runs —

"But they who walk in virtue's pleasant paths
Full wary are; in calmness they delight,
In time of dread no cowardice they show,
But stand full firm, and none can them beguile."

The moral of the *Sumsumâra Jâtaka*, or "The Monkey that left its heart on a tree," is of a different character. Speaking to the crocodile the Bodhisat in the form of an ape says [*ante*, vol. iii. p. 128]:—

"Oh! a precious big body you've got it is true,
Yet little good sense † to match it have you.
To shoot one you tried, O false crocodile,
So you have I tricked, now go where you will."

The headings of other stories sufficiently declare the moral they are designed to enforce. Thus, we have *the value of kind words, no evil deed is unseen, pride will have a fall, the punishment of avarice, &c.*

* This lesson is taught also by the Kafir story of *The Bird that made milk*, where children suffer for their disobedient curiosity in looking at a bird, on which depended their father's well-being, and which answers therefore to the elf of the Algonquin.—*Kafir Folk-Lore*, by George McCall Theal, p. 29.

† *The Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 124.

‡ In Grimm's "King of the Golden Mountain" the giants say "little men have often wise heads."

The mere fact that no "moral" is actually drawn by the narrator from a folk-tale is evidence merely that the original intention with which such tales were framed has been lost sight of in the course of ages. At the present day, indeed, the incidents have come to occupy among us the primary place, the stories themselves being regarded as sources of amusement rather than of instruction. It will be gathered from the foregoing remarks that I am inclined to go much further than even Mr. Ralston in seeking a "moral" in folk-tales. I should expect to find it in most of his mythological stories; and to test how far the view here advocated is consistent with fact I have made a classification of the seventy-eight tales contained in the first volume of Grimm's work, based on the "moral" they enforce. The following tables give the result arrived at, the number added to the title of each story showing the order in which it stands in the English translation* of Grimm's work. When a story comes under more than one heading it is mentioned in the subordinate class by reference only.

1. *The superiority of Goodness (typified by Beauty) and Love over Evil (although aided by Magic).*

A. *The power of Beauty [and Goodness].*

- (a) The Frog Prince (1).
- (b) The Twelve Brothers (9).
- (c) Little Brother and Sister (11).
- (d) The Three Little Men in the Wood (12).
- (e) Rapunzel (16).
- (f) Cinderella (21).
- (g) The Six Swans (49).
- (h) Briar Rose (50).
- (i) Little Snow White (52).
- (j) Allerleirauh, or Coat of All Colours (65).
- (k) The Twelve Hunters (67).

B. *Love superior to Magic (Evil).*

- (a) The Seven Crows (25).
- (b) The Handless Maiden (31).

* Published by Messrs. Addey & Co. (1853).

(c) Jorinde and Joringel (58).

(d) Fir Apple (59).

(e) The Two Brothers (61).

(f) The Pink (75).

(g) The Gold Children (78).

Also 1. A. (b), (e), (g).

c. *Goodness triumphant over Evil (Magic).*

(a) Hansel and Grethel (14).

(b) Old Mother Frost (24).

(c) The Table, the Ass, and the Stick (35).

(d) The Robber-Bridegroom (40).

(e) The Almond Tree (47).

(f) Roland (55).

Also 1. A.; 1. B. (b), (c), (d), (f); 2. (e); 3. (a), (e); 4. (g).

2. *Simplemindedness (or Stupidity) attended with good fortune.*

(a) The tale of one who travelled to learn what shivering meant (4).

(b) The Good Bargain (7).

(c) The Three Spinsters (13).

(d) The Three Languages (33).

(e) The Golden Bird (39).

(f) The Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn (53).

(g) The Little Farmer (57).

(h) The Queen Bee (62).

(i) The Three Feathers (63).

(j) The Golden Goose (64).

Also 1. B. (e); 3. (a), (b); 10. c. (a).

In (a), (b), (c), (d), and (e) *stupidity* is the characteristic, and in (b) and (g) *cunning* is added.

3. *Ability, or Valour, rewarded (by royal marriage).*

(a) The Three Snake Leaves (15).

(b) The White Snake (17).

(c) The Valiant Little Tailor (19).

(d) The Riddle (22).

(e) The Singing Bone (28).

Also 1. B. (b), (e), (f); 2. (a), (b), (c), (d), (e), (i), (j);
10. c. (a).

4. *Wit (Cunning) superior to (mere) Strength or Power.*

- (a) Thumbling (36).
- (b) The Travels of Thumbling (45).
- (c) The Feather Bird (46).
- (d) Old Sultan (48).
- (e) Rumpelstiltskin (54).
- (f) The Dog and the Sparrow (56).
- (g) How Six travelled through the World (70).
- (h) The Wolf and the Man (71).
- (i) The Wolf and the Fox (72).
- (j) The Fox and God-mother Wolf (73).

Also 1. B. (d), c. (a); 3. (c); 10. c. (a).

5. *Cunning overreaching Simplicity.*

- (a) Cat and Mouse in Partnership (2).
- (b) The Wonderful Musician (8).
- (c) Clever Grethel (76).

Also 2. (g); 4. (h), (i), (j).

6. *Villainy and Cunning overreaching itself.*

- (a) The Wolf and the Seven Little Goats (5).
- (b) Little Red Cap (26).
- (c) The Rogue and his Master (68).

Also 1. c. (c).

7. *Bad Conduct punished.*

A. *Forbidden Curiosity.*

- (a) The Woodcutter's Child (3).
- (b) Faithful John (6).
- (c) The Feather Bird. [See 4 (c).]

B. *Disobedience.*

- (a) The Gold Children. [See 1. B (g).]
- (b) The Old Witch (43).

Also 6. (a), (b); 7. A. (a), (b), (c).

- c. *Greediness or Discontent.*
 (a) The Fisherman and his Wife (18).
 (b) The Little Mouse, the Little Bird, and the Sausage (23).
Also 4. (a), (g).
- d. *Cruelty to Animals.*
 (a) The Dog and the Sparrow. [*See 4. (f)*].
- e. *Foolishness.*
 (a) Clever Alice (34).
 (b) Catherine and Frederick (60).
- f. *Pride.*
 (a) King Thrushbeard (51).
- g. *Boasting.*
 (a) The Fox and the Cat (74).
- h. *Infidelity of Wife.*
 (a) The Wedding of Mrs. Fox (37).
- i. *Neglect of Parents.*
 (a) The Old Man and his Grandson (77).
8. *Humility rewarded.*
 (a) King Thrushbeard. [*See 7. (6 a)*].
Also 1. A.; 7. A. (a).
9. *Kindness requited.*
 (a) The Little Elves (38).
Also 1. B. (e), (g); 2. (e), (h), (j); 3. (b); 7. c. (a).
10. *Miscellaneous.*
- A. *Unmerited Misfortune.*
 (a) Herr Korbes (41).
- B. *Murder will out.*
 (a) The Singing Bone. [*See 3. (e)*].
 (b) The Two Brothers. [*See 1. B. (c)*].
- c. *Power of Luck.*
 (a) The Giant with three Golden Hairs (28).
 (b) The three Luck-Children (69).
Also 2. (f).

D. *Vagabondism.*

(a) The Pack of Ragamuffins (10).

Also 10. A. (a); F. (a).E. *The Love of Life.*

(a) The Musicians of Bremen (27).

Also 4. (d).F. *The Power of Music.*

(a) The Wonderful Musician (8).

G. *God-Parent Stories.*

(a) The Godfather (42).

(b) The Godfather Death (44).

(c) The Fox and Godmother Wolf (73).

11. *Accumulative Effects.*

(a) The Spider and the Flea (30).

And see 10. D. (a).12. *Gothamite Stories.*

(a) The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean (20).

(b) The Discreet Hare (32).

(c) The Rabbit's Bride (66).

Also 2. (b) (g); 5. (e); 7. E. (a) (b); 10. A. (a);

C. (b); D. (a); E. (a).

Some errors there are, no doubt, in the above classification, but I think it will be found on the whole to be correct from the "moral" point of view. That the incidents of many of the stories in question have reference to the phenomena of nature* is far from impossible, but none the less they were originally intended to "point a moral" rather than to "adorn a tale."

There is a special feature of some of Grimm's stories which deserves notice. It is evident that sometimes the moral enforced was intended to have special application to a certain class of persons. Thus, the

* Most of the stories in class 1. A. refer to *golden* objects, and probably they had some reference to the sun or light.

most fortunate son is usually the youngest, whether on the folk-tale principle that *as the youngest* he was the most simple, and therefore likely to be most lucky, or as a recompense for his position in the family, which is one of inferiority and therefore of poverty, is doubtful. The hero in the following stories is the younger or youngest son, unless, as in Nos. 2, 4, and 5, he is the only son, and poor or stupid:—

1. Tale of one who travelled to know what shivering meant.
2. The Three Snake Leaves.
3. The Singing Bone.
4. The Giant with Three Golden Hairs.
5. The Three Languages.
6. The Table, the Ass, and the Horn.
7. The Golden Bird.
8. The Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn.
9. The Two Brothers.
10. The Queen Bee.
11. The Three Feathers.
12. The Golden Goose.
13. The Three Luck-Children.

To these may be added :—

14. Thumbling (who was an only son); and
15. The Feather-Bird (in which the youngest [third] daughter was the most prudent).

A chief object of some other stories appears to have been to denounce the cruel treatment to which children were exposed at the hands of their step-mothers or step-sisters. The following are such stories :—

1. Little Brother and Sister.
2. The Little Men in the Wood.
3. Hansel and Grethel.
4. Cinderella.
5. Old Mother Frost.
6. The Almond Tree.
7. The Six Swans.

8. Little Snow-White.

9. Roland.

(The Step-mother appears in all these stories, except Nos. 6 and 7, in which, and in Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 6, Step-sisters are mentioned.)

10. Fir-Apple.

(Here the place of the Step-mother is taken by the Old Cook.)

The idea entertained by the ancients that some persons understood the *language of animals* is expressed in the following stories :—

1. The Twelve Hunters.
2. Faithful John.
3. The Two Brothers.
4. The Three Languages.
5. The Golden Bird.
6. The White Snake.

Finally, the association of the idea of wisdom with the snake is shown in the following :—

1. The Snake Leaves.
2. The White Snake.

In conclusion, I will consider shortly how far the partial classification attempted above agrees with the views expressed by Mr. Ralston. There is not much to be said in connection with the non-mythological stories, except that those in which riddles or some other kind of problem is propounded are entitled to be regarded as "moral" where, as in *The Riddle*, the problem partakes of the nature of the difficult task which is so common in folk-tales. As to Mr. Ralston's mythological stories, it seems to me that the first class, which consists of transformation tales and those of magic and witchcraft, as well as the "Eclipse-Myths," contain a very important moral. They proclaim the ultimate triumph of good over evil, as well as, generally, that good and evil conduct meet with their just reward. The same may be said of many of Mr. Ralston's "Demon Stories," particularly the large

group "referring to the demon's struggles with mankind, in which he is ultimately worsted, being either destroyed, or at least robbed, kicked, or otherwise humiliated." In the tales of "The Giant with Three Golden Hairs," "Thumbling," and the "puzzling myth" of the "Golden Goose," the moral lesson is no less observable, and thus we may find in all Grimm's stories, except those of the comic class, a "motive," which must be regarded as the central truth, and which may form a link of connection between tales, the want of similarity in the setting of which gives them the appearance of being essentially different.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CLASSIFICATION OF FOLK-LORE.



IN endeavouring to state the Principles of the Classification of Folk-lore, the questions that first arise are: What is Folk-lore? and what are its relations as a Science to the other Sciences? The answer to these questions must be the first Principle of the Classification of Folk-lore. And it may, perhaps, be approximately formulated in the following terms:—

I. Folk-lore is knowledge of Folk-life, or the life of the Uncultured Classes, as distinguished from Culture-lore, knowledge of Individualised Life, or the Life of the Cultured Classes; and the generalisations arising from these two knowledges, or the Sciences of Folk-life and of Culture-life, are complementary and mutually corrective divisions of the same Mental and Moral Sciences—the Historical Sciences, namely, of Mental Development and of Civil Progress.

I am glad to find in the *Folk-Lore Journal* for April 1885 two definitions of Folk-lore implying a conception of it similar to that

now defined, and on which I have been working for many years past. Mr. Sidney Hartland further explains his previously stated definition of Folk-lore as "Anthropology dealing with the psychological phenomena of uncivilized man." And Señor Machado y Alvarez defines it as "The Science which has for its object the study of indifferenced or anonymous Humanity, from an epoch which may be considered as its infancy down to our own day." But while my definition of Folk-lore as knowledge of Folk-life thus agrees so far with the definitions of these writers it does not agree with Mr. Wheatley's definition (*Journal*, vol. ii. p. 347): "Folk-lore is the unwritten learning of the people." The people, I would submit, have no learning properly so called, nor do they *learn*, but *imbibe* their beliefs and traditions. And this distinction will be at once understood if one considers the different ways in which one of the commonalty, and a pupil of such a caste or order as that of the Brahmins, the Asclepiads or the Druids, acquired unwritten knowledge. Folk-lore, according to my definition, is the lore of the Cultured Class about the Folk. If, therefore, the term "Folk-lore" is used as synonymous with "Folk-customs" or "Folk-tales," it is misused. And it is only from this misuse that arises the ambiguity of the term remarked on by Miss Burne (*Journal*, vol. iii. pp. 103 and 267). As to the profound importance, for the science of Man's History, of treating the Sciences of Folk-life and of Culture-life as complementary and mutually corrective, the limits, if not the scope, of this paper forbid me to do more than affirm my conviction that it will revolutionize both our conceptions of, and mode of writing, History.*

II. The Natural Classification of the Subjects of Folk-lore defined as knowledge of Folk-life must be identical with the Psychological Elements of Folk-life; and these must correspond with the most general facts of Human Consciousness—(1) An External World, (2) Other Beings, and (3) an Ancestral World—and with the most general facts

* Being here unable to enlarge on this point, I may, perhaps, be allowed to refer to the remarks in my Preface and Introduction to *Greek Folk-Songs* (pp. xvii. and xviii. and 42 and 43), printed in 1884, and published in the beginning of 1885.

of Human Faculty—(1) Imagination, (2) Affection, and (3) Memory—the first more especially unifying and shaping the phenomena of the External World, the second more especially determining relations to other Beings, and the third more especially creating and enviring with an Ancestral World.

I have no space here to defend this analysis, nor to show its relations to recent psychological researches. Nor is this necessary. The most important point in the statement of this Principle is the affirmation that a natural Classification of Folk-lore must be founded on a psychological Analysis of Folk-life. This must, I think, be evident, if the definition of Folk-lore as knowledge of Folk-life is accepted. And if this essential point as to Classification is admitted, whether our Analysis is as well stated as it might be is a minor question.

III. Corresponding with these most general facts of Consciousness and of Faculty, the three Psychological Elements of Folk-life are (1) Folk-beliefs, (2) Folk-passions, and (3) Folk-traditions; and as Folk-lore is knowledge of Folk-life, these, therefore, are the Natural Divisions also of the Subjects of Folk-lore.

On this it may be noted that, if the distinction is kept clearly in view between Folk-life and Culture-life, no question can arise as to whether Mythology generally, or whether, more particularly Astrology, Magic, and Witchcraft, belong, or not, to Folk-lore. They belong to it just so far as, and no further than, our knowledge is drawn directly from the records of Folk-life. To Hesiod, for instance, Classical Greek Mythology was Folk-lore; to us who study it, as systematised in Hesiod, it is Culture-lore. So, the Astrology, Magic, and Witchcraft which we find in the records of Adepts, beginning with Accadian Cylinders and Egyptian Papyri, and ending with Mediæval Manuscripts, belong to the history of Culture, and are indeed the natural Sciences of the First Stages of Culture; while the Astrology, Magic, and Witchcraft, the facts of which we ourselves may ascertain from our experiences of Folk-life, belong to Folk-lore, and will be recorded under the General Headings for the registration of the Facts of Folk-life.

IV. The expressions of each of the three Elements of Folk-life—Folk-beliefs, Folk-passions, and Folk-traditions—are to be found in

(1) Customs, (2) Sayings, and (3) Poesy; these are, therefore, the Natural Headings for the registration of the Facts of Folk-life; and these Facts, when so registered, form the three Natural Classes of the Records of Folk-lore.

I am thus unable to agree with Mr. Gomme (*Journal*, vol. iii. p. 5) in putting *Superstitions and Beliefs* in the same line with *Traditional Narratives, Traditional Customs, and Folk-speech*. Beliefs and Customs appear to me to belong to two different logical categories. In the Classification of Folk-lore here proposed the distinction is capital between the *Elements* of Folk-life and the *Records* of Folk-life. How do we know anything about Folk-beliefs save from the records of them which we find in Customs, Sayings, and Poesy? And are not Beliefs to be put in line with the other *subjective elements* of Folk-life, rather than in line with Customs and the other *objective expressions* of Folk-life?

V. Folk-customs, as expressions of Folk-life, may be more especially expressive of Folk-beliefs, or of Folk-passions, or of Folk-traditions; and hence Folk-customs may be classified as—(1) Festivals; (2) Ceremonies; and (3) Usages (Religious, Sexual, and Social). For the same reason Folk-sayings may be classified as—(1) Recipes (Magical, Medical, and Technical); (2) Saws (Proverbs, Jests, and Riddles); and (3) Forecasts (Omens, Weather signs, and Auguries, &c.) And similarly Folk-poesy may be classified as—(1) Stories; (2) Songs (Mythological, Affectional, and Historical); and (3) Sagas.

By this I mean that, if the *Genera* and *Species* of Folk-customs, Folk-sayings, and Folk-poesy can be determined by any general principle—which may perhaps be questioned—the best principle may be that of reference to those psychological Elements of Folk-life by which our *Classes* are distinguished. Thus in Folk-poesy, for instance, more of Folk-beliefs are, perhaps, found in Folk-stories; of Folk-passions, in Folk-songs; and of Folk-traditions, in Folk-sagas. Carrying this principle of Classification still further, it suggested my division of Greek Folk-songs into Mythological, Affectional, and Historical—a division which may, perhaps, also aptly classify Folk-stories and Folk-sagas. And if the somewhat new-fangled term *Affec-*

tional (*Gemütvolle*, as a German critic translates it) is objected to, I should be glad to have a better one suggested, to include, as *Affectional* does, what certainly ought to be included under one generic name—Erotic, Domestic, and Humoristic Folk-songs. Folk-music, alluded to by Miss Burne in a note (*Journal*, vol. iii. p. 103) would naturally, I think, in its three divisions—Metres, Melodies, and Instruments—come under the heading of, and be treated along with, Folk-songs. I shall only add that the place assigned to *Sagas* (Myths) implies that they are believed to be, for the most part, made up of, and from, *Stories*.

For the sake of greater clearness I may summarise the above-stated principles in the following systematic form:—

The Elements of Folk-life and Subjects of Folk-lore :

I. Folk-beliefs. II. Folk-passions. III. Folk-traditions.

The Expressions of Folk-life and Records of Folk-lore :

	I. Folk-customs.	II. Folk-sayings.	III. Folk-posesy.
	(1) Religious.	1. Recipes.	1. Stories.
1. Festivals.	(2) Sexual.	(1) Magical.	2. Songs.
	(3) Social.	(2) Medical.	(1) Mythological.
	(1) Religious.	(3) Technical.	(2) Affectional.
2. Ceremonies.	(2) Sexual.	2. Saws.	(3) Historical.
	(3) Social.	(1) Proverbs.	3. Sagas.
	(1) Religious.	(2) Jests.	Folk-music.
3. Usages.*	(2) Sexual.	(3) Riddles.	1. Metres.
	(3) Social.	3. Forecasts.	2. Melodies.
		(1) Omens.	3. Instruments.
		(2) Auguries.	
		(3) Weathersigns.	

J. S. STUART GLENNIE.

* Under the head of Social Usages would come Place-names, and generally Folk-nomenclature. In his *Celtic Essays* Mr. M. Arnold has shown how characteristically different are the place-names of Kelts and Saxons.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

Generic name of story.—(Not to be filled up.)

Specific name.—Tit for Tat.

Dramatis personæ.—Jackal, camel, villagers.

Thread of story.—A jackal wanting to cross a river to get his dinner, persuaded a camel to swim across, taking him on his back, telling him of a field of sugar there. The camel consented. On arriving the jackal secured his dinner, and before the camel had eaten anything began howling, which brought out the villagers, who beat the camel until he was nearly dead. Whilst returning home the camel asked the jackal why he had acted so. Jackal answered it was his custom to sing after dinner. Camel retorted it was his custom to roll after dinner, and so doing drowned the jackal.

Incidental circumstances.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 176-178. 2nd edition. London, 1870. Tale No. 13.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Narrated in broken English by Anna Liberata de Souza, ayah in the family of Sir Bartle Frere, when at Bombay. Narrator belonged to the Lingaets, a South Indian tribe.
3. *Other particulars.*

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—Cf.

Jatakas: "The Monkey that left his Heart on a Tree," Morris's *Folk-Tales of India*, *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 121; also, "How the big Monkey tricked the little one," *Ibid.* p. 255; and vide Clodd's *Myths and Dreams*, pp. 97-98, for illustrations of the befooling of one animal by another.

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19, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, N.

Generic name of story.—(Not to be filled up.)

Specific name.—Less inequality than men deem.

Dramatis personæ.—Rajah, Wuzeer, Shepherd.

Thread of Story.—A wuzeer to convince his invalid rajah that over-much care is worse than none, called a shepherd who was used to a hard life and asked if he suffered from cold or heat. Shepherd said no. They brought him to the palace where over-much care was taken of him. After a time they exposed him in the damp court-yard. He took cold and died, thus proving that the rich are exposed to dangers from which the poor are exempt, but that all are, by nature, equal.

Incidental circumstances.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 124-125. 2nd edition. London, 1870. Tale No. 8.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Narrated in broken English by Anna Liberata de Souza, ayah in the family of Sir Bartle Frere when at Bombay. The narrator belonged to the Lingaets, a South Indian tribe.
3. *Other particulars.*

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.

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TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

palace, and sent people to seek his father, who was found amongst the conjurers. The prince sent for doctors, who restored his memory by destroying the charm. With his father's consent the Rajah fetched his first wife, the carpenter's daughter, and the rest of the parrots. On returning his father agreed to divide the kingdom between him and his half-brother. At her own desire he took Panch and son to her father's kingdom, the parrots carrying them. Until she explained his return to life, her father would not believe the Rajah was her husband; he then desired them to stay and rule the land. The Rajah agreed, if he might first fetch his other wife, and give up his half of the kingdom at home to his half-brother, which was done.

Generic name of story.—(Not to be filled up.)

Specific name.—Panch-Phul Rancee (Five-flower Queen).

Dramatis personæ.—Rajah, two Rancees, two sons and a baby. Panch-Phul Rancee and her son, her father and mother. A carpenter, wife and daughter. Parbuttee and Mahadeo (god and goddess), two mahee's wives, conjurers, parrots and jackals.

Thread of story.—Rajah had two wives; preferred the second; did not treat the first Rancee's son kindly. The young Rajah, having a little money and a few clothes, left home. After travelling some time, he took lodgings with a carpenter. There was no wood in the house for the daughter to cook dinner by; the Rajah picked up a pair of new clogs and lighted a fire. Next morning he made others in their place much better. Carpenter seeing this, and that they sold for more money, asked the Rajah to marry his daughter, and live with them. This he did. After work he made wooden parrots for amusement; having made and varnished a thousand, put them out to dry. During the night Parbuttee and Mahadeo, the gods, endowed them with life. The carpenter's wife being afraid the food would not last with so many birds, told the Rajah he must live elsewhere. Taking the parrots with him he soon became rich, for they brought food, and his trade money. One night he dreamed that beyond the red sea was a kingdom surrounded by seven seas; here Panch-Phul Rancee lived with her father and mother in a house surrounded by seven ditches and seven hedges of

spears; she had vowed to marry no man unless he had crossed the seas, and jumped the ditches and hedges. Taking his wife's advice, the Rajah asked the wisest parrot to interpret this. The parrot, telling him it was true, offered to carry him, with the help of another parrot, across the seas. The Rajah, with his wife's consent, started, promising to return. Many thousands of men had been killed in trying to win this princess, but the Rajah, having been taught by conjurers to jump, hoped for success. Leaving the parrots in a tree, he started, but in jumping the last hedge was impaled on one of the spears, and died. Panch Phul Rance's father was angry that another man had been killed, so had his daughter married to the dead man, and banished into a jungle. Panch overheard from two jackals how to bring life back to her husband. After succeeding in this, she made known their marriage to him, and they found their way to the banyan tree, where the parrots greeted them, and carried them to the kingdom of the Rajah's father, though the Rajah did not recognise it on arrival. A son was born to them. Leaving his wife, he went for food, meaning to return directly. He asked for rice at the first tents he saw—they belonged to conjurers; before giving it him they charmed it so that on taking it he forgot his wife and child, and stayed with them as drummer. His mother's baby had just died; the maids were taking it to bury; they found Panch in a swoon with her baby at her side. They changed the children, taking the living one back to the Rance, who, however, knew it was not hers (being, in truth, her grandchild). A mallee's (gardener's) wife helped to revive Panch, who, knowing the dead baby was not hers, permitted it to be buried, then went home with the woman, and lived there fourteen years. Her son, in passing the mallee's house, saw her, and asked who she was. Seeing his likeness to her husband, she told her story. The boy hearing it, fetched his mother to the

Incidental circumstances.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 126-152. 2nd edition. London, 1870. Tale No. 9.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Narrated in broken English by Anna Liberata de Souza, ayah in the family of Sir Bartle Frere, when at Bombay. The narrator belonged to the Lingaets, a South Indian tribe.
3. *Other particulars.*

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.

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TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

Generic name of story.—(Not to be filled up.)

Specific name.—The Wanderings of Vicram Maharajah.

Dramatis personæ.—Vicram Maharajah (the great king); his Wuzer Butti (Light); Anar Rancee (Pomegranate Queen); her father and mother and two maids; Gumputti (God of Wisdom); Princess Buccoulee, and her father and mother; Champa Rancee (a Nautch girl) and her maids; carpenter's son; hunter; merchant; wood-cutter; beggars; cobras; parrots; and a chicken.

Thread of story.—Vicram Maharajah and his wuzer, Butti, were orphans, and lived together like brothers, ruling the kingdom between them. Some distance off in a garden lived Anar Rancee, with two maids; they slept in three pomegranates. Round the garden were seven hedges of bayonets, and, by the decree of her father, whoever could get over them and gather the pomegranates should marry Anar. Vicram's father had built a temple, in the jungle, to Gumputti. Vicram and Butti slept there. One night Vicram's father appeared to him in a dream and bade him, at the risk of his life, do an act of devotion to the god whereby he might secure a treasure. He obeyed his father, and being saved by Gumputti (disguised as an old woman) found the treasure, which he gave to the poor. The god then taught him wisdom, and as a parting gift gave him the power to translate his soul and sense into any other body for a time, with something to preserve his own body from decay until he returned to it. A carpenter's son hearing that the Rajah was learning wisdom, hid himself in the temple and heard all, save how

she gave the bird to her maid and told her to cook it, but first to grill the head. The maid plucked him, and while she went to fetch water Vicram hid himself in a hole in the wall through which the dish-water was poured, and stayed there until his feathers had grown. The maid then took a chicken's head to her mistress, who did not detect the fraud. Vicram next hid behind the idol in a temple where Champa used to worship. Hearing her pray to be transported to heaven, he, affecting the idol's voice, told her to sell all she possessed and give to the poor, raze her house to the ground, then her prayer should be answered. She obeyed, and a vast crowd, in which was Butti, assembled to see her ascension. The parrot mocking, asked if she had forgotten polly's words, and told her of the fraud, whereupon in despair Champa dashed her head against a stone and died. Butti was joyful at finding Vicram and took him home. Butti's and the pretended Rajah's rams were fighting. Butti's ram was the strongest, so the pretender transported his soul into his ram to help it, and it was killed. Meantime Vicram had re-entered his own body which he did not again leave, but his love for wandering caused him to live much in a jungle. Lying down one day half asleep, with his mouth open, a little cobra crept in and curled up in his throat. He could not get rid of it, so, driven nearly mad, took to wandering like a beggar, and coming to the Rajah's palace-gate sat down among other beggars. The Rajah's daughter, Princess Buccoulee, had dreamed of the Rajah Vicram, and vowed he should be her husband. Seeing him among the beggars she invited him in, and against her parents' wish married him. They lived in a jungle, and Buccoulee, overhearing two cobras telling how the cobra in Vicram's throat could be killed,

to keep his body from decay Vicram transported himself into a parrot and flew into Anar's garden, and carried off the pomegranates. He married Anar and for a time was happy, but having the supernatural power longed to use it. He again took the form of a parrot and flew away to see the world. The carpenter's son wished to use his knowledge also, so entered the lifeless body of the Rajah, but having no power to preserve his own it decayed. Butti, knowing of Vicram's departure, knew some other spirit was in his body, so advised the household to avoid the Rajah. Vicram joined a thousand other parrots and roosted with them in a banyan tree. A hunter snared them; they, following Vicram's advice and example, pretended to be dead; the hunter thinking them so, threw each on the ground as he unloosed it. All escaped except Vicram, when the hunter let his knife fall. Hearing him coming down and thinking by this that all were free they flew away. The hunter seeing that Vicram was a strange parrot would have killed him in his anger, only the bird spoke, advising the hunter to sell him. This he did; the merchant who bought him finding him a good salesman hung him in his shop. In the town lived Champa Rane, whom a woodcuter dreamed he had married, giving her a thousand gold mohurs. She heard him telling this dream, so pretended he was her husband, sent for him, and demanded the money. No one could decide which was right, so they sent for the wise parrot, who ordered a thousand mohurs to be sealed in a bottle, and told Champa to get them out without breaking the seal or the bottle. Falling to do this, in her anger she threatened to bite Vicram's head off; he retorted that he would make her a beggar and cause her death. Soon after the merchant's son was married. Champa danced at the wedding, and so delighted the merchant that he gave her free choice of aught he had, and to his vexation she took the parrot.* Arriving home

did as they said and freed her husband. She then killed them, and took from their hole treasure they had spoken of. Dressing herself and her husband in royal robes she returned to her father and mother. Vicram hearing of a wuzeer who had searched for his master twelve years found it was Butti. They all returned to Anar Rane, who was overjoyed at seeing them, and not at all jealous of Boucoulee Rane. The Rajah and his wuzeer lived as fast friends to good old age, beloved by all.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 94-123. 2nd edition. London, 1870. Tale No. 7.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Narrated in broken English by Anna Liberata de Souza, ayah in the family of Sir Bartle Frere when at Bombay. The narrator belonged to the Lingacts, a South Indian tribe.
3. *Other particulars.*

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—
* This reminds us of the unconditional offer which Herod made to the daughter of Herodias when her dancing pleased him. Matt. xiv. 6-9.

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TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

Generic name of story.—(Not to be filled up.)

Specific name.—Singh Rajah and the cunning little Jackals.

Dramatis personæ.—Singh Rajah (lion king), two Jackals.

Thread of story.—Singh Rajah, King of the Jungle, had eaten all the animals, except two jackals. They, escaping him for a time, at last got within his clutches. Jackals told him they would have been caught long before had it not been for a greater rajah who had been chasing them. Singh was angry, and asked to be shown this rajah that he might destroy him. Jackals took him to the edge of a well, where he sprang down on his own shadow and perished. Jackals sang and danced triumphantly.

Incidental circumstances.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 156, 158. 2nd edition. London, 1870. Tale No. 11.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Narrated in broken English by Anna Liberata de Souza, ayah in the family of Sir Bartle Frere when at Bombay. The narrator belonged to the Lingaets, a South Indian tribe.
3. *Other particulars.*

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—Cf. Esop's "Dog and Shadow."

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Generic name of story.—(Not to be filled up).

Specific name.—How the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went out to Dinner.

Dramatis personæ.—Sun, Moon, Wind, Star, Thunder, and Lightning.

Thread of Story.—The Sun, Moon, and Wind went to dine with their uncle and aunt, Thunder and Lightning. Sun and Wind satisfied themselves, but saved no food for the Star, their mother; Moon alone remembered her. Star was angry at being forgotten, and caused the Sun to be hot and scorching, the Wind to parch and shrivel all living things, that men might hate them, but the Moon was to be calm and bright, and blessed by all men; wherefore her light is soft and cool.

Incidental circumstances.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 153-155. 2nd edition. London, 1870. Tale No. 10.

Nature of collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.*
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Narrated in broken English by Anna Liberata de Souza, ayah in the family of Sir Bartle Frere when at Bombay. The narrator belonged to the Lingaets, a South Indian tribe.

3. *Other particulars.*

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.

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 TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

Generic name of Story.—(Not to be filled up.)

Specific name.—The Brahman, the Tiger, and the Six Judges.

Dramatis personæ.—Brahman, tiger, banyan tree, camel, bullock, eagle, alligator, and jackal.

Thread of story.—A tiger caged by the roadside begged a Brahman to let him out, for he was dying of thirst. Brahman would not at first, fearing the tiger would eat him; but, on his promising not to do so, consented. Directly he was free the tiger would have broken his word had not the Brahman begged him first to hear the opinion of six. They consulted a banyan tree, camel, bullock, eagle, and alligator, all these agreeing that men were persecutors. Then a jackal was consulted, but he would decide nothing unless he saw the positions of the tiger and Brahman when the agreement was made. On the tiger re-entering the cage the Brahman locked him in, and the jackal told him that he must stay there for his ingratitude.

Incidental circumstances.

Where published.—In *Old Deccan Days*, pp. 179, 183. 2nd edition. London, 1870. Tale No. 14.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.*—Narrated in broken English by Anna Liberata de Souza, ayah in the family of Sir Bartle Frere when at Bombay. The narrator belonged to the Lingaets, a South Indian tribe.
3. *Other particulars.*

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.

(Signed) A. A. LARNER,
19, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, N.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Italian Popular Tales. By Thomas Frederick Crane, A.M., Professor of the Romance Languages in Cornell University [Ithaca, U.S.A.] London: Macmillan & Co. 1885. Pp. xxxiv. and 389.

Merely as a story-book, this work must take a high place among the best and most popular collections of its class which have been issued of late years, and they are tolerably numerous. But as a scholarly piece of work it would certainly be very difficult to overrate its value to English students of comparative folk-lore, a branch of study and research the importance of which we are gratified to see now being more recognised in this country. This is not a new selection from the early Italian novelists; it does not reproduce the literary tales of Italy. "The stories," says Professor Crane, "which, with few exceptions, are here presented for the first time in English, have been translated from recent Italian collections, and are given exactly as they were taken down from the mouths of the people; and it is in this sense—belonging to the people—that the word 'popular' is used in the title of this work." The value of the collection is thus very obvious, since we have herein the means of ascertaining the ideas, superstitions, manners and customs, and modes of thought of the common people of Italy of the present day, which stories in a literary form could not possibly furnish. Miss Busk's specimens of the folk-lore of Rome, interesting and valuable as they are undoubtedly, yet left the rich folk-lore of the Italian provinces, and especially of Sicily, unknown to the merely English reader. Mr. Crane's object in this work, he tells us, has been "to present to the reader unacquainted with the dialects of Italy a tolerably complete collection of Italian popular tales."* With theories of the origin and diffusion of these

* The tales comprised in the volume are from Venice, Bologna, Milan, Piedmont, Tuscany, the Tyrol, Naples, and Sicily.

tales, or of popular tales in general, he has nothing to do at present: others may draw their own inferences from this along with similar collections. We shall hope, however, that the learned Professor will ere long favour students of the genealogy of popular tales and fictions with his views on this still-vexed question, feeling assured that they could not fail to prove eminently instructive.

In the Introduction an interesting account is given of the fairy tale in European literature—its first appearance being in the *Piacevoli Notti* (Pleasant Nights) of Straparola, published in 1550, and its next in the *Pentamerone* of Basile, from which Perrault drew the substance of some of his best French fairy tales; and of the several collections of tales which have been preserved orally among the people of Italy. The two first chapters are devoted to fairy-tales, beginning with a series of stories similar to—but not necessarily, as we think, derived from—the beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius. It seems to have been a branch of very ancient general belief that when a superior being condescended to mate with a mortal, some kind of condition was imposed on the latter, as a test of obedience, the breaking of which resulted in banishment, usually temporary, but sometimes perpetual. Innumerable instances of this occur in European romances; as in *Mélusine*, where the banishment is perpetual; in *Partenopex de Blois*, where it is only temporary; in *Huon of Bordeaux*, and in the Lays of *Sir Gruélan* and of *Sir Launval*; while in Asiatic fictions similar instances are also found: the *Arabian Nights* (story of the Second Calender); the Persian Tales of the Dervish Mukhlis of Ispahan (story of the fairy Sheristání); the *Seven Vazírs* (story of the youth who was taken to the Land of Women); the *Hítopadesa* (Queen of the Fairies); and the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* (story of Saktideva). In northern folk-lore we find a parallel to the legend of Cupid and Psyche in Dasent's story of the White Bear. Our space, unfortunately, will not permit of a comparative analysis of the thirty-six specimens of fairy tales which Mr. Crane gives in the texts and the notes. Suffice it to say that they have been selected, out of several hundreds, with great judgment and excellent taste; many of them have their counterparts in the folk-lore of Iceland, Norway, and Sweden, and these may rather

have been carried to the south by the bold Norsemen than have travelled from the south to the north. As a matter of course, our familiar Norwegian friend, the Lad who went to the North Wind, reappears in Italy with his Ass, that lays money, his Table-cloth, that furnishes all kinds of dainties, and his Stick, that thrashed the rascally innkeeper who stole those precious treasures.

The third chapter treats of Stories of Oriental Origin, which at once suggest the question of their transmission from their cradle-land. Venetian commerce with the Levant may account, in part at least, for the introduction of Asiatic fictions into Italy. But this is a subject too wide to be discussed in what must necessarily be a mere notice of a work which would require a whole number of the *Folk-Lore Journal* to do it justice. We can only glance at a few of the more notable stories. The fable of the ungrateful snake, that would have killed the man who saved its life (p. 150), which first appeared in Europe in the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Alfonsus, twelfth century, is also found, with little variation, in Steel and Temple's *Wide-Awake Stories*, from the Panjáb and Kashmír. Another story in Alfonsus, of the herdsman and his flock of sheep crossing the ferry, of which Mr. Crane gives several variants (pp. 155-6), has its analogue in the Canarese story-book entitled *Kathá Manjari*. The tale "Vineyard I was, Vineyard I am" (p. 159), known among story-comparers by the short title of "The Lion's Track," is not only found, as Mr. Crane remarks, in the Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic versions of the *Seven Wise Masters* (Book of Sindibád), but also occurs in the Syriac and old Castilian texts; and the last half of it still remains in the beautifully illuminated but unfortunately imperfect MS. Persian poem, *Sindibád Náma*, preserved in the India Office Library. In the story of "The Mason and his Son" (p. 163) we have a Sicilian variant of the Robbery of the King's Treasury, in the *Seven Sages*, the tradition of King Rhampsinitus in Herodotus, which does not appear to have been derived from Bandello's version, but presents some curious points of resemblance to the latter part of No. 24 of M. Legrand's *Contes populaires Grecs* (Paris, 1881). A Sinhalese version of this wide-spread story has been recently published in *The Orientalist*, vol. i. pp. 59-61. In stating that the story, in the *Seven Sages*, of

the Elopement is found only in Pitrè's Sicilian collection (p. 167), Mr. Crane seems to have overlooked the version in Miss Busk's *Folk-Lore of Rome*, p. 399, entitled "The Grace of the Hunchback." The most interesting portion of this chapter is perhaps that which comprises Italian popular versions of the frame-story of the Persian *Tútí Náma*, or Parrot-Book, which are both curious and significant. The idea of these different versions, from Pisa, Florence, Piedmont, and Sicily, may have been derived through the Turks, to whom that famous Persian story-book has long been familiar from a translation of it in their own language. In the Italian versions the parrot relates one or more tales to divert a lady during her husband's (or father's) absence, as in the *Tútí Náma* and the Indian *Suka Saptatí* (Seventy Tales of a Parrot); they could not have been imitated from the well-known story (in the *Seven Sages*) of the parrot, or magpie, left behind him by a merchant to note the conduct of his wife while he is abroad, for that bird does not relate any stories to the lady, who, indeed, has another kind of amusement. Possibly the incident of the parrot and the maina in one of the traditions of Rájá Rasálú (see Temple's *Legends of the Panjáb*, vol. i.) may have suggested the frame-story of both the Indian and Persian Parrot-Books. The tales related by the parrots in the Italian versions do not seem, however, to be of Asiatic origin. The concluding tale in this chapter, "Truthful Joseph," furnishes another instance of the influence of the Turks in Southern Europe: it is told in the *Qirq Vezír*, Forty Vazírs, of the Sultan's Master of the Horse.

The fourth chapter contains legends and ghost stories, which may be said to constitute Christian folk-lore, a striking characteristic of so many of the popular tales of Iceland and Norway. It is very remarkable that several of these legends, in which the Lord and St. Peter figure prominently, seem not to be, as one should naturally suppose, European in their conception, but of Muhammadan extraction; legends very similar being related of Jesus by Arabian writers. The story of "The Lord, St. Peter, and the Blacksmith" (p. 188) has its parallels in Germany, Norway, and Russia—in the latter country the Devil is represented as the operator—and also in an old black-letter English metrical tale, entitled, "Of the Smyth that

burnt his Wyfe, and after forged her againe by the helpe of oure blessed Lord."*

In the fifth chapter we have a most delightful selection of nursery tales, which comprise an astonishing number of different "cumulative" stories, similar to our "Old Woman and the crooked Sixpence," and "The House that Jack built," Norse, Gaelic, and other parallels to which are already well known to all story-comparers; nor must we forget the curious Indian version, "The Death of poor Hen-Sparrow," in *Wide-Awake Stories*.

The sixth, and last, chapter, *Stories and Jests*, leads off with a version of "King John and the Abbot," of which, by-the-by, there is a variant also in the Turkish jest-book, ascribed to the Khoja (teacher) Nasred-Dín. Next we have a very amusing form of the wide-spread story of the quest of the Three Greatest Fools. Among other stories are "The Wager" (the Silent Couple) and "Scissors they are." The sayings and doings of Giufà, the typical booby of Sicily, are duly represented, though in those given in pp. 297-302 he is rather a knave than a fool, in fact, a Sicilian Scogan or Tyl Eulenspiegel. In "Uncle Capriano" (p. 303) we meet with an old and far-travelled acquaintance: the story, it is not generally known, exists in a Latin poem of the eleventh century, where the hero is called Unibos, because he had lost all his cattle but one, and cleverly tricks his enemies, the provost, the mayor, and the priest of the town. The story is known in Iceland, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Ireland, the West Highlands of Scotland, France, Algeria (among the Kabail, or wandering tribes), and throughout India. This version resembles the Icelandic legend of "Sigurdr the Sack-knocker" in several of the details. The incidents of the capon and of the husband carried off by his wife, in the story of "The Clever Girl" (p. 311), are both found in the Talmud, and the latter is the subject of a Russian folk-tale. In the concluding story, "Crab" (p. 314), we have a variant of "Dr. Know-all" in Grimm's collection, the original of which occurs in the great Sanskrit story-book, *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, in the tale of Harisarman.

* *Contributions to Early English Literature*. From rare books and ancient MSS. 15th to 17th centuries. Edited by J. O. Halliwell (now Halliwell-Phillips). Privately printed, 1849.

The notes (pp. 319-383) furnish, besides occasional variants of stories given in the text, references to others in the works of the most distinguished scholars who have made a special study of the migrations and transformations of popular tales and fictions; and their compilation must have cost Professor Crane a vast amount of labour, which, however, will be duly appreciated by all who are interested in comparative folk-lore. The usefulness of the book is farther increased by an elaborate *Bibliography of Works on Italian Tales* (pp. xix.—xxviii.); a list of the works most frequently referred to in the notes; and an excellent general index. Mr. Crane has good cause to be gratified with the handsome manner in which his work is presented to the public: it is beautifully printed, and in every way well got up.

The Legends of the Panjâb; vol. ii. By Captain R. C. Temple. Bombay and London (Trübner). 8vo. pp. xxii. 580.

There is scarcely any necessity to do more than announce to our members the publication of the second volume of Captain Temple's valuable collection of legends from the Panjâb, as the first volume is so well known, beside the other work which Captain Temple is always so busily engaged upon. This volume contains the legends of Râjâ Gopi Chand, Râjâ Chandarbhân and Rânî Chand Karan, two songs about Nâmdev, Sakhî Sarwar and Jâtî, marriage of Sakhî Sarwar, the ballad of Chûhar Singh, Sansâr Chand of Kângrâ and Fatteh Parkâsh of Sarmor, Râjâ Jagat Singh of Nûrpûr, a hymn to 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, the legend of 'Abdu'llah Shâh of Samin, the story of Râjâ Jagdeo, Râjâ Nal, the legend of Râjâ Dhol, Râjâ Rattan Sain of Chittaur, three versions of Sarwan and Farîjan, Pûran Bhagat, the legend of Mîr Châkur, Ismâ'il Khân's grandmother, the bracelet-maker of Jhang, the marriage of Hîr and Rânjhâ.

Captain Temple prefaces his collection of stories by emphasizing the views he brought forward in the preface to his *Wide-Awake Stories*, that folk-tales consisted of two distinctive elements—the incidents being the most important, the most vital and the most archaic, the setting of the story being accidental, dependant upon the narrator. To this view we would wish especially to again draw attention, because it strikes the key-note of the future methods of study of folk-tales.

Captain Temple says a timely and forcible word on the importance of studying folk-lore as a science, and the endeavour of the writers in the *Folk-Lore Journal* to urge and advance this view. The collection of legends which follow this admirable preface illustrates the views therein put forward. Hero legends arising in historical times are boldly tacked on to hero legends of mythical times, and thus the construction of a cycle of legends or folk-tales, so well known to students of European storyology, is seen as it is going on. Such a fact as this ought to lead to some re-examination of western cycles of folk-tales, especially one most interesting of all to English students—the Arthurian cycle. India, in folk-lore, as in other sciences, certainly gives such important help towards the elucidation of western history, mental and social, that these volumes of Captain Temple's appear to us to be of an importance and value which have not yet been fully recognized by English folk-lorists. Captain Temple collects himself, hears the stories told, knows their living form, and has knowledge sufficient to grasp the most salient and important features which such facts give him, and therefore, more than any one else, he, it appears to us, is capable of pointing out the direction to which future study should tend. The stories in the volume before us, and in the first of the series, speak for themselves. They are in some features familiar to all folk-lorists. But Captain Temple can and does point out the manner of their construction in their present form, and it is this part of his labours which ought to be transferred to the long crystallized stories of Western Europe to see if it does not unlock some of the mysteries they contain.

Altogether, we do not know any other folk-lorist, besides Mr. Ralston and Mr. Lang, who has done more for the science than Captain Temple. Both as collector and as investigator he has given us work of the highest order, and if we mistake not it will be to his labours that future progress in the science of folk-lore will be most indebted.

Moon-Lore. By the Rev. Timothy Harley. London, 1885 (Swan Sonnenschein). 8vo. pp. xvi. 296.

It is certainly useful to have collected into one volume the folk-lore of any definite subject, and in this sense we welcome the volume now before us. It is divided into convenient sections, dealing with moon

spots, moon worship, moon superstitions, moon inhabitation. Mr. Harley has read widely and noted carefully; but it is not necessary to crowd in all and every quotation bearing however remotely upon the subject. But Mr. Harley does not profess to write scientifically: he says his "work is a contribution to light literature, and to the literature of light," a mode of expression which conveys a very good idea of the character of the book. We are far from desiring to suggest that there is nothing of value in this collection of moon-lore, because as the author is always careful to give chapter and verse for his quotation there is certainly a very interesting accumulation of material for subsequent scientific use, and in the meantime we have a readable and useful book. Some anecdotes, such, for instance, as that of the little girl at Dr. Bernardo's Home, who was a veritable modern moon worshipper in civilized England, are of some considerable value to folk-lorists, because they are obtained from sources not usually consulted.

A Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs and Sayings, Explained and Illustrated from the rich and interesting Folk-lore of the Valley.
By the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles. Bombay, Calcutta, and London, 1885 (Trübner). 12mo. pp. viii. 263.

This is a genuine contribution to those folk-lore collections from India which are always so welcome to students of nearly all sections of history; and Mr. Knowles has aided the student very learnedly and ably by his accumulation of folk-lore in illustration of the proverbial sayings. One cannot read these proverbs without at once detecting their primitive characteristics and extracting from them some notion of the life of the people who use them—a fact which shows how faithful has been Mr. Knowles's method of work. He tells us that he believes nearly all the proverbs are contained in this little book, and he has been at great pains to consult Hindú and Muhammadan friends as to the correct reading and explanations of each proverb. Mr. Knowles has spent two winters in the most invigorating air and sublime quiet of Kashmír, as a missionary, and amidst the happiness of his other labours he has turned to the people to teach him their lore. We congratulate him upon the result, and gladly give a welcome to his valuable book.

NOTES ON SOME OLD - FASHIONED
ENGLISH CUSTOMS : THE MUMMERS ;
THE MORRIS - DANCERS ; WHITSUN-
ALES ; LAMB-ALES.

I.—THE MUMMERS.



THE description of mummers in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, and in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, is inapplicable to the amusement generally known as "the Mummers" in England, both now and in past times, although fast dying out; and as there does not appear to be any published account of the latter, perhaps the following may be worthy of publication as a record of this old pastime.

The mummers, as described by Strutt, were men and sometimes women, disguised in any uncouth manner, at times with the skins and horns of various animals, to startle or amuse an audience by their strange appearances, but with no form of speech or action. The mummers I allude to were more like players, having certain characters and parts to perform, and probably connected with customs handed down to us from very early times and stage performances.

I do not remember seeing the mummers perform more than two or three times, and that must have been in 1815 and 1816; but in those days the speeches of the mummers were as well known to boys as "Hey diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle," or "Little Jack Horner sat in a corner," are now known to children as nursery rhymes, and I have no doubt that at this time these mummers' speeches are still known in many parts of the country, although, as in the inclosed MS., much muddled up.

It was then a custom for parties of men or boys, for a month or so before and after Christmas, to go about as mummers. The first set I saw perform were from a neighbouring town, and were well got up, being fairly dressed in character; the speeches were given in rich, bombastic style, and they had been well practised in fencing, dancing, and singing. Such however was an exception to the rule, as generally the men were merely disguised with but little or no regard to the characters, and the words spoken with very little knowledge of their meanings.

The following is from an old written paper from which the performers evidently had to learn their parts, and this is probably from an older and more perfect paper, as the errors of the copyist are obvious.

COPY OF AN OLD MS.

ACT I.—FATHER CHRISTMAS.

In comes I, old Father Christmas,
 Welcome or welcome not.
 I hope old father Christmas
 Will never be forgot.
 A room a room, I do presume,
 For me and my brave gallant boys all.
 Pray give me leave to act and rhyme,
 Now this merry Christmas time.
 I'll show you some of the finest plays
 That ever were acted on Saint Mary Andrews stage.
 Step in, King George.

ACT II.—KING GEORGE.

In comes I, King George, a man of courage bold,
 With my broad sword and shield I won ten thousand crowns
 in gold.

Aye, I fought the fiery dragon
 And brought him to the slaughter,
 And for this great victory I won
 The Queen of England's daughter.
 Bring any man to me, I'll cut him and hue him as small as
 flies.
 And send him to the cook's shop to make mince pies.
 Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,
 Mince pies in the pot nine days old.

ACT III.—TURKISH KNIGHT.

In comes I, a Turkish knight.
 From Turkey land I came to fight.
 I'll fight thee, King George, the man of courage bold.
 If thy blood be hot, I'll quickly draw it cold.
 Thou saidst thou cut me and hue me as small as flies.
 And send me to the cookshop to make mince pies.
 Over many fields as thou made me fly,
 But now I am come with a mind to try
 To see which on the ground shall lie.

Enters a fight. Turkish Knight kills King George. King George
 falls to the ground.

Father Christmas cries out—

Doctor, doctor, play thy part,
 King George is wounded to the heart,
 Doctor, doctor, haste away,
 See thou make no longer stay.
 Five pounds I'd freely give if that noble doctor were but here.

ACT IIII.—DOCTOR BROWN.

In comes I, little Doctor Brown,
 The best little doctor in the town.

A doctor and a doctor good,
 And with my hand I'll swage his blood.
 My pills shall work him through and through,
 To cure his body and stomach too.

F. C. Where com'st thou from ?

Dr. B. From France, from Spain,
 And from the greatest parts of Christendom I came.

F. C. And what can'st thou cure ?

Dr. B. The hitch, the stitch, the ston, the palsy, and the gout,
 The pains within and the pains without,
 The molygrubs, the polygrubs, and those little rantantorius
 diseases.

Let the wrinkles break
 Or the palsy quacke.

Take one of my pills and try them. Bring any old woman unto me that has been dead seven years, in her coffin eight, and buried nine. If she's only got one hollow rum tum serum tum old jack tooth in the back of her head. If she can only manage to crack one of my little pills I'll be bound in the bond of a thousand pounds to maintain her back to life again.

This is the case that was never before,
 But now, King George, rise up and fight once more.

Dr. Brown stooping and giving him a pea from a box, then rising him up, then another fight, Turkish Knight falls to the ground.

Doctor Brown. If there (is) any man can do more than me
 Let him step in if his name is Jack Finny.

ACT FIVE.—JACK FINNY.

My name is not Jack Finny, my name is Mr. Finny, I am a man of great fame.

Dr. B. And what canst thou do ?

J. F. Cure a magpie with the toothache.

Dr. B. And how canst do that ?

J. F. By cutting off his head and throwing his body in a ditch.

Dr. B. Barberous rascal !

J. F. No barbary at all, but certain cure.

I can cure this man if he (be) not dead,

So pray me honest friend rise up thine head.

And as he gets up you all march in a ring and say altogether—

In comes Tom the Tinker,

Sold him for a winker.

The chimney corner was his place,

Where he sat and dried his face,

Till Tom's hair (was) brown.

Then march in a straight line and sing songs.

There are two mummer characters omitted in the paper. One enters with—

Here comes I, who hant-bin-it (have not been yet)

With my great head and little wit.

My head so great, my wit so small,

I'll do my best to please you all.

Gives the double shuffle or some other dance.

Then enters the Devil with—

Here comes I, old Beelzebub,

On my shoulder I carries my club.

In my hand a drinking can.

Don't you think me a jolly old man.

Then all dance in a ring with the Devil in the middle, who then drives them all out.

II.—THE MORISCO, OR MORRIS DANCE.

In 1876 a book, *Letters from Lusitania*, was published in Windsor, in which the anonymous author, having been in official residence amongst the copper-mines in Portugal, gives an account of various doings which came under his notice amongst the Portuguese and

Spaniards around him, and, with these, an account of his visit to a small Spanish town on the feast-day of the patron saint. After alluding to a procession of priests, with relics, &c., he says: "We entered upon a tour of observation, and it was not long before our trouble was rewarded, and our curiosity gratified, with the sight of a dance, performed by six men, each of whom held one of the knotted ends of a coloured handkerchief, the other knot being held by another dancer. To the horridly monotonous whifflings of two reed-pipes, and the sound of a species of tom-tom, they curveted round and round, or changed places, and, in doing so, altered the variegated pattern formed by the handkerchiefs—six in all—ever held head-high, and kept twining and intertwining in multiform ways. The tom-tom consisted of an earthen bowl, over the mouth of which a bladder was tightly strained. Through the centre of the skin a stout quill, plucked from a turkey, was thrust, and this being drawn out and pushed in again produced a horrid monotone, not unlike the booming of a bull frog. It was a strangely unique performance."

There can be no doubt that the dance thus described is identical in its main points with the English Morris, or Morisco, dancing; and interesting in support of the assertion that this dance was first introduced into Spain by the Moors, and thence into England. It is also interesting in showing not only the rapid decline of the Morris dance in England, but also the knowledge of it; as this author, evidently an observer, does not appear to have any, although within the last three hundred years this was a chief amusement of the higher classes (even royalty itself), and, up to a very recent period, the national dance of the rural districts.

Many particulars are given in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, and in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, from churchwardens' accounts, and other sources, showing the popularity of this amusement in the public payments in support of it, but I have no knowledge of any printed description of the dance by which it might be recognised. Under these circumstances, perhaps the following may be worthy of publication.

So long as Morris dancing was kept up with spirit, *i. e.*, to about 1830 or 1840, there was a sort of rivalry in parishes as to which

should have the best turn-out, so that the six selected were generally the pick of the parish for activity and appearance. Their dress, if well got up, was uniform, *i. e.*, no waistcoat, white linen shirt of good quality, pleated, and got up in the best style. A broad ribbon from each shoulder was crossed on the breast and back, and, terminating at the waist, the ends formed a sort of sash. Small bows of narrow ribbon were fixed on the crossings of the wider ribbon, the shoulders, the wrists, and the upper arms; the colours were sometimes various, but generally those of the nobleman or leading family of the parish. Small bells, producing a sort of jingling sound, attached to coloured bindings, were fastened around the legs below the knees and above the ankles. Black beaver hat of good quality.

From the above, considering the times to which I refer, it may be seen that starting a Morris, complete on all points, was rather costly.

The dances were in various forms, but in all the six had to move in unison; sometimes with a white handkerchief in one or both hands, waved about in various manners; in other dances there was a clapping of hands, either by each bringing the palms together or by each meeting those of his partner; and, in others, each had a staff, of about two feet in length, and these were flourished and clashed together in various ways. There was no display of "footing" in the dancing, but the great aim seemed to be to keep the time and figure, so that every sound and every movement should be strictly in unison.

The music was the simple tabor and pipe, and these, probably, merely to mark the time: the use of the fiddle in late years seemed quite an inappropriate innovation.

My memory will go fairly back to the first decade of the century, but I have no remembrance of seeing any representation of Maid Marian in connection with the Morris dance; and I see no grounds for mixing up this dance with the Robin Hood characters otherwise than from their being popular amusements of the same times.

The clown I have always known in connection with the Morris dance, but it is probable that this was merely an adoption of the domestic fool from necessity. There was nothing in his get-up to connect him with the dance—he was merely grotesque. He had a stick of about three feet in length, with a calf's tail fastened on one

end, and an inflated bladder suspended at the other, and in the use of it he was privileged. He made very free use of this in clearing and keeping a space for the dancers and in his endeavours to raise a laugh, one of the most successful being in the dexterous manner in which he would take a man's hat off by a mere whisk of the calf's tail, or bonnet him by bringing his hat down over his eyes by a blow from the bladder. For such tricks as these, as with the domestic fool, rough as they were, he had full immunity in the general privilege of the clown.

III.—WHITSUN-ALES.

The evidence from churchwardens' accounts and other statements, given in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (1873), shows that these and similar pastimes originated or were adopted—at least, in some cases—as means for raising money for parochial and charitable purposes. “In the Introduction to *The Survey and Natural History of the North Division of the County of Wiltshire*, by Aubrey, at p. 32, is the following curious account of Whitsun-ales:—‘There were no rates for the poor in my grandfather's days; but for Kingston St. Michael (no small parish) the Church-ale of Whitsuntide did the business. In every parish is, or was, a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, &c., utensils for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there, too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c., the ancients sitting gravely by and looking on. All things were civil and without scandal.’—(Brand's *Pop. Ant.* vol. i. p. 282.)

“At a vestry held at Brentford, in 1621, several articles were agreed upon with regard to the management of the parish stock by the chapel-wardens. The preamble stated, that the inhabitants had for many years been accustomed to have meetings at Whitsuntide, in the church-house and other places there, in friendly manner, to eat and drink together, and liberally to spend their monies, to the end neighbourly society might be maintained; and also a common stock

raised for the repairs of the church, maintaining of orphans, placing poor children in service, and defraying other charges. In the accompts for the Whitsontide-ale, 1624, the gains are stated as 22*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* a considerable sum in those days."—(Brand, pp. 280-1.)

At meetings called for such purposes, even the highest in a parish might attend with propriety, and could hardly avoid doing so, and, doubtless, under such circumstances, the choice of lord and lady (or May Queen) would fall on the apparently most deserving, thus becoming an honour to be wished for. "At present," says Douce, quoting from Rudder, "the Whitsun-ales are conducted in the following manner:—Two persons are chosen, previous to the meeting, to be lord and lady of the ale, who dress as suitably as they can to the character they assume. A large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and regale in the best manner their circumstances and place will afford; and each young fellow treats his girl with a riband or favour. The lord and lady honour the hall with their presence, attended by the steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer,* with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a train-bearer or page, and a fool or jester, drest in a party-coloured jacket, whose ribaldry and gesticulations contribute not a little to the entertainment of some of the company. The lord's music, consisting of a pipe and tabor, is employed to conduct the dance."—(Brand, vol. i. p. 279.)

Bearing in mind that in those times bear-baiting, morris-dancing, and the like were royal amusements, it may well be imagined that such meetings as those above described were pleasurable in a high degree, and thus Whitsun-ales were continued long after the causes which had given rise to them had ceased; but, being carried on merely for profit or sport, degenerating into amusements of a more rollicking and boisterous character than those of the earlier times. However, since the earlier part of the present century, when they

* The mace is made of silk, finely plaited, with ribands on the top, and filled with spices and perfumes for such of the company to smell as desire it.

were not infrequent, they have altogether ceased, so that there are not many who now know the meaning of the name, which must soon pass altogether out of remembrance. Under these circumstances, the following description of a Whitsun-ale of the most recent period may be interesting :—

A large barn was fitted up with seats for the company, and called my lord's hall; a portion for the sale of beer, &c., was called my lord's buttery; and another portion, fitted up with branches and flowers, for the sale of cakes and confectionery, was called my lady's bower. Owls were hung about in cages and called my lord's parrots; other songless birds, as the rook, jackdaw, raven, or the like, were called my lady's nightingales; and any one using a name for these and other objects otherwise than that thus given them became liable to a fine, with a ride on the wooden-horse or my lord's charger.

The lord and lady, with their male and female attendants, all gaily dressed and bedecked with ribbons, were free in their offers of flowers or cake, for the acceptance of which the fee was expected.

The wooden-horse, the principal source for amusement, was a stout pole, elevated on four legs to a convenient height, with a small platform on which the lady's chair was fixed, and the man could set his feet as he sat astride the pole. Every man who paid the fine was privileged to mount the horse and be carried round the boundaries, with the lady seated before him, with kisses unlimited. If a female paid forfeit she took the lady's place, and the lord had to mount and do the kissing part. But if a man would not pay in money he had to mount the horse per force and alone, with a practical lesson in rough-riding which he would not readily forget. It was not, however, altogether as a fine that the money was paid, as men and mere boys would intentionally incur the penalty to boast of their ride on the charger and kissing the lady, and many females for mere frolic would follow suit.

There were morris-dancings and other amusements; but enough has been stated to show that, whatever we may think of the Whitsun-ales of olden times, there is not much to regret in their suppression in the later period.

IV.—LAMB-ALES.

In the early part of the present century Whitsun-ales were somewhat common in the neighbourhood of Oxford, but I have no remembrance of any but one Lamb-ale, which was held annually, at Kirtlington, a village about nine miles north of Oxford.

In Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, 1867, p. 358, it is stated that "on the Monday after the Whitsun-week, at Kidlington in Oxfordshire, a fat lamb was provided, and the maidens of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, were permitted to run after it, and she who with her mouth took hold of the lamb was declared the 'lady of the lamb'; which being killed and cleaned, but with the skin hanging upon it, was carried on a long pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music, a morisco dance of men and another of women. The rest of the day was spent in mirth and merry glee. Next day the lamb, partly baked, partly boiled, and partly roasted, was served up for the lady's feast, where she sat 'majestically at the upper end of the table, and her companions with her,' the music playing during the repast, which being finished the solemnity ended."

This statement, with very trifling variations, is also given in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* and several other works on such subjects, but is altogether a mis-statement. The name of Kidlington is given for Kirtlington, the two villages being about four miles apart: the story of the maidens catching the lamb with their teeth is doubtless a mere made-up tale, and I can only account for its having passed so long without contradiction from its apparent absurdity rendering it unnecessary for those of the neighbourhood. However, a description of the Kirtlington lamb-ale, and how it was conducted, may be interesting and set this question in a proper light. This I hope to do fairly, as my remembrance will go back over seventy years; and I am kindly assisted by a native, and long-resident of the village, an observer, and well qualified to aid in the task.

The "lamb-ale" was held in a large barn, with a grass field contiguous for public dancing, &c.; this was fitted up with great pains as

a refreshment-room for company (generally numerous), and was called "My Lord's Hall." The lord and lady, being the ruling powers, attending with their mace-bearers, or pages, and other officers; the lord, acting as master of the ceremonies, strictly keeping order. All were gaily and suitably dressed, with a preponderance of light-blue and pink, the colours of the Dashwood family, the lady appearing in white only, with light-blue or pink ribands on alternate days.

The lamb-ale began on Trinity Monday, when—and on each day at 11 a.m.—the lady was brought in state from her home, and at 9 p.m. was in like manner conducted home again; the sports were continued during the week, but Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday were the especial days.

The refreshments, as served, were not charged for; but a plate was afterwards handed round for each to give his donation. This seems strikingly to accord with Aubrey's account of the Whitsun-ales of his grandfather's time.

The Morisco dance was not only a principal feature in the lamb-ale, but one for which Kirtlington was noted. No expense was spared in the getting up, as described in the paper on that subject; and, with the linen of the whitest and ribands of the best, the display of the Dashwoods' colours was the pride of the parish, and in my early time it was generally understood that the farmers' sons did not decline joining the dancers, but rather prided themselves on being selected as one of them. The simple tabor and pipe was their only music; but by degrees other instruments came into use in the private balls and dancing on the green, and besides these the surroundings of stalls made up a sort of fair.

On opening the lamb-ale a procession was formed to take the lamb around the town and to the principal houses. It was carried on a man's shoulders or rather on the back of his neck with two legs on each side of it: the lamb being decorated with blue or pink ribands in accordance with the lady's colour for the day. The great house was the first visited, where, after a few Morisco dances (as generally supposed), two guineas were given, and thus within the week every farm or other house of importance within the parish was

visited. During the week there were various amusements ; many hundreds visited the place from all sides, with a very general display of generosity and goodwill amongst all.

From about sixty or seventy years ago, the lamb used in the lamb-ale has been borrowed and returned ; but previous to that time—for how long I cannot say—the lamb was slaughtered within the week, made into pies and distributed, but in what way is uncertain. It would be interesting if some light could be thrown on the origin of the lamb-ale. There is much which seems to connect it with the Whitsun-ale of early times ; but, from the difference in the days and the procession with the lamb, there seems to be a wide distinction between the festivals.

As the lamb-ale appears to be unique, at least in this part of the country, an examination of the parish-registers might be interesting and throw some light on the subject.

G. A. ROWELL.

CORNISH FEASTS AND "FEASTEN" CUSTOMS.

By MISS M. A. COURTNEY.



CORNWALL has always been a county largely given to hospitality, and, as "all Cornish gentlemen are cousins," they have from time immemorial made it a practice to meet at each other's houses to celebrate their feasts and saints' days.

Since "there are more saints in Cornwall than there are in heaven," these friendly gatherings must necessarily be very numerous. Each parish has its own particular saint to which its church is dedicated. The feasts held in their honour, probably dating from the foundation of the churches, are kept on the nearest Sunday and Monday to dedication day, called by the people "feasten" Sunday and Monday.

On the Saturdays preceding these feasts large quantities of "plum cake" are baked; light currant cakes raised with barm (yeast), and coloured bright yellow with saffron (as dear as "saffern" is a very common simile in Cornwall). Every family, however poor, tries to have a better dinner than usual on feasten Sunday, generally a joint of meat with a "figgy pudden" (a baked or boiled suet-pudding with raisins in it). The "saffern cake" at tea is often supplemented with "heavy cake," a delicacy peculiar to Cornwall; it is a rich currant paste, about an inch thick, made with clotted cream, and is eaten hot.

The Western hounds meet in all the villages situated at a convenient distance from their kennel, at ten o'clock on feasten Mondays, after a breakfast given by the squire of the parish to the huntsmen. They start for their run from somewhere near the parish church (the "church town"). Three or four houses clustered together, and even sometimes a single house, is called in Cornwall a town, a farmyard is a town place, and London is often spoken of as "Lunnon church town."

The first of the West Penwith feasts is that of Paul, a parish close to Penzance, which has not the Apostle Paul but St. Pol-de-Leon for its patron saint. It falls on the nearest Sunday to 10th October. An old proverb says, "Rain for Paul, rain for all," therefore, should the day be wet, it is of course looked upon by the young people as a bad sign for their future merry-makings. Some families fix on this day as the one for beginning their winter fires. An annual bowling-match was formerly held here on feasten Monday, between Paul and Mousehole men (Mousehole is a fishing village in the same parish); the last of them took place sixty years ago. Up to that time the bowling-green, an artificially raised piece of ground, was kept in order by the parishioners. No one in the neighbourhood now knows the game, the church schools are built on a part of the site, the remainder is the village playground. If there were ever any other peculiar customs celebrated at Paul feast they are quite forgotten, and the Monday night's carousal at the public-houses has here, as elsewhere, given place to church and chapel teas, followed by concerts, in the school-rooms, although there are still a few "standings" (stalls) in the streets, for the sale of gingerbread nuts and sweetmeats, and

one or two swings and merry-go-rounds, largely patronised by children.

October 12th. A fair, called Roast Goose Fair, is held at Redruth.

On the nearest Saturday to Hallowe'en, October 31st, the fruiterers of Penzance display in their windows very large apples, known locally as "Allan" apples. These were formerly bought by the inhabitants and all the country people from the neighbourhood (for whom Penzance is the market-town), and one was given to each member of the family to be eaten for luck. The elder girls put theirs, before they ate them, under their pillows, to dream of their sweethearts. A few of the apples are still sold; but the custom, which, I have lately been told, was also observed at St. Ives, is practically dying out. On Allantide, at Newlyn West, two strips of wood are joined crosswise by a nail in the centre, at each of the four ends a lighted candle is stuck, with apples hung between. This is fastened to a beam, or the ceiling of the kitchen, and made to revolve rapidly. The players, who try to catch the apples in their mouths, often get instead a taste of the candle.

In Cornwall, as in other parts of England, many charms were tried on Hallowe'en to discover with whom you were to spend your future life, or if you were to remain unmarried, such as pouring melted lead through the handle of the front door key. The fantastic shapes it assumed foretold your husband's profession or trade.

Rolling three names, each written on a separate piece of paper, tightly in the centre of three balls of earth. These were afterwards put into a deep basin of water, and anxiously watched until one of them opened, as the name on the first slip which came to the surface would be that of the person you were to marry.

Tying the front door key tightly with your left leg garter between the leaves of a Bible at one particular chapter in the Song of Solomon. It was then held on the forefinger, and when the sweetheart's name was mentioned it turned round.

Slipping a wedding-ring on to a piece of cotton, held between the forefinger and thumb, saying, "If my husband's name is to be —— let this ring swing!" Of course, when the name of the person preferred was spoken, the holder unconsciously made the ring oscillate.

I have assisted at these rites about twenty-five years ago, and I expect the young people still practise them.

In St. Cubert's parish, East Cornwall, is a celebrated holy well, so named, the inhabitants say, from its virtues having been discovered on All Hallows-day. It is covered at high spring tides.

St. Just feast (which, when the mines in that district were prosperous, was kept up with more revelry than almost any other) is always held on the nearest Sunday to All Saints-day. Formerly, on the Monday, many games were played, viz. "Kook, a trial of casting quoits farthest and nearest to the goal, now all but forgotten" (Bottrell), wrestling, and kailles, or keels (ninepins), &c. Much beer and "moonshine" (spirit that had not paid the duty) were drunk, and, as the St. Just men are proverbially pugnacious, the sports often ended with a free fight. A paragraph in a local paper for November 1882 described St. Just feast in those days as "A hobble, a squabble, and a 'hubbadullion' altogether." Rich and poor still at this season keep open house, and all the young people from St. Just who are in service for many miles around, if they can possibly be spared, go home on the Saturday and stay until the Tuesday morning. A small fair is held in the streets on Monday evening, when the young men are expected to treat their sweethearts liberally, and a great deal of "foolish money" that can be ill afforded is often spent.

In many Cornish parishes the bells are rung on November 4th, "Ringing night."

The celebration of Gunpowder Plot has quite died out in West Cornwall, but in Launceston, and in other towns in the eastern part of the county, it is still observed. As regularly as the 5th of November comes around, fireworks are let off, and bonfires lit, to lively music played by the local bands.

"This year, 1884, 'Young Stratton' celebrated the Fifth with much more than his customary enthusiasm. A good sum was raised by public subscription by the energy of Mr. C. A. Saunders. The Bude fife and drum band headed a grotesque procession, formed at Howl's Bridge, and second in order came a number of equestrian torchbearers in all kinds of costumes, furnished by wardrobes of her

Majesty's navy, the Royal Marines, the Yeomanry, and numerous other sources. 'Guido Faux' followed in his car, honoured by a postilion and a band of Christy Minstrels; then came foot torch-bearers, and a crowd of enthusiastic citizens, who 'hurraed' to their hearts' content. Noticeable were the banners, 'Success to Young Stratton,' the Cornish arms, and 'God save the Queen.' The display of fireworks took place from a field overlooking the town, and the inhabitants grouped together at points of vantage to witness the display. The bonfire was lit on Stamford Hill, where the carnival ended. Good order and good humour prevailed."—(*Western Morning News.*)

When I was a girl, I was taught the following doggerel rhymes, which were then commonly chanted on this day:—

"Please to remember the fifth of November!
 A stick or a stake, for King George's sake.
 A faggot or rope, to hang the Pope.
 For Gunpowder Plot, shall never be forgot
 Whilst Castle Ryan stands upon a rock."

This was in Victoria's reign; where Castle Ryan stands I have never been able to learn.

The old custom formerly practised in Camborne, of taking a marrow-bone from the butchers on the Saturday before the feast which is held on the nearest Sunday to Martinmas, was, in 1884, revived in its original form. "A number of gentlemen, known as the 'Homage Committee,' went round the market with hampers, which were soon filled with marrow-bones, and they afterwards visited the public-houses as 'tasters.'"—(*Cornishman.*)

One night in November is known in Padstow as "Skip-skop night," when the boys of the place go about with a stone in a sling; with this they strike the doors, and afterwards slyly throw in winkle-shells, dirt, &c. Mr. T. G. Couch says: "They strike violently against the doors of the houses and ask for money to make a feast."

At St. Ives on the Saturday before Advent Sunday "Fair-mo" (pig fair) is held. This town is much celebrated locally for macarons, a great many are then bought as "fairings." The St. Ives

fishing (pilchard) season generally ends in November, consequently at this time there is often no lack of money.

The feast of St. Maddern, or Madron feast, which is also that of Penzance (Penzance being until recently in that parish), is on Advent Sunday.

The last bull-baiting held here was on the "feasten" Monday of 1813, and took place in the field on which the Union is now built. The bull was supplied by a squire from Kimyel, in the neighbouring parish of Paul. A ship's anchor, which must have been carried up hill from Penzance quay, a distance of nearly three miles, was firmly fixed in the centre of the field, and to it the bull was tied. Bull-baiting was soon after discontinued in Cornwall. The following account of the last I had from a gentleman well known in the county. He says, "This I think took place in a field adjoining Ponsodane bridge, in Gulval parish, at the east of Penzance, in the summer of 1814. I remember the black bull being led by four men. The crowd was dispersed early in the evening by a severe thunder-storm, which much alarmed the people, who thought it (I was led to believe) a judgment from heaven."—(T.S.B.)

The second Thursday before Christmas is in East Cornwall kept by the "tinnners" (miners) as a holiday in honour of one of the reputed discoverers of tin. It is known as Pierous-day. Chewidden Thursday (White Thursday), another "tinnners'" holiday, falls always on the last clear Thursday before Christmas-day. Tradition says it is the anniversary of the day on which "white tin" (smelted tin) was first made or sold in Cornwall.

On Christmas-eve, in East as well as West Cornwall, poor women, sometimes as many as twenty in a party, call on their richer neighbours asking alms. This is "going a gooding."

At Falmouth the lower classes formerly expected from all the shopkeepers, from whom they bought any of their Christmas groceries, a slice of cake and a small glass of gin. Some of the oldest established tradespeople still observe this custom; but it will soon be a thing of the past.

In some parts of the county it is customary for each household to make a batch of currant cakes on Christmas-eve. These cakes are

made in the ordinary manner, coloured with saffron, as is the custom in these parts. On this occasion the peculiarity of the cakes is, that a small portion of the dough in the centre of each top is pulled up and made into a form which resembles a very small cake on the top of a large one, and this centre-piece is usually called "the Christmas." Each person in a house has his or her especial cake, and every person ought to taste a small piece of every other person's cake. Similar cakes are also bestowed on the hangers-on of the establishment, such as laundresses, sempstresses, charwomen, &c., and even some people who are in the receipt of weekly charity call, as a matter of course, for their Christmas cakes. The cakes must not be cut until Christmas-day, it being probably "unlucky to eat them sooner." —(Geo. C. Boase, *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, Dec. 21st, 1878.)

The materials to make these and nearly all the cakes at this season were at one time given by the grocers to their principal customers.

In Cornwall, as in the other English counties, the houses are at Christmas "dressed up" with evergreens, sold in small bunches, called "Penn'orths of Christmas"; and two hoops fastened one in the other by nails at the centres are gaily decorated with evergreens, apples, oranges, &c., and suspended from the middle beam in the ceiling of the best kitchen. This is the "bush," or "kissing bush." At night a lighted candle is put in it, stuck on the bottom nail; but once or twice lately I have seen a Chinese lantern hanging from the top one. This is an innovation.

In a few remote districts on Christmas-eve children may be, after nightfall, occasionally (but rarely) found dancing around painted lighted candles placed in a box of sand. This custom was very general fifty years ago. The church towers, too, are sometimes illuminated. This, of course, on the coast can only be done in very calm weather. The tower of Zennor church (Zennor is a village on the north coast of Cornwall, between St. Ives and St. Just) was lit up in 1883, for the first time since 1866.

When open chimneys were universal in farmhouses the Christmas stock, mock, or block (the log), on which a rude figure of a man had been chalked, was kindled with great ceremony; in some parts with a piece of a charred wood that had been saved from the last year's

“block.” A log in Cornwall is almost always called a “block.”
“Throw a block on the fire.”

Candles painted by some member of the family were often lighted at the same time.

The choir from the parish church and dissenting chapels go from house to house singing “curls” (carols), for which they are given money or feasted; but the quaint old carols, “The first good joy that Mary had,” “I saw three ships come sailing in,” common forty years ago, are now never heard. The natives of Cornwall have been always famous for their carols, some of their tunes are very old. Even the Knockers, Sprig-gans, and all the underground spirits that may be always heard working where there is tin (and who are said to be the ghosts of the Jews who crucified Jesus), in olden times held mass and sang carols on Christmas-eve.

At the plentiful supper always provided on this night,* egg-hot, or eggy-hot, was the principal drink. It was made with eggs, hot beer, sugar, and rum, and was poured from one jug into another until it became quite white and covered with froth. A sweet gible pie was one of the standing dishes at a Christmas dinner—a kind of mince-pie, into which the giblets of a goose, boiled and finely chopped, were put instead of beef. Cornwall is noted for its pies, that are eaten on all occasions; some of them are curious mixtures, such as squab-pie, which is made with layers of well-seasoned fat mutton and apples, with onions and raisins. Mackerel pie: the ingredients of this are mackerel and parsley stewed in milk, then covered with a paste and baked. When brought to table a hole is cut in the paste, and a basin of clotted cream thrown in it. Muggetty pie, made from sheep’s entrails (muggets), parsley, and cream. “The devil is afraid to come into Cornwall for fear of being baked in a pie.” There is a curious Christmas superstition connected with the Fogo, Vug, or Vow (local names for a cove) at Pendeen, in North St. Just.

“At dawn on Christmas-day the spirit of the ‘Vow’ has frequently been seen just within the entrance near the cove, in the form of a beautiful lady dressed in white, with a red rose in her mouth. There

* A very general one for poor people in some parts of the country on Christmas-eve was pilchards and unpeeled potatoes boiled together in one “crock.”

were persons living a few years since who had seen the fair but not less fearful vision ; for disaster was sure to visit those who intruded on the spirit's morning airing." — (Bottrell, *Traditions, &c., West Cornwall*, 2nd series.)

The following is an account by an anonymous writer of a Christmas custom in East Cornwall :—

"In some places the parishioners walk in procession, visiting the principal orchards in the parish. In each orchard one tree is selected, as the representative of the rest ; this is saluted with a certain form of words, which have in them the form of an incantation. They then sprinkle the tree with cider, or dash a bowl of cider against it, to ensure its bearing plentifully the ensuing year. In other places the farmers and their servants only assemble on the occasion, and after immersing apples in cider hang them on the apple-trees. They then sprinkle the trees with cider; and after uttering a formal incantation, they dance round it (or rather round them), and return to the farmhouse to conclude these solemn rites with copious draughts of cider.

"In Warleggan, on Christmas-eve, it was customary for some of the household to put in the fire (bank it up), and the rest to take a jar of cider, a bottle, and a gun to the orchard, and put a small bough into the bottle. Then they said :—

"Here's to thee, old apple tree !
Hats full, packs full, great bushel-bags full !
Hurrah ! and fire off the gun."

—(Old Farmer, Mid Cornwall, through T. G. Couch, Sept. 1883, *W. Antiquary*.)

The words chaunted in East Cornwall were :—

"Health to thee, good apple-tree,
Pocket-fulls, hat-fulls, peck-fulls, bushel-bag fulls."

"At one time small sugared cakes were laid on the branches. This curious custom has been supposed to be a propitiation of some spirit." — (Mrs. Damant, Cowes, through Folk-Lore Society.)

From Christmas to Twelfth-tide parties of mummers known as Goose or Geese-dancers paraded the streets in all sorts of disguises, with masks on. They often behaved in such an unruly manner that women and children were afraid to venture out. If the doors of the houses were not locked they would enter uninvited and stay, playing all kinds of antics, until money was given them to go away. "A well-known character amongst them, about fifty years ago (1862), was the hobby-horse, represented by a man carrying a piece of wood in the form of a horse's head and neck, with some contrivance for opening and shutting the mouth with a loud snapping noise, the performer being so covered with a horsecloth or hide of a horse as to resemble the animal, whose curvetings, biting and other motions he imitated. Some of these 'guise-dancers' occasionally masked themselves with the skins of the head of bullocks having the horns on."— (*The Land's End District*, by R. Edmonds.)

Sometimes they were more ambitious and acted a version of the old play, "St. George and the Dragon," which differed but little from that current in other counties.

Bottrell, in his *Traditions in W. Cornwall* (2nd series), gives large extracts from another Christmas-play, "Duffy and the Devil." It turns upon the legend, common in all countries, of a woman who had sold herself to a devil, who was to do her knitting or spinning for her. He was to claim his bargain at the end of three years if she could not find out his name before the time expired. Of course, she gets it by stratagem; her husband, who knows nothing of the compact, first meets the devil, whilst out hunting, the day before the time is up, and makes him half-drunk. An old woman in Duffy's pay (Witch Bet) completes the work, and in that state the devil sings the following words, ending with his name, which Bet remembers and tells her mistress:—

"I've knit and spun for her
 Three years to the day;
 To-morrow she shall ride with me
 Over land and over sea.
 Far away! far away!
 For she can never know
 That my name is 'Tarroway.'"

Bet and some other witches then sing in chorus :—

"By night and by day
We will dance and play
With our noble captain,
Tarroway ! Tarroway !"

Mr. Robert Hunt in his *Romances and Drolls of Old Cornwall* has a variation of this play in which the devil sings—

"Duffy my lady, you'll never know—what ?
That my name is Ferry-top, Ferry-top—top."

These "goose-dancers" became such a terror to the respectable inhabitants of Penzance that the Corporation put them down about ten years since, and every Christmas-eve a notice is posted in conspicuous places forbidding their appearance in the streets, but they still perambulate the streets of St. Ives. Guise-dancing wit must have very much deteriorated since the beginning of the present century, as writers before that time speak of the mirth it afforded; and the saying, "as good as a Christmas-play," is commonly used to describe a very witty or funny thing.

It was the custom in Scilly eighty years ago for girls to go to church on Christmas morning dressed all in white, verifying the old proverb—"pride is never a-cold."

"On Porthminster Beach on Christmas-day, as seen from the Malakoff, St. Ives, at nine o'clock in the morning the boys began to assemble on the beach with their bats and balls. As soon as twelve youths arrived a game commenced, called 'Rounders.' The first thing to be done was to right up the 'bickens.' This accomplished, the sides were chosen in the following manner :—Two of the best players, whom we will call Matthew and Phillip, went aside and selected two objects—the new and old pier. The old pier was Matthew and the new pier was Phillip. After this was arranged the 'mopper' selected the old pier, which meant that he would rather have Matthew his side than Phillip. Then Phillip selected some one for his side; and so it went on until the whole twelve were elected one side or the other. Then they tossed up for the first innings. Phillip's side won the toss, and it was their luck to go in first. While they are taking off their jackets and getting ready to go in I will briefly describe the game,

“ The bickens, four in number, were piles of sand thrown up ; each one being about ten yards from one another and arranged so as to form a square. In the centre of the square the bowler was placed with ball in hand. Behind the batsman stands the ‘ tip,’ while the other four were off a long way waiting for the long hits. The coats off, in went the first batsman. The ball was thrown towards him and he tipped it. The tip instantly took the ball and threw it at the batsman, and hit him before he arrived at the first bicken, and he was consequently out. The second batsman had better luck ; for on the ball being thrown to him he sent it out to sea, and by that means he ran a rounder, or in other words he ran around the four bickens without being hit by the ball. The next batsman went in. The ball was thrown to him, when, lo ! it went whizzing into the bowler’s hands and was caught. This unlucky hit and lucky catch got the whole side out, before three of them had a chance to show their skill. The other side then went in, laughing at the discomfiture of their opponents. The tables, however, were very soon turned ; for the very first hit was caught and this produced a row, and the game was broken up ! -

“ I then went to the next lot : they were playing ‘ catchers.’ There is only one bicken required in this game, and at this stood a lad called Watty, with bat and ball in hand. At last he hit the ball, and up it went flying in the air, descended, and passed through the hands of a boy named Peters. Peters took the ball from the sand and asked Watty, ‘ How many ? ’ Watty replied—

‘ Two a good scat,
Try for the bat.’

Peters threw the ball to the bicken, but it stopped about three lengths short. Watty took the ball up and again sent it a great way. The question was again asked, and Watty gave the same answer. Again the ball was thrown to the bicken, but this time with better success ; for it stopped at the distance of the length of the bat and so was within the distance named. Williams then went in. He was a strong lusty fellow, and the ball was sent spinning along the sand. It was picked up by Curnow, who asked, ‘ How many ? ’

‘ Three a good scat,
Try for the bat.’

The ball was thrown home and rolled about three bats from the bicken. This point, however, was the breaking-up of the game, for Williams said it was more than three bats off, whilst Curnow maintained that it was not three bats off, and there being no chance of a compromise being arrived at the game was broken up.

"The next party was one of young men. They were playing rounders with a wooden ball, instead of an india-rubber one, as is generally used. There were twelve each side, and the bickens were about 20 yards distant. By this time the tide was out a great way, so that there was no fear of the ball being knocked to sea, as was the case with the other boys. When I got there they had been playing for about an hour, and the side that was in had been in about half of that time. The first hit I saw was 'a beauty'! The ball was sent about 75 yards and the result was a rounder. Two or three other persons went in and did the same thing, and so the game went on for about an hour longer, when one of the fellows knocked up a catcher and was caught. This side had stayed in for about one hour and a half. The other side went in, at about a quarter to three, and after playing about another hour they went home to tea.

"I went to tea also, but was soon up in the Malakoff again. It was so dark that the play was stopped for the time. At about seven o'clock the older part of the town began to congregate, and about a quarter past seven they began to play 'Thursa.' This game is too well known to need description, and I need only say that it was played about one hour, when they began to form a ring with the intention, I supposed, of playing that best of all games, 'Kiss-in-the-Ring.' I could stay on the Malakoff no longer, but ran as fast as my legs could carry me to the scene of operation, and arrived there just in time to commence with the others. The first person that went out was a fine, blooming-looking girl, about twenty. I quite fell in love with her. It was a case of love at first sight, for I had never before seen her. Well, around the ring she went, skipping along so briskly; while we were waiting, with our hearts almost still, to know who the fortunate creature would be that she would select. But, O horror of horrors! the handkerchief was thrown upon *me*! My heart stopped beating, my breath was fairly gone, and it was more

than a minute before I could start in the chase. But at last away I went, and, after running a long time, I managed to catch her and secured the loving token of capture. The kiss given, we went back to the ring, and thus the game proceeded.”—(*Cornishman*, 1881.)

On St. Stephen's-day, 26th December, before the days of gun-licences, every man or boy who could by any means get a gun went out shooting, and it was dangerous to walk the lanes. The custom is said to have had its origin in the legend of one of St. Stephen's guards being awakened by a bird just as his prisoner was going to escape. A similar practice prevailed in the neighbourhood of Penzance on “feasten Monday,” the day after Advent Sunday; but on neither day have I ever heard of any religious idea connected with the practice.

In the week after Christmas-day a fair is held at Launceston (and also at Okehampton in Devonshire), called “giglet fair” (a “giglet or giglot” is a giddy young woman). It is principally attended by young people. “At this ‘giglet market,’ or wife-market, the rustic swain was privileged with self-introduction to any of the nymphs around him, so that he had a good opportunity of choosing a suitable partner if tired of a single life.”—(Britton and Brayley's *Devon and Cornwall*.)

It is unlucky to begin a voyage on Childermas (Innocents-day), also to wash clothes, or to do any but necessary household work.

On New Year's-eve in the villages of East Cornwall, soon after dusk, parties of men, from four to six in a party, carrying a small bowl in their hands, went from house to house begging money to make a feast. They opened the doors without knocking, called out Warsail, and sang,—

“These poor jolly Warsail boys
Come travelling through the mire.”

This custom was common fifty years since, and may still be observed in remote rural districts. There is one saint whose name is familiar to all in Cornwall, but whose sex is unknown. This saint has much to answer for; promises made, but never intended to be kept, are all to be fulfilled on next St. Tibb's eve, a day that some folks

say "falls between the old and new year"; others describe it as one that comes "neither before nor after Christmas."

Parties are general in Cornwall on New Year's-eve to watch in the New Year and wish friends health and happiness; but I know of no peculiar customs, except that before retiring to rest the old women opened their Bibles at hap-hazard to find out their luck for the coming year. The text on which the fore-finger of the right hand rested was supposed to foretell the future. And money, generally a piece of silver, was placed on the threshold, to be brought in the first thing on the following day, that there might be no lack of it for the year. Nothing was ever lent on New Year's-day, as little as possible taken out, but all that could be brought into the house. "I have even known the dust of the floor swept inwards."—(T. G. Couch, *W. Antiquary*, September, 1883.)

Steps of doors on New Year's-day were formerly sanded for good luck, because I suppose people coming into the house were sure to bring some of it in with them sticking to their feet.

Many elderly people at the beginning of the present century still kept to the "old style," and held their Christmas-day on Epiphany. On the eve of that day they said "the cattle in the fields and stalls never lay down, but at midnight turned their faces to the east and fell on their knees."

Twelfth-day (old Christmas-day) was a time of general feasting and merriment. Into the Twelfth-day cake were put a wedding-ring, a sixpence, and a thimble. It was cut into as many portions as there were guests; the person who found the wedding-ring in his (or her) portion would be married before the year was out; the holder of the thimble would never be married, and the one who got the sixpence would die rich. After candlelight many games were played around the open fires. I will describe one:—"Robin's alight." A piece of stick was set on fire, and whirled rapidly in the hands of the first player, who repeated the words—

"Robin's alight, and if he go out I'll saddle your back."

It was then passed on, and the person who let the spark die had to pay a forfeit.—(West Cornwall.)

This game in East Cornwall was known as "Jack's alive."

"Jack's alive and likely to live,
If he die in my hand a pawn I'll give."

In this county forfeits are always called "pawns"; they are cried by the holder of them, saying,—

"Here's a pawn and a very pretty pawn!
And what shall the owner of this pawn do?"

After the midnight supper, at which in one village in the extreme west a pie of four-and-twenty blackbirds always appeared, many spells to forecast the future were practised. The following account of them was given to me by a friend. He says—"I engaged in them once at Sennen (the village at the Land's End) with a lot of girls, but as my object was only to spoil sport and make the girls laugh or speak, it was not quite satisfactory. I suppose the time to which I refer is over forty years ago. After making up a large turf fire, for hot 'umers' (embers) and pure water are absolutely necessary in these divinations, the young people silently left the house in single file, to pull the rushes and gather the ivy-leaves by means of which they were to learn whether they were to be married, and to whom; and if any, or how many, of their friends were to die before the end of the year. On leaving and on returning each of these Twelfth-night diviners touched the 'cravel' with the forehead and 'wished.' The cravel is the tree that preceded lintels in chimney-corners, and its name from this custom may have been derived from the verb 'to crave.' Had either of the party inadvertently broken the silence before the rushes and ivy-leaves had been procured they would all have been obliged to retrace their steps to the house and again touch the cravel; but this time all went well. When we came back those who wished to know their fate named the rushes in pairs and placed them in the hot embers: one or two of the engaged couples being too shy to do this for themselves, their friends, amidst much laughing, did it for them. The manner in which the rushes burned showed if the young people were to be married to the person chosen or not: some, of course, burnt well, others parted, and one or two went out altogether. The couples that burnt smoothly were to be wedded, and the one named

after the rush that lasted longest outlived the other. This settled, one ivy-leaf was thrown on the fire; the number of cracks it made was the number of years before the wedding would take place. Then two were placed on the hot ashes; the cracks they gave this time showed how many children the two would have. We then drew ivy-leaves named after present or absent friends through a wedding ring, and put them into a basin of water which we left until the next morning. Those persons whose leaves had shrivelled or turned black in the night were to die before the next Twelfth-tide, and those who were so unfortunate as to find their leaves spotted with red, by some violent death, unless a 'pellar' (wise man) could by his skill and incantations grant protection. These prophecies through superstition sometimes unluckily fulfilled themselves."

During the twelve days of Christmas card-playing was a very favourite amusement with all classes. Whilst the old people enjoyed their game of whist with swabbers, the young ones had their round games. I will append the rules of two or three for those who would like to try them.

Whist (or whisk, as I have heard an old lady call it and maintain that that was its proper name) with "swabbers."

This game, which was played as recently as 1880, nightly, by four maiden ladies at Falmouth, is like ordinary whist; but each player before beginning to play puts into the pool a fixed sum for "swabs." The "swab-cards" are—ace and deuce of trumps, ace of hearts and knave of clubs. The four cards are of equal value; but should hearts be trumps the ace would count double.

"Board-'em," a round game that can be played by any number of players, from two to eight; it is played for fish, and there must never be less than six fish in the pool. Six cards are dealt to each person; and the thirteenth, if two are playing, the nineteenth if three, and so on, is turned up for trumps. The forehand plays; the next player, if he has one, must follow suit, if not, he may play another suit, or trump. The highest card of the original suit, if not trumped, takes the trick and one or more fish, according to the number staked. If you have neither card in your hand that you think will make a trick you may decline to play, in which case you only lose your stake; but

should you play and fail to take a trick you pay for the whole company, and are said to "be boarded."

"Ranter-go-round" was formerly played in four divisions marked with chalk upon a tea-tray; or even, in some cases, on a bellows—it is now played on a table, and is called "Miss Joan." Any number of players may join in it. The first player throws down any card of any suit, and says:—

"Here's a ——— as you may see.

2nd Player—Here's another as good as he.

3rd Player—And here's the best of all the three.

4th Player—And here's Miss Joan, come tickle me."

The holder of the fourth card wins the trick. He sometimes added the words wee-wee; but these are now generally omitted. If the person sitting next to the forehand has neither one of the cards demanded (one of the same value as the first played in another suit), he pays one to the pool, as must all in turn who fail to produce the right cards. The player of the third may have the fourth in his hand, in which case all the others pay. The holder of the most tricks wins the game and takes the pool.

I once, about thirty years since, at this season of the year, joined some children at Camborne who were playing a very primitive game called by them "pinny-ninny." A basin turned upside down was placed in the centre of a not very large round table. The players were supplied with small piles of pins—not the well-made ones sold in papers, but clumsy things with wire heads—"pound-pins." A large bottle full of them might, then, always be seen in the general shop window of every little country village. Each in turn dropped a pin over the side of the basin, and he whose pin fell and formed a cross on the top of the heap was entitled to add them to his own pile. This went on until one player had beggared all the others. Poor children before Christmas often begged pins to play this game, and their request was always granted by the gift of two.

A wishing-well, near St. Austell, was sometimes called Pennameny Well, from the custom of dropping pins into it. Pedna-a-mean is the old Cornish for "heads-and-tails."—(See *Divination at St. Roche and Madron Well.*)

All Christmas-cakes must be eaten by the night of Twelfth-tide, as it is unlucky to have any left, and all decorations must be taken down on the next day, because for every forgotten leaf of evergreen a ghost will be seen in the house in the course of the ensuing year. This latter superstition does not prevail, however, in all parts of Cornwall, as in some districts a small branch is kept to scare away evil spirits.

January 24th, St. Paul's-eve, is a holiday with the miners, and is called by them Paul pitcher-day, from a custom they have of setting up a water-pitcher, which they pelt with stones until it is broken in pieces. A new one is afterwards bought and carried to a beer-shop to be filled with beer.

"There is a curious custom prevalent in some parts of Cornwall of throwing broken pitchers and other earthen vessels against the doors of dwelling-houses on the eve of the conversion of St. Paul, thence locally called Paul pitcher-night. On that evening parties of young people perambulate the parishes in which the custom is retained, exclaiming as they throw the sherds, 'St. Paul's-eve, and here's a heave.' According to the received notions the first heave cannot be objected to; but, upon its being repeated, the inhabitants of the house whose door is thus attacked may, if they can, seize the offenders and inflict summary justice upon them."—(F. M., *Notes and Queries*, March, 1874.)

I have heard of this practice from a native of East Cornwall, who told me the pitchers were filled with broken sherds, filth, &c.

The weather on St. Paul's day, still, with the old people, foretells the weather for the ensuing year, and the rhyme common to all England is repeated by them :—

"If St. Paul's day be fine and clear," &c.

St. Blazey, a village in East Cornwall, is so named in honour of St. Blaize, who is said to have landed at Par, a small neighbouring seaport, when he came on a visit to England. His feast, which is held on 3rd February, would not be worth mentioning were it not for the fact that—"This saint is invoked in the county for toothache,

while applying to the tooth the candle that burned on the altar of the church dedicated to him. The same candles are good for sore-throats and curing diseases in cattle.”—(Mrs. Damant, Cowes.)

On the Monday after St. Ives feast, which falls on Quinquagesima Sunday, an annual hurling-match is held on the sands. Most writers on Cornwall have described the old game. The following account is taken from *The Land's End District*, 1862, by R. Edmonds :—

“A ball about the size of a cricket-ball, formed of cork, or light wood, and covered with silver, was hurled into the air, midway between the goals. Both parties immediately rushed towards it, each striving to seize and carry it to its own goal. In this contest, when any individual having possession of the ball found himself overpowered or outrun by his opponents, he hurled it to one of his own side, if near enough, or, if not, into some pool, ditch, furze, brake, garden, house, or other place of concealment, to prevent his adversaries getting hold of it before his own company could arrive.”

The hurlers, quaintly says Carew (*Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74), “Take their next way ouer hills, dales, hedges, ditches—yea, and thorou bushes, briers, mires, slashes, and rivers whatsoever—so as you shall sometimes see twenty or thirty lie tugging together in the water, scrambling and scratching for the ball. A play verily both rude and rough.”

Hurling between two or more parishes, and between one parish and another, has long ceased in Cornwall; but hurling by one part of a parish against another is still played at St. Ives, as well as other places in Cornwall. At St. Ives all the Toms, Wills, and Johns are on one side, while those having other Christian names range themselves on the opposite. At St. Columb (East Cornwall) the townspeople contend with the countrymen; at Truro, the married men with the unmarried; at Helston, two streets with all the other streets; on the 2nd of May, when their town-bounds are renewed.

“Fair-play is good play,” is the hurlers’ motto. This is sometimes engraven on their balls in the old Cornish language. Private families possess some of these balls won by their ancestors early in the last century that are handed religiously down as heirlooms.

A Druidic circle at St. Cleer, in East Cornwall, is known as the Hurlers, from a tradition that a party of men hurling on a Sunday were there for their wickedness turned into stone.

Peasen or Paisen Monday is the Monday before Shrove Tuesday ; it is so called in East Cornwall from a custom of eating pea-soup there on this day. This practice was once so universal in some parishes that an old farmer of Lower St. Columb, who had a special aversion to pea-soup, left his home in the morning, telling his wife that he should not come back to dinner, but spend the day with a friend. He returned two or three hours after in great disgust, as at every house in the village he had been asked to stay and taste their delicious pea-soup.

"This day also in East Cornwall bears the name of 'Hall Monday,' why I know not. And at dusk on the evening of the same day it is the custom for boys, and in some cases for those above the age of boys, to prowl about the streets with short clubs, and to knock loudly at every door, running off to escape detection on the slightest sign of a motion within. If, however, no attention be excited, and especially if any article be discovered, negligently exposed or carelessly guarded, then the things are carried away, and on the following morning are seen displayed in some conspicuous place, to disclose the disgraceful want of vigilance supposed to characterise the owner. The time when this is practised is called 'Nicky Nan' night, and the individuals concerned are supposed to represent some imps of darkness, that seize on and expose unguarded moments."—(*Polperro*, p. 151, by T. G. Couch.)

A custom nearly similar to this was practised in Scilly in the last century.

The dinner on Shrove Tuesday in many Cornish houses consists of fried eggs and bacon, or salt pork, followed by the universal pancake, which is eaten by all classes. It is made the full size of the pan, and currants are put into the batter.

In Penzance large quantities of limpets and periwinkles are gathered in the afternoon by poor people, to be cooked for their supper. This they call "going a-trigging." Any kind of shell-fish picked up at low water in this district is known as trig-meat.

Many other customs were formerly observed in Penzance on Shrove Tuesday, peculiar, I believe, to this town.

Women and boys stood at the corners of the streets, with well-greased, sooty hands, which they rubbed over people's faces. I remember, not more than thirty years ago, seeing a little boy run into a house in a great hurry, and ask for what was he wanted. He had met a woman who had put her hands affectionately on each side of his face, and said, "Your father has been looking for you, my dear." She had left the marks of her dirty fingers.

The butchers' market was always thoroughly cleaned in the afternoon, to see if the town hose were in perfect repair, and great merriment was often excited by the firemen turning the full force of the water on some unwary passer-by.

People, too, were occasionally deluged by having buckets of water thrown over them. Every Shrove Tuesday after dusk men and boys went about and threw handfuls of shells, bottles of filth, &c., in at the doors. It was usual then for drapers to keep their shops open until a very late hour; and I have been told that boys were occasionally bribed by the assistants to throw something particularly disagreeable in on the floors, that the masters might be frightened, and order the shops to be shut. Still later in the evening signs were taken down, knockers wrenched off, gates unhung and carried to some distance. This last was done even as far down as 1881. Pulling boats up and putting them in a mill-pool (now built over) was a common practice at Mousehole in the beginning of the century.

"In Landewednack on Shrove Tuesday children from the ages of six to twelve perambulate the parish begging for 'Col-perra' (probably an old Cornish word); but, whatever be its meaning, they expect to receive eatables or halfpence. As few refuse to give, they collect during the day a tolerable booty, in the shape of money, eggs, buns, apples, &c. The custom has existed from time immemorial, but none of the inhabitants are acquainted with its origin."—(*A Week in the Lizard*, by Rev. C. A. Johns, B.B., F.L.S.)

I have been favoured by the Rev. S. Rundle, Godolphin, with the formula repeated by the children on this occasion (now almost for-

gotten): "Hen-cock, han-cock, give me a 'tabban' (morsel), or else 'Col-perra' shall come to your door."

Boys at St. Ives, Scilly, and other places went about with stones tied to strings, with which they struck the doors, saying:—

"Give me a pancake, now! now! now!

Or I'll knock in your door with a row, tow, tow!"

This custom has only lately (if it has yet) quite died out. Cock-fighting at Shrovetide was once a very favourite amusement in Cornwall, and in some of the most remote western villages has until recently been continued. "The Cock-pit" at Penzance, a small part of which still remains as a yard at the Union Hotel, belonged to and was kept up by the Corporation until (I think) the beginning of the present century.

"Sir Rose Price, when young, was a great patron of the pit between the years 1780-1790. His father disapproved, and in consideration of his son giving up cock-fighting bought him a pack of hounds, the first foxhounds west of Truro."—(T. S. B.) This may account for the Western Hounds always meeting on a Shrove Tuesday.

"At St. Columb, about sixty years ago, on Shrove Tuesday, each child in a dame's school was expected by the mistress to bring an egg and at twelve o'clock the children had an egg-battle. Two children stood facing each other, each held an egg, and struck the end of it against that of the opponent lengthwise, the result being that one or both were broken.

"An unbroken egg was used again and again to fight the rest, and so the battle raged until all, or all but one, of the eggs were broken. The child who at the end of the fight held a sound egg was considered to be the conqueror, and was glorified accordingly. To save the contents of the eggs, which were the perquisite of the mistress, she held a plate beneath; and at the end of the battle the children were dismissed. And the old lady having picked out all the broken shells, proceeded to prepare her pancakes, of which she made her dinner."—(Fred. W. P. Jago, M.B., Plymouth, *W. Antiquary*, March, 1884.)

"It must be now about thirty years ago that I was a day-scholar at the National School of St. Columb, and it was the custom then for each boy and girl to bring an egg. One of the senior boys stood at a

table and wrote the name of the donor upon each. At about eleven o'clock the schoolmaster would produce a large punchbowl, and as he took up each egg he read the name, and broke the egg into the bowl. Eggs at that time were sold at three for a penny."—(W. B., Bodmin, *W. Antiquary*, March, 1884.)

In the eastern part of the county at the beginning of Lent a straw figure dressed in cast-off clothes, and called "Jack-o'-lent," was not long since paraded through the streets, and afterwards hung. Something of this kind is common on the Continent.

The figure is supposed to represent Judas Iscariot. A slovenly ragged person is sometimes described as a "Jack-o'-lent."

(*To be continued.*)

CHILDREN'S AMUSEMENTS.

BY THE REV. WALTER GREGOR.



THE following amusements for infants have, with their rhymes, been gathered, with few exceptions, from the north-east of Scotland.

Some of the forms of the rhymes differ but little from each other, so little that it may be deemed useless to have collected, and printed them. My only excuse for doing so is, that the smallest scrap of folk-lore has to me a *sacredness* that makes it worthy of preservation.

So far as my limited means have allowed, I have made reference to the games and their formulæ as found in other countries. Without doubt Holland, Germany, Denmark, and the Scandinavian Peninsula would afford much closer resemblances in the formulæ than the Neo-Latin nations. My distance from libraries containing the necessary books of reference has prevented me from entering to any extent on this interesting point. Some one else may take up the subject.

The amusements, which at first sight appear confused, and of no purpose almost but to make the child laugh, fall into groups, and are, it may be unconsciously to the mother or the nurse, suited for the bodily and mental growth of the child. They are, accordingly, with the exception of the first, arranged as—I. Amusements of touch, subdivided into (A) those of the face, beginning with the chin, naming each part by its own proper name; (B) the face, beginning with the brow, and using fanciful names; (C) the face, with other parts of the body, under figurative names, indicating the character of the part touched; (D) of the whole body, beginning with the toe, and ending with the head. II. Amusements with the fingers and hand; III. amusements with the feet and legs; IV. an amusement with the belly; V. Amusements of riding.

As for the rhymes, they seem to fall into versions; and it is a curious problem how these different forms have arisen, and how the same version, with slight variations, is sometimes found in places widely apart.

As the dialect may have difficulties to some, a glossary has been given. One of its peculiarities is the use of diminutives—not in one degree but in several—thus, foot becomes *fit*, *fittie*, *fittick*, *fittickie*, *bit fittickie*, *wee bit fittickie*, *wee wee bit fittickie* (see “Clap, clap handies”). Not only are nouns diminutivised but adjectives and verbs, as—“shinie sharpy,” and one would say, “rinie (run) or rinckie t’ yir bonny beddie ba, my bonny wee dooickie.” Two other peculiarities may be noticed, viz. *wh* is pronounced *f*, as—*fah*, who; *fahr*, where; *fahn*, when—when used as an interrogative; *fin*, when used to denote a point of time; and *w* before *r*, is pronounced *v*, as—wright, *vricht* (*ch* guttural); *vritch*, wretch; *vrang*, wrong.

“TEET, OR TEET-BO.”

This is a very simple amusement for infants. When the infant is sitting on the mother’s, or nurse’s knee, or in her arms, another touches the child’s head or back to awaken attention. When the child looks round the one that touched it withdraws a little, or goes to the other side, and says, “teet!” or “teet-bo!” The child turns

to that side, but the player is off to the opposite side, and repeats the same words, and so on, from one side to the other, to the great delight of the child.

Another form is, when the infant is old enough to stand and walk, it gets behind a chair or table, or any other piece of furniture suitable, and looks from behind it, or through a hole in it, or round a corner of it, when the one that wishes to create amusement for it cries out, "teet!" or "teet-bo!" or "bo!" and sometimes adds: "Fah (who, whom) divv (do) I see?" The child withdraws and looks, it may be, a second or two after, from the same place or from another, when the same words are spoken. This goes on as long as the child chooses.

This game corresponds with the Spanish game "Cú? . . . trás!"*

I.

(A)—"CHIN CHERRY."

This amusement consists in the mother or the nurse placing the infant on her knee face to face with herself, and then touching with her forefinger the different parts of the face, mentioning the part touched:—

(a)—"Chin cherry;
Moo merry;
Niz nappy,
Ee winky
Broo brinky
Ower head an awa', Jock." (Roseheart.)

(b)—"Chin cherry
Moo merry
Nose nappy
Ee winky,
O'er the hill an awa' tae Robbie Linkie." (Pitsligo.)

* *Revista de España*, t. cv. pp. 95-98. *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones populares Españolas* t. ii. pp. 119, 120.

- (e)—“Chin cheery,
Mooie merry
Nosie nappy,
Eenie winky,
Brooie brinky,
Ower the hill, an awa', braid face.”
(Mrs. Moir, Kinnethmont.)
- (d)—“Chin cherry,
Moo merry,
Nose nappy
Ee winky,
Broo brinky,
Ower the hill, an far awa'.” (Mrs. Gardiner, Banff.)
- (e)—“Chin cherry,
Moo merry,
Nose nappy,
Ee winky,
Broo brinky,
Cock up, jenky.” (Mrs. Fraser, New Byth.)
- (f)—“Chin cherry,
Moo merry,
Nose nappy,
Ee winky,
Broo brinky,
Up, Jeck, an awa' wi't.” (Mrs. Gardiner, Banff.)
- (g)—“Chin cherry,
Moo merry,
Nose nappy,
Ee winky,
Broo brinky,
Up cock's tailie, an awa' wi't.” (Mrs. Chrystie, Elgin.)
- (h)—“Chin cherry,
Moo merry,
Nose nappy,
Cheek chappy,
Eee winky,
Broo brinky,
Ower a cock's tail, an awa' wi't.” (Fochabers.)
- (i)—“Chin cherry,
Moo merry,
Cheek rosey,
Nose nappy,
Ee winky,
Broo brinky,
Ower the hill, an awa'.” (Mrs. Nicol, Tyrie.)

Some reverse the order of touching the parts of the face, as the following formula shows :—

(j)—“Broo brenty,
Ee winky,
Niz nappy,
Cheek cherry,
Moo merry,
Chin chappy.” * (Pitsligo.)

Compare with this the Dutch rhyme beginning “Kintje”; † “Formulettes du visage” (b, c, d, e, f); ‡ and the Sicilian *Varvarutteddu*.§

(B)—“KNOCK AT THE DOORIE.”

In this amusement each part of the head is touched in a manner imitative of the action indicated by the words, and the line repeated. There are several variants || of the formula :—

(a)—“Knock at the doorie, (the brow)
Peep in, (the eye)
Lift the latch, (the nose)
Walk in, (the mouth)” (Mr. Moir, Keith.)

(b)—“Knock at the doorie,
Peep in,
Lift the sneckie,
Clean yir feeties,
An walk in.” (Mrs. Moir, Kinnethmont.)

(c)—“Knock at the door,
Peep in,
Lift the sneck,
Jump in,
And shut the door behind you.”

(Mrs. Watson, Fraserburgh.)

* *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by R. Chambers, p. 20. *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England*, by Halliwell, pp. 207-208.

† *Nederlandsche Baker-en Kinderrijmen* verzameld en meegedeeld door Dr. J. van Vloten, pp. 2-3, and p. 167 for additional references.

‡ *Rimes et Jeux de l'Enfance*, by E. Rolland, pp. 17-19.

§ *Giuochi fanciulleschi Siciliani*, raccolti e descritti da Giuseppe Pitré, pp. 45-46.

|| Compare this with (a) of “Formulettes du visage” in *Rimes et Jeux de l'Enfance*, by E. Rolland, p. 17.

(C)—“THE BROO O' KNOWLEDGE.”

In this amusement each part is touched as the words are repeated :

“ This is the broo o' knowledge (*k* sounded),
 This is the ee o' life,
 This is the bible gauger,
 This is the pen-knife (*k* sounded),
 This is the shoothee o' mutton,
 This is the milk-pots,
 This is the belly fat.”* (Banff.)

A variant of the third line is :—

“ This is the bible office-hoose.” (Macduff.)

(D)—“TAE TITLY.”

In this amusement the mother or nurse begins with the toe, and finishes with the brow. The third formula is defective :—

(a)—“ Tae titly,
 Little fitty,
 Shin sharpy,
 Knee knapy,
 Hinchie pinchy,
 Wymie bulgy,
 Breast berry,
 Chin cherry,
 Moo merry,
 Nose nappy,
 Ee winky,
 Broo brinky,
 Ower the croon,
 And awa' wī't.” (Mrs. Simpson, Monquhitter.)

(b)—“ Toe, tip and go,
 Heelie i' the bankie,
 Shinnie sharpy,
 Knee, knip, knapy,
 Wymie thick and fat,
 Chin cherry,
 Moo merry,
 Niz nappy

* This formula has some resemblance to (g) of “*Formulettes du visage*,” in *Rimes et Jeux de l'Enfance*, by E. Rolland, p. 19.

Ee winky,
 Broo brinky,
 An ower the hill, and tack pinky." (Pitsligo.)

(c)—"Tae titlum,
 Fit fitlum,
 Knee knaps,
 Hinch haps." (Strichen.)

II.

1.—"BRACK THE BARN."

The nurse or mother takes the child's hand, and touches the thumb and fingers, one by one, and, modulating the voice to suit the conduct of each, repeats the following words, laying a particularly mournful stress on the words referring to the little finger to call forth sympathy for the weak : *—

(a)—"This is the man it brack the barn,
 This is the man it stealt the corn,
 This is the man it eat it a',
 This is the man it ran awa',
 Peer little cranie paid for't a'."

(b)—"This is the man it brack the barn,
 This is the man it stealt the corn,
 This is the man it taul' a',
 This is the man it ran awa',
 Peer cranie dot paid for't a'."

(c)—"This is the man it brack the barn,
 This is the man it stealt the corn,
 This is the man it ran awa',
 This is the man it tellt a',
 Peer little cranie paid for a',
 An got naething." (Mrs. Moir, Kinnethmont.)

(d)—"This is the man it brack the barn,
 This is the man it sta' the corn,
 This is the man it ran awa',
 This is the man it taul' a',
 This is peer little cranie dodie,
 It steed at the back o' the door, an paid for a'."
 (Mrs. Gardiner, Banff.)

* *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by R. Chambers, p. 20. *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England*, by Halliwell, cccxxxix. and cccxlii. p. 72, and p. 207.

- (e)—“ This is the ane it brack the barn,
 This is the ane it stealt the corn,
 This is the ane it ran awa',
 This is the ane it taul' a',
 An peerie weerie cranie doshie,
 Steed at the back o' the door, suppit's
 Milk an breed (bread), an paid for a'.”
 (A. Paterson, fisherman, Macduff.)
- (f)—“ This is the man it brack the barn,
 This is the man it stealt the corn,
 This is the man it ran awa',
 This is the man it tellt a',
 Peer little cranie wanie,
 It fell ower the dyke,
 An brack its neck,
 An paid for a'.” (Mr. Moir, Keith.)
- (g)—“ This is the man it broke the barn,
 This is the man it sta' the corn,
 This is the man it ran awa',
 This is the man it taul' a',
 Peerie weeickie steed ahin' the barn door,
 An hid t' pay for a'.” (Buckie.)
- (h)—“ Brack the barn,
 Steel the corn,
 Rin awa'
 Tell a',
 Little cranie pays for a'.”
- (i)—“ Brack the barn,
 Steel the corn,
 Rin awa',
 Tell a',
 Little cranie pays a'.” (Mrs. Scott, Aberdour.)
- (j)—“ Brack the barn,
 Steel the corn,
 Rin awa',
 Taul' a',
 Peer little cranie wiz forct t' bide,
 An pay for a'.” (Mrs. Fraser, New Byth.)
- (k)—“ Brak the barn,
 Steal the corn,
 Loup the dyke,
 Rin awa',
 Peer cranie wanie pays for them a'.”
 (Mrs. Duguid, Kincardineshire.)

(l)—“Brack the barn,
Steal the corn,
Rin awa',
Tell a',
Little moosie ran in o' a hole i' the wa'.”

Some touch only the fingers as the following formula shows:—

(m)—“Brack the barn,
Stehl the corn,
Rin awa',
Cranie wanie,
Pays for a'.”

Holland has several formulæ on the fingers.*

Compare with this amusement the Spanish one of *El Huevo*, † the Portuguese one *Nomes dos ded*, ‡ and the Sicilian one of *Chistu havi fami*. §

Compare also *Formulettes des Doigts*. ||

2.—“THIS LITTLE PIGGIE.”

The following is applied to either the fingers or toes:—

“This little piggie went t' the market,
This one stayed at home,
This one got some supper,
This one got none,
This one cried ‘Weeick, weeick, weeick.’” ¶

3.—“JOHN PROTT AND HIS MAN.”

In this amusement the mother or nurse opens the child's hand, and holds it in her own, and makes as if counting money into the child's hand, repeating the words. When the last line is reached the hand is closed, and at times some little thing put into it:—

(a)—“John Prott an's man
T' the market they ran,
They bocht, they saul',
Doon the money they taul'.” (Mrs. Scott, Aberdour.)

* *Nederlandsche Baker-en Kinderrijmen*, verzameld en meegedeeld door Dr. J. van Vloten, pp. 10-12, and p. 167 for additional references.

† *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones populares Españolas*, vol. ii. pp. 126, 127. See also vol. iv. pp. 156, 157.

‡ *Jogos e Rimas Infantis*, by F. Adolpho Coelho, pp. 13, 14.

§ *Giuochi fanciulleschi Siciliani*, by Pitré, pp. 55-57.

|| *Rimes et Jeux de l'Enfance*, by E. Rolland, pp. 21-27.

¶ *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England*, by Halliwell, p. 68.

- (b)—“ John Prott an’s man
 Doon the gate they ran,
 They bocht, they saul’,
 The money they doon taul’,
 Till they came till a groat.” (Mrs. Nicol, Tyrie.)
- (c)—“ John Prott an’s man
 Doon the gate they cam’,
 They bocht, they saul’,
 Mony a penny doon taul’,
 Till they cam’ till a groat.” (Mrs. Walker, Aberdeen.)
- (d)—“ John Prott an’s man
 Doon the gate they cam’,
 They bocht, they saul’,
 Doon the money they taul’,
 Till they cam’ till a plack.
 ‘ Steek ye yir nivv on that.’ ” (Strichen.)
- (e)—“ John Prott an his man
 Tae the market they ran,
 They bocht, they saul’,
 A’ the money doon taul’,
 Till they cam’ till a plack.
 ‘ Steek ye yir nivv on that.’ ” (Pitsligo.)
- (f)—“ John Prott an’s man
 T’ the market they ran,
 They bocht, they saul’,
 Mony a penny doon taul’,
 Till ’t cam’ till a plack.
 John Prott said till’s man,
 ‘ Steek ye yir nivv upon that.’ ” (Pitsligo.)
- (g)—“ John Prott an’s man
 T’ the market they ran,
 They bocht, they saul’,
 They got money untaul’.
 ‘ Gehn ye be an honest man,
 Content yirsel wi’ that,’ says John.” (Buckie.)
- (h)—“ John Prott an his man
 Doon the gate they cam’,
 They bocht, they saul’,
 Paid the money doon taul’.
 ‘ Gehn ye be an honest man,
 Haud faht I pit in your han’.’ ”

(i)—“ John Prott an' his man
 T' the market they ran,
 They bocht, they saul',
 Aye till they cam' till a plack.
 ' John Prott, if ye be an honest man,
 Keep ye that till I come back.'” (Mrs. Forbes, Banff.)

(j)—“ John Prott an's man
 T' the market they ran,
 They bocht, they saul',
 They money doon taul'.
 ' An hey ' quo' Prott, ' An how ' quo' Prott,
 ' Gehn ye be an honest man,
 Keep faht ye've got.'” (Mrs. Gardiner, Banff.)

The Spanish game of *El pon, pon* * has some resemblance to this one.

4.—“ CLAP HANDIES.”

In this amusement the nurse or mother takes the infant's hands, and, clapping them, repeats the following pretty words:—

“ Clap, clap handies,
 Mamie's wee, wee ain,
 Clap, clap handies,
 Dadie's comin hame,
 Hame till his wee bonnie wee bit ladie ;
 Clap, clap handies,
 My wee, wee ain.” (Miss Watson, Fraserburgh.)

5.—“ CATCH A WEE MOOSE.”

Take the child's hand, open it, and, with the forefinger, trace on its palm as it were circles, repeating the words:—

“ Roon aboot, roon aboot,
 Catch a wee moose.”

Then slide the forefinger along the arm, saying:—

“ Up a bit, up a bit.”

At the arm-top a sudden jerk is made with the finger below the arm-pit, with the words:—

“ In a wee hoose.” (Mrs. Mirrlees, Renton, Dumbartonshire.)

* *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones populares Españolas*, vol. ii. p. 122. Compare 7, pp. 35, 36, *Rimes et Jeux de l'Enfance*.

6.—“THE CORBIE'S HOLE.”

In this game the player joins his thumb and forefinger together in such a way as to leave an opening, closing the other fingers on the palm of the hand. He then, unseen, introduces the thumb of the other hand between the closed fingers, and repeats the words to the child on whom the game is to be played :—

“ Pit yir finger in o' the corbie's hole,
Th' corbie's nae at hame,
Th' corbie's at th' back o' the barn
Pyekin an aul' horse bane.”

Variant of the last two lines—

“ Th' corbie sits on the corbie stane,
An is t' a' unseen.”

As soon as the child's finger is introduced, the hidden thumb closes upon it, and holds it fast, whilst the captor cries out :—

“ Th' corbie's at hame,
Th' corbie's at hame.”

III.

1.—“FITTIEKINS.”

In this amusement the nurse or mother takes hold of the child's feet, and imitates the motion of walking, at the same time repeating the words :—

“ ‘ Fittiekins, fittiekins,
Fan will ye gyang ? ’
‘ Fin the nicht turns short,
An the day turns lang,
An than my fittiekins seen will gyang.’ ” *

(Mrs. Forbes, Portsoy.)

2.—“SHOE A HORSE.”

To please the child when the shoes are being put on, the following formula in various forms is repeated, and the action of the smith in shoeing a horse is imitated as closely as possible : †—

* *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by R. Chambers, p. 17.

† *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by R. Chambers, p. 18. Compare *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England*, by Halliwell, dxxii. p. 102, and pp. 204, 205.

- (a)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine ;
Shee a horsie, ca a nailie,
Hit a horsie on the tailie.” (Auchterless.)
- (b)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine ;
Shee a horse, ca a nail,
Strick the foalie o' the tail.” (Pitsligo.)
- (c)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine ;
He sheet a horse, he caed a nail,
An strack the foalie o' the tail.” (Aberdour.)
- (d)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine ;
Shee a horse, ca a nail,
Hit the foalie o' the tail.” (Mrs. Nicol, Tyrie.)
- (e)—“ Johnnie Smith, a fellow fine,
Cam' t' shoe a horse o' mine ;
Shee a horsie, ca a nail,
Hit the horsie o' the tail.
If ye shee 'im, shee 'im weel,
Hit the horsie o' the heel.” (Strichen.)
- (f)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine ;
Shee a horse, ca a nail,
Hit the fillie o' the tail,
An gar 'im tack the brae.” (Portsoy.)
- (g)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
Cam' t' shoe a mare o' mine ;
Shoe a horsie, ca a nail,
Hit the horsie o' the tail.
“ Ca a bittie on the tae,
T' gar the horsie clim' the brae ;
Ca a bittie on the heel,
T' gar the horse pace weel.” (Pitsligo.)
- (h)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine ;
Shoed the horse, and caed the nail,
Ruggit the rumple fae the tail.” (Mrs. Walker, Aberdeen.)
- (i)—“ Johnnie Smith, a fellow fine,
Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine ;
Shee a horse, ca a nail ;
Knock a tackit in's tail.” (Peterhead.)

- (j)—“ Johnnie Smith, a follow fine,
 Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine,
 Shee a horsie, ca a nailie,
 Ca a tacket in's tailie,
 T' gar the horsie clim' the brae.
 Horsie, are ye weel shod, weel shod, weel shod ?
 Horsie, are ye weel shod ? (Macduff.)
- (k)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
 Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine,
 Shee a horse, ca a brod.
 Foalie, are ye weel shod,
 Weel shod, weel shod ?” (Rhynie.)
- (l)—“ John Smith, a fallow fine,
 Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine ;
 Pit a bittie on the tae,
 T' gar the shiltie clim' the brae ;
 Pit a bittie on the heel,
 T' gar the shiltie trot weel.” (Kinnothmont.)
- (m)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
 Came t' shee a horse o' mine ;
 Haud 'im sicker, haud 'im sehr,
 Haud 'im by the grey hair ;
 Ca a tacket in's tae,
 T' gar the horsie clim' the brae ;
 Ca a tacket in's heel,
 T' gar the horsie, trot weel, trot weel.” (Mrs. Gardiner.)
- (n)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
 Cam' t' shee a horse o' mine ;
 Shee 'im sicker, shee 'im sehr ;
 Haud 'im by the head o' hair ;
 Ca a nail in's tae,
 An that 'll gar clim' the brae ;
 Ca anither in's heel,
 An that 'ill gar 'im trot weel.” (Mrs. Pirrie, Pitsligo.)
- (o)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
 Can't ye shee this horse o' mine ?
 ' Yes, indeed, an that I can,
 As good as any man.
 Shee a horsie, ca' a nail,
 Ca a tacket in's tail,
 Ane in's fore fit, an twa in's heel,
 An that's the wye t' shee a horsie weel.” (Buckie.)

- (p)—“ ‘ John Smith, a fallow fine,
 Can ye shee a horse o' mine ? ’
 ‘ Ay, sir, that I can,
 As well's ony man.
 Here's a hammer, here's nails,
 Here's a cat wi' ten tails,
 Up Jack, doon Tam,
 Blaw the bellows, aul' man.’ ” (Miss Watson.)
- (q)—“ ‘ Johnie Smith, ma fellow fine,
 Can ye shee this horse o' mine ? ’
 ‘ Weel I wat, an that I can,
 Jist as weel as ony man.
 Ca a bittie on his tae,
 Gars a horsie spur a brae ;
 Ca a bittie on his heel,
 Gars a horse trot richt weel.’ ” (Elgin.)
- (r)—“ ‘ Johnie Smith, a fellow fine,
 Can ye shee this horse o' mine ? ’
 ‘ Yes, indeed, an that I can.
 As weel as ony man ;
 Pit a bit upon the tae,
 T' gar the horsie clim' the brae ;
 Pit a bit upon the heel,
 T' gar the horsie pace weel.’ ” (Mrs. Adam.)
- (s)—“ ‘ John Smith, a fallow fine,
 Can you shoe a horse o' mine ? ’
 ‘ Yes, indeed, and that I can,
 Just as weel as ony man ;
 Pit a bit upon the tae,
 To gar the powney speel the brae ;
 Pit a bit upon the heel,
 To gar the powney speel weel,
 Ca't on, ca't on, ca't on.’ ” (Renton, Dumbartonshire.)
- (t)—“ ‘ John Smith, a fellow fine,
 Can ye shoe this horse o' mine ? ’
 ‘ Yes, indeed, and that I can,
 As weel as ony man ;
 Pit a bit upo' the tae,
 T' gar the horsie clim' the brae ;
 Pit a bit upo' the sole,
 T' gar the horsie pay the toll ;
 Pit a bit upo' the heel,
 T' gar the horsie pace weel,
 Pace weel, pace weel, pace weel.’ ” (Kincardineshire.)

- (u)—“ John Smith, a fellow fine,
 Can ye shee a horse o' mine ?'
 ' Yes, an that I can,
 As weel as ony man ;
 We'll ca a bit upon the tae
 T' gar the horsie clim' the brae ;
 An we'll pit a bit upo' the heel
 T' gar the horsie trot weel ;
 An we'll pit a bit upo' the sole
 T' gar the horsie hae a foal.' ” (Banff.)

3.—“ THE TWA DOGIES.”

The child is placed on the knee of the mother or nurse, with the back to her, and the legs hanging over her knees. She then takes a leg in each hand, and moves them across and across each other, first to one side and then to another, as if going a journey. Then she holds them as licking meal, and, after that, as drinking water. On the return journey she crosses them over each other with great rapidity. All the time she keeps repeating the words that correspond to each action of running, licking, and drinking: *—

- (a)—“ There wiz twa dogies geed awa' t' the mill,
 An they took a lick oot o' this wife's pyock,
 An a lick oot o' the next wife's pyock,
 An a drinkie oot o' the dam,
 An geed awa' hame, loupie for spang, loupie for spang.” (Pitsligo.)
- (b)—“ Twa little doggies geed tae the mull,
 They took a lick oot o' this wife's pyock,
 An doon t' the lade,
 An a drink oot o' the dam,
 An geed hame again, hame again, loupie for spang.”
- (c)—“ Twa dogies geed t' the mill,
 They took a lick oot o' this wife's pyock,
 An a lick oot o' the next wife's pyock,
 An a bite oot o' the bank,
 An a leb oot o' the dam,
 An they geed hame loupie for spang.” (Strichen.)

* *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by R. Chambers, p. 17. Compare “The Dog of the Kill,” *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England*, by Halliwell, p. 205.

- (d)—“Twa dogies geed loupin t’ the mill,
Took a lick out o’ ae wife’s bag,
Took a lick out o’ anither wife’s bag,
An a lab out o’ the mill-dam,
Stoupie for loupie, hame again even.” (Mrs. Chrystie, Elgin.)
- (e)—“Twa little dogies ran t’ the mill,
This road an that road,
They took a lick out o’ this wife’s pyock,
An a lick out o’ that wife’s pyock,
An went hame loupie for spang.” (Mrs. Adam.)
- (f)—“Twa dogies geed t’ the mill,
This wye an that wye, this wye an that wye,
Took a laip out this wife’s pyock,
An a laip out that wife’s pyock,
An a laip out o’ the dam,
An a bite out o’ the bank,
An cam’ hame loupie for spang.” (Mrs. Moir.)
- (g)—“Twa dogies geed t’ the mill,
This way an that way, that way an this way,
They took a lick out o’ this wife’s pyock,
An a lick out o’ that wife’s pyock,
An a laip out o’ the dam,
An they cam’ hame loupie for spang, loupie for spang.”
(Mrs. Walker, Aberdeen.)
- (h)—“Twa dogies geed t’ the mill,
Loupie for spang, loupie for spang;
An they got a lick out o’ this wife’s pyock,
An a lick out o’ that wife’s pyock,
An a slab out o’ the dam,
An hame they cam’ loupie for spang.” (Mrs. Scott, Aberdour.)
- (i)—“The dogies geed t’ the mill,
Needle-noddle, needle-noddle, needle-noddle;
Tack a lick out o’ this wife’s pyock,
A lick out o’ that wife’s pyock,
A bite o’ the bank,
A slab i’ the dub,
A drink o’ the lade,
An hame spangie for spangie,
Spangie for spangie, spangie for spangie.” (Auchterless.)

The two last lines have a variant :—

“An hame loupie for spangie,
Loupie for spang, loupie for spangie.”

- (j)—“Ca the dogies t' the mill,
 Ca the dogies t' the mill,
 They took a lick oot o' the happer,
 An a laib oot o' the dam,
 An they went hame loupie for spang.” (Mrs. Adam.)
- (k)—“Tak' a leb oot o' this mull dam,
 An a leb oot o' that mull dam,
 An a lick oot o' this meel pyock,
 An a lick oot o' that meel pyock,
 An she ower him, an he ower her,
 An they baith hame,
 Loupie for spang, loupie for spang.” (Pitsligo.)
- (l)—“Dogies t' the mill, dogies t' the mill,
 A lick oot o' this wife's pyock,
 An a lick oot o' that wife's pyock,
 An a leb oot o' the dam,
 An they geed hame loupie for spang.” (Mrs. Pirrie, Pitsligo.)
- (m)—“Dogies t' the mill, dogies t' the mill ;
 A lick oot o' this wife's pyock,
 A lick oot o' that wife's pyock,
 An a leb oot o' the dam,
 An hame they go, hame they go,
 Loupie for loup an spang.” (Mrs. Gardiner.)
- (n)—“Pit your doggies to the mull,
 Pit he ower him, pit he ower him,
 Loupie for spang, loupie for spang.
 A lick oot o' this wife's pyock,
 An a lick oot o' the next wife's pyock ;
 A lick fae the miller,
 An a lick fae his man ;
 A lickie oot o' the trough,
 An a leb oot o' the dam.
 Haimie gin even, haimie gin (before) even,
 He ower him, an he ower him.
 That's Willie Wandie,
 An that pauls him.” (Macduff.)

The following variant is from a fisherwoman in Roseheart. It is interesting, as the last line no doubt refers to the mode of barter carried on by the fisher-folks in the disposal of their fish over the country, when each woman returned with her “pyockies foo” :—

(o)—“ This is the wye the dogies gang t' the mill,
 This wye an that wye ;
 Took a leb oot o' the lade,
 An anither oot o' the dam,
 An this wiz the wye it they cam' back again,
 Loupie for spang, loupie for spang,
 An their pyokies foo.”

With this may be compared the Dutch formulæ given by Van Vloten.*

4.—“ DANCE T' YIR DADDIE.”

This amusement consists in placing the child on the knee in a standing posture, and dandling it with an upward and downward motion to the rhythm of the words : †—

(a)—“ Dance t' yir daddie,
 My bonnie laddie,
 An ye 'll get a fishie,
 An a little dishie.
 Dance t' yir daddie,
 My bonnie doo.” (Mr. Thurburn, Keith.)

Or,

(b)—“ Dance to yir daidie,
 My bonnie baibie,
 Dance to yir daidie,
 My sweet lam',
 An ye sall get a fishie
 In a little dishie,
 An ye'll get a fishie
 When the boatie comes in.”
 (Mrs. Duguid, Kincardineshire.)

IV.

“ HEAT A WOMLE.”

The one that wishes to amuse goes up to the fire with the child, holds the forefinger to the fire for a little as if heating it, and repeats

* *Nederlandsche Baker-en Kinderrijmen*, p. 3.

† *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England*, by Halliwell, cccclxxxiii. p. 81. *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by R. Chambers, p. 18.

the first line, then puts it to the child's belly and makes as if boring a hole, repeating the second line at first slowly, then more rapidly :—

- (a)—“Heat a womle, heat a womle,
Bore a holie, bore, bore, bore.” (Keith.)

Other forms are :—

- (b)—“Heat a womle, heat a womle,
Bore a holie, bore a holie.” (Mrs. Scott, Aberdour.)
(c)—“Heat a womlie, heat a womlie,
Bore a holie, bore a holie.” (Mrs. Fraser, New Byth.)
(d)—“Heat a womle, heat a womle,
Bore a bagie, bore a bagie.” (Mrs. Gardiner, Banff.)

And—

- (e)—“Heat a womle, heat a womle,
Bore a hole in ——'s belly.”
(The child's name is repeated.)
(Mrs. Mirrlees, Renton, Dumbarton.)

V.

1.—“THE LADY'S RIDE.”

This is done by placing the child astride on one knee laid over the other, and suiting the upward and downward motion of the legs to the words, making the motion at first quite gentle, but increasing it by degrees in roughness till the child is tossed quite up from the knee ; or the child may be placed on the ankle of the one leg resting on the knee of the other. The child is kept in its place by the amuser taking hold of its hands. The formulæ are various : *—

- (a)—“This is the way that the ladies ride,
Jumpin sma', jumpin sma' ;
This is the way that the gentlemen ride,
Wheep awa', wheep awa' ;
This is the way that the cadgers ride,
Creels an a', creels an a'.” (Pitsligo.)
(b)—“This is the wye the lady rides,
Jumpin sma', jumpin sma'.
This is the wye the gentleman rides,
Trot awa', trot awa'.
Hobble, cadger, creels an a', hobble, cadger, creels an a'.”

* *Nursery Tales and Nursery Rhymes of England*, by Halliwell, cccxlix. p. 74 ; see p. 209. *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by R. Chambers, p. 20.

- (c)—“This is the way the ladies ride,
 Jumpin sma' jumpin sma' ;
 This is the way the gentlemen ride,
 Trippin awa', trippin awa' ;
 This is the way the cadgers ride,
 Creels an a', creels an a'.” (Fochabers.)
- (d)—“This is the way the ladies rides,
 Jumpin sma', jumpin sma' ;
 Hobble, cadgers, creels an a' ;
 The boats is in, an the fish is awa',
 Hobble, cadger, creels an a'.” (Mrs. Paterson, Pennan.)
- (e)—“Here's the way the ladies rides,
 Jumpin sma', jumpin sma' ;
 Here's the way the gentlemen rides,
 Boots an a', boots an a' ;
 Here's the way the cadgers rides,
 Creels an a', creels an a' ;
 The boats is up, an all's awa'.” (Mr. Fraser, New Byth.)
- (f)—“This is the way the ladies ride,
 Jumpin sma', jumpin sma' ;
 The gentlemen they gae bold and braw, bold and braw,
 The cadgers they gae creels an a', creels an a',
 The boatie's in, an the fish is awa'.”
- (g)—“This is the wye the ladies rides,
 Jumpin sma', jumpin sma',
 For fear it they sud fa'.
 This is the wye the gentlemen rides,
 Trottin awa', trottin awa'.
 This is the wye the cadgers rides,
 Creels an a', creels an a' ;
 Up, cadger, creels an a',
 The boats is in, an the fish is awa'.” (Strichen.)
- (h)—“There's the way the ladies rides,
 Jimp an sma', jimp an sma' ;
 There's the way the gentlemen rides,
 Boots an spurs, boots an spurs ;
 There's the way the cadgers rides,
 Creels an a', creels an a'.” (Mrs. Nicol, Tyrie.)
- (i)—“Here's the way the ladies rides,
 Jimp an sma', jimp an sma' ;
 There's the way the gentlemen rides,
 Brisk an braw, brisk an braw ;
 There's the way the cadgers rides,
 Creels an a', creels an a'.” (Mrs. Walker, Aberdeen.)

- (j)—“ This is the way the ladies rides,
 Jimp an sma', jimp an sma';
 This is the way the laird rides,
 Saidle an spurs an a' ;
 This is the way the cadger rides,
 Creels an a', creels an a'.” (Mrs. Scott, Aberdour.)
- (k)—“ This is the wye it the ladye rides,
 Jimp an sma', jimp an sma' ;
 This is the wye it the gentleman rides,
 Trottin awa', trottin awa' ;
 This is the wye it the fairmer rides,
 Hardy ca, hardy ca ;
 This is the wye it the cadger rides,
 Creels an a', creels an a'.” (Mrs. Moir, Fyvie.)
- (l)—“ The ladies, they ride, jimp an sma',
 Jimp an sma', jimp an sma' ;
 The gentleman, he rides trottin awa',
 Trottin awa', trottin awa' ;
 Bit the cadger, he rides creels an a',
 Creels an a', creels an a'.
- (m)—“ This is the way the ladies ride,
 The ladies ride, the ladies ride,
 This is the way the ladies ride,
 When they go to see the gentlemen.
 This is the way the gentlemen ride,
 The gentlemen ride, the gentlemen ride,
 When they go to see the ladies.
 This is the way the cadger rides,
 The cadger rides, the cadger rides,
 This is the way the cadger rides,
 When he goes to sell his butter and eggs.”
 (Renton, Dumbartonshire.)

With the amusements of riding may be compared the Sicilian game of *Mmè*, *Mmè*, *Mmè*,* and its Italian variants, the Spanish one of *El Borriquito*,† the Portuguese one of *Cavalgar*,‡ the French one of *À Dada*,§ and the Dutch games of riding, given by Van Vloten.||

* *Giuochi fanciulleschi Siciliani*, pp. 51-55.

† *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Espanolas*, t. ii. p. 120.

‡ *Jogos e Rimas infantis*, by F. Adolpho Coelho, pp. 7, 8.

§ *Rimes et Jeux de l'Enfance*, by E. Rolland, p. 27, 4 (a).

|| *Nederlandsche Baker-en Kinderrijmen*, pp. 12-16, and pp. 167, 168.

2.—“HOBBLE CADGER.”

This game consists in the mother or nurse, or whoever wishes to amuse, placing the child on the knee, and then lifting the legs in imitation of rough-riding, repeating the words :—

“Hobble, cadger, creels an a’,
The boats is in, an the fish is awa’;
Hobble, cadger, creels an a’, creels an a’.”

This is continued to the great delight of the child as long as the amuser has strength.

3.—“RIDE AWA’.”

This amusement may be made for the child by the mother or nurse dandling the child on her knee in imitation of riding, or, if the child is old enough, it receives a staff or piece of stick, which it puts between its legs, and then moves about as if riding, and repeats the words itself :*—

(a)—“ ‘ Ride awa’, ride awa’,
Ride awa’ t’ Aiberdeen,
An buy fite breed;’
Bit lang or he cam’ back again
The cyarlin wiz deed.
He up wi’s club, an said,
‘ Rise ye up, cyarlin’,
An eat fite breed.’ ” (Mrs. Moir, Kinnethmont.)

(b)—“ ‘ Ride awa’ t’ Aiberdeen
T’ buy fite breed;’
Bit lang or he cam’ back again
The cyarlin wiz deed.
Sae he up wee’s club
An gyah ’ir o’ the lug,
Said, ‘ Rise, rise, aul’ cyarlin,
An eet yir fite breed.’ ” (Mrs. Moir.)

* *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by R. Chambers, p. 19. *Revista de España*, vol. cv. pp. 100, 101.

4.—“CAM' YE BY THE STACK ?”

“Cam' ye by the stack, man?
 Or cam' ye by the stable?
 Saw ye Sandy Suppleman
 Riding on a laidle?
 Ca awa', Sandy, man,
 Can ye buy a saidle?
 Ye've torn a' yir blue claes
 Ridin on a laidle.” (Mrs. Adams.)

5.—“THE CATIE RADE T' PAISLEY.”

“The catie rade t' Paisley, the catie rade to Paisley,
 Upon a harrow tyne.
 It wiz on a weeny Wednesday, it wiz on a weeny Wednesday;
 I mynt aye sin syne.”* (Mrs. Gardiner, Banff.)

WALTER GREGOR.

GLOSSARY.

<i>A'</i> , all	<i>Blaw</i> , blow
<i>Ae</i> , one	<i>Bocht</i> , bought
<i>Again</i> , before	<i>Brack</i> , broke
<i>Ain</i> , own	<i>Brae</i> , a slope
<i>An</i> , and	<i>Braid</i> , broad
<i>Ane</i> , one	<i>Breed</i> , bread
<i>Anither</i> , another	<i>Brod</i> , a nail
<i>An's</i> , and his	<i>Broo</i> , brow
<i>Aul'</i> , old	<i>Brooie</i> , little brow
<i>Awa'</i> , away	<i>Brook</i> , broke
<i>Bagie</i> , little belly	<i>Ca</i> , drive
<i>Baith</i> , both	<i>Caed</i> , drove
<i>Bane</i> , bone	<i>Cam'</i> , came
<i>Bible</i> , having mucus at the nose, dirty, untidy about the face	<i>Claes</i> , clothes
<i>Bit</i> , but	<i>Clim'</i> , climb
<i>Bittie</i> , a small piece	<i>Comin</i> , coming
	<i>Corbie</i> , raven

* *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, by R. Chambers, p. 19,

<i>Cranie</i> , <i>cranie doshie</i> , <i>cranie dot</i> , <i>cranie dottie</i> , <i>cranie wanie</i> , the little finger	<i>Haul</i> , hold
<i>Croon</i> , crown	<i>Heelie</i> , little heel
<i>Cyarlin</i> , ugly old woman	<i>Hid</i> , had
<i>Deed</i> , dead	<i>Hinch</i> , thigh
<i>Doo</i> , dove	<i>Hinchie</i> , little thigh
<i>Dooickie</i> , small dove	<i>Hoose</i> , house
<i>Doon</i> , down	<i>Jist</i> , just
<i>Dyke</i> , a wall	<i>Lab</i> , lap
<i>Ee</i> , eye	<i>Lade</i> , mill-race
<i>Eenie</i> , little eye	<i>Ladie</i> , little lad or boy
<i>Even</i> , evening	<i>Laip</i> , lap
<i>Fae</i> , from	<i>Lam'</i> , lamb
<i>Faht</i> , what	<i>Lang</i> , long
<i>Fan</i> , when	<i>Leb</i> , lap
<i>Fillie</i> , a young horse	<i>Loup</i> , jump
<i>Fin</i> , when	<i>Ma</i> , my
<i>Fit</i> , foot	<i>Man</i> , servant
<i>Fite</i> , white	<i>Meel</i> , meal
<i>Fite breed</i> , wheaten bread	<i>Mony</i> , many
<i>Fittiekin</i> , a very little foot	<i>Moo</i> , mouth
<i>Foo</i> , full	<i>Mooie</i> , little mouth
<i>Gae</i> , go	<i>Mull</i> , mill
<i>Gar</i> , force	<i>Mynt</i> , remembered
<i>Gate</i> , road	<i>Nae</i> , not
<i>Gauger</i> , excise-officer	<i>Naething</i> , nothing
<i>Geed</i> , went	<i>Nappy</i> , a little hillock
<i>Gehn</i> , if	<i>Needle-noddle</i> , a word expressive of the steady motion of the dogs
<i>Gin</i> , before	<i>Nivv</i> , hand
<i>Gyang</i> , go	<i>Niz</i> , nose
<i>Haimie</i> , home	<i>Nozie</i> , little nose
<i>Hame</i> , home	<i>O'</i> , of
<i>Han'</i> , hand	<i>Ony</i> , any
<i>Happer</i> , hopper	<i>Ower</i> , over

- Pauls*, puzzles
Peer, poor
Peerie, little
Pit, put
Powney, pony
Pyckin, picking
Pyock, bag
Quo, quoth, said
Raide, rode
Richt, right
Rin, *rinie*, *rinickie*, run
Road, way, manner
Roon about, round about
Ruggit, pulled.
Rumple, back-bone
Saidle, saddle
Saul', sold
Seen, soon
Sehr, very
Sharp, sharp, a diminutive form
Shee, shoe
Sheet, shoed
Shiltie, pony
Shoother, shoulder
Sicker, firm
Sin, since
Slab, lap
Sma', small
Sneckie, small latch
Speel, mount, climb
Sta, stole
Stack, the fuel or peat stored for
the year
Stealt, stole
- Steed*, stood
Steek, close, shut
Stehl, steal
Strack, struck
Strick, strike
Sud, should
Syne, then
Tack, take
Tacket, a short, broad-headed nail,
commonly used for driving
into the soles of boots or shoes
Tae, toe
Tae, to
Tailie, little tail
Taul', told, paid
Telt, told
Than, then, at that time
Tyne, prong
Untaul', untold, not to be counted
Wa', wall
Wat, know
Wee, little
Weel, well
Weeny, windy
Wheep, whip
Weerie, small
Wi', with
Wiz, was
Womle, auger
Wye, way, manner
Wymie, little belly
Yirsel, yourself
Yir, your

CLASSIFICATION OF FOLK-LORE.



AM glad to see that the subject of the Classification of Folk-lore is not to be allowed to drop. It is one in which, as a collector myself, I cannot but be deeply interested; and a little fearful withal, lest, among so many "great scholars," the needs of the humble fraternity of collectors should be somewhat overlooked.

I see with pleasure that Mr. J. S. Stuart-Glennie perceives with me that the word Folk-lore has lately been very inconveniently made to do double duty: to signify both a science and a subject of scientific study. But I must join issue with him when he applies the word to the science and *not* to the subject, and takes Folk-lore to be the learning of the cultured about the folk, and not the learning of the folk themselves. He says that the folk have no learning properly so-called, that they do not *learn*, but *imbibe* knowledge; apparently restricting the term *learning* to lessons given of set purpose by a teacher and consciously acquired by the pupil. But this is surely an entirely arbitrary and unauthorised use of the word *learning*. One may learn insensibly, learn from experience, learn by example, and so forth. We must not begin by wresting the English language to suit our theories. Moreover, supposing Mr. Stuart-Glennie to be right in his restricted use of the words *learn* and *learning*, yet he is mistaken in saying that the folk have no learning of the kind he means. People taught their children what they knew themselves long before books and national schools were invented. Magic rites, songs, tunes, dances, plays, are transmitted from generation to generation by direct oral *teaching* of the young to bear their part in the time-honoured practices or ceremonies. Every peasant-mother who teaches her child (as some English mothers do even now) to say,—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on," etc.

instructs it in the simple learning of the folk. In the very number of the *Journal* which contains Mr. Stuart-Glennie's paper we have Mr. C. Staniland Wake arguing (p. 65) that the great majority of Folk-tales were composed for educational purposes by sages who knew the power of "truth embodied in a tale." And, again, at p. 96, we find the reviewer of the Rev. J. H. Knowles's *Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs* saying that the missionary "applied to the people [= folk] to teach him their lore." What did he learn from them? Their lore; the Folk-lore of Cashmere. It did not become the Folk-lore of Cashmere *after* he had learnt it, or *because* he had learnt it.

Curiously enough, other words compounded with *folk* are not subject to the same ambiguity of meaning. No one doubts that Folk-tales, Folk-songs, Folk-wit, Folk-medicine, Folk-custom, and the like, are the tales, songs, wit, medicine, and customs, of and belonging to the folk, not such as are made by others about them; and, as a matter of fact, Folk-lore *has*, till recently, been used in a similar and corresponding sense. I do not think the present confusion could ever have arisen if the English language had possessed or preserved the idiom by which one of two nouns conjoined is put in the possessive case.* Nobody supposes that a *volkslied* or a *volksmärchen* is a song or a tale *about* the people; it is plain from the construction that it is a song or a tale *of* the people themselves.

It is somewhat startling to a collector of Folk-lore to be told that what he has toiled to collect is *not* itself Folk-lore, though *his knowledge of it* is. He is tempted to ask, "What then have I been collecting?" "Folk-lore" is surely the only possible answer.

Mr. Stuart Glennie's proposition, that we can only know what the people believe by what they do, or say, or relate, appears incontrovertible, and is worth bearing in mind, especially when one is inclined to theorize. Upon it he constructs a symmetrical system of classification in Triads, under the three chief heads of Customs, Sayings, and Poesy.

* The Shropshire people do use this idiom as far as place-names are concerned, and say Montford's Bridge, Norton's Camp, Wenlock's Edge, and so forth. In the next county, Hereford Fair becomes Hereford's Fair.

It is rather an effort to believe that there can be nine kinds of customs, so distinct from each other, that an ordinary mortal can distinguish between them without constant mistakes; but to let that pass. I believe a collection of Folk-lore might be arranged on this system, by dint of thought and pains, but it would be a great deal more trouble than the fourfold plan. "That vast body of superstition, which at all times and in all places has been made the subject of observation," would have to be divided between Customs and Sayings. In arranging the Folk-lore of some district of the British Isles, for instance, the endless statements that "it is unlucky" to do so-and-so, must go into Sayings; and those of them which follow up the belief by practice, (as when little boys, believing it unlucky to take birds' eggs into the house, hang strings of them over the doorways of out-buildings,) must be placed among Customs. It could be done, I repeat, but it would be difficult, particularly in the case of Folk-medicine, put into the shape of Medical Recipes, and I doubt whether the result would be satisfactory. Imagine, for example, Turner's *Samoa*, with all the islanders' ideas and beliefs about their gods, placed in the category of Sayings! (The *stories* about them, of course, would be entered in the third group.)

The truth is, it seems to me, that this division rests on a forced and unnatural — or, at least, an unusual — interpretation of the word Sayings. It is made to include everything to which the phrase *On dit* could be prefixed. Whereas, to an ordinary mind, a *saying* implies a *form* of words; an idea expressed in certain prescribed words; a formula rather than a thought. And it seems to me that (besides the inconvenience to the poor collector of having to begin by learning special meanings to common words) it is a practical mistake to confound formulated and non-formulated ideas in the same category. The *forms* of Folk-lore ideas deserve attention, as well as the substance of them. And to set down Folk-thoughts which are expressed in Folk-lore formulas promiscuously with those which may be, and are, expressed in the words of the "cultured" collector, seems to me a very unscientific confusion of two distinct sets of ideas, those which are definite and crystallized (and frequently *fossilized*), with those which are vague and floating, and consequently variable, though

sometimes for that very reason living and powerful, *because* capable of changing from age to age.

The name of the third group—Folk-poesy, consisting of stories, songs, and sagas—is open to very similar objections. First, it would take ordinary minds some time to grasp the idea that they should place prose-matter under the head of poetry, or “poesy,” a word which suggests a motto for a ring rather than anything more important. Secondly, to call Folk-tales “poesy,” is not only using the word in a somewhat unusual sense, but it begs the question of their origin and true significance, which is certainly not settled yet, and perhaps never will be. Whereas “tradition” describes the contents of the division equally well, and yet asserts nothing about them but the one incontrovertible fact that they are traditional.

Mr. Stuart-Glennie draws, as no one else has done, the needful distinction between the *classification of the record* of Folk-lore (as he aptly calls it), made by the collector, and the *classification of the results* of the investigation to be made by the philosopher. The result he looks for is psychological only, viz., the thorough comprehension of Folk-beliefs, Folk-passions, and Folk-traditions. But surely he makes a mistake when he states the result he looks for first, and then frames the classification of the record upon that foundation, which is rather like giving the verdict first and hearing the evidence afterwards.* Had he not done so, but had looked at the materials of the record *first*, and classified them on their own merits, surely he must have seen that Folk-lore has more to tell us than he supposes. Consider the weighty words of Señor Antonio Machado y Alvarez (*Journal*, vol. iii. p. 107): “Every branch of knowledge that we call scientific has been Folk-lore in its origin;” words which, in my poor opinion, give us in a nutshell both the reason of the value of the study, and the true test of what *is* and what is *not* within its

* Shropshire and Cheshire folk would say he had “ploughed the adlants afore the butts”; that is, the *headlands*, or spaces left for the plough to turn at the end of the field, before the long furrows: equivalent to “putting the cart before the horse,” or beginning a thing at the wrong end. When Miss Jackson first heard the proverb used it was applied to the case of a suitor who had made his offer to the father before the daughter.

range, by showing that Folk-lore is the parent of science, but not of art or handicraft. In like manner Mr. Nutt, (though he includes handicrafts,) seeks to learn from the study of Folk-lore the beginnings of philosophy, of worship, of law, of medical science, of history, of wit and humour, of poetry, and romance, of [music and] the drama.* A grand classification of *results*, though impossible, as it seems to me, as a classification of *records*.

However, the classification of results, and the whole question of the harvest which we may hope to reap from the study of Folk-lore, are matter for others. What concerns me, is to plead that the principles of classification laid down for the collector may be made as clear and simple as possible, and may not involve the use of peculiar technical words, or of words used in a sense other than the ordinary and accepted one. A Folk-lore collector is not likely in the nature of things to be a person of very high intellectual ability or much literary skill. The chief qualifications of a good collector are observation, curiosity, quick sympathy, the gift of winning confidence, the habit of simple friendly intercourse with the uneducated folk among whom his lot may be cast: things not always to be found combined with student-tastes or remarkable mental powers. Now, it requires some consideration before an average mind can decide whether any given item is a religious *ceremony* or a religious *usage*, whether another should be classed as an *omen* or an *augury*, before he can discover that asking the rider of a piebald horse to prescribe for the whooping-cough is a "medical recipe" (or can it be a "social usage"?), and can resolve to set down a ghost-story or a local-historical tradition under the head of Poesy. Whereas any one knows what a proverb is, or a ballad, or a game, a narrative, a "superstition," or a "cure"; things not easily defined — some of them — but easily recognisable; and any intelligent person can arrange such items in their proper places if the pigeon-holes are prepared to fit the matter that is to fill

* In connection with folk-music the following is not without interest:—"It is here observed, as a rather curious fact, that exceptional musical talent is by no means confined to the children of better parentage; the boy of lowest birth will often enough be the best musician."—"A Workhouse Farm," *Standard*, 10th March, 1886.

them, and are labelled in a tongue "understanded of the people." It seems to be an admitted fact that more collectors are the need of the moment, so it would be a great pity if people who could do useful work should be scared away by finding themselves confronted by technical difficulties at the outset. If the first broad outline of classification is made clear and simple, expressed in ordinary English words used in their natural sense, study and experience will presently show the worker the need for a fuller nomenclature, and he will welcome the technical words—life-casket, husk-myth, cumulative tale, and so forth—as he becomes acquainted with the ideas or the things they have been formed to describe. But otherwise, I am afraid, the would-be neophyte will be inclined to think that the Folk-lorists have taken a hint from their Folk-tales, and enchanted a charming prince into the guise of a repulsive monster!

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

HEREFORDSHIRE NOTES.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.



PROPOS of "Kentsham Bell" (see "Two Folk-Tales from Herefordshire" in *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii. p. 20), there is a parish called *Kinsham* in Herefordshire, about four miles from *Presteign*. There is also *Kentchurch*.

The Rev. M. G. Watkins, who is now Rector of the latter parish, would no doubt readily make inquiries with a view to ascertaining whether this Herefordshire story can be localised in either of these places.

"THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT."

From recitation of the same old nurse who told the folk-tales just mentioned. 1883.

"T'was an outlandish knight came from the North land,
He came on a wooing to me,
He told me he'd take me unto the North land,
And there he would marry me.

"Go fetch me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where there stand thirty and three.

"She fetched him some of her father's gold,
And some of her mother's fee,
And two of the best nags out of the stable,
Where there stood thirty and three.

"He mounted on his milk-white steed,
And she on her dappled grey;
They rode till they came unto the salt sea,
Three hours before it was day.

"Get off, get off your dappled grey,
And deliver it unto me;
For here I have drowned six ladies fair,
And thou the seventh shalt be.

"Doff off, doff off your silken gown,
And deliver it unto me;
For methinks it doth look too rich and too gay
To be drowned in the salt sea'

"If I doff off my silken gown (smock?)
You must turn your back to me,
For methinks it's not fitting that such a ruf-*fin*
A naked woman should see.'

"He turned his back towards her then
And bitterly she did weep,
She ketch'd him holt (hold) by the middle so small,
And tumbled him into the deep.

"Lie there, lie there, thou falsehearted man,
Lie there instead of me.
For since thou has drowned six ladies fair,
The seventh has drowned thee.'

“ She mounted then the milk-white steed,
 And led the dappled grey,
 And she rode till she came to her father’s house,
 An hour before it was day.

“ The parrot was up in the window so high,
 Seeing how the lady did ride,
 She feared that some ruf-*fin* had led her astray,
 That she tarried

“ ‘ Oh, hold your tongue my pretty par-*rut*,
 Don’t tell your tales of me ;
 Your cage shall be made of the beaten gold,
 Though now it is made of a tree.’ ”

WITCHCRAFT AND CHARMS.

“ There was a young man as worked for me when I was living in Herefordshire, as always wore a charm from a child. Couldn’t do without it. When he was a little lad he was sent for a can of milk, and he came running, and slopped some of the milk over a door-stone in passing, and the woman came out and abused him ; and it was always supposed she bewitched him, for he always seemed to pine afterwards. Nothing ailed him, only he didn’t grow, nor thrive. Never complained, never said he was ill, only couldn’t eat, and in the night he’d get out of bed and go into the garden and lay him down among the potatoes. And then his father or his mother would go and fetch him back, and he never knew where he was, or how he come there, and they’d get him back and cover him up in bed again.

“ And there was a man as worked with his father, and he says to him one day, he says, ‘ Tell thee what : if I was thee, I’d take Jack over to the Marsh Farm.’ ‘ Ay ? ’ he says ; ‘ dost tha think as the oud man ’d do him any good ? ’ ‘ To be sure,’ he says ; ‘ it’s plain,’ he says, ‘ what ails the lad, and doctor’s stuff won’t do nothing for him.’

“ Well, the father said no more ; but on the Sunday morning he got up and dressed himself, and he says, ‘ I think as I’ll take Jack over to the Marsh Farm to-day.’ So they went ; and as soon as ever they come in the old farmer says, ‘ What ! thou’st brought Jack,

hast thou?’ (Knewed what they come for, you see, afore ever they said a word.) ‘Well,’ he says, ‘why didstna thou come afore? thou’st like to ha’ bin too late. Thou hadst ought to a come afore. Howsoever,’ he says, ‘I’ll see what I can do.’ So he wrote him a charm. I don’t know what it was; but it would very likely be something the same as that you’ve showed me,’ [the old toothache charm about St. Peter!]. And he fastened it up in a bit of green silk, and the boy was to wear it round his neck, just in the centre of his chest, and never to part with it. Every time as he changed his clothes he was to be sure and keep the charm about him—never to part with it. Well, and he got all right and quite hearty after that, only he never durst part with the charm.

“Only once he’d been changing his clothes, and he slipped it off somehow. It was in the harvest, and he was leading the waggon. His father was pitching at the top end of the field, and all of a sudden he see the boy making straight for a bit of a dingle at the bottom, and he shouted to him; but he took no notice—it was like as if he was silly. And his father run, and he did but just get to him in time, and a good job as he did, else him and the waggon and horses and all would a been right over the steep side of the dingle. And they couldn’t make out whatever ailed the lad; but they took him home, and put him to bed, and when they come to ex-amine him, of course they found as he hadn’t got the charm on. So they put it on him again, and he was all right after. He was grown a young man when I knew him; he worked for me twelve years, but he always wore the charm.”—(Told, March 25th, 1885, by an old farmer who lived for many years in the country between Hereford and Leominster to C. S. Burne)

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

“A practice prevails pretty generally in Herefordshire (at least in the district between Hereford and Malvern) and parts of Monmouthshire which is plainly due to the same origin [as the Lancashire Simnels] ‘Mothering Sunday’ (as they call it) is there, as in Lancashire, Mid-Lent Sunday; and on that day every-

body goes to church. The clergyman sees there people who, at other times, are often missing, and with them a great influx of strangers, outsiders from other villages, married sons or daughters who have come to visit the old folks. Such visitors are said to have come a 'Mothering,' and they bring with them a 'Mothering' cake as a present, less or larger, as their means may allow, but always frosted over with sugar.

"Neither is this custom confined to the poor. Families of condition are wont to observe it, and the squire's wife of the olden time (nay even down to times yet fully remembered) would betake herself to the kitchen to do what at other times she never condescended to. Mothering-cakes were supposed to be made by the givers, and if Madam wished to send one . . . the cake was warranted of her own make."—(From a little pamphlet on *Midlent Simnels*, recently written by a clergyman at Scarborough for Frances Taylor, pastry-cook, of that town ; but without date.)

APPLE-ORCHARDS AND ST. PETER'S DAY.

"Unless the apples are christened on St. Peter's Day the crop will not be good ; and there ought to be a shower of rain when the people will go through the orchards, but no one seems to know for what purpose exactly."—(Extract from letter, dated 25th September, 1880, written at Elton, in the north of Herefordshire, about six miles from Ludlow in Shropshire, to C. S. Burne.)

CHRISTMAS.

A respectable middle-aged labourer (say 42 or 43) tells me that in his boyhood his father was always careful to provide a *Christmas Yule-log*. On Christmas morning he would put a bit saved from *last year's log* on the fire, and lay the new log on the top of it, so that it might be kindled from the last year's piece. Before the log was quite burnt out he took it off, extinguished it, and put it by to kindle the next log from. He lived in Herefordshire, just where the three counties of Hereford, Radnor, and Salop meet.—(Told me at Eccles-hall, November 1885. C. S. Burne.)

FRANCHISE OF WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE.

“Previous to the Reform Bill of 1832, which I remember, the borough of Weobley, Herefordshire, was a pocket one of the Marquis of Bath. He has also large estates round Minsterley [Shropshire], and his tenants from there used to go to Weobley to vote at elections. The only qualification they required was to boil their kettle there the evening before, from which they were called ‘pot-wallopers.’ I can remember hearing of them drinking about in Stretton [Shropshire] on their way back.”—(Letter, written 14th May, 1885, to C. S. Burne, by a lady at Church-Stretton, Salop, who adds that her memory as to these particulars had lately been refreshed and corroborated by an old friend.)

FOLK-TALES OF INDIA.

(Continued from page 63.)

BY THE REV. DR. RICHARD MORRIS.

SIGĀLA JĀTAKA.*

The Greedy Jackal.



IN days long since past, when Brahmadata reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn among the jackal-kind, and dwelt in a forest on the bank of the river Ganges. It came to pass that an old elephant died on the shore of the Ganges. A jackal in prowling about for food espied this carcass, and thought to himself, “I’ve got a lot of food here.” Then he proceeded to fix his teeth in the trunk, but ’twas like biting on the pole of a plough. “There’s nothing at all worth eating here,” thought he. Then he tried the tusks, but

* *Jātaka Book*, vol. i. No. 148, p. 501.

'twas like biting on bone. Next he tried the ears, 'twas like biting on the end of a winnowing-basket. He then fastened on the flanks, 'twas like gnawing into a granary. He tried the feet, but 'twas like biting on a mortar. He then seized on the tail, but 'twas like biting on a pestle. "There is nothing at all fit to eat here," thought he. Getting no toothsome morsels anywhere, he at last set his teeth in the hindquarters. "'Tis like biting on soft cake," thought he. "I've got a proper sort of place now in this carcass for eating a dainty bit." From that time forth he ate his way into the belly of the elephant, devoured the kidneys, the heart and other parts, drank the blood when he was thirsty, and lay down stretched at full length on his belly at bed-time.

Then this thought struck him. "This elephant's carcass, just like a home to me, on account of its pleasant quarters, will supply me with ample food whenever I am hungry, or wish to eat. What business have I now elsewhere?" So he stayed where he was, living in the elephant's inside, and eating, too, its flesh.

After some time had passed, through exposure to the winds of the hot season, and also through the scorching rays of the sun, the carcass dried up and shrivelled, so that the passage by which the jackal had entered became closed. There was darkness within the belly of the elephant, and to the jackal it appeared like an abode in the Lokantara-hell.*

As soon as the outside of the body dried up, the flesh also shrivelled up, and the blood ceased to flow. The jackal finding no exit got alarmed: hither and thither he ran, tapping and groping about in search of a way out, but he found himself fixed within the carcass of the elephant, just like a mess of meal in a cooking-pot. After some days there came a downfall of rain, which gave the carcass a soaking, caused it to swell, and to regain its natural shape. Then there appeared an opening in the hindquarters, like a little star. When the jackal perceived the aperture, he thought, "Now I am saved."

* The original is "like the Lokantarika-quarters." The Lokantara is the space between three spheres (*cakkavālas*). The Lokantarika hell is a place of punishment partly inhabited by *petas*, the spirits of the departed, extremely attenuated, and resembling a dry leaf.

Leaving the head of the elephant, he at once bounded off in great haste, and thrusting his head through the passage of exit made his way out.

By reason of the decomposed state of the carcass all the hairs that had been washed off by the rain were matted together in the aforesaid passage. The jackal was quite bewildered at the sight of the hairless body of the elephant, which resembled the trunk of a palm-tree. After rushing about for a moment, he stopped, sat down, and took a steady look at the carcass, thinking, "This unpleasant business has not been brought about by any other (than myself). Greed's the cause and the means. On account of greed I've done all this. From this time forth I'll not give way to covetousness. Never again, indeed, will I enter the carcass of an elephant." With anxious heart he uttered the following *gāthā* :—

" Never again, not e'en once more indeed,
 Never again, not here or there forsooth,
 Never again, dead tuskers will I seek,
 Or in them dwell, so scared was I just now."

And when he had thus spoken he fled from that place, and never again dared even to stop and look at that or any other elephant's carcass ; and from that time forth he was free from covetousness.

VISAVANTA JĀTAKA.*

The Serpent and the Medicine-man.

In times very remote, when Brahmadata reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in the family of a poison-doctor, and he lived by practising as a medicine-man. It happened that a certain person was bitten by a serpent. His relatives, without delay, quickly fetched a doctor, who said, "I usually extract serpent-poison by the use of drugs ; but I'll have that serpent which has bitten the man brought here, and I'll e'en make it draw out the poison from the place that has been wounded." "Having caused the serpent to be brought here, make it draw out the venom," said they. He had the serpent

* *Jātaka Book*, vol. i. No. 69, p. 310.

brought, and said to it, "Did you bite this person?" "Yes, I did," it replied. "Well, then, with your mouth extract the venom from the place that has been bitten." "I can't take back the poison I have once left. I'll not extract the venom that I've infix'd," replied the serpent. Having collected some sticks, the medicine-man made a fire, and said, "If you don't mean to extract your venom, enter this fire."

"I'll even go into the fire, for I am not able to 're-sorb' the poison I've left in a wound," said the snake, uttering the following *gāthā* :—

"Oh! shame to ask a thing too hard to do,
That I to-day, to save my life, should venom draw
Out from a wound where once I did it leave :
In such a case I'd rather die than live."

And when he had thus spoken, he proceeded to enter the fire.

Then the medicine-man prevented him, and extracted the poison by means of drugs and spells, and so made him well. To the serpent he gave moral instruction, saying, "From this time forth do injury to no one." Then he let it go.

THE SUVANNAHAMSA JĀTAKA.*

The Golden Flamingo and the greedy Brāhman-woman.

Once upon a time, when Brahmadata reigned in Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in a certain brāhman family. When he was grown up they brought him a wife from a family of equal rank to his own. Nanda, as she was called, had in the course of time three daughters, who, in due course, went and married into other families. The Bodhisat, moreover, died, and was reborn as a golden flamingo, and there came to him the knowledge and remembrance of his previous birth. When he grew up he was covered with golden feathers. On seeing the exceeding great loveliness to which he had attained, he thought to himself, "I wonder from whence I disappeared, and came here?" He remembered that it was from the "world of men." Again he mentally inquired, "How now do the brāhman-woman and my daughters get a living?" Finding that

* *Jātaka Book*, vol. i. No. 136, p. 474.

they earned a living with difficulty as the servants of others, he thought to himself, "I have on my body golden feathers, which can be plucked or rubbed off, so I'll give them a single plume, on the proceeds of which both my wife and daughters will be able to live comfortably." Then he proceeded to where they lived, and alighted on the top of a bamboo. Both the brâhman-woman and her daughters on seeing the Bodhisat inquired, "From whence have you come here, sir?" "I am your father," he answered, "who died, and was reborn as a golden flamingo. I am come here to see you. Hitherto you have performed menial services for others, and have had a hard struggle to live, having no means of subsistence. From this time forth I'll give you a single plume. Take and sell it, and live comfortably on the proceeds." So saying, he gave them one plume, and departed. Going there at intervals, in the manner already described, he used to give them a single plume, by which means the brâhman-women became rich and contented.

After a while the brâhman-woman one day said to her daughters, "My dears, it is very difficult to understand the intentions of animals. Perhaps your father 'll not come here again, but, when he does, let's take and strip all his feathers off." They objected, saying, "Our father shall not be so shamefully treated."

But one day, when the golden flamingo returned, the brâhman-woman, moved by great covetousness, said, "Just come here, husband." Seizing him with both hands, she plucked off all his plumes. But all those feathers, because they were stripped off by violence, without the consent of the Bodhisat, became just like the feathers of a crane.

The Bodhisat, though he stretched out his wings, was unable to fly away. Then the women threw him into a big jar, and gave him food. When his feathers grew again they turned out to be quite white. He, with his wings restored, flew up, and at once returned to his own quarters, and came back no more.

The Buddha's moral to this story is expressed in the following *gâthâ* :—

" Be content with what's given, seek not to get more,
O'er greedy the wicked, unsated they are ;
When the good flamingo was stript of his plume,
His feathers of gold all their colour did lose."

SAÑJIVA JĀTAKA.*

Once upon a time, when Brahmadata reign'd at Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born in a wealthy brâhman family. When grown up he studied all sciences in Benares, became a very famous instructor, and taught science to five hundred young brâhmans. Among these was a youth named Sañjiva, and him the Bodhisat gave a spell for raising the dead. He, indeed, acquired a mantra for raising the dead, but did not possess any common sense (to make a proper use of it). One day he went along with some companions into the forest to gather fuel, and seeing there a dead tiger he said to them—"Oh, I'll raise that dead tiger." "You can't," replied his friends. He said, "Well then, I'll do it before your eyes." "Raise it to life, if you can," they answered, at the same time getting up a tree (for safety).

Sañjiva having repeated his spell, struck the dead tiger with a potsherd. The tiger started up, and with a bound seized Sañjiva by the throat and killed him. Then he lay on the ground along with Sañjiva, and both lay dead exactly on the same spot.

The young brâhmans departed with their wood, and informed their teacher of the whole affair. He addressed them as follows:—"My sons, on account of a misdirected exercise (of knowledge), and through bestowing honour and respect upon an improper object, this, your companion, has come to such a bad end. Then he uttered the following *gâthâ*:—

"The man who misdirects his skill,
And honour pays to worthless men,
Will fall a prey to greedy knaves,
Like him whom tiger fierce did slay."

THE AGGI JĀTAKA.†

The pious Jackal that knew how to count.

In days gone by, when Brahmadata reign'd at Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born as king of the rats, and lived in the forest.

* *Jātaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 150, p. 510.

† *Jātaka Book*, vol. i. No. 129, p. 461.

On a time there was a fire in the forest, and a certain jackal, unable to escape, remained in a tree up to his neck. The hair all over his body was burnt. And, as he stood up to his neck in the tree, the short hairs on his head appeared like a tuft of hair (*i. e.*, like the top-knot on the shorn head of an ascetic).

One day, as he was drinking water in a pool, he beheld his shadow, and saw the top-knot on his head. Then he thought, "Now I've got the means of getting a living."* While wandering about in the forest he saw the rat-cave, and thought, "I must cajole and eat these rats," so he stood not far off (the cave) in the manner already described.† It came to pass that the Bodhisat, going on his rounds for food, saw him, and deemed him to be "religious." So he drew near to him, and asked, "Who may you be?" The jackal replied, "I am Aggika-Bhâradvâja."‡ "Why do you come here?" inquired the rat-king. "To take care of you," replied the jackal. "What will you do to protect us?" "I am acquainted," said the jackal, "with 'arithmetic';§ so early in the morning, when you start out in search of food, and again on your return in the evening, I'll count how many there are of you. And thus, by counting you every morning and evening, I'll take care of you."

"Well, then, uncle," said the rat-king, "look after us." "Good!" said he, as he consented.

When they were leaving the cave he counted "one, two, three," &c., and so, also, in the evening, on their return he counted them, taking and eating always the one that came last of all. The rest of the rats he ate just in the same way as has been already described.||

But, in this instance, the rat-king, turning back, stood still, and said: "O, Aggika-Bhâradvâja, this top-knot of hair has not been

* *i. e.* the top-knot on his head would be a source of profit by enabling to pretend that he was an ascetic.

† With his head up and the top-knot visible.

‡ One of the seven sages (*rishis*).

§ Literally "thumb counting."

|| This may refer to the description of how the rats were eaten by the jackal in the Bilâra Jâtaka.

placed upon your head because you are virtuously disposed, but in order to fill your belly." Then he spake the following *gâthâ* :—

“ For virtue’s sake thy skill thou usest not,
 To eat and fill thy paunch thou dost us count ;
 No tails thou’lt leave I fear, O holy sage,
 So get thee hence, methinks thou’st had enough.”

THE SATTUBHASTA JĀTAKA.*

The old Brâhman and his Wife.

In olden times, when Janaka reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born in a brâhman family, and received the name of Senaka Kumâra.

On reaching years of discretion, he studied all sciences at Takkasilâ, and on his return to Benares he met with the king, who made him one of his ministers. He instructed the king in temporal and spiritual matters. Being a preacher of pleasant speech he established the king in the five moral practices, in almsgiving, observance of the fast-days, and the ten modes of virtuous action. Throughout the realm it seemed as if the Buddhas had made their appearance at this particular time.

Once a fortnight the king, his viceroys and others, used to assemble together, and adorn the service-hall. The Bodhisat in the decorated hall used to preach the law with all the grace of a Buddha, and his discourse was like that of the Buddhas.

At that time a certain old brâhman going on his rounds for alms obtained a thousand *kahapanas*, and when he had deposited them (for safety) with a certain brâhman-friend of his family, he departed for the purpose of again seeking alms. But after he had gone the unfaithful brâhman appropriated and spent the *kahâpanas* (entrusted to his care), and was unable to produce them on the return of the old brâhman, so he gave him (as compensation) his daughter to wife. He received her, and took up his abode in a brâhman village not far from Benares. It came to pass that his wife, being young and lasci-

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 402, p. 341.

vious, misconducted herself with a certain young brâhman. For there are of a truth sixteen things which cannot be satisfied. What are they? They are as follows:—1, the ocean is not satisfied with rivers; 2. nor fire with fuel; 3. nor a king with his (own) kingdom; 4. nor a fool with sin; 5. nor a woman with sexual intercourse, ornaments, and child-bearing; 6. nor a brâhman with spells; 7. nor a recluse with meditation; 8. nor a sekha with reverence (due to an arahat); 9. nor a contented man with the dhuta observances; 10. nor an energetic man with energy; 11. nor the talker with conversation; 12. nor a wise man with councils; 13. nor a faithful (follower of Buddha) with serving the sangha (assembly); 14. nor a learned man with hearing the law; 15. nor the four assemblies (of Buddha's disciples) with seeing the Tathâgata.

So this brâhman woman, unsated with sexual intercourse, determined to get her old husband out of the house, and to follow her vicious inclinations. One day this evil-minded creature lay down (as if indisposed). "What's the matter, my dear?" asked the husband. "O, sir," she replied; "I can't do the housework, so get me a female slave." "O, my dear," answered her husband, "I have no means, how shall I obtain one for you?" asked the brâhman. "Go in quest of alms, so get some money and bring me home a slave," replied the wife. "Well, then, wife, provide me with some food for the journey," said he. The wife then filled a leather bag with two sorts of meal (baked and unbaked), and gave it to him. The brâhman, after wandering about through divers villages, towns, and cities, obtained seven hundred *kahâpanas*; then he turned towards his own village, knowing that he had got enough money to purchase a female slave. On his way home at a certain spot, where there was a good supply of water, he untied his bag, ate some of his food, and then without fastening up his bag, he went down to the spring to get a drink of water. Just at that time a black snake living in the hole of a certain tree smelt the savour of the meal, crept into the bag, ate and enjoyed the meal, and then lay down (to sleep).

On his return the brâhman tied up his bag without taking any note of what was inside it, slung it across his shoulder, and started off

again. As he was going on his way a tree-sprite within the trunk of a tree called out: "O brâhman, if you do not return home you yourself will die, and if you go home your wife will die." Having thus spoken the sprite vanished.

The brâhman, on looking about and seeing nothing, became alarmed and frightened to death; so, weeping and wailing, he reached the entrance of Benares. At that time it happened to be the fast observed on the day of the new moon, the day when the Bodhisat sitting on the grand seat of judgment expounded the law, and when the multitude flocked together with scented flowers in their hands to hear a discourse on religion.

Seeing this, the brâhman asked where they were all going. "O brâhman," they answered, "to-day the learned Senaka preaches the law in the most pleasant manner, and with all the grace of a Buddha. Were you not aware of it?" On hearing this he thought to himself: "It is said that the preacher is clever, and I am frightened to death; may be this wise man can rid me of this great sorrow. I must go myself and hear this discourse." So he went with them; and with his bag on his shoulder stood trembling not far from the judgment-seat, in the outer circle of the assembly, consisting of the king and others around the "great being."

The Bodhisat, as if going to the celestial river, and as if showering down an ambrosial rain, delivered a discourse. The delighted multitude listened and applauded. Wise men indeed have a wide range of vision. At that very moment the Bodhisat, opening his eyes, serene and clear, and seeing the brâhman, thought,—“All this assembly are listening to my discourse joyfully and applaudingly, but this brâhman, afflicted with grief, is the only person giving way to lamentation; there must surely be within him some cause for this sorrow. I will rid him of it as easily as if I were removing copper verdigris caused by an acid (on a vessel), or a drop of moisture from the leaf of a lotus; and, having made him free from sorrow and glad-hearted, I will expound the law to him.” Then he addressed him as follows: "O brâhman, I am called the sage Senaka, and will cause thee to put away thy grief. Speak out boldly." While thus talking with him he uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

“ Perturb’d art thou in mind and thought,
 Distressed thy feelings are with grief ;
 Thine eyes are shedding bitter tears,
 And signs of woe do plainly show.
 What hast thou lost that’s dear to thee ?
 Or what desirest thou to have
 That here thou stand’st thus woe-begone ?
 Come, brâhman, say, hide not the cause.”

Then the brâhman informed the Bodhisat of the cause of his sorrow in the words of the following *gâthâ* :—

“ Methought I heard a tree-sprite say,
 ‘ When you reach home your wife shall die ;
 And should you not straightway go home,
 Yet death yourself shall lay full low.’
 On this account I am thus sad,
 With care and sorrow sore bestead.
 O tell me, learnèd Senaka,
 What means the goblin’s fearsome words.”

The Bodhisat on hearing the brâhman’s speech, as if casting a net into the sea, spread out the net of knowledge, thinking to himself—“ These beings die from many and various causes. Some die drowned in the sea, seized there by monsters of the deep, others fall into the Ganges, and are devoured by crocodiles ; some fall from trees, and are impaled by stakes, others are wounded by diverse weapons ; some take poison, others strangle themselves ; some fall down a precipice, others die also either of cold or of various diseases with which they are afflicted. Now of which of these many and various causes of death will this brâhman, not returning home, die, or of what will his wife die as soon as he returns home ?”

With thoughts of this kind in his mind the Bodhisat looked up and saw the leather bag slung across the brâhman’s shoulder, and he came to the following conclusions—that a snake enticed by the odour of the meal must have crept into the bag which the brâhman left open when, after his breakfast, he had gone to the spring to get a drink of water, and that the brâhman on his return, unaware of the snake’s presence, had fastened up his bag and set out on his homeward journey. So, by his knowledge and skill in expedients, the Bodhisat foresaw that if the brâhman undid his bag at some resting-

place for the purpose of taking his evening meal, the snake, as soon as he put his hand into the bag, would bite him, and he would die. This would be the cause of his death while on his way home. But if he should go straight home the wife would get hold of the bag, and, in seeking to learn the contents of it, would thrust her hand into it, and then she would be bitten and die, and so the brâhman's return would be the cause of his wife's death.

Then it occurred to him that this black snake must be lying in the bag unconscious of fear and danger, for the bag striking against the broad ribs of the brâhman did not give any signs of movement or of struggling, nor manifest its being alone in the midst of such an assembly. By his knowledge and skill in expedients the Bodhisat, as if seeing things with his divine eye, became aware that this black snake was fearless and secure. So the Bodhisat, all skilful and wise, just like one who had stood and seen the snake enter the bag, gave an exact answer to the brâhman's question as he uttered the following *gâthâ* in the great assembly :—

“Your question has my thoughts engaged,
 And divers reasons turn'd I o'er ;
 What I shall say the truth will be
 (No falsehood shall my lips defile).
 I think, O brâhman, wise and learn'd,
 That in thy bag, which meal contains,
 A snake full fierce and black of hue
 Has entrance gain'd, unknown to thee.”

When he had thus spoken the Bodhisat inquired, “Is there any meal in your bag?” “There is, sir.” “Did you eat meal at breakfast-time?” “I did, sir.” “Where did you sit?” “In a wood, at the foot of a tree.” “When you had eaten, and went in search of water, did you tie up your bag or leave it open?” “I left it open, sir.” “When you returned, did you, before tying up your bag, look inside it?” “I tied it up without looking into it, sir.” “I believe, brâhman, at the time you went to get water, that unknown to you a snake, enticed by the smell of the meal, crept into your bag. This is the reason (of the sprite's words), therefore, put down your bag, set it in the midst here, and leave it open; then, standing a little

distance off, take a stick and strike the bag. When you see a black snake expanding its hood and hissing you'll be free from all your doubts.

“ Now take a stick, your bag well strike,
And then an angry snake behold ;
Your doubts and fears away with quite !
Pray ope the bag and see the snake.”

The brâhman, on hearing the Bodhisat's words, though alarmed and terrified, did as he was bidden. The snake, on feeling the blows of the stick, came out of the bag and stared with astonishment at the assembled multitude.

After the Bodhisat had explained the meaning of the sprite's puzzling words a snake-charmer deprived the reptile of its fangs and let it loose in the forest.

The brâhman then drew near to the king, did obeisance to him, wished him victory (over his woes), and praised him in the following *gâthâ* :

“ Full well I know that he who sees
The wisdom great of Senaka
Will say indeed—‘ Great gain it is
For Janaka, this noble king.’ ”

When he had thus praised the king he took out of his bag seven hundred coins wishing to bestow them upon the Bodhisat, whose praises he sang in the following *gâthâ* :—

“ Methinks all things are in thy ken,
And secrets deep thou dost reveal.
Accept, I pray, these coins I've here,
They all are mine, them give I thee ;
To-day my life you sure have sav'd
And set my wife from danger free.”

On hearing this, the Bodhisat uttered the following *gâthâ* :—

“ The wise no wages ask nor take
For verses fine, not rude of speech ;
To thee, O brâhman, give I wealth,
My gifts accept and hie thee home.”

So having thus spoken the Bodhisat caused a purse to be filled with a thousand pieces and to be given to the brâhman. “ By whom, brâh-

man, were you sent in search of wealth?" asked the Bodhisat. "By the wife, sir." "Is your wife young or old?" "Young, learned sir." "Well, then, she has misconducted herself with a certain person, and in order to be in no fear of your finding out her fault she sent you away. If you take home your wealth she will give to her lover the money you have so painfully earned: so don't go straight home, but outside the village somewhere, at the root of a tree, hide your money, and then in the evening return home."

Having given him this advice he dismissed him. The brâhman did as he was bidden. On reaching home his wife and her lover were at that moment sitting together. The brâhman, standing at the door, called out—"Wife!" She, recognising the sound of his voice, put out the light and opened the door. As soon as her husband entered she put her paramour outside the door. Not seeing anything in the bag, she asked the brâhman if he had not received aught while away on his round for alms. He told her that he had got a thousand pieces. "Where are they?" she asked. "I have put them in a certain place, and early to-morrow morning I will bring them here: so don't be in any anxiety about the matter."

On hearing this she went out and told her lover, and he set off and found all the money just where it had been placed. The next day the brâhman, finding that his money had gone, went and informed the Bodhisat. "Well, brâhman, what is it?" "I can't find my money, learned sir." "Perhaps you told your wife!" "I did, learned sir." When the Bodhisat became aware that the wife's paramour knew where the money was he said, "Perhaps you know a brâhman who is an intimate friend of your wife's family?" "I do, learned sir."

Then the Bodhisat gave him provisions for seven days, saying, "Go! On the first day invite fourteen brâhmans, of whom seven are thy wife's friends and seven thine, and entertain them. Begin next day to dismiss them, one by one each day; then, on the seventh day, invite two brâhmans, of whom one is your wife's friend and another yours, and as soon as you are sure of the arrival of your wife's friend (*i.e.*, the young lover) let me know."

The brâhman did as he was told, and as soon as the Bodhisat knew

that the young brâhman had come to the feast, he sent off men with the old brâhman to bring the wife's paramour before him.

"Did you," he asked, "take from the root of a certain tree a thousand pieces of money belonging to this old brâhman?"

"I did not, learned sir," he replied.

"Do you know how wise I, the learned Senaka am?" asked the Bodhisat. "I'll cause those *kahâpanas* to be brought here."

"I did take them, learned sir," said he, in great fright.

"What have you done with them?" asked the Bodhisat.

The thief explained what he had done with them. The Bodhisat then inquired of the old brâhman whether he wished to keep this naughty young woman as his wife, or to take another. The brâhman expressed a wish to keep her.

The Bodhisat then sent his men for the brâhman's *kahâpanas* and for the young wife. To the good husband he restored the money taken from that thief of a brâhman, and, by order of the king, he caused the culprit to be expelled from the city, at the same time cautioned the wife (to behave herself better for the future). Upon the old brâhman he conferred great honours, and made him take up his abode very near him.*

NOTES AND QUERIES.

American Indian Folk-tale.—The enclosed extract from *The American Antiquarian* for January, 1886, seems to me a genuine bit of folk-lore which may well find a place in the Society's *Journal*.

J. J. FOSTER.

HOW THE WHULL-E-MOOCH GOT FIRE.—"The old folks tell us," said the old man from whom I had this story, "that very long ago the Whullemooch (dwellers on Whull, Puget Sound, W. T.) had no fire. All their food was eaten raw, their evenings were dull and cheerless—without fire and without light. One day while a number of these people were seated on the grass having a meal of raw flesh, a

* For a later version of this story see *Thibetan Tales*, pp. 144-149,

pretty bird with a shining tail came and hovered around them. After admiring its beautiful plumage, some one said, 'Pretty bird, what do you want? Pretty bird, where do you come from?' 'I came,' replied the bird, 'from a beautiful country far away, bringing you all the blessings of Hieuc (fire). That which you see about my tail is fire. I have come to give it to the children of the Whullemooch conditionally. First, you must, in order to value it, earn it. Agzin, no one who has been guilty of a bad deed or of a mean action need try for it. To-day get ready, each of you, some chummuch (pitch pine). To-morrow morning I shall be here with you.' When it came next morning it said, 'Have all of you got some chummuch?' 'Yes,' said all. 'I go,' said the bird, 'and whosoever catches me and puts his chummuch on my tail shall obtain a blessing, a something whereby to warm himself or herself, cook his food and do many a service to himself and to the children of the Whullemooch for ever. I go.' It went; every man and woman, boy and girl of the tribe followed helter-skelter, some laughing, some shouting, others in their heedless haste fell over rocks into water-holes, got torn and scratched by bushes and thorns. Some who lacked perseverance turned back and went home, saying anything so beset with trouble and danger was not worth the trying for. All of the hunters were getting tired and hungry, when one of the men came near the bird and tried to catch it, but the bird eluded his grasp, saying, 'You can never get the prize: you are too selfish. You don't care for any one, whether sick or hungry, so long as you are right yourself.' With that away flew the bird, and another man took up the chase. Hearing what was said to the other, he changed his tactics, saying, 'Pretty birdie, let me catch you; I never did anything bad or mean. If ever I saw any one hungry or thirsty I gave them silhtun (food and drink), or if I could I gave them a skin or a blanket.' 'All you say is good, but in one point you fail. You stole your neighbour's wife by flattery.' This saying, away went the bird, a number still following. Passing a woman nursing a sick old man, she said, 'Pretty bird, I cannot follow you; won't you come to me and give me your hieuc?' 'What good have you done,' said the bird, 'that you should get it?' 'I have done nothing but what was my duty always to do,' replied the woman. 'Good woman,' said the bird, 'you are always doing good,

thinking it only your duty. Bring your wood, put it on my tail and take the fire. It is justly yours.' When the wood was laid on the bird's tail it blazed up. All the others brought their chummuch and got fire from her. From then until now we have never been without fire. We took care of it because we found the good of it. So, Nay Minnay (my child), that is how the Whullemooch got their fire." "Nis Tatuja" (my father), said I, "what became of the bird?" "After that it flew away and was never again seen."

The Morris Dancers at Clifton.—A representation of this ancient custom was given at the Victoria Rooms on Saturday afternoon by a troupe not of professional dancers but of village rustics, who, living in the neighbourhood of Shakespeare's birthplace, where the Morris Dance had longer survived than in other parts of the country, were familiar with the various steps and figures. Mr. D'Arcy Ferris, who has revived this ancient dance and organised the troupe, first gave a brief lecture on its origin and antiquity, which, he said, was a purely rustic performance danced by rustics, and therefore uncouth and untrained. The troupe, which numbered twelve men, were attired in picturesque costume, consisting of low beaver hats, gay with parti-coloured bands; frilled shirts, decorated with rosettes and tied round the arms with gay ribbons; knee breeches, blue stockings, and boots; and around each leg just beneath the knee was a garter, from which depended ribbons of various hues and small bells, which gave a curious jingling effect as the men danced. The ancient piper was represented by a fiddler, who seemed well accustomed to the quaint tunes, to the strains of which the dancers footed it right merrily and with a marked observance of time. Some of the dances reminded one of the simpler figures of a plain set of quadrilles or the country-dance of Sir Roger de Coverley, but most of them were characterised by a peculiar quaintness, due no doubt to their antiquity. The foreman of the dancers announced the name of the dance before commencing. There were—"Shepherds' Hay," "Billy and Nancy," "Princess Royal," "Young Colin," "Devil among the Tailors," "Old Trunk," "Saturday Night," "Constant Billy," "Old Woman tossed up in a Blanket," "Black Joke," "Molly Oxford," "We won't go home till morning," &c. Between the dances there were diversions by the Tom Fool and the hobby-horse.—*Bristol Mercury*, 8 March, 1886.

Adder's Tongue.—"Rambling through part of Worcestershire last summer, a nice-looking old woman to whom I was talking, evidently a labourer's wife, said : ' Yes, we've had twelve children, and they're all alive and doing well, thank the Lord and the adder's tongue.' In evident good faith, and earnest belief in its efficacy as a charm to bring luck and prosperity, the old lady proceeded to tell me that her father, who lived in Montgomeryshire, was walking one day amongst the lines when he noticed an adder gliding round him. He seized it by the neck with one hand, and with the other, armed with a leaf, plucked out its tongue. This tongue he kept until his daughter married, when he gave it her. She passed it on to her husband, and, in succession, each member of their family possessed it for a time ; but no one knew who had it, and avoided asking. Whenever the tongue withered it had merely to be wrapped in a fresh cabbage, or other leaf, to revive and keep it sweet and right. She advised me strongly to get a tongue, said it was easily done, by holding a leaf in the hand when plucking it out, and would surely bring me the comfort and well-being which it had brought to her. Asked if I could not have hers, she said, rather solemnly, ' No ; it must not be found out where it was.'"—K. K. C.

J. H. MIDDLETON.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Kalilah and Dimnah ; or, The Fables of Bidpai : being an account of their Literary History, with an English Translation of the later Syriac Version of the same. By I. G. N. Keith Falconer, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.)

This is a welcome book to the student of folk-lore, as supplying him with the best and most complete version in existence of one of the most famous and oldest collections of folk-stories known. It is, indeed, to be regretted that Mr. Falconer should not rather have chosen for translation the Arabic text of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, both more complete and more satisfactory in form and style than the Syriac version of which the book under notice is an English render-

ing; but, as he explains in his preface that his translation is intended to serve as a text-book to the Syriac student, we have, we suppose, no right to quarrel with his choice.

The first thing that strikes a reader of this curious book is the inaptness, from the European point of view, of the title, "The *Fables of Bidpai*," to what is practically a collection of moral discourses, interspersed with illustrative anecdotes, parables and apologues, strung together upon the slenderest possible thread of narrative and bearing scant resemblance to what is commonly known in Europe as a fable, as will at once appear from a comparison with the fables of Æsop, Lafontaine, Yriarte, or even Kriloff. The European conception of the fable is essentially Æsopic, and (as Mr. Falconer points out in his Introduction) in fables of this form animals are allowed to act as animals, whilst Indian fables make them act as men in form of animals. Indeed, the unknown author of the Indian original of *Kalilah and Dimnah*, whether *Bidpai* (*Pilpay*) or another, does not trouble himself to conceal the purely human character of the (nominally) beast-personages of which he makes use for the purpose of enouncing and illustrating the moral instances and rules of life and faith he desires to impress upon his readers, and the artistic worth of his production suffers enormously by his carelessness in this respect. What, indeed (to cite only one or two instances), can be more destructive to the illusion of a reader, whose object is not exclusively scientific or scholastic, than to find, in a story where all the speakers are beasts, jackals (see *Kalilah and Dimnah*), hares, owls, and crows (see the story of the Owls and Crows) constantly spoken of as men and addressed as "O man," "O madman," "O insolent man," &c., &c., and to find them all, as a rule, expressing and referring to the sentiments, circumstances, and motives of action peculiar not to the bestial but the human part of the Creation? It may, indeed, be surmised, that for some, at least, of these incongruities the translator himself is responsible, as he has in other instances of the same character substituted (as he would, perhaps, have done well to do throughout) the word "one" (*e.g.*, "O ill-starred one," &c.) for the unsatisfactory "man." We have not the Syriac text to refer to, but in Arabic the original of the vocative examples cited above would stand thus; *ya hadha*, lit,

O this—*i.e.*, O fellow, O such an one, *ya majnūn*, O mad (one, adjective used as noun), *ya mārid*, O insolent (one), &c.; and it may not unfairly be conjectured that Mr. Falconer has, with the lack of literary tact so common in Orientalists, substituted or added the incongruous word “man” of his own motion. It may be that in this we unjustly suspect him; but an extensive experience of the “tricks and manners” of translators from Oriental languages affords no little warrant for the suspicion. However, whether he be or be not to blame for some of the discrepancies above referred to, they are too numerous and too salient to be thus accounted for as a whole, and there is abundant internal evidence that the great majority of them are attributable to the author of the original work.

Notwithstanding this general divergence from the European form, the Æsopic fable is not altogether absent from the collection. A certain number of regular specimens are to be found scattered throughout the text, especially in the first and chief story, that from which the book takes its name, and which contains a number of short fables (*e.g.*, The Fox and the Tabret, p. 14, The Raven and the Jackal, p. 23, The Crabs and the Heron, p. 24, The Lion and the Hare, p. 26, The Three Fishes, p. 31, The Flea and the Louse, p. 34, The Lion and the Camel, p. 43, The Sandpipers and the Sea, p. 48, The Apes and the Glowworm, p. 55), all formed after the pure Æsopic model, and introduced in illustration and support of various arguments and moral instances advanced by the beast-personages of the story; and occasional examples (*e.g.*, The Wolf and the Bow, p. 117), are to be found in the other stories of the collection. The Story of the Ringdove (p. 109) may also be noted in this connection for its partial correspondence with Æsop’s fable of The Lion and the Mouse, and also for its general likeness to the stories of the Birds and Beasts and the Son of Adam, The Waterfowl and the Tortoise, and The Fox and the Crow, in the *Arabian Nights*.* See, also, p. xxv. of the Introduction for a curious version, ending with a characteristic Indian trait, of the story of the mice’s proposal to bell the cat.

A feature of special interest to the students of folk-lore is the occurrence of stories that are either closely related to or evidently the original forms of well-known European folk-tales. The follow-

* Cf. the Villon Society’s edition, iii, 1, 16, 37.

ing, for instance (p. 149), contains the germs of several features of Grimm's well-known story, "Von dem Fischer un syner Fru."

A certain ascetic was very God-fearing, and walked according to all His commandments. And everything he asked of God, He granted him. As he was walking one day along the bank of a river, he saw a young hawk flying upwards with a mouse hanging from his foot. And the mouse fell from it to the ground. The ascetic took it up and wrapped it in a leaf and took it home, and asked God to change it and make it into a girl. And God heard the voice of his supplication, and changed His creature and made it into a female of beautiful appearance and handsome figure. Then said the ascetic to his wife: This is my daughter and the beloved of my soul; so care for her to the best of your ability, and everything that you do for your own daughter, do for this one." The woman did as her partner bade her. When the girl was grown up and came to years, the ascetic said: "I must deal kindly with this my daughter, according as generous fathers do with their children; so I will seek her a suitable partner, who will supply her deficiencies, protect her purity, and preserve her good character from the pollution of evil suspicions. For it has been said, and well said—'Good fortune has he who does not leave his daughter in the house when the manner of women comes upon her, but gives her to a husband.'" Then he said to his daughter: "You have reached the age for marrying, for you ought to have a husband. Tell me now, whom do you wish to be your husband?" She replied: "I desire a mighty man, whom defeat shall never overtake, intelligent and unaffected by foolishness, a man who will not succumb to an enemy, a lamp the oil of whose brightness is never lacking." He said to her: "Perhaps you desire the sun?" She answered, "Yes." Whereupon the ascetic drew near to the sun, saying: "This my daughter is of beautiful appearance, and a handsome figure. Let her be your wife." The sun answered: "I will direct you to some one who is mightier than I, namely, one who can hide my light by means of his thunders.(?)" He said to him: "Who is he?" The sun answered: "He is the cloud." So the ascetic drew near to the cloud and said to him according to what he had said to the sun. The cloud answered: "There is one who is mightier than I, namely, he who can carry me whithersoever he pleases." He said

to him: "Who is he?" He answered: "The wind." So he drew near to the wind, and said to him as he had said to the former ones. But the wind answered: "The mountain is mightier than I, for he can hide me by means of his loftiness." So he drew near to the mountain and said to him in like manner. The mountain answered: "The mouse is mightier than I, for he has dug a hole and a burrow in me, and I cannot make him depart from me." So the ascetic went to the mouse and said to him what he had said to the rest. [The mouse answered]: "It is impossible that this girl should be my wife, because she is taller and greater in stature than I, she could not go into my burrow with me." And the ascetic told his daughter his whole story. Then she begged her father to ask God to make her into a mouse, so that she might be able to marry the mouse. And the ascetic asked of God, and He changed his daughter to her first nature.

The two following anecdotes are also worth citing as the respective originals of (1) two well-known stories (Alnaschar and The Fakir and his pot of butter*) of the *Arabian Nights*, and (2) of the wide-spread legend of Beddgelert.

An ascetic derived his nourishment from a king, that is, the governor of a town, every day so much oil (? *ghee*, *i.e.*, clarified butter, Arab. *semen*) and so much honey. And whatever he had remaining he used to pour into an earthenware vessel, which he hung on a peg above the bedstead on which he slept. One day while sleeping on the bedstead, with the earthenware vessel full of oil and honey, he began to say within himself: "If I sold this honey and oil, I might sell it for a dinar, and with the dinar I might buy ten she-goats, and after five months they would have young, and after a lapse of five years these would have young, and their number would become very large, and I should buy two yoke of oxen and a cow, and I should sow my fields, and reap much corn, and amass much oil; and I should buy a certain number of servants and maid-servants; and when I had taken to myself a wife of beautiful appearance, and she had borne me a handsome son, I should instruct him, and he would be secretary to the king." Now in his hand was a staff, and while he was saying these things he kept brandishing the staff

* See Villon Society's edition, i. 303; viii. 193.

with his hand, and struck the earthenware vessel with it, and broke it, whereupon the oil and honey ran down on his head as he slept. So all his plans came to nought, and he was confounded.

In a country called Jurjān was an ascetic who had a wife of beautiful appearance, and whom he loved very much. She bore him a son of beautiful appearance and comely form. Now this son was born to them after they had despaired of offspring for a long time, and he remained continually with him. One day his wife said to him: "I am going upon one of your affairs, so keep a watch over the boy." But, when the woman had gone, a messenger from one of the chiefs of the town came for him, and could not wait. So he left the boy, and departed. Now they had in the house a weasel who used to help them in all their affairs, and did not leave a single mouse in the house without killing him. And he left him with the boy, and went with the messenger. Whereupon there came forth a powerful snake, and sought to kill the boy. And the weasel fought with the snake until he killed him, and bit him into several pieces; and the body of the weasel was stained with the snake's blood. When the ascetic returned from the man who had sent for him, and saw the weasel with his body stained with blood, he thought that the boy had been killed, and without searching into the matter sprang on the weasel and killed him. When he had killed him, he looked and saw, and lo, the boy was alive. And he repented, and was ashamed.

The story of *The Traveller and the Goldsmith* (p. 204) bears considerable resemblance to Grimm's fine *märchen* of *The Grateful Beasts*, and that of *The Carpenter's Wife and her Paramour* (p. 146), probably the original of a well-known fabliau. When we have noted that the fable of the Two Pigeons (p. 306) occurs in almost identical terms in the *Arabian Nights*,* we have well-nigh exhausted the list of correspondences apparent on a cursory perusal; but others will doubtless suggest themselves to the reader.

The style of the Syriac version is, happily, for the most part simple, and free from the wearisome floweriness of Persian narrative, although such phrases as—"inclined to him the shoulder of obedience and displayed the fruits of energy" (p. 2), "fruits seasoned with the salt of truth," "poured out his noble character like gold in the fire of

* See Villon Society's edition, v. 317

probation" (p. 17), and one or two others, appear to be survivals from the Pehlevi version; but the Syriac translator has in other respects played sad havoc with the text by the ruthless interpolation of a number of Biblical expressions and phrases that jar in the absurdest manner with its general character. The dragging in by the head and shoulders of the Cedars of Lebanon (twice), and "the good things of Jerusalem," and the introduction (p. 95) of the Lion-king's chief butler and baker, in evident imitation of the story of Joseph (Gen. xl.)—to say nothing of the references to "the Church of Christ" and the studding of almost every page with citations from the Christian Scriptures, or allusions to Christian dogma—have the most comical effect in conjunction with the sententious pessimism of the Arabised Indian original, and this peculiarity intensifies our regret that Mr. Falconer did not turn his attention to producing an improved and literal English translation of the Arabic text, rather than to a certain extent waste his pains and scholarship on the rendering of the doubly-diluted and garbled Syriac version.

For the purely scholastic portion of Mr. Falconer's work we can have little but praise. His introductory account of the history and bibliography of this famous book (which, as he says, has probably had more readers in its various versions than any other except the Bible), is lucid, complete, and excellent, and his notes, as a whole, are all that can be wished. It may, however, be remarked that the note (p. l. of Introduction) concerning Firdausi should properly have been placed at the foot of p. xxii., where the first mention of the national poet of Persia occurs, and that *lugha* (p. xl. of Introduction) should be *lugheh*, of which word it is the plural form. A note is badly wanted at p. 283, where it should be explained that a *must* elephant is by no means (as the reader is left to suppose) the same thing as an "untrained" one, the first being, indeed, an elephant in heat (*lit.* drunken), and the term *must* being also applied to an elephant *trained* for fighting and brought to a peculiar state of exasperation by means of a heating diet. *Dinar* (p. 300), again, cannot be said to be equivalent to the Latin *denarius*, the former coin representing a value of (circa) ten shillings, and the latter one of ten asses, or about sevenpence. We regret, also, that Mr. Falconer should think it necessary to write Sheikh *Shēkh* (p. lxvii.), in pursuance of

an uncalled-for innovation of the Dutch school, and still more that he should have adopted the barbarous and unmeaning practice of rendering the dotted *kaf* by the letter *q*; nor do we see why he should turn *carob* (locust-bean, p. 27) into "bean-food." *Balikh* (p. 105) is probably a misprint for *Balkh*. These are, however, trifling blemishes, and do not in any way detract from the general merits of his work.

Among new works bearing upon the science of Folk-lore we must mention *The History of the Forty Vezirs; or, The Story of the Forty Morns and Eves*, written in Turkish by Sheykh-Zada, and now done into English by Mr. E. J. W. Gibb, to be published shortly by Mr. George Redway. The book is a translation of a well-known collection of Turkish popular tales made in the 15th century.

Next comes a series of *Old-Welsh Texts*, edited and revised by Prof. John Rhys, of Oxford.

The Countess E. Martinengo Cesaresco has in the Press: *Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs*, to be published by Mr. George Redway.

The Council propose holding two or three meetings of the Society to discuss the question raised by the various writers on the "Science of Folk-lore." It is hoped Captain R. C. Temple and Mr. Stuart Glennie will read papers.

The Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have long had under consideration the collection of all that has to do with the manners and customs of the present inhabitants of Palestine and other parts of Syria. Before a serious attempt could be made to carry out this inquiry successfully, it was necessary, first, to find an organized machinery of agents, who should be directed by some competent persons in the country, under the Committee at home. This organization, with a large body of agents highly educated and intelligent, has now been found, and is placed at the disposition of the Committee. It remained, therefore, to draw up questions which these agents will be invited to ask; and the *Folk-Lore Society* has been asked to co-operate in the codification of a series of questions on Folk-lore. A Committee of the Society has been appointed for this purpose, and it is proposed to publish a manual of "Folk-lore Notes and Queries."

THE SCIENCE OF FOLK-LORE.



HAVE been asked to state this evening my views on the Science of Folk-Lore, and, as the subject is still under discussion, it seems to me that it should be understood that the opinions put forward by any particular person are his only, and it is with this limitation that I now wish to speak. What follows is meant to be merely the expression of my ideas for the time being, subject to modification as the discussion wears on—to be, in fact, a contribution to aid in solving the question this Society has taken up. I should here mention that my arguments will be chiefly illustrated by reference to Indian Folk-lore, because that is the branch of the subject with which I am best acquainted.

When we come to talk of *science* we must begin with definitions, and the first matter to be defined in this connection is naturally the term "Folk-lore." What is Folk-lore, and what is not Folk-lore? These questions are not by any means easily answered, as I personally found when fixing on the headings under which to class the various contributions sent into *Panjáb Notes and Queries*. When an editor has to arrange a mass of miscellaneous paragraphs on various subjects connected with a land and its people, if he would avoid conveying to his readers a general sense of muddle, he must classify his information somehow. Music, Arts and Industries, Administration, Natural History, Botany, Geography, History, Antiquities, Numismatics, Bibliography, Ethnography, and Language, came naturally enough as distinct subjects. Then we have Religion, Social Customs, Songs and Catches, Proverbs and Sayings, and—shall we say it?—Folk-lore. Such an editor will soon find that Religion, so far as it is Superstition—and with many peoples it should be remembered that it is nothing else—is Folk-lore; so is a Social Custom, so far as it

is founded on a superstition ; while Songs and Catches, Proverbs and Sayings, are only interesting so far as they embody Folk-lore. History, Natural History, and Ethnography, are also Folk-lore, so far as they preserve Legends; Language, again, includes much, in the matter of derivation especially, that is purely Folk-lore : while Antiquities are almost inseparable from Legends. Folk-lore, in fact, is present in almost every subject connected with the study of mankind, and with many it is so mixed up with sober fact as to be practically inextricable. Careful as I have been to try and keep the Folk-lore notes in *Panjab Notes and Queries* separate from the remaining subjects, I have found it quite impossible to do so altogether, and in some cases it has been so hard to say whether a certain scrap of information was about Religion or Folk-lore, that it has seemed to be of no consequence under which heading it was classed : it belonged equally to both.

What, then, is this Folk-lore that we find pervading everything human ? It seems to me that the answer is to be found in the term itself. As a specimen of the general conception of the meaning of the term, the last edition of Webster, quoting the late Archbishop Trench as its authority, says that it means "rural tales, legends, or superstitions." I think every one here will admit that this definition does not go nearly far enough. If we take "folk" to mean the general community, we get "folk-lore" to be the "lore" of the people. "Lore" means and has meant learning in general, but, putting aside derivations and past meanings—a proceeding to which each generation in all parts of the world has always asserted its right—I think it is fair to say that "lore" nowadays, and at any rate in this connection, is learning of the kind that is opposed to science, meaning by "science" ascertained knowledge. *Folk-lore, then, is, in the first place, popular learning, the embodiment, that is, of the popular ideas on all matters connected with man and his surroundings.* Unascertained knowledge is, of course, apt to be very wrong, and so much is this the case that we may take it, that where the popular interpretation of a fact is quite incorrect, the statement is pretty certain to be capable of classification under Folk-lore. A superstition, as being an unreasonable and excessive belief, is a fact of Folk-lore :

so is a legend as unfounded history, or a popular derivation as plausible but unwarranted etymology. I do not mean by this that every mistake in historical books is to be classed as a Folk-lore fact. It is essential that the error should be of the people, popular : that it should enter into the general belief in a popular sense. We may prove that the Princes were never murdered in the Tower, but the usual historical statement that they were would still stand as a misstatement, not as a folk-legend. We may prove to a moral certainty that Amy Robsart was never murdered, that Leicester never ill-treated her, that he publicly married her, that she was by no means a girl when she died, that Sir Richard Varley was in reality a most worthy country gentleman, and that the whole story as given by Scott is a fiction taken from a vindictive pamphlet issued by Leicester's enemies; and yet, though no part of it is accurate history, the story is not a folk-tale. At the same time, if the story of Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh's cloak can be shown to be the common property of the human race, it is worth investigation as a folk-tale.

“The embodiment of the popular ideas on all matters connected with man and his surroundings,” the preliminary definition above arrived at from a dissection of the term “Folk-lore,” is perhaps a little too wide. It is at any rate too long-winded, and I put forward the primary definition, *the popular explanation of observed facts*, as fairly satisfying all requirements and permitting us to differentiate between what is and what is not Folk-lore better than any other. I do not, however, think it possible to keep the boundary always quite distinct : a fact that need not distress us, for we are here in no greater difficulty than are the votaries of any other science. Who can tell precisely in every case where animal life ends and plant life begins? And who will under every circumstance distinguish between reason and instinct, or between the animate and inanimate world?

The *fons et origo* of all Folk-lore is apparently the instinct of man to account for the facts that he observes round about him, and hence the particular form in which I have cast the initial definition of the term. Man observes a fact, and he at once sets about to explain it. This he does by instinct; but the nature of his explanation depends upon his mental condition, and in arriving at it he is bound by

certain natural laws which I will endeavour to shadow forth presently. Critical acumen and that accurate explanation of facts, which is based on systematic study and observation, and which we now call scientific, has come very slowly to mankind:—to a great extent indeed in our days. It has arrived at its present condition point by point, as has everything else in the world; and the cruder the mind of the varieties of man all the world over, now and in times past, and the further from the scientific state, the rougher the explanation and the wilder the guesses at truth. It must be remembered that the scientific explanation of a phenomenon involves critical observation, which is itself the outcome of a long continued education; the power of logical deduction, which may be reckoned as being mainly absent from the average popular mind; and the faculty for extended application, which is to a great extent the distinguishing mark of a trained intellect. What chance then has the untutored savage, or indeed the uncultivated member of a civilized race, of arriving at a right conclusion about anything that comes within his ken? As a matter of fact, the stages of observation, collection and arrangement of facts, and argument thereon, are impossible to such an individual, and in common parlance he invariably jumps to his conclusions: not because he is too idle to do otherwise, but because he cannot help himself. Hence comes Folk-lore, not exactly the Folk-lore we now study,—for this is a growth with a long history of its own,—but Folk-lore as *the popular explanation of phenomena*.

Where the effect does not immediately follow the cause, or where the connection between cause and effect is not at once apparent, the popular mind cannot hit off the true explanation of the effect, except by accident, and hence it is that Folk-lore is to a great extent a permanent record, as well as a perpetuation, of popular errors. It must always be so. To take altogether modern phenomena. Will a savage or an Asiatic peasant, for instance, ever give the true reason for the movement of the trains on the railway that is being made through his lands? The motor will be a devil that sits in the engine, or the engine itself a panting spirit controlled by the driver; anything rather than the reality. So will the telegraph wires be a means of carrying letters, or be endowed with the power of communicating the

secrets of those living near them. It has always been so. From time immemorial eclipses have been caused by a monster that periodically eats up the sun and moon, and disgorges them again. A very large number of our Indian fellow-subjects of the Queen-Empress think so still.

There is a corollary to be attached to the above definition of Folk-lore, and the term *for the purpose of study* must be made to include the customs which arise out of it. These customs originate in that common sense which is so often ridiculed as the most uncommon nonsense. A demon or god, for the terms are in practice nearly synonymous, lives in one of the Indian fig-trees, as is clear to the natives from the perpetual trembling of its leaves: this much is the explanation of cause and effect. All demons or gods are capable of good and evil: this is anthropomorphism—man arguing down to himself. Therefore it is obvious that the demon or god must be propitiated by a gift: this is common sense underlaid by anthropomorphism. Hence the gifts to the tree, now a general religious custom. By similar stages we arrive at the equally universal Indian social custom of opprobriously naming children. Three children of doting parents die successively,—quite an ordinary occurrence among primitive people who let their little ones run naked and have no idea of caring for them, as we understand this matter,—and what causes it? Not want of care assuredly in their eyes, but the spirit that has taken a fancy to the babes, and acquired them for himself. How shall they avoid this in the future? “By cheating the spirit,” answers common sense, and so the next little boy is given a disgusting name, and dressed up as a girl until past childhood. I think the process by which custom grows out of myth is to be explained somewhat as above, though I would at this stage again remind my hearers that every social fact, as we now observe it, has a long history behind it, and that this must be first examined before its existence can be scientifically accounted for.

If the full definition, that *Folk-lore as an object of study is the popular explanation of observed facts and the customs arising therefrom*, is to stand, it must reasonably meet all circumstances, and separate, as sharply as may be, what is from what is not Folk-lore.

Let us proceed to put it to a few tests. Religion as being a belief in and reverence for God (or the gods), including the rites and ceremonies legitimately arising from such belief and reverence, is not Folk-lore ; but superstition and all the practices arising therefrom is. Thus the Muhammadan belief in Allah and Muhammad the Prophet of Allah, and all the legitimate rites and ceremonies connected with the worship of Allah, cannot be reckoned as Folk-lore ; but the popular story of the martyrdom of Hasan and Hussain and the miracle-play arising out of it are nothing else. The teaching and philosophy of Buddhism are not Folk-lore, nor are many of the modern ceremonies connected with that religion as such ; but the "Romantic Legend of Buddha," as Mr. Beale has called it, and the *Jāttakas* are purely so. Passing on to Social Customs, the matriarcat and the many curious remains of bygone necessities and times still to be found in the laws of inheritance through females, the levirate and other rules of barbarous marriage, and such customs as polyandry and exogamy and the survivals of marriage by capture, customs connected with births and deaths related to religion as distinguished from superstition, rules for tribal government and social intercourse, are not Folk-lore ; but all the thousand and one notions as to the habits and actions of spirits and supernatural things, and the practices arising out of the urgency of counteracting their influence, are Folk-lore *par excellence*. According to the definition, too, probably the whole subject of totemism, should be classed as Folk-lore. Turning to Ethnography, the distinction is not so easily upheld, but it is still, I think, clear enough. For instance, where in India a tribe of really low, and, in fact, lost origin, as far as its information about itself goes, erroneously claims—and this is a common occurrence—an honourable Râjpût descent, it deceives nobody, and the statement is not a fact of Folk-lore, any more than would a bogus family genealogy be in England ; but when it goes on, like the Gakkhars of the Hills near the Indus—those ancient Hindus who so bravely resisted Mahmûd of Ghaznî, and who were forcibly converted to Islâm not more than 500 or 600 years ago—to claim descent from the Kayânian Kings of Persia, and invent a story to prove it, then Folk-lore steps in and takes possession of the ground. In

the like manner the tendency of untutored nations is naturally towards the exaggeration of the terrors with which they invest persistent enemies in the past, and hence arises much ethnological Folk-lore—the monkey races and the Râkshasas of India, the ogres or Uigur Tâtârs of Europe, the Giaours (Jaurs) and Guebres (Gabrs) or fire-worshipping opponents of the early Arab conquerors of Persia. In the case of History and Geography, as long as sober facts are purported to be related, let the relation be as inaccurate as it may, there is no Folk-lore. Thus, however unfounded and capable of refutation Macaulay's version of the doings of Warren Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey may be, it is in no part Folk-lore; but when the natives of Bengal come to telling us that Nuncomar (Nand Kumâr) was a very holy man who was hung by the English by a golden chain on a gallows fixed in the middle of the Ganges in answer to his petition to the gods that he might die in the full possession of his faculties and in the act of prayer, they are repeating a true legend and Folk-lore is in the ascendant. The body of the Nawâb of Lohârû, who was hanged for encompassing the death of Mr. Fraser at Dehlî some fifty years since, no doubt swung round, as is related, after death to the direction of Mecca (Makkâ). This may be called a fact of history, but when you add, as the natives of Dehlî do, that this was *because* he was innocent and a martyr, you are repeating a fact of Folk-lore. The same reasoning applies to all matters connected with ancient remains and antiquities generally. To Language the definition seems to be peculiarly applicable. Men have long observed that words grow up around them and have a derivation one from another. Especially is this the case with familiar proper names of people and things; and in all climes the populace has invented derivations for appellatives, the real origin of which has been lost. In India the processes of folk-etymology are still a living force in guiding the popular fancy. The native mind has not at all yet reached the scientific stage, and, consequently, the most childish derivations are everywhere gravely asserted as reasonable origins for the forms of names. This happens, too, in quarters where such things are the least to be expected. In the *Panjâb Notes and Queries* I have collected a string of native derivations of tribal and caste names, which are purely imaginary,

from the *Settlement Report of Ambálá*, a solemn Government publication relating to the method of collecting the land revenue of the district, and consequently recording only the sober and useful facts regarding the people and their history, but many of these facts as detailed by the natives are pure Folk-lore. Colonel Yule, in the last of those monumental works which have given him so high a reputation, has provided us with a whole dictionary of terms in which folk-etymology appears; but throughout his *Glossary of Anglo-Indian Words* it seems to me that the Folk-lore is easily separable from the instances quoted of mistaken etymologies. Thus, whether or not it be right to ultimately derive the now well-known word "godown" from the Malay *gadong*, as some do, or from the Tamil *kidangu*, as others do, in any case those who may in the end be proved to be wrong merely occupy the place of one defeated in argument; but the concocter of such a term as "Hodson-Jobson" out of *Yá Hasan yá Hussain*, the popular cry at the Muhammadan festival of the Muharram, who applies it to the whole ceremony, is guilty of jumping to his conclusions in true folk-fashion. So is the user of such a name as "cow-itch" for the irritating Indian bean; since this term arises, as the result of striving after a meaning from the modern native name *kawach*, which is really a Prâkritic derivative, by a legitimate process of boiling-down, of the Sanskrit *kapi-kachchhú*—i.e., monkey-itch; a meaning, by the way, that has escaped Colonel Yule. As regards Proverbs and Songs I need hardly say anything here, as I presume it to be admitted that Proverbs are the *memoria technica* of the ideas of the people, and that their Songs are the musical expression of the same. Folk-tales, where not exactly legends, I take to belong to the same category.

I fear the discussion on the definition of the term "Folk-lore" has taken rather a long time, but it is worth while to thrash out this point thoroughly, as everything that follows must depend on what we mean by the name of our subject. Let us now pass on to the "Science of Folk-lore," by which I suppose is meant the study of Folk-lore in the recognised scientific style. As to this I have already expressed my views elsewhere, and these, with your permission, I will reiterate now with modifications, since what is required on the present occa-

sion is a discourse as to the manner in which the Society should set about this study.

In all scientific research observation of the facts from which the deductions are to be made of course comes first, but this observation must be critical. It is of no sort of use to observe everything indiscriminately, for this leads to confusion. Only the facts of Folk-lore—in other words, the matters that fall within the definition of the term—are wanted; hence the primary importance of defining what Folk-lore is. If I may be permitted to do so I would here point out a danger to enthusiasts, for I presume we are all enthusiastic. It consists in overdoing the self-appointed task. The subject is so wide, the facts to be observed so many and so ubiquitous, and the interest, when once roused, rapidly becomes so keen, that we are all apt to observe too much. Too much soon includes rubbish, and then down comes our friend the critic. I say "friend" advisedly, howsoever too candid he may appear to be at the time with his cold advice to examine and go carefully. Dr. Westcott used to be fond of explaining to the boys at Harrow how it was that a modern *savant*, unlike his ancient prototype, could not learn all the sciences, by drawing a series of circles, one inside the other, representing respectively the various stages of knowledge attained by man during his progress on earth. A bright intellect could easily grasp, he used to say, all the knowledge that was contained in the small inner circle; a sound one could manage the next; an exceptional mind could master the third; but the fourth was beyond the power of man; and as for the large outer circle, including all modern science, one intelligence could attain to only a small portion of it. This was with reference to science generally; but without exaggeration one may say that so greatly has scientific knowledge increased of late that what is true of Science as a whole is also true of any particular branch of it. A man is indeed oftener right than wrong in confining his efforts to the elucidation of a portion only of a scientific subject. Another danger is in being disheartened at the rigid requirements of Science. Says a humble votary of Folk-lore: "It is of no use my doing anything; these scientific gentlemen want so much; and how am I to know whether my observations when made are of any use?" To such a question the

answer would be that the difficulty looks much greater than it is. The requirements are not in reality very difficult to understand, and when grasped fulfilment is almost instinctive. One can learn something here from school-children. Most boys in a well-taught school will correctly point out the verbs, adverbs and nouns in a sentence, though not one of them has ever understood, or is indeed ever likely to understand, the jumble of ideas that does duty in the school grammar for the definitions of these parts of speech. Definitions are in fact the most difficult of all points for a teacher to tackle, and are formidable to the student only in appearance, and that because, being so difficult, they are often clumsily expressed. Practically no one is too humble to observe a Folk-lore fact, and no fact is too trifling or commonplace to be worthy of record. What is an every-day occurrence of no import in your neighbourhood may be a new revelation to the student seeking for links—the existence of which he suspects—to complete the chain of his investigations. The moral of the argument is, that between the rashness that would grasp at everything and the timidity that would be led by the nose, there lies a golden mean dependent on individual judgment. In the conduct of a scientific study—it being a human affair—something must be left to discretion, and this is a matter that cannot be avoided.

Having decided on what we are to observe we come to the method of record. Here accuracy and attention to essential details are paramount considerations: it being constantly borne in mind that every fact collected is intended to be an item to be eventually brought into account. Unaccompanied by such details as time, place, and nationality of currency and its history, where such is known, the bare statement of a fact is not of much use; while so to record it as to make it unfitted for collation is a mere waste of time. It is of great importance, too, that the collection should be systematically made. Not long ago a little book was published, by my friend Mr. Man, on the Andamanese Islanders, which is a reprint of papers read before the Anthropological Institute, and which is to my mind a model of what a systematic record should be. In it Mr. Man goes through his subject steadily point by point until he has given us a complete view of the savages he has studied. Commencing with their physical

characteristics he passes on to their mental capacities, their tribal distribution, social customs, habits and folk-lore. He next considers their language, ceremonies, superstitions and religious beliefs, and then their social relations, personal habits, trade, arts, and manufactures. This enumeration of the heads of his monograph gives them in but the merest outline: the details are worthy of consideration. They are, however, all to be found elsewhere in a more complete form, for the basis of his work is a skeleton plan drawn up under the auspices of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, called a *Manual of Anthropological Notes and Queries*. A similar guide-book for the use of travellers has been compiled by the Royal Geographical Society. This shows the feasibility of one of the most useful practical duties this Society could undertake, *viz. the preparation by committees of standard manuals*, showing under each branch of the subject what kind of facts it is desirable to collect, in what order they should be recorded, and how they should be classified. In matters of this kind the most experienced of us ought not to disdain the collective advice of his fellow-students, and to the inexperienced such guides would be invaluable. I do not think we could inculcate too persistently the importance of being systematic in our joint labours, for though it is all capable of being made to work out in one direction, there is a vast mass of multifarious matter to be collected, arranged and sifted, and the natural tendency is towards an aimless aggregation of details. This must lead to hopeless confusion unless checked, and as it is sure to perpetually exist, it must always be guarded against.

If we act rightly as to these two points the remainder of the work may be in a great measure left to take care of itself. In the matter of induction those who undertake to reason on the facts collected, and thus to explain the general principles which underlie the phenomena observed, become *ipso facto* teachers; and I think it will be admitted that such persons should be left to go their own way, that the soundness of their doctrines should be the only ground on which these should eventually stand or fall, and that no attempt should be made to coerce them into a particular style of argument. At the same time it is within the right of every student to put forward his views as to the method which should be adopted, and it is in the exercise of

this right that I ask you to listen for a few moments to my ideas on this point. The basis of my argument is that every thing in this world as we now find it,—or indeed since man has been able at any time to find it—has a history, and that to attempt to explain any phenomenon, using the term in its strict sense of something that meets the eye, by any process that does not involve examination of such history, is unsafe, and therefore unscientific. The Max Müllerian Theory of Comparative Mythology, as the latest number of *Mélusine* calls it, has been hotly opposed for some time past, and many hard things have been said of it, but to my mind the overwhelming argument against it is, that it is not scientific. It does precisely what it should not. It jumps to its conclusions, ignores history, deduces its facts from theory, and does not induce its theory from the facts. As some at any rate of those present will know, I have been for some time past engaged in unearthing all that can be ascertained regarding Râjâ Rasâlû, the King Arthur of the Panjâb. To my surprise about two years ago I found that in the *Westminster Review* a mythologist had duly appropriated the hero as a solar myth. No one at all acquainted with the Science of Comparative Mythology could, the article said, for a moment doubt it. The roots of this strongly-worded belief were fixed in certain tales about Rasâlû, which had been published by Mr. Swynnerton, and which had made the hero out to be a wanderer on the earth, who fought tremendous battles against the giants and conquered them. He was, moreover, a “fatal child,” *i.e.*, one destined to injure his parents, and is what is in India known as a “Zindâ Pîr,” a holy personage expected to appear again on the earth; and, lastly, he had a wonderful horse. This set the writer thinking about Indra, Woden, Sisyphus, Hercules, Sampson, Apollo, Theseus, Arthur, Tristram, Perseus, Ædipus, Phaethon, Orpheus, Amphion, Pan, and others, and on certain points in the legends of such personages, which led him to the conclusion that the whole lot, including Rasâlû, were elemental myths of some sort or other. Now I venture to submit that it is capable of historical proof that Rasâlû was a popular leader on to whose name has been hung, as a convenient peg, much of the floating folk-lore of the Panjâb. At any rate I hope to show conclusively before my volumes on the legends of the Panjâb have

come to an end that the particular tale, which went to prove beyond doubt in the mind of our Comparative Mythologist that Rasâlû was a solar myth, are by no means confined to that hero, but are the general property of the heroes of India, told of this one or that as occasion arises. They are, moreover, as regards Rasâlû himself, to a great extent only one local version out of many of his story. If this Westminster reviewer did not jump to his conclusions, I should like to know what to say of his method of reasoning? In forming a judgment on such views as he expresses we should not allow any display of learning to dazzle us into concurrence. Doubtless the outside scientific public does not do so. Erudition is knowledge culled from literature, and is not science, which is knowledge derived from the proper investigation of facts; and so the most learned of disquisitions may not be in the least degree scientific. That the works of the philological school of Comparative Mythologists are learned enough there is no doubt, but to call Comparative Mythology, as they understand it, a science, is, I submit, to use a misnomer. Much of their method is indeed empiricism *in excelsis*. The Science of Folk-lore should include Comparative Mythology, but I would warn the members of this Society, that if the notion gets abroad that they are mere *dilettanti*, from whose labours nothing solid is to be expected, it will take a long while to eradicate it; and that if they once allow—as have the Comparative Mythologists—the scientific world to consider their methods haphazard, they will bring upon their works a contempt which will not be altogether undeserved.

It will have been observed by students that the Comparative Mythologists have held the peasantry of all ages to be endowed with very fine powers of imagination. Now this seems to me to be a mistake, and the truth to be that the rustic imaginative faculty is, and has always been, but moderately developed. Physiologists teach us that the action of a man's brain is governed by physical laws, over which he has really no control, and that his powers are limited in all directions. Now I put it as a proposition worth examining, that *the limits of human imagination are conterminous with the bounds of human experience*. Of poetic *afflatus* the ordinary story-teller has only a small share. A mediæval version of the story of Tristram and the

etherealized legend of Lord Tennyson are two very different things ; and what the credulous do in practice, when getting up a legend, is to allow their imaginations to exaggerate what they have either seen or heard about, *i.e.*, experienced. The themes are always set them, as it were : they merely concoct the variations. Whatever they do, they do unconsciously, and it is nearer to scientific truth to say that all Folk-lore is a growth, than to hold that its ideas are the product of the inventive genius of untutored man. The *Pedigree of the Devil* is a book, followed quite lately by a *History of Monsters*, which takes up the line of argument, that constructive demonology generally is really due to the survival of memories of creatures that have existed on earth within the ken of man, though not within historical times. There is much more in this than would at first appear, and the theory, being capable of inductive demonstration, is therefore worthy of being looked into.

The upshot of the above remarks is that the historical method of investigation as regards Folk-lore is scientific, because it is safe ; and that it is unsafe to assume for the purposes of argument that imagination is an unlimited quantity. Those who follow the historical method cannot be charged with quackery, for they must at least know what they are about at every step ; and believe me, the more matter-of-fact an argument is, and the less room it allows for the play of emotion, the less scope is there for error and the more it convinces. I crave your pardon for thus pressing *the value of the historical method* on your attention. I do so because it seems to me that the tendency of those who have preceded me on this subject is to be content with mere comparison as a basis for their explanation of the phenomena of Folk-lore. What I would strongly urge is that we should remember that the world of which we have human record is so old that all things—even those which appear to us as primitive—must have a history, and that *before we compare we should, so far as we are able, ascertain that we are historically justified in making the comparison.* A certain custom exists in Holland, and its counterpart in India. Query : Are they connected at all, and, if so, which springs from the other ? I would say that, first, the history of each in its own country should be examined, until we come to the point when it can be proved

that there was a contact between the peoples of Holland and India: then that research should go on to see if in both lands the custom is traceable beyond the point of contact. If so, simple comparison is useless. If it only makes its appearance for the first time in one of them after the point of contact, the process of derivation can be continued on sound principles. This mode of investigation has been so effectively used in such books as the Philological Society's *English Dictionary* and Yule's *Glossary* above mentioned, that I would earnestly recommend it to your notice.

There is one thing more that *savans* will demand of the Science of Folk-lore. It must have a definite object, and occupy a definite place in the category of sciences. On this point I will, with your leave, repeat what I have already said elsewhere, which is this: "The wide term anthropology covers all the subjects, from the examination of which we are led to grasp the details of that complicated structure—the modern human being in his mental and physical aspects. Folk-lore is, or at least should be, one of these subjects. Just as physiologists are enabled by a minute and exact examination of skulls or teeth or hair, and so on, to differentiate or connect the various races of mankind, so should Folk-lorists, as in time I have no doubt they will, be able to provide reliable data towards a true explanation of the reasons why particular peoples are mentally what they are found to be. Folk-lore then, as a scientific study, has a specific object, and occupies a specific place."

In short, let it be clearly understood that Folk-lorists know what they are driving at, and that they moreover know how to set about their business, and they may take it for granted that there will not be much difficulty in procuring a general acceptance of the view that Folk-lore is a science.

Great as the temptation is, I will make no attempt on this occasion to enter into the examination of the various branches of the general subject of Folk-lore, or to discuss the proper method of conducting the inquiry into such matters as folk-tales, superstitions, customs, &c., partly because the time at my disposal will by no means admit of it, and partly because it seems that what we have to settle now are general principles. The exact manner of application of these will of

course have to vary with the circumstances of the several branches, but whatever be the system we adopt, it will have to be continued throughout all our researches, wheresoever they may carry us.

Doubtless some will be found to assert that after all there is nothing much in the shape of practical advantage to be got out of Folk-lore, however scientifically studied. To refute in advance any such argument, I have this evening brought with me a book, which will be new to most people in England, and to which I would draw special attention. It is called *Notes on the Spirit Basis of Belief and Custom*, and is being produced by the Bombay Government, under the guidance of Mr. James Campbell, the able editor of the official Gazetteer of the Bombay Presidency. It is, you will perceive, a big book, and consists, indeed, of 510 foolscap pages, printed on half margin for a particular reason—for it purports to be only the rough draft of a summary of the chief details of the customs of the population of Bombay, and the blank margin is intended for the additions of those to whom it is circulated for information. Rough, incomplete, and imperfect as it professes to be, it is by far the best exposition of Indian Folk-lore that has yet been compiled. The treatment of the subject is throughout systematic, the theory is built up out of the facts accumulated, and each item is made to occupy its natural position in the structure. The introduction opens with the words: "In most cases the known and open object of the nurse and wise woman, *i.e.*, the private element in Indian family rites, is spirit-scaring." In perusing the pages that follow, one cannot help feeling that, though they stand first, these words were written last, and thus it ought always to be in works purporting to be scientific. The best impression a writer on science can convey to his readers is that his theory is the outcome of the study of the facts he has brought together. I have been so much struck with the method pursued by Mr. Campbell in supporting his theory that I have had the tabular statement of it, and also his table of contents, with suitable modifications, printed for circulation to-night. From these you will see that he has covered a considerable portion of the whole field of Folk-lore, and how readily his facts fall into their allotted places. Now, Mr. Campbell says in his preface that his notes were prepared "to show the natives of India how early and how wide-

spread are the ideas which form the basis and which show the meaning of Indian nursery rites and old wives' cures," and he goes on to say : " These practices and beliefs are found close under the surface in all nations, however high their religion and refined their culture. They have the great interest and value of being survivals of often the only traces of forefathers as rude and hard pressed as the wildest tribes now on earth. *Like present wild tribes, the ancestors of all nations had practices coarse and strange, but always sensible, based on the experience of what had stood them in greatest stead in their ceaseless and uphill fight with disease and death.*" These are weighty words, and show the every-day practical value of such researches as the writer's. I have no hesitation in saying that to us Englishmen such studies are not only practical, but they are in some respects of the first importance. The practices and beliefs included under the general head of Folk-lore make up the daily life of the natives of our great dependency, control their feelings, and underlie many of their actions. We foreigners cannot hope to understand them rightly unless we deeply study them, and it must be remembered that close acquaintance and a right understanding begets sympathy, and sympathy begets good government; and who is there to say that a scientific study which promotes this, and, indeed, to some extent renders it possible, is not a practical one ?

In running over the various efforts already made by this Society to erect the study of Folk-lore into a Science, it may seem to some that the above remarks have come rather late in the day; but I have been emboldened to make them, as those members, who have a practical experience of the study, have, as I gather, been directly invited to communicate their individual notions. Soon after its formation the Folk-Lore Society began to take a scientific view of its subject, though it hardly seems to have been founded with that idea. There are no signs of any but a literary and antiquarian interest in Folk-lore in Mr. Thoms's preface to the first volume of the *Record*; but Mr. Ralston in the same volume draws attention to a system of classification and nomenclature of folk-tales, and the Council commenced on the bibliography of Folk-lore and the indexing of Folk-lore books.

Nothing much has since been done as to the third of these points, but the first two have been considerably developed. In their first Report, too, the Council began to define the word "Folk-lore," and to talk of the "Science"; but their statement of the work that the Society proposed to itself was still mainly confined to the collection of materials. Mr. Lang, however, devoted his preface to the second volume of the *Record* mostly to the "Science of Folk-lore," and what was to be expected of it; and the following year saw Mr. Nutt's translation of Sébillot's scheme of classification, and its issue to members in pamphlet form. At the same time Mr. Lang suggested the systematic classification of Proverbs, and a committee was formed for this purpose. The fourth volume was enriched by Mr. Nutt's "Aryan Expulsion and Return Formula," with the valuable chart attached, which led to a very important result in the formation of the Folk-Tale Committee. The fifth and last volume contained the Report of this committee, which included the system of tabulating Folk-tales since found so useful; and the Annual Report of the Council, published at the same time, showed how the Society's work was progressing from the collection of materials to the consideration of the same, it being no longer possible to restrict its work to its original sphere. We now come to the *Folk-Lore Journal*, and by the time the second volume is reached we find the scientific study of Folk-lore already developed into a branch of anthropological science; and at p. 285 is Mr. Gomme's note on "Folk-lore Terminology," which, especially since he followed it up with the wish that it should be settled once for all that Folk-lore is a science, has led to that long subsequent discussion on the Science of Folk-lore, to which the present paper is intended as a contribution. As far as I can make out, the various writers who have joined in it have attempted to define the scope of the new science, and also to develop a scheme for the study of it. It is further clear, from what they have said, that each scheme of study put forth has depended on the definition that preceded it. The result of the friendly controversy which has thus been carried on is in effect this: we have before us several separate definitions of the word "Folk-lore," and several distinct plans for studying it, each of which

implies criticism of the others. When invited, therefore, to state my views, I could have expressed them by criticising those that have preceded me; but that would have made me an arbiter of the discussion, a position I have no right to assume: and I trust I have not done wrongly in increasing the materials for the controversy instead of following such a course. It seems to me that the questions of the correct definition and the right plan can only be settled satisfactorily in committee, and will never be set at rest by any individual reasoner. I have also perceived that the terms by which it has been proposed to name the divisions of each scheme arose out of the scheme itself, so that we have already a large number of sub-titles, mostly combined with the word "folk," for the minor branches of our study, the greater number of which must perforce be eventually discarded; so I have avoided adding to the number of the still-born, and have above confined myself to general principles when discussing the proper method of procedure.

Besides the above-mentioned efforts to directly advance the development of Folk-lore into a Science, several articles have appeared both in the *Record* and in the *Journal* which have largely contributed towards it. Among these I would mention Mr. Cootes' on the "Neo-Latin Fay" and on "Catskin," and Mr. Lang's "Anthropology and the Vêdas," as emphasizing much that I have just advanced as to the value of historical treatment. Mr. Clodd's "Philosophy of Punchkin" is also valuable as drawing attention to the usefulness of periodically taking stock of the materials to hand; and Mr. Fenton on "Folk-lore as an aid to Education" proves that at least one practical result of no small consequence is to be got out of the Science.

The formation of a Folk-lore Library has, I see, been more than once mooted, but nothing much has come of the idea. I suggest that a *Museum as well as a Library* would be of immense advantage to students, though for either we must find a fixed habitation—a matter we have not so far been able to accomplish for ourselves. Would it not be possible to start a scheme of donations for both these objects in cash or kind, trusting to subscriptions in the future for maintenance? We have the example of that oldest of all Oriental


Societies—the Asiatic Society of Bengal—for our encouragement in this respect. Its Museum and Library were both commenced and kept going when its funds were very low and its members far fewer than ours are now; yet the Museum grew to be valuable enough to be taken over by the Government of India as a nucleus for the present splendid Indian Museum at Calcutta, and its Library into the fine collection of books it now possesses.

A word as to general terminology. "Folk-lore" is a fine English compound, but we are sadly in want of an alternative, if only for the sake of useful and necessary derivatives. "Folk-lorist" and "Folk-loric" are not pleasant forms, but we have been long ago driven to use both. I would suggest some such classically-formed synonym as *demology*, *demosophy* or *demonomy*,—the last for choice—capable of easy development into passable derivatives as being of practical use. *Dogma* has been appropriated already by religious disputants, or *dogmology* might answer, and *demodogmology* is rather long. *Dokeology* and *dokesiology*, as the study of fanciful opinions, might do, if we are careful to preserve the original *k* to prevent mispronunciation, for "doce-ology" would be dreadful. *Doxology* would answer exactly, if it had not been long ago, even in Greek, given a specialized meaning. *Demology* might also be objected to for a similar reason. Anyhow, I hope some convenient term will be before long devised to meet the emergency.

And now, in thanking you for having patiently listened to this exposition of my views, I take occasion to repeat that I have no desire to dogmatize; and that I have given my discourse the particular turn it has taken, because I understand it to be still desired that contributions be made towards the definition of the term "Folk-lore," and towards the settlement of the principles on which the Science of Folk-lore should be conducted, in order that it may become, what we must all wish it to be, a Science in something more than name.

R. C. TEMPLE.

FOLK-LORE AS THE COMPLEMENT OF CULTURE-LORE IN THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

APTAIN Temple makes the following remark in his *Legends of the Panjab*:—"The average villager one meets in the Panjab and Northern India is, at heart, neither a Muhammedan, nor a Hindu, nor a Sikh, nor of any other Religion as such is understood by its orthodox—or, to speak more correctly, authorised—exponents; but his Religion is a confused, unthinking worship of things held to be holy, whether men or places; in fact, Hagiolatry." A similar conclusion was the chief result of my study of Greek Folk-songs. These Folk-songs show that, notwithstanding the reign of Christianity, for nearly two thousand years, Christian ideas and sentiments have not only not substituted themselves for, but have had hardly any effect even in modifying Pagan ideas and sentiments among the Greek folk. Similar conclusions have been forced on Folk-lore students even in Scotland, the people of which, of all others perhaps, may be imagined to have been most profoundly affected by Christianity. Referring to a conversation we had last autumn on Paganism, Mr. MacBain, the Rector of Raining's School, Inverness, and a first-rate Gaelic scholar, thus writes:—"Proofs are accumulating on my hands to the effect that up till about 1780 the Highlands were Pagan, with a Pagan Christianity, or rather superstition"; and I might give many curious illustrations of the Paganism that still exists, or till very recently existed, in Scotland. My object, however, at present, is to point out the very important inference that must be drawn from these general conclusions as to the facts of Folk-life. It is this. Our histories of Religion hitherto,

lore, therefore, knowledge of which gives knowledge of Folk-life. But if we thus define Folk-lore, our starting-point in endeavouring to work out a scientific, or natural classification of it, should be evident. If Folk-lore is the lore of the Folk about their own Folk-life, a Scientific Classification of Folk-lore can surely be founded only on a psychological analysis of Folk-life? The natural Classification of Plants is derived from the results of a study of the Organology of Plants. And, similarly, the natural Classification of Folk-lore will be derived from the results of the study of the Psychology of Folk-life.

What, then, are the results of a study of the Psychology of Folk-life, with a view to the classification of the contents of Folk-lore? These results may be thus summarily stated. The larger data of the Consciousness of the Folk, as of Human Consciousness generally, are: (1) An External World; (2) Other Beings; and (3) An Ancestral World. Their greater Faculties of Ideation are: (1) Imagination; (2) Affection; and (3) Memory. And their summarised Modes of Expression are: (1) Action; (2) Speech; and (3) Fiction. It is not for me here to dilate on, or to defend, this psychological analysis of Folk-life. It may very possibly not be the best that could be given. That is for us, however, at present a comparatively secondary matter. The matter now of first importance, and what I am at present anxious to have admitted, is, that it is from a Psychological Analysis of Folk-life that a natural Classification of Folk-lore must be derived.

But accepting, at least provisionally, this Analysis of Folk-life, the following is the Classification of Folk-lore to which it seems to lead. In the first place, just as in our Analysis we distinguish Faculties of Ideation from Modes of Expression, we shall distinguish, in our Classification, the Subjects of Folk-lore from the Records of Folk-lore. Then, as to the Classification of the Subjects of Folk-lore, as our Analysis of Folk-life gave us Imagination, Affection, and Memory as the Faculties of Ideation; our Classification of Folk-lore will be into (1) Folk-beliefs; (2) Folk-passions; and (3) Folk-traditions. And corresponding to the Modes of Expression of Ideation—namely, Action, Speech, and Fiction—the Records of Folk-lore will be classed as (1) Customs; (2) Sayings; and (3) Poesies.

Now, though I certainly did not give a thought to the Collector's convenience in working out this Classification, I trust that it will be found, nevertheless, to have what I believe to be one of the marks of a Scientific Classification—namely, easy comprehensibility, and, therefore, convenience. Customs, Sayings, and Poesies. Surely it will be always easy enough for the collector to know under which of these great classes he should place his find; and surely there will not probably be any find that cannot be placed in one or other of these Classes. And it is enough if the Folk-lore-collector, even as it is enough if the Plant-collector, can place his find correctly in one of these three great general classes. He is not required to assign it to its Sub-class, Genus, Species, and Variety.

It has, however, in the last number of the *Folk-Lore Journal*, been objected to the term *Sayings* as the Name of a Class of Folk-lore Records, that a *Saying* usually means a "form of words"; and it has even been said that there is "a very unscientific confusion" in using this term to include both formulas and Sayings that are not formulas. To this I answer first, with all due respect, that it is not the fact that a *Saying*, with the best writers, means only a formula. "Certainly his noble *sayings* can I not amend," says Chaucer. And "It was a common *saying* with him," says Sir Thomas More, "that such altercations were for a logician, and not for a philosopher." But, secondly, of the three Sub-classes into which *Sayings* are divided—namely, Prescriptions, Saws, and Forecasts, the vast majority are, I believe, "forms of words"; and hence, in the vast majority of cases, the term *Sayings* would be used in what is affirmed, though, as I have shown, incorrectly affirmed, to be its usual sense. And I may add that it seems a little illogical to object to my Class of *Sayings* after remarking that "Mr. Stuart Glennie's proposition, that we can only know what the people believe by what they do, or say, or relate, appears incontrovertible."

Similarly it is objected to my use of the term *Poesy* to include Stories, Songs, and Sagas, that "it would take ordinary minds some time to grasp the idea that they should place prose-matter under the head of poetry, or 'poesy,' a word which suggests a motto

for a ring rather than anything more important." What this last remark, however, may mean, I cannot guess. But if it does, as affirmed, "take ordinary minds some time to grasp" my use of the term *Poesy*, one has only to turn to Richardson's Dictionary to find that it is in perfect accord with the usage of the best modern writers, who all consider making, creating, inventing, *i.e.* invention, not verse-making, as the characteristic of poetry. "Poesy," says Ben Jonson, "is the Poet's skill or craft of making, the very fiction itself, the reason or form of the work." "Poesy *feigns*," says Bacon, in a long passage which I need not here quote. "The names given to Poets both in Greek and Latin," says Sir W. Temple, "express the same opinion of them in those nations: the Greek signifying makers or creators, such as raise admirable frames and fabrics out of nothing, which strike with wonder and with pleasure the eyes and imaginations of those who behold them. And if I used the less common, though perfectly good, English word *poesy*, instead of *poetry*, it was just because *poetry* is vulgarly, though incorrectly, held to mean verse-making: and I hoped that the more general, and at the same time the more correct, meaning would be more easily attached to the less usual word. As to using *Tradition* rather than *Poesy* as the Class-name including Stories, Songs, and Sagas, in what respect are these more entitled to such a distinctive Class-name than Prescriptions, Proverbs, Jests, Riddles, and Forecasts, or even than Customs? Not Stories, Songs, and Sagas only, but the whole contents of Folk-lore are Traditional. This is, in fact, the chief characteristic of Folk-lore as distinguished from Culture-lore, which only began when men began to write, and which, therefore, is not traditional, but graphical.

But I have perhaps noticed these objections at too great length. My Classification of Folk-lore is derived from a psychological Analysis of Folk-life. Any serious objection to such a Classification must, therefore, be of one or more of these three kinds. First, it may be objected that a natural Classification of Folk-lore is not to be derived from a psychological Analysis of Folk-life. This objection, however, will hardly, I believe, be taken by any one acquainted with

the principles of any of the Classificatory Sciences. Secondly, it may be objected that my psychological Analysis is incorrect. This, of course, it may well be. Or, thirdly, it may be objected that the Classification is incorrectly drawn from the Analysis. This also may well be. And what has chiefly urged me to write this paper for the Folk-Lore Society has been the hope that corrections of my Analysis, or of the Classification drawn therefrom, or of both, would be suggested by the members of the Society.

With respect especially to the Classification of Customs, of Sayings, and of Poesies, I expect to have many corrections suggested by those who have a far more detailed acquaintance with the facts of Folk-lore than I can boast. Provisionally, and subject to such corrections, I have classified Customs as (1) Festivals; (2) Ceremonies; and (3) Usages. Sayings I have classified as (1) Prescriptions; (2) Saws, and (3) Forecasts. And Poesies I have classified as (1) Stories; (2) Songs; and (3) Sagas. Further, the contents of each of these Sub-classes may, I think, be distinguished as (1) Cosmical; (2) Social; and (3) Ancestral. In my Classification of Greek Folk-songs I have used the terms (1) Mythological, (2) Affectional, and (3) Historical; and also, in my first paper on Classification, the terms (1) Religious, (2) Sexual, and (3) Social. But on the whole, I think that the terms now suggested are perhaps preferable to both these sets of terms. They certainly have a more direct reference to that psychological Analysis which must ever guide our Folk-lore Classification. For, as we have seen, an External World, Other Beings, and an Ancestral World, are the three great data of Folk-consciousness. And if this is so, Customs, Sayings, and Poesies, and their Sub-classes, may certainly be distinguished according as they are more especially called forth by, or have reference to, the impressions made by the Cosmos, or External World; Other Beings, or Society; and Ancestors, or the Ancestral World.

My Classification, as will be remarked, goes throughout in Triads, and to this an objection may be taken as if it were a mere fad. I submit that it is a necessary consequence of deriving the Classification of Folk-lore from a psychological Analysis of Folk-life. For, as

a matter of fact, the psychological analyses of the ablest psychologists and metaphysicians do always result in Triads. The analysis of our Faculties into Intellect, Emotion, and Will, is by no means a fad; nor is the analysis of a logical Proposition into three, and only three, elements a fad; nor is it a fad that in all the processes of Thought a progression by triplets may be distinguished. And I remain, thus far at least, a Hegelian, that I believe that the logic of Thought is the logic of History; and that, with reference to Folk-lore particularly, there will probably be something both incorrect in point of logic, and inadequate in point of fact, in any Classification of Folk-lore that does not conform to that Law of Triads which seems to result from every scientific Psychological Analysis.

And now to return to what was said in the opening paragraph of this paper, and to conclude. It was pointed out that recent investigations of the facts of Folk-life show that actual Folk-beliefs are by no means identical, as hitherto generally assumed, with the dominant Culture-beliefs; that this false assumption of such an identity is chiefly due to a serious defect in Historical Method; and that the result of this defect has been that we have hitherto had histories of Culture rather than histories of Society. This defect in Historical Method I said was to be remedied by the study of Folk-lore as the complement of the study of Culture-lore. It became necessary, then, to consider the nature and place of a Science of Folk-lore. Making its scope as wide as that of the Science which has been called by some French authors *Demologie*, I have defined it as the Classificatory Science, which is the adjunct of the Causal Science of Social Progress. We then proceeded to consider the principles of the Classification of Folk-lore. I endeavoured to show that they must be derived from the results of an Analysis of Folk-life. And the chief points of the Classification derived from such an Analysis were the following: First, the distinction between the Subjects of Folk-lore and the Records of Folk-lore. Secondly, the classification of the Subjects of Folk-lore as Folk-beliefs, Folk-passions, and Folk-traditions; and of the Records of Folk-lore as Folk-customs, Folk-sayings, and Folk-poesies. And, thirdly, the further classification of Customs, as

Festivals, Ceremonies, and Usages; of Sayings, as Prescriptions, Saws, and Forecasts; and of Poesies, as Stories, Songs, and Sagas: and, as a still further principle of Classification, it was suggested that the contents of each of these Genera might be distinguished as Cosmical, Social, and Ancestral. J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

CORNISH FEASTS AND "FEASTEN" CUSTOMS.

BY MISS M. A. COURTNEY.

(*Continued from p. 132.*)

1st March.—In Mid-Cornwall, people arise before the sun is up, and sweep before the door to sweep away fleas.—(T. G. Couch, *W. Antiquary*, September, 1883.)

5th March.—St. Piran's day is a miners' holiday. St. Piran is the patron saint of "tinnerns," and is popularly supposed to have died drunk. "As drunk as a Piraner" is a Cornish proverb."

The first Friday in March is another miners' holiday, "Friday in Lide." It is marked by a serio-comic custom of sending a young man on the highest "bound," or hillock, of the "works," and allowing him to sleep there as long as he can, the length of his siesta being the measure of the afternoon nap of the "tinnerns" throughout the ensuing twelve months.—(T. G. Couch.) Lide is an obsolete term for the month of March still preserved in old proverbs, such as "Ducks won't lay 'till they've drunk Lide water."

Holy Thursday.—On that Thursday, and the two following Thursdays, girls in the neighbourhood of Roche, in East Cornwall, repair to his holy or wishing well before sunrise. They throw in crooked pins or pebbles, and, by the bubbles that rise to the surface, seek to ascertain whether their sweethearts will be true or false. There was

once a chapel near this well, which was then held in great repute for the cure of all kinds of diseases, and a granite figure of St. Roche stood on the arch of the building that still covers it.

Good Friday was formerly kept more as a feast than a fast in Cornwall. Every vehicle was engaged days beforehand to take parties to some favourite place of resort in the neighbourhood, and labourers in inland parishes walked to the nearest seaport to gather "wrinkles" (winkles), &c.

On the morning of Good Friday at St. Constantine, in West Cornwall, an old custom is still observed of going to Helford river to gather shellfish (limpets, cockles, &c.); this river was once famous for oysters, and many were then bought and eaten on this day.

"Near Padstow, in East Cornwall, is the tower of an old church dedicated to St. Constantine. In its vicinity the feast of St. Constantine used to be annually celebrated, and has only been discontinued of late years. Its celebration consisted in the destruction of limpet-pies, and service in the church, followed by a hurling match."—(Murray's *Cornwall*.) Another writer says: "The festival of St. Constantine" (March 9th) "was until very lately kept at St. Merran" (Constantine and Merran are now one parish) "by an annual hurling match, on which occasion the owner of Harlyn" (a house in the neighbourhood) had from time immemorial supplied the silver ball. We are informed, on good authority, that a shepherd's family, of the name of Edwards, held one of the cottages in Constantine for many generations under the owners of Harlyn by the annual render of a Cornish pie, made of limpets, raisins, and sweet herbs, on the feast of St. Constantine."—(Lysons' *Magna Britannia*.)

At St. Day a fair was formerly held on Good Friday, now changed to Easter Monday.

"On Good Friday, 1878, I saw a brisk fair going on in the little village of Perran Porth, Cornwall, not far from the curious oratory of St. Piran, known as Perranzabuloe."—(W. A. B. C., *Notes and Queries*, April 23rd, 1881.)

But, although many still make this day a holiday, the churches are now much better attended. Good Friday cross-buns of many kinds are sold by the Cornish confectioners; some, highly spiced, are eaten

hot with butter and sugar; a commoner bun is simply washed over the top with saffron, and has a few currants stuck on it; there is one peculiar, I believe, to Penzance, it is made of a rich currant paste highly coloured with saffron; it is about an eighth of an inch thick, and four inches in diameter, and is marked with a large cross that divides it into four equal portions.

"In some of our farmhouses the Good Friday bun may be seen hanging to a string from the bacon-rack, slowly diminishing until the return of the season replaces it by a fresh one. It is of sovereign good in all manners of diseases afflicting the family or cattle. I have more than once seen a little of this cake grated into a warm mash for a sick cow."—(T. G. Couch, Polperro.) There is a superstition that bread made on this day never grows mouldy.

Many amateur gardeners sow their seeds on Good Friday; superstition says then they will all grow.

Of a custom observed at Little Colan, in East Cornwall, on Palm Sunday, Carew says: "Little Colan is not worth observation, unlesse you will deride or pity their simplicity, who sought at our Lady Nant's well there to foreknowe what fortune should betide them, which was in this manner. Upon Palm Sunday these idle-headed seekers resorted thither with a Palme cross in one hand and an offering in the other. The offering fell to the Priest's share, the crosse they threwe into the well; which if it swamme the party should outliue the yeere; if it sunk a short ensuing death was boded; and perhaps not altogether vntimely, while a foolish conceite of this 'halsening' myght the sooner helpe it onwards."

On Easter Monday at Penzance it was the custom within the last twenty years to bring out in the lower part of the town, before the doors, tables, on which were placed thick gingerbread cakes with raisins in them, cups and saucers, &c., to be raffled for with cups and dice, called here "Lilly-bangers." Fifty years since a man, nicknamed Harry Martillo, with his wife, the "lovelee," always kept one of these "lilly-banger stalls" at Penzance on market day. He would call attention to his gaming-table by shouting—

"I've been in Europe, Ayshee, Afrikee, and Amerikee,
And came back and married the lovelee."

I have heard that both used tobacco in three ways, and indulged freely in rum, also "tom-trot" (hardbake), strongly flavoured with peppermint. Of course a lively market would influence the dose, and as for "lovelee," it must have been in Harry's partial eyes.—(H.R.C.)

"Upon little Easter Sunday, the freeholders of the towne and mannour of Lostwithiel, by themselves or their deputies, did there assemble, amongst whom one (as it fell to his lot by turne), bravely apparelled, gallantly mounted, with a crowne on his head, a scepter in his hand, a sword borne before him, and dutifully attended by all the rest also on horseback, ride thorow the principal streete to the Church; there the Curate in his best '*beseene*' solemne receiud him at the Church-yard stile, and conducted him to heare diuine seruice; after which he repaired with the same pompe to a house foreprouided for that purpose, made a feast to his attendants, kept the table's end himselfe, and was serued with kneeling, assay, and all other rites due to the estate of a Prince; with which dinner the ceremony ended, and every man returned home again."—(Carew.)

The ancient custom of choosing a mock mayor was observed at Lostwithiel, on 10th October, 1884, by torchlight, in the presence of nearly a thousand people. The origin of both these customs is now quite forgotten.

April 1st. The universal attempts at fooling on this day are carried on in Cornwall as elsewhere, and children are sent by their schoolfellows for penn'orths of pigeons' milk, memory powder, strap-oil, &c., or with a note telling the receiver "to send the fool farther." When one boy succeeds in taking in another, he shouts after him, Fool! fool! the "guckaw" (cuckoo).

Towednack's (a village near St. Ives) "Cuckoo" or "Crowder" feast is on the nearest Sunday to the 28th April. Tradition accounts for the first name by the story of a man there who once gave a feast on an inclement day in the end of April. To warm his guests he threw some faggots on the fire (or some furze-bushes), when a cuckoo flew out of them, calling "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" It was caught and kept, and he resolved every year to invite his friends to celebrate the event. This, too, is said to be the origin of the feast.

"Crowder" in Cornwall means a fiddler, and the fiddle is called a

"crowd." In former days the parishioners of Towednack were met at the church door on "feasten" day by a "crowder," who, playing on his "crowd," headed a procession through the village street, hence its second name.

The only May-pole now erected in Cornwall is put up on April 30th, at Hugh Town, St. Mary's, Scilly. Girls dance around it on May-day with garlands of flowers on their heads, or large wreaths of flowers from shoulder to waist. In the beginning of this century, boys and girls in Cornwall sat up until twelve o'clock on the eve of May-day, and then marched around the towns and villages with musical instruments, collecting their friends to go a-maying. May-day is ushered in at Penzance by the discordant blowing of large tin horns. At daybreak, and even earlier, parties of boys, five or six in number, assemble at the street corners, from whence they perambulate the town blowing their horns and conchshells. They enter the gardens of detached houses, stop and bray under the bedroom windows, and beg for money. With what they collect they go into the country, and at one of the farmhouses they breakfast on bread and clotted cream, junket, &c. An additional ring of tin (a penn'orth) is added to his horn every year that a boy uses it.

Formerly, on May morn, if the boys succeeded in fixing a "May bough" over a farmer's door before he was up, he was considered bound to give them their breakfasts; and in some parts of the county, should the first comer bring with him a piece of well-opened hawthorn, he was entitled to a basin of cream.

"In West Cornwall it is the custom to hang a piece of furze to a door early in the morning of May-day. At breakfast-time the one who does this appears and demands a piece of bread and cream with a basin of 'raw-milk' (milk that has not been scalded and the cream taken off).

"In Landrake, East Cornwall, it was the custom to give the person who plucked a fern as much cream as would cover it. It was also a practice there to chastise with stinging nettles any one found in bed after six on May-morning."—(Rev. S. Rundle, Vicar, Godolphin.)

Young shoots of sycamore, as well as white thorn, are known as

May in Cornwall, and from green twigs of the former and from green stalks of wheaten corn the children of this county make a rude whistle, which they call a "feeper."

Until very lately parties of young men and women rose betimes on May-day and went into the country to breakfast; going "a junketing" in the evening has not yet been discontinued.

At Hayle, on May-day (1883), as usual, groups of children, decorated with flowers and gay with fantastic paper-clothes, went singing through the streets. In the evening bonfires were lit in various parts of the town, houses were illuminated with candles, torches and fireballs burnt until a late hour. The last is a new and dangerous plaything: a ball of tow or rags is saturated with petroleum, set fire to, and then kicked from one place to another; it leaves a small track of burning oil wherever it goes.

"On May-morning, in Polperro, the children and even adults go out into the country and fetch home branches of the narrow-leaved elm, or flowering boughs of white thorn, both of which are called 'May.' At a later hour all the boys sally forth with bucket, can, or other vessel, and avail themselves of a licence which the season confers—to 'dip' or wellnigh drown, without regard to person or circumstance, the passenger who has not the protection of a piece of 'May' conspicuously stuck in his dress; at the same time they sing, 'The first of May is Dipping-day.' This manner of keeping May-day is, I have heard, common in Cornwall. We are now favoured with a call from the boy with his pretty garland, gay with bright flowers and gaudily-painted birds'-eggs, who expects some little gratuity for the sight."—(T. G. Couch.)

"1st of May you must take down all the horse-shoes (that are nailed over doors to keep out witches, &c.) and turn them, not letting them touch the ground."—(Old Farmer, Mid Cornwall, through T. G. Couch, *W. Antiquary*, September, 1883.)

May-day at Padstow is Hobbyhorse-day. A hobby-horse is carried through the streets to a pool known as Traitor's-pool, a quarter of a mile out of the town. Here it is supposed to drink: the head is dipped into the water, which is freely sprinkled over the spectators.

The procession returns home, singing a song to commemorate the tradition that the French, having landed in the bay, mistook a party of mummers in red cloaks for soldiers, hastily fled to their boats and rowed away.

"The May-pole on the first of May at Padstow has only been discontinued within the last six or eight years (1883). It was erected in connection with the 'Hobbyhorse'-festival by the young men of the town, who on the last eve of April month would go into the country, cut a quantity of blooming yellow furze, and gather the flowers then in season, make garlands of the same; borrow the largest spar they could get from the shipwright's yard, dress it up with the said furze and garlands, with a flag or two on the top, and hoist the pole in a conspicuous part of the town, when the 'Mayers,' male and female, would dance around it on that festival-day, singing—

And strew all your flowers, for summer is come in to-day.
It is but a while ago since we have strewed ours
In the merry morning of May,' &c.

"The Maypole was allowed to remain up from a week to a fortnight, when it was taken down, stripped, and the pole returned."—(Henry Harding, Padstow, *W. Antiquary*, August, 1883.)

Formerly all the respectable people at Padstow kept this anniversary, decorated with the choicest flowers; but some unlucky day a number of rough characters from a distance joined in it, and committed some sad assaults upon old and young, spoiling all their nice summer clothes, and covering their faces and persons with smut. From that time—fifty years since—(1865) the procession is formed of the lowest.

The May-pole was once decorated with the best flowers, now with only some elm-branches and furze in blossom. The horse is formed as follows: The dress is made of sackcloth painted black—a fierce mask—eyes red, horse's head, horse-hair mane and tail; distended by a hoop—some would call it frightful. Carried by a powerful man, he could inflict much mischief with the snappers, &c. No doubt it is a remnant of the ancient plays, and it represents the devil, or the power of darkness. They commence singing at sunrise.

THE MORNING SONG.

Unite and unite, and let us all unite,
 For summer it is comen to-day ;
 And whither we are going we all will unite,
 In the merry morning of May.

Arise up, Mr. ———, and joy you betide,
 For summer is comen to-day ;
 And bright is your bride that lays by your side,
 In the merry morning of May.

Arise up, Mrs. ———, and gold be your ring,
 For summer is comen to-day ;
 And give to us a cup of ale, the merrier we shall sing
 In the merry morning of May.

Arise up, Miss ———, all in your smock of silk,
 For summer is comen to-day ;
 And all your body under as white as any milk,
 In the merry morning of May.

The young men of Padstow might if they would,
 For summer is comen to-day ;
 They might have built a ship and gilded her with gold,
 In the merry morning of May.

Now fare you well, and we bid you good cheer,
 For summer is comen to-day ;
 He will come no more unto your house before another year,
 In the merry morning of May.

(George Rawlings, September 1st, 1865, through R. Hunt, F.R.S.,
Droles, &c., Old Cornwall.)

Mr. Rawlings all through his song has written "For summer has come unto day," but this is clearly a mistake. He also gives another which he calls the "May-song," but it is not as well worth transcribing: it bears in some parts a slight resemblance to that sung at the Helston Hal-an-tow. See page 231.

In East Cornwall they have a custom of bathing in the sea on the three first Sunday mornings in May. And in West Cornwall children were taken before sunrise on those days to the holy wells, notably to that of St. Maddern (Madron) near Penzance, to be there dipped

into the running water that they might be cured of the rickets and other childish disorders. After being stripped naked they were plunged three times into the water, the parents facing the sun, and passed round the well nine times from east to west. They were then dressed, and laid by the side of the well to sleep in the sun ; should they do so and the water bubble it was considered a good sign. Not a word was to be spoken the whole time for fear of breaking the spell.

A small piece torn (not cut) from the child's clothes was hung for luck (if possible out of sight) on a thorn which grew out of the chapel wall. Some of these bits of rag may still sometimes be found, fluttering on the neighbouring bushes. I knew two well-educated people who in 1840, having a son who could not walk at the age of two, carried him and dipped him in Madron well, a distance of three miles from their home, on the two first Sundays in May ; but on the third the father refused to go. Some authorities say this well should be visited on the first three Wednesdays in May ; as was for the same purpose another holy well at Chapel Euny (or St. Uny) near Sancred.

The Wesleyans hold an open-air service on the first three Sunday afternoons in May, at a ruined chapel near to Madron-well, in the south wall of which a hole may be seen, through which the water from the well runs into a small baptistry in the south-west corner.

Parties of young girls to this day walk there in May to try for sweethearts. Crooked pins, or small heavy things, are dropped into the well in couples ; if they keep together the pair will be married ; the number of bubbles they make in falling shows the time that will elapse before the event. Sometimes two pieces of straw formed into a cross, fastened in the centre by a pin, were used in these divinations. An old woman who lived in a cottage at a little distance formerly frequented the well and instructed visitors how to work the charms ; she was never paid in money, but small presents were placed where she could find them. Pilgrims from all parts of England centuries ago resorted to St. Maddern's well : that was famed, as was also her grave, for many miraculous cures. The late Rev. R. S. Hawker;

Vicar of Morwenstow, in East Cornwall, published a poem, called "The Doom Well of St. Madron," on one of the ancient legends connected with it.

"A respectable tradesman's wife in Launceston tells me that the townspeople here say that a swelling in the neck may be cured by the patients going before sunrise on the first of May to the grave of the last young man (if the patient be a woman), to that of the last young woman (if a man) who had been buried in the churchyard, and applying the dew, gathered by passing the hand three times from the head to the foot of the grave, to the part affected by the ailment. I may as well add that the common notion of improving the complexion by washing the face with the early dew in the fields on the first of May prevails in these parts (East Cornwall), and they say that a child who is weak in the back may be cured by drawing him over the grass wet with the morning dew. The experiment must be thrice performed, that is, on the mornings of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of May."—(H. G. T., *Notes and Queries*, 14th December, 1850.)

The 8th of May is at Helston given up to pleasure, and is known as Flora-day, Flurry-day, Furry-day, and Faddy. To "fade" meant in old English to dance from country to town. A legend says this day was set apart to commemorate a fight between the devil and St. Michael, in which the first was defeated. The name Helston has been fancifully derived from a large block of granite which until 1783 was to be seen in the yard of the Angel hotel, the principal inn of the place. This was the stone that sealed Hell's mouth, and the devil was carrying it when met by St. Michael. Why he should have burdened himself with such a "large pebble" (as Cornish miners call all stones) is quite unknown. The fight and overthrow are figured on the town-seal.

The week before Flora-day is in Helston devoted to the "spring-clean," and every house is made "as bright as a new pin," and the gardens stripped of their flowers to adorn them.

The revelry begins at day-break, when the men and maidservants with their friends go into the country to breakfast; these are the "Hal-an-tow." They return about eight, laden with green boughs,

preceded by a drum and singing an old song, the first verses of which run thus :—

"Robin Hood and Little John
They both are gone to fair, O !
And we will to the merry greenwood
To see what they do there, O !
And for to chase—O !
To chase the buck and doe.

Refrain—With Hal-an-tow ! Rumbelow !
For we up as soon as any O !
And for to fetch the summer home,
The summer and the May O !
For summer is a come O !
And winter is agone O !

The whole of the song may be found with the music in *Specimens of Cornish Provincial Dialect*, by Uncle Jan, Trewoodle. (Sandys.)

The Hal-an-tow are privileged to levy contributions on strangers coming into the town.

Early in the morning merry peals are rung on the church-bells, and at nine a prescriptive holiday is demanded by the boys at the grammar-school. At noon the principal inhabitants and visitors dance through the town. The dancers start from the market-house, going through the streets ; in at the front doors of the houses that have been left open for them, ringing every bell and knocking at every knocker, and out at the back, but if more convenient they dance around the garden, or even around a room, and return through the door by which they entered. Sometimes the procession files in at one shop-door, dances through that department and out through another, and in one place descends into a cellar. All the main streets are thus traversed, and a circuit is made of the bowling-green, which at one end is the extreme limit of the town. Two beadles, their wands wreathed with flowers, and a band with a gaily-decorated drum, head the procession, The dance ends with "hands across" at the assembly room of the Angel hotel, where there is always a ball in the evening. Now dancers are admitted to this room by a small payment (which must be a silver coin), paid as they go up the stairs either to the landlord or a gentleman who stands on each side of the door. The

gentleman dancers on entering pay for their partners, and by established custom, should they be going to attend the evening ball, they are bound to give them their tickets, gloves, and the first dance. The tradespeople have their dance at a later hour, and their ball at another hotel.

The figure of the Furry dance, performed to a very lively measure, is extremely simple. To the first half of the tune the couples dance along hand-in-hand; at the second the first gentleman turns the second lady and the second gentleman the first. This change is made all down the set. Repeat.

I have appended the tune, to which children have adopted the following doggerel :—



“ John the bone (bean) was walking home,
When he met with Sally Dover,
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And he kissed her three times over.”

Some writers have made the mistake of imagining that the tune sung to the Hal-an-tow and the Furry dance are the same.

Formerly, should any person in Helston be found at work on Flora-day, he was set astride on a pole, then carried away on men's shoulders to a wide part of the Cober (a stream which empties itself into Love-pool close by), and sentenced to leap over it. As it was almost impossible to do this without jumping into the water, the punishment was remitted by the payment of a small fine towards the day's amusement. Others say the offender was first made to jump the Cober and then set astride on a pole to dry.

In many of the villages around Helston the children, on Flora-day, deck themselves with large wreaths, which they wear over one shoulder and under the other arm; and at Porthleven I observed, in

1884, in addition to these wreaths, several children with large white handkerchiefs arranged as wimples, kept on their heads with garlands of flowers.

One of the first objects on entering the village of St. Germans (East Cornwall) is the large walnut-tree, at the foot of what is called Nut-tree Hill. Many a gay May-fair has been witnessed by the old tree. In the morning of the 28th of the month splendid fat cattle from some of the largest and best farms in the county quietly chewed the cud around its trunk ; in the afternoon the basket-swing dangled from its branches filled with merry, laughing boys and girls from every part of the parish. On the following day the mock mayor, who had been chosen with many formalities, remarkable only for their rude and rough nature, starting from some "bush-house" where he had been supping too freely of the fair-ale, was mounted on wain or cart, and drawn around it, to claim his pretended jurisdiction over the ancient borough, until his successor was chosen at the following fair. Leaving the nut-tree, which is a real ornament to the town, we pass by a stream of water running into a large trough, in which many a country lad has been drenched for daring to enter the town on the 29th of May without the leaf or branch of oak in his hat.—(R. Hunt, F.R.S., *Drolls, &c., Old Cornwall.*)

The wrestlers of Cornwall and their wrestling-matches are still famous, and in the May of 1868 4,000 assembled one day and 3,000 the next to see one. The wrestlers of this county have a peculiar grip, called by them "the Cornish-hug."

Any odd, foolish game is in West Cornwall called a May-game (pronounced May-gum), also a person who acts foolishly ; and you frequently hear the expression—"He's a reg'lar May-gum !" There is a proverb that says—"Don't make mock of a May-gum, you may be struck comical yourself one day."

Whit-Sunday.—It was formerly considered very unlucky in Cornwall to go out on this day without putting on some new thing. Children were told that should they do so "the birds would foul them as they walked along." A new ribbon, or even a shoe-lace, would be sufficient to protect them. Whit-Sunday is generally kept as a holiday, and is often made an excuse for another country excursion.

sion, which, if taken in the afternoon, ends at some farm-house with a tea of Cornish "heavy-cream cake," and clotted-cream in the evening, with a junket.

Carew speaks of a feast kept in his time on Whit-Monday at the "Church-house" of the different parishes called a "Church-ale." It was a sort of large picnic, for which money had been previously collected by two young men—"wardens," who had been previously appointed the preceding year by their last "foregoers." This custom has long ceased to exist.

The Wesleyans (Methodists) in Cornwall hold an open-air service on Whit-Monday at Gwennap-pit. The pit is an old earth-round, excavated in the hill-side of Carn Marth, about three miles from the small village of Gwennap, and one from Redruth. This amphitheatre, which is then usually filled, is capable of holding from four to five thousand people, and is in shape like a funnel. It is encircled from the bottom to the top with eighteen turf-covered banks, made by cutting the earth into steps. It is admirably adapted for sound, and the voice of the preacher, who stands on one side, about half way up, is distinctly heard by the whole congregation. Wesley, when on a visit to Cornwall, preached in Gwennap-pit to the miners of that district, and this was the origin of the custom. Many excursion-trains run to Redruth on Whit-Monday, and a continuous string of vehicles of every description, as well as pedestrians, may be seen wending their way from the station to the pit, which is almost surrounded by "downs," and in a road close by rows of "standings" (stalls) are erected for the sale of "fairings." An annual pleasure-fair goes on at the same time at Redruth, and many avail themselves of the excursion-trains who have not the least intention of attending the religious service.

"In Mid-Cornwall, in the second week of June, at St. Roche and in one or two adjacent parishes, a curious dance is performed at their annual 'feasts.' It enjoys the rather undignified name of 'Snails' creep,' but would be more properly called 'The Serpent's Coil.'

"The following is scarcely a perfect description of it:—The young people being all assembled in a large meadow, the village band strikes up a simple but lively air, and marches forward, followed by the

whole assemblage, leading hand-in-hand (or more closely linked in case of engaged couples), the whole keeping time to the tune with a lively step. The band or head of the serpent keeps marching in an ever-narrowing circle, whilst its train of dancing followers becomes coiled around it in circle after circle. It is now that the most interesting part of the dance commences, for the band, taking a sharp turn about, begins to retrace the circle, still followed as before, and a number of young men with long, leafy branches in their hands as standards, direct this counter-movement with almost military precision."—(W. C. Wade, *W. Antiquary*, April, 1881.)

A game similar to the above dance is often played by Sunday-school children in West Cornwall, at their out-of-door summer-treats, called by them "roll-tobacco." They join hands in one long line, the taller children at the head. The first child stands still, whilst the others in ever-narrowing circles dance around singing, until they are coiled into a tight mass. The outer coil then wheels sharply in a contrary direction, followed by the remainder retracing their steps.

23rd of June. In the afternoon of Midsummer-eve little girls may be still occasionally met in the streets of Penzance with garlands of flowers on their heads, or wreaths over one shoulder.

This was, within the last fifty years, generally observed in West Cornwall. And in all the streets of our towns and villages, groups of graceful girls, rich as well as poor, all dressed in white, their frocks decorated with rows of laurel-leaves ("often spangled with gold-leaf"—Bottrell), might in the afternoon have been seen standing at the doors, or in the evening dancing along with their brothers or lovers.

In Penzance, and in nearly all the parishes of West Penwith, immediately after nightfall on the eves of St. John and St. Peter, the 23rd and 28th of June, lines of tar-barrels, occasionally broken by bonfires, were simultaneously lighted in all the streets, whilst, at the same time, bonfires were kindled on all the barns and hills around Mount's Bay, throwing the outlines in bold relief against the sky. Then the villagers, linked in circles hand-in-hand, danced round them to preserve themselves against witchcraft, and, when they burnt low, one person here and there detached himself from the rest and leaped

through the flames to insure himself from some special evil. The old people counted these fires and drew a presage from them.—(Bottrell.)

Regularly at dusk the mayor of Penzance sent the town-crier through the streets to give notice that no fireworks were allowed to be let off in the town ; but this was done simply that he should not be held responsible if any accident happened, for he and all in Penzance knew quite well that the law would be set at defiance. Large numbers of men, women, and boys came up soon after from the quay and lower parts of the town swinging immense torches around their heads ; these torches (locally known as "to'ches") were made of pieces of canvas about two feet square, dipped until completely saturated in tar, fastened in the middle either to a long pole or a strong chain. Of course they required to be swung with great dexterity or the holder would have been burnt. The heat they gave out was something dreadful, and the smoke suffocating. Most of the inhabitants dressed in their oldest clothes congregated in groups in the street, and a great part of the fun of the evening consisted in slyly throwing squibs amongst them, or in dispersing them by chasing them with hand-rockets. The greatest good humour always prevailed, and although the revellers were thickest in a small square surrounded by houses, some of them thatched, very few accidents have ever happened. A band stationed here played popular airs at intervals. No set-pieces were ever put off, but there were a few Roman-candles. Between ten and eleven a popular mayor might often have been seen standing in the middle of this square (the Green Market), encircled by about a dozen young men, each holding a lighted hand-rocket over the mayor's head. The sparks which fell around him on all sides made him look as if he stood in the centre of a fountain of fire. The proceedings finished by the boys and girls from the quay, whose torches had by this time expired, dancing in a long line hand in hand through the streets, in and out and sometimes over the now low burning tar-barrels, crying out, "An eye, an eye." At this shout the top couple held up their arms, and, beginning with the last, the others ran under them, thus reversing their position. A year or two ago, owing to the increasing traffic at Penzance, the practice of letting off squibs and crackers in the streets was formally abolished by order of the mayor

and corporation. Efforts are still made and money collected for the purpose of reviving it with some little success; but the Green Market is no longer the scene of the fun. A few boys still after dusk swing their torches, and here and there some of the old inhabitants keep up the custom of lighting tar-barrels or bonfires before their doors. A rite called the Bonfire Test was formerly celebrated on this night. Mr. R. Hunt, F.R.S., has described it in his *Drolls, &c. Old Cornwall*:—"A bonfire is formed of faggots of furze, ferns, and the like. Men and maidens, by locking hands, form a circle, and commence a dance to some wild native song. At length, as the dancers become excited, they pull each other from side to side across the fire. If they succeed in treading out the fire without breaking the chain, none of the party will die during the year. If, however, the ring is broken before the fire is extinguished, 'bad luck to the weak hands,' as my informant said (1865). All the witches in West Cornwall used to meet at midnight on Midsummer-eve at Trewa (pronounced Troway), in the parish of Zennor, and around the dying fires renewed their vows to their master, the Devil. Zennor boasts of some of the finest coast scenery in Cornwall, and many remarkable rocks were scattered about in this neighbourhood; several of them (as does the cromlech) still remain, but others have been quarried and carted away, amongst them one known as Witches' Rock, which if touched nine times at midnight kept away ill-luck, and prevented people from being "overlooked (ill-wished)."

On Midsummer-day (June 24th) two pleasure fairs are held in Cornwall: one at Pelynt, in the eastern part of the county, where in the evening, from time immemorial, a large bonfire has been always lighted in an adjoining field by the boys of the neighbourhood (some writers fix on the summer solstice as the date of Pelynt fair, but this, I believe, is an error); and the second on the old quay at Penzance. It is called "Quay Fair," to distinguish it from Corpus Christi fair, another and much larger one held at the other extremity of the town, and which lasts from the eve of Corpus Christi until the following Saturday. Quay fair was formerly crowded by people from the neighbouring inland towns and villages; their principal amusement was to go out for a short row, a great number in one boat, the boatmen

charging a penny a head. This was taking a "Pen'nord of Say." When not paid for, a short row is a "Troil." (Troil is old-Cornish for a feast.)

Although this fair has not yet been discontinued, the number of those attending it grows less and less every year, and not enough money is taken to encourage travelling showmen to set up their booths. The old charter allowed the publichouses at the quay to keep open all night on the 24th of June, but such is no longer the case. Quay fair was sometimes known as Strawberry fair, and thirty years ago many strawberries were sold at it for twopence a quart. They were not brought to market in pottles, but in large baskets containing some gallons, and were measured out to the customers in a tin pint or quart measure. They were eaten from cabbage-leaves. Before the end of the day, unless there were a brisk sale, the fruit naturally got much bruised. They are still sold in the same way, but are not nearly as plentiful. Many of the strawberry fields, through which public footpaths often went, have been turned up, and are now used for growing early potatoes. On St. John's day Cornish miners place a green bough on the shears of the engine-houses in commemoration of his preaching in the wilderness.

This day is with Cornish as with other maidens a favourite one for trying old love-charms. Some of them rise betimes, and go into the country to search for an even "leafed" ash, or an even "leafed" clover. When found the rhymes they repeat are common to all England.

An old lady, a native of Scilly, once gave me a most graphic description of her mother and aunt laying a table just before midnight on St. John's day, with a clean white cloth, knives and forks, and bread and cheese, to see if they should marry the men to whom they were engaged. They sat down to it, keeping strict silence—

" For, if a word had been spoken,
The spell would have been broken."

As the clock struck twelve the door, which had purposely been left unbarred, opened, and their two lovers walked in, having, as they met outside, both been compelled by irresistible curiosity to go and see if there were anything the matter with their sweethearts.

It never entered the old lady's head that the men probably had an inkling of what was going on, and to have hinted that such was the case would, I am quite sure, have given dire offence.

The following charm is from the *W. Antiquary* :—Pluck a rose at midnight on St. John's day, wear it to church, and your intended will take it out of your button-hole.—(Old Farmer, Mid-Cornwall, through T. G. Couch.)

In connection with midsummer bonfires, I mentioned those on St. Peter's eve; although they are no longer lighted at Penzance, the custom (never confined to West Cornwall) is in other places still observed. Many of the churches in the small fishing villages on the coast are dedicated to this saint, the patron of fishermen, and on his tide the towers of these churches were formerly occasionally illuminated.

On St. Peter's eve, at Newlyn West, in 1883, many of the men were away fishing on the east coast of England, and the celebration of the festival was put off until their return, when it took place with more than usual rejoicings. The afternoon was given up to aquatic sports, and in the evening, in addition to the usual bonfires and tar-barrels, squibs and hand and sky-rockets were let off. The young people finished the day with an open-air dance, which ended before twelve. In this village effigies of objectionable characters, after they have been carried through the streets, are sometimes burnt in the St. Peter's bonfire. I have often in Cornwall heard red-haired people described "as looking as if they were born on bonfire night." At Wendron, and many other small inland mining villages, the boys at St. Peter's-tide fire off miniature rock batteries called "plugs."

I must now again quote from Mr. T. G. Couch, and give his account of how this day is observed at Polperro.

"The patron saint of Polperro is St. Peter, to whom the church, built on the seaward hill (still called chapel hill) was dedicated. His festival is kept on the 10th of July (old style). At Peter's-tide is our annual feast or fair. Though a feeble and insignificant matter, it is still with the young the great event of the year. On the eve of the fair is the prefatory ceremony of a bonfire. The young fishermen go from house to house and beg money to defray the expenses. At nightfall

a large pile of faggots and tar-barrels is built on the beach, and, amid the cheers of a congregated crowd of men, women, and children (for it is a favour never denied to children to stay up and see the bonfire), the pile is lighted. The fire blazes up, and men and boys dance merrily round it, and keep up the sport till the fire burns low enough, when they venturously leap through the flames. It is a most animated scene, the whole valley lit up by the bright red glow, bringing into strong relief front and gable of picturesque old houses, each window crowded with eager and delighted faces, while around the fire is a crowd of ruddy lookers-on, shutting in a circle of impish figures leaping like salamanders through the flames.

“The next day the fair begins, a trivial matter, except to the children, who are dressed in their Sunday clothes, and to the village girls in their best gowns and gaudiest ribbons. Stalls, or ‘standings,’ laden with fairings, sweetmeats, and toys, line the lower part of Lansallos Street, near the strand. There are, besides, strolling Thespians; fellows who draw unwary youths into games of hazard, where the risk is mainly on one side; ballad-singers; *penny-peep* men, who show and describe to wondering boys the most horrid scenes of the latest murder; jugglers and tumblers also display their skill. In the neighbouring inn the fiddler plays his liveliest tunes at twopence a reel, which the swains gallantly pay. The first day of the fair is merely introductory, for the excitement is rarely allayed under three. The second day is much livelier than the first, and has for its great event the wrestling-match on the strand, or perhaps a boat-race. On the third day we have the mayor-choosing, never a valid ceremony, but a broad burlesque. The person who is chosen to this post of mimic dignity is generally some half-witted or drunken fellow, who, tricked out in tinsel finery, elects his staff of constables, and these, armed with staves, accompany his chariot (some jowter’s (huckster’s) cart, dressed with green boughs) through the town, stopping at each inn, where he makes a speech full of large promises to his listeners, of full work, better wages, and a liberal allowance of beer during his year of mayoralty. He then demands a quart of the landlord’s ale, which is gauged with mock ceremony, and if adjudged short of measure is, after being emptied, broken on the wheel of the car.

Having completed the perambulation of the town, his attendants often make some facetious end of the pageant by wheeling the mayor in his chariot with some impetus into the tide."—*Polperro*, 1871, pp. 156-159.

The ceremony of choosing a mock mayor was also observed at Penryn (near Falmouth), but it took place in the autumn, on a day in September or October, when hazel-nuts were ripe, and "nutting day" was kept by the children and poor people. The journeyman tailors went from Penryn and Falmouth to Mylor parish, on the opposite side of the river Fal. There they made choice of the wittiest amongst them to fill that office. His title was the "Mayor of Mylor." When chosen, he was borne in a chair upon the shoulders of four strong men from his "goode towne of Mylor" to his "anciente borough of Penryn." He was preceded by torch-bearers and two town-sergeants, in gowns and cocked hats, with cabbages instead of maces, and surrounded by a guard armed with staves. Just outside Penryn he was met with a band of music, which played him into the town. The procession halted at the town-hall, where the mayor made a burlesque speech, often a clever imitation of the phrases and manners of their then sitting parliamentary representative. This speech was repeated with variations before the different inns, the landlords of which were expected to provide the mayor and his numerous attendants liberally with beer. The day's proceedings finished with a dinner at one of the public-houses in Penryn. Bon-fires, &c., were lighted, and fireworks let off soon after dusk. It was popularly supposed that this choosing of a mock mayor was permitted by a clause in the town charter.

A festival, supposed to have been instituted in honour of Thomas-à-Becket, called "Bodmin-Riding," was (although shorn of its former importance) until very recently held there on the first Monday and Tuesday after the 7th of July.

In the beginning of this century all the tradespeople of the town, preceded by music and carrying emblems of their trades, walked in procession to the Priory. They were headed by two men, one with a garland and the other with a pole, which they presented and received back again from the master of the house as the then representative

of the Prior. Mr. T. G. Couch had the following description of this ceremony from those who took part in its latest celebration:—

“A puncheon of beer having been brewed in the previous October, and duly bottled in anticipation of the time, two or more young men, who were entrusted with the chief management of the affair, and who represented ‘the wardens’ of Carew’s Church-ales, went round the town (Bodmin) attended by a band of drummers and fifers, or other instruments. The crier saluted each house with—‘To the people of this house, a prosperous morning, long life, health, and a merry riding.’ The musicians then struck up the riding-tune, a quick and inspiring measure, said by some to be as old as the feast itself. The householder was solicited to taste the riding-ale, which was carried round in baskets. A bottle was usually taken in, and it was acknowledged by such a sum as the means or humour of the townsmen permitted, to be spent on the public festivities of the season. Next morning a procession was formed (all who could afford to ride mounted on horse or ass, smacking long-lashed whips), first to the Priory to receive two large garlands of flowers fixed on staves, and then in due order to the principal streets to the town-end, where the games were formally opened. The sports, which lasted two days, were of the ordinary sort—wrestling, foot-racing, jumping in sacks, &c. It is worthy of remark that a second or inferior brewing from the same wort was drunk at a minor merry-making at Whitsuntide.”
—(Popular Antiquities, *Journal Royal Institute of Cornwall*, 1864.)

In former days the proceedings ended in a servants’-ball, at which dancing was kept up until the next morning’s breakfast-hour.

A very curious carnival was originally held under a Lord of Misrule, in July, on Halgaver Moor, near Bodmin, thus quaintly described by Carew:—

“The youthlyer sort of Bodmin townsmen vse to sport themselves by playing the box with strangers whom they summon to Halgauer. The name signifieth the Goat’s Moore, and such a place it is, lying a little without the towne, and very full of quanemires. When these mates meet with any rawe seruing-man or other young master, who may serue and deserue to make pastime, they cause him to be solemnly

arrested, for his appearance before the Maior of Halgauer, where he is charged with wearing one spurre, or going vntrussed, or wanting a girdle, or some such felony. After he had been arraygned and tryed, with all requisite circumstances, iudgement is given in formal terms, and executed in some one vngracious pranke or other, more to the skorne than hurt of the party condemned. Hence is sprung the prouerb when we see one slouenly appareled to say he shall be presented at Halgauer Court (or take him before the Maior of Halgauer).

"But now and then they extend this merriment with the largest, to preiudice of ouer-credulous people, persuading them to fight with a dragon lurking in Halgauer, or to see some strange matter there, which concludeth at least with a trayning them into the mire."—(*Survey of Cornwall.*)

"Taking-day."—"An old custom about which history tells us nothing is still duly observed at Crowan, in West Cornwall. Annually, on the Sunday evening previous to Praze-an-beeble fair (July 16th) large numbers of the young folk repair to the parish church, and at the conclusion of the service they hasten to Clowance Park, where still large crowds assemble, collected chiefly from the neighbouring villages of Leeds-towns, Carnhell-green, Nancegollan, Blackrock, and Praze. Here the sterner sex select their partners for the forthcoming fair, and, as it not unfrequently happens that the generous proposals are not accepted, a tussle ensues, to the intense merriment of passing spectators. Many a happy wedding has resulted from the opportunity afforded for selection on 'Taking-day' in Clowance Park."—(*Cornishman*, July, 1882.)

On the 25th July, St. James's-day. At St. Ives they have a quiennial celebration of the "Knillian games." They have been fully described by the late J. S. Courtney in his *Guide to Penzance*, as follows:—

"Near St. Ives a pyramid on the summit of a hill attracts attention. This pyramid was erected in the year 1782, as a place of sepulture for himself, by John Knill, Esq., some time collector of the Customs at St. Ives, and afterwards a resident in Gray's Inn, London, where he died in 1811. The building is commonly called 'Knill's

Mausoleum'; but Mr. Knill's body was not there deposited, for, having died in London, he was, according to his own directions, interred in St. Andrew's church, Holborn. The pyramid bears on its three sides respectively the following inscriptions, in relief, on the granite of which it is built: 'Johannes Knill, 1782.' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' 'Resurgam.' On one side there is also Mr. Knill's coat of arms, with his motto, 'Nil desperandum.'

"In the year 1797, Mr. Knill, by a deed of trust, settled upon the mayor and capital burgesses of the borough of St. Ives, and their successors for ever, an annuity of ten pounds, as a rent-charge, to be paid out of the manor of Glivian, in the parish of Mawgan, in this county, to the said mayor and burgesses in the town-hall of the said borough, at twelve o'clock at noon, on the feast of the Nativity of St. John (Midsummer-day) in every year; and, in default, to be levied by the said mayor and burgesses by distress on the said manor. The ten pounds then received are to be immediately paid by the mayor and burgesses to the mayor, the collector of customs, and the clergyman of the parish for the time being, to be by them deposited in a chest secured by three locks, of which each is to have a key; and the box is left in the custody of the mayor.

"Of this annuity a portion is directed to be applied to the repair and support of the mausoleum; another sum for the establishment of various ceremonies to be observed once every five years; and the remainder 'to the effectuating and establishing of certain charitable purposes.'"

The whole affair has, however, been generally treated with ridicule. In order, therefore, to show that Mr. Knill intended a considerable portion of his request to be applied to really useful purposes, we annex a copy of his regulations for the disposal of the money:

"First. That, at the end of every five years, on the feast-day of St. James the Apostle, *Twenty-five* pounds shall be expended as follows, viz. *Ten* pounds in a dinner for the mayor, collector of customs, and clergy-man, and two persons to be invited by each of them, making a party of nine persons, to dine at some tavern at the borough. *Five* pounds to be equally divided among ten girls, natives of the borough, and daughters of seamen, fishermen, or tanners, each

of them not exceeding ten years of age, who shall between ten and twelve o'clock in the forenoon of that day dance, for a quarter of hour at least, on the ground adjoining the Mausoleum, and after the dance sing the 100th Psalm of the Old Version, 'to the fine old tune' to which the same was then sung in St. Ives church.

"One pound to the fiddler who shall play to the girls while dancing and singing at the Mausoleum, and also before them on their return home therefrom.

"Two pounds to two widows of seamen, fishermen, or tanners of the borough, being 64 years old or upwards, who shall attend the dancing and singing of the girls, and walk before them immediately after the fiddler, and certify to the Mayor, Collector, and Clergyman that the ceremonies have been duly performed.

"One pound to be laid out in white ribbons for breast-knots for the girls and widows, and a cockade for the fiddler, to be worn by them respectively on that day and the Sunday following. One pound to purchase account-books from time to time and pay the clerk of the customs for keeping the accounts. The remaining *Five* pounds to be paid to a man and wife, widower, or widow, 60 years of age or upwards, the man being an inhabitant of St. Ives, and a seaman, fisherman, tinner, or labourer, who shall have bred up to the age of ten years and upwards, the greatest number of legitimate children by his or her own labour, care, and industry, without parochial assistance, or having become entitled to any property in any other manner.

"Secondly. When a certain sum of money shall have accumulated in the chest, over and above what may have been required for repairs of the Mausoleum and the above payments, it is directed that on one of the fore-mentioned days of the festival '*Fifty*' pounds shall be distributed in addition to the '*Twenty-five*' pounds spent quinquennially in the following manner; that is *Ten* pounds to be given as a marriage-portion to the woman between 26 and 36 years old, being a native of St. Ives, who shall have been married to a seaman, fisherman, tinner, or labourer, residing in the borough, between the 31st of December previously, and that day following the said feast-day, that shall appear to the mayor, collector, and clergyman, the most worthy,

‘ regard being had to her duty and kindness to her parents, or to her friends who have brought her up.’

“ *Five* pounds to any woman, single or married, being an inhabitant of St. Ives, who in the opinion of the aforesaid gentlemen shall be the best knitter of fishing-nets.

“ *Five* pounds to be paid to the woman, married or single, inhabitant of St. Ives, or otherwise, who shall, by the same authorities, be deemed to be the best curer and packer of pilchards for exportation.

“ *Five* pounds to be given between such two follower-boys as shall by the same gentlemen be judged to have best conducted themselves of all the follower-boys in the several concerns, in the preceding fishing-season. (A follower is a boat that carries a tuck-net in pilchard-fishing.)

“ And *Twenty-five* pounds, the remainder of the said *Fifty*, to be divided among all the Friendly Societies in the borough, instituted for the support of the Members in sickness or other calamity, in equal shares. If there be no such Society, the same to be distributed among ten poor persons, five men and five women, inhabitants of the borough, of the age of 64 years, or upwards, and who have never received parochial relief.”

The first celebration of the Knillian games, which drew a large concourse of people, took place in Knill’s lifetime on July 25th, 1801, and have been repeated every five years up to the present time.

Morvah Feast, which is on the nearest Sunday to the 1st August, is said to have been instituted in memory of a wrestling-match, throwing of quoits, &c., which took place there one Sunday, “ when there were giants in the land.” On the Monday there was formerly a large fair, and although Morvah is a very small village without any attractions, the farmers flocked to it in great numbers to drink and feast, sitting on the hedges of the small fields common in West Cornwall. “ Three on one horse, like going to Morvah Fair,” is an old proverb.

On August 5th a large cattle-fair is held in the village of Goldsithney in the parish of Perran-Uthnoe. Lysons, in 1814, says :— “ There is a tradition that this fair was originally held in Sithney,

near Helston, and that some persons ran off with the glove, by the suspension of which to a pole the charter was held, and carried it off to this village, where, it is said, the glove was hung out for many years at the time of the fair. As some confirmation of the tradition of its removal it should be mentioned that the lord of the manor, a proprietor of the fair, used to pay an acknowledgment of one shilling per annum to the churchwardens of Sithney." The same author makes the statement that Truro fair on November 19th belongs to the proprietors of Truro Manor, as high lords of the town, and that a glove is hung out at this fair as at Chester; he also says that these same lords claim a tax called smoke-money from most of the houses in the borough.

In Cornwall the last sheaf of corn cut at harvest-time is "the neck." This in the West is always cut by the oldest reaper, who shouts out, "I hav'et! I hav'et! I hav'et!" The others answer, "What hav'ee? What hav'ee? What hav'ee?" He replies, "A neck! A neck! A neck!" Then altogether they give three loud hurrahs. The neck is afterwards made into a miniature sheaf, gaily decorated with ribbons and flowers; it is carried home in triumph, and hung up to a beam in the kitchen, where it is left until the next harvest. Mr. Robert Hunt says that "after the neck has been cried three times they (the reapers) change their cry to 'we yen! we yen!' which they sound in the same prolonged and slow manner as before, with singular harmony and effect three times." After this they all burst out into a kind of loud, joyous laugh, flinging up their hats and caps into the air, capering about, and perhaps kissing the girls. One of them gets the "neck," and runs as hard as he can to the farm-house, where the dairy-maid or one of the young female domestics stands at the door prepared with a pail of water. If he who holds the "neck" can manage to get into the house in any way unseen, or openly by any other way than the door, by which the girl stands with the pail of water, then he may lawfully kiss her; but if otherwise he is regularly soused with the contents of the bucket.

The object of crying the "neck" is to give notice to the surrounding country of the end of the harvest, and the meaning of "we yen" is *we have ended*.

The last sheaf of the barley-harvest (there is now but little grown) was the "crow-sheaf," and when cut the same ceremony was gone through; but instead of "a neck," the words "a crow" were substituted.

When "the neck" is cut at the house of a squire, the reapers sometimes assemble at the front of the mansion and cry "the neck," with the addition of these words, "and for our pains we do deserve, a glass of brandy, strong beer, and a bun."—(John Hills, Penryn, *W. Antiquary*, October, 1882.)

In East Cornwall "the neck," which is made into a slightly different shape, is carried to the mowhay (pronounced mo-ey) before it is cried (a mowhay is an inclosure for ricks of corn and hay). One of the men then retires to a distance from the others and shouts the same formula. It is hung up in the kitchen until Christmas-day, when it is given to the best ox in the stalls.

The harvest-home feast in the neighbourhood of Penzance goes by the name of "gool-dize," or "gool-an-dize." In Scilly it is known as the "nickly thize." Farmers there at that season of the year formerly killed a sheep, and as long as any portion of it was left the feast went on.

Ricks of corn in Cornwall are often made, and left to stand in the "arrish-fields" (stubble-fields) where they were cut. These are all called "arrish-mows," but from their different shapes they have also the names of "brummal-mows" and "pedrack-mows."

Probus and Grace fair is held on the 17th of September, through a charter granted by Charles II. after his restoration, to a Mr. Williams of that neighbourhood, with whom he had lived for some time during the Civil Wars.

Probus is in East Cornwall, and its church is famed for its beautiful tower. Tradition has it that this church was built by Saint Probus, but for want of funds he could not add the tower, and in his need asked St. Grace to help him.

She consented, but when the church was consecrated Probus praised himself, but made no mention of her. Then a mysterious voice was heard, repeating the following distich:—

" St. Probus and Grace,
Not the first but the la-ast."

This town, consequently, has two patron saints.

I know of no other feasten ceremonies in this month; but here, as elsewhere, the children of the poor make up parties "to go a black-berrying." This fruit, by old people, is said not to be good after Michaelmas, kept by them 10th October (old style): after that date they told you the devil spat on them, and birds fouled them.

I knew an old lady whose birthday falling on that day she religiously kept it by eating for the last time that year blackberry-tart with clotted cream.

This brings me round to the month from which I started. Many of the feasts are of course omitted, as no local customs are now connected with them. There must be one for nearly every Sunday in the year, and a mere record of their names would be most wearisome. I cannot do better, therefore, than finish this portion of my work with two quotations. The first, from "Parochalia," by Mr. T. G. Couch, *Journal Royal Institute of Cornwall*, 1865, runs thus:—

"The patron saint of Janivet feast is not known; it is marked by no particular customs, but is a time for general visiting and merry-making, with an occasional wrestling-match. A local verse says:—

"On the nearest Sunday to the last Sunday in A-prel,
Lanivet men fare well.
On the first Sunday after the first Tuesday in May,
Lanivrey men fare as well as they."

Quotation number two is what Carew wrote in 1569:—

"The saints' feast is kept upon dedication-day by every householder of the parish within his own doors, each entertaining such forrayne acquaintance as will not fayle when their like time cometh about to requite him with the like kindness."

These remarks, and the jingling couplets, could be equally well applied to all the unmentioned feasts.

M. A. COURTNEY.

Trenance, Penzance.

LOCAL GREEK MYTHS.

COMMUNICATED BY Y. N. POLITËS TO MRS. EDMONDS.

MÁRY.*

THE STRINGLAS.†



PRASTEION, a village in the commune of Kardamylês, in Máry, is also called Στριγγλυχώρι, the Stringla village, because many of the women living there are Stringlas (Στριγγλαις). Every night they go down to the sea-shore in Selinitza, where they always find boats at anchor. Choosing one of the vessels anchored there, they embark on it, spread its sails, and steer it like men, and, after their voyage, return with a freight of sugar-canes, because they go to a place where they grow. A young man who one night fell asleep in the boat, into which the Stringlas entered, was not perceived by them, and when he awoke he saw the Stringlas take off their garments, and throw them in a heap together, after which one unfurled the sails, and another took the tiller, and off they went on their voyage. As soon as the young man collected his thoughts he suspected the whole affair, because he had previously been told how many Stringlas there were in that village, and that they went sailing every night. He was not able to recognise them, but was acute enough to snip off a small piece from each of the garments which were lying near him. So they all together made the journey. The Stringlas and the young man sailed out and returned.

The next morning, however, the young man lost no time, but went to Prasteion, and exposed the whole thing, and so it happened that all the Stringlas were detected. Their husbands took every precaution afterwards, but it was all of no avail, for their Stringlas wives still found means every night to take their usual voyage.

* Máry in the Peloponnesus.

† I think "witch" is about our equivalent for Στριγγλα in the manner in which the term is now applied in Greece.

ATTICA.

OLD METROS.

Opposite Váry (Βάρη) is a little islet called Phlebas (Φλέβαις). This islet is still under exorcism on account of the following circumstances. About three or four hundred years since, twelve Klephts, being pursued by Turks, fled thither in a little boat. After they were landed the boatman finds means to slip away, and leave them there. They consequently had no means of subsistence. After supporting themselves for some days upon the herbage they found, one of them died, and his starving companions devoured his dead body. By little and little this occurrence was repeated until there only survived the captain of the Klephts, Old Metros, who had fed by turns on all his Pallikars.

From that time the islet has been under exorcism. No ship or boat can approach it. If by chance any vessel should cast anchor within a certain distance, a rushing noise and a strong wind would instantaneously occur, the cables would be snapped asunder, and stones hurled without any personage being seen to hurl them, plates and every thing else on board being thrown down and dashed into fragments. Unto this islet, however, as it produced fresh and tender grass, some sheep went, but they never increased. The sheep would suddenly at night-time be attacked with a fearful disease, and by morning would be dead, and parts of their bodies so black and discoloured that even the dogs refused to eat of them. Many shepherds have often kept watch through the entire night, but have never seen aught to account for it. But, nevertheless, it did so happen that one shepherd kept his flocks uninjured by disease and death, for he, as he was sitting one night alone in his hut, saw Old Metros enter, and come and sit down near him, whereupon he accosted him with the greeting, "Good evening, Old Metros." Metros answered nothing, but nodded his head, in token of being gratified. The shepherd consequently went on discoursing, and, although Old Metros did not join in the conversation, he showed his acquiescence by signs and nods. When the shepherd made the fire blaze up, Old Metros

did the same. From that time he knew in what manner to please Old Metros, and thereby save his sheep. If any are travelling along the roads in that part with horses; and if at different places one of the horses stops short, and pricks up his ears; if the rider calls out, "Hail to thee, Old Metros," Old Metros immediately leaves the horse's head, and goes away, and the travellers can proceed unmolested.

A STORY OF THE KOH-I-NÛR.



THE following story of the Koh-i-Nûr, which was told by an old Sikh to a person highly placed in the Punjab (from whom I have it), has not, so far as I know, hitherto appeared in print. It should be premised that an idea has always prevailed that the Koh-i-Nûr originally formed one of a pair of exceptionally large diamonds. The legends relating to this are numerous; but the other diamond has never been satisfactorily identified. Many stones have been proposed; among others, the Darga-i-Nûr or Ocean of Light, and the Jehan-Ghir-Shah. Another tradition points to the Koh-i-Târ or Mountain of Sinai as the stone which figured as companion to the Koh-i-Nûr in the two eyes of the jewelled peacock which ornamented the throne of Aurungzeb, son of Shah Jehan. Unfortunately, the Koh-i-Târ has a set of legends of its own which do not agree with this supposition. It is said that it formed one of the eyes, not of the peacock, but of Sri-Ranga, a famous idol, whose home was in a temple in Mysore. What became of Sri-Ranga's other eye no one knows; but Mr. Streeter, the great authority on diamonds, believes that the Koh-i-Târ is the same as the Orloff, which is now in the Russian Imperial regalia.* Others,

* *The Great Diamonds of the World* (George Bell, 2nd ed. 1882), p. 115.

again, have thought that the Koh-i-Nûr, Koh-i-Tûr, and Abbas Mîrza were all fragments of the Great Mogul; but this theory cannot be sustained in the face of the all but certainty that the Great Mogul (which has so strangely vanished out of sight) was only found about the year 1630, while the history of the Koh-i-Nûr dates back to 1304, and its traditional fame extends to a time more remote by many thousand years.

Here is the folk-tale:—

There was question about the Koh-i-Nûr, and the Sikh said: "We have known all about it for ages. In times out of mind it was the property of a great (mythological) rajah who wore this with its twin-brother in an armet on his arm. This is how it was lost in the depth of ages, and was recovered, and came into possession of the Rajahs of Lahore:—

One day a native was at his occupation by the river, and at noon came his wife and brought him, as usual, his dinner, tied up in a little bag. She set it down before him, but eftsoons a kite swooped down and carried it off. The woman broke into laughter; not so the man, who said—"What is there to laugh at?" and slapped her face, or worse. "Wait, sir," said she, "and I will explain. It suddenly was revealed to my mind that thousands of years ago I myself was a kite, and was hovering over a tremendous battle on those plains between two demigod Rajahs, one of whom wore the diamond in his armet. This latter fell in the battle, and great search was made for his corpse. When it was found the arm was missing, and I know how. Seeing the arm cut off, I dropped down, and bore it away, but after a time, finding it heavy, I let it fall."

Now, when this tale of the Sikh woman got abroad, it caused much sensation at Lahore, and great search was made for the possible spot where the arm might have fallen, all over the district where the traditional battle had been fought. At last a little heap, or unevenness of the ground was discovered, and on opening the soil the armet, enriched with the diamonds, was found. This is how they came several hundred years ago into the possession of the Rajahs of Lahore, as every body knows."

The Sikh story-teller naturally likes to assume that the Koh-i-Nŭr had belonged to his own rulers for fabulous ages, but such is not, of course, historically the case. A legend current among the Hindus asserts that it was found in the bed of the Lower Godavery River, five thousand years ago, and that Carna, Rajah of Anga, one of the heroes of the Mahābhārata, wore it as a talisman. In 1304 Ala-ed-dīn Khilji took the stone from the Rajah of Malwa; but on making peace he seems to have given it back to its former owner. Later it belonged to the Mogul emperors, who kept it till Nadir Shah invaded India in 1739. The romantic circumstances under which Nadir got possession of it need not be related here; on first beholding it, he exclaimed "Koh-i-Nŭr!" or "Mountain of Light!" and it was thus that it received its name. In 1751 it fell into the hands of the Afghan rulers, and it was only in June 1813 that the Punjab chief Rungīt Singh realised the desire of his life and became its possessor. It had always been esteemed a badge of victory and symbol of empire, but as a matter of fact it rather seemed a *porte-malheur*, which brought horrible sufferings, torture, disgrace, the loss of eye-sight, the loss of empire to all who owned it. Rungīt Singh is reported to have acquired conviction upon his deathbed that the stone was unlucky and to have wished to leave it as a propitiatory offering to the shrine of Juggernaut, but his successors could not bring themselves to part with it till 1849, when they were forced to yield it, with all their territory, to the British Crown. It was, I think, Lady Burton who suggested some years ago, that it should be sold to Russia, or at all hazards got rid of, lest the influence of its baleful splendour might be felt anew. Mr. Streeter writes more hopefully: "A strange fatality presided over its early vicissitudes; but its alleged 'uncannie' powers have now ceased to be a subject of apprehension. Its latest history eloquently demonstrates the fact that extended empire is a blessing, just in proportion as it finds hearts and hands willing to fulfil the high duties which increased privileges involve."

EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

DONEGAL SUPERSTITIONS.

By G. H. KINAHAN, M.R.I.A.

SHEETIN CATTLE.



SHEETIN is a very fair pronunciation of the Irish words *sidh* (*fairy*) and *teine* (*fire*), or, loosely translated, *fairy-struck* or *shot*. There is a very general belief in Ireland, even among the people of English and Scotch abstraction, that cattle can be fairy-struck or bewitched, and in the co. Donegal the first is called "sheetin" and the second "blinked," the Irish believing most in the first; the Scotch element, which is great in the county, in the second. To take them in order:—

Generally in Ireland, but more especially in Munster and Connaught, the fairies are supposed to throw *soighd* (*anglicè* darts), these being the flint implements that are picked up here and there in the fields; and, to cure the cattle, formerly they gave it a hair of the dog that bit it, the flint being boiled in a pot of water and that given to the cow, or the flint was passed over the cow, it at the same time being rubbed in places with it. The exact formula that was gone through I have not been able to learn, because, although once it was the general cure in Donegal, it has now become obsolete, a "sheetin" cow being now measured. Measuring is as follows:—The beast is measured three times, beginning at the butt of the tail, and thence along the back to the head, and back under the belly, the measure being man or woman's half arm, from the elbow to the tips of the fingers; next it is *singed*—a lighted turf held in a tongs being ran three times along its back from the butt of its tail to the top of its head, and afterwards three times round its body, beginning at its backbone, this operation being performed by two persons starting at

each side, who hand the tongs from one to the other. Then the cow is given a physic made of the scraping from nine pots (either common pots or kettles will do), with a little gunpowder. A cow that was so treated got back her milk in six weeks—a positive proof of the efficiency of the cure.

In Donegal women have what they call “heart-fever,” or a sort of “alloverness.” Wise women are able to cure it by “measuring.” They measure round the body over the heart with a green string.

A witch or “blinker” in general is a woman. In Donegal they do not appear to be as cute as those of the co. Wexford; as the latter, if they injure their neighbour, benefit themselves, while in Donegal they act solely for malice, without the least gain to themselves. Not long ago in the co. Donegal there was a famous blinker called “Mag.” Nothing could pass her; everything she looked on came to grief, and, in some cases at least, nearly instantaneously. A man and his pair of horses were returning from ploughing; he had to pass Mag’s door; she happened to come out as he did so, and one of the horses dropped down dead. A neighbour had two fat pigs; they did their best to keep Mag from seeing them; she came, however, one day, and the next, one was dead. She was death on chickens, ducklings, and goslings; if Mag saw them when they first came out they never thrived.

ST. BRIGID’S WELL.

A LEGEND OF DARK DONEGAL.

Not far from the picturesque little village of Stranorlar, renowned as the last resting-place of Isaac Butt, the founder of the Home Rule movement, lies a calm, placid sheet of water known to the peasantry as Loch Lawne. In its southern side, about three feet from the pebbly shore, is the famous Well of St. Brigid, surrounded by a mound of small white stones brought from almost every part of Ulster, and surmounted by pieces of linen, sticks, and crutches left by those who had the happiness of being cured by its healing waters. It has long been considered a pious custom for the pilgrim, on his first visit, to place three white stones on the ever-increasing mound.

In the year 18— the concourse of pilgrims being larger than usual the owner of the estate in which the lake is situated, under pretence that his crops were in danger of being destroyed, closed all ingress to the holy well. The peasantry became excited ; threats were indulged in by some ; petitions were made by others, but in vain. He was a man of gentle, but by times (as in the present instance) of stubborn manner. He knew no fear, and threats as well as petitions were entirely disregarded. For three months his hateful mandate was in force.

One morning the inhabitants of Stranorlar awoke to find the following placard on the trunk of a large beech-tree, long used for public notices. It was signed by the owner of the estate :—"Free Access to St. Brigid's Well."

Many were the suppositions of the pious villagers as to the cause of his relenting ; some said that his cattle were all dying ; others, that good St. Brigid had sent him a warning from Heaven. Be this as it may, a great change had come over him ; his toleration was the wonder of all. Pilgrims might trample his oats, break his fences ; he would only remark, "I will be nothing the poorer."

Sitting one evening by his blazing peat-fire, many years after, he said to me : "I will tell you an incident that happened long years ago. You were then a mere boy. One morning I found my fences thrown into the lake. I became angry, and, falsely suspecting the pilgrims, I poured forth threats and curses against them and closed all ingress to the well ; I even determined to drain it by means of a channel connecting it with the lake. To accomplish this spiteful work I chose a clear moonlight night. Taking a gun and spade, I set out by the shortest route to the well. Judge of my surprise on finding it illuminated as if by hundreds of candles ! Trembling, I aimed my gun and fired. Not a light was extinguished—on the contrary, I seemed only to have increased the brilliancy of the scene. As I was pausing, not knowing whether to proceed to the well or return home, I saw a beautiful maiden rising, as it were, from the lake, attired in a long, flowing white robe, girded by a blue sash. On her breast sparkled gems more dazzling than the sun. She glided as I have seen swallows, without touching the earth, and hovered over the well.

No doubt it was St. Brigid. . . . I often think of calling on Father C——, and joining the Catholic Church.”

He is dead now, but his son, who inherits his liberal spirit, has made an excellent road to St. Brigid's Well. And the peasants thereabouts tell the strangers that linger on that romantic way the story I have told you.—*S. D., in Ave Maria.—Derry Journal, March 12th, 1885.*

SEA-SWALLOWS ON LESSON FERN.

The fishermen on the Munster and Connaught salmon rivers have a great respect for the sea-swallow, as they say that whenever they are numerous salmon will be plentiful that year. I do not know the reason why both should come together; it is of course possible that there may be some sort of food which both the birds and these fish prey on, which has attracted both. That such, however, is the fact I could never prove.

SUPERSTITION IN THE CO. DONEGAL.

On the evening of November 27, between 6 and 7 o'clock, there was a considerable fall of stars at Ramelton, co. Donegal, very brilliant, although the night was overcast and cloudy. They seemed to be coming from the N.N.E. They caused great excitement while they lasted, as some thought the end of the world had come, others that there was a riot and great bloodshed in Derry at the election, then going on, while one man insisted that they were only rockets sent up by the people of Derry to celebrate the victory of Mr. Lewis.

BORROWING DAYS.

March in Ireland is the hardest time on cattle, and every one looks forward for the first of April. The legend goes, that there was an old cow nearly starved with the cold and want of food on the 31st of March, and she said: “To the devil I pitch you March, April has come.” March, however, heard her, and went to April and borrowed six days from her, and before they were out the old cow died. This year the “borrowing days” have been as bad as could be, both for man and beast.

SONGS.

TINKER'S SONG.



UNG by the fool (called "Billy Bellzebub") in the "Guisers' Play," as performed yearly at Eccleshall, Staffordshire, and Newport, Shropshire.

Collated from three copies: two written out by John Bates, sawyer, Eccleshall, and Elijah Simpson, chimney-sweep, Newport, and the other taken down from recitation of Christopher Bennett labourer, Eccleshall, 20th Jan. 1886.

The air will appear in *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, part iii.

"I am a jovial tinker,
 And have been all my life,
 So now I think it's time
 To seek a fresh young wife.
 And it's then with a friend we'll a merry life spend,
 Which I never did yet, I vow,
 With my rink-a-tink tink, and a sup more drink,
 I'll make your old kettles cry sound,
 Sound, sound!
 I'll make your old kettles cry sound.

"My jacket's all pitches and patches,
 And on it I give a sly look,
 My trousers all stitches and statches
 [Wouldn't quite suit a lord or a duke];
 But it's pitches and patches I wear
 Till I can get better or new;
 I take the wide world as I find it,
 Brave boys, if I'm ragged I'm true,
 True, true!
 Brave boys, if I'm ragged I'm true.*

* Miss L. Toulmin Smith, in a letter to myself, mentions a ballad, "Ragged and Torn, and True," which she believes is to be found among the *Roxburghe Ballads*.

The lines in brackets are added to fill up the verses. The singers repeat lines and twist the verses mercilessly to "make them come into the tune."

“ I’ve a dogskin hairy budget
 Tied fast upon my back,
 [With my staff in my hand I trudge it,
 Crying, Neighbours, what d’ye lack?]
 I’ll buy an old kettle, I’ll mend an old kettle,
 I’ll mend an old kettle all round;
 With my rink-a-tink tink, and a sup more drink,
 I’ll make your old kettle cry sound,
 Sound, sound !
 I’ll make your old kettle cry sound.

“ I’ve a snuff-box in my pocket,
 As large as you might suppose,
 As large as any old turnip,
 All for my jimmy old nose.
 So here I come meddle, come mend your old kettle,
 Come mend an old kettle all round,
 With my rink-a-tink tink, and a sup more drink,
 I’ll make your old kettle cry sound,
 Sound, sound !
 I’ll make your old kettle cry sound.

“ I am a jovial tinker,
 I’ve travelled both far and near,
 And I never did meet with a singer
 Without he could drink some beer !
 And it’s then with a friend we’ll a merry life spend,
 Which I never did yet, I vow,
 With my rink-a-tink tink, and a sup more drink,
 I’ll make your old kettles cry sound,
 Sound, sound !
 I’ll make your old kettles cry sound !”

“ *Budget*, a leathern bag. Fr. *bougette*, dim. of Fr. *bouge*. See *Budge* . . . *Budge* (2), a kind of fur. *Budge* is lambskin with the hair dressed outwards; orig. simply ‘skin.’ Fr. *bouge*, a wallet, great pouch. Lat. *bulga*, a little bag, a word of Gaulish origin. Gal. *bolg*, *balg*, a bag; orig., a skin; see Bag.”—SKEAT, *Concise Etymological Dictionary*. *Budget*, a bag for tools, is still used in Staffordshire.

“ Tom Tinker’s my true love, and I am his dear,
 And I will go with him, his *budget* to bear.”*

* Stale news is called in north-east Shropshire, “tinker’s news.”

Opening lines of a Tinker's song in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), quoted, with the air, in Chappell's *National English Airs*, No. 166. No. 167 is another Tinker's song, "There was a Jovial Tinker," from the same source. The notes on these songs are interesting: see also that on the *Carman's Whistle*, No. 231.

I have two Shropshire songs with the refrains—

"Ri fol i diddle i gee wo!"

and

"Tal lal la ra li gee wo!"

These may be called the *ploughman's* refrains, but the words have nothing to do with agriculture.

A Shropshire Hunting Song (a doggerel account of a run, 1790-1800) has the refrain—

"Tally-ho, tally-ho, hi, tally-ho!
Hark forward, hark forward, huzza, tally-ho!"

LANCASHIRE MILKING SONG.

"Cush-a cow bonny, come let down your milk,
And I will give you a gown of silk,
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If you will let down your milk for me."

This had degenerated into a nursery rhyme as early as 1825-1830, at Bury, in Lancashire.

Tee = a cow-tie.

Cush-cow (pronounced *cuosh* (glossic), the *uo* like *oo* in *wood*) means a hornless cow in some parts of North Shropshire. In the Swaledale dialect, *cush* is a call-word to cows. In Icelandic, *kussa* is a cow; *kus*, a call-word to cows.—See JACKSON, *Shropshire Word-Book*, p. 110, s. v. Cush-cow.

STANG RIDING, WITH RHYME.

"They have a custom in Cheshire, which I well remember witnessing in the parish of Northen,* when I was a little boy. A Mrs. Evans,

* Northenden, in Cheshire (near Manchester), commonly called Northen.

the wife of a weaver, a powerful athletic woman, had most severely chastised her husband. This conduct the neighbouring lords of the creation were determined to punish, fearing their own spouses might otherwise rebel. They therefore mounted one of their own body, dressed in female apparel, on the back of an old donkey, who held a spinning-wheel on his lap [*sic* !] and his back towards the donkey's head. Two men led the animal through the neighbourhood, followed by scores of boys, tinkling kettles and frying-pans, roaring with the cows-horns, and making the most hideous hullabaloo, stopping every now and then while the exhibitioner on the ass made the following proclamation :—

“ ‘Ran a dan, ran a dan, ran a dan dan,
Mrs. Alice Evans has beat her good man ;
It was neither with sword, spear, pistol nor knife,
But with a pair of tongs, she vowed she'd have his life.
If she'll be a good wife, and do so no more,
We will not ride stang from door to door.’ ”

From Charles Hulbert's *History and Description of the County of Salop*, Introduction, p. xxxi. note, second edition, 1838, “ printed and published by the author, Providence Grove, near Shrewsbury, and sold by H. Washbourne, London.”

“Ran-a-dan” was the correct beginning of a Stang ditty. A woman at Eccleshall, Staffordshire, about 1884, speaking of an unpopular character, said, “ He'd ought to be *ran-dan'd* out o' the town.”

THE FARMER'S BOY.

Kindly procured by Mr. Thomas Powell, of Southey Green, Sheffield, from Mr. James Beddoes, by whom it has been sung, to the air of *Auld Lang Syne*, at Harvest Homes in Corve Dale, Shropshire, for half a century, and by his father before him. I should be much obliged if any member of the Folk-Lore Society who has heard this song, or seen it in print, would let me know as soon as possible.

“ The sun went down behind the hills,
Across the dreary moor,
When, weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door.

' Can you tell me if any here be
 Who'll give to me employ,
 To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
 And be a farmer's boy? '

Chorus—To plough and sow, &c.

" ' My father's dead, my mother's left
 With her five children small,
 And, what is worse for my mother still,
 I'm the largest of them all.
 Though little I be, I fear not work,
 If you will me employ,
 To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
 And be a farmer's boy.

Chorus—To plough and sow, &c.

" ' And if you cannot me employ,
 One favour I've to ask,
 If you'll shelter me 'till the break of day
 From this cold winter's blast,
 At the break of day I'll trudge away,
 Elsewhere to seek employ,
 To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
 And be a farmer's boy.'

Chorus—To plough and sow, &c.

" The farmer said, ' We'll try the lad,
 No further he shall seek.'
 ' O, yes, dear father,' the daughter cried,
 Whilst the tears ran down her cheek.
 For one that will work it's hard to want,
 Or wander for employ,
 To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
 And be a farmer's boy.'

Chorus—To plough and sow, &c.

" In length of time he grew a man;
 The good old farmer died,
 And left the lad the farm he had,
 And his daughter for his bride.
 The lad that was the farmer is;
 He smiles and thinks with joy,
 Of the lucky day he came that way
 To be the farmer's boy.

Chorus—To plough and sow," &c.

AN ENGLISH LADY IN LOVE WITH A WELSH PLOUGH-BOY.

Young Welshmen were in the habit of taking service at the Shropshire farms, coming to England to seek their fortune as the Irish labourers do now, or did till lately.

The love of a noble lady for a "squire of low degree" is a favourite topic with ballad-makers. I have another song on the same subject, "The Golden Glove," see the *Percy Society's* vol. xvii.

"All in the month of May, when flowers were a-springing,
I went into the meadows some pleasure for to find ;
I went into the meadows, I turn'd myself around,
Where I saw a pretty Welsh lad a-ploughing up the ground.

"And as he was a-ploughing his furrows deep and low,
Cleaving his sods in pieces, his barley for to sow ;
It is the pretty Welsh lad that's all in my mind,
And many hours I wander this young man for to find.

"An old man came a-courting me, a man of birth and fame
Because I would not have him, my parents did me blame ;
It is the pretty Welsh lad that runs all in my mind,
A poor distressed lady, a Welsh lad to my mind.

"An old man I do disdain, his wealth and all his store,
O give to me my plough-boy, and I desire no more,
He's the flower of this country, a diamond in my eye,
It is for the pretty Welsh lad that I for love must die.

"I wish the pretty skylark would mount up in the air,
That my pretty plough-boy the tidings he might hear ;
Perhaps he would prove true to me and ease my aching heart,
It is for the pretty Welsh lad that I do feel the smart.

"I'll wait until I see him to tell him my mind,
And if he don't relieve me, I shall think him unkind ;
And if he'll not grant me his love, then distracted I shall be ;
Into some grove I'll wander, where no one shall me see."

(M. Wadson, printer, Shrewsbury.)

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Pyebirch, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Lime from Sea-Shells for Charms and Medical Purposes.—In south-east Ireland, where there is considerable superstition even among the well-educated classes, I have met (especially in the co. Wexford) small, minute lime-kilns, in which sea-shells were burnt. There appeared to be a generally floating tradition, which I never could get any way fixed down, that this lime had some sort of special virtues as a charm against something or another; all, however, was so very vague that nothing could be made out of it; still, some of the kilns were so small (not as big as a big pot) that the lime must have been made for some special purpose. All the kilns, however, are not of such small dimensions, as some of them were good sizeable kilns. I take it that the lime was once used sometimes as medicine, and at other times for white-washing the chimney corner, where the family generally assembled at night. Can any one tell if a similar custom has been remarked elsewhere? and, if so, what was the lime used for? and what is its charm? The sea-shells were in some cases carried long distances inland to be burned. G. H. KINAHAN.

Witchcraft in Yorkshire.—The third volume of the *North Riding Record Society*, which has recently been issued, is occupied entirely with Quarter Sessions records of the earlier half of the seventeenth century. One case of witchcraft occurs therein which it may be well to note in the *Folk-Lore Journal*. On October the 1st, 1623, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Crearey, of Northallerton, was indicted “for exercising certain most wicked arts”; she had, as it seemed to the justices, employed “enchancements and charmes on a black cow . . . belonging to Edw. Bell, of Northallerton, by which the cow was sorely damaged, and the calf in her totally wasted and consumed” (p. 177).

Sentence seems to have been passed, or at least recorded, on October the 7th; it was that “she is to be sett on the pillorie,

once a quarter, in some markett towne in the Ridinge, upon some faire daie or market day, and after her release and year of good behaviour she to stand to such further order as the courte shall sett downe therein" (p. 181).

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Bottesford Manor, Brigg, 25th March, 1886.

Witchcraft in Skye.—Last autumn I had the good fortune to employ as a guide at Sligachan, in Skye, a man who was a firm believer in witchcraft. He told me the following story. Whether he knew the man concerned or not, I am not sure, but my impression is that he did. As a young man was going home with his dog one night about two o'clock he saw a foal standing on a dyke. He thought nothing of it till the foal jumped on him and attacked him, knocking him down. He continued struggling with the animal for a long time till his dog bit the foal. Then the foal spoke to him in a human voice. It was a girl whom he had been courting, but had afterwards neglected, so she being a witch took this mode of revenging herself. It was the dog's bite that compelled the witch to reveal herself. For if you can scratch a witch on the forehead so as to draw her blood, you oblige her to speak to you.

About the same time last autumn the belief in witchcraft cropped up at a farm-house within a short distance of my own home at Garelochhead (Dumbartonshire). A woman-servant was found marching round the farm, and beating a kettle with a loud noise. Being asked what she was doing, she said—"Oh, the men are all away at the glen, and I'm just keeping off the witches."

JAMES G. FRAZER.

Ghostly Hounds at Horton.—The following paragraph from Mr. Wm. Cudwirth's *Rambles Round Horton* is worth reproduction in the *Folk-Lore Journal*. It contains nothing that is new to the student, or indeed to any one who is familiar with village life, except the name of the ghostly hound. "Guytrash" is an unknown word to me, and as guessing at derivations is one of the most useless of human occupations I shall not indulge in mere speculation. I may remark, however, that, as far as I know, Guytrash is not a name that has been given to dogs in Yorkshire or elsewhere:—

“The Horton ‘Guytrash’ was another boggard in our young days, and generally took the form of a ‘great black dog’ with horrid eyes. Horton Lane, Legrams Lane, and Bowling Lane—now Manchester Road—seemed to be particularly chosen as favourable places for its ramblings, and many are the tales told of this Guytrash being seen here. The late Edmund Riley, of Horton Green, used to tell the story of a well-known and staunch Independent of the old school, who resided at Horton, and was going home one night, about the ‘witching hour,’ when, as he was passing the gates of Horton Hall, he was startled in his meditations by something jumping at his heels. He looked round, and, sure enough, there was the ‘great black dog.’ He made his way home as fast as he could, and when he got there either fainted or was near doing so. The next morning he was told that Mr. Sharp, who inhabited Horton Hall, had died just about the time he was passing and saw the ‘Guytrash.’ In its ramblings the ‘Guytrash’ was said to go about with chains rattling round it, and sometimes without; but as it has never been heard of since the town was incorporated it is supposed to have become jealous of the policemen, and so has left the neighbourhood for ever” (p. 172).

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Bottesford Manor, Brigg, March 25, 1886.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Folk-Lore in Southern India. By Pandit S. M. Natêsa Sâstrî.
Bombay: Education Society's Press, Byculla. (London: Trübner & Co.) 1884-1886. Parts I. and II.

We have here two instalments of what bids fair to prove a most useful as well as highly entertaining collection of Hindú folk-tales, which the Pandit Natêsa Sâstrî has been contributing to the *Indian Antiquary* during the past few years. A goodly portion of both the

literary and the traditionary popular fictions of Indian countries has already been rendered accessible to English readers ; but these fields are of vast extent, and much yet remains unexplored. In the former class are : Professor Tawney's complete translation of the *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, "Ocean of the Streams of Story"—composed in Sanskrit verse, in the latter part of the eleventh century, by Somadeva, after a similar work, now apparently lost, entitled *Vrihat Káthá*, "The Great Story," written, in the sixth century, by Gunadhya; translations from the Buddhist *Játakas*, or Birth-Stories, by Dr. Rhys Davids (Trübner), the Lord Bishop of Colombo (*Transactions of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*), and the Rev. Dr. R. Morris (in this *Journal*); and one Sanskrit version of the celebrated Fables of Bidpai, the *Hitopadesa*; but an English translation of the more important text, the *Panchatantra*, is greatly to be desired. Of the traditionary class of Indian Folk-Tales, we have such useful collections as Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days*; Miss Stokes' *Indian Fairy Tales*; the Rev. Lál Bahári Day's *Folk-Tales of Bengal*; Steel and Temple's *Wide-Awake Stories*, from the Panjáb and Kashmír; two volumes of Captain Temple's valuable *Legends of the Panjáb*, &c.

And now English students of comparative folk-lore will cordially welcome this interesting collection of the popular fictions of Southern India, in which may be found the sources of similar tales current in Ceylon. The first story is of two deaf men and a traveller, and is related with considerable humour: the blunders made by deaf folks in endeavouring to conceal their "infirmity" are favourite subjects of the popular tales of Europe as well as of Asia; thus, for instance, the Norse tale of "Goodman Axeshaft" has its close parallel in a Persian story-book. In the tale of the Soothsayer's Son (pp. 12-34) we find a singular variant of a world-wide apologue, of which well-known versions occur in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Gower's *Confessio Amantis*: a traveller rescues a serpent, a monkey, a tiger, and a man from a deep pit into which they had fallen; the man afterwards attempts to cause the death of his benefactor; but the animals testify their gratitude by gifts, and by extricating him from the ungrateful man's snare. The Buddhist original of this fine story will be found in the *Saccankira Játaka*, translated by Dr. Morris, *Folk-Lore Journal*,

vol. iii. pp. 348-353. The tale entitled "Charity alone conquers" (pp. 63-83), which bears evident traces, we think, of Buddhist extraction, is a Tamil version of another very widely-diffused story. It is own brother (as Baring-Gould would say) to the Norse tale of "True and Utrue"; the German tale of "The Three Crows" (in Grimm); the Portuguese tale of "The Poor Muleteer"; the Persian tale of Khayr (*i.e.*, Good) and his comrade Shár (Evil); and the Arabian tale of "Abú Niyyút and Abú Niyyútín" (the Well-intentioned and the Evil-intentioned), which occurs in a MS. text of the *Thousand and One Nights*, preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.* In the diverting story of Appayya (pp. 104-115) folk-lorists will readily recognise a variant of the German tale of "The Brave Little Tailor" (in Grimm); the Chilian tale of "Don Juan Bolondron" (*Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 293), which is of Spanish extraction; the tale of "Fattú the Valiant Weaver," in *Wide-Awake Stories*, and a host of others. The third adventure of the hero of the Norse tale, "Not a Pin to choose between them"—the Three Noodles—and that of his Italian cousin, in Miss Busk's *Folk-Lore of Rome*, in which he persuades a simple-minded goody that he has come straight from Paradise, have their counterpart in the story of "The Good Wife and the Bad Husband" (pp. 131-135), especially the Norwegian version; from which it is probable was derived the Sinhalese folk-tale translated in *The Orientalist*, 1884, vol. i. p. 62. We trust we have in the foregoing notes sufficiently indicated the general character of this new collection of Indian popular fictions, which cannot fail, we are confident, to be eminently serviceable to students of the science of comparative folk-lore, and to amuse, and even instruct, general readers. The two fasciculi before us are well printed and in a handy form, and we hope the work will soon be completed.

Le Reputatrici in Sicilia. Ricerche storiche di S. Salomone-Marino.
Palermo, 1886. (Giannone e Lamantia.) Pp. 62.

Students will thank Dr. Salamone-Marino for bringing out in a convenient form his study on the mediæval and modern funeral

* For Kirghis (South-Siberian) and Russian versions of this story, see Mr. Ralston's "Notes on Folk-Tales" in the *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i. pp. 90, 91.

customs of Sicily. What particularly strikes the reader is the persistence with which the practice of dirge-singing was preserved in the teeth of a thousand years of opposition: the earliest Christian authorities tried to put it down, then the Muhammedan conquerors, then nearly all the different rulers of the island; but it survived to within the memory of living men, and, indeed, it is thought even now to be not entirely extinct. As is well known, over on the Calabrian mainland it is in full vigour, and it lingers here and there in several parts of Italy. Etymologists are not agreed on the meaning of the word *Reputatrice*: some seeing in it an allusion to the office of the dirge-singer which is to spread the fame or *reputation* of the deceased, others deriving it from repeat: one who *repeats* the tale of the dead man's virtues. Dr. Salomone-Marino remarks that his professional duties leave him little time for the pursuit of his favourite researches, but the success with which these have been attended (not only on the little work before us, but also in many other valuable contributions to the storage of Sicilian traditional matter from the same pen) suggests the question, Why do not physicians more commonly take up Folk-lore as an occupation for their leisure moments? Without going far outside the natural field of their labour, they might render—especially in the country—essential services to the cause.

Ancient Proverbs and Maxims from Burmese Sources; or the Nite Literature of Burma. By James Gray. London (Trübner & Co.) 1886. 8vo. pp. xii. 179.

We gladly welcome this addition to our stock of proverb literature. It is an English translation from original sources, and Mr. Grey has added to its value by giving notes explaining and illustrating the points in the text, and particularly we would draw attention to the many useful parallels which are supplied.

Kaffir Folk-Lore; a Selection from the Traditional Tales current among the People living on the Eastern Border of the Cape Colony. By Geo. McCall Theal. London (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.) 1886. 8vo. pp. x. 226.

We are glad to notice that a second edition of Mr. Theal's book has

been called for. From what was said in this *Journal* of the first edition, our readers will quite understand that this remarkable collection of stories was likely to be widely studied, and the form in which the volume is now presented to us cannot but please those who wish to secure it.

Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco. London (George Redway). 1886. 8vo. pp. xl. 395.

In this particular branch of folk-lore there can be no doubt that the author of this book has laid the basis for future study, and it is satisfactory to see that the labours of this Society in the classification of folk-lore has already been so highly appreciated by students. Folk-songs, fascinating though they are, have been strangely neglected, but the introduction prefixed to this book is a masterly summary of the aims and results of a study of this branch of folk-lore. Each section deals with a separate grouping of the subjects dealt with in folk-song, and contains numerous important hints and conclusions which must be of great utility in future study. They are as follows: the inspiration of death in folk-poetry, nature in folk-songs, Armenian folk-songs, Venetian folk-songs, Sicilian folk-songs, Greek folk-songs of Calabria, folk-songs of Provence, the White Paternoster, the diffusion of ballads, songs for the rite of May, the idea of fate in southern traditions, folk-lullabies, folk-dirges. We cannot do more than thus indicate the scope of this really important work, but would specially draw attention to the essay on the diffusion of ballads. The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco has much to say that is of great value, and when we note that she says "the folk-song probably preceded the folk-tale," we know quite well that her method of study is along the right lines.

Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons have in the press *Popular Tales and Fictions: their Migrations and Transformations*, by Mr. W. A. Clouston, editor of *The Book of Sindibád, Bakhtyár Náma, Arabian Poetry for English Readers, &c.*, to be published in two vols., post 8vo.

Mr. W. A. Clouston is preparing for the Chaucer Society a new part of Oriental originals and analogues of some of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, including European variants or direct sources.

The Annual Meeting of the Society took place on June 2nd, at the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Lord Enfield presiding. The routine business was disposed of, and the meeting fully endorsed the decision of the Council to issue a "Handbook of Folk-lore" for the use of students.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FOLK-LORE.

VERNACULAR PUBLICATIONS IN THE PANJAB.

BY CAPT. R. C. TEMPLE.



HERE are published in the *Panjab Gazette* official catalogues quarterly—generally long after date—of all the books published during the quarter in the Panjab.

From these lists, and also from the catalogues issued periodically in the vernacular by the great Lucknow publishing firm of Munshí Nawal Kishor, and from odd bookstalls, I have long been in the habit of collecting publications relating to history, folk-lore, and religion. I have now a collection of some 350 such, in Arabic, Persian, Urdu, Hindi, Panjabi, Pashto, and Sanskrit. By far the larger portion relate to folk-lore, and are mere chap-books, sold for a few pence, and consisting of a few badly lithographed and tattered sheets, but some are solid and ponderous volumes. In any case the collection faithfully represents the current popular literature of the day in the Panjab; and, as the taste of the poorer classes that can read and write runs to marvellous stories, the current folk-tales are dished up to suit it in every imaginable style—a circumstance of some value and interest to this Society.

A catalogue of all these has been prepared in the rough, and, when fit for publication, I propose publishing it in this Journal, as a guide to any future students of Indian folk-lore that may arise. I am also having abstracts of the books prepared, which has proved a much slower and troublesome task than I apprehended. I did not intend publishing these except as a whole, but, as the time when the entire set will be completed must be a distant one, I have thought it advisable to publish by instalments, and the abstracts appended hereto are intended as a commencement.

1. QISSA SIYÁH-POSH, a Story of the Siyáh-Posh, by 'Ináyatu'llah Khán, published in 1277 A.H., or 1860 A.D., at the Shajar-i-Hind Press, Lucknow. It is a prose story in elegant Urdú, being a translation of a Persian work of the same name : 16 pp. 8vo. It relates the story of a young lover of the Wazír's daughter being caught in the act of getting into her palace by the king, who manages that he marries her instead of being punished for his escapade. The story is told of Mahmúd of Ghazní.

Mahmúd was in the habit of wandering about the streets at night clothed in black (*siyáh-posh*). One night he caught a young man breaking into the Wazír's palace by a scaling-ladder, and seized him as a common thief. The king agreed to let him at large for the night on bail, if he could find it. The youth's father, mother, and brothers all refused, but one of his friends stood security. As soon as the king had gone his way, the youth induced his friend to let him pay a last visit to the Wazír's daughter, and off he went. The king happened to see him again, and followed him up, and finding him throw his scaling-ladder over the same wall, went up after him to see what would happen. The girl asked her lover why he delayed that night, and he explained to her what had happened, and how he was sure to be executed the next morning; so they sat up together all night reading the *Qurán*, and the girl promised to go to the place of execution mounted on a black charger. Next day the youth was led to execution as a thief, and among the crowd was his sweetheart on her black charger. When the king saw this, he called to her, led her to her father, and explained matters; whereon the youth was pardoned, and married to the girl with great pomp and splendour.

2. QISSA SÚRAJPÚR, the Story of Súrajpúr, anonymous, no date or press. It is a brochure in Urdú, 12 pp. 8vo. on the ways of petty village officials under English rule—Súrajpúr, or the city of the Sun, being an imaginary name.

On the banks of the Ganges is situated the Rájput village of Súrajpúr, rejoicing in three headmen (*lambardárs*), by name Udat

Singh, Zálím Singh, and Mittar Sain; an accountant and factor (*patwári*), named Amánat Rái; and a schoolmaster, named Bidyá Dhar. All these worthies were honest as the day, and things went smoothly. Udat Singh and Amánat Rái died in the course of time, and were succeeded by Chandar Rám and Bhawáni respectively, and then things began to go wrong. Chandar Rám corrupted the hitherto honest Zálím Singh, and these two, with the help of Bhawáni, the accountant, set to work to rob the villagers; and, being successful in this, they went so far as to oust from his ancient homestead a tenant with proprietary right (*mazára' maurúsi*), by name Bhawáni, by means of forged documents.

3. Soz 'ISHQ, the Fire of Love, by Ahmad Bakhsh, published in 1298 A.H., or 1881 A.D., at the Qaisar Press, Jalandhar. It is an original work in very elegant Urdú verse, in 16 pp. 8vo. It relates the legend of the devotion of Balál, a black slave, to Muhammad the prophet.

Balál, the black slave of one 'Umia, an idolater of Makka (Mecca), was smitten by the teachings of Muhammad, whereon 'Umia, his master, began to torture and ill-treat him. Abúbakr (the first Khalifa, or Successor to the Prophet) heard of this, and exchanged a black slave for Balál with his master, and freed him. Balál was then appointed *muazzin* (or caller to prayer) to the mosque at Madína. After the Prophet's death Balál went to Syria, where he dwelt for six months, when he saw the Prophet in a dream telling him to return to Madína, which he did, and there he died. After the Prophet's death he could never make the *azán*, or call to prayer, as he fell senseless on repeating the Prophet's name.

4. MASNAVÍ BO'ALÍ QALANDAR, a poem, by the celebrated Saint Bo'alí Qalandar, of Pánípat, no date, Nawal Kishor Press, Lucknow. It is composed in very good Persian: 10 pp. 8vo. It is a poem on the Love of God (*'Ishq Iláhi*).

The work insists very strongly on the uselessness of devotion to the world, and the importance of fixing the thoughts on devotion to

God alone. The moral of the whole poem is "A man cannot serve two masters," &c.*

5. QISSA GUL-O-SANAUBAR, the Story of the Rose and the Pine, by Prem Chand, published in 1883, at the Zeb Káshí Press, Dehlí: 48 pp. 8vo. It is a prose translation in a pure style of Urdú, from a Persian work of the same name. It relates the legend of Mihar Angez, daughter of Sháh Qaimús, king of Turkestán, who has vowed that she would only marry him who can answer the riddle, "*Gul bá sanaubar che kard?* What did the rose do to the pine?" Any suitor giving a wrong answer was to be killed. Many are killed in the attempt, but at last, Almás Rúh Bakhsh, the seventh son of king Shamshád Lálposh, answers the riddle and marries the princess.

In the land of the East (*mulk-i-Sharq*) there dwelt a mighty king, named Shamshád Lálposh, who had seven sons. One day his eldest son, hunting in the mountains, met a coal-black deer, caparisoned in brocade, with a golden chain set with gems and bells about its neck. He followed it up, and met a madman in the forest, who told him that he was King Jahángír, of Bábal, and that he had been driven mad by the death of his seven sons in attempting to answer the riddle set by Mihar Angez, the daughter of Sháh Qaimús, of Turkestán, as a condition of obtaining her hand. This fired the prince with a desire to answer the riddle, but he succeeded only in meeting his death, and so with his five brothers. The seventh and last, Almás Rúh Bakhsh, a clever youth, went also to try his luck. In his wanderings about the city he met Dílárám, the maid of Mihar Angez, who, on condition that he raised her to the dignity of a wife, told him what she knew about the matter of the riddle. Under the princess's throne there dwelt a Zangí (Sídí of Zanzibar) who had fled from his native city of Wáqáf, and had told the princess of the riddle, whereon she had fixed it as the condition of obtaining her. The prince accordingly set out for Wáqáf to solve the riddle. On the road a magician, Princess Latifa Báno, transformed him into a deer, but he was released by her sister,

* This is a very well known and universally popular poem.

Jamila Báno, who re-transformed him, gave him the bow and arrow of the prophet Sálíh, a scimitar called 'Aqrab Sulaimání (Solomon's Scorpion), and a dagger called Laimúsí, and showed him how to act at Wáqáf, and how to get there. He has to cross seven impassable rivers on the road by the aid of Símurgh, whom he was to meet on the way, and the condition of success was his marrying his helper, Jamila Báno. On his way he conquered and slew Turmtáq, a leader of Zangís, who opposed him at a fort called Khumásá, together with his chief Chulmáq; and thence with the aid of Símurgh he reached Wáqáf. At Wáqáf he made friends with a nobleman named Farrukh Fál, who told him that the king's name was Sanaubar, and the queen's Gul, and introduced him to the king. The king agreed to tell him his story on condition that he was to be killed when it was finished. The king then showed him his queen Gul, with fetters on her legs and an iron collar round her neck; a dog sitting on a golden chair beside her, and the head of a Zangí in a tray lying near her. He then related how he had found his queen Gul in the embrace of the Zangí, and had seized them, whereon other Zangís attacked him, with the help of the queen, and would have overpowered him had it not been for the help of his dog. The punishment of the queen was what he saw. One of the accomplices had fled to Mihar Angez, and had told her the story, and hence the riddle. Next day the king called upon Prince Almás Rúh Bakhsh to give himself up to execution according to the compact, but agreed first to listen to *his* story; and when the king hears it he lets him depart in safety. By the aid of Símurgh he reaches Jamila Báno, and marries her; then goes on to Turkeistán, and marries Dilárám, the slave-girl; and finally answers the riddle and marries Mihar Angez, and goes off home with all his brides.

6. *SASSÍ WA PUNNÚN*, by Maulaví Ghulám Rasúl; published in 1880 at the Mustafa' Press, Lahore: 16 pp. 8vo. It is an adaptation in rough Panjabi verse in the Persian character of this universally-known tale in the Panjab, Sindh and Northern India. The essentials of the tale appear to be the same in all versions: it has a long bibliography. It relates the loves of Punnún, of the city of Kecham (Kej in Balúchistán), and Sassí, daughter of king

Adamjám, of the city of Bhambor (ancient Bhambharáwá, or Barbariké in Sindh).

Adamjám, the king of Bhambor, had a daughter born to him of whom the astrologers prophesied that she would go astray. So they called the infant Sassi, put her into a box and floated her down the river. A washerman named Atá came across her in the box, and took her home and brought her up as his own daughter. It, however, got noised abroad as to who she really was; and when she was grown to womanhood she wrote a letter to her father announcing her existence. He gave her a palace to live in, where her attendants told her of Punnún, and sang his praises to such an extent that she fell in love with him. The same thing happened to Punnún; so he visited her disguised as a *faqír*, and married her secretly. After a while his people found him out, and induced him to desert her and to return to his native Kecham. She tried to follow him up on foot, but died in the desert on the road, and was buried on the spot out of pity by one Káká, a shepherd. After a while remorse seized hold on Punnún, and he ran away from home again to search for her, and at last died at her grave.*

7. QISSA MIRZÁ WA SÁHIBÁN. Story of Mirzá and Sáhíbán, by Háfiz Barkhurdár; published in 1882 at the Victoria Press, Lahore: 12 pp. 8vo. It is a rough version in Panjabi verse of this well-known story of the Jhang district. It relates the loves of Mirza, a Siál, and Sáhíbán, a Kharal girl, and the murder of the former by the latter's tribesmen.

Mirzá, a chief man (*hákim*) among the Siáls on the banks of the Chináb, and Sáhíbán, the daughter of Khímá, a Kharal, fell mutually in love. He used to come across the river daily to meet her in the wilds, and her brethren found this out, and taking him unawares with his mistress, killed him under a tree. After this the girl went mad.

8. CHASHMA-I-SHÍRÍN, the Fountain of Shírín, by Ghulám Maullá Khán; published in 1244 A.H., or 1825 A.D., at the Nawal

* The place is commonly shown on the road between Quetta (Kottá) and Khilát.

Kishor Press, Lucknow : 40 pp. 8vo. It is an original composition in elegant Urdú verse on the well-known story of Shírín and Farhád. Farhád, a mason, and the queen Shírín fall in love, and the latter is killed by a trick devised by the minister Jumás.

Shírín, the daughter of the king of Arman (Armenia), whose real name was Mahín Báno, was the most beautiful woman of her day, and was married to king Khusrú Parvez of Persia. She subsisted on milk and sugar, and the king directed that a stone channel from the pastures should be made to her palace, down which fresh milk was ever to flow for her. The man employed was the astute mason Farhád, and in consulting over the channel he and the queen fell in love. He used to go wandering about repeating her name, and the king heard of it and tried to induce him to desist. At last to quiet him he agreed to hand the queen over to him if he should throw down the mountain Besatún. This apparently impossible feat Farhád was on the point of accomplishing, when the king requested his minister to get him out of the business. Jumás, the minister, now disguised himself as an old woman sent to say that Shírín had died for love of him, whereon Farhád slew himself. Shírín went mad on hearing of this, and passed the rest of her days as an attendant (*mujáwir*) at his tomb.

9. QISSA KÁMRÚP, by Ahmad Yár; published at the Qádirí Press, Lahore, in 1881 : 72 pp. 8vo. It is an original work in rough Panjabi verse. It relates the loves of Kámrúp, son of Rájá Rájpati of Udaínagar and the Princess Kamlatán.

The Prince Kámrúp, the son of Rájá Rájpati, of Udaínagar, who had been locked up in a palace in accordance with the prophecies of astrologers, saw in a dream that he and the minister's son went into a garden, where were the Princess Kámlatán and her attendants, and that he and the princess fell in love with each other. When he awoke he started off with the minister's son to find her across the ocean, and was wrecked off the city of Indrávatí, ruled over by a princess named Ráwatí, who fell in love with and married Kámrúp. Here Sháhparí, a black fairy, fell in love with him, but he was saved from her by a

demon named Sádhu Deo. One day he told the story of the Princess Kámlatán and his dream, whereon the demon allowed him to go in search of her. On the road he fell in with the minister's son again, and they journeyed on together, and met Dhantar Baid, the miraculous leech, whom they sent to find out Kámlatán. The leech found her, and told her Kámráp's story, and on this the princess told him how she had had an exactly similar dream. So they were happily married in the island of Sarandíp (Ceylon), the princess's home.

10. MAJMÚ'A QISAS, a collection of tales, anonymous, no date. Published at the Nawal Kishor Press, Lucknow: 48 pp. 8vo. It consists of five separate tales.

(a) QISSA SHÁH RÚM, Story of the King of Rúm, or Asia Minor, in 11 pp. in elegant Urdú verse. It relates the story of a king of Rúm who was punished by God for scoffing at the verse in the *Qurán*, which says "Thou (God) magnifiest whom Thou wilt, and whom Thou wilt Thou dost abase," and pardoned after twelve years.

One day a king of Rúm puffed up with his pride of strength and splendour came across the passage in the *Qurán*, "Thou magnifiest whom Thou wilt, and whom Thou wilt Thou dost abase," and laughed at it. Soon afterwards, out hunting, he met a beautiful deer, and he went after it alone. It led him a long way and then vanished, but it had led him into the territory of China (Chín). At that time the people were in search of a robber who had done much mischief, and coming across the king fixed upon him as their enemy, and the Emperor ordered his hands and feet to be cut off. Then he remembered the verse in the *Qurán* and repented, whereon God forgave him. After his hands and feet were cut off he was made tutor to the Princess of China on account of his learning, and taught her the *Qurán*. When he reached the same passage he smiled, which made the princess oblige him to explain his story. On learning who he was the Emperor married him to his daughter, and his hands and feet, which had been all this while in charge of Khwájá Khizar, were restored to him. He was then miraculously transported to the spot whence he had disappeared twelve years before.

(b) QISSA JAMJA BĀDŠĀH, the Story of King Jamja, by Shekh Ahmad 'Ali. It relates a miracle attributed to Christ in restoring to life King Jamja, who had been dead 100 years, and who became and died a Christian. It is in 11 pp. in elegant Urdú verse.

Once when Christ was in the desert there fell a heavy rain for seven days, and Christ espying a fox peeping out of its hole said: "Foxes have holes, but a prophet hath not where to lay his head." Near the spot was a skull lying, and the skull said: "I am the skull of King Jamja, a mighty monarch in my time, slain by God for my idolatry." Christ on this gave him life and he lived on a good Christian for 70 years.

(c) QISSA SHEKH MANSÚR, the Story of Shekh Mansúr (founder of the Sáfís), by Ahmad, first published in 1881, in 10 pp. of elegant Urdú verse. It relates the well-worn tale of this ascetic's saying "*an'al haqq*, I am true," but which may be read as meaning "I am God," and his being beheaded for it by the Khalífa (Al-Muqtádir Bi'llah). This story says that the sword which beheaded him cried out also "*an'al-haqq*."

(d) QISSA SAUDAGÁR BACHCHÁ, the Story of the Merchant's Son, by Sháh Rahmán, first published in 1881. It is in elegant Urdú verse in 9 pp. It is the same story as Qissa Siyáh Posh. (See No. 1.)

(e) QISSA MÁHÍGÍR, the Story of the Fisherman, by Ghaffúr, first published in 1881. It is in elegant Urdú verse in 10 pp. It relates that a king fell into (illicit) love with a young fisherman, with whom his own daughter also fell in love. The princess has another lover, who dies for her, and finding at last a true lover she dies with him, and they are buried together in one grave.

A certain king fell in love with a young fisherman and ordered him to attend court. Here the king's daughter saw him and fell in love with him also. So the fisherman passed his days in the court and his nights with the princess. While this was going on another man saw the princess, and falling in love with her used to stand staring at her

palace like a madman. The fisherman had to supply a fish's heart for the king daily, but one day the princess would not let him go and said she would find a heart for him. So she sent a tray and a knife to her mad lover outside to get the heart, but he cut out his own heart and died. The heart was taken to the king, and on the table it said: "Thou hast not fulfilled thy promise, nor hast thou given up thy fraud and tyranny and oppression;" on which the king ordered it to be placed in the street, that some one might explain what it meant. The poet Shekh Sa'adí passed by and said to it: "Being a lover thou shouldst suffer in silence." The poet then explained to the king what had happened, and when the princess heard of it she died of grief and was buried in her lover's grave.*

11. QISSA AGAR o GUL, the story of Agar and Gul, by Nasír, published in 1880 at the Nawal Kishor Press, Lucknow. It is a versified adaptation in a high-flown style of Urdú of a Persian work of the same name: 61 pp. 8vo. It relates the loves of Gul, the prince of the Jinns, and Agar, the daughter of Khushhál, Wazír of the city of Khashkhásh, a girl of a strong and masculine temperament, who is with difficulty persuaded at length to marry her lover and live like a woman.

In the city of Khashkhásh there was a king named Mansúr, who had a Wazír called Khushhál, but they had no issue, till they met a *durvesh* who gave them an apple each to eat. After which the king begat a son named Lál, and the Wazír twins, boy and girl, named Mahmúd and Agar. The boys were spirited away by a Jinn called Lál Deo, and the girl, who was of a masculine temperament, succeeded to the throne as Prince Agar, in which capacity she subdued forty kings and, having learnt the arts of a *jogí*, the Jinns also. She further learnt the art of flying through the air. Meanwhile Prince Lál was living comfortably with Lál Deo, who had married him to a lovely fairy named Máhparwar, and so was Agar's brother Mahmúd, to whom the Jinn had married his own daughter the Fairy Gulnár. One day the Prince Gul, son of Lál Deo, met the Princess Agar, dressed as a man, at the *jogí's* hut, learning the art of magic, and wanted to make

* This must be a variant of the well-known tale in the *Alif Laila*.

her his wife, but she altogether declined to become anybody's wife. Eventually it was agreed upon between the parents that if Lál Deo should deliver up Lál and Mahmúd to their parents the Princess Agar should be married to Gul. After much trouble Agar was persuaded to agree to this and to dress and behave as a woman.

12. **MASNAVI NAL DAMAN**, a Poem on Nal and Daman, by Ráhat, published in 1244 A.H., or 1825 A.D., at the Nawal Kishor Press, Lucknow: 36 pp. 8vo. It is a translation into very elegant Urdú verse of a Persian work of the same name, which is itself an adaptation of the well-known Sanskrit story of Nala and Damayántí. It relates how Nal, Rájá of Ujjain, having fallen in love with Daman, the daughter of the Rájá of Bandar in the Dakhan, succeeds after many difficulties in marrying her. He soon afterwards dies, whereon she burns herself (*sati*).

Nal, the Rájá of Ujjain, saw Daman, the daughter of the Rájá of Bandar in the Dakhan, in a dream, and fell in love with her, and in this was strengthened by the report of one of his courtiers who had seen the beauty himself. Daman had similarly dreamed of Nal, and had fallen in love with him. After this the lovers began to correspond by means of a pigeon which carried their letters. In the end they married. After which Nal neglected his affairs for the society of his bride. His younger brother, seeing his state of mind, induced him to play at backgammon (*chausar*) with him for his kingdom, and Nal lost the game. So he and his wife had to go into the forests where he lived as a *faqír*, and after a time lost Daman. Wandering on alone he was bitten by a serpent and turned into a jet black man, in which condition he wandered on to the cities of Ratbaran and Bandar, where he found his wife living. He induced the serpent, which had turned him black, to restore him to his once fair complexion, and then returned to Ujjain and won back his kingdom from his brother. But soon after this he died, and Daman became *sati*.*

13. **SIKANDARNÁMA**, the Life of Alexander (the Great), by Maulaví Ghulám Haidar, published in 1293 A.H., or 1876 A.D., at the

* This is a very distorted version of the original Sanskrit legend.

Nawal Kishor Press, Lucknow: 374 pp. small 8vo. It is a very elegant versified translation into Urdú of the Persian work by Jámí. It purports to be a sort of life of Alexander the Great.

In the country of Rúm (Greece) there dwelt a great king named Failqús (Philip), whose capital was Maqadúnia (Macedon). He had a son, Sikandar (Alexander), brought up by Kálqúmájas (= ? Χαλκιδεύς), the father of 'Arastú (Aristotle). Failqús had designs on Persia, but died before he could accomplish anything, and Sikandar succeeded him. Soon after he ascended the throne the Zangís (Ethiopians) attacked the Egyptians, who called in the aid of Sikandar. He defeated the Zangís in a way that created a great sensation in Persia. About this time *he* invented the looking-glass. He also refused to pay the tribute demanded by Dárá (Darius), king of Persia, and always paid by his father, whereon Dárá proceeded to attack Rúm. (Some say that Sikandar was the elder brother of, or otherwise related to, Dárá; others say he was the son of the Gods!) The result of the war was the death of Dárá, and complete defeat of the Persians. Sikandar now became master of Persia, and, being a believer in the religion of Ibráhím (Abraham, and, therefore, ? a Jew!), destroyed all the fire temples of the Persians, and rooted out the enchantments that had existed in Bábal (Babylon) since the days of Sulaimán (Solomon). He married Dárá's daughter, Raushang (Roxana), according to the dying wish of her father, by whom he had a son, Sikandarús (? Alexander Ægus). Sikandar then went to Makka (Mecca), where he paid homage to the house of God, and subdued the Arabs. He then visited Barda', where a woman, named Naushába, was queen, with whom he had very friendly dealings. From this place he returned to Rúm, and deposited immense treasures in the temples of his native land. Starting a second time, he went to Mount Alburz (Caspian Gates), on the top of which was a mighty fort of robbers, whom he subdued. He next built a thick, strong, and high wall of metal over the range, to keep out the Khafcháqs, a robber tribe that harassed the neighbourhood. It was here that he sat on the mysterious throne of Kaikhusro (Cyrus), and drank out of

his cup. He then went on to India, and made Kaid, the king, pay him tribute, after which he went on to Qanauj (Kanauj), and defeated and slew Fúr (Porus), the king, in battle. He next visited Tibat (Tibet), and concluded a treaty with the emperor of Chín (China). He next went to Rús (Russia), from which he rescued his friend Naushába, the queen of Barda', whom the Russians had captured. He next tried to discover the waters of immortality by the aid of Khwája Khizar, but failed, and returned disappointed to Rúm. Here he sought the society of philosophers, of whom Aflátún (Plato) was one, and of whom he learnt many new things. At last the angel Jibril (Gabriel) appeared to him, and told him he was a prophet like Músá (Moses). He then visited the lands of the west (*mulk-i-maghrab*), where he had many wonderful adventures, discovering where the sun sets, in Bahru'l-mahít. He then discovered the source of the Nile, and, returning to the eastern ocean, he set up a high statue warning sailors against a dangerous place. He then went again to Chín, and visited the land of Juj and Májúj (Gog and Magog), where he built a metal wall, and on his way home he died.*

14. NAURATAN, *Nine Jewels*, by Mahjúr, published in 1230 A.H., or 1811 A.D., at the Nawal Kishor Press, Lucknow: 180 pp. 8vo. It is an Urdú book of stories turning on the "Deceits (*Charitr*) of Women."

STORY NO. 1.—A man had a chaste wife, over whom he kept strict guard, despite her remonstrances, so she played a trick on him. She pretended to be ill, and that no one could cure her but an old nurse (*dái*). So the old woman was sent for, and between them they played a trick on the husband. Nothing could cure her, they said, but a jar of magic (*jádú ká matká*), and that the husband must bring it overnight, and take it away next day on his head to a place the nurse

* The above is history garbled as only an Asiatic can garble it, but it is curious to note the tribute paid throughout to the civilising influence exercised by Alexander wherever he went, which it is too much the fashion to decry in Europe, a fashion aided no doubt by the ridiculous story of his weeping because there were no more worlds to conquer.

would point out. The husband paid Rs.500 for it, and brought it as ordered, despite its weight. The jar contained a young man, who remained with the wife all night. In the morning, while it was still dark, the husband carried the jar away, but on the way he slipped and tipped the young man out, breaking the jar, whereon he got a beating. Meanwhile his wife was cured to his great delight, and he left her in peace afterwards, and never knew what had happened to him.

STORY No. 2.—A man had a very bad wife, who had a dyer for her paramour. The dyer one day sent her a message by his servant, a young man. Seeing him to be a fine young fellow, she seduced him. They were still together when the dyer, suspecting something owing to the delay, came after him with a drawn sword. Meanwhile the husband turned up, whereon the woman told the dyer to rush out like a madman. When her husband came up, he inquired what it all meant, and she said that a madman had followed a young man into her house, and that she had hidden him from him. The husband was overjoyed at his wife's supposed courage, and gave the youth the run of his house.

STORY No. 3.—A man had written a book on the tricks (*charitr*) of women. One day he was travelling in a city when an artful woman saw the book, and determined to play him a real trick. She invited him to her house, where they passed the night together. In the morning her husband came to her, whereon she locked up her friend in a box, but left all his clothes lying about. She then said to her husband that they belonged to a man who had been with her the night and was now locked up in the box. But when her husband was going to unlock it she laughed at him for a credulous fool, so he desisted. She next told her maid to give the clothing back to "the man from whom they were borrowed." She then pretended that she wanted a doctor, and, when her husband went to fetch him, she undid the box, and let her friend out, asking him if any such trick was in his book. Whereon he was so ashamed that he threw it into a river.

STORY No. 4.—A merchant left his home for a year, and, meanwhile, his wife turned into a public prostitute. When her husband returned it was too late in the evening to go home, so he put up in the inn (*sarái*), and sent for a woman for the night. They brought him his own wife. She recognized him, and immediately set upon him, saying, "I have found you out, and proved you now: you are still running after strange women." Whereon he became very much ashamed of himself, and took her home with him.

STORY No. 5.—A labourer had a very ready-witted wife. One day as she was taking him his usual meal in the fields, she met a young man, whom she seduced. After this she laid down her dish and went aside, whereon the young man uncovered it, made an elephant out of the meal in it, and covered it up again without the wife knowing anything of it. When her husband saw the elephant in the dish he asked her what it meant. She replied at once that she had had a very bad dream in the night, that her husband was being trampled on by an elephant, and that the priest (*pandit*) had told her that the best way of preventing its coming true was to make an elephant of his mid-day meal for him to eat. With this he was satisfied.

STORY No. 6.—One night a wife was sleeping with her paramour, and in the next room her husband and his father were sleeping. Her father-in-law happened to awake, and finding her and her paramour together asleep, removed her anklet by way of proof. She awoke, and finding her anklet gone guessed what happened. So she sent her paramour away, and went to her husband and made him come to her. After a while she awakened him, and told him that while he was sleeping his father had come and removed her anklet. Whereon he got into a great rage with his father, and utterly scouted the father's story, making the poor father apologise.

STORY No. 7.—A woman was with her paramour when her husband knocked at the door. She put her paramour into a fowl-house, and let loose her goat. When she opened the door her husband enquired as to her dishevelled appearance, and she said she had been after her goat, which had got loose. The husband went after it with his sword, and striking at it hit the fowl-house and cut open the roof, which

revealed the paramour. When asked who he was he said he was the angel of death, come for the life of the goat. This so terrified the husband that he was glad when he went away.

STORY No. 8.—A woman was with her paramour, and hearing her husband coming she put out the light. On opening the door her husband enquired why the lamp had not yet been lighted. She thereon told him a story of what she had just seen. "Our neighbour is a bad woman, and I saw her with her paramour with the lamp lighted; and when her husband came she put it out and put a blanket over his head, just like this!" and with that she put one over her husband's head and let her lover out. When he had freed himself, all her husband said was, "Don't bother yourself about what your neighbours do."

STORY No. 9. A penniless youth was travelling, and was received into his *shop* out of pity by a seller of betel-leaves (*panwári*). In searching about for employment he chanced on the *panwári's house*. The mistress, being a bad woman, called him in and lay with him, and giving him Rs.2 told him to come again at the same hour daily. Not knowing who she was, he related the adventure to his friend, her husband. So the husband went next day to catch his wife, but she hid the youth in a mat. This adventure the youth accordingly repeated to him. The next day he was hidden in a reservoir; on a third day in a box: all of which was duly related to the husband. So the husband called a meeting of his caste (*pancháyat*), and while the youth was explaining the story to them, he got a sign from the wife, and saw how matters really stood. So he went on to the end of the story, and said, "and then I awoke;" and explained it was all a dream. On this the *pancháyat* told the husband he was a fool to bring charges against his wife on the strength of a dream.

STORY No. 10.—An evil-disposed woman was sent by her husband to buy sugar. Wanting to get it for nothing, she induced the shopman to consent to give it her on condition she lay with him. While they were inside the shopman's servant undid the bundle of sugar and filled it with dust. When her husband opened the bundle and found it full of dust he asked her what it meant, whereon she, being ready-

witted, said that a bull had attacked her in the road, and in running away she dropped her money. When she escaped him she ran back and picked up the dust about the place, in hopes it might contain her money. Whereon her husband praised her for a plucky woman.

STORY No. 11.—One day a woman's headless trunk was found by four cross roads, and there was no clue to the murder. So the king ordered a report to be made of what all passers might say. A lady passed, and looking at it said, "She did it, but did not know how to do it" (*is ne kíá aur kar na jáná*). Being asked what she meant she replied—"If she had had sense she would not have met with such a fate." This did not satisfy the king, who had her locked up, and supplied her with food himself daily. However, she got her paramour to undermine her cell, and through this she used to visit him, and gave birth to a child. Her lover was a friend of the king, and at his house she used to meet the king, much to his astonishment; for when he went to the cell there she was. At last she got her lover to borrow the king's dromedary, and on it they escaped with their child. She left a letter behind explaining the story, and saying—"If the other woman had known how to do it, as I did, she would not have met such a fate."

STORY No. 12.—A woman was with her paramour when her husband came up. She hid him in a corner, and said, "When I send him to the closet you run away." When the husband came in she sent him off to the closet at once, saying a thief is in there. On this the lover ran off, and the husband, thinking him the thief, was going after him, when the wife prevented him, saying, "He has a drawn sword in his hand."

STORY No. 13.—A woman, caught by the husband with her paramour, made the latter stand in the yard with a white sheet over him. On opening the door she said to her husband that a ghost (*bhút*) is in the yard. Seeing the white figure, the husband petitioned it to go away, whereon it began slowly to move, and went off, much to the husband's relief.*

* This book is evidently a modern Indian version of these almost universal tales.

15. **TOTAKAHÁNI**, Tales of a Parrot, by Haidar Hassan, published in 1215 A.H., or 1801 A.D., at the Chasma-i-faiz Press, Dehlí: 64 pp. 8vo. It is a polished prose translation of a Persian work of the same name into Urdú. It relates the story of Maimún, a prince, who left his wife in charge of a *mainá* (starling) and a parrot. She contracts an illicit alliance, whereon the *mainá* remonstrates and is killed; but the parrot, being cleverer, keeps her attention fixed on stories he tells her till her husband comes, when he explains her conduct, and she is put to death.

A king named Ahmad Sultán, through the intercession of holy men and saints, was blessed with an exceedingly handsome son, whom he named Maimún. He was married to a beautiful girl called Khujasta, with whom he lived very happily. He purchased her a magnificent parrot that could talk like a man and knew the past and the future, and to keep the bird company he purchased also a *mainá*. He afterwards went on a journey, and advised his wife to follow the advice of the two birds in all her difficulties during his absence. While he was away she fell in love with another prince and counselled the *mainá* as to how she was to get to him. The *mainá* rebuked her sharply, and was killed for her pains. She then went to the parrot, and the wily bird, sympathising with her, advised her to follow the plan adopted by Farrukh Beg in a similar plight. The parrot then relates how Farrukh Beg managed with his mistress, and so on for thirty-five other stories, until Maimún returned, when on finding out how his wife had behaved he put her to death.

16. **DASTAN-I-AMÍR HAMZA**, Tales of Amir Hamza, by Khakíl Khán, published in 1800 by authority, under the superintendence of Dr. Gilchrist, at Dehlí: 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 216, 84, 78, 100. It is a rough prose translation into Urdú in an antiquated style of a Persian work of the same name. The story goes that Akbar the Emperor was so much taken with the valour of Hindús as related in the *Mahábhárata*, that the Muhammadan divines invented the tales in this book, and attributed them to Amír Hamza, the uncle of the Prophet, and that they then induced the Emperor to believe

that the Muhammadans had after all a more marvellous history than the Hindús. The book consists of a string of eighty-eight stories.

(1.) Extols the King Qubád Kamrán of Persia, and relates the story of Bazar Chamhar, the son of Bakht Jamál. Bazar Chamhar kills Al-Qash, the minister of Qubád Kamrán, who had murdered his father and becomes minister in his stead.

(2.) Tells the story Qubád, a woodcutter, who becomes a very rich man through the sagacity of Dilárám, the discarded Queen of Qubád, the King. In the end Qubád the king receives back Dilárám into favour.

(3.) Relates the rise of Anúshírwán (or Nausherwán) of Persia and his queen Mihar Angez. In his reign Amír Hamza is born, and Anúshírwán sends the minister, Bazar Chamhar, to Makka (Mecca) to congratulate the family on the occasion.

(4.) Relates the return of Bazar Chamhar.

(5.) Khwája Khizar meets Amír Hamza in the wilds and gives him a horse, Qaitás, and the arms of the former Prophets from under a tree. Amír Hamza conquers Suhel Yamaní and Tauq-bin-Hairán with their armies in single combat, and then defeats Munazzar Sháh and Prince Na'mán. He next defeats Princess Humá-i-Tájdár at chess, and makes her over to her lover Sultán Bakhsh.

(6.) He conquers Hushám, a nobleman of Khaibar, who had defeated the King of Persia, and restores to that monarch all the booty that Hushám had taken at the capture of Madáín, the Persian capital.

(7.) He conquers Sangráwáhal, and kills the Governor thereof.

(8.) The King of Persia, by his ambassador the son of Bazar Chamhar, sends him a robe of honour (*khila't*), a talismanic banner made by Bazar Chamhar, and the "tent of denial." The Prophet Muhammad, through Khwája Khizár, bestows special arms on Amír Hamza and on Bazar Chamhar's son. While the two are travelling to Madáín Amír Hamza kills a tiger single handed, which had so terrified 'Umar, a noble, that he had climbed a tree.

(9.) Amír Hamza has a triumphal entry into Madáín. He lifts up there the king's throne of enormous weight in his two hands, and has

a narrow escape of his life at the hands of Gahastam, a warrior (*pahilwán*).

(10.) Falls in love with Mihar Nigár, the king's daughter.

(11.) Visits her in her palace at night and converts her to Islam.

(12.) He is sent to India on the condition that if he takes Landhúr the king captive he may marry Mihar Nigár.

(13.) He sets out for India by sea.

(14.) He comes across one of Alexander's "lighthouses" (*mínárs*) on the road and has a narrow escape from drowning.

(15.) 'Umar, one of his leaders, is left behind at the *mínár*, but manages to join his master at the Island of Sarandíp (Ceylon), through the aid of Khwája Khizar.

(16.) At Sarandíp Amír Hamza and 'Umar go and visit Adam's footsteps and are granted extraordinary powers.

(17.) 'Umar visits the court of Landhúr as a minstrel, and finds them all drunk. He robs them and brings the spoil to Amír Hamza.

(18.) Landhúr is very friendly until Amír Hamza informs him of his commission, whereon he makes preparation for war.

(19.) The battle. Gahastam sides with Landhúr and has to fly.

(20.) Landhúr is captured.

(21.) Gahastam poisons Amír Hamza.

(22.) Bazar Chamhar provides an antidote, and Amír Hamza is saved.

(23.) Meanwhile Mihar Nigár is married to Prince Aulád, who carries her off to his home in Zábulistán.

(24.) On the road they meet Amír Hamza returning to Persia by land with his captive Landhúr.

(25.) Amír Hamza defeats Aulád, and takes him and his bride back with him to Madáín.

(26.) Their arrival at Madáín.

(27.) False news of Mihar Nigár's death is spread in the hope that Amír Hamza will die on hearing it.

(28.) He is sent to invade the land of the Seven Lands (Haft Mulk), and on the road Qárún tries to poison him. Khwája Khizar saves him.

(29.) He defeats King of Intákia.

(30.) Defeats the Kings of 'Alánia and Halab.

(31.) He subdues Rúm, and kills there a huge dragon. Defeats and slays a Habashi king, Shadkáwa, and returns to Madáin.

VOL. II. (32.) [In my edition there is a mistake in numbering this story 19 as the first of the volume ; the mistake is carried right though the remainder of the work.]

Amír Hamza is sent to Rúm to demand arrears of tribute and captures 'Adís the king.

(33.) Kills Istaqlán, King of Rúm, and then goes on to Misr, the king of which he slays with the aid of his daughter Zohra Báno, and returns to Madáin.

(34.) Finds Anúshírwán absent, and takes possession of Mihar Nigár.

(35.) Sends her to Makká, and attacks Anúshírwán for breaking his promise. Battle ensues, in which Amír Hamza is wounded by Zúbín Sháh Mughal, and flies on his horse, Khúng, to Makka pursued by his enemies.

(36.) Assists the fairy Asmái to recover the Golden City (*Shah-ristán Zarrín*), in the Koh-i-Qáf, from the 'Ifrits. Amír Hamza kills the king of the 'Ifrits, and restores her realm to Asmái.

(37.) On his way home he is re-called by the fairy Asmái, whose city was re-taken by the 'Ifrits. He marries her.

(38.) He has a daughter by her, called Malika Qureshia, and returns to Makka through Demonland.

(39.) On the road he gets possession of the horse Ashqar, and rescues two men, Ashúb Malláh and Bahlol Naqqásh, from an enchanted fort.

(40.) Arrives at the city of king 'Arshí Tájdár, whose people have the ears of elephants. Crosses very wide rivers to rescue Asfá, a female devotee. Rescues his leader, Ma'dekarab, from imprisonment, who relates how he and the Princess Mihar Nigár had been surrounded by enemies.

(41.) His meeting with Mihar Nigár, and putting to flight her enemies.

(42.) The defeat and death of Hom, king of Damishq, at the hand

of 'Umar, Amír Hamza's son. Amír Hamza's quarrel with Mihar Nigár, and reconciliation.

(43.) Captures the family of Zúbín, marries his sister to 'Umar, his own son, and his wife to his general, Ma'dekarab.

Vol. III. (44.) [31 according to the text: *see* above.] He has a son, Qubád, born to him by Mihar Nigár, and a grandson, Sa'ad.

(45.) Fights Bahman, a mountain king, with whom Zúbín and Anúshírwán had taken refuge, and converts them all to Islám.

(46.) Defeats Shaddád, king of the Habashis.

(47.) Qubád, the son of Amír Hamza, defeats Bahman in his father's absence.

(48.) Shaddád captures Anúshírwán, and imprisons him in a cage. Sa'ad, Amír Hamza's grandson, defeats Faríd Pahilwán. Amír Hamza returns and defeats Sarkab Pahilwán.

(49.) He is wounded by Bahman, and falls backwards into a river from his horse. He escapes, and has Bahman killed.

(50.) 'Umar, Amír Hamza's son, pursue his enemies to Kashmír, where he is killed by Gulqahra, his brother's wife, who had fallen in love with him, and wished him to cohabit with her. Amír Hamza avenges his death.

(51.) He goes to Káu's, in Habash, to recover Anúshírwán from Shaddád. Gets lost in the sand, and Shaddád, thinking him dead, attacks his army. Qubád, Amír Hamza's son, is killed by a thief in the camp.

(52.) Amír Hamza kills Shaddád. While after him, Zúbín attempts to carry off Mihar Nigár, who wounds him with an arrow. Whereon he kills her. Amír Hamza returns, and finds him with the dead body, and kills him. Dismisses his army, and goes to live at Makka as a *faqir*.

(53.) Qárún, the son of Faríd Pahilwán, comes to Makka, and carries him off, and sends for Anúshírwán to witness his death, but Farzána, his sister, who had fallen in love with Amír Hamza, saves him. He assembles his forces, kills Qárún, rescues Anúshírwán, and marries Farzána.

(54.) Wars of Amír Hamza and Anúshírwán, in which the former captures two metal-bodied *pahilwáns*.

(55.) Amír Hamza reaches Kharsana, the city of King Fatah Nawish, whose daughter, Rabí'a Palúsposh, had long desired to meet him. He saves them from the king of the Frangís, and marries Rabí'a Palúsposh.

(56.) He kills a dragon at Kharsana, and Rabí'a Palúsposh gives birth to a son, 'Álam Sháh Rúmí. Amír Hamza returns to his army, and conquers Aljú Pahilwán, and converts him to Islám.

(57.) 'Álam Sháh Rúmí fights for his father's enemies in disguise, and then declares himself, whereon Anúshírwan flies to King Qaimár Khwári.

(58.) Amír Hamza pursues him, and a battle takes place, in which the whole Khwári family are captured, including a princess, who had fought like a man. She is married to her capturer, Rustam Pílzor, son of Amír Hamza. On this Anúshírwan takes refuge in Úján.

Vol. iv. (59.) [46 in the text, but see above.] Amír Hamza follows him up, and, after a bloody battle, captures Kaiyús, king of Úján, and Anúshírwan flies to Gílán.

(60.) Amír Hamza follows him up, and a fight ensues. In the battle a veiled horseman does great execution for the enemy, who turns out to be the daughter of Kanjal, the king of Gílán. She marries Amír Hamza, and her father is converted by him to Islám—Anúshírwan now becomes a beggar, and earns his living as a wood-cutter in a fire temple in Khútan.

(61.) Razína Kafsh, Anúshírwan's wife, and Amír Hamz's mother-in-law, induces him to search for the king, who is found in the fire temple, after a fight with Bahrám of Khútan.

(62.) Anúshírwan marries his daughter, Mihar Afroz, to Amír Hamza, in gratitude for being saved from the fire temple, but is again induced to war against him in the Alburz Mountains.

(63.) A fight ensues, in which the warriors Bahrám Chobgardán and his brother are captured, and converted to Islám.

(64.) Amír Hamza has a son, Badí'u'z-Zamán, by the Princess Gílí Savár, or the veiled horseman of Gílán, whom his grandfather, Sháh Kanjal, throws into a river in a box, which the fairy Asmái and Qureshia Sultán, her daughter by Amír Hamza, find. They bring him up, and send him to the war in the Alburz Mountains.

(65.) A demon, named Samandún, carries off Sa'ad, Amír Hamza's grandson, to the Alburz Mountains, whence his grandfather rescues him.

(66.) During Amír Hamza's absence, Qalmán, the king of Turk-están, attempts to capture Makka, but he is made a prisoner of by A'ajal, Amír Hamza's youngest brother. After this A'ajal and a son of 'Umar Ma'dí join the army at Mount Alburz.

(67.) In the fighting there Badí'u'z-Zamán, Amír Hamza's son, captures Naja', a great *pahlwán*. A messenger comes from Kharsana to say that the place is besieged by a king of the Frangís, so Amír Hamza sends his son, Rustam Píltan, who routs the Frangís.

(68.) Amír Hamza has a son, Parí Sháh, by Mihar Afroz, and goes to assist his son Rustam Píltan, and converts the Frangi king to Islám, whose daughter Rustam Píltan marries.

(69.) Malik Ushtar is subdued, and converted to Islám. Zúbín Fauládtan arrives to help Anúshírwán.

(70.) A merchant arrives in camp, and sings the praises of the sister of Hardam of Baro'. Sa'ad, with two nobles of his grandfather, Aurang and Kaurang, goes after her. They have a fight, in which the nobles are killed and Sa'ad barely escapes. However, he comes across Hardam's niece, whom he marries, being ashamed to return to his grandfather. Amír Hamza, suspecting where he was, goes after him to Baro', fights Hardam, subdues and makes him give up his sister to himself.

(71.) Zúbín Fauládtan is captured and murdered by 'Umar without Amír Hamza's knowledge.

(72.) A magician on the side of Anúshírwán strikes Amír Hamza and all his forces blind, but that makes no difference, and they go on fighting. Amír Hamza retires to the fortress of Ardbil, where Anúshírwán besieged him.

(73.) He is released by Kásim Jigarkhwár, his son by Hardam's sister and Hárís, Sa'ad's son by Hardam's niece, and taken to Baro', where Khwája Khízar restores everyone's sight. On which 'Umar slays Najtak, the minister of Anúshírwán.

(74.) Anúshírwán blinds Bazar Chamhar, but he recovers his sight on visiting the prophet Muhammad at Makka. He then obliges Anúshírwán to retire, and sets his son Harmuz on the throne,

Marzabán, a hero of Rukhám, comes to Baro', and fights Amír Hamza, but is routed. On this Harmuz retires to the city of Kazáo Qadar, whither Amír Hamza follows him, and they make common cause against people, who are cannibals. Sarsal, their king, is captured by Amír Hamza, and converted to Islám. Harmuz goes on to Madáin.

(75.) Amír Hamza goes to the city, where the talisman of Samshed is guarded by a white demon, which he destroys.

(76.) Rustam Piltan is killed in a fight with Zahar Shergardán, the king of Bákhtar.

(77.) Amír Hamza hears of his death. Sa'ad is captured by enchantment by Marzabán, but is rescued by Badí'u'z-Zamán.

(78.) Badí'u'z-Zamán has a fight with a cannibal king, named Gáúlungí Gáúsawár at Rukhám.

(79.) Death of king Zahar Shergardán.

(80.) Amír Hamza captures Gáúlungí Gáúsawár at Rukhám, and converts him to Islám.

(81.) Amír Hamza and Gáúlungí Gáúsawár go to Bákhtar, and kill Kák, the cannibal king of the place. They also destroy King Arghásh.

(82.) Amír Hamza conquers and slays the king of Nístán.

(83.) Fight of Amír Hamza with Ardvil Pildandan and Marzabán Pildandan, whom he kills, but loses all but seventy of his own side. These seventy are destroyed by enchantment at the city of the talisman; but by the guidance of Ibráhím, Amír Hamza restores them all and destroys the talisman. It is in the head of a bird.

(84.) He kills the grandmother, and captures the daughter of Zardusht.

(85.) He destroys enchantment, and returns to Rukhám.

(86.) Goes with Gáúlungí Gáúsawár to Makka, where he visits Muhammad the Prophet.

(87.) He helps the prophet against his infidel enemies.

(88.) Is killed by an old woman.*

* Whether compiled for Akbar or not the *Dástán-i-Amír Hamza* is clearly a *résumé* of current folk-tales of its age, planned on the model of the *Sháhnáma*.

17. SHAHNAMA, by Munshí; published at the Razaví Press, Delhi, in 1220 A.H., or 1805 A.D. It is an abridged translation into Urdú verse from the well-known Persian work of the same name: 168 pp. 8vo. It is a legendary history of the early kings of Persia.

Kaiomurs founds the Persian dynasty, and wars with the demons. He is succeeded by Hoshang, the first to procure fire from flint and steel, and to worship fire. He invents also the arts of cooking, and curing skins for clothing, and working in iron. He is succeeded by Taimúrs, the inventor of the arts of weaving wool, and of writing in the Persian character. Jamshed follows him; inventor of weaving in cotton and silk, agriculture, architecture and navigation. In his old age his pride is humbled by Zuhák, a noble, who ousts him from his throne, and obliges him to fly to Zábulistán, with his wife and family. The daughter of the ruler of Zábulistán becomes pregnant by him, and so Jamshed flies toward India, but Zuhák captures and slays him. Zuhák is a tyrant, and is killed by Farídún, an orphan, reared by one Káwa, a blacksmith. Farídún succeeds, and at his death divides the kingdom between Airaj, Salam, and Túr, his sons. Salam and Túr slay Airaj, whose sister's son, Manuchihr, slays them both in return, and succeeds to the throne. Zál, the renowned warrior, is now born to Sám, the ruler of Zábul, and is bred up by Símurgh. Zál has a son, the renowned Rustam, by the daughter of Mihráb, an Afghán. Afrásiáb, one of the royal family, wrests the empire from Núzar, the now ruler, and puts him and Aghrírás to death. He is in turn ousted by Zú, another prince of the royal house, who reigns five years, and is succeeded by Gurshasp, an imbecile, who is dethroned by Kaiqubád, a descendant of Farídún, bred up in the Alburz Mountains. Kaikáuś succeeds him, who is captured by demons in Mázhandarán, from whom he is released by Rustam. Kaikáuś then defeats the king of Hámávarán, and marries his daughter. He then wars with Afrásiáb, king of Túrán, whom Rustam defeats. Kaikáuś makes a balloon, guided by eagles, which one day drops him in Chín, from whence he retreats with difficulty. Rustam marries Tahmína, the daughter of the king of Samangán, by whom he has the renowned

Sohráb, whom his father never sees. Sohráb attacks Kaikáús, and is unwittingly slain by his own father Rustam. Rustam then begets a second son by Tahmína, named Farámuraz. Kaikáús has a son by the Princess of Bulghár, named Siyáwash, who takes Balkh from Afrásiáb, but marries his enemy's daughter afterwards, and having a quarrel with his father goes over to him. Kurshewaz, a son-in-law of Afrásiáb, instigates the latter, however, to murder Siyáwash. On this Rustam is sent to Túrán from his house in Kábul, and exacts revenge after seven years' fighting. Kaikáús abdicates in favour of Kaikhusrú, who invades Túrán, where Farúd, son of Siyáwash is killed. From Túrán Prince Tús is sent into Pírán, where he is imprisoned, and released by Rustam. Rustam then captures the emperor of China (*Kháqán-i-Chín*). Rustam gains a victory over Afrásiáb and the king of Khútan, and then slays the demon Akwán. Bezan, the warrior, subdues the Gurázáns of Armán, and on his return he falls in love with Muníza, the daughter of Afrásiáb, whereon Afrásiáb throws him into prison, whence he is released by Rustam. Burzú and Rustam have a fight, and Kaikhusrú helps Rustam to capture Barzú. Gudarz, the warrior, gains a victory in Túrán for Kaikhusrú. Kaikhusrú has a decisive victory in Túrán, in which he slays Afrásiáb, and his son Shaida, after which he disapperas. Lahrasp succeeds him: his son Gustasp conquers Iliás, king of Khirz, and hands him over to the emperor (*Qaisar*) of Rúm, whose daughter he marries. Lahrasp abdicates in his favour. Gustasp has two sons, Asfandiyár and Nashvín. In his days Zardusht (Zoroaster) arose and converted the king. Asfandiyár shows much courage in a war with Arjasp, the king of Chín and Máchín, who is driven back. Kuhran, the son of Arjasp, slays Lahrasp and defeats Gustasp. Asfandiyár, who in the meantime had been imprisoned by his father, is released, and defeats Arjasp and recovers Balkh. Asfandiyár now slays Arjasp and Kuhran in Dazhrúin, and releases his sister, their captive. Rustam is killed by Shughád in a fight with Asfandiyár. Gustasp is succeeded by his grandson Bahrám, who soon dies, and is succeeded by his daughter, Humá, who abdicates after a reign of thirty-two years in favour of Dáráb, her son by her own father! Dáráb marries Náhid, the daughter of the king of Rúm, and when she is pregnant

sends her back to her country, where she gives birth to Sikandar (Alexander the Great). Dáráb is succeeded by his son Dárá, who is conquered and slain by Sikandar, and whose daughter Sikandar marries.

18. QISSA LAILÍ WA MAJNÚN, the Story of Lailí and Majnún, by Mírzá Muhammad Taqí, of Lucknow, at the request of Nawáb Sa'adat 'Ali Sháh, of Oudh, published at Cawnpore, at the Nawal Kishor Press; no date: 61 pp. 8vo. It is a *réchauffée* in elegant Urdú verse of this well-known Arabic poem. Lailí and Majnún fall in love at school. Lailí is taken away by her parents, and Majnún goes mad, and Lailí in the end dies for love of him.

Lailí and Qais, daughter and son of two princes of the 'Umrí tribe in Arabia, are sent to the same school, where they fall in love. Lailí is removed, and Qais goes mad. His father makes overtures to Lailí's father for her marriage, in the hopes of curing him, but these are declined on the ground of the lad's madness. Qais goes to live in the deserts as a recognised madman, Majnún, and hence his name. Prince Bakht Ibn Salám happens to see Lailí, but Lailí altogether refuses his overtures. Majnún makes the acquaintance of Naufal, king of Arabia, who attempts to force on an alliance between him and Lailí, but the argument of Majnún's father prevails, and he desists. Lailí is now forced to marry Bakht Ibn Salám, but she refuses to cohabit with him. Majnún hears of her marriage, and soon after his father dies of grief. Lailí now puts on mourning, which so disgusts her husband Bakht that he divorces her. Lailí next sends Majnún a letter, and the lovers meet, and he recovers his senses, but her mother takes her away, and he goes mad again. After this Lailí dies of grief, and Majnún follows her.

19. QISSA LAILÍ WA MAJNÚN, by Fazal Sháh, published at the Muhammadí Press, Lahore, in 1872: 128 pp. large 8vo. It is a very elegant, though rather high-flown, *réchauffée* of the same story as No. 18 in Urdú, by this celebrated Panjábí poet. The outline is the same as that above given.

20. *MASNAVÍ MÍR HASAN*, a poem, by Mír Hasan, published in 1882 at the Chashma-i-Faiz Press, Dehlí: 64 pp. It is an Urdú poem of an ordinary sort. It relates the loves of Prince Benazír and Badr-i-Manír, a fairy.

Benazír is carried off by the fairy Máhrúkh to fairyland, where he meets and falls in love with Badr-i-Manír, daughter of Mas'úd Sháh, the king. When Máhrúkh finds out that he visits her, she throws him into a well. Badr-i-Manír, finding this out by a dream, sends her maid, Najumu'n-nissá, to rescue him. Najumu'n-nissá, however, meets and falls in love with Firóz Sháh, king of the Jinns. In the end Mas'úd Sháh agrees to the marriage of Benazír to his daughter Badr-i-Manír.

21. *BADR-I-MANÍR*, by Imámu'ddín, published in 1282 A.H., or 1866 A.D., at the Mustafáí Press, Lahore: 41 pp. 8vo. It is an abstract in Panjábí verse of the well-known Urdú work of the same name by Mír Hasan (No. 20). The composition is generally good. It relates the story of Benazír, prince of India, who was carried off by the fairy Máhrúkh to Sarandíp, where he fell in love with Badr-i-Manír, princess of Sarandíp. This aroused the jealousy of Máhrúkh, who imprisoned him in a well, whence he was released by the exertions of Najmu'n-nissá, the daughter of the Wazír, and finally married to Badr-i-Manír.

The king of India in his old age begat a very handsome son, named Benazír. One night, when he was fifteen years old, the fairy Máhrúkh happened to pass the palace in which he was sleeping, and, falling in love with him, carried him off on her flying throne to Paristán (the land of the fairies). Benazír, however, so pined for his home that no kindness on the part of his captor was of any avail, so she gave him a flying horse of wood on which to visit the earth. As the horse could travel one hundred miles in a few minutes, he was to return to her every day, and was especially warned against falling in love. One day, in the course of his flying visits, he met with Badr-i-Manír, and, as a result, used to visit her daily. This was duly reported to Máhrúkh by a demon, who became very angry, and

shut him up in a well, on which she put a stone weighing 100 *mans* (4 tons). The cessation of Benazír's visits caused great grief to Badr-i-Manír, and so she confided her love to Najmu'n-nissá, the minister's daughter, who went in search of the truant lover, disguised as a female ascetic (*jogín*). One day as the disguised *jogín* was employed in playing on her pipe (*bín*), Fíroz Sháh, the king of the fairies, passed over her on his flying throne, and, becoming enamoured of her, carried her off to Paristán, where she explained to him her story, and promised to marry him if he would release Benazír. Fíroz Sháh soon discovered Benazír, and restored him to Badr-i-Manír, when all ended happily; and the story ends with the restoration of Benazír to his parents.

HIKÁYÁTU'S-SÁLIHÍN, or Tales of the Saints; anonymous, without date, published at the Muhammadí Press, Lahore: 108 pp. 8vo. It is a compilation in good Arabic prose of extracts from Muhammadan ecclesiastical histories. It consists of 100 stories of the saints in 20 chapters.

Chap. I. contains ten stories illustrative of the virtue of abstinence from unlawful food.

Chap. II. is on abstinence and austerity. To illustrate this a story is told of Yazíd Bastámí, who bound himself not to drink water for a whole year, because one day he had drunk a little too much water!

Chap. III. is on devotion. 'Umar the Khalífa is related to have taken no rest at all day or night, because during the day he had to attend to the affairs of the empire, and during the night to pray to God!

Chap. IV. is on the fear of God. One day Hasan Basrí saw a slave lighting a fire, and the sight of the flames recalled the flames of hell. This set him weeping to such an extent that his tears were enough to fill a jar!

Chap. V. on keeping a guard on the tongue. Hassán once asked to whom a new house, he saw being built, belonged to. As the matter did not concern him he rebuked himself by fasting for a year!

Chap. VI. on repentance. One day Ibráhím of Balkh went out hunting, and on following a stag it turned and spoke to him, asking

him if God had created him to spend his life in this manner. This unnatural warning caused Ibráhím to repent and become a saint.

Chap. VII. on the miracles of saints. Súfián Súrí is said to have brought up sugar and flour as well as water in his bucket when he dipped it in the well Zamzam.

Chap. VIII. on the acceptance of prayer. While Abubakr was praying in the mosque a thief came and stole his sheet and tried to sell it, but he was struck with paralysis in the act. This created a crowd to whom the thief told the truth, and they advised him to restore the sheet. This he did, and through the prayers of the saint recovered the use of his hands.

Chap. IX. on good intentions and second sight. Ibráhím, a saint, had, against his inclination, abstained from bread and milk for twelve years, when one day he attended a sick man and asked him what he would like to eat. On this the sick man asked him how he, who had himself abstained, could ask such a question.

Chap. X. on reliance on God. Súfián Súrí and Shaibán were travelling together to Makka, when they met a tiger. Súfián Súrí, remarking that the Creator of all was the same, caught the tiger by the ear and made it quite subservient to him.

Chap. XI. on generosity and almsgiving. A man, heavily in debt, asked a friend for a loan, which was at once given him, with the remark that he much regretted being so obtuse as not to have foreseen his friend's need, and to have waited until the loan was asked for.

Chap. XII. on the chiefs of Islám. 'Umar the Khalifa spent his nights in wandering about shutting open doors, rescuing stray cattle, and putting things straight generally. A friend once asked him why he did this himself instead of sending a deputy in his place. He replied, "I am responsible before God."

Chap. XIII. on the devotion of women. 'Umm Amanta used to travel between Makka and Madína without provisions, and no one ever saw her eating. When asked why, she replied that once during a pilgrimage she was in a desert and like to die of thirst, when a pot of pure water came to her from heaven and saved her. Since then she took no provisions but trusted entirely in God.

Chap. XIV. on the miracles of boys. Salmán was once travelling to Jerusalem (Baitu'l-Muqaddas), and met a boy who greeted him and told him to shut his eyes. When he opened them again he found himself at his journey's end. He offered the boy some money, whereon the boy smiled and took up some earth in his hand, which turned into gold and silver at once.

Chap. XV. on temperance and chastity. A holy man once asked at a door for water. The slave that brought it rebuked him for requiring it and not fasting during *every* day !

Chap. XVI. stories of *faqírs*. A *faqír* was once in a ship in which a merchant lost a valuable gem. The *faqír* who appeared to be very poor was charged with stealing it. He thereupon caused a quantity of fish to rise up from the sea, each with a gem in its mouth, which he gave to the merchant. He then jumped from the vessel and walked away on the surface of the sea.

Chap. XVII. on aiding the distressed. A tyrant once seized the house of a poor woman and began to build a palace in its place, on which she prayed to God, who sent the angel Gabriel to destroy the palace then and there.

Chap. XVIII. on the death of saints. Zu'nnún, while in Egypt (Misr), was so reserved that many thought him an atheist, but when he died and his body was being buried, at the words of the Creed he raised his finger to heaven and repeated the words with his lips.

Chap. XIX. on the visits of the dead saints. A young man who had been drowned in a shipwreck visited a friend after death and told him he had achieved a high place in heaven.

Chap. XX. miscellaneous tales. A friend asked a saint to dine with him, and when he arrived told him the dinner was not ready. He did this seven times, and still the saint showed no displeasure !

23. NASKET, by Brij Lal ; published in 1882 at the Gulshan Rashidí Press, Lahore : 24 pp. 8vo. It is an Urdú prose version of a well-known Sanskrit book. Nasket was born through the *nose* of his mother, Chand Ráwatí, daughter of Rájá Raghu. He then, in his mortal body, visited Jampúrí in heaven, and related his adventures there.

Rájá Janameja was cursed with leprosy for murdering a Bráhmañ, and was told the story of Násket by Brigásdeoǵí, which is as follows:— While Udyálak, the Rishi, was doing penance, he was visited by Prahlád, who asked him why he was not married, as it was impossible for a Hindú to obtain salvation without issue. Udyálak said he was too old, whereon Prahlád advised him to consult Brahmá, who told him that Princess Chand Ráwati, daughter of Rájá Raghu was to be his wife, and that his son would visit him before his wife. One day after this some *sperma genitale* escaped from him into a flower, and the flower got afloat in the Ganges and reached the Princess Chand Ráwati as she was bathing. She took up the flower to smell, and thus she took in the *sperma genitale* and became pregnant. Her parents turned her out of her home in consequence, and she gave birth to a child in the wilds through her nose, *i.e.* through the organ by which the *sperma genitale* had entered her; and being unable to support it, set it afloat on a raft, whence it was rescued by Udyálak, his father. About ten years afterwards he met the princess, who told him her story, whereupon Udyálak went to her father and explained his daughter's innocence, and so she was again received into favour. This child was Násket. One day his father, being angry, caused him to go to Jampúrí in his mortal form. He there met Dharmráj, the king of heaven and hell, who being very pleased at his obedience to his father, blessed him to be immortal. He was also shown the apportionment of rewards and punishments, and allowed to explain it to his parents.

When Rájá Janameja had heard this story he was cured of his leprosy.

24. ALHAKHAND, by Ghási Rám; published in 1882 at the Gyán Ságar Press, Merath: thick octavo volume. It is a good Hindí versified version of this celebrated tale. It relates the doings of the heroes Alhá and Udal in their fifty-two victorious wars, which occurred according to this version during the reign of Shahábuddín Ghorí.

Two infants named Jasráj and Basráj were found one day in a jungle where the Rájá of Mahobá was hunting. Jasráj's son was Alhá

and Basráj's Udal, the heroes of fifty-two fights in and about Dehli.* Alhá and Udal are *zindá pírs*, that is, heroes still supposed to be alive.

25. PANJPHULAN, Prince Five-flowers, by Bhái Gopál Singh, no date ; published at the Arya Pargás Press, Amritsar : 16 pp. 8vo. It is in rustic Panjábí verse, and relates the loves of Prince Shámí and Princess Panjphúlán.

A merchant of Bukhára named 'Azíz had a very handsome wife, and when she was pregnant he made a voyage to Constantinople. The ship was wrecked, and every one drowned except the pregnant woman, who escaped on a raft. She gave birth to Prince Shámí on the raft, but was drowned soon afterwards. The child, however, floated to Constantinople, where it was taken to the Sultán and adopted by him. When he was fifteen years old a fairy carried him off, but allowed him to wander the earth on a winged horse. One day he thus met Princess Panjphúlán of Persia, and they were married. He after this returned to Constantinople, and lived there for the rest of his days.

26. TILISM-I-HAIRAT, by Ja'fir 'Alí, published in 1872 at the Nawal Kishor Press, Lucknow : 142 pp. 8vo. It is in a lofty style of Urdú prose much mixed with Arabic and Persian. Princess Nigár Iram, of Egypt, fell in love with the picture of Prince Nigár 'Alam, of India, left her country in search of him, and finally found him and married him in India.

Nigár Iram was the beautiful daughter of Sikandarbakht, king of Egypt, and had for her companion Bahár Iram, daughter of the minister. One day they went fishing, but the sea was rough, and only these two were landed on a foreign shore, all the rest being drowned. Here, in a house, Nigár Iram saw the picture of Nigár 'Alam, and fell in love with it. Both the girls travelled to India in search of the original, and there they found that he had been

* Bukhára, is also quoted as a scene of their battles! An elaborate *résumé* and account of this cycle of legends will be found in the volume for 1885 of the *Indian Antiquary*.

carried off by Qarnás, king of Jinns. Sháh Sábib, a *faqír*, had the power to order Qarnás to come into his presence when he chose, but he slept for six months every year, and so the princess had to wait till he awoke ; meanwhile, a fairy carried her off too ! In due time the *faqír* summoned Qarnás, who brought Nigár 'Alam with him, and they heard from him the story of Nigár Iram. This made Nigár 'Alam determined to marry her, and so they all three, with Nigár 'Alam's companion, his father's minister's son, set out to find her. They found her in Bábínás, an enchanted fortress, from which they released her, and all ended happily, for Nigár 'Alam married Nigár Iram, and Bahár Iram was married to Nigár 'Alam's companion.

27. HAYAT NAI, Hayát the Barber, by Muhammad Sháh, published, without date, at the Mufid-i-'ám Press, Lahore : 14 pp. 8vo. It is in elegant Panjábí verse. Hayát, a brave man, was a " watcher " in the fields, and left his village without the knowledge of his friends, putting Badu Ránghar in his place. During the night Hayát's enemies burnt down his hut, and Badu Ránghar in it. Hayát's relatives thereupon buried the charred remains as the body of Hayát, and, when he returned alive, held him to be a ghost until matters were eventually explained. The scene of the tale is laid at Sarlí, in the Ferozpur district, and the story is a well-known one.
28. SOHANI, by Gangárám, published at the Mustafái Press, Lahore, without date : 8 pp. 8vo. It is in elegant Panjábí verse. In the time of Shahjahán of Dehlí, 'Izzat Beg, a Mughal of Balkh, arrived in Gujrát, where he fell in love with Sohaní, a potter's daughter. Sohaní had to cross the Chínáb in order to reach her lover, and was one day drowned. On hearing this, 'Izzat Beg, who had taken the Hindú name of Mahí Mall, also drowned himself. The tale is universally known.

THE OUTCAST CHILD.



ILLUMINATED by the genius of Shakspeare, consecrated by the authority of the Hebrew Scriptures, told by word of mouth in humbler fashion by mother to babe from the Himalayas to the forests of Brazil, from the Siberian steppes to the shores of the Mediterranean, the story of the child rejected by his father and family for a slight offence more apparent than real, who yet from an outcast becomes a prince and compels the parent who has treated him so cruelly to acknowledge his wrong, has charmed the ears and enthralled the hearts of many a tribe in the Old World, and has been carried by some of them across the ocean. The story of King Lear has been written down for seven centuries ; that of Joseph and his Brethren probably four times that period. Until recent years there was little reason to suspect that these two stories had any fundamental connection ; but the publication of collections of folk-tales, which has increased so rapidly during the last three decades, now enables us to determine their relation, and to show that they are but two of the forms assumed by a narrative essentially the same, when told in widely distant countries and among peoples sundered as far by difference of manners, faith and social organization, as of land and climate. I propose in these pages to examine some of the forms thus assumed, and to attempt a classification of them.

They fall into five distinct types. Three of these are examples of that series of myths in which the hero is the youngest of several children, and which are commonly known to folk-lore students as *Youngest-best stories*.

In the first the conduct of the elder children is strongly contrasted with that of the youngest. This I call the *King Lear type*. Its

specimens are all occupied with the adventures of a king's three daughters.

In the second type the story of the elder children is dropped. In both these types the catastrophe is brought about by the heroine's reply to her father on being asked how much she loves him. In this, the *Value of Salt Type*, we are still concerned with a band of sisters.

In the third type the catastrophe is due to the father's wrath being excited by a different cause from that in the two foregoing types,—usually by the hero's dream. I have ventured to give this genus the title of the *Joseph type*. It deals sometimes with sons, at other times with daughters.

The fourth and fifth types record the career of an only son who has fallen without reasonable cause under his father's anger. From one of the stories in the English version of *The Seven Wise Masters* we may give the former the name of *The Ravens type*. The latter may be denominated *The Language of Beasts type*. These two types, though distinguishable, are nearly related.

I.

We owe the story of King Lear to Geoffrey of Monmouth,* whose narrative has been closely followed by Shakspeare. Its outlines run as follows:—Leir, the son of Bladud, king of Britain, having governed sixty years and being without male issue, was desirous of dividing his kingdom between his three daughters, Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordeilla, and of marrying them to fit husbands. To make trial which of them was worthy to have the best part of his kingdom, he went to each of them to ask which of them loved him most. Gonorilla, in answer, called heaven to witness that she loved him more than her own soul. Regan replied with an oath that she loved him before all creatures. Cordeilla, the youngest and his best-beloved, setting at their true value her sisters' protestations, and regretting the ease with which her father was deceived by them, answered that she had always loved him as a father, and whoever pretended to do more must be disguising her

* The most easily accessible and handiest edition of Geoffrey is in the *Six Old English Chronicles*, Bohn, 1848. This story will be found on p. 114.

real sentiments beneath a veil of flattery : if, however, he still insisted on a further pledge, she would tell him—"Look how much you have, so much is your value, and so much do I love you." Her father angrily excluded her from any share of the kingdom, half of which he gave in possession to his other two daughters, marrying them respectively to the dukes of Cornwall and Albania, and settling the remainder of the whole monarchy of Britain upon them after his own death. The king of the Franks, having heard of Cordeilla's beauty, sent to demand her in marriage, and accepted her without any dowry. After a time the husbands of the two elder daughters rebelled and deprived Leir of his kingdom ; the duke of Albania, who had married Gonorilla, agreeing to allow him a maintenance at his own house, with sixty soldiers who were to be kept for state. Then follow the quarrels between Leir and his daughter Gonorilla as to the number of his retainers, his flight to Regan, the other daughter, his quarrel with her, and return to Gonorilla, who will not receive him back unless he dismisses all his retainers, with the result that he takes ship for Gaul and seeks Cordeilla. Cordeilla, taking pity on him, provides him with a retinue ; and her husband, raising an army, invades Britain with king Leir, and restores him to the throne of the whole kingdom. The old monarch reigns for upwards of two years, and on his death Cordeilla succeeds him.

This is the substance of the tale as written down in the middle of the twelfth century ; but whence it was then derived there is not a trace beyond internal evidence to show. The originals which Geoffrey professes to have had before him in writing his Romances are no longer extant. It seems likely he really had a collection of folk-tales, either Welsh or Armorican, made, either by himself, or (as he asserts) by another person and brought to him by the Archdeacon Walter ; but, if so, such collection has utterly disappeared. What is still more extraordinary is that, so far as we have the means of judging, not only has the collection as an entirety gone, but the separate and individual items of which it was composed have nearly, if not quite, all likewise vanished. There can be little doubt that in the composition of the Mabinogion use was made, to say the least, of genuine Welsh traditions. In these stories mention is frequently made of

Lear. But he is surrounded by a totally different set of circumstances from those by which Geoffrey had encircled him ; and if Cordelia is referred to, her wicked sisters have departed nobody knows whither. The tales of the Mabinogion are in fact on a distinct plane from those of Geoffrey of Monmouth. It is not only that they have a less historical and more chivalric air, but they are not the same tales. On the other hand, if we turn to the Welsh, to the Cornish, or to the Breton folk-lore of the present day, we are equally at fault in our search for anything corresponding to Geoffrey's originals. No story has, so far as I am aware, yet been discovered in the mouths of the people which can be identified with the contents of those mysterious manuscripts. What makes this the more strange is that Geoffrey of Monmouth's tales have in several instances been shown to be part of the general Aryan inheritance, if not of the common property of mankind. In Wales, indeed, the *märchen* has to all appearance been almost destroyed: it would be remarkable to find any indigenous example of that form of folk-tale there at all. But stories often become affixed to the soil, or cluster round the names of historic dead, and thus in saga-form preserve their vitality for many centuries. Some transformation of this kind seems to have been imminent, if it had not actually taken place, in these tales when they fell under Geoffrey's hands and received from him a literary shape and immortality. And if the *märchen* no longer exists in Wales, sagas, at any rate, are happily not wanting. But I do not think I am going beyond the facts in saying that no research has yet found, even in saga-form, any of Geoffrey's narratives. I speak with some diffidence, as I do not, of course, pretend to have seen or heard all Welsh, Breton, and Cornish tales ; nor is it important now to determine whether *any* of these narratives have been met with. The one fact with which we have now to concern ourselves is that the story of king Lear and his three daughters has never been met with.

The *Gesta Romanorum* was probably compiled originally in England at the end of the thirteenth century, or about one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty years after Geoffrey of Monmouth's Romances. This work was composed of tales having a more or less remotely popular origin, fitted with applications which treated them as parables

suitable to be introduced into the discourses of mediæval preachers. One of these tales, which is only found in the English manuscripts of the *Gesta*, is practically identical with that of king Lear and his three daughters.* It runs to this effect:—Theodosius, Emperor of Rome, had three daughters, of whom he enquired how much they loved him. His eldest daughter declared she loved him more than herself. Therefore he married her to a rich and mighty king. His second daughter averred she loved him as much as herself. So he married her to a duke. But his third daughter told him she loved him as much as he was worthy, and no more. The emperor, offended, only married her to an earl. After that he went to war with the king of Egypt, who drove him out of the empire. He wrote for help to his eldest daughter, who refused him more than five knights for fellowship while he was out of the empire. Then he wrote to his second daughter, who, however, would do no more than “find him meat and drink and clothing honestly as for the state of such a lord during the time of his need.” As a last resource he wrote to the third, telling her of her sisters’ replies. She at once induced her husband to gather a great host, and go with the emperor to battle against his enemies, with the result that the latter were defeated, and the emperor was restored to his throne, to which his youngest daughter succeeded after his death.

Looking at the coincidences between this story and that given by Geoffrey, and at the fact that the latter’s work had been circulating and well-known for upwards of a century in this country, among the very classes in the midst of which the *Gesta Romanorum* was produced, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the *gest* of the emperor Theodosius owes its existence to Geoffrey’s account of king Lear. But, if so, it seems likely that the parentage is not immediate, but that the story was verbally transmitted for some time before it was again put into writing.

Although, however, this tale is not now found among the Cymric tribes as a living organism, it is given by Bladé, with some variation,

* *Gesta Romanorum*, London, Geo. Bell & Sons, 1877, p. xxxix.

as still heard from the peasants of the south-west of France.* As told by them it runs as follows:—A widowed king, who loves salt, and has three daughters to marry, determines, against the advice of a confidential servant, to test their love by the usual enquiries. The youngest replies that she loves him as much as he loves salt. Enraged beyond measure at this answer, he compels the servant in question to take her into the wood for the purpose of putting her to death, and divides his land between his two elder daughters, reserving to himself the right to live with each of them for six months of each year. The servant takes the heroine, with her royal robes in a wallet, to a neighbouring king, whose service she enters, and is employed to look after the turkeys. On his way back he kills his bitch, and takes her tongue to the king, his master, in proof of his having fulfilled the unnatural command with which he was entrusted. Meantime, the elder daughters have bribed the notary who was summoned to draw the deed of gift of the kingdom; and by their instructions the reservation of the king's right to board and lodging with his daughters has been carefully left out of the instrument. The king, turned out of doors, is housed and supported by the faithful servant out of the moneys given him by the heroine's father and sisters for her supposed slaughter. The heroine, still living, falls in love with her new master's son. When the carnival arrives, she secretly dresses herself in her robes, takes a horse from the stable, and attends a ball where she meets this royal youth; but she is punctual in leaving at midnight. The next night she repeats the adventure in more gorgeous apparel. The third night, still more resplendent, she goes to the ball again, but in quitting it loses the red slipper from her right foot. The slipper is found by the prince, and a proclamation is made that he will marry her whom it fits. After all have tried, it fits none but the little turkey-herd. She, however, refuses to marry without her father's consent. Her father, having learnt the truth about his youngest daughter from his servant, goes in search of her, and arrives at the castle where she is in service. She still refuses to marry until her father has been reinstated in his

* Bladé, *Contes Populaires recueillis en Agenais*, Story No. 8, p. 31; version in dialect, p. 102. *Contes Populaires de la Gascoigne*, vol. i. p. 251.

rights by her lover and his father. When this is done she yields ; and the faithful servant is also rewarded with a suitable marriage.

In this story Peau d'Âne has got inextricably mixed with King Lear and his daughters ; or rather, this is the story of Peau d'Âne with the motive of the heroine's flight and disguise attributed to Lear's senile folly. Nothing could have been better adapted to exhibit the Proteus-like character of folk-tales, or to make it clear that a classification of incidents is of equal importance to the student with a classification of tales. It is not, however, for this purpose that I have given this story from Agenais so much at length, but in order to distinguish it from some other versions which we shall meet with presently, and which Dr. Köhler in a note to this story brings into comparison with it. All I desire now to observe is that the wickedness of the elder daughters is insisted upon as fully as in the typical story itself, and their punishment is brought about by the heroine after her father has recognised his former injustice to her.

In a Corsican variant * the connection with the story of Peau d'Âne is, if possible, rendered more obvious by the actual introduction of the ass' skin. There the king's family is varied by the substitution of a son for the second daughter. He and the elder daughter reply to their father's enquiry in terms of the utmost extravagance and blasphemy ; while the heroine, on the other hand, simply answers that she loves her father as a submissive and devoted daughter ought to love a father like him. For this reply he expels her from home, and, taking her robes, embroidered in gold and silver, she sets forth. Having found a dead ass by the roadside she flays it, and, clad in the hide, she enters a nobleman's service as goatherd. One day she leads her flock to a retired place and dresses herself in her royal garb. She is seen by the king's son, who has lost his way while hunting ; and she flies, leaving behind a little shoe. By this she is discovered, but refuses to wed the prince until her father has been brought to see his mistake in regard to her, and is willing to be present at the marriage. The messengers sent to him find that his two elder children have dethroned him, and pent him in a dungeon into which no one can

* Ortolì, *Les Contes Populaires del' île de Corse*, p. 48.

penetrate. The heroine then requires of her lover the restoration of her father to his throne. This is accomplished after a short war; but the old king has become insane. By the heroine's incessant care and devotion he is at the end of a year restored to his senses, and only then she consents to be married.

II.

In the next type the adventures of the elder daughters are dropped, the heroine tells her father that she loves him like salt, and, after adventures more or less relevant to the main plot, she compels him to admit his injustice towards her. The simplest form of the tale is found in Miss Busk's collection of *The Folk-Lore of Rome*,* and is entitled "The Value of Salt." Here a king, after many tests, asks his three daughters separately how much they love him. The eldest answers "As much as the bread we eat"; the second, "As much as wine"; the youngest, "As much as salt." The king, angered with the reply of the last, shuts her up in a wing of the palace by herself, resolved never to see her again. But she finds means to speak to the cook, whom she induces one day to serve up to the king a dinner without salt. The king cannot eat anything, and in this way he learns to understand the value of salt, and how great was the love of his youngest child. Similarly, in a Swabian anecdote, a fragment of a folk-tale, given by Meier,† a king makes the usual enquiry of his daughter—only one is mentioned—and is told in reply that she loves him like salt. He is offended, but does not expel the heroine. Soon after, at a feast, she contrives that the dishes shall all be sent up unseasoned with salt, and so convinces her father of the wisdom of her answer.

Most of the variants of this type, however, take the heroine through a series of adventures before she is able to prove herself right. Probably the greater number follow the stories already cited from Agenais and Corsica in grafting a version of *Peau d'Âne* upon the trunk of

* p. 403.

† *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus Schwaben*, Story No. 27, p. 99.

the tale. Dr. Köhler has brought several of these together in a note above mentioned to the variant of the *King Lear* type given by Bladé.* I have already cited that story so much at length that I need now only mention the differences of a few of these variants; premising, however, that the elder daughters' histories being dropped after the heroine's expulsion in all the forms of this type, there is no ill-treatment by them of the father, and, consequently, no intervention by the heroine to vindicate him. In the Venetian tale,† the king orders the heroine to be taken into a desert place and put to death, her heart and eyes being brought to him in proof of the execution of his command. The servant entrusted with the foul work deceives him with the heart and eyes of a bitch, having let his daughter go. The maiden meets an old crone, by whom we are doubtless to understand a white witch, or an Italian "Fata." This personage gives her a berry, which, put into her bosom, turns her into a little old woman. Thus disguised she takes service as a henwife at a king's palace; but the king's son watches and discovers her real character. He marries her, and her father is bidden to the wedding feast. She arranges that salt is omitted from all the dishes put before him. He cannot eat, and in remorse tells the story of his conduct towards his youngest daughter, confessing that he was wrong. I have not had the opportunity of examining the Spanish, Flemish, and Hungarian tales mentioned by Köhler, but from his analysis they seem to follow the general course of the Venetian tale. In the first of these the executioners carry back to the king one of the heroine's toes and a phial full of a chicken's blood as guarantees of their fidelity, and she becomes a gooseherd. In the Flemish and Hungarian tales the answers of the two elder daughters differ slightly, and the heroine is not ordered to death but simply expelled; and in the former the plot follows a well-known variation of the *Peau d'Âne* story. There the heroine, taking service at a castle, appears thrice at religious worship clad as a princess, leaving behind her each time a different article, by which at last she is recognised. The articles dropped in the tale in question are a shoe,

* Bladé, *op. cit.* p. 152.

† Bernoni, *Fiabe Popolari Veneziane*, Story No. 14, p. 68.

a glove, and a ring. In a Tuscan tale published by Signor Nerucci,* the heroine is cursed and driven away by her father. Her nurse accompanies her for a while, and buys the skin of an old woman recently dead as a disguise for her. The maiden enters the service of another king; but she is, as in the Venetian variant, discovered by his son.

In the Sicilian version † several interesting variations occur. It is the elder sisters who contrive the heroine's escape from the death to which her father has condemned her. They provide a bitch, which is killed, and the heroine's shift, bearing the marks of blows, is dipped in its blood, and carried back to the king, together with the beast's tongue. Meantime the girl falls in with a "Savage Man," to whom she tells her story. He takes her home and feeds her. The next morning as she dresses she hears a turkey-cock on the windows of a royal palace opposite, warning her that in vain she adorns herself, for the savage man will eat her. This she tells her patron, and the following day, according to his advice, when the turkey repeats his song, she replies that she will make a pillow of his feathers and a mouthful of his flesh, for she will marry his master. The turkey, hearing this, starts with fear, and his feathers fall out. The king's son, seeing him naked, is astonished, and watches. The day after he witnesses a repetition of the scene, and falls in love with the heroine, whom he marries with her patron's consent. The savage man, by his own directions, is put to death before the wedding, and his flesh and blood strewn about his dwelling, where they turn to gold and jewels. The heroine's father attends the feast, with the usual result.

The brothers Grimm ‡ give an Austrian story, which wears a somewhat more literary shape. Here the heroine's father exclaims, "If thou love me like salt, thy love shall be rewarded with salt!" Dividing the kingdom between the two elder daughters, he therefore

* *Sessanta Novelle Popolari Montalesi*, Story No. 13, p. 106. See also Comparetti, *Novelline Popolari Italiane*, Story No. 61, vol. i. p. 264.

† Pitré, *Fiate Novelle e Racconti Popolari Siciliani*, Story No. 10, vol. i. p. 83. An English translation in Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, p. 333. In a variant the ill-omened bird is a parrot. Pitré, p. 90.

‡ *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, Story No. 179, 7th edition, Berlin, 1880, p. 614. Margaret Hunt's English translation, vol. ii. p. 282.

binds a sack of salt on the back of the youngest, and drives her forth into the forest. She is there found by an old woman, and taken as her gooseherd, and is provided with an old woman's skin as a disguise. After a while she is discovered by a nobleman's son as she washes at the well, and with the connivance of her mistress ; but her father and mother have to come and fetch her, after confessing the wrong that has been done.

A Hindoo variant* brings the outcast princess through an entirely different series of events. She is carried out by her father's orders into the jungle, and there abandoned. God sends her food miraculously, and at length she arrives at a place in which lies a king's son dead, his body stuck full of needles. She pulls them out. When she has partly got through her task she buys a slave, whom she leaves to watch the body while she rests. The work is now all but completed, the needles in the prince's eyes only remaining. The slave pulls them out, in spite of the heroine's injunctions to the contrary, and the youth at once comes to life again. The slave pretends to have herself accomplished his deliverance, and he weds her instead of the heroine, who becomes degraded to slavery. The real facts, however, are ultimately made known to the prince by means of some puppets that come out of a "sun-jewel box," procured for the heroine by him. He accordingly puts the slave away and weds his true deliverer. She invites her father and mother to the wedding, and compels recognition of her real character as in the European tales. But it should be noticed that in most of the latter the heroine's identity is not disclosed to her father until he has made his confession under the belief that she is dead: whereas, in the story now under consideration, there is no attempt at concealment.

Among the Basques † a king's son proposes to marry one of the three daughters of another king. The latter king asks his daughters how much they love him ; but none of their answers please him. The eldest says, "As much as I do my little finger ;" the second, "As much as my middle finger ;" the youngest, "As much as the bread loves the salt." The king, in a rage, orders the youngest to death ; but the

* Maive Stokes, *Indian Fairy Tales*, Story No. 23, p. 164.

† Webster, *Basque Legends*, p. 165.

servants entrusted with the duty kill a horse and carry its heart to him. The maiden lives in the forest "on the plants which the birds brought her, and on the flowers which the bees brought her." This is perhaps a less direct expression of the statement in the Hindoo tale that God sent her food. The king's son (apparently the one before referred to) finds the girl while hunting, and marries her. At the wedding-feast she gives her father bread without salt, and then discovers herself. The two elder sisters suffer poetical justice by remaining old maids.*

In a Tirolese variant † a king requires his three daughters to bring him each, as a birthday present, some very necessary thing. The youngest presents him with a little salt, whereupon he drives her away. She has her revenge, however, for, after a while, becoming her father's cook, she serves up his food without salt; and this, of course, leads to explanations. The termination of this story approximates closely to the one I have taken as the type of this class; but the catastrophe differs. The latter has more resemblance to a tale found in the south of Italy, ‡ where a king going to a fair asks his three daughters what he shall bring them back. One chooses a handkerchief, another a pair of boots, this being possibly the only opportunity a king's daughters would have of indulging in such articles of adornment; but the youngest demands a quantity of salt. The two elder are envious of her, and persuade their father that the salt is to salt his heart; whereupon he drives her from home. She disguises herself in a skin, and takes service at a farmhouse, her duty being to take care of the turkeys. While she is pasturing them, she takes off her disguise, and the turkeys cry out in rhymes with astonishment. She is annoyed, and strikes one of them dead. This happens more than once, and her mistress' suspicions are aroused. She accordingly

* In another story a girl is condemned to death for the supposed robbery of her master's treasure, but is spared, and an ass' heart taken back to the king instead of hers. She clothes herself in the ass' skin, and the usual course of *Peau d'Âne* is followed. *Ibid.* p. 158.

† Zingerle, *Kinder und Hausmärchen aus Tirol*, Story No. 31, cited by Köhler in Bladé, *op. cit.* p. 154.

‡ Finamore, *Tradizioni Popolari Abruzzesi*, vol. i. p. 130.

watches her, and, on discovering what really happens, she tells the king's son, who arrives in the nick of time. He insists on taking the heroine into his service, and, of course, catches her performing her toilette, and marries her. Her father comes to the wedding feast, where, deprived of salt, he is brought to reconciliation with the heroine, and punishes her jealous sisters.

The Cinderella episode reappears in a Portuguese tale* in a form not quite so common as some of those already cited, but somewhat better fitted to the framework. The two elder sisters in this tale respond, as usual, satisfactorily to their father's question. The youngest and best beloved, on the contrary, declares that she loves him as food loves salt; whereupon he drives her from the palace. She takes service as cook at another royal residence, and there slyly puts a very small ring of great price into a pie. This ring, when found, will fit nobody but herself; and the king's son falls in love with her, suspecting she is of noble family. This leads him to watch; and one day his suspicions become certainties, by finding her dressed in the garb of a princess. He now obtains his father's leave to marry her, but she stipulates that she shall herself cook the wedding feast. Her father attends the marriage; and she renders his food unpalatable by cooking it without salt. On her revealing herself, he confesses his fault in the usual edifying manner.†

* Theophilo Braga, *Contos Tradicionaes do Povo Portuguez*, vol. i. p. 122, vol. ii. p. 202.

† While these sheets are going through the press the eighth volume of the *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españolas* has appeared. It contains a collection of Asturian folk-lore, obtained by Senor L. Giner Arivau from a young woman of Proaza, a small hamlet in the province of Oviedo. Among the tales I find (p. 175) a variant of *The Value of Salt* type. As in the Basque the heroine answers her father that he is dear to her as the bread to the salt. A bitch's eyes are taken to the king in proof of his daughter's execution. Meanwhile she buys from a shepherd his clothes, and takes service at a palace. The turkeys put under her charge are lost in admiration of her beauty, when she discloses her real self, and forget to feed. The consequence is that every day one of them dies. This rouses the suspicions of the king's son, and leads to her marriage with him. The heroine's father is invited to the wedding and brought to a confession of his wrong-doing by being served with a loaf made without salt. Senor Arivau in a note refers to a parallel story in the *Panchatantra*. Unfortunately the usefulness of Benfey's admirable edition of that work is marred

III.

If in the foregoing types we deem the heroine innocent and ill-used, still more strongly will our sympathies be excited in the same direction by the type on whose consideration we are now entering. I have ventured to call it the *Joseph type*; but the propriety of that designation is not, perhaps, beyond question. The Biblical story of Joseph and his Brethren does undoubtedly belong to this genus, and is by far its best-known example. It is not, however, the simplest; for, as in many of the variants cited under the two preceding types, other folk-tales have been pieced into it and become, in the memories of all who are familiar with it, an inextricable portion of its beauty and pathos. Unlike King Lear in this particular, it resembles it in being itself wrought into and forming part of a longer narrative. Whether the early Hebrew traditions underwent this fate at the hands of an artist as conscious as Geoffrey of Monmouth I do not now care to enquire. If the real character of the imbedded legends be recognized, this further question may be left to be debated by students of literature and theologians. Meantime, our familiarity with the story must be my justification for treating it as the type of this division of the subject. Divested of all episodes it runs thus:—The youngest* of a band of brethren falls under the displeasure of his father and brothers on account of a dream, in which they have appeared to bow down and make obeisance to him. His father sends him to his brethren, and they, having first of all conspired to slay him, abandon that intention

by the want of an index. I have, however, hastily searched through it, but have failed to find the narrative in question. As epitomised by Senor Arivau it is as follows: A king named Bali drives his daughter from his house, because in greeting him she prayed that he might enjoy the good which was destined for him, while her elder sister had prayed that he might be ever victorious. The maiden goes away, marries a prince who is enchanted, succeeds in disenchanting him, returns to his country, and, honoured by his father and all his friends, lives happily for many years. This would appear to be a variant of the next type, and its relations with the Indian stories examined below demand further enquiry.

* So I interpret Gen. chap. xxxvii. and especially verse 3. To recognise the existence of a still younger brother blunts the point of the tale. This is a not unimportant consideration in reference to the mode in which the whole narrative has been put together.

and sell him as a slave. Like the executioners in some of the stories already examined, they kill a beast (in this case, a kid), and, dipping his coat in the blood, they bring it home to their father in proof of the hero's death. The hero himself, sold into a far country, goes through adventures there which end in his becoming the ruler of the land, and seeing his dream accomplished, when his own family are driven, by stress of famine, to bow before him, and practically to accept their life at his hands.

It is related among the Turanian tribes of South Siberia,* that the three sons of a poor man and woman go upon a mountain to dream. The two eldest dream of riches, but the third dreams that his father and mother are lean camels, his two brothers hungry wolves running towards the mountains, while he himself, between the sun and moon, wears the morning star upon his forehead. The father orders the brothers to kill the youngest. They dare not do so, but only expel him from home, killing the dog instead, the blood of which they take to their father to show their compliance. The hero wanders about, and at length comes to a hut, where a lame old man and a blind old woman dwell, by whom he is adopted as their son. Mounted on the old man's wonderful horse, he vanquishes a demon, and cuts him open. From the monster's stomach come forth innumerable animals, men, treasures, and other objects, including caskets containing the old woman's eyes. The old man endows him with the power of transforming himself into various animal shapes at will. In one of these he wins a wife and much gold. In another, two lean camels appear, who are his parents of whom he had dreamt. These he loads with a sack. He takes to himself another wife; and, living now with one wife and now with the other, he gives them the flesh of his own father to eat, thus revenging himself for his previous ill-usage.

In considering these stories it must be remembered that the adventures of The Outcast Child after expulsion are all episodic, and therefore liable to endless variation. The framework and substance of the narrative are the cause and facts of the expulsion, and the ultimate vindication of the hero or heroine. The Altaic mountaineers, who are

* Cited by De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. i. p. 139, from Radloff, *Proben der Volksliteratur der Türkischen Stämme süd-Sibiriens*.

responsible for the variant just referred to, are in a much lower stratum of civilization than were the Hebrews when the "history" of Joseph took final shape. Hence the events assume a much ruder and more marvellous form. There is, however, sufficient agreement to prove the essential identity of the two tales, while the differences preclude any suggestion of borrowing by the heathen Tartars from Christian or Jewish sources. I have mentioned this variant first because it is impossible to assume any such borrowing. Some of the European traditions I am about to cite under this and the following type contain similarities to the Biblical narrative which may to some readers seem incredible as independent growths in the face of the long dominance of Christianity in the West. Hence it is that this Siberian story, and some others I shall refer to later on, are of value. Take, for example, the Sicilian variant called *The King of France*.* Here the king has three daughters, one of whom dreams that she has become queen, and seven kings, including her own father, bow down before her. Her father sends her into a wood to be put to death, but she is set free, despite his commands. The rest of the story follows the Sicilian tale of *Water and Salt*, given under the previous type, except that the *Deus ex machinâ* is a parrot instead of a turkey-cock.

In the variants of this type, it will be noticed, the expelled child is sometimes of one sex and sometimes of the other. It is natural that where a father takes offence at a daughter the after events should bear more affinity with those of the last preceding type than in the other case. Accordingly other stories of this genus, beside the *King of France*, exhibit this affinity. One current among the people of the Abruzzi † follows the same lines. We are told that a certain king has three daughters, two of whom are ugly, and the other (the youngest) beautiful. The two former, driven by envy, conspire to have their sister put to death. For this purpose they tell their father that they have dreamt she would dishonour them by eloping with a common soldier. The father accordingly orders one of his generals

* Pitré, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 89. Unfortunately only an outline is given, the story being treated as a variant of *Water and Salt*, cited above. See also vol. iv. p. 370.

† Finamore, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 83.

to take her into "the wood of the Savage King," and there put her to death, bringing him, as a token of obedience, her ensanguined vest. The general takes pity on her, lets her go, and brings back her vest covered with the blood of a puppy. The Savage King (who gives his name to the story) feeds on human flesh. His son, while hunting, finds the maiden, and brings her home. Struck with her beauty, he prevails on his father to abstain from gratifying his cannibal passion, and to treat her as a daughter. But a dove, belonging to a neighbouring king, whose palace was in undesirable proximity to this ogre's dwelling, declines to believe in his friendly professions towards the heroine, and taunts her with the expectation that she will be eaten after all. This is nothing but spite because the maiden declines to feed her; and, taught by the Savage King, she replies the next day that she will be the dove's master's wife. The dove sheds all its feathers with rage; and this, as in Dr. Pitré's variants, brings about the marriage. The heroine's father is invited to the wedding feast. It is proposed that tales shall be told, and she takes the opportunity to extort her father's acknowledgment of his injustice.

The Sicilian tale of The Holy Father* takes a similar turn. Here a merchant, having a son and daughter, sets out on a journey, taking the son with him. He commits his daughter to the care of a cleric, who spends on his own enjoyment the money consigned to him for the girl's support, and thrusts her into a dungeon. On her father's return he accuses her of wicked practices (*cattivi costumi*), and the father directs her brother to put her to death. The latter, however, sets her free in a wood, and killing a dog takes its blood home to his father, who drinks it ferociously. The maiden arrives at the palace of another holy father, who treats her kindly. A turkey plays the part of a prophet of evil. Ultimately she marries a king's son, and by the holy father's advice she invites her father, her brother and the wicked priest to the wedding. There, by treating her father and the priest differently from the other guests, she provokes explanations, which end in the punishment of the ecclesiastic by burning. I should

* Pitré, *op. cit.* p. 88.

add that her patron has been, in the meantime, by his own directions, flung into a heated oven and there converted into crowns, apples and ribbons.

It is probable that we may ascribe the identity of the heroine's adventures in these tales to the obvious causes of nearness in geographical situation and in blood of the peasants who narrate them. Too much stress, therefore, must not be laid upon this identity. But it may be expected that episodes, both of The Savage King class and of the Peau d'Âne class, will be found in stories of the present type in other countries. The adventures of a heroine are usually more limited in range than those of a hero; and the adventures just referred to are such as would fit easily into the framework of the tale. Moreover, they have a sort of property in that framework, as being already found in more than one type of The Outcast Child group. Waiving, however, the question whether we are likely to find these episodes, or either of them as a whole, elsewhere, some light may perhaps be thrown on that of The Savage King. Let us take first the incident of the bird, whether dove, turkey, or parrot, whose extraordinary conduct brings about the happy result of all *märchen*. If the creature's proceedings could be so interpreted as to render probable an earlier connection with the Peau d'Âne plot, more than one of the problems connected with this type of the story would be solved. And, indeed, something might perhaps be made of the fact that the heroine of many Peau d'Âne tales becomes a gooseherd, and that the animals under her care betray her by uttering articulate self-congratulations upon the beauty and grace of their warden. But this must not be pressed. Peau d'Âne belongs, there can be little doubt, to an essentially distinct group; and its relations to The Outcast Child are to be explained rather as the accidental blending of the two separate stories, in consequence of the obvious resemblance of the heroine's circumstances at one point, than as the natural outgrowth of the narrative. The Brazilian story of The King Andrade, given by Professor Roméro,* however, enables us to go one step further back. There the king, with prurient folly, directs his three daughters every morning to

* *Contos Pop. do Brazil*, Story No. 3, p. 12.

relate their dreams. The following morning one of the maidens tells him that she has dreamed that in a few days she will change her condition, and that five kings, and among them her own father, will kiss her hand. This dream returns the next night, and on hearing it a second time the king orders her out to be put to death, directing that her little finger shall be brought to him in sign of the executioners' compliance. She is, of course, spared, but loses her finger. She enters a cave in the wood, and at length finds herself in a rich palace, inhabited alone by a parrot, whose voice only she hears through a closed door. After some days a fair youth appears for a moment, to give her the key of the room where the parrot dwells, and to tell her to open it and answer the parrot when it speaks. The bird compliments her in verse, and the heroine replies (also in verse) that she will make a head-dress of its rich feathers. The parrot forthwith is disenchanted into the youth who had just appeared to her. He marries her, and invites five kings to the wedding. Her father is among them, but she refuses to give him her hand to kiss, as she had done to the others; and this brings about the customary explanations. In the incident of the parrot as found in this variant, I think we may catch a glimpse of an earlier form of that of the dove in *The Savage King*. It is not that the episode is less complex, and leads with greater directness to the solution of the plot. Simplicity is not always a note of antiquity. But the union of human nature with that of the lower animals is more complete in the parrot than in the turkey or dove of the Italian narrator; and this union is known to be thoroughly in harmony with primitive thought. One of the first notions entertained by mankind, of which we have any record, was that all animals—nay, even trees, flowers, rocks, the heavenly bodies, and every object known to sense—were actuated by reason and feelings precisely analogous to our own. But this imputation of the characteristics of man to brutes and things inanimate is more than primitive: it is the perpetually recurring will-o'-the-wisp of our imagination. When man's essential distinction comes to be recognised by widening knowledge, the ideas of metempsychosis and afterwards of enchantment, grow up as a support for the conviction that still haunts us. In *The Savage King* episode the bird is a bird only, though of re-

markable powers; but in the Portuguese tale he is the bridegroom also, though for this purpose we are told he was disenchanting. This allusion to enchantment is a solitary one; and no explanation is offered, nor any account of how he became bewitched. May we not suppose that the enchantment is a late gloss upon the bolder animism that even yet shines through this story? The supposition would be quite reconcileable with a theory, were it broached, that the simplicity of the episode is due to the trituration of ages, and that much, or at least something, has been forgotten. Without pronouncing a definite opinion, I may observe that some colour is lent to such a suggestion by the fact that the parrot-man of *The King Andrade* is in *The Savage King* split up into four persons, namely, the Savage King himself, his son, the dove, and her master. In other stories the maiden's protector and his son are identified; and thus three persons take the place of the one in the Brazilian-Portuguese version. None of these persons are really necessary, save the bird and the bridegroom; but they have not been introduced by the peasant story-teller at random. Had that been the case they would scarcely have been found in more than a single variant. Whence, then, have they been derived? In the first place they may constitute the genuine form assumed by the various turns of the plot after having been handed down by tradition during a long period. It would appear, if this be so, that not only, as in *The King Andrade*, has the original thought been obscured in the course of time: the original cast of the subordinate parts of the story has also gradually been forgotten; and some of the more incredible incidents have been replaced by others making a smaller draft upon the rustic imagination.

Yet it is evident that some reservation must be made as regards the slaughter of the Savage Man in the Sicilian tale of *Water and Salt*, and its consequence—truly not a small draft on the imagination. But the Savage Man is clearly regarded from the first as a being of a different order; and it may be that the incident is a relic of something completely dropped out of *The King Andrade*. The history of Sicily and Southern Italy, the home of *The Savage King*, may suggest another theory. Nothing would seem more likely than the direct importation of Eastern tales into this neighbourhood; and the episode in question

may be the effect of the union of one such Eastern tale with another of the same type, but of indigenous origin. This is, of course, mere speculation ; but as such it may be worth bearing in mind, not only while investigating the group of stories wherewith we are now occupied, but also in connection with the general subject of the migration of folk-tales. I am unable at present to point to any oriental variant precisely answering the description required ; but the Romance of the Four Dervishes* contains one which has a more or less remote resemblance to it. There a king has seven daughters, whom he impiously tells that all their good fortune depends upon his life. Six of them profess to agree with this sentiment ; but the seventh and youngest dissents, telling her father that they both alike owe their positions to the King of Kings, and that the destiny of every one is with himself. The king, becoming angry, causes her to be stripped of her jewels and carried into a wilderness, where she is left to perish. There, after three days, she is found by a hermit, who relieves her wants, and thenceforth regularly brings her the produce of his day's begging in the city. After a few days she takes down her hair to oil and comb it ; and as she opens the plaits a fine pearl drops out. This the hermit sells for her in the city, bringing her the price. Then she desires to erect a small dwelling on the spot ; and by the hermit's advice she begins to dig the foundation. This leads to the discovery of a buried treasure, with which she enters on the erection of a magnificent palace. The news of these extensive buildings in the waste reaches her father's ear. He is surprised, and makes enquiry, but cannot learn who it is that has commenced these great works. By her permission and appointment he comes to see for himself, and is presented with gifts of fabulous value. Both he and her sisters, whom she also sends for, are naturally confounded at her good fortune.

* This is a Persian work translated into Urdú by Mír Amman, of Delhi. There are several English versions from the latter, but none from the Persian original. That which I have used is by Lewis Ferdinand Smith, made in the early part of the present century. In the Lucknow edition of 1870 the story occurs on p. 59. I have compared this version with that by Edward B. Eastwick, Hertford, 1852.

In the foregoing narrative the hermit plays much the same part as the Savage Man of Sicily. It is he who finds the heroine in the desert, and rescues her from death. It is by following his instructions that she obtains riches, and is enabled to triumph over her father's perversity. If at the last the hermit does not suffer death in order to provide the wealth, at all events when the wealth has been got he sinks into oblivion. An Indian variant* of near akin, however, reverses, to a great extent, the parts of the heroine and her protector, endowing him with the wealth obtained by her sagacity and good fortune. A Badshaw one morning calls his seven daughters before him, and asks, "By whom are you supported?" The six elder answer that they are dependent upon himself, but the youngest says, as in *The Four Dervishes*, that she is supported by her own fate. Irritated with this the Badshaw replies, "Whomsoever I meet with to-morrow, I will make you over to him, you ungrateful child!" Accordingly, he marries her to a wood-cutter, the first person he sees the next day. The heroine proves an excellent wife. Having discovered her husband's wood to be sandal-wood chips from a great tree in the forest, she induces him to cut the tree down, and he commences a lucrative trade with the wood. It then occurs to her that it was the practice of some men to bury their wealth at the feet of such trees. She digs at the roots, and finds four great jars full of money. In a few years the wood-cutter and his wife become wealthy; they erect a stately palace, and give a grand feast to the people of the neighbouring villages. Some of the guests chance to mention that the once opulent Badshaw had been reduced to poverty, and compelled to do menial work for his livelihood. At this news the lady is penetrated with sorrow. She orders the excavation of a large tank, such as is common in Hindoo villages, and causes only such persons as are really in want and without food to be employed. Among these the Badshaw becomes a hired labourer. He is so changed as to be recognized by no one; but the manager of the works, seeing that he

* Vernieux, *The Hermit of Motee Jhurna, or Pearl-spring* (Calcutta, 1873), p. 103. I am indebted to Mr. W. A. Clouston for an abstract of this tale, as well as for other kind assistance and sympathy, which I desire most gratefully to acknowledge.

is unfit for such toil, represents the case to his mistress, and the man is brought before her. It is her own father. She makes herself known to him, weeping at the memory of his past prosperity contrasted with his present destitution. But he shall no longer want: he and her sisters will henceforth live with her in comfort. And she reminds him of what she before asserted, namely, that every one lives according to the destiny prescribed for each by an all-wise God.

Other Indian variants, however, though manifestly bound by very close ties to the foregoing, lead us far away from The Savage King. The story of The Fan Prince* takes its name from an episode related to a cycle of tales to which Cupid and Psyche belongs. It runs thus: A certain king calls all his seven daughters one day before him, and inquires who gives them food, and by whose permission they eat it? Six of them return the expected answer, ascribing their food to him; but the youngest says, "God gives me my food, and by my own permission I eat it." Her enraged parents send her away to the jungle, and cause her to be there abandoned. God, however, sends her food, and builds for her a beautiful palace during the night, filling it with angels as servants. Similarly He feeds the heroine of the Hindoo story already cited under *The Value of Salt* type; and so also the Hebrew poet writes: "He giveth unto his beloved in sleep." Her father hears of her sudden good fortune, and acknowledges that she has told the truth—it is God who gives us everything. Here the story might have ended; the plot is quite complete, and the Fan Prince has no connection with it. But it is, as we have seen, one of the characteristics of The Outcast Child that it lends itself with remarkable ease to the inweaving of other tales—if, indeed, from the bareness of its outline it does not, as a matter of art, demand some such treatment. A very long and involved Kashmiri narrative affords a striking instance of this. It is called The Prince that was three times Shipwrecked,† and gives the adventures of the youngest of four sons. The king, their father, wishing

* Maive Stokes, *op. cit.* Story No. 25, p. 193. This is told by a Hindú woman.

† *The Indian Antiquary*, vol. xiv. p. 239. This story was obtained by the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles, of the Church Missionary Society stationed at Srinagar, Kashmir, from a Brâhman, who in turn had it from a Mohammedan.

to test their wisdom and talents, called them all to him, and asked them singly by whose good fortune it was that he possessed so large and powerful a kingdom, and was enabled to govern it so wisely and well. Three of them, of course, reply, "It is by your own good fortune, O king, our father, that you have this kingdom and this power." But the youngest, with amazing impudence, claims for himself—not for Heaven or for destiny, still less for his sire—the greatness and power of the king. His father orders him away from his presence; and the boy, needing no second bidding, hastens to quit the palace. Nor, though the king afterwards relents and recalls him, can his messengers succeed in inducing him to return. His wife—for, though young, he is already married—follows him, to share his fate. He is now started on a strange career. He undergoes three shipwrecks; marries three more wives; vanquishes envious brothers-in-law, who claim from him the honour of killing a jackal, a bear, and a leopard; slays an ogre of the Punchkin breed; and, finally, contracts leprosy from the sting of an insect. Meantime, his wives have all met in a garden, which the coming of each in turn has made to bloom anew. As they will not utter a word, the king, who owns the garden, proclaims great rewards for him who will succeed in obtaining speech from them. The hero recovers his own health as well as the use of their tongues in the process. He marries, as his fifth wife—these Eastern heroes are lavish of their matrimonial engagements—the king's only daughter; and, having learnt that his father's kingdom has been conquered by strangers and his father and all the royal family taken prisoners, he gathers an army, and goes forth to make war on the victors. He succeeds in overthrowing his enemies, and restoring his father to the throne, wringing thus from the aged monarch an acknowledgment of the justice of his claim to the good fortune by which his parent held his realm and power.

This story is undoubtedly a needless jumble of adventures, but it may serve as an illustration, not merely of the ease with which our subject admits episodes, but, further, of the greatly wider field for doing and suffering opened when the expelled child is a son. Of this it is not necessary to cite any more examples; I shall therefore only allude to one or two other variants because of their intrinsic interest.

In *The Prince's Dream*, given by Von Hahn,* the hero's adventures belong to the myth embodied in *The Forbidden Chamber* group, and to that division of the group, which I have in a former paper called *The Teacher and his Scholar type; sub-type Scabby John*. The cause of offence here also, as in several variants examined before, is a dream in which the hero imagines the king, his father, stepping down from his throne, and placing himself, his youngest son, upon it. The two elder brothers have only been favoured with commonplace visions of marriage with the daughters of neighbouring monarchs. After residing with an ogre, and escaping from him by the aid of a speaking horse and a dog, the youth clothes himself in a skin of an old man and returns thus disguised to his father's court. The father, meantime, has, with one of those fatuous caprices that in these tales lead kings so often to their doom, dug an enormous ditch, and proclaimed that he who successfully jumps it shall have the crown—paying, if he fail, the penalty of his ambition with his life. The hero, of course, performs the feat, and thus fulfils the prophecy of his dream.

A curious variation of the starting point occurs in a South Slavonic story of *The Emperor's Son-in-law*, given by Dr. Krauss out of Vuk's collection from Dalmatia, Herzegovina, Servia, and the neighbouring districts.† There the boy is beaten and turned out of doors by his parents, not for telling the wonderful dream he professes to have had, but for refusing to do so. He is found in the street by a Tartar, who in turn, on learning from him why he weeps, enquires what really was his dream. The hero replies that he would not tell even the emperor himself. The Tartar repeating this to the emperor, that august personage sends for the boy, and being himself unable to extract the information exhibits his imperial power by casting him into prison. The place of incarceration is a room in the castle next to the apartments of the emperor's daughter. The partition, as is usual in such cases, is extremely thin and of so elastic a character that our hero is

* *Griechische und Albanesische Märchen*, Story No. 45, vol. i. p. 258; vol. ii. p. 247.

† F. S. Krauss, *Sagen und Märchen der Südslaven*, vol. ii. Story No. 129, p. 290. Where this story was obtained is not indicated; probably it is from Servia.

able to break through it at night and afterwards to close up the breach so that his mode of access to the princess's room is undiscoverable. On entering he finds the lady lying asleep surrounded by her attendants, and a feast upon the table. He eats the food and changes the position of the candles which stand by the bedside. As this visit is repeated nightly, the princess watches, and at length finds out the intruder, with whom she promptly falls in love. After a while she comes of age, and the Emperor issues a proclamation that the hero who can fling a certain staff (*wurfstab*) over the battlements of the city shall marry her. After all the nobles' sons have tried in vain, the imprisoned youth is fetched at the maiden's suggestion; and he accomplishes the condition. The marriage is then solemnized; but the viziers' sons are envious, and invite the bridegroom to a feast, with the stipulation that he is to bring his wife and a thousand followers, and if they do not succeed in consuming all the food provided, both wife and followers are to be forfeit to them. He succeeds by the aid of followers of supernatural power, whom he meets with by the way and induces to accompany him. The viziers' sons then challenge him to one more trial, namely, a trial of swiftness between one of his followers and an old winged woman. Out of this our Slavonic Thor also comes victorious, and carries off his adversaries' wives and treasure.

A Wallachian example of this type, referred to by Von Hahn,* explains the hero's reluctance to tell his dream by the fact that he had dreamed he would become Emperor, and fear of the consequences deters him from repeating it even to his father. Doubtless we are to understand some such explanation above, and it is easy to believe that under a despotic government the narrative might very naturally take this modification. Notwithstanding, however, the large diversity of detail in the specimens I have referred to there can be but one opinion as to the substantial identity of the framework of all the stories. The catastrophe is, in the majority of instances I have met with, brought about by a dream. In one case, indeed, the dream is a feigned one; but that very instance serves to emphasize the conformity

* Von Hahn, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 247. I have not seen the text of this story.

of the narrative to the type in the jealousy of the wicked sisters. Generally the meaning of the dream is clear, and in Western Europe, at least, there is no attempt to veil or symbolize it. The conduct of the brothers or sisters is ordinarily indifferent, and they then retire into the background of the story. Occasionally they are actively hostile to the hero; but sometimes, as in *Water and Salt*, they contrive his escape. Both these attitudes are illustrated in the story of Joseph by the vacillating counsels of the ten elder sons, who, moreover, themselves represent the executioners. This is in accord with the simple pastoral scenes of the early part of the narrative. It would be an interesting enquiry, were this the place for it, how far such stories as these have influenced the relations of analogous bands of brothers in other tales. The treachery of the two elder brothers in *Queen Marmot*, a Tuscan story collected by Signor Nerucci,* is suggestive of the sufferings of the Hebrew youth; and this is only one of many similar traditions.

The Emperor's Son-in-law departs more widely from the type than any other I have mentioned. The absence of the brothers is one difference which brings it nearer to the type we shall next consider, though it is as if to balance this absence that we are treated to the final episode of the challenge by the viziers' sons, the former pretenders as we are apparently to understand, to the heroine's hand. Its polygamous indications are not unnatural in folk-lore which concerns viziers and pashas.

IV.

The next type need not detain us very long. In it the hero's brothers and sisters have disappeared, and his own adventures have but little variety in the different versions with which we are about to deal. I propose to take as the standard the story incorporated in *The Seven Sages* and known as *The Ravens*,† which runs to the following

* *Sessanta Novelle Popolari Montalesi*, Story No. 46, p. 371.

† I cite from the late Thomas Wright's edition of *The Seven Sages*, printed for the Percy Society from one of the two MSS. preserved in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge. The story is found on p. 106. An abstract of the other version in verse (that published by Weber) is given by Ellis in his *Early*

effect: A youth, to whom the knowledge of the language of birds has been given by God, is one day rowing across an arm of the sea with his father to a little island. As they row three ravens alight on the boat and make a great noise. The boy laughs, and on his father's asking him why, he replies that the ravens have said that he shall thereafter be in so high a position that his father will be glad to "gyf water to my honde," and his mother to fetch a towel. His father in a rage pitches him into the sea; but he reaches a rock, whence he is rescued by a fisherman. A current, however, drives them to another land, and there the fisherman sells him to a noble. The king of that country is tormented by three ravens who constantly pursue him; and at length he summons a council to determine in what manner he is to rid himself of them, promising his daughter in marriage to any one who could effectually advise him. This somewhat disproportionate reward is won by the hero, who informs the king that the ravens are two males disputing for the third, a female claimed by both, and that they require the king's judgment on the case. When the king has given his decision the birds fly away. The hero, married to the king's daughter, bethinks himself of his parents, who meantime have fallen into great poverty. In one version he is informed of this in a vision; in that which I am citing, however, the knowledge is obtained by the much less romantic but more probable means of privy inquiries. They are found now living in his father-in-law's realm. The hero goes to the town where they dwell, puts up at an inn hard by, and sends for them. When they come he asks for water; and the prophecy of the ravens is fulfilled.

In the foregoing story the hero's loss and gain are alike made by his knowledge of the language of birds. The three ravens who require the king's judgment on their cause are found in several variants, and their number has probably duplicated itself in a way well known to folk-lore students, in the number of the birds whose conversation, as repeated by the boy, causes his father's anger. At all events this

English Metrical Romances, Bohn, p. 405 (this story, p. 449), from the Auchinleck and Cottonian MSS. I have not seen the English prose version of *The Seven Sages*, but I have compared a Welsh version probably derived from it (*Cymru Fu*, p. 202). None of these present any material differences in this story.

latter number is less constant than the other. In a copy of "The Seven Wise Masters,"* in a dialect of Italian, dating back to the end of the fourteenth century, the story of The Ravens is given with but few variations from the text just cited. Here the number of the prophetic birds is given as two, and they are not described as ravens. The father is a merchant who is taking his son with him on a voyage. The cause assigned for the parents' removal after the father's crime against his son is a famine. If we could venture to use this it would supply a striking analogy with the Mosaic narrative; but to do so would perhaps involve assumptions we are not warranted in making, since it is at least possible that the famine may have been more or less consciously transferred from the story in Genesis. No argument for the identity in origin of the two tales can, therefore, be founded upon it.† In this variant the final scene is wrought somewhat more impressively, and apparently with more artistic purpose, than in the type. After his parents have waited on the hero he seats them at table and himself between them, at which all present marvel. When dinner is over he turns to his father and asks, "What punishment shall he have who has slain his own son in the sea?" The father replies, "Death." "Against thyself thou hast spoken!" exclaims his son; but taking pity upon him he reveals himself and pardons the crime.

A similar story, but elaborated in some respects, is given by Afanasief among his Russian stories.‡ The hero's name, itself an omen, is Basil. His father's curiosity is one day excited by the tones of a pet nightingale in its song. Basil, then six years of age, interprets the song as in The Ravens. This irritates both his father and

* *Libro de 'Sette Savi di Roma*, originally published in 1832 at Venice; republished in *Scelta di curiosità letterarie* in 1862 at Bologna, and again by F. Roediger in a series of *Operette inedite o rare* in 1883 at Florence. Its genuineness, though at first disputed, appears now to be established.

† In a French version cited by Luzel, *Légendes Chrésiennes de la Basse Bretagne*, vol. i. p. 307, the prophet-bird is a nightingale, the country into which the youth is taken is Egypt, and after his father-in-law's death he mounts the throne, and fulfils the prediction by sending for his parents to his court. There is more than one suggestion of Joseph here. M. Luzel also cites another version in which the prophecy is uttered by two crows.

‡ Leger, *Recueil de Contes Populaires Slaves traduits sur les textes originaux*, p. 235.

mother so much that they determine to get rid of him; and for that purpose, having constructed a little canoe, they place him therein during the night, and thrust it out to sea. The nightingale flies out of its cage, and perches on the boy's shoulder. The boy is picked up by a passing vessel. The nightingale predicts a tempest; the captain disbelieves, but the storm falls, breaking the masts and rending the sails. The bird having afterwards predicted pirates, the captain deems it wise to heed the warning, and succeeds in avoiding them. The vessel arrives at Chvalinsk, where the king is troubled by three ravens. The question they desire to put to him is even more difficult than in *The Seven Sages*, namely, to which of his parents the young bird belongs—to the cock or the hen? The king decides in favour of the cock, but, like a wise judge, reserves his reasons. The boy is adopted by the king, and in due time espouses his daughter. His father and mother are found keeping an inn.

In a Basque tale * a sea-captain's son is sent to school, but the schoolmaster reports that he cannot drive anything into his head, and the boy himself admits that he has learnt nothing but the songs of the birds. His father takes him to sea. A bird comes and settles on the end of the ship, singing; and the father asks him what it is singing. The boy replies, "He says I am now under your orders, but you shall also be under mine." The father encloses him in a barrel, and throws the barrel into the sea. A storm casts it ashore, where a king is walking. He has the barrel opened, and takes home the boy, who eventually marries the king's daughter. There is no mention of the three ravens, nor of the hero's accession to the crown, which is, however, implied. His father is one day caught in a storm, and flung upon the same shore. He takes service with the king, who is his own son, and thus fulfils the prophecy.

A Portuguese variant † represents the hero as accustomed from an early age to go to the top of a mountain to see the moon, for which his father asks his reason. He replies that the moon had many times told him that his father would one day offer to fetch him water, and he would refuse it. The father, interpreting this that he

* Webster, *op. cit.* p. 136.

† Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, p. 133.

would be his son's servant, is angry with the pert youth. He gets a chest, puts his son therein, and pitches it into the sea. After three days the waif comes to land, and is taken to the king of that country as containing a treasure. Here, as in the last-mentioned tale, we probably have a reference to a well-known royal right. The king opens the chest, and adopts the boy, whom he finds alive within. At the age of twenty, the boy goes on a journey with a great company of people; but not with any design, so far as appears, of finding his parents, as in the typical story. The parents have now fallen into poverty, and keep an inn, where the hero goes to stay: and there the prediction is accomplished.

The learned Köhler,* in a note to the tales of Pope Innocent and Christic, cited under the following type, refers, among others, to two variants which appear to belong to this genus. In the first, of Masurian origin, the prophet is a lark, and foretells that the boy will become very rich—his parents, on the other hand, very poor—and that his mother will wash his feet, and his father drink the water of his bath. The hero becomes the son-in-law of the king of England, whose son and daughter he cures. Visiting his native town some time afterwards, the lark's prediction is accomplished. In the next story a raven intimates a similar degradation on the father's part, which is fulfilled when his son has become an emperor's son-in-law, and the father claiming shelter as a beggar has been received at his palace for the night. Here there is no attempt by the father on his son's life: he is simply driven away.

V.

It would perhaps be unwise to assert that this, the last type we shall consider, is more generally known in Western Europe, and a greater favourite with the people, than those which precede it, but there can be no doubt of its extensive popularity, especially in France and Italy. The typical story is one found by M. Fleury in Lower Normandy, and entitled *The Language of Beasts*.† It is to the

* *Mélusine*, vol. i. col. 384.

† Fleury, *Littérature Orale de la Basse Normandie*, p. 123.

following effect: A man, enraged with his son because he has learnt nothing at school but the languages of dogs, frogs, and birds, notwithstanding that his schools have been twice changed on account of the frivolity of his accomplishments, hands the boy over, in spite of his mother's intercession, to a poor neighbour to be put to death. He pays the man for this service, charging him to bring back the child's heart in proof that he has performed the task. The murderer, however, after taking the boy to a wood for the execution of his purpose, relents, and spares him on condition that he goes away and does not return. A bitch is killed, and her heart taken back to the father instead of his son's.* The hero wanders away, and, falling in with two priests who are journeying to Rome, is permitted to accompany them. On the way thither the knowledge his father had judged so useless proves of the greatest service. Lodged at a house which robbers have undermined with the intention of entering that very night, he discovers the plot by overhearing the conversation of the owner's restless hounds; and, by persuading his host to watch, he delivers him from this danger. At another place he heals a girl who has been stricken dumb as a punishment for her carelessness in letting fall to the ground at her first communion a portion of the sacred wafer, which had been afterwards swallowed by a frog. The hero listens to the frogs talking in the ditch, and thus discovers the cause of the maiden's disease. On beating the ditch a frog of unusual size is found; and, after three priests successively have tried in vain, the boy succeeds, speaking to the frog in her own tongue, in inducing her to disgorge the precious fragment. The three travellers reach Rome to find that the pope has died and his successor is about to be chosen. Our hero, with astonishment, overhears the birds in the trees predicting his good fortune. A touch of humour follows. The two priests, his companions, not despairing of being chosen, make him promises of preferment: the one will install him as his shoeblick, the other as his messenger. The new pope is to be indicated by "a portion of heaven" (interpreted by the collector of the story as *a cloud*) resting

* It is too much to recognise in the sex of the animal killed an indication of any special relationship of the story with the King Lear and The Value of Salt types. Yet the coincidence is curious.

upon him. It rests upon the outcast youth. Meantime, his mother has died of grief, and his father is tormented with remorse. The latter confesses, but his confessor refuses him absolution, referring him to the bishop. The bishop, in turn, refers him to the pope. The new pope hears his confession, and, finding him truly penitent, "Your son is not dead," he cries, "he occupies a high rank which he even owes to you. If you had not been so cruel to him, he would not be to-day sovereign pontiff. Embrace me, my father!"

The Mantuan story of Bobo * differs but in unimportant details. The father's rage at the folly of his son's acquirements is told with full appreciation of its comic side. A dog's heart is the proof of the execution of this father's murderous commands. The robbers have not undermined the house where the hero finds shelter, but attack it in a more commonplace manner. The sick maiden, whom he heals, has for six years been punished with disease for the impiety of flinging the sacred host into a pond, where it has become a plaything for frogs. The youth falls in with two men reposing one hot day under a chestnut tree. They are going to Rome to the election of pope. Sparrows on the tree foretell that one of the three will be elected pope that day. Arrived in the church where the new pontiff is to be revealed, a dove alights on the hero's head, and he is conducted to the throne. Meantime, in a corner of the church a cry is heard. It is his father, dying with remorse. Bobo recognizes, and has just time to pardon him ere he expires.

A variant from Upper Brittany † is less severe to the parents. Here it is the mother who first becomes indignant at the hero's folly; but at last the father's patience also is worn out, and the youth is

* Visentini, *Fiabe Mantovane*, Story No. 23, p. 121. Compare a story given by Comparetti from Monferrat (Comparetti, *Novelline Popolari Italiane*, vol. i. Story No. 56, p. 242). Here the house saved from robbers has become a prince's castle, containing his treasure. The maiden healed is a king's daughter, and the cause of her illness is that she has thrown a cross into a reservoir of water. The king desires to marry her to the hero, but he rejects the overture. On being made pope he sends for his father, for the prince's treasurer and the king. He recounts the facts, and reproves his father, showing how useful his knowledge has been. His father, repentant, demands forgiveness.

† Sébillot, *Contes des Paysans et des Pêcheurs*, Story No. 25, p. 132.

beaten, and turned out of doors. The will of Heaven as to the popedom is declared by a bell, which rings of itself when the chosen person passes under it. On becoming pope, the hero, as in the Italian tale already cited in a note, sends for his parents. They disregard his first letter, but, after a second, they hasten to Rome to beg his forgiveness, and remain with him happily to the end of their days.

Two other Breton stories, much longer and more remarkable, collected by Luzel in Lower Brittany, where the old Keltic speech is still preserved, approach somewhat nearer The Ravens type. In one of these, the story of Christic,* a devout girl offends God by an impulse of pride, and is in consequence forsaken by her good angel, who, before finally leaving her, directs her to sit by the wayside and offer herself in marriage to the passers by. A drunkard weds her, and in due time she gives birth to a son. A mysterious old man becomes godfather, and enriches the parents. Doubtless we are to understand, as M. Luzel tells us in a note, that the benevolent stranger is no less a personage than the Deity himself, or rather, Jesus Christ, between whom and the Father it is rare that any distinction is made in Continental folk-tales. The hero's career would justify so great an interest in his baptism; and the name (Christic) chosen for him indicates the exalted patronage under which he is received into the Church. The humour of the situation is not lost upon the narrator, but we cannot pause over the details. The father is reformed, and the son grows "like a fern in the fields." He is caressed by all the women of the village (*il était si gentil!*), and often thus detained from school. Beaten once for this by his father he foretells that the day will come when his father will wash his feet, and his mother will hold the towel. Their love for him turns to hatred, and they give orders to a servant for his death. The servant, however, satisfies himself by hanging him feet upwards to a tree, and taking home a dog's heart in sign of obedience. The hero is released from his uncomfortable position by a party of nobles, one of whom he afterwards delivers from a devil, who has taken service with him for the purpose of

* *Mélusine*, vol. i. col. 300.

carrying off his lady. The evil spirit is, of course, outwitted. Christic then determines to go to Rome to see the city and the pope. By the way he meets an old monk, accompanied by a boy of his own age, who also are going to Rome. In this variant the house saved from robbers is an inn; and the innkeeper himself calls attention to the noise made by the dogs. The robbers seek entrance as the Forty did into Ali Baba's dwelling. At midnight a man disguised as a rich tradesman arrives, with ten horses laden each with two hampers. By Christic's advice assistance is obtained from the neighbouring town, and the robbers are caught. The three travellers next meet a child's funeral. The hero, while others weep, bursts out laughing, and explains that by the child's death three souls have been saved; for, had he lived, the salvation alike of himself and his parents would have been imperilled by their pride in him. Towards evening the monk and his companions come to a country house, where, however, Christic refuses to lodge, foretelling that it will be burnt during the night; and they go to rest in the wood which surrounds the house. The great hall rings out into the night with riot and blasphemy, until the thunder falls upon it and all is reduced to ashes. The next day the hero weeps at a monk's funeral, for the loss of his soul, while every one else is joyous, convinced that the departed has gone straight to Paradise. At Rome he refuses to cap to a rich man as others do. He asks the monk what he will give him if he (the monk) becomes pope. The monk replies that the youth shall be his swineherd if he likes, otherwise he shall go away. The younger fellow-traveller promises to make him his vicar. The next day there is to be a procession, candles in hand; and he whose candle lights of itself will be the pontiff. Christic, who has no money to buy a candle, carries a peeled hazel-wand, like the pilgrims who go to the "pardons" of Lower Brittany. His wand takes fire; but he is declared a sorcerer, and the fire extinguished. The next day, and the next, the procession is repeated with the same result; and Christic is at length seated in St. Peter's chair. He bestows the office of vicar on his younger fellow-traveller, and that of swineherd on the monk. Meanwhile, his parents confess their sin, and can find none to absolve them. They seek the pope. After hearing their confession separately, he exhorts them to have confidence

in God,—perhaps their son is not dead; and he requests them to come to see him at the palace before leaving. They obey, trembling in expectation that he will impose on them some terrible penance. But, instead of fulfilling his own prediction, he reverses it by himself washing the feet of his father and mother, after which, with eyes filled with tears, he cries:—“Do you not know me? I am your son Christic, whom you condemned to death!”

The hero of the other Breton tale is the son of a king of France, born in answer to prayers.* His nurse forgets one day to make the sign of the cross over his cradle, and he is taken away by the devil, and a changeling left in his place. The babe is deposited in a magpie’s nest at the top of an elm in a German archbishop’s garden. He is found by the gardener, and taken to his master, who names him Innocent, from the expression made use of by the gardener in presenting the babe, and brings him up. Innocent learns his prayers without being taught, reproves the archbishop for his pride and vanity, and displays supernatural knowledge. At the age of twenty-one this *enfant terrible* goes to seek his father and mother. Arrived at Paris he makes at once for the palace, delivers his parents from the horrid changeling, and declares himself their true son. They receive him with joy; but after awhile he displeases them by always shunning gaiety, and by frequenting instead the society of a charcoal-burner. His father remonstrates, and forbids him to see his friend again, threatening him in case of disobedience to be torn to pieces by four horses. In return the hero poohpoohs his father’s anger, and tells him that one day he will be happy to pour the water for his son to wash his hands, and his mother to present him with a napkin to dry them. The king, transported with rage, gives orders for the execution of his threat; but this does not please the queen, who goes to the charcoal-burner and promises him a large sum to pitch the prince into his furnace the next day when he comes as usual to visit him. The charcoal-burner reveals the plot, and Innocent quits the country. He sets out for Rome, to be present at the pope’s election. On the road he encounters two Capuchin monks. In this story, contrary to the last, it is the elder

* *Mélusine*, vol. i. col. 374. Luzel, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 282 (part iii. Story No. 11).

monk who is gentle to him; the younger is suspicious and hostile. And it must be confessed that appearances favour the younger monk's attitude. A nobleman, at whose house the travellers are received, asks them in the morning before leaving to bless his babe. The monks comply graciously; Innocent, on the other hand, secretly stabs it to the heart. At a distance from the house he tells his companions what he has done, and justifies it on the ground that he has saved the parents' souls, to whom their child had become their god. Towards evening they arrive at another country seat, where they are supped; but Innocent refuses to go to bed, and persuades their host to watch and get constables into the house. A similar attempt upon the house to that narrated in the story of *Christic* is made by robbers, and defeated by our hero's prudence. At the next town the travellers find no house to receive them; and as they are forbidden the inns they are in a difficulty. Innocent solves it by stealing from a goldsmith's shop, and they are all three clapped into prison. At midnight an enemy assails the town, and sets it on fire. The prisoners are, as the youth has predicted, set at liberty; and he forthwith presents himself before the besieging prince and forbids him to destroy the town as he intended. He even with a word withholds the cannons from firing when shot; and the assailants are helpless. All take him for a sorcerer; and the younger monk says in so many words that he and his companion will be fortunate if he do not bring them to the gallows or the stake before reaching Rome. The next adventure is with the frogs. In this case the girl is one of evil life, who has presented herself before the altar in a state of mortal sin, and has put the host into her handkerchief. That very morning she has accidentally dropped it into the pond, where it has been swallowed by a frog; and Innocent hears the other frogs, who have surrounded the first, chanting their Maker's praises. The girl has been stricken blind, deaf and dumb. As they draw near the holy city, birds in a hedge foretell that one of the three shall be pope. The usual conversation occurs: the elder monk promises, if he attain the dignity, to make our hero his foremost cardinal; the other to make him beadle in his cathedral. In the procession Innocent bears a wand from the hedge where the birds sang. All happens as in the story of *Christic*; and he confers on his com-

panions the posts they had promised him. In this variant the hero's prediction to his father and mother is fulfilled to the letter, but is not preceded by actual confession, though the parents had come to Rome for that purpose.

I have lingered over these two Breton tales, so well told and so full of detail that they are two of the best examples of this type. I shall now notice two other variants of a much less perfect description. The former of these is given by Grimm :* it is a Swiss story from the Upper Valais, entitled *The Three Languages*. An aged count's only son, we are told, is stupid, and can learn nothing. His father, annoyed, puts him under a celebrated master for a year; and at the end the son, in answer to his enquiries, tells him that he has learnt what dogs say when they bark. The angry count puts him under another master, with the result that he learns only what birds say. The removal is repeated, only to end in the boy's acquiring the language of frogs. The usual order for death follows; and the count is deceived with a deer's eyes and tongue. The youth, wandering, comes to a fortress, where he begs a night's lodging. It is granted on condition of his staying in an old tower full of wild dogs, which bark and howl unceasingly, and devour men. He goes with food for them, and is well received. The next morning he reports that they have told him they are bewitched to watch over a treasure hidden in the tower, and cannot have rest ere it be discovered; and further that he has learned from them how this is to be done. He discovers it accordingly, and the dogs disappear. The lord of the castle, in gratitude, adopts him as his son. After a time he determines to go to Rome. By the way he hears what the frogs in a certain marsh are saying, and becomes thoughtful and sad. Arrived at Rome he finds that the pope has just died, and that his successor is to be pointed out by some divine and miraculous token. The hero enters the church, and suddenly two snow-white doves fly on his shoulders and settle there. This is recognised as the required sign, and he is chosen pope—thus fulfilling the frogs' prophecy. He has to sing a mass,

* *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, Story No. 33, p. 134. M. Hunt's English version, vol. i. p. 136.

but does not know a word of it. He is relieved of his perplexity by the doves, who, sitting on his shoulders, say it all in his ear.

The earlier part of this variant approximates more nearly to the type than those of Christic and Pope Innocent; but the touching termination has been forgotten. It reappears, however, in the Basque version* I am about to cite, although the prophecy with which the tale opens is not even there literally fulfilled. Perhaps the story is more dramatic as it stands. A boy, one of the children of a lady and gentleman, says that he hears a voice very often telling him that *a* father and *a* mother would be servants to their son, but without saying who. The mother, becoming angry, sends the boy with her two men-servants to be killed, directing them to bring his heart back to the house. The servants fall out, like the ruffians in the *Babes in the Wood*. The servant who wished to spare him gets the better of the other; and instead of the boy they kill a big dog, and take his heart to their mistress. The youth, wandering about, determines to go to Rome. He meets two men and goes with them. The voice again speaks to him when at a house in a thick forest; and by listening to it and watching he saves himself and his companions in the night from an attempt to rob and murder them. At another place he heals a girl who has been shrieking with pain for seven years; but the narrator had forgotten how this was done. There is, however, little doubt as to the method. Her father takes a ring off her finger, and cutting it in two gives one-half to the youth. This is probably a sign of betrothal. As the travellers approach Rome the bells begin to ring of themselves; and the people taking it as a sign make him pope. His mother, slowly dying of remorse, tells her husband of the crime; and they make a journey to Rome, accompanied by the two servants, to make confession, as she believes she will get pardon there. She confesses aloud in the middle of the church. Her son is there. When he hears that he goes opening his arms to the arms of his mother, saying to her: "I forgive you, I am your son!" The father and mother die of joy on the spot. The pope gives the half-ring to the servant who wanted to spare him, and marries him to the girl whom he has healed. The other servant he makes a charcoal-burner.

* Webster, *op. cit.* p. 137.

A Siberian story, cited by Köhler in the note already referred to,* condemns the hero's father to even greater degradation than the closely related variants of the last previous type. The birds which utter the prophecy are not specified. The irritated sire having, as he believes, successfully accomplished his son's death, flings his body into the sea; but the youth, still living, is thrown by the waves upon the beach. The emperor of that land has just died, and his successor is to be he on whom two tapers placed on golden sticks shall fall. They fall on the nape of the hero's neck, and continue to burn. Succeeding thus to the throne, he gives a great feast, which his father attends, and suffers what had been foretold concerning him.

The last variant I shall mention was obtained by Dr. Pitré at Partanna, in Sicily.† It is to the following effect: A father sends his son to study at Catania, and he finishes his course at the age of twenty, and takes his doctor's degree. On his return his father takes the opportunity of asking him at table what is the most useful thing in this world? The youth answers, "A close stool"; whereupon his father, unable to control himself, drives him out of the house, and curses him. Our hero enters the Church, and becomes, successively, incumbent, bishop, cardinal, pope. The father, smitten with remorse, goes to Rome to throw himself at the new pope's feet (not knowing who he is), and pray forgiveness for his conduct to his son. The pope recognizes him, and causes him to be lodged in the palace. There, before making himself known, he gives him cause, amid the luxury, the silk and gold of his surroundings, bitterly to feel, and to admit in words, the justice of his son's opinion. At length the son reveals his identity, and we are quaintly told that "everything ended with a solemn embrace."

The rise of the popedom within comparatively recent times is a guarantee that the type now before us is one of the latest developments of The Outcast Child myth. The story of The Ravens can be traced back into the Middle Ages, but I have not found The Language of Beasts save in modern collections of folk-tales. It is an obvious

* *Mélusine*, vol. i. col. 384. It is cited by Köhler from the work already referred to by Radloff, part i. p. 208.

† Pitré, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 90.

conjecture that this type has been developed from the former under the influence of the final situation. The transition is not difficult. In the one case a parent is brought face to face with the son, for whose slaughter he has long since been devoured by remorse, and whom he now finds to have escaped death and reached the predicted height of power. In the other case he has gone to fling himself at the feet of one whose God-given authority alone can absolve him from the same crime, and is confounded to learn that he to whom he prays for pardon is his ill-used child, yet living to prove to him the truth of his prophecy. The dramatic force of this position has been recognized in another Italian tale, in which the bastard child of a sister and brother, cast away at his birth, becomes pope, and receives the confession of his father and mother, to whom no meaner ecclesiastic has dared to give remission of so great a sin.* This tale is well known in Italy and Sicily, where, perhaps, it would be more likely to arise than in other countries whose natives more rarely attain the pontifical dignity. A diligent search may, however, find it elsewhere. Its details do not resemble those we have been considering, except that the choice of pope is indicated by a dove.

VI.

In considering the story of *The Outcast Child* I have not allowed myself to deviate into any of the closely related groups. There are, however, several the detailed examination of which might possibly throw light upon the origin and transmission of the one now before us. These may be divided into two main classes,—the one dealing with the sufferings of a lady unjustly suspected by her husband, and the other narrating the relations of a band of brothers. I have already mentioned one of the latter; and additional instances, such as that of *Codadad and his Brothers*, will readily occur to the reader. One portion at least of the former class will, we may be sure, be adequately treated by Mr. Clouston in the studies on the origin of Chaucer's

* Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, Story No. 85, vol. ii. p. 159. Pitré, *op. cit.* Story No. 117, vol. iii. p. 33. (Pitré also refers to a story from Leghorn given in Kunst's *Italienische Volksmärchen*.) Finamore, *Novelle Popolari Abruzzesi*, Story No. 31, in *Archivio*, vol. v. p. 95.

Tales, on which he is now engaged. Until these groups have been analysed it is probably vain to expect that any satisfactory suggestions will be offered as to the real source and primitive shape of The Outcast Child. Professor De Gubernatis has, indeed, made some guesses on the subject,* but, it seems to me, without much success. The stories he cites certainly demand further inquiry. Two of them are, like the first three types we have just considered, *Youngest-best stories*. But none includes the essential incident of expulsion by the father of the only child who ultimately proves faithful to him. Still it is of course possible that the intermediate steps may be discovered, and one or more of these narratives may be proved to be rightly assigned as an early form of King Lear.

Meantime, this paper has already grown to too great a length, and I will now detain the reader only to point out that the framework of the tale has nothing in it of the marvellous, and, consequently, it lends itself with more than usual ease to the transformation from *märchen* to *saga*. This transformation is a great assistance to the preservation of folk-tales as literature, and frequently, also, while still in the mouths of the people. The oldest variant is found already converted into a *saga* in the book of Genesis; and it is not too much to say that it is this change which has not only preserved it for us, but has rendered it the most widely known of all. King Lear, too, owes its enduring life to the same cause. The tendency of the tale towards *saga* shape may be studied still further in *The Language of Beasts* type, where more than one of the variants will be found in process of conversion. The name of Pope Innocent is one step. It would not have required much help from favouring circumstances, nor much effort of pious fraud or sincere enthusiasm, to proceed a little further, and, identifying the hero with one of the popes of that name, to add a few more particulars of persons and places, so as to develop a complete *saga*. Similar indications will be noted in other examples.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

* *Zoological Mythology*, vol. i. p. 84, vol. ii. p. 230. The learned Professor omits to give the exact reference to Ælian, from whom he cites the stories of the hoopoe and the lark. They will be found *De Nat. Anim.* lib. xvi. c. 5.

GUISERS' PLAY, SONGS, AND RHYMES, FROM STAFFORDSHIRE.



THE following version of the play still acted every Christmas by the Guisers (pronounced Gheez.u'rz) at Eccleshall, Staffordshire, was written down in 1879 by John Bates, sawyer, of that town. An account of the performance will be found in *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 483.

CHARACTERS : Open-the-door, Sing Ghiles (*sic*, Sir Guy of Warwick ?), King George, Noble Soldier, Little Doctor, Black Prince of Paradise, Old Bellzebub, and Little Jack Devil-dout.

Open-the-door. I open the door as I come in,
Hoping your favour for to win ;
Whether I rise, or stand, or fall,
I do my duty to please you all.

A room, a room, brave British, room ! and give me room to
rise, [*read tide*].

I come to show you British sport this merry Christmas time.
[*read tide*].

Sing Ghiles he stands outside the door, he swears he will
come in,

With his sword and buckler by his side he swears he'll brace
my skin.

He thinks I am a dirty dog, he thinks I am not stout.

He swears he will 'a [= have] vengeance before he gives it out.*

If you won't believe me what I say,

Step in, Sing Ghiles, and clear thy way !

* A comparison with the version in *Shropshire Folk-Lore* will show that these lines are properly part of Sir Guy's denunciation of St. George.

Sing Ghiles. Here am I, Sing Ghiles ! Sing Ghiles it is my name.
From English ground I sprang and came
To fight King George by name.

Open-the-door. King George is here, ready at hand,
I'll fetch him in at thy command.
If thou can't believe me what I say,
Step in, King George, and clear thy way.

King George. The dewdrops from the valley.* I am in the search
of an enemy, but now I have found him, my sword shall
end his life.

Sing Ghiles (sings or says). I am afraid I am a stranger,
Exposed to be in danger.

The balls from yonder mountains have laid me quite low !

King George. Prepare, thou wretch, for death ; my sword shall end
thy life !

(*They move round and round, clashing their swords against
each other.*)

Sing Ghiles. Enter in that soldier, that noble soldier bold,
Before King George strikes my heart cold !

(*Sing Ghiles leans on his sword as if wounded. Soldier enters,
and strikes up King George's sword, about to descend on
Sing Ghiles.*)

Soldier. Bear off, King George, for a few moments. Look down
with pity on him, use him as a stranger. Thou shalt not
wrong him !

King George. Who art thou ? a soldier ?

Soldier. A soldier ? yes ! a noble soldier bold. Bold Slasher is my
name.†

With my sword and buckler by my side I hope to win this
game,

And if this game should do me good,

I'll first drawn (*sic*) sword and then thy blood !

* This must be the first line, or title-heading, of a forgotten song.

† Otherwise, "from Turkey land I came."

King George. O thou hasher, thou slasher, what makes thee talk so hot?

When there's a man all in this room thou little thinks thou'st got,

Who will hash thee and slash thee as I told you once before.

I always gained the championship wherever I did go!

Soldier. What's the use of talking about hashing me and slashing me?

When my arms are made of iron and my body's made of steel
And legs of beaten brass, no man can make me feel!

King George. Here stands King George, one of the noble dukes of the valley!

Being seven long years in a close cave,
Have been kept out of into [*sic*] a rock of stone,
Where I made my sad and grievous moan.

It's many a joint where I do,

Where I'd ram this fiery dagger through.*

It's I who slew Slabberer from the stake,

What more can mortal man undertake? †

England's right,

And Ireland is bright,

And here I draw my weapon!

Show me the man that dares me stand,

I'll cut him down at my command!

Soldier and King George (singing). For to-morrow we will fight

With our swords in our hands shining bright, bright, bright.

(*Clashing of swords as before, Soldier is wounded.*)

Soldier. Help, help, help! I am in the search [? clutch] of an

*

"Many a giant I did subdue,
And ran a fiery dragon through,"

runs the Mummers' Play given in the Rev. W. D. Parish's *Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect*. This whole speech should be compared with this version, and with the early life of St. George in the ballad of the *Seven Champions*.

†

"I freed fair Sabra from the stake,
What more could mortal man undertake?"

North of Ireland version in *Notes and Queries*, 4th S. x. 487.

enemy. He once was a friend, but now he has proved my ruin. Help I require. (*Dies*)

Open-the-door. O cruel, cruel Christian! * what hast thou done?
Thou'st robbed me of my eldest son!

King George. He challenged me to fight
And how could I deny't?

(*Sings.*) With my sword in my hand shining bright, bright, bright!

Open-the-door. Is there ever a doctor to be found? I'll give five pound!

King George. I'll give ten!

Open-the-door. Enter in Little Doctor!

Little Doctor (runs in). Rut, tut, tut! here comes a little doctor so good,

And with my pills I'll cleanse his blood!

Open-the-door. How far hast thou travelled, noble doctor?

Doctor. From the top of the stairs to the bottom.

Open-the-door. Any further?

Doctor. Yes, to the top of It'ly, Wittley, [*sic*] France, and Spain,
And all the nations you can name,
And now I am come back to old England again
To cure this man that here lies slain.

Open-the-door. What's thy finest cure, noble doctor?

Doctor. A pain within and a pain without,

A pain in the head and a pain in the gout:

If there is ninety-nine diseases in one marrowbone, I am bound to fetch them all out.

Open-the-door. Try thy skill, noble doctor.

Doctor (stooping over Soldier). Here, Jack, take a drop of my nip-nap,
Ram it up thy tip-tap!

Rise up, Jack, and fight again!

You see that deadly man does not rise at that; no, he's got a mortal wound which a coach-and-six may travel through. But I've got another little bottle in my pocket called oakum-smokum-American-painwater, which can raise any dead man to life again.

* This is the only vestige of "King" George's character as a *saintly* champion.

Open-the-door. Try thy skill, noble doctor.

Doctor (stoops over Soldier). Here, Jack, take a sup out of my bottle,
Ram it down thy throttle,
Rise up, Jack, and fight again !

Soldier (rises). The horribles ! the terribles ! the like was never
seen !

A man knocked out of seven senses into seventeen,
Out of seventeen into seven score,
The like was never seen nor never done before.
I'll buy a bull, I'll buy a bear,
I'll buy myself, I do declare !

(*To King George*) My sword is indebted to thy blood, and I'll
still have my revenge !

King George. Have it then ! (*Clashing of swords.*)

Open-the-door (strikes up the swords).

Put up them swords and be at rest,
For peace and quietness is the best !
Enter in Black Prince !

Black Prince. Here come I, Black Prince, Black Prince of Paradise,
a black Morocco king,

Through those woods and groves which I have made this earth
to ring.

It's I who slew those seven Turks, although King George I
do not fear,

From his body to his heart I will ram this dreadful spear.

I'll jam his giblets full of holes and in those holes put pebble
stones,

I'll make his buttons fly !

King George. Thou jam my giblets full of holes and in those holes
put pebble stones !

It does not lie in thy power,

Although thou be a champion squire.

Black Prince. Let me be a champion squire or what I will,

I'll do my duty for to kill. (*Clashing of swords.*)

Open-the-door (strikes up the swords).

Put up them swords and be at rest,

For peace and quietness is the best.

Enter in old Bellzebug !

Bellzebug (the Fool, carrying a club and a ladle, a bell tied at his back). Here comes one as never come yet,
 With a large head and a little wit.
 Although my wit it is so small,
 I've got enough to please you all.
 Ah, ah, ah, how funny !
 All these fine new things and no money !
 My name is called Old Bellzebug,
 And over my left shoulder I carry a club,
 And over my right shoulder a small dripping-pan,
 And I call myself a jolly old man.

Sings. My coat is all pitches and patches,
 And when shall I get new ?
 As I find my old worthy my slaver,
 Brave boys, if I'm ragged I'm true.

Chorus. True, true !
 Brave boys, if I'm ragged I'm true.

I am a jovial tinker,
 I've travelled both far and near,
 And I never did meet with a singer
 Without he could drink some beer.

We can either eat or drink,
 Whilst the bells of England tingle ;
 But if you will give me your chink,
 I'll make the ladle jingle.

So I come meddle, come mend your kettle,
 I want to make you crazy ;
 Come double your money and thrible your money,
 I want to make you easy.*

Open-the-door. Enter in Little Jack Dout !

Jack Dout (with a broom, sweeping).

Here comes Little Jack Dout,
 With my brush I'll sweep you all out ;

* See *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iv. p. 259. The air is No. 2 in *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 651.

Money I want and money I crave,
 Or else I'll sweep you all into your grave.
 Now ladies and gentlemen, you that are able,
 Put your hands in your pockets and remember the ladle,
 For when I am dead and in my grave
 No more of the ladle I shall crave.

Song by the Company.

On a bleak and a cold frost-y morn - ing, When
 win - ter in - cle - ment they were scorn - ing, Thro' the
 spark-ling frost and snow, And a - skat-ing we will go! Thro' the
 spark-ling frost and snow, And a - skat-ing we will go. Will you
 follow? Will you follow? To the sound of the merry, merry horn!

On a bleak and a cold frosty morning,
 When winter inclement they were scorning,
Bis { Through the sparkling frost and snow,
 And a skating we will go.
 Will you follow? will you follow?
 To the sound of the merry, merry horn!

See how the skates they are glancing!
 From the right to the left they are dancing,
Bis { And no danger shall we feel
 With our weapons made of steel.
 Will you follow? will you follow?
 To the sound of the merry merry horn!

See how Victoria reigns o'er us !
 She has health, she has wealth, to adore us (!)
Bis { In the merry merry month of May,
 { All so lively, blithe, and gay !
 Will you follow ? will you follow ?
 To the sound of the merry merry horn !

SOULING SONGS.

It is customary in Staffordshire, Cheshire, and North Shropshire to go about on the 1st November (All Saints Day—the Eve of All Souls), and sometimes also on the 2nd, begging for cakes, apples, or ale. This practice, called “souling,” is now almost confined to the children, who sing or drawl the following ditties. (See *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, pp. 381-388.)

Sing-song on two notes. Soul, soul, for an apple !
 Pray, good missis, a couple !
 One for Peter, two for Paul,
 And three for Him as made us all !
 Allaby, allaby, eebv ee !
 Christmas comes but once a year,
 When it's gone it's never the near !
 For goodness sake,
 A soul cake !
 Up with your kettle and down with your pan,
 Give me an apple and I'll be gone !

Air No. 20, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*,
 p. 656. The cock sat up in the yew-tree,
 The hen came chackling by,
 I wish you all good morning,
 And a good fat pig in the sty.
 A good fat pig in the sty !

The lanes are very dirty,
 My shoes are very thin,
 I pray good missis and master
 To drop a penny in !
 To drop a penny in !

Air No. 21, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*,
 p. 657. Here comes one, two, three, jolly boys,
 All in a mind.
 We are come a souling
 For what we can find,
 Both ale, beer, and brandy,
 And all sorts of wine.

(*Would ye be so kind, would ye be so kind?*)

We'll have a jug of
 Your [best old March] beer,
 And we'll come no more souling
 Till this time next year.
 With walking and talking
 We get very dry,
 I hope you good neighbours
 Will never deny.
 Put your hand in your pocket,
 And pull out your keys,
 Go down in your cellar
 And draw what you please.

Eccleshall, 1884.

ANOTHER VARIANT.

Sing song. Soul, soul ! for an apple or two !
 If you've got no apples, pears'll do.
 Up with your kettles and down with your pans,
 Pray, good missis, a soul-cake !
 Peter stands at yonder gate,
 Waiting for a soul-cake.*
 One for Peter, two for Paul,
 Three for them that made us.
 Souling-day comes once a-year,
 That's the reason we come here.

Keele, 1880.

CAROL.

Sung by a nailmaker out of work, from Gornall in South Staffordshire, 26 February, 1886.

“The Jews they crucified Him, O ! the Jews they crucified Him, O !
 the Jews they crucified Him, O !

“And nailed Him to a tree.

“Joseph begged His body, Joseph begged His body, Joseph begged His
 body,

“And laid it in a tomb.

* The picture of St. Peter waiting at Heaven's gate for the dole which is to purchase the admission thither of the poor souls in purgatory is very striking ; there is more meaning perceptible here than in the old churning charm in which similar words occur.

“ Mary stood a-weeping, Mary stood a-weeping, Mary stood a-weeping
 “ To see the Blessed Lord.

“ Down come an angel, O ! down come an angel, O ! down come an
 angel, O !

“ And rolled away the stone.

“ It’s up rose the Saviour, up rose the Saviour, up rose the Saviour

“ To conquer Death and Hell.

“ Tell John and Peter, tell John and Peter, tell John and Peter,

“ ‘ I’m risen from the dead ! ’ ”

A GOOD WISH AT A WEDDING.

Used by an old woman at Offley Hay, Eccleshall, July, 1885.

“ I wish you

A roof to cover you, and a bed to lie,
 Meat when you’re hungry, and drink when you’re dry,
 And a place in Heaven when you come to die.”

RHYME

On an entailed estate in the parish of Eccleshall.

“ While ivy is smooth and holly is rough,
 There’ll always be a Blest of ‘ The Hough.’ ”

OLD RHYME,

Repeated by a nursemaid from Haughton, Staffordshire, 1862.

“ John Wesley’s dead, that good owd mon,
 We ne’er shan see ’im moor,
 ’E used fur to weer a snöff-brown coat
 All bööttoned ööp afoor ! ”

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Pyebirch, Eccleshall, Staffordshire.

LEGENDS OF ST. COLUMBKILLE OF GARTAN.



ST. COLUMBKILLE was travelling through Monreagh, near Rathmullen, to Donegal, when the place was thickly inhabited, and no one would give him bite or sup. He cursed them and said, "A time will come when one man will possess all, and then there will be lots to eat for the wayfarer." The curse has been fulfilled,—one person now possesses all.

The saint on his travels came to Fadda lough in Fanad, the tract between Mulroy and Swilly Waters, and found a man fishing, who he asked for a fish. The man replied that he had not caught any. This the saint did not believe, and said, "No one will henceforward catch more fish than you have now caught." The man had not caught a fish, and no one has since caught one there. [Query: *Is not this very similar to the curse of the "barren fig-tree?"*]

The saint had a hermitage in the lake, now called Lough Columbkille, a little to the eastward of Ballaghmagalloglach (*anglice*, ford of the swordsmen), now Millford. He lived on the fish he caught there; but a pagan used to come and poach, notwithstanding that he was warned off time after time by the saint. At last, one day the saint said, "You may catch three fish, but a devil a bit will you catch more if you fish from morning to night." Since then any one going to fish there will easily catch three fish, but never more.

GARTAN CLAY. (*Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iii. p. 275.)—Although this clay is commonly reported to have been blessed by St. Columbkille the O'Freels, whose territory by the ancient map lay about Gweedore and Gweebarra, claim that an ancestor, Termear O'Freel (*O'Freel of the Sanctuary*), built the church, made the well, and blessed the clay. When creating the well he struck the solid rock, and said, "Hence-

forth the water here will never fail, as the spring is supplied from the lake on the top of Muckish."

Muckish is one of the highest hills in the co. Donegal, about eight miles to the northward ; but on it at the present time there is no lake, although there are lakes in its vicinity to the eastward and westward. That the O'Freels had something to do with the place is evident, as only a Freel can find the clay (see ante, vol. iii. p. 275). As there were five or more St. Columbkille in Ireland, it is possible the Saint of Gartan may have belonged to the O'Freels, although popularly his history is mixed up with that of St. Columbkille, of Cormorroë, co. Clare, who was one of the O'Quins or O'Brians.

DONEGAL CUSTOMS, &c.

Good Friday and Easter.—The people near Ramelton, parish of Tullyaughnish, on every Good Friday go to Arddruman Strand, Lough Swilly, to pick mussels. My informant states—"All the girls of the country start at daybreak with sacks, and do not come back till dark night ; they go great distances out into the water, where the mussels grow on the rocks as thick as primroses."

The mussels brought home are fried and eaten on Easter Sunday. On Easter Saturday the beggars going about the country ask for their "Easter Eggs." In places in Cornwall sea shellfish are also gathered on Good Friday. (See Paper by Miss M. A. Courtney, *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. iv. p. 222.) In connection with the Cornish customs it may be mentioned that in the cos. Wexford and Wicklow the people light fires on St. Peter's Eve (the patron of the fishermen), but I have not remarked the custom elsewhere in Ireland, although from what I have heard I suspect that at one time it was also the custom in the co. Donegal.

Erysipelas. This in Donegal is known as *The Rose* ; it is very common but can be cured by a *Stroker*. The following is said to have happened: A nurse of the Rectors had the rose and the doctor was called in ; after he was gone the woman's friends brought in a "stroker," who rubbed the nurse with bog-moss (*Sphagnum*), and then threw a bucket of bog-water over her in the bed. This treat-

ment cured the woman, and is said to be that generally in vogue, but is not efficient except the right person does it.

Blowing Horns. Formerly cows' horns were blown at weddings but now they blow bottles. A bottle is prepared as follows: Put about half-an-inch of water in it and clap the bottom of the bottle in the embers of the fire (*greeshue*), this will cause the bottom to break off cleanly and evenly—a bottle thus treated is more easily blown than a cow's horn.

If a person dreams of a dog, it is a man, or of a cat, a woman; that probably will do him either a harm or some good. A man dreamed that a dog of mine attacked him, and the next day coming back from breakfast he was struck across the head with a stick by a beggar man; he was fully persuaded that the dream foretold the blow.

Fairgorta, Fairgarta, or Hungry grass (Fer, grass, and gorta, hungry). This grass grows in wild desolate places, and any one who chances to put their foot on it is immediately seized with weakness and sleepiness. The following happened, not in this county, but Connemara, co. Galway—Two of us were traversing the hills between Oughterard and the sea; coming home my companion said he felt faint; then he wanted to lie down and go to sleep. The latter I would not allow, and between dragging and carrying him I got him to a cabin at about 9 p.m. He could neither eat nor drink; so I treated him like a tired pointer and forced into his mouth oaten-meal and salt; which brought him to. This man was supposed to have trodden on the Fairgorta; and people found dead in the hills are said to have met with a similar mishap.

Sayings. "He is not right." This is said of any one who can do things out of the common; or a knowing person who can guess at things that an ordinary mortal would never think of.

"He is not all there." Said of an idiot or a fool. Said in contempt of any one who does foolish things.

"That's the element." Intended to indicate that what is going on is above the common; it specially is used when describing good music.

JUGGY'S WELL, MONKSTOWN, CO. DUBLIN.

This is scarcely old enough to be folk-lore, the name of the well being only a little more than half-a-century old, but at the same time a record may prevent speculation hereafter.

The following is the origin as given by an old coachman of my father: "When I was a boy, before there was a railway in the country, everything for Kingstone, or as it was then Dunleary, was brought in carts along the Rock Road; at the bottom of Monkstown Hill at the well sat an old woman who used to get halfpence from the quality for taking the drags off the wheels of the carriages. When we were passing with the carts we always stopped to take a drink; so the old woman got a jug which she used always to fill when she saw any of us coming; we got to call her Juggy, and generally had a halfpenny or a bit of 'bacca for her when we passed. Poor Juggy went when the railway was made, at least, I never saw her since, but the name has stuck to the well."

It is probable the name will always remain as it is recorded on the Ordnance map, and unless there is a record of its origin it will be a "puzzleite"; in fact it is at the present time, as I have heard some curious pre-Christian derivations suggested.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Place of the Science of Folk-Lore.—The following definition of the place of the Science of Folk-lore in the system of the Historical Sciences was among the corrections of my paper on *Folk-lore as the Complement of Culture-lore*; but it was, unfortunately, the uncorrected proof, instead of the corrected revise, that was published in the July number of the *Journal*.

I would distinguish the Historical Sciences as Sciences of Man's Physical Evolution, or the General Science of Anthropology; Sciences of Man's Mental Development, or the General Science of Noology;

and Sciences of Man's Social Progress, or the General Science of Sociology, if that barbarous term should still be preferred to such a more classical term as Kœnioniology (*κοινωνία ἀνθρωπίνη*, Human Society).

The Historical Sciences of Physical Evolution are the Sciences of the history of Aptitude—the history of the evolution of (1) Races; of (2) Languages; and of (3) Inventions.

The Historical Sciences of Mental Development are the Sciences of the history of Culture—the history of the development of (1) Philosophy; of (2) Ideals; and of (3) Jurisprudence.

And the Historical Sciences of Social Progress are the Sciences of the history of Society—the history of the progress of (1) Economical Organisation; of (2) Religions (Folk-beliefs as distinguished from Culture-ideals); and of (3) Political Organisation.

Now, Folk-lore I have defined as Folk's lore, or, that lore of the Folk, knowledge of which gives us our knowledge of Folk-life. And I have said that, as the chief materials for the study of the historical sciences of Mental Development are to be found in what may comprehensively be called Culture-lore, the chief materials for the study of the historical sciences of Social Progress are to be found in what may be comprehensively named Folk-lore. But knowledge of Folk-lore, when it is systematised, becomes a Science. What is the nature of that Science and its place?

The Science of Folk-lore is a Descriptive or Classificatory Science—a Science, not of the Causes, but merely of the Description, and what that implies, when it is of a scientific character—the Arrangement, of phenomena. According as we retain for the Causal Science of Social Progress the barbarous term Sociology, or adopt for it the above-suggested term, Kœnioniology, its correlative Descriptive Science will be called Sociography, or Kœnionigraphy. And the Science of Folk-lore, as a department of this General Science, might be termed Demography.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Shropshire Folk-Lore: a Sheaf of Gleanings. Edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, from the collections of Georgina F. Jackson. London (Trübner), Shrewsbury, and Chester, 1886. 8vo. pp. 369-663.

Miss Burne has now finished her task, and, looking back at the whole work, we are prepared to say that this is the best collection of English folk-lore that has yet appeared. It is so in a double sense. First, in the matter collected, Miss Jackson, to whom this portion of the work is primarily due, has not only known what to look for but how to look for it. It cannot be too often impressed upon the mind that to obtain the precious relics of the past enshrined in folk-lore the collector must proceed as one of the people. No system of question and answer; no cut and dried formula or method of proceedings is applicable. The people have cherished their beliefs in spite of advanced philosophical thought and advanced political surroundings, and they have surrounded them with a sacredness quite apart from their original signification—a sacredness due, not so much to traditional belief as to class prejudice. This sacredness has to be broken through lovingly and not harshly, and it has to be believed in by the enquirer and collector before it can be thus dealt with. For these and other reasons there is apparent on every page of this valuable collection that Miss Jackson and her fellow-worker have thoroughly entered into the spirit of their work, have become folk-lorists in the truest and best sense of the term. This volume continues from the last the customs and superstitions relating to the seasons, and gives chapters on the harvest, All Saints' and All Souls' days, and Christmas-tide. It then deals with traces of well-worship, wakes, fairs and feasts, morris-dancing and plays, games, ballads, songs, and carols, rhymes and sayings, proverbs and proverbial phrases, and notes on church bells and epitaphs. All these sections are full of examples of great interest and value to comparative science, and any one consulting this work for its collections only will be well rewarded.

When we pass from the items collected to the method in which they are placed before the student in the volume, it is plain that Miss Burne thoroughly grasps the position which folk-lore occupies among the sciences. If she compares, she does so with some definite object. If she classifies, she does so upon a rational plan, having for its basis the originals from which the various items of folk-lore have descended. This is exceedingly valuable, and marks a distinct advance in the treatment of folk-lore. But the proof of this is contained in the last chapter of the book. Taking note of the suggestion made in these columns in reviewing the second part, at least we trust we may so conclude, Miss Burne has applied herself to the question, Does the folk-lore of Shropshire present any features peculiar to that county? and in order to properly answer this, she very rightly says, "Before anyone can form a proper estimate of the collected folk-lore of a given district or can deduce correct conclusions from it, he must, it appears to me, make himself acquainted with the history of that district, and learn by what races it has been peopled, to what external influences it has been subjected, and under what conditions its people have lived and died, married and been given in marriage, bought and sold and got gain, from generation to generation. It is equally important that he should know something of the physical configuration of the county, that he may judge what influence that has had on the minds and habits of the inhabitants." And, accordingly, Miss Burne has traced out, shortly but succinctly, the main features of Shropshire history; and when we come to thoroughly understand that, as a border-land between Welsh and English, Shropshire contains marked racial features, we can truly estimate the significance of Miss Burne's contention. No one up to now has drawn a folk-lore map; but Miss Burne's brave attempt in this direction, so far as Shropshire is concerned, gives us a sample of what may be done. Rightly supposing that the old boundaries of the ecclesiastical dioceses mark yet older boundaries of race or primitive political conditions, Miss Burne shows on her map these divisions: and then from a study of the prevalence of yearly customs, as compared with the non-existence of them, she is enabled to draw a line right across the map marking out the boundary where yearly engagements extend, they being entered into

at Christmas north and east of it, and at May south and west of it. Now this folk-lore boundary corresponds almost exactly with the dialectic boundary, as shewn by Miss Jackson's *Shropshire Word Book*, and it very fairly coincides with the diocesan boundaries. These two perfectly independent lines of research, dialect and folk-lore, combine to confirm Miss Burne's acute historical conclusions that Shropshire was invaded from two opposite quarters, north-east Shropshire being peopled by Mercians, and south and west Shropshire by West Saxons. If such interesting results as these can be gained by this process of noting where certain customs do *not* obtain, as compared with where they are generally current, it is for the first time established that folk-lore must be more systematically and locally studied than heretofore. And it enables us to see that those who contend that it is of no use repeating an account of a custom because it is known elsewhere are not correct. In the infancy of all sciences we scarcely know what is wanted; but Miss Burne has gone far to establish the value of the study of folk-lore as an adjunct to history, and we congratulate her upon being the first to grapple with a subject in such a manner as must to some extent revolutionize subsequent study and research.

Miss Burne has not attempted to step beyond the domain of English folk-lore into the dangerous but most fascinating paths of comparative folk-lore; but there exists throughout her work ample material for such an undertaking; and any one having the skill and knowledge to carry it out properly would be amply rewarded. But they must be careful in their work, for Miss Burne's own labours constitute a standing protest against any loose and slipshod method of handling folk-lore in the future.

Studies in Ancient History, comprising a reprint of Primitive Marriage, an inquiry into the origin of the form of capture in Marriage Ceremonies. By the late John Ferguson McLennan. A new edition. London (Macmillan): 1886. 8vo. pp. xxxi. 387.

Few books have had greater influence upon the study of customs than the late Mr. McLennan's *Primitive Marriage*, and at this period, when his brother has just edited one portion of his literary remains in

the recently published volume on *The Patriarchal Theory*, and has led us to eagerly anticipate the publication of some further researches, a new edition of this old work, uniform with these posthumous volumes, is very welcome. The editor, in a short preface, makes a most necessary protest against the misuse of the terms exogamy and endogamy, as first used by Mr. McLennan in 1865. Exogamy is that law of marriage which forbids an union between persons of the same blood: sometimes they belong to the same tribe, more often to different tribes; but it is not a question of a tribe but one of blood relationship. Endogamy is that law of marriage which enjoins an union between persons of the same blood; sometimes they belong to different tribes, more often to the same tribe; but here again it is not a question of tribe but one of blood relationship. But it has been assumed by writers who have dealt with these subjects that tribal, not blood relationship was the key to the terms exogamy and endogamy; and hence much confusion has arisen.

The subjects treated of in this volume are the same as those in the earlier edition of 1876, and the present editor has added such notes as were necessary to give additional evidence to the arguments of the text. The last chapter is devoted to the "divisions in the ancient Irish family," known as Geilfine, Deirbfine, Iarfine, and Indfine, and Mr. McLennan advances an ingenious explanation opposed to that of Sir Henry Maine. But, in its turn, this explanation does not meet all the conditions of this curiously complex system, and in the fourth volume of the Brehon Law tracts Mr. McLennan's views are confuted, and a much more acceptable theory propounded. The editor does not notice this fact; but we are far from saying that it does away with the necessity of reprinting Mr. McLennan's masterly contribution to the subject, because, unquestionably, he advances some propositions which are undeniably true, and have largely helped the later authorities in their investigations. It is unnecessary to touch upon all the subjects treated of in this valuable volume because it is doubtless well known to our readers, having been so long a text-book to those interested in these fascinating problems of early history; but we are tempted to complain that no index has been added to this edition.

The Folk-Lore Society.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

2ND JUNE, 1886.

DURING the past year the Council have been endeavouring to prepare the way for some important work which the Society ought to undertake, and they think that if sufficient support is given this work may be satisfactorily accomplished.

The many indications that the study and collection of Folk-lore is now engaging the attention of most countries in Europe make it necessary that this Society, being the first to introduce a systematic study of Folk-lore, should as far as possible work in unison and confederation with similar organizations abroad, and should draw within its membership foreign scholars and students. The last Annual Report mentioned one or two efforts which had been made in this direction, particularly that of the appointment of Local Secretaries. The result of this action, though necessarily not very extensive at present, satisfactorily indicates that much might be hoped for in the future. Mr. Stewart Lockhart, who was appointed Local Secretary for China, has procured a valuable collection of birth, marriage, and burial ceremonies, collected from the natives of Hong Kong by Mr. Mitchell Innes, and has placed the MS. in the hands of the Society for printing. Mr. Lockhart has also translated the papers on the Science of Folk-lore which appeared in the *Folk-Lore Journal* for 1885 into Chinese, and has prefaced them by a few notes, for the purpose of placing them, as a kind of guide-book, in the

hands of native Chinese students who would help him in his researches. The Council think that such results as these are encouraging, and point the direction to which their future efforts should tend.

A second very important work which the Council are of opinion the Society should undertake at once is the issue of an authoritative exposition of the scope and aim of the science of Folk-lore, accompanied by questions which may be used by travellers and collectors. During the year the Council were asked by the Council of the Palestine Exploration Fund to assist them in drawing up a set of questions for the use of collectors in Palestine. That Society had secured the services of some native workers, under the direction of Dr. Post, and they wished to be informed of the best means of employing this valuable help. The Council at once assented to the proposition, and appointed a Committee to consider the best means of assisting the object of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The Committee reported that they considered the time had come when the Society should issue an authorised Handbook to the Science of Folk-lore, similar to the *Anthropological Notes and Queries* issued by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Council concurred in this report, re-appointing the Committee to consider and draw up a scheme and code of questions. The Committee consisted of Messrs. Edward Clodd, H. B. Wheatley, Nutt, Gomme, Stuart-Glennie, Captain Temple, Dr. Richard Morris, and Miss Busk, and they are still considering this important subject. They have adopted, as a basis, the plan of dividing the subject into the heads suggested in the *Folk-Lore Journal* for January 1885, and they propose that Members of the Society and their friends should be asked to undertake certain sections, and send in a code of questions to the Committee, who will then arrange and prepare them for ultimate publication. The following are the divisions of the subject and all the Members of the Committee have under-

taken to assist in drawing up a code of questions under each head :—

Folk Tales ;
 Hero Tales ;
 Ballads and Songs ;
 Place Legends and Traditions ;
 Goblinom ;
 Witchcraft ;
 Astrology ;
 Superstitions connected with material things ;
 Local Customs ;
 Festival Customs ;
 Ceremonial Customs ;
 Games ;
 Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, &c. ;
 Proverbs ;
 Old Saws rhymed and unrhymed ;
 Nicknames, Place-rhymes, and Sayings ;
 Folk-etymology.

The Council desire to point out to Members the importance of this subject to the general student, as evidenced by Mr. Lockhart's efforts in China, and its special importance at the present time, when the Palestine Exploration Fund have, so far as Arabia is concerned, the means of turning to practical use the code of questions which may be promulgated by the Society. The materials collected by the Folk-tale Committee, who have in hand the analysis of Folk-tales, form an important addition to the proposed Hand-book on the Science of Folk-lore ; and the Council, bearing in mind the work accomplished by the Society, and knowing how vast a field has yet to be covered, earnestly ask the assistance of all interested in the science towards carrying out the various projects now before students of Folk-lore.

Assistance is chiefly needed in funds, as will be seen by a reference to the Treasurer's account presented herewith. To meet the ordinary expenses of the Society more money is needed, and if the work indicated above is to be carried out still further expenses must be incurred. It has been often suggested that the Society should have some local habitation where Members could meet from time to time for discussion or carrying out any of the plans under consideration. It is also necessary that some secretarial assistance should be procured to lessen the burden thrown upon the Director and Honorary Secretaries.

The Council have to report with deep regret that during the past year the Society has lost two of its most valued supporters, Mr. William J. Thoms, its Founder and Director, and Mr. Edward Solly, both of whom had acquired considerable repute as sound and laborious scholars, and who took a practical and never-failing interest in the Society's work. The vacancy in the Directorship was filled up by Mr. Gomme undertaking that office, and Mr. J. J. Foster kindly came forward at the wish of the Council to undertake the duties of Honorary Secretary in conjunction with Mr. A. Granger Hutt.

It is hoped next session to organise some evening meetings for the reading and discussion of papers which for the last two or three years have not been attempted.

The publications are slightly in arrear owing to various unavoidable causes, but the two following volumes are now nearly through the press, and will be issued shortly:—

Magyar Folk-Tales, by Rev. W. H. Jones.

Folk-lore and Provincial Names of British Birds, by Rev. Chas. Swainson.

In 1886 the Council propose printing:—

The Folk-Lore Journal,

Hand-book to the Science of Folk-Lore.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Folk-Lore Society was held on 2nd June, 1886, at the Rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House.

The Right Honourable Viscount ENFIELD, President, took the Chair.

The PRESIDENT moved the adoption of the Report of the Council, which was seconded and carried.

The Honorary Secretary then read the Treasurer's Account.

It was proposed, seconded, and resolved unanimously, "That the Account and Statement be approved and adopted, and that the thanks of the Meeting be given to the Auditors and Treasurer."

It was moved, seconded, and resolved unanimously, "That Mr. A. Lang, M.A., Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., and Dr. Edward B. Tylor, F.R.S., be the Vice-Presidents of the Society.

"That the Earl Beauchamp, Mr. Edward Brabrook, Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. G. L. Gomme, Mr. A. Granger Hutt, Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite, Rev. Dr. Morris, Mr. Alfred Nutt, Mr. Edward Peacock, Rev. Professor A. H. Sayce, Captain R. C. Temple, and Mr. H. B. Wheatley, be elected Members of the Council for the ensuing year."

It was moved, seconded, and resolved, "That Mr. John Tolhurst and Mr. G. L. Apperson be the Auditors of the Society for the ensuing year."

It was proposed, seconded, and resolved unanimously, "That the thanks of the Meeting be presented to the Society of Antiquaries for the privilege of meeting in their rooms."

It was proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously, "That this Meeting desires to express its best thanks to Viscount Enfield for his valuable services as President of the Society."

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