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EDITED BY  
GEORGE LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A.

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*ENGLISH TRADITIONAL LORE :*  
TO WHICH IS ADDED  
*CUSTOMS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND PEOPLES.*

LONDON :  
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## INTRODUCTION.

SINCE the writers in the old *Gentleman's Magazine* occupied themselves with lucubrations about fairies and their ways and habits, the study of folk-lore has passed from the hands of the curiosity-monger to those of the scientific student. The world has learnt, all too late, that man's history is the grandest scientific problem to be solved; that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

and that to obtain anything like adequate results in this stupendous study, every tittle of evidence is necessary. All the established forms of religion have long been recognised as materials for history; but it is only just now that we are looking to the old faiths and traditions for information; and this new study has enabled us to recognise two fundamental laws of man's history—the persistence of custom and the persistence of tradition.

It is with the latter subject that we have most to do in the present volume of collections from the *Gentleman's Magazine*—Traditional Lore, as I have ventured to entitle the contents of the following pages. One of the most extensive divisions into which traditional lore is grouped, is that relating to fairies. Literature has, as long ago certainly as the days of Spenser, Drayton, and Shakespeare, turned its attention to the doings of fairies, and it appears to me that the fascination which these beings have exercised over the poetic imagination has done much to obscure the archæological importance of the traditions which exist concerning them. When the stately verse of Milton (see pp. 39, 41) is influenced by the traditional doings of fairies, we may imagine that minds like those we have mentioned above, like also Herrick and other poets, should turn to fairies for

some of their brightest imagery. On pp. 47-50 will be found some specimens of the way in which minor poets have dealt with the fairies. But, if later poetical literature has idealized fairies, the era before Shakespeare did much worse—it did not, like Shakespeare, go to the woods and fields of Warwickshire and other counties for its information about fairies, but it tacked on the old classical mythology to fairy beliefs, and so enabled Chaucer to write—

“ Pluto that is king of the fayerye,”

and to state elsewhere that Proserpine was Queen of the Fairies. Thus literature—first, by mythologizing (if I may say so), and then by idealizing—has obscured the true meaning of the traditions about fairies.

What this true meaning is may be gathered from chapter vi. of Nilsson's *Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia*, and from an article by Mr. Grant Allen in the *Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1881, entitled, “Who were the Fairies?” In the paper on *Irish Folklore* (pp. 3-32), it is seen how intimately connected the fairies were with the raths and duns, the barrows and tumuli, of the district. And archæology would suggest that a comparative study of this subject brings out the fact that the fairies, a small pigmy race, represent traditions of that early aboriginal people, short and dark, who preceded the Aryan occupation of Europe. There are, of course, objections to this theory, but the opening paragraph on Irish Folklore (p. 3) contains a distinct tradition of the earliest inhabitants being turned into fairies.

To pass from the section devoted to FAIRY BELIEFS to that on LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS, is not difficult; for out of the traditional reverence for and belief in fairies has grown a corpus of traditional narrative which has induced people to roughly classify all legends and traditions as fairy tales. It is not a correct or convenient classification. Traditional stories have a far wider reach than fairy tales, and it would be difficult to separate those dealing with heroic fairies and those dealing with heroic men and women. In Scotland, as we know from Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Tales from the West Highlands*, there is no lack of material still extant among the peasantry. In Ireland, Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, Kennedy's *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, and *Fireside Stories of Ireland*, and the stories still being communicated to the Folklore Society's publications from time to time, shew

the same state of things to exist. But in England, we have very little of such popular literature left. Such stories as Tom Hickathrift may, according to the opinion of Sir Francis Palgrave,\* approximate so nearly to the folk-tales of Europe, as to be entitled to a place among them. The story of Catskin, preserved in ballad and chap-book form, may be another English folk-tale (see *Folklore Record*, vol. iii. pp. 1-25). Wayland Smith (p. 129) is unquestionably a variant of the Scandinavian original. The Pedlar legend of Swaffham (p. 109) may be grouped with a large class of stories relating to the finding of buried treasure; and the Stepey Lady story (p. 122) is a very curious variant of a well-known folk-tale. Mr. Halliwell Phillips, in his *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*, has collected the most important English stories, while such books as Roby's *Traditions of Lancashire* and Fryer's *English Fairy Tales*, do not allow us to determine the borderland between literary fancy and traditional narrative. The stories to be found in England are for the most part purely local, such as here printed from the *Gentleman's Magazine* (pp. 100-132), originating in some supposed fact which occurred in the places where they have been told; personal, such as the dragon stories (pp. 72-82) connected with heroes like Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Hampton, and the others; or Saints' legends (66-72), which, exceedingly curious and instructive though they frequently are, cannot be identified with purely English tradition, when they come to us in the questionable garb of monkish narrative. While speaking of English stories, I may relate one told to myself and my friend, Mr. J. J. Foster, at Cearne in Dorsetshire. We were questioning a labourer as to the giant figure cut in the turf at that place. He assured us that it was supposed to be the representation of a Danish giant who led an invasion of this coast, and lay on the side of the hill to sleep; while asleep the peasantry tied him down to the ground and cut off his head, and the outline in the turf represents the place where the giant lay. Upon being asked how long ago this was supposed to be, the answer was, "About a hundred years."

It is a problem for folklorists, and one which would be productive of much valuable information, if carried out with proper scientific spirit—to ascertain the causes why England should not have preserved her folk-tales so long current in popular tradition as other European nations. The Latin races, Spain, Italy, and France, are now collecting their folk-tales in great abundance; Germany is well-known as the pioneer of such studies by the aid of the brothers Grimm;

\* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxi., pp. 102, 103.

Scandinavia and the North are yet almost unworked, but are full of material ; while in Mr. Ralston's *Songs of the Russian People* and *Russian Folk-Tales* we may obtain some idea of what exists in Eastern Europe.\* Beowulf may be considered our national epic, but it does not stand to English people like the Nibelungen to the Germans, the Sagas to the Norse, the Kalewala to the Finn, the Iliad and Odyssey to the old Greeks, the Pentateuch to the Hebrews, the Vedas to the Hindu, nor like the Ossianic cycle to the Scottish and Irish. The Arthurian cycle of tales is the nearest approach to being national in its characteristics ; and Professor Sayce agrees with Mr. Coote that the main figure of these stories was Artorius, a Roman general. Is it then that the Roman conquest uprooted the Celtic legends and overshadowed the later Teutonic legends? Such a question may well be asked of students of English traditional lore ; for the only alternative is, that, just as Cicero had to lament the loss of the old national legends and stories of the Romans (see Cicero, *In Brutum*, § 19), so have we to lament that science has been so laggard in her recognition of the value of this important branch of materials for English history, that the opportunity has irretrievably passed away for its recovery.

The stories reprinted in this volume, however, though they do not throw fresh light on English popular tradition, will be found, I think, acceptable. The Ossian legends (pp. 133-173) will no doubt prove a not unimportant contribution to this subject. It is not generally known that Macpherson, in 1760, before he published his now world-famous volume, contributed two of the poems to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. These, and another contribution printed after the volume was published, are now reprinted. They are followed by several important contributions of Erse popular poetry, gathered in the Highlands by Mr. T. F. Hill. Until a few years ago, these valuable fragments remained perfectly unknown. Mr. Campbell first noticed them as detailed in the notes (p. 340), and then they were published in the Scottish magazine, *The Gael*, and afterwards reprinted, edited, and corrected in 1878. With reference to this portion of the volume I have to acknowledge the very generous and valuable aid afforded me by the Rev. Dr. Donald Masson, of Edinburgh. Dr. Masson looked through and corrected the proof-sheets, and supplied

\* It is perhaps worth while referring to the table in the *Folklore Journal*, vol. i., pp. 41-50, for a brief synopsis of the books on European folk-tales.



me with the means of obtaining all the valuable notes at the end of the volume.

The next section is devoted to PROPHECIES, DREAMS, and GHOST-STORIES, a subject that has recently been receiving much attention, both psychologically and archæologically. The Society for the Advancement of Psychical Research is investigating ghost-stories with all the vigour necessary for detailed analysis of the surroundings and possibilities of spirit appearances. On the archæological side we have Mr. Ingram's two volumes of *The Haunted Homes and Family Traditions of Great Britain*, which, though they contain many curious ghost-stories, do not give many of those mentioned in the following pages. Beyond this work of collection, however, we now possess Mr. Lang's valuable study in the *Fortnightly Review*, on "The Comparative Study of Ghost-Stories," while in Mr. Edward Clodd's *Myths and Dreams*, the phenomenon of dreams is scientifically handled. The enormous influence exercised by dreams in the formation of man's thought has long been recognised by anthropologists; and the curious examples which were contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* will no doubt be read with interest. Dreams, however, affect individuals, while ghost-stories are attached to places and families; and I much question whether the majority of family ghost-stories are not descended from some archaic original, which would tell us something of early traditions. In my *Folklore Relics of Early Village Life* (p. 37), I have given an example of this; and I have collected some others, besides which there are one or two which may be selected from Mr. Ingram's book. The ghost-stories told in the *Gentleman's Magazine* do not partake of this archaic characteristic, as they relate to events which were supposed to have occurred within the cognizance or in the memory of the writers. Every one almost has heard of the famous Cock Lane imposture, and of Lord Lyttleton's Ghost. The former is not reprinted in this volume, but the latter narrative will be found on pp. 197-199. The Oxford Ghost (pp. 190, 191), and the Cambridge Ghost (pp. 185-190), are both exceedingly curious narratives.

The last section is devoted to CUSTOMS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND PEOPLES. In this age of comparative science it is not necessary to point out the value of this section as throwing light on all branches of folklore. Many important books have been published on savage customs, and Williams's *Fiji and the Fijians* should be consulted for the Fiji customs on pp. 303-311. Upon the general subject the reader

would consult Dr. Tylor's *Primitive Culture, Early History of Mankind and Anthropology*; Sir John Lubbock's *Origin of Civilization*; Mr. McLennan's *Primitive Marriage*; Mr. Farrer's *Primitive Manners and Customs*; and Mr. Lang's *Custom and Myth*. The keynote to it all is, that in savage customs we often find the first parent of civilized superstition, or fancy, or myth; and to properly study the latter, we must be well acquainted with the variant forms extant in all civilized countries: so that, armed then with the typical "survival" of any given custom, superstition, or myth, we may go into the homes and lands of savage people to find the primitive idea from which it sprang. This is a large subject, and is engaging deeply the thoughts of many travellers and thinkers. Travellers now go armed with a knowledge of the kind of information wanted. In the days when contributors wrote to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, this was not so; and therefore we find valuable pieces of information, amidst much that is of no value. It were needless for me to point out here the particular value of this portion of the book, because each reader will ascertain that for himself; but I must note the curious example of patriarchal government which is recorded on page 313, a subject that is just now particularly interesting, since the publication of Mr. Donald McLennan's *Patriarchal Government* which so completely controverts Sir Henry Maine's theories as advocated in his well-known work, *Ancient Law* and the books which followed. The processional customs of the Continent are curious and interesting, and the "Cries of Paris" (see p. 238) forms a parallel paper to the "Cries of London" in the volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine Library* on "Manners and Customs."

In this volume I have omitted portions of the text of some of the communications, always indicating such omissions by the use of . . . . or by a footnote. It is difficult to decide where these omissions can properly be made; and I have always erred on the side of giving too much rather than too little. It must not be lost sight of that the plan of these reprints does not include "restoration." I have aimed at being textually correct as far as possible; but I do not pretend to have looked up every authority used or quoted, and far less do I pretend to set right opinions and conclusions which now are known to be wrong. To the scientist such work would be totally useless, because he will use the material here gathered together guided by his own knowledge; for the *dilettanti* I cannot undertake to work out what would be a very laborious undertaking. I have received

such generous criticism from the press that I am all the more anxious to place my case fairly before them, so that they may judge by what I profess to undertake. And if I succeed in giving the scientific student some scraps of useful information, and in inducing the general reader to look at these matters more closely, my aim will have been satisfied.

The following papers I have not thought it worth while to reprint, and therefore note them here :

Of Fortune-telling, 1732, pp. 1008-1009.

Of titles of honour, and an order of knighthood among the Hottentots, 1741, pp. 480-481.

Customs of marrying and burying at Aleppo, 1756, pp. 379-380.

Fragments of Scots poetry, translated from the Erse, 1760, pp. 335-336.

Custom on the coast of Malabar, 1761, p. 86.

Customs of Geneva, 1761, pp. 168-169.

Dream of buried treasure, 1769, p. 526.

Specimen of Finnish poetry, 1780, pp. 322.

Fragment of Erse legend, 1781, pp. 259-260.

Prophecy of S. Malachy on the succession of Roman Pontiffs, 1797, pp. 382-383.

Manners and customs of the Arabians, 1802, Part I., pp. 322-323.

Customs of the East, 1807, Part I., pp. 227-228.

Legend of the Moorish lovers, 1839, Part I., pp. 248-251.

Notice of a few of the most remarkable festivals of the kingdom of Belgium, 1849, Part I., pp. 484-489. [This is curious, but it is obtained from a well known book—Clément's *Histoire des Fêtes de la Belgique*, 1846.]

Notices of the American Indians, 1857, Part I., pp. 137-138.

The contributors to this volume include Dr. Samuel Pegge, J. Noake, John Macdonald, J. P. Malcolm, and W. Hamper, who are mentioned in the prefaces to previous volumes. The new names are, Charles Berington, the famous English Roman Catholic prelate, who died on 8 June, 1798, and of whom there is mention in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year, p. 542; John Carey, no doubt the Irish classical scholar and author, born in 1756, died in 1829; J. M. Gutch, the author of *Robin Hood Ballads*, in 1847; Thomas Ford Hill, F.S.A., the antiquary and philologist, who died at Ariano on 10 July, 1795 (see *Gent. Mag.*, 1795, Part II., p. 705); James Macpherson, whom we recognise in "*Caledonius*," Stephen Storage

[Storace], in whom we may perhaps recognise the father of Stefano Storace, the celebrated musical composer, born in 1763, and of Anna Silina Storace, the actress; J. C. Atkinson, Edgar Bochart, John F. M. Dovaston, Arthur B. Evans, W. Herbert, O'Dell Travers Hill, Rev. John O'Hanlon, J. Payne, D. Parkes, W. Reader, Tho. Serel, William Smith, and John Walker.

The present volume completes the series dealing with subjects included under the title of Folklore, and we now pass on to Archæology.

G. L. GOMME.

CASTELNAU, BARNES, S.W.

*May, 1885.*





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*Fairy Beliefs, Etc.*

VOL. IV.





## FAIRY BELIEFS, ETC.

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### Irish Folk-lore.

BY THE REV. JOHN O'HANLON.

[1865, *Part II.*, pp. 281-291.]

[Passages that are merely prefatory or which comment on the items of folk-lore enumerated, are omitted.]

IN the following collection only a few Irish legends, acquired from tradition, have been produced by the writer. They are introduced in a garb and shape adopted without any literary pretension.

The ancient and early settlers of Ireland, called *Tuatha de Danaans*, are thought to have been the first professors of Druidism; but they are certainly known to have been adepts in the arts of sorcery and magic. It is said they were transformed into fairies at some remote period, and consigned to subterranean habitations, under green hillsides, raths, cairns, and tumuli. In Brittany, also, a country which held many ancient usages and practices common in our own, trols and spirits, with dwarfs and fairies, popular myths of old, haunt the woods, rocks, streams, and fountains. The raths of Ireland must have been very numerous in former times, as proved, not only because of the number yet remaining, but also from the fact that the compound—*Rath, Raw, Rah, Ray, or Ra*—is found connected with the nomenclature of more than one thousand different localities in this island. Here the spirit-people love to congregate, but difficult it must prove to collect perfectly authentic accounts of their social economy, amusements, and pursuits.

Music heard beside these raths on a fine evening, often induces mortals to linger with delight, although danger may be incurred by listening to such syren melody. Benevolence is sometimes exercised towards mortals by the fairies, who are said to cure men and women of infirmities and diseases, or who are thought to remove deformities or disagreeable misfortunes. They often communicate supernatural power to mortals, and invisibly assist them. Again, these creatures are found of a malevolent and mischievous disposition; frequently

abducting mortals to serve some selfish or degrading purpose, paralyzing their energies and prospects of worldly happiness, or leaving a long inheritance of sickness and sorrow on afflicted individuals and families. A libation of cow's *beestheens*—some of the thick new milk given after calving—when poured on the rath, is believed to appease the anger of offended fairies.

The Irish word pronounced *shee* is the usual generic name applied to that denomination of supernatural creatures known in the Sister Kingdoms as fairies, elves, or pixies. The *farr-shee* is known as the man-fairy; the *ban-shee* is recognised as the woman-fairy; sometimes we have the term *mna-shee* ("women fairies"), used with peculiar diminutions known in the Irish language. The *Fear-sighes* are chiefly alluded to in ancient legendary-lore; and the *Bean-sighes* are usually known as a distinctive class of imaginary beings when wailing for anticipated deaths. In the fairy soldier troops, only men appear; among the moonlight or fairy palace revellers, fine-dressed lords and ladies are indiscriminately mingled in social enjoyments. Within their luxurious halls, songs and strains of ravishing music and rhythm are heard, which transport with a delicious enthusiasm the souls of mortals, and tingle on the ear with melodious cadenzas that long haunt the memory and imagination.

Evening is the time usually selected for fairy migrations from raths and dells; it is also the favourite juncture for indulging in their peculiar pastimes and revels. In his "Songs of the Pixies," Coleridge attributes a like propensity to the Devonshire "race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man . . . ."

The summer or autumn nights were selected by our Irish fairies as most appropriate occasions for congregating their dancing-parties in secluded vales near runnel banks, whilst the gurgling water trickles along its sheltered course. Sometimes they sport beside a lake or river, near old ivied castles, or oftentimes within the gloomy precincts of some graveyard, under the walls of its ruined church, or over lonely tombs of the dead. Harvest-time is remarkable for affording frequent glimpses of our Irish fairies. They are, however, very jealous of mortal intrusion, and commonly proceed to wreak vengeance on all unbidden interlopers at their revels. The wild harmonies of zephyr breezes are supposed to be the murmuring musical voices of fairies on their travels. Although elfin sports may continue during night, the first glow of morning is a signal for instant departure to their raths, deep caverns, rocky crevices, or old cairns, where their fabled dwellings are carefully concealed from the eye of mortal. On alighting at, or departing from, a particular spot, their rapid motion through air creates a noise somewhat resembling the loud humming of bees when swarming from a hive. Sometimes what is called *shee-gaoithe* (A. glicè, "a whirlwind"), is supposed to have been raised by the passing fairy host.

Those strange sounds caused by crackling furze-blossoms, are attributed to fairy presence. They shelter beneath clumps of gorse-thickets, love the scent of their flowers, and mark out beaten tracks through the wiry grass growing round their roots; they sip ambrosial dew from out the yellow cup-leaved blossoms; they also suck dew-drops from other leaves and flowers. In his ballad of "Tren the Fairy," Joyce happily alludes to such a practice.

Francis Davis, "The Belfast Man," has recorded in his "Fairy Serenade" social customs of *Sheogues* in the eastern parts of Ulster. Having regard to the light-footed, ethereal dancing-groups of dwarfish beings, when delicately touching the green grass it is supposed they scarcely shake off these dew-drops during their wildest evolutions. Filled with a passionate eagerness for music and revelry, they indulge whole nights, without intermission or weariness, in their favourite exercises and recreations, lightly gliding in trails or circles through varied postures and figures. The fairies are generally represented as habited in green, or sometimes in white, silver spangled raiment, with high-peaked and wide-brimmed scarlet caps on their heads. By moonlight they are often seen under the shade of oak-trees, dancing on or around large globular fungi or umbrella-shaped mushrooms.

In the south of Ireland, especially, every parish has its grassy-green and fairy thorn, where it is supposed these elves hold their meetings and dance their rounds. In Ulster, also, the hawthorn seems associated with fairy revels, as may be gleaned from a beautiful northern ballad of Samuel Ferguson, "The Fairy Thorn;" there a fairy host is introduced as issuing from every side around an enchanted hawthorn.

The Whitehaven coal-miners used to fancy they often found little mining tools and implements, belonging to a "swart fairy of the mine," in their dark subterranean chambers (Pennant's "Tour in Scotland," vol. ii., p. 49). The Germans, it appears, believed in two classes of gnomes—the one species fierce and malevolent, the other gentle and harmless. These creatures appeared like little old men, about two feet in height, wandering through lodes and chambers of mines. Although apparently busily engaged in cutting ore, heaping it in vessels, and turning windlasses, they were in reality doing nothing. Except provoked, however, no harm occurred to the miners with whom they associated (Agricola, "De Animantibus Subterraneis"). Rarely do we find our native fairies devoted to any industrial pursuits, except those lighter and occasional indoor occupations which serve to engage and amuse the merry Irish maiden or thrifty housewife.

It is only at a distance the fairies appear graceful in figure or handsome in countenance, but their costumes are always of rich material or fine texture. They frequently change their shapes; they suddenly appear, and as suddenly vanish. These elves, on a

near inspection, are generally found to be old, withered, bent, and having very ugly features, especially the men. Female fairies are endowed with characteristics of rare beauty in several instances; and to such beings most marked attentions are always paid by the diminutive lords of their affections.

Fairies are generally thought by the peasantry to partake of a mixed human and spiritual nature. Their bodies are presumed to be immaterial, or at least of some almost impalpable substance. They are animated with feelings of benevolence or resentment, according to circumstances. Although invisible to men, particularly during day, they hear and see all that takes place among mortals in which they have any especial concern. Hence the peasantry are always anxious to secure their good opinion and kind offices, and to propitiate or avert their anger by civil conversation and practices. Fairies are always mentioned with respect and reserve. It is also considered inhuman to strain potatoes or spill hot water on or over the threshold of a door, as thousands of spirits are supposed to congregate invisibly at such a spot, and to suffer from that infliction. Before drinking, a peasant would often spill a small portion of his draught on the ground as a complimentary libation to the "good people."

The common people have formed some ill-defined belief that the fairies are like the fallen angels, driven out from bliss and condemned to wander on earth until the day of judgment. Campion, "The Kilkenny Man," has versified the fall of these elves from their previous high estate. The fairies are said to doubt regarding their own future state, although they have hopes of being restored to happiness. An intermixture of good and evil balances their actions and motives, and their passions are often vindictive, as their inclinations are frequently humane and generous. They wage desperate battles with opposing bands, and they meet, like knights of old, armed *cap-à-pie*, for such encounters. The air bristles with their spears and flashing swords, and their helmets and red coats gleam in the bright sunshine during the progress of these engagements.

No opinion was more prevalent among the peasantry than that of fairy abduction, practised by the elfin tribe. Young and lovely children were the special objects of desire; and often when these had been snatched away from the parental home, old, emaciated, decrepit, and ugly fairies were left in their stead. These latter are called changelings. In the Scottish highlands, midwives were accustomed to give a small spoonful of whisky, mixed with earth, to newly-born children as their first food; this was no doubt intended as a preservative from some preternatural spell. Highland babes are carefully watched and guarded until after their christening is over, lest they should be abducted or changed for fairy deformities. The Irish peasant mother entertained similar fears for her newly born

child, especially when it presented a very attractive appearance. But children alone were not the only persons subject to such species of forced exile. Mortal women, recently confined, were also abducted, to suckle the children conveyed to fairyland; and in some cases they were required to nurse fairy-born infants. On this subject we have many popular tales and traditions current; whilst our ancient or modern literature abounds with allusions to such incidents.

Edward Walsh has written a beautiful ballad, "The Fairy Nurse," relating to a girl who had been led into the fairy fort of Lisroe, where she saw her little brother, who had died a week before, laid in a rich cradle, and rocked to sleep by a fairy woman.

Our well-known writer, Dr. Anster, has composed a very agreeable ballad founded on this superstition; but it is quite evident he has mistaken the popular traditions and opinions on this selected poetic subject, as would appear from the concluding stanzas:

"Oh, it cannot be my own sweet boy,  
For his eyes are dim and hollow,  
My little boy is gone to God,  
And his mother soon will follow.

"The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,  
And the mass be chaunted sweetly.  
And I will sleep with my little boy  
In the moonlight churchyard meetly."

The peasantry never supposed the abducted child was laid in mother earth when taken away from its former home; but they imagined it lived in fairy realms, condemned, however, reluctantly to endure, if not enjoy, all the vicissitudes of a constrained exile from earth and heaven. In this state, when not returned to its parents once more, existence was prolonged to an indefinite period.

[1865, *Part II.*, pp. 417-426.]

Sometimes, supposed changelings were removed from the peasants' cabin on a clean shovel, and were placed on the centre of a dunghill; parents meantime believing that their true children would be restored to them after a long absence. Certain prayers were muttered by the fairy-man or fairy-woman directing this strange operation. Some Irish verses were usually chanted during this process, of which the following may be deemed a correct translation:

"Fairy men and women all,  
List! it is your baby's call;  
For on the dunghill's top he lies  
Beneath the wide inclement skies.  
Then come with coach and sumptuous train  
And take him to your mote again;  
For if ye stay till cocks shall crow,  
You'll find him like a thing of snow;

A pallid lump, a child of scorn,  
 A monstrous brat, of fairies born.  
 But ere you bear the boy away,  
     Restore the child you took instead ;  
 When like a thief, the other day,  
     You robbed my infant's cradle bed.  
 Then give me back my only son,  
 And I'll forgive the harm you've done ;  
 And nightly for your sportive crew  
 I'll sweep the hearth and kitchen too ;  
 And leave you free your tricks to play,  
 Whene'er you choose to pass this way.  
 Then, like good people, do incline  
 To take your child and give back mine."

When such words had been recited, the assistants retired within an adjoining cottage, closing its door carefully and awaiting the issue, whilst some additional prayers were repeated. Any noise of the elements or of a passing vehicle was then supposed to have been caused by the approach and departure of a fairy host. Afterwards, the door being opened, these impostors confidently declared the true child had been replaced. This poor emaciated being was then brought into the cabin, and its deluded parents were told their child would not long survive. As such an event usually accorded with the prediction, it only confirmed a belief in the imposture, and added to the established reputation of that particular fairy-man or fairy-woman among the humbler classes.

I have been told of a circumstance occurring—one, too, in which the names of parties and places were mentioned—regarding a respectable farmer's family, on whom a changeling had been imposed, and in the following manner. A beautiful and healthy infant, sleeping with its mother, was thought to have been rudely snatched from her arms during the night : for, with the morning's dawn, a deformed and withered-looking old creature appeared instead. The child was doubtless attacked with some paralytic disease, which thus had suddenly changed its appearance. However, the parents, with all their friends and neighbours, were persuaded the child had been carried off to fairy-land, whilst a fairy had been left to supply its place. The poor mother found this weakling, whom she still continued suckling, waste away her own strength, and she seemed fast falling into decline. The child became remarkably peevish, would not look on "man nor mortal," and its piercing screams sounded so unearthly, that it was agreed on all sides the services of a fairy-woman would be required to recover the lost one. This matter was arranged with the greatest secrecy, lest it should come to the knowledge of the poor deformed creature, whose flesh became completely shrivelled and whose limbs had shrunk to the most attenuated dimensions. With her usual exorcisms and charms, the fairy woman employed put the supposed changeling on a shovel, and afterwards left him on the dung-heap



before the farm-house offices, whilst he offered every resistance possible, and screamed with terrific cries. To the great delight of the mother and her friends, when going outside expecting the return of their lost darling, it lay on the same unsavoury dunghill—ruddy, plump, and smiling sweetly as of yore, the old man having altogether disappeared. So far as my recollection of this story serves me, the child lived some time afterwards, yet died before it had attained the age of reason.

The Irish fairy-man or fairy-woman was supposed to hold some mysterious sort of communication with the denizens of moats or raths. In some cases it was rumoured that they had been changelings originally; and as they usually lived a solitary and retired life, no ordinary share of mystery shrouded their motions. These impostors professed a familiar acquaintance with all secrets—past, present, and future: the cure of most diseases affecting man and beasts; the discovery and restoration of lost goods; a description and detection of the thief if property had been stolen; fortune-telling, and a knowledge regarding all matters of personal concern; causing cream to produce butter in greater abundance: whilst they often took care to impress on ignorant minds an opinion that their friendship would be desirable to prevent the certain evil effects of fairy resentment. Even in times very remote such influence was regarded as fatal to the individual against whom it had been exercised. Thus, for instance, Muirchertach Mac Earca is reported in our traditions and annals to have been drowned in a tub of wine, at the house called Cleteach, near Tara, on November Eve, A.D. 527. This action is said to have been effected through the agency of a fairy-woman.

Camden tells us that when the Irishman of his day happened to fall, he sprang up again, and turned round three times to the right; he then took a sword or knife, and dug the soil, taking up the turf, because it was thought the earth reflected his shadow to him. This strange action was owing to the belief in a spirit dwelling under the earth. If the man fell sick within two or three days afterwards, a woman skilled in those matters was sent to the spot, when she said, "I call thee, P., from the east, west, south, and north; from the groves, woods, rivers, marshes; fairies red, white, red, black," etc. After uttering certain short prayers, she returned home to the sick person to discover if he were affected with a sickness called the "Esane," which was supposed to be inflicted on him by the fairies. She whispered in his ear a short prayer, with the "Pater noster," and put some burning coals into a cup of clear water. We are told that she then formed a better judgment regarding the cause of this disorder than most physicians. (See Gough's "Camden," vol. iii., p. 668; edit. 1789.)

Within the present century, one of these fairy-women, who was named Moll Anthony, lived near the Red Hills at the Chair of

Kildare—an antiquarian object of curiosity within the county bearing such a name. Her reputation as a possessor of supernatural knowledge and divination drew crowds of distant visitors to her daily, and from the most remote parts of Ireland. In various instances they were furnished with a bottle containing some supposed curative liquid, and directed to return homewards without falling asleep on their journey. This bottle was filled with water, darkly coloured by a decoction of herbs, gathered with certain incantations near a rath that afforded the customary *materia medica* of fairy-doctors for the cure of a special disease on which consultation was required. The most accomplished and skilful member of the medical faculty seldom received a more remunerative fee for his services on behalf of a patient than the wise woman of the Red Hills pocketed from her credulous dupes. At one time a young woman had been directed to return with the magic draught to her sick relative's house: she was especially cautioned to keep her eyes open along the way. Overcome with fatigue, however, and probably feverish with anxiety and excitement, the young person was obliged to rest by the roadside. Wearied nature soon began to claim her usual requirement of "balmy sleep." No sooner had the girl dozed off into dreamy unconsciousness, than one of the ugliest beings imagination had ever created appeared to her disordered fancies; and with wrinkled visage, the spectre seemed ready to clutch her in his extended arms. With a loud scream she bounded to her feet; and through terror would doubtless have left the curative potion behind, had she not already taken the precaution of securing it within her bosom. The rude monitor of her obligation was supposed to have been a friend among the *sheogues*. I knew the person thus supposed to have been warned, and who in old age related this adventure. After the death of Moll Anthony, her daughter followed the same profession, but never enjoyed a like celebrity.

Sometimes the fairy-man, also called a "charmer," or "cow-doctor," undertakes to remove fairy influences from sick cattle, by some prepared herbs and strange nostrums performed at a spring-well. He will not allow any one to approach during the progress of his operations. In the west of Ireland, cows are often driven into certain springs or loughs, reputed holy, in order to restore the usual supply of dairy-milk and butter, supposed to have been supernaturally abstracted. Fresh butter is thrown into the water as a necessary part of the incantation.

As an illustration of the fairy-man's professional pursuits, once only had I the opportunity afforded me of witnessing some mysterious quackery practised by a noted *sheogue* doctor called "Paddy the Dash," and sometimes "Paddy the Cow-doctor." This individual was thought to hold friendly communication with the "Good-people." His cabin adjoined one of their raths. Paddy received his cognomen

from a peculiar stammering or defect of articulation, that obliged him to jerk out his words at irregular intervals and with violent gesticulation. An old woman had fallen into a decline; and the necromancer's process of treatment was considered desirable in this particular case. Having some knowledge of these circumstances, a group of young friends, with Paddy's grace especial, had been admitted to the patient's sick-chamber. Separated by a partition-wall from the principal apartment, this chamber served for all the other purposes of this poor family. We were but "wee-bit bodies" at the time; and have only an indistinct recollection of Paddy drawing out of his *cota more* pocket a large black bottle with two or three packages of brown paper, containing dried herbs and a bunch of *boughclawns*, or *boliauns*, on which the fairies are said to ride occasionally through the air. The herbs and tops of the *boughclawns* were put in a porringer filled with water that had been left simmering on the kitchen-fire; afterwards followed some unaccountable flourishes over the sick woman, then some strokes on her back and forehead, with three shakes, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," when helped to an upright sitting posture by the female friends assisting. Holy water had, I think, been used during this sort of necromancy, and sprinkled on the sick person. The patient's face, hands and feet were finally bathed with the warm mixture contained in a porringer, before the more earnest-looking and bewildered attendants left her apartment. I well recollect, to Paddy's great displeasure, the junior portion of the spectators could scarcely restrain their hilarity at the oddity of his enunciations and his strange method of conducting the proceedings.

Herbs and plants, in raths or dells, are collected with various kinds of mummery, and used for charms and cures by "Bone-setters," or "Fairy-doctors." The herbs are considered specially impregnated by some mysterious fairy influence efficacious for the healing art. Sometimes "knowledgeable old women," as they are termed by our peasantry, venture on the exercise of charms, without exciting any great degree of confidence in a fortunate result, either in their own or in the minds of others. An herb, or a bit of burnt sod, taken from the bonfire of St. John's night, in Midsummer, is often sewed up in the clothes of women; this serves as a charm against 'fairy plots and abduction.

Changelings are known to have an inclination for certain grotesque pranks. The fairy child often procures and yokes a set of bag-pipes on his arms. He sits up in the cradle, and performs a variety of fine airs with great hilarity and many strange grimaces. When he plays lively jigs, reels, and hornpipes, inmates of the cottage are often set insanelly dancing, and greatly against their inclination: this sort of forced exercise usually continues until they are ready to sink with fatigue. Notwithstanding all his hilarious whims and oddities, the

changeling was always regarded as an unwelcome family intruder. Sometimes a fairy-child was thrown across the hearth-fire to eject him. He then vanished up the open chimney, with expressions of vengeance, curses, and all manner of ill names, directed against the family that had so long and unwillingly harboured him. Children, however, are not the solely abducted denizens of raths. The fairies take a fancy to the instrumentation of accomplished pipers, or other famous musicians, who are abducted to subterranean or subaqueous habitations. These sons of melody are kept engaged in furnishing music to finely dressed little gentlemen and ladies, until almost dead with fatigue, although refreshments are liberally dispensed by these sprites. The musician generally finds himself ejected from fairy realms before morning. Sometimes he is invited to remain with his entertainers, but he usually prefers returning to the land of the living. His fairy hosts often take away the old pipes or instrument, bestowing a much more perfect and sweeter-toned one in its stead. The reputation of having been abducted to elfin-land, and thus rewarded, is sure to establish or extend the musician's practice and resources.

Midwives are taken away to the fairy-raths on pillions, with fairy-horsemen conducting them to their invisible abodes. If these women partake of any food or drink, to which they are pressingly invited, as well by persuasion as by the luxurious repasts prepared, a spell of detention is placed on them; they cannot return again to their homes. Elves are less liberal in bestowing gold or silver as a reward; and such bounty when offered is found to be illusive. We are told that money obtained from fairies usually turns into round slates, dry leaves, old bones, or something equally worthless.

Ointment obtained by midwives to anoint fairy children, if rubbed to the eye of mortal, will enable such person to see the prosaic skeleton of fairy illusions in underground halls and palaces. Old friends and neighbours are often discovered amongst the *sheoges* [*sic*] in this manner. Fairies during their revels also become visible to the eye thus anointed. If a mortal makes any sign of recognition or exclamation, one of the sprites may ask, "Do you see me?" When answered in the affirmative, he asks, "With which eye?" When rightly informed, the fairy thrusts a finger or sometimes puffs his breath into that eye, and thus blinds the incautious person.

Amongst myths of Irish fable may be included the following. A superstition prevailed amongst the peasantry that certain people are born with an *evil eye*, through some mysterious and magic influence. It is supposed that the possessor has power to injure those on whom a glance may be directed. The victims of this baneful influence usually pine away and die, if no counteracting charm be provided to remove this threatened danger. Thus, in olden times, Balar the Dane, who lived on Tory Island, is said to have blasted the bleak islands of Scotland with his "evil eye." Rather than meet an *evil eye*,

people were accustomed to turn back or diverge from the course of their journey, and especially to avoid the habitation of its possessor. It appears such a superstition prevailed amongst the Greeks in the time of St. Chrysostom, who tells us that, in order to divert the *evil eye*, some persons wrote on their hands the names of several rivers, whilst others used salt, tallow, and ashes for a like purpose. We are also assured that the modern Greeks employ a combination of garlic, cloves, talismans, and other charms, which are hung around the necks of their infants to effect the same object. Alluding to this *evil-eye* superstition in the West of Ireland, Lady Morgan, in her interesting novel, "The Wild Irish Girl," erroneously supposed that the priests suspend a gospel, which she calls a *consecrated charm*, around the necks of children, to frustrate its dangerous effects. The gospel is not usually so placed by any priest, neither is it consecrated nor used for such a purpose. In Turkey and in Egypt, ignorant mothers use talismans to prevent all injurious effects from the *evil eye* of some envious person, who is supposed to have bewitched their emaciated or diseased children. In certain parts of Hindostan, likewise, the women are especially desirous to touch the garments of a widow about to devote herself to death on the funeral pyre of her deceased husband. They consider this act as sufficient protection from the *evil eye*, and one in its own nature highly meritorious.

A circle made round a place with holy water will, it is thought, ward off fairy intrusion. This practice is often adopted by persons who wish to dig for money about a rath, or by those who take their stand within it, at a certain pass, to draw any spell-bound friend from a state of durance. Fairy women point out the person thus detained by some token or peculiarity of dress, indicated to the living relative when the fairy troop sweeps past this spot. If you meet the fairies, it is said, on All Hallows Eve, and throw the dust taken from under your feet at them, they will be obliged to surrender any captive human being belonging to their company. A sudden whisk of wind rustling near the face is supposed to indicate the near passage of elves, and proximate danger to the person, even when escaping the effects of a fairy stroke.

The flint arrow-heads, of which so many have been collected in different parts of Ireland, and preserved in our antiquarian museums, are supposed by the commonalty to have been shot at cattle, which are objects of aversion to the fairies. This is one of their peculiar sports. The flints are popularly called "elf arrows," despite the different nomenclature and theory of our most distinguished antiquaries. What the peasants call an "elf arrow" was frequently set in silver, and worn about the neck. It was used as an amulet to preserve the person from an elf-shot (Vallancey's "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicus," No. xiii.). Small and oddly shaped smoking instruments sometimes found, and termed "Dane's pipes," are

thought to have been dropped by the "good people" in a variety of instances. Shoes are also lost on their travels. It is thought to be very lucky to find a fairy's shoe of tiny shape and mould, and to keep it concealed from the eye of mortal. If seen by a third person the luck vanishes. Many other antique objects are supposed by rustics to have been forgotten by the "wee people." These articles are unfortunately often destroyed to avert the dreaded consequences of retaining property that might afterwards be discovered or claimed by their supposed previous owners.

Strange creations of fancy have an imaginary existence. The Merrow, or as it is written in Irish *Morúadh*, or *Morúach*, is a sort of fantastic sea-nymph, corresponding with the prevailing conception of the mermaid, which is supposed to partake of the nature and form of a human being from the head to the waist, and thence to the extremities covered with greenish-coloured scales, having the appearance of a fish. These creatures are said to partake of a modest, affectionate, gentle, and beneficent disposition. The word appears a compound of *muir*, "the sea," and *oigh*, "a maid." These marine objects of the imagination are also called by the Irish *Muir-gheilt*, *Samhghubha*, *Murdhucha'n*, and *Suire*. They would seem to have basked around our shores from a remote period; for, according to bardic chroniclers, when the Milesian ships bore onwards in quest of a friendly harbour to our coasts, the *Suire*, or sea-nymphs, played around them on their passage. The Merrow was capable of attachment to human beings, and is reported to have intermarried and lived with them for years in succession. Some allegory is probably concealed under the fiction of certain families on the coast of Ireland being partly descended from these marine creatures. Natural instincts are, however, found to prevail over love. The Merrow usually feels desirous of returning to her former companions under the sea waves. She is represented as the daughter of a king, whose gorgeous palace lies deep beneath the ocean. Sometimes the mermaids live under our Irish lakes.

Mermaidens are said to allure youths of mortal mould to follow them beneath the waves, where they afterwards live in some enchanted state. The Merrows wear a *cohuleen druith*, or "little charmed cap," used for diving beneath the water. If this be lost or stolen they have no power to return beneath "the waters of the vasty deep." The Merrow has soft white webs beneath her fingers. She is often seen with a comb, parting her long green hair on either side of the head. Strange to say, the Merrow is sometimes a water-man, and in this case deformed. The female Merrow is represented as beautiful in features. Merrow-men are said to keep the souls of drowned fishermen and sailors under cages at the bottom of the sea. Merrow music is sometimes heard, coming up from the lowest depths of ocean, and sometimes floating over the surface. An old tract con-

tained in the "Book of Lecain," states that a king of the Formorians, when sailing over the Ictian sea, was seduced by the music of mermaids, until he came within reach of these syrens. They tore his limbs asunder, and scattered them on the waves. From O'Donovan's "Annals of the Four Masters," vol. i., A.D. 887, we take this curious entry: "A mermaid was cast ashore by the sea in the country of Alba. One hundred and ninety-five feet was her length, eighteen feet was the length of her hair, seven feet was the length of the fingers of her hand, seven feet also was the length of her nose; she was whiter than the swan all over." Hence it would seem that the Merrows were thought to have attained extraordinary large proportions; if, indeed, this be not the actual record of a fact illustrating the natural history of our coasts.

In Miss Brooke's "Reliques of Irish Poetry" (published in Dublin by Bonham, 1789, 4to.) the valour of the Finian heroes is celebrated on behalf of a mariner lady, in the poem of *Moira Borb*. The chiefs met her coming into a harbour from the waves, over which her bark swiftly glided. Her beauty was faultless, and on being questioned as to her parentage by the son of Combal, she replies:

"Truth, O great chief! my artless story frames;  
A mighty king my filial duty claims.  
But princely birth no safety could bestow;  
And, royal as I am, I flee from woe."

Miss Brooke tells us in a note that she has not rendered this stanza literally, as she found it difficult to interpret the Irish words, *as me ingean rig fo tuinn*. They may be translated, "I am the daughter of the king under waves." Or the last words may be rendered "king of waves," or "king of ton" (in the genitive tuin), literally "a wave;" but it may also mean some country anciently bearing that name. It may even be a metaphorical phrase, implying either an island or some of the low countries.

The *Banshee*, or "white woman," is sometimes called the *Shee Frogh*, or "house fairy." She is represented as a small, shrivelled old woman, with long white hair. In one of Edward Walsh's translated Irish songs,

"The Banshee bright, of form Elysian,"

is represented as a most beautiful woman; but she may probably be regarded as the fairy queen, for in a vision she leads the imaginative Irish bard, John McDonnell, through all the principal elfin haunts of Ireland. In Brittany there is a female fairy sprite, called the *Corrigaun*, who is thought to have been formerly a Druidess, and who is said to hate the sight of a priest or holy water. She sometimes falls in love with mortals, and carries off healthy children, replacing them by changelings. From one of the five legends related in Taylor's "Ballads and Songs of Brittany" (published by Macmillan and Co.,

London, and translated from the *Barsaz Breiz* of Vicompte Hersart de la Villemarqué), the following picture of this sprite is presented. The incident recorded bears some affinity to the personal habits of the Irish *banshee* :

“The Corrigaun sat by the fountain fair  
A-combing her long and yellow hair.”

In some instances the banshee is believed to have been the ghost of some person who had formerly suffered violence from a progenitor of the family, and who repeats her vengeful wail from a particular spot, to announce approaching death to his descendants. Whether a friend or an enemy of the family to which her warning has been conveyed seems undefined and uncertain. Her cry often comes from a spring, river, or lake, with which her name is connected. In the traditions of the Scottish Highlands there is mention often made of the *Bodach Glas*, or avenging “grey spectre.” It was supposed to appear on the eve of some great impending calamity to the descendants of that chief, who had been guilty in taking the life of a fellow-creature.

A beautiful and affecting tale, “The Banshee,” occurs in “The Legends of Connaught” (published by John Cumming, Dublin, 1839, 8vo.), where a living creature and a maniac had been thoughtlessly fired upon and killed by a soldier, under the impression that she had been a supernatural being of the Banshee species. In this particular instance, it does not appear that the characteristic figure and voice of the Banshee had been discovered, as Crofton Croker’s lines would seem to indicate their unmistakable identity:

“’Twas the banshee’s lonely wailing ;  
Well I knew the voice of death,  
On the night wind slowly sailing  
O’er the bleak and gloomy heath.”

[1865, *Pt. II.*, pp. 564-576.]

The Fetch—a well-known Irish superstition—claims some affinity with the Highlander’s “second sight.” The Fetch is supposed to be a mere shadow, resembling in stature, features, and dress a living person, and often mysteriously or suddenly seen by a very particular friend. If it appears in the morning, a happy longevity for the original is confidently predicted; but if it be seen in the evening, immediate dissolution of the living prototype is anticipated. Spirit-like, it flits before the sight, seeming to walk leisurely through the fields, often disappearing through a gap or lane. The person it resembles is usually known at the time to be labouring under some mortal illness, and unable to leave his or her bed. When the Fetch appears agitated, or eccentric in its motions, a violent or painful death is indicated for the doomed prototype. The Phantom is also said to make its appearance at the same time, and in the same place,



to more than one person, as I have heard related in a particular instance. What the Irish call "Fetches," the English designate "Doubles." It is supposed, likewise, that individuals may behold their own Fetches. The Irish novelist and poet, John Banim, has written both a novel and a ballad on this subject. Somewhat analagous to the Highland seer's gift of second sight, especially in reference to approaching doom, Aubrey tells us that a well-known poet, the Earl of Roscommon, who was born in Ireland 1633, had some preternatural knowledge of his father's death whilst residing at Caen in Normandy. Such forebodings were recognised by the early Northmen, and it is probable their origin amongst the people of these islands had been derived from a Scandinavian source. They were oftentimes invested with circumstances of peculiar horror, according to Northern traditions, which were also transferred to the Hebride islanders. These latter adopted a strange admixture of superstition from their former independent ancestors and the invading pirate hordes that colonized their exposed and defenceless shores. The second sight, or peculiar divination of the Highlanders, is aptly pourtrayed by Collins in his beautiful ode on Scotland's popular superstitions.

Another master of English verse, the poet Gray, has rendered his ode of "The Fatal Sisters" from a Norse composition, having reference to the battle of Clontarf. On the day of this battle—Good Friday, and not Christmas Day, as stated by the poet—a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw a number of persons on horseback, and at a distance. They were riding full-speed towards a hill, which they seemed to enter. Curiosity led him to follow them, when he saw twelve gigantic female figures all employed in weaving. This ode in question was sung by them at the same time. Having finished it, their web was torn in twelve pieces. Six of the fatal sisters galloped on black steeds to the north, and as many to the south. Each took her own portion of the web. These were known as Valkyriur, or female divinities, the servants of Odin, or Woden, the Gothic god of war. They are said to choose the slain on the field of battle, whilst mounted on their steeds, and with drawn swords in their hands, over the heads of the combatants. After the battle, departed heroes were conducted by them to Valhalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave. Here these sisters served them with horns of mead and ale.

The Phooka is supposed to appear in the shape of a dusky and large animal, resembling a horse or a pony. Sometimes it is seen like a monstrous bull with eyes and nostrils gleaming fire. It has also been mentally conceived under the shape of a large eagle, or rather like the great-winged Roc, which carried Sinbad the sailor on his airy course. The Phooka's appearance is especially to be looked for on All Hallow's Eve. Woe betide the mortal who ventures abroad after dusk, and in lonely places, at that particuar time! The

Phooka usually steals in a noiseless manner from behind, and if he once succeeds by inserting the head between a mortal's legs, the unhappy individual is at once whisked off his feet, to find himself astride on the hobgoblin's back. Then up to the moon he ascends, or he descends, perhaps, to the bottom of the lake, or he flies over the ocean; jumping from the highest precipices to the lowest depths; crossing mountains, streams, and glens; and frequently traversing realms of space to the most remote countries of the world. This is accomplished in the course of a single night, and to the rider's extreme discomfort. The Phooka is sometimes called the *Gruagach* (or "hairy spirit"). Its mischievous pranks are well illustrated in "*The Fairy Rath of Lough Inuin*"—a metrical composition of Alexander Henry; as also in the very beautiful poem, "Alice and Una," by Denis Florence MacCarthy. Several localities in Ireland appear to have received their nomenclature from some supposed connection with this much dreaded monster. In the county of Cork there are two castles at places called Carrig Phooka, or the Phooka's Rock. One of these adjoins Doneraile, and the other lies near Macroom. The celebrated waterfall of Ponla Phooka, or the "Phooka's Cavern," in the county of Wicklow, must have had some connections in tradition with the sprite so well known in Irish fairy mythology. There is also a noted landmark, or cairn, and a natural cave, at a place called Clopoke, in the Queen's County. I find that one of the topographical staff engaged on the Irish Ordnance Survey renders the name of this townland by *Cloch a Phuca*, the "Stone of the Phooka."

The bog-sprite appears in the shape of a distant light which often presents objects distorted and misplaced to the traveller's gaze, until he is led into a swamp or pool of water, when he sinks and is lost. The Hanoverian "Tuckbold," and the English "Will-o'-the-Wisp," partake of the same *ignis fatuus* description. In England this object is called "Elf-fire." In Collins' "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland," he alludes to this glinting phantom of the moors. It is supposed that this Jack-o'-Lantern, as he is often called, lures the mortal into a muddy hollow, where the water will rise around him on every side, precluding all chance of escape. The perturbed motions of this departed mortal are further described by Collins.

The *Lenauntshee* is an Irish sprite, implacable in resentment, and unalterable in friendship. Mr. O'Daly has rendered the Irish word *Leananshee* "a familiar sprite," in an interesting collection of "Irish Songs," published at Kilkenny in 1843. When a peasant may find himself overmatched in a party or faction fight, and yet maintain the struggle against considerable odds, it is supposed the Lenauntshee affords invisible aid, and deals out blows for him with scientific skill.

Denis Florence MacCarthy has poetically idealized the *Lianhann*

*Shee* as a superior and an intellectual spirit, addressing other guardian spirits who may be considered as presiding over the ordinary duties and enjoyments of life. His poem appears in the October number of the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1851. This spirit is supposed to form a particular attachment for men, to whom it appears in the shape of a young and beautiful female. Whoever falls under the spells of this fairy cannot marry; for although invisible to a third party, she has a strong fascination for the person to whom she becomes attached, and she will not leave his presence for several years. As the mortal reciprocates this affection, she instructs and rewards him by communicating a knowledge of music, the art of healing, fairy mysteries, and various other accomplishments. Mr. Carleton has made this spirit the subject of a popular Irish story.

There is an island said to be far out on the verge of the Atlantic's horizon, beyond the groups of the Arran Islands, and commonly hid from mortal sight. The story runs that a peasant, attracted by its tempting appearance,

“In the breeze of the Orient, loosened his sail,”

but on directing his course westwards, this island seemed to recede as he advanced, until a rising tempest submerged his bark, when

“Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,  
And he died on the waters, away, far away.”

(See “Gerald Griffin's Works,” vol. viii., pp. 210, 211.)

It is very probable a belief in the existence of this fabled island comes down from a very remote period, and gave rise to the traditionary transatlantic voyage of St. Brendan of Clonfert, called also the Navigator. This holy and adventurous man is said to have passed seven Easters away from Ireland, having landed on a distant island. The adventures of this monastic navigator and his companions have been most exquisitely described in Denis Florence MacCarthy's “Voyage of St. Brendan.” There is yet extant, in the Royal Irish Academy, a very curious folio vellum MS. on medical subjects, in Latin and Irish. When purchased many years ago in the west of Ireland, it was traditionally believed that one Morough O'Lea, a resident of Connemara, sometime in the seventeenth century, having been transported by supernatural means to the enchanted island of O'Brasil, there received a full knowledge of all diseases and their cure, together with this MS. to direct him in medical practice. The O'Leas, or O'Lees, were for a long time physicians to the O'Flaherties, and did not fail to increase their hereditary and professional ability by the acquisition of this treatise.

In a very rare publication called “The Ulster Miscellany,” printed in 1753, there is an ingenious satire, entitled “A Voyage to O'Brazeel,

a sub-marine Island, lying West off the Coast of Ireland." It is doubtless modelled on the design of Dean Swift's voyages to Lilliput and Brobdignag. The mode of descent to O'Brazeel is represented as very peculiar. The island itself is described as flecked with mellowed, well-distributed light; covered with beautiful landscapes; providing corn, fruit, trees, grass, and flowers; abounding in streams, fountains, flocks, and herds, fertile fields and pastures; with a happy state of society, religion, and government. The Firbolgs and Formorian colonists of Ireland, for the most part sea-faring men, are thought to have placed their Elysium in the ocean. It went by the various names of *I Breasail* ("the Island of Breasal"); *Oilean na m-Beo* ("the Island of the Living"); *I na Beatha* ("the Island of Life"). The Firbolgs are also supposed to have had their residence under the waters of our lakes. A different account is given regarding other races and classes inhabiting Ireland. The Tuatha de Danans and the Druids are said to have held their seminaries in caves and secluded subterranean abodes. Hence their Elysium was naturally situated under the earth. In Southey's poem of "Madoc," first part, § xi., allusion is made to certain Green Islands over the Western Ocean, whither "the sons of Gavran" and "Merlin with his band of Bards" sailed. Thence they were not known to have returned.

Flath-innis, otherwise known as the Noble Island, is said by Macpherson to lie in the Western Ocean, but surrounded by tempests. Within the island, every prospect denotes the paradise of the virtuous sons of Druids, who enjoy pleasures of their own, but are excluded from the Christian's heaven. Certain practised incantations cause this fabled land to appear. Departed persons, in the midst of their peculiar happy state, were warmly attached to their former country and living friends. Among the ancient Celts, females were said to have passed to the Fortunate Islands. This enchanted country, called Hy-Breasil, or O'Brazil, signified the Royal Island, according to General Vallancey's interpretation. It is said to have been the paradise of the pagan Irish.

There are certain localities in Ireland where the *fargorthac*, or hungry-grass, grows. This is supposed to be enchanted. It causes people, when crossing over it, to take sudden weaknesses, especially after a long journey. The fit of hunger coming on them is sometimes so excessive that they find themselves unable to pass these particular spots. If relief be not afforded by some companion or casual passenger, death immediately ensues under such circumstances. When recovering from the weakness, people often fall into a poor state of health. A bit of oaten-cake is thought to be the best antidote for the hungry-grass affection. In Ireland, Grose relates that the fairies frequently left bannocks, or oaten-cakes, in the way of travellers. If the latter did not partake of this food, something of an unlucky

nature was likely to happen to them. Maxwell, in his humorous sketches, "Wild Sports of the West," alludes to the *faragurtha*, or "hungry-disease," which is attributed to various causes. Some are of opinion that it is attributable to fairy influences; others affirm it is contracted by passing a spot where a corpse has lain; and many assert it is owing to the traveller putting his foot on some poisonous plant.

The *Dublin University Magazine* for April, 1856, contains a tale by William Carleton, called "Fair Gurtha, or the Hungry-Grass." This superstition is supposed to have nothing analogous to it in other countries. It is said that when an *al fresco* meal is partaken of on a certain spot, if the fragments be not thrown to the fairies, a crop of hungry-grass will grow there; and whoever passes over it, must fall into such a weak state that death will ensue if he be not relieved. A certain spectre, only skin and bone, and miserably clad, is thought to wander through Ireland, at particular seasons, in the shape of a travelling mendicant. He is called Fear Gurtha, or the Man of Hunger; and whoever gives him relief will enjoy unfailling prosperity, even during the worse periods of famine and death, which are sure to follow immediately after his appearance. The uncharitable will be found amongst the most miserable sufferers, on the approach of such wide-spread national calamities.

Subaqueous cities are supposed to lie under the surface of nearly all Irish lakes. This belief was probably originated from frequently recurring optical deceptions, owing to the shadows of overhanging mountains and clouds being fantastically reflected from the unruffled surface of the loughs. Most of the Irish lakes are said to have sprung from magic wells, that bubbled up at certain times, until they filled the basins of the valleys. On this subject there is a ballad, by W. M. Downes, referring to the origin of Killarney.

Among the O'Longan MSS., belonging to the Royal Irish Academy, there is a copy of a tract, usually entitled *Saltair na Muic* (see O'Curry's Catalogue, vol. ii., p. 483), "The Saltar, or Psaltar of the Pig." This contains a legend regarding Caon Comrac, an ancient Bishop of Clonmacnoise, and mentions an enchanted or a miraculous monastery and people, buried under the surface of Lough Ree in the river Shannon. With almost every lake throughout Ireland some remarkable and highly poetic legend is connected.

Certain places and personages are named in Irish popular traditions, and have even found a record in our native literature. These have reference to celebrated mythic chiefs or females and fairy haunts. There is a very curious tract in the "Book of Lecan" which throws much traditional light on the origin of fairy hills, fairy chiefs, and fairyism in Ireland. Also in the "Book of Lismore" we find a list of all the Irish fairy chiefs. Both these MSS., valuable for many historic tracts therein contained, are preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy.

Manahan is a fabled king of fairyland, and the ruler of a happy kingdom. With his fair daughters Aine and Aeife he sails often round the headlands of Inishowen. Among some of our fine romantic legends, we are told that whilst Bran MacFearbhall, a king of Ireland, was one day alone and near his palace, he heard the most ravishing strain of fairy music, which at last lulled him to sleep. On awaking he found the silver branch of a tree by his side. This he brought to the lords and ladies of his court. Among them appeared a strange lady, who invited the monarch to a fairyland of happiness. The silver branch then passed from his hand into this lady's, and on the following morning, with a company of thirty persons, he sailed out on the ocean. After a voyage of a few days he landed on an island inhabited only by women, of whom this strange lady appeared to be the chieftainess. Here he remained several ages before returning to his own palace, near Lough Foyle. Among the females of an ideal world, we find Sidheng was a fairy damsel, who is said to have presented Finn MacCool with a battle-stone, to which a chain of gold was attached. With this weapon he was rendered invincible against his enemies on the field. Ounaheencha, a fairy queen of the ocean, was accustomed to sail round the coasts of Clare and Kerry, in quest of handsome young men, who were captured and conducted to her cave.

Brigh Leith was anciently a famous fairy mount in Westmeath. In Irish legendary tales we have also an account of a fairy chief from Siabh Fuaid, who was accustomed to set all the company at Tara asleep by the sweetness of his music during the annual assemblies. He then set fire to the palace. This chief, named Aillen MacMidhna, was afterwards killed by Finn MacCumhal.

Bodb was a fairy potentate who, with his daughters, lived within Sidh-ar-Femhin, a hill or fairy mansion on the plain of Cashel. To this subterranean residence a famous old harper named Cliach is said to have obtained access by playing his harp near the spot, until the ground opened and admitted him to the fairy realm. Every seventh May morning, Ior, a fairy chief, steered his bark through Loch Cluthair. And the fairy fleet of the south was often seen by fishermen sailing round the Fastnet Rock and Carrigeen a Dhoolig. In Irish traditions we find Fiachna MacRætach and Eochaidh MacSal mentioned as rival chiefs among the Sidhe, or fairy men. Ilbhreac was the fairy chief of Eas Roc, now Ballyshannon. There was a celebrated Sidhe mansion at this place. In a rath on the roadside between Cork and Youghall it is believed that a fairy chieftain named Knop holds his court. Sometimes music and merriment are heard from within this fort, and travellers often observe strange lights around it.

The White *Shee*, or "fairy queen," has a recognised pre-eminence over others of her sex. Cleena, the fairy queen of South Munster,

is said to reside within her invisible palace at Carrig Cleena, near Fermoy, co. Cork. There is a Clíodhna, written in Irish *Tonn Chlíodna*, or "The Wave of Cleena." This latter designation is applied to the loud roaring surges in the harbour of Glandore, in a southern part of this same county. There are sea-worn caverns, hollowed out of the rocks on this coast, from which the waves loudly resound, with a deep monotonous roar. In the calm of night these moaning surges are most impressive, producing sensations of fear or melancholy. There is extant an Irish poem on the derivation of Tonn Clíodhna, or "Clíodhna's Wave," off the Cork coast. Allusion is made to the Fairy Queen of Munster by Edward Walsh, in his ballad entitled "O'Donovan's Daughter."

There is a king of fairies in Munster called Donn Firineach, or "Donn the Truth-Teller," or Truthful, who is said to live in the romantic hill of Cnockfirinn, co. Limerick. *Donn*, in Irish, has the English signification of "dun," or "brown-coloured." He is said originally to have been one of the sons of the celebrated Milesius, who came from Spain to colonize Ireland. This Donn is thought to have been shipwrecked, with all his mariners, on the coast of Munster. Among the old "Irish popular songs," so faithfully and expressively rendered into English metre by Edward Walsh (published by McGlashan, 21, D'Olier Street, Dublin, 1847) we find the *Duan na Saoirse*, or "Song of Freedom," by the anonymous author, the *Man-gaire Sugach*. In this, Donn is personified and introduced as requiring the bard to proclaim that the hour had arrived for making a bold effort to restore the Stuart dynasty.

Our most remarkable dells are reputed the favourite haunts of fairies, and these are often denominated the "gentle places." Fairies are also partial to the "banks and braes" of purling rivulets. The fairies often perch like cocks and hens on the couples of Irish cabins, to enjoy the clamour and diversion at marriage feasts, christenings, or other merry meetings. Old cairns are also held to be sacred to the "good people," and it would be considered unlucky to remove these remnants of antiquities, for that very reason.

The fairies are often heard and seen hunting, with sound of horns, bay of dogs, tramp of horses, cracking of whips and "tally-ho" of huntsmen. Rushes and *boulians* often turn to horses when the fairies get astride on them, as they usually do when about to migrate in a body or troupe, from one place to another. Over hedges and ditches, walls and fences, brakes and briers, hills and valleys, lakes and rivers they sweep with incredible velocity and airy lightness. Allingham alludes in one of his ballads to these fairy pastimes.

During moonlight the fairies are often seen by mortals flitting in shadowy troops, between the eye and the mildly beaming nightly orb. They are especially fond of revelling at midnight. Wild strains of

unearthly music are heard at this time by an angle nook, lonely rath, green hillside, or tangled wood.

Ancient and solitary hawthorns, generally called "monument bushes," are held in great veneration by the commonalty, and it would be considered profanation to destroy them, or even to remove any of their branches. The fairies frequent the site of these bushes, and are often seen flitting amongst their branches. Unbaptized children and abortions are generally buried under "monument bushes;" and probably, owing to this circumstance, such names have been given them. It is also remarkable that when interments of this kind take place in consecrated churches in Ireland the graves are always dug on the north side of the cemetery, apart from those deceased persons who have been baptized. "Monument bushes" are found, for the most part, in the centre of road-crossings. They are sometimes seen by the roadside, but detached from adjoining fences. Often grouped together in gnarled and fantastic shapes, they present a picturesque and beautiful view to the passenger, especially when flowered over with hawthorn blossoms. Ghosts were occasionally conjured up before the excited imagination of the credulous or timid when passing those objects by night.

Certain writers on Irish superstitions represent unbaptized children as sitting blindfolded within fairy moats, the peasantry supposing such souls "go into nought." An idea somewhat similar may be found in the beautiful metrical tale of "Evangeline," by Longfellow where we have introduced, among the *Contes* of an Arcadian village notary, allusion to—

"The white *Uliche*, the ghost of a child who unchristened  
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children."

(Part I., § iii.)

I am convinced, however, that this belief can by no means be general, even amongst the most unenlightened of our peasantry. All of those with whom I have at any time conversed on this subject believe that unbaptized infants suffer "the pain of loss," in accordance with the doctrine and teaching of the Catholic Church. In other words, such persons are regarded as deprived of God's beatific vision, although not subject to the more extreme sufferings of those who have lost the grace of baptismal innocence.

The following memorial custom in reference to the dead appears to have come down from a remote period: when a person has been murdered, or has died by a sudden death on the roadside, our peasantry when passing carry a stone, which they throw on that spot where the dead body was found, as a mark of respect. An accumulation of stones thus heaped together soon forms a pretty considerable pile. The hat is also taken off by those passing by, and a prayer is usually offered for the repose of the departed. *Ni curfated me leach an der Cairne*: "I would not even throw a stone on your grave,"



is an expression used by the Irish peasantry to denote bitter enmity towards any person thus addressed.

[1865, *Part II.*, pp. 697-707.]

To the early Druids many of our later Irish writers have attributed a knowledge of the use of charms, magic, necromancy, enchantments, and the black art. We may find a variety of accounts regarding Druids and Druidism, in the late Professor O'Curry's copy of the "Book of Lismore" (see vol. ii., p. 558, of this learned Irish scholar's Catalogue of Irish MSS. contained in the Royal Irish Academy). And in the national depository, which contains a copy of the same MS., we may discover a paper treating on the offices, laws, privileges, and social habits of the Druids. (This was written by the late Edward O'Reilly, and is dated Harold's Cross, Feb. 4, 1824.) Much of the matter contained in it is, however, of a purely speculative kind. According to some accounts, the Irish Druids were accustomed to utter certain mysterious and rhapsodical speeches, in an extemporaneous manner; and several of these reputed improvisos have been preserved by our scribes.

On Hallow Eve, in the Highlands of Scotland, a bunch of broom is fastened round a pole, and this combustible material is set on fire after dusk. The bearer, attended by a great crowd, runs through or round the village. Afterwards, flinging his burden down, a great quantity of faggots and inflammatory matter is heaped on the burning embers, until a great bonfire is kindled, which illuminates the place surrounding. This practice is a supposed relic of Druidism; for the old Gallic councils forbid Christians *faces preferre*, whilst the *accensores facularum* were condemned to capital punishment, this being estimated a sort of demoniacal sacrifice (Borlase, "Antiquities of Cornwall," p. 131). I have not been able to ascertain whether any similar custom prevailed in Ireland.

Among the traditions referring to Druidic or Pagan incantations, practices, magic and *diablerie*, the following are on record:

On the first of May the Druids drove cattle through the Bael fires, in order to preserve such animals from disorders during the remainder of that year. This pagan custom was lately practised in Munster and Connaught, when the farmers and peasants burned wisps of straw near their cattle through a like motive. The old Irish used in former times a certain ointment compounded of herbs and butter, made on May Day or on the festival day of the Holy Cross. This was intended to prevent bees from deserting their hives. Since the Druidic times Irish spring wells are said to have been invested with some sacred character. To desecrate a holy spring is considered profanity, and likely to cause it to become dry or to remove far away from its first position; severe chastisement is believed to be oftentimes visited on the wanton delinquent.

Irish traditions mention a wonderful ring, by which the upright judge, Moran, tested guilt and innocence. It is also mentioned in the Brehon laws as being one of the ordeals of ancient Ireland.

The old Irish had some acquaintance with astrology. There is yet extant an anonymous poem of twenty-eight verses, describing the qualities of persons born on each day of the week. We find also some recipes or charms to be used as antidotes against diseases or accidents preserved in writing and found in the Irish MS. collection of the National Academy, Dublin.

The transmigration of certain remarkable persons from one animal or object to another is frequently found in the relations of our early Irish bards; and this would appear to have formed a part of our pagan ancestors' religious creed. (According to a prevailing popular notion, witches are often found metamorphosed into rabbits or black cats, and chased by huntsmen under such disguises.)

Among the Highland traditions we are informed that crystal gems, sometimes set in silver, are called Clach Bhuai, or "the powerful stone"—*rectè* Buadhach. Another sort of amulet is called Glein Naidr, or "the adder stone." Some necromancy is connected with the possession of these relics; for it is believed they ensure good luck for the owner. In certain cases the Highlander was known to travel over one hundred miles, bringing water with him, in which the Clach Bhuai was to be dipped. These were supposed to have been the magical gems or stones used by the Druids, and which, when inspected by a chaste boy, would enable him to see an apparition in them so as to foretell future events. (See Pennant's "Tour in Scotland, 1769," vol. i., pp. 101, 102; 1774, third edition.) I have not been able to discover if a similar custom ever prevailed in Ireland.

As an instance of *diablerie* forming part of our pagan superstitions, the following account remains on record. Two women are spoken of in some ancient tracts, who are said to have come over from Scotland for the express purpose of subjecting Cormac MacArt, monarch of Ireland, to the influences of demonism. The publication of the Irish Brehon Laws will doubtless throw a considerable light on our more ancient customs, superstitions, habits, and traditions. [See Note 1.]

The Irish, like the ancient Romans, paid especial attention to lucky and unlucky days. Augustus the Pious never went abroad on that day succeeding Nundinæ, nor did he undertake any serious business on the Nonæ, in order to avoid an unlucky omen. It was considered unlucky by the Irish to get married during the month of May. The ancient Romans had a like superstition against entering the matrimonial state at this period. In the Highlands of Scotland the 3rd of May was called *La Sheachanna na bleanagh*, or "the dismal day." It was considered unlucky to begin any affair of consequence on that particular day.

The following couplet is often quoted, and much importance is attached to it by the country people :

“Happy is the bride that the sun shines on ;  
Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on.”

Among the strange customs and observations of the Irish people, the following deserve to be noted. A horseshoe is nailed on the threshold of the peasant's cabin, and cloves of wild garlic are planted on thatch over the door for good-luck. It is regarded as unlucky to find a pin with the point turned towards you ; but is considered a lucky circumstance to find a crooked pin. Whoever breaks a looking-glass is supposed to incur some future calamity ; on this superstition an appropriate ballad, called “The Doom of the Mirror,” has been written by B. Simmons. A red haired woman, if met first in the morning, betokens something unlucky falling out during the day. To pluck a fairy hawthorn-tree is supposed to be extremely dangerous and rash, as it provokes elfin resentment and bodes ill-luck. It is considered lucky to see magpies in even numbers ; but it is unlucky to find them in odd numbers. It is deemed unlucky to build a house on the usually travelled path, where *sheeoges* or fairies pass. The occupant is said to merit their vengeance, and he will suffer evil consequences by the wreck of his property or by the premature death of his stock. Disasters often happen to members of his family ; and sometimes, by his own maiming or sudden disease, they are deprived of the means of support.

The following practices or superstitions are probably referable to Pagan times. The old custom of dressing the May-bush with garlands and wild-flowers, whilst placing it on a dungheap or before their doors, is now rarely witnessed. The poet Furlong used to witness the “May sports,” as he tells us in the *Dublin and London Magazine* for 1825-1828.

When a stranger comes into a farm-house whilst a churning takes place, if a hand be not given to the well-plied dash by this visitant, it is supposed the butter will be abstracted in some mysterious manner. Even the upper classes will not refuse a share in this labour, as a matter of courtesy and consideration towards the residents' feelings and to prevent ill-luck.

Churning before sunrise upon May-morning is an especial object with the “gude wife,” and to accomplish this matter it is necessary to arrive at an early hour. An ass's old shoe is sometimes nailed to the bottom of a churn-dash ; coals of fire and some salt are placed under the churn, and a scrap of charmed writing is also inserted between the hoops and staves. A branch or sapling of rowan-tree or mountain-ash, called “Crankeeran” by the Irish, and considered to have been endowed with miraculous properties, was cut on May-eve, and twisted round the churn before the labour of churning commenced. The

usages were supposed to influence favourably the product of a large quantity of butter. Lads and lasses alternately toiled with patient, good-humoured perseverance and great bodily energy to bring the first lumps of butter through the opening of a churn-lid. This operation was always regarded as a sort of domestic festivity.

General Vallancy, alluding to All-Hallows Eve, which he identifies with the *Oidhche Shamhna*, or Vigil of Saman, makes mention of prevailing usages then in vogue among the Irish peasantry. One of their practices was to assemble with sticks and clubs, going about from one house to another, collecting money, bread, cake, butter, cheese, eggs, etc., for a feast. They demand such viands in the name of St. Columbkille, desiring their patrons to lay aside the fatted calf and to bring forth the black sheep. Verses were repeated in honour of this solemnity. The good women were employed in kneading and baking the griddle-cake and in making candles. The latter were sent from house to house in the neighbourhood, and were lighted on the next day, which was dedicated to Saman. Before these candles the recipients prayed, or were supposed to pray, for the donor. Every cottage or farm-house abounded in the best viands its owners could afford. Apples and nuts were devoured in abundance. The nut-shells were burned on a clean part of the hearth, and many strange predictions were announced from the appearance of the ashes. Cabbages were torn up from the root by boys and girls blindfolded, about the hour of twelve o'clock at midnight. Their heads and stalks were supposed to indicate the physical and mental peculiarities, tidiness, slovenliness, etc., of a future husband or wife. Hempseed was sown by the maidens, and they believed that if they looked behind, the apparition would be seen of a man intended to be their future spouse. They hung a chemise before the fire at the close of these ceremonies. They set up as watchers during the night, but concealed in a corner of the room, or looking through the keyhole of a closed door. They supposed that an apparition of the man intended for their future husband would come down through the chimney, and be seen turning the garment. They used to throw a ball of yarn out through a window, and wind it on a reel kept inside of the house. They supposed that by repeating a Paternoster backwards and looking out of the window they would see his sith or apparition. Boys, and sometimes girls, would dive head and shoulders into a tub filled with water, endeavouring to bring up an apple cast therein with the mouth. Apples and lighted candles were stuck on cross-sticks, suspended by cords from the roof or couples, and the former swung round in rapid motion by an unwinding of the line. During this motion, the peasant endeavoured to catch an apple with his mouth, avoiding the flame if possible. These and many other superstitious ceremonies, which are said to have been relics of Druidic rites, were observed at this time. Vallancy thought they would never be eradicated while the name of Saman would be

permitted to remain ; but this name and these ceremonies are already falling into oblivion.

Sometimes girls take a riddle and collect a quantity of thrashed grain, which they winnow, believing they shall see a future spouse before their work is ended. It is also customary to place three plates before a person blindfolded, who is led towards them. One of the plates contains water, another earth, and the third meal. If the person puts his hand in the water, it indicates that he shall live longer than a year ; if in the earth, it is thought he will die before the close of a year ; if in the meal, it betokens the attainment of wealth.

Colleannon is prepared at this time by mashing and boiling together potatoes, cabbage, turnips, and parsnips, with salt and pepper. A lump of butter is placed on the top of the dish, which is eaten without any other condiment.

Young females go out at midnight and cast a ball of yarn into the bottom of a lime kiln, whilst holding on by a thread. If the girl wind on, and if nothing hold the yarn, it is a sign the winder will die unmarried. If she feel it pulled from her, she asks : " Who pulls my yarn ? " when it is supposed her future husband will give his name or appear to her. Sometimes a demon will approach instead, and this latter event indicates that her death is not far distant. As in certain parts of Normandy at the present day, it is supposed the possession of a dead hand, burned and reduced to ashes, will produce certain effects ; such charm or witchcraft appears to have had some influence over the superstitious imaginations of our peasantry. The dead hand was usually kept for the practice of certain incantations alike repugnant to reason and religion. These customs are almost extinct, and were considered too closely allied with *diablerie* and magic to be used by any except the most unchristian practitioners.

Among some Irish superstitions and customs which cannot be referred to any distinct heading, and the origin of which it might be equally difficult to define, the following are still prevalent in most districts of Ireland. A dog or horse, and more especially a mare, often sees a spirit, when the ghost is invisible to a human eye. Spirits cannot cross running water. Whoever can find fern-seeds will be able to render himself invisible whenever he chooses. It is also supposed that if the root of fern be cut transversely, the initial letter of a chief's name will be found, and to him it is thought the land on which this plant grew formerly belonged.

It is believed that whoever will go out on Easter Sunday morning at an early hour, may observe the sun dancing on the surface of a lake or river.

No supposition is more general than the opinion that gold or silver may be found under nearly all the raths, cairns, or old castles throughout this island. It is always a difficult task to exhume buried

treasure, for some preternatural guardian or other will be found on the alert. This treasure is usually deposited in "a crock;" but when an attempt is made to lift it some awful Gorgon or monster appears on the defensive and offensive. Sometimes a rushing wind sweeps over the plain, or from the opening made, with destructive force, carrying away the gold-seeker's hat or spade, or even in various instances the adventurer himself, who is deposited with broken bones or a paralysed frame at a respectful distance from the object of his quest.

On the banks of a northern river, and near a small eminence, is a beautiful green plot, on which two large moss covered stones, over 600 feet apart, are shown. It is said two immense "crops" of gold lie buried under these conspicuous landmarks, and that various attempts have been made to dig around and beneath them. In all those instances, when a persistent effort had been made, a monk appeared in full habit, with a cross in his hand, to warn off sacrilegious offenders. It had been intended, so say the legend-mongers, to erect near this spot a church, equal in its dimensions and beauty to St. Peter's at Rome. The contents of one "crock" were destined to erect such a structure, and those of the other were intended for its complete decoration.

*Islain Ceallmhuin*, the fortune-teller, or literally "the humble oracle," is a person to whose predictions much importance is attached by the young and unmarried. This pretender to a foreknowledge of future events was generally a female, who led a sort of wandering life, and made occasional rounds through a pretty considerable district, over which her reputation prevailed. Such was especially the case in the southern parts of Ireland; but in the northern province men followed this vocation, and we find in Charles Gavan Duffy's spirited ballad entitled *Innis-Eoghain* allusion made to these seers, supposed to have been gifted with the prophetic "second sight." They are there designated "Spæmen"—tantamount to "diviners." The women fortune-tellers are called "Spæwives," and were usually consulted by foolish young people, on the probabilities or future contingencies of a married life. They were supposed to have a supernatural knowledge of family secrets, which they often acquired by ordinary means; and thus were enabled to predict or direct, as occasion served, for those credulous dupes that sought their counsel.

Towards the close of the last century and beginning of the present, a certain roving character, called the prophecy-man, was often hospitably entertained in houses of Irish cottagers and farmers. He was supposed to be well versed in all ancient traditions of the country, and especially able to explain or unravel many of those prophecies referred to Saints Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, or to other Irish saints.

There are various local legends current among the peasantry living

in the vicinity of old ruined churches and monasteries. These usually have reference to celebrated miracles wrought by their patron saints. In many instances such traditions have been found recorded in the acts or lives of saints yet extant. As a specimen of the once favourite popular traditions, the following have been extracted from yet unpublished MS. accounts :

St. Patrick came on a visit to Tara, at the request of King Leaghair's queen, for the purpose of curing her son Lughaidh of a disease which gave him a voracious appetite. Whilst at dinner Lughaidh seized a large piece of bread and thrust it into his mouth, but it stopped in his throat and choked him to death. Patrick prayed to God for him. Michael the Archangel came in the shape of a bird, and drew up the piece of bread, besides a spoon he had swallowed, with his bill. St. Patrick is supposed to have composed a quatrain on this occasion, in which he ordered St. Michael's spoon and St. Michael's bit to be given by each person. It declares a woe against him who would eat a meal without giving a tithe of it to God and a bit to St. Michael.

When St. Mochuda was in the habit of touching anything greasy with his hands, he usually rubbed them on his shoes. Having resolved on abandoning the monastery in Rathau, he wished to go on a foreign pilgrimage, lest he might become vain of the character he had acquired at home. He went to St. Comgall of Bangor and told his design. After he had sat down, and his shoes had been removed, St. Comgall said : "Come out of that shoe, thou devil !" "It is not amiss that he has met you," said the devil, "because I would not allow him to remain two nights in one place, for the partiality he has shown to his own shoes above those of his own congregation."

St. Brendan, son of Finnloagh, was at his church in Dubhghair, now supposed to be Doora, near Ennis in Thomond. His nearest neighbour on the north was Dobharchu, from whom are descended the Ui Dobharchon, now the O'Liddys. Dobharchu had a grass-field or meadow near Loch Lir. Brendan's oxen went there to graze : Dobharchu killed these oxen, and this matter was told to St. Brendan. "If God permit," said St. Brendan, "may he be transformed into a real Dobharchu," *i.e.*, an otter. Some time afterwards Dobharchu went to look at the meadow ; a trout sprang up in the lake before him ; he caught it with a hook, struck a fire, and then roasted it. He then went to take a drink at the lake, into which he fell, and was immediately transformed into an otter, owing to St. Brendan's imprecation. Dobharchu's son, Cuchuan, afterwards came on a fishing excursion to the lake, but his father cautioned him against this practice. Four Irish quatrains are extant which contain this prohibitory admonition.

The bardic fictions usually classed under the denomination of Ossianic or Fenian poems are yet preserved in the Irish language ;

but for the most part they bear intrinsic evidence of their origin and composition referring to no very remote period. Doubtless, in many instances, they have been interpolated or amended by more modern Irish rhymers or transcribers. Numberless copies, with various readings, exist in MSS. belonging to individuals and public institutions. Specimens of these poems have been published by the Ossianic Society, founded in 1853 by Mr. Hardiman, Mr. O'Flanigan, and others. Whilst illustrating a rude state of social habits, usages, and modes of thought, they oftentimes present interesting evidences of inventive power and graphic description. In the Irish language, these lengthened compositions were often recited from memory, and transmitted in this manner from father to son through many successive generations. Even in the wilds of Connemara, in the remote glens of Ulster, and through the mountainous districts of Munster, such bardic fyttes are yet recited. Throughout the province of Leinster, these fireside *contes* have fallen into desuetude since the beginning of the present century.

#### Remarks on the Reliques of Ancient Poetry.—Fairies.

[1795, *Part II.*, pp. 553-558.]

The origin of vulgar superstitions is a very curious subject, which, leading us often into the most remote antiquity, lays open the early history of nations, but is generally obscure in proportion to its antiquity. Of this remark, a strong proof may be deduced from our antiquated notions about

“The faery ladies dancing on the hearth;”\*

of which our best poets have frequently made so good an use; and concerning which, hypotheses the most opposite and irreconcilable have been formed.

Isaac Casaubon, in his learned treatise “*De Satyrica Poesi*,” lib. i. cap. 1, p. 45, derives them from the Greeks: “*Attici et Iones*,” says he, “*Satyros vocarant ΦΗΡΑΣ vel ΦΗΡΕΑΣ; poetarum principii † φηρες sunt centauri.*” Of the same opinion also was Ben Jonson, whose “*Masque of Queens*” may be consulted with advantage upon this subject; and who, in his learned notes upon that performance, deduces our word “*fairy*” from this original. It is certain that there are *some* points of resemblance between these beings and the ancient satyrs: of whom Orpheus, Hymn liii. 7,

Δεῖρ' ἐπὶ πάνθειον τελετὴν Σατύρους ἕμα πᾶσιν  
Θηροτόποις—

\* Milton.

† Nestor, in Homer, relates that Peirithoos, Dryas, Cæneus, Exadius, etc., fought.

Φηρσιν ὄρεσκώοισι, καὶ ἔχπάγλωσ ἀπόλεσαν.—Il. a. 268.

This, I believe, is the passage which Casaubon had in his eye.



where we have the former appellative explained : for  $\varphi\eta\rho$  is only the ancient form of  $\Theta\eta\rho$ , as appears from the *fera* of the Latins. Such, again, were the nymphs : “the wakeful nymphs, deities formidable to the country girls,” says Theocritus :

Νυμφαὶ ἀκοιμητοὶ, δεῖναι θεαὶ ἀγροιώταις—Hylas, v. 44.

which is exactly like our ballad :

“And if the house be foul,  
Upstairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep.”

Hence, adds the scholiast, we call some people  $\nu\omicron\mu\phi\omicron\lambda\eta\pi\tau\omicron\iota$ . So also Baxter, ad. Hor. O. ii. 19: “Nompheæ et satyri erant dii manes, qui a vulgo creduntur etiam hodie in silvis saltitare. Satyri ideo *capripedes* quod primis temporibus silvestres homines caprinis pellibus amiciebantur. Etiam hodie priorum seculorum habitu, albis scilicet et cœruleis vestimentis, saltare feruntur.”

It is obvious, however, that we do not find, in these nymphs and satyrs, that diminutive and sprightly species of existence which constitutes our idea of a fairy.

Others, again, tell us that “this fiction of the fairies was undoubtedly brought, with many other fantastic extravagances of the like nature, from the Eastern nations, by the European Christians who had been at the holy war” (Warton, “Obs. on Spenser,” p. 43). “There was formerly,” we are told, “in the East, a race of creatures named *Dives* and *Peris* by the Persians, and *Ginn* by the Arabians: whence the Greeks have formed their  $\delta\iota\omicron\varsigma$ ; the Romans their *genius*, *ingenium*, *divus*, etc. God, before the formation of Adam, created the *Dives*, and intrusted to them the government of the world for seven thousand years” (Herbelot, “Bibliot. Orient.,” pp. 298, 387). “The *Peris* succeeded them, and inhabited the earth for two thousand years more. The *Dives* were powerful and strong; the *Peris* were wiser and better” (Bailly, “Lettres sur l’Atlantide,” p. 131, *ubi plura*).

Here the *name* inclines to support the derivation proposed; and the *time* conspires, at first sight, to the same end: for Mr. Warton, we have seen, supposes the notion to have been introduced by the Crusaders: and the historian of the Troubadours says, that the most early mention of it occurs in a *sirvente* of William, Count of Poitou, who died in 1122: “Les fées,” dit-il, “l’ont ainsi constitué. Nous ne connoissons pas de témoignage plus ancien sur les fées; et, sans doute, elles faisoient peu de sensation! puisque les Troubadours n’ont point du tout profité des ressources qu’elles pouvoient fournir à la poésie” (“Hist. litt. des Troub.,” tom. i., p. 13). If, however, our fairies are connected with the Persian *Peris*, it is only as both nations are sister descendants from the great Asiatic hive, and transported into the countries of their respective settlements divers

fragments of the popular belief of their Partarian ancestors; among whom this superstition still constitutes a part of the vulgar creed. See Tooke's "Russia," vol. iii., pp. 258-281; whence we learn that the followers of Schamanism believe in the existence of spirits who dwell in water, earth, volcanoes, and forests; that there are some fairies who ride their horses, and others who preside over mines, and whom they call lords of iron. Indeed, that we are not indebted to the Crusades for this notion appears from their being mentioned earlier. Thus, in an old chronicle (ap. Eccard, "Hist. Geneal. Saxon.," *super*, p. 567), they were seen by Earl Helperic, the 4th in descent from Witikind: "Hic, quadam die cum in venatione esset, vidit *nanos* illic *ludentes* et *præliantes*: ex quibus unum audivit ventilantem cornu; et post sonitum cornu omnes bestię convenerunt, et se *præsentię illius exhibuerunt*. Quod comes cernens, cornu de manu ejus tulit, et festinanter fugit. Nanus autem insequabatur cum, clamans, 'redde mihi cornu; si mihi reddideris, ditior de die in diem eris; si vero non reddideris, alieni hæredes tui erunt, et generatio tua ad nihilum deveniet.' Et cornu, quod comes manu tenebat, nusquam apparuit." Such also are the sprites spoken of by Gervase of Tilbury (ap. Tyrwhitt ad Chaucer, 6441), who were "staturâ pusilli, dimidium pollicis non habentes;" whereas the Peris seem to have been gigantic. If, therefore, they had not found their way down so low as Provence before the twelfth century, this must have proceeded from their having been introduced into Europe by our Northern ancestors, who imported them, as I conceive, from the plains of Tartary. That we are justified in assigning to them a Northern descent, is countenanced by a profound Antiquary (Eccard, in *Præfat. ad Leibnitz*, "Collectan. Etymolog.," p. 8), who conceives the word *fée*, or *fata*, to be of Celtic origin, being derived from *ffawd*, *augurium*: whence were denominated their soothsayers, or *ovaleis* (of whom Strabo, lib. iv., p. 302, Ammian. Marcellin., xv. f.); whence also came the Latin *vates* (which Mr. Macpherson also derives from the Celtic, "Critical Dissert.," p. 205); and with which is connected the Greek *Αοιδος* (with the digamma, *Wαοιδος*, cf. Heyne, ad Virgil. *Ecl.*, ix. 34), our *waits*, a species of nocturnal musician well known in the Midland Counties, and the German *waght*. "Upon the abolition of the old Celtic religion," continues Mr. Eccard, *ubi supra*, "the memory of these *vates*, or *fata*, continued among the common people in France, who gave that name to their rustic sprites, whom they believed to foretell future events: in like manner as from the Druids, another order of the Celtic priesthood, the nightmare is still called *die trutte* in Germany. In a late journey," adds he, "which I took into Misnia, I found that the peasants called our frau Holde—*i.e.*, Hecate, or Velleda—*frau Faute*, the lady Faute: and thus also Vauda, that famous prophetess and heroine of the Poles, may have been denominated from the same

source by the insertion of the letter *u*: so that these *vates* seem to have been known to the Germans and Sarmatæ as well as to the Celts." Mr. Tyrwhitt's derivation (ad Chaucer, *ut supra*), though somewhat varying from Eccard's, is reconcilable therewith; as the former supposes the modern word to be derived from the Latin, while the latter conceives both to be descended from the same source. "Féerie" (says he), "Fr. from *fée*, the French name for those fantastical beings which, in the Gothic language, are called *alfs*, or *elves*. The corresponding names to *fée* in other romance dialects, are *fata*, Ital., and *hada*, Span., so that it is probable that all three are derived from the Lat. *fatum*, which, in the barbarous ages, was corrupted into *fatus* and *fata*. See Menage in v. *Fée*; Du Cange in v. *Fadus*." It seems to me that our old English word for the individual or concrete is *fay*, and that *fairy* was the abstract substantive denoting the species; which, if true, negatives their descent from *φηψεσ*, or *Peri*.

Of the *alfs*, or *elves*, mentioned by Mr. Tyrwhitt, it may be observed, that they were so denominated from their diminutive stature, q. d. *half-men*, *homines dimidiati*. Eccard speaks of them as only "swart faeries of the mine."—"Metallorum deum habuisse Celtes facile crediderim; cum et nos *alpes*, sive *virunculos metallicos* venerati simus; et slavi *coboldos*, quod idem denotat, tanquam præsides metallorum coluerint" (*ubi supra*, p. 20). This hypothesis effectually destroys the etymology of those who would derive our *elms* and *goblins* from the faction of the *Guelfs* and *Ghibelines* in Italy (see Warton's "Spenser," p. 38); though I am willing enough to believe that Spenser gave in to this general opinion. The *goblins* are, doubtless, related to the *cobolds* of Eccard; but a more immediate connexion may be traced to the *Gobelinus*, whom St. Taurinus drove from the temple of *Diana* at *Evreux*, in *Normandy*, and who still "degit in eadem urbe, et ni variis frequenter formis apprens neminem lædit" ("Orderic. Vitall," l. v., p. 556, ap. Tyrwhitt, *ut supra*). The innoxious nature of this demon resembles that which *Gervase of Tilbury* ("Ot. Imp.," iii. c. 61, 2, *ibid. citat*) relates of the demons, "quos Galli neptunos, Angli *portunos*, nominant . . . id illis insitum est, ut obsequi posint, et obesse non posint." These last, indeed, he informs us, were fond of a little mirth, as they would perform the same prank as *Puck* relates in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii., sc. 1. "Cum enim inter ambiguas noctis tenebras Angli solitarii quandoque equitant, *Portunus* nonnunquam invisus equitanti sese copulat; et cum diutius comitatur euntum, tandem loris arreptis, equum in lutum ad manum ducit; in quo dum infixus volutatur, *Portunus* xiens cachinnum facit; et sic, hujuscemodi ludibrio humanam simplicitatem deridet."

It is far from my intention to enter into a detail of all the feast related of these aërial beings by our credulous ancestors; but, having

laid open the prevailing opinions relative to their origin, I shall content myself with directing the attention of your readers to two or three detached passages concerning them, scattered up and down in different authors. Eccard (*ut supra*, p. 22) mentions "spectra ex Druidibus conficta, quæ trutten et weisse frauen, candide indutas fœminas, vel etiam sapientes fœminas dicimus; quæ bona consilia hominibus dare, et mala averruncare vulgo adhuc apud plebem creduntur." May not our word *fairy* come from this *frauen*?

Reginald Scot, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," 1584, makes mention of the Lares, Larvæ, Verinculi terrei, such as was Robin Goodfellow in England, who would supply the office of servants, specially of maids; and Hudgin, a very familiar and sociable hobgoblin in Germany, so called because he always wore a cap or hood. Such also was Frier Rush, who also inhabited the kitchen. In Book vii. he mentions their different names as spirits, hags, fairies, imps, incubi, Robin Goodfellows, men-in-the-oak, puckles, fire-drakes, hobgoblins, tom-thumbs, etc.; and in Book iv. he contends that these superstitious notions were invented, or, at least, encouraged by the monks, in order to cover their debaucheries; Robin Goodfellow being but a lewd cosening frier. (See Oldys, *Brit. Libr.*, No. xxxvii.)

Burton enters pretty much at large into the subject; he divides them into their several elements ("Anat. Melanch.," Part I., § 2, Memb. 1, Subs. 2, p. 47), like as Michael Psellus had said before him:\* See Shakespeare's *Tempest*, act i., sc. ii., p. 25, edit. 1785. Johnson's note 3. And after him our Hooker (book i., cap. 4): "The fall of the angels was pride. Since their fall, being dispersed some in the air, some on the earth, some in the water, some among the minerals, dens, and caves that are under the earth, they have by all means laboured to effect an universal rebellion." Thus Milton, *Il Penseroso*:

"Those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground."

Whence Mason, *Caractacus*, act i., scene 2:

"The spirits of air.  
Of earth, of water, nay, of heav'n itself."

In the list of *interlocutori*, in *L'Adamo* of G. B. Andreini, is a "choro di spiriti ignei, aerei, acquatici, ed infernali" (Warton's "Essay on Pope," vol. ii., Appendix). The Rosicrucian doctrine of the invisible inhabitants of the four elements, which is exposed in so agreeable a manner by Abbé Villars, in his "Entretiens du Comte de Gabalis" (Entret. 2d), is founded upon a very antient and prevailing superstition; since, besides the instances alleged above, Procopius

[\* The Greek quotation here given is incorrect, and I cannot identify it in the works of Psellus. See Note 2.]

("Gothic," lib. ii.) tells us that the people of Thule worship demons ærial, terrestrial, and marine, who are said to dwell in springs and rivers.

But, to confine ourselves to those at present under discussion, Burton says of the water-nymphs, that "some call them fairies, and say that Habundia is their queene. Olaus Magnus, lib. iii., hath a long narration of one Hotherus, a king of Sweden, that, having lost his company as he was hunting one day, met with these water-nymphs or fairies, and was feasted by them. Terrestrial devils are those lares, genii, faunes, satyrs, wood-nymphs, foliots (esprits follets, Fr.; *folleti*, Ital. Tyrw. *ub. supr.*), *fairies*, Robin Goodfellows, trulli, etc. Some put out fairies into this ranke (elvas Olaus vocat, lib. iii.), which had been in former times adored with much superstition, with sweeping their houses, and setting of a paille of cleane water, good victuals, and the like; and then they should not be pinched, but finde money in their shoes, and be fortunate in their enterprises." Thus Drayton, in that elegant system of faëry, his "Nimphidia":

"These make our girls their sluttery rue  
By pinching them both black and blue,  
But put a penny in their shoe  
The house for cleanly sweeping."

"They are sometimes seene," adds Burton, "by old women and children. Hierome Pauli, in his description of the city of Bercius, in Spaine, relates how they have been familiarly seen neare that towne about fountains and hills. So Lilly tells us ("Life," p. 152) that the fairies love the Southern side of hills, mountains, groves: and thus also the thime for Dr. Dee's "Unguent," in p. 214, must be "gathered neare the side of a *hill* where fayries use to be." "Nonnunquam (saith Tritemius) in sua latibula *montium* simpliciores homines ducant, stupenda mirantibus ostentes miracula, nolarum sonitus, spectacula, etc.?" In like manner the Welsh call their fairies "the spirits of the *mountains*," p. 203. "Paracelsus (in libro de zilphis et pigmæis) reckons up many places in Germany where they do usually walke in little coats, some two foot long." And such were the *portuni* of Gervas. Tilbur. (*ut supra*) "senili vultu, facie corrugata." "A bigger kinde there is of them, called with us *hobgoblins* and *Robin Goodfellowes*, that would, in those superstitious times, grinde corne for a messe of milke, cut wood, or doe any manner of drudgery worke. Tholosanus calls them *trullos* and *getulos*; and saith, that in his dayes they were common in many places of France; qui et in famulatio vitis et fœminis inserviunt, conclavis scopis purgant, patinas mundant, ligna portant, equos curant, etc. (lib. vii., cap. 14). Dithmarus Bleskenius, in his description of Iceland, reports for a certainty that almost in every family they have yet some such familiar spirits: and Fælix Malleolus (in his book "De Crudel. Dæmon.") affirms

as much, that these *trolli*, or *telchines*, are very common in Norway, and seene to doe drudgery worke, *ad ministeria utuntur*; to draw water, saith Wierus (lib. i., c. 22), dresse meat, or any such thing.

"Another sort of these there are which frequent forlorne houses where treasure is hid, as some thinke, or some murder, or suchlike villany, committed, to which the Italians call *foliots*; most part innoxious." Of these Gervase of Tilbury speaks (Dec. i. cap. 18) under the denomination of *folleti*. Cardan (lib. xvi. de Rerum Varietat.) holds, "they will make strange noyses in the night, howle sometimes pitifully, and then laugh againe, cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chaines, shave men, open doores and shut them, fling downe platters, stooles, chests, sometimes appeare in the likeness of hares, crows, black dogges," etc. Of this species was the spirit mentioned in the MS. Antiquities of Lincoln, Harleian MSS. No. 6829, fol. 162, under the article Bolingbroke; and, as I do not know that the account has ever appeared in print, I shall transcribe it at length, and *literatim*, from the MS.:

"One thinge is not to be passed by, affirmed as a certaine truth by many of the inhabitants of the towne upon their owne knowledge; which is, that the castle is haunted by a certaine spirit in the likeness of a hare, which, at the meeting of the auditors, doeth usually runne betweene their legs, and sometymes overthrowes them, and soe passes away. They have pursued it down into the castle-yard, and seene it take in att a grate into a low cellar, and have followed it thither with a light; where, notwithstanding that they did most narrowly observe it, and that there was noe other passage out but by the doore or windowe, the roome being all close framed of stones within, not having the least chinke or crevice, yett they could never fynde it. And att other tymes it hath ben seene run in at iron-grates below, into other of the grottos (as there be many of them), and they have watched the place, and sent for houndes, and put in after it, but after a while they have come crying out."

Thus far the MS.:

"Others there are, which Mizaldus calls *ambulones*, that walke about midnight on great heaths and desart places; which" (sayeth Lavater, lib. i. cap. 44), "draw men out of the way, and lead them all night a byway, or quite barre them of the way. These have several names in several places; we commonly call them *pucks*. In the deserts of Lop, in Asia, such illusions of walking spirits are often perceived, as you may read in Marcus Paulus, the Venetian, his travels. If one lose his company by chance, these devils will cail him by his name, and counterfeyt voyces of his companions, to seduce him: *dæmonum cernuntur et audiuntur ibi frequentes illusiones, unde viatoribus cavendum, ne se dissociet; aut a tergo maneant; voces enim fingunt sociorum, ut a recto itinere abducant.*"

Hence our Milton, who well knew how to apply the fruits of an

extensive reading to all the purposes of a most fervid and poetical imagination :

“A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
And æry tongues, that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.”

Comus, v. 205.

“Hieronymus Pauli (in his booke of the hils of Spayne) relates of a great mount in Cantabria where such spectrums are to be seene : mons sterilis et nivusus, ubi intempesta nocte umbræ apparent. Lavater and Cicogna have variety of examples of spirits and walking devils in this kinde.

“Sometimes they sit by the highway-side to give men falls, and make their horses stumble and start as they ride ; offendicula faciunt transeuntibus in via, et petulanter rident cum vel hominem, vel jumentum ejus, pedes atterere faciant ; et maxime si homo maledictis et calcaribus sæviat ; if you will believe the relation of that holy man Ketellus (in Nubrigensis, lib. ii. c. 21), who had an especial grace, gratiam divinitus collatam, to see devills, and to talke with them, et impavidus cum spiritibus sermonem miscere.”

On the subject of subterraneous fairies, Burton is not so full. He confines himself to observe that “Olaus Magnus (lib. vi. c. 19) makes sixe kinds of them, some bigger, some lesse. These, saith Munster (in Cosmogr.), are commonly seene about mines of metals ; and are some of them noxious, some again doe noe harm.” Of these Mr. Sarjent has made good use in his elegant dramatic poem intituled “The Mine ;” in the learned notes on which performance are contained more particulars relative to this species of beings. “The metall-men in many places account it good lucke, a signe of treasure and rich ore, when they see them. George Agricola (in his booke “De Subterraneis Animantibus,” c. 37) reckons two more notable kindes of them, which he calls Getuli and Cobalt” (hence, perhaps, or from the Sclavonic *cobold*, mentioned by Eccard above, the mineral called *cobalt*) ; “both are cloathed after the manner of metall-men, and will, many times, imitate their workes ; vestiti more metallicorum, gestus et opera eorum imitantur.”

In the very entertaining “Mélanges de Littérature” of Vigneul, Marville (tom. i., p. 111, edit. 1789) is an amusing tale, which may not improperly be introduced on this occasion, and of which I shall therefore present your readers with a translation.

“Piron is an ancient castle, situated on the coast of Lower Normandy, opposite to Jersey and Guernsey. Andrew du Chesne (in his book “Of the Antiquities, Towns, Castles, and Remarkable Places of France,” corrected and augmented by his son Francis, Paris, 1668), mentions it as a strong castle ; and M. Scudery has

given an elegant description of it, under the name of the castle of Resmelians or Vivarambe, in his "Almaïde."

"This castle is so ancient, and accompanied with so many marvellous circumstances, that the good folks thereabouts believe it to have been built by the fairies, many years before the Norwegians or Normans settled in Neustria. (If any one chooses to find a resemblance between Piron and the Peri of Persia, he has my leave so to do.) They will tell you that these fairies, the daughters of a great lord of the country, who was also a famous enchanter, assumed the form of wild geese when these Northern pirates landed at Piron; and that they are the very same birds which come every year and build their nests in this wonderful castle. The thing is certainly surprising, and well deserves the naturalist's attention. The following is a description of it :

"At the foot of the castle walls are eighteen or twenty stone niches, wherein the inhabitants place every year nests of straw or hay for the wild geese, that never fail to come on the first of March. They come during the night, and commence their annual visit by flying round and round several times, to see, by the light of the moon or stars, whether their nests are ready. The day following they take possession of those nests which they like best ; a selection which is not concluded without blows. Sometimes they inflict such wounds upon each other with their claws and beaks that they are covered with blood ; and make so great a noise that the echoes which inhabit the old walls of the castle resound with their cries ; and, neither in the apartments of the castle, nor in the neighbouring cottages, can you hear for their clamour. When the bravest of the geese have filled all the nests, the peasants place six or seven others on the parapets of the walls, and these do not long remain empty. As these walls are of a very extraordinary height, the birds which lay their eggs there, take care, as soon as the young ones are hatched, to inform the people by their cries, that they may come and take them down into the ditch. If the peasants neglect this good office, the mothers themselves take them down ; and, affectionately stretching forth their wings, break the fall and prevent them from being hurt.

"They keep all the while in pairs ; and it is remarkable that they are true wild geese, and that sometimes none of these birds are to be seen in the neighbouring districts at the time when thousands are swimming upon the lakes of Piron.

"Though elsewhere they are so wild that they will not let one come within six hundred paces of them, yet, while they reside within the castle, to testify due gratitude for the hospitality of their landlord, they lay aside their savage nature (*exeunt silvestrem animum*), coming to take bread out of the hand, and not being frightened either by cries or by the firing of guns. They sift from the beginning



of March to the middle of May. When the young ones are strong enough to follow them, they go off in the night, and make their retreat to the neighbouring lakes till the same time next year.

“The people of the country, who plume themselves upon their observations, pretend (as is affirmed of the storks in Switzerland and Holland) that it is a good sign when a great number of wild geese come to Piron. The lord of the castle, who is very careful that their nests should be soft, and that they should have plenty of meat, told us that there were a great many this year, whence it is conjectured that there will be a good year, or that we shall have peace.

“I knew an old Norman gentleman who told me that, when he was a child, he was taught to read a very old chronicle, in which it was related, that when a son was born to the illustrious house of Piron, the males of these birds were clothed with grey plumage, and took the upper hand in the courts of the castle; but, when it was a daughter, the females, with feathers whiter than the snow, had the right hand of the males. But, if this daughter were to take the veil, it was observed that one of these geese would build no nest, but would sit alone in a corner, eating very little, and, I know not why, heaving the deepest sighs.”

[1795, *Part II.*, pp. 651, 655.]

It is well known that the ministry of fairies was peculiarly conversant with the birth of children. It is unnecessary to accumulate passages to this point; the testimony of Milton is express; and he has touched it with his usual liveliness of fancy:

“Good luck befriend thee, son; for, at thy birth  
The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth;  
The drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spie  
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.”

*At a Vacation Exercise.*

They were also supposed to predict deaths; of which the diligence of Burton hath amassed various instances; to which may be added the marvellous tales related by Dr. Plot, in his letter concerning an intended journey through England, published by Hearne in his edition of “*Leland's Itinerary*,” vol. ii., p. 135.

They entered largely into the mystic philosophy of the last century. The life of Lilly shows how much he made use of them:

“Since I have related of the queen of the fairies,” says he, “I shall acquaint you that it is not for everyone, or every person, that these angelical creatures will appear unto; or [nor] indeed is it given to very many persons to endure their glorious aspects. A very sober, discreet person, of virtuous life and conversation, was beyond measure desirous to see something in this nature. He went with a friend into

my Hurst wood: the queen of fairies was invocated: a gentle murmuring wind came first; after that, among the hedges, a smart whirlwind; by-and-by a strong blast of wind blew upon the face of the friend; and the queen appearing in a most illustrious glory, 'No more, I beseech you,' quoth the friend; 'my heart fails, I am not able to endure longer.' Nor was he; his black curling hair rose up, and I believe a bullrush would have beat him to the ground." (P. 150.)

And, soon after, "The fairies love the southern side of hills, mountains, groves." Hence, in the receipt for the Unguent (*infra*, p. 214), the thime "must be gathered near the side of a hill where fayries use to be." Lilly goes on: "Neatness and cleanliness of apparel, a strict diet, an upright life, fervent prayers unto God, conduce much to the assistance of those who are curious these ways" (p. 152). The former of these requisites, an attention to cleanliness, is insisted upon, as we have seen, by Burton and Drayton; and is further mentioned in the ballad (*infra* p. 208 [33]):

"And if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep," etc.

In like manner, the dæmons of the Greeks disliked all ill smells:

Ἀρχῶν γὰρ ὀσμᾶς ἔφιλει δαίμονες.

Athenæus, lib. x., p. 442.

which reminds me of the manner in which Tobias freed the house of his father-in-law Raguel from the evil spirit (Tobit viii. 2). Of whom Milton, "Paradise Lost" (iv. 166):

"So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend  
Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd  
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse  
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
From Media post to Egypt."

As to the second requisite, the necessity of sobriety and religious conversation to constitute an adept, it is frequently inculcated by the knavish enthusiast—for he seems to have been both—whom I have cited above. Thus Evans the astrologer, wanting to invoke the "angel Salmon, of the nature of Mars, reads his litany every day at select hours, wears his surplice, lives orderly all the time" ("Life of William Lilly," p. 32). Nor was this confined to an intercourse with fairies; the Rosicrucians required from their scholars a renunciation of all carnal delights (see "Warton on Pope," vol. i., p. 227; "Entretiens du Comte de Gabalis," entr. 2d: and, which is the same work, "Chiave del Gabinetto del Cavagl. Borri," 12mo, Colog., p. 16); which is elegantly alluded to by Mr. Pope in his sprightly dedicatio.

of the "Rape of the Lock;" and which was actually made by Apollonius of Tyana, at sixteen years of age (see "Bayle" au Mot): "The chemists," *i.e.*, alchemists, "lay it down," says Sprat ("Hist. of the Royal Society," [1667], pt. i., sect. xiv., p. 34), "as a necessary qualification of their happy man, to whom God will reveal their adored elixir, that he must be rather innocent and virtuous than knowing."

With regard to the method of invoking fairies by a chrysal glassful of earth, it is further described by the Abbé Villers ("Comte de Gabalis," entretien 2d.; "Chiave del Gabinetto," etc., p. 28):

"We need only close up a glassful of conglobated air, water, or earth, and expose it to the sun one month; then separate the elements according to art. 'Tis wondrous what a magnetic quality each of these purified elements has to attract nymphs, sylphs, and gnomes. Take but ever so small a dose every day, and you will see the republick of sylphs fluttering in the air, the nymphs making to the banks in shoals, and the gnomes, the guardians of wealth, spreading forth their treasures;" as he has just before taught how the salamanders may be reduced under command with a globe of glass wherein the solar beams are concentrated by means of concave mirrors.\*

The use of glasses in incantations is alluded to by Dr. Sprat, "Hist. of Royal Society," pt. ii., sect. 16, p. 97:

"'Tis true, the mind of man is a glass, which is able to represent to itself all the works of nature; but it can only show those figures which have been brought before it; it is no magical glass, like that with which astrologers use to deceive the ignorant, by making them believe that therein they may behold the image of any place or person in the world, though never so far removed from it."

Mr. Warton ("Hist. of English Poetry," vol. i., p. 407) derives them from the Arabians, who pretended to predict future events by consulting mirrors. "It is certain," he observes, "that they applied the study of opticks, which they borrowed from the Aristotelian philosophy, to several purposes of natural magick, and that the modern philosophers are indebted for many useful discoveries to that polished people." This Eastern origin is countenanced by the narration of an Arabic MS. described by M. de Guignes (Account of the French King's MSS., vol. i, p. 145), the title of which, "The Golden Meadows," seems to be borrowed from the "Το χρυσεον Λειμωναριον," a work of John Moschus, or from the writings intituled "Λειμωνες," mentioned by Gellius in his preface. In this MS. the author, Masondi, relates that the sixth Pharaoh, who built the Alexandrian Pharos, put a

\* Bayle cites Francis Picus (lib. ii. de Prænotione ap. Nandé Apolog. des grands hommes, etc.) to show that Roger Bacon asserts one may become a prophet by means of the mirror Almuchesi, constructed by the rules of perspective; provided he uses it under a good constellation, and has first reduced his body equal and temperate by chemistry.

looking-glass on the top, in which the country of Roum, the islands of the sea, together with all that passed among their inhabitants, and the vessels that arrived, might be seen. The same circumstance is mentioned by Abulfeda; but here we have it related by a more ancient writer. It seems to have been referred to by Spenser ("Fairy Queen," b. iii., cant. ii., st. 18, 19, 20):

"The great magitian Merlin had deviz'd,  
By his deep science and hell-dreaded might,  
A *looking-glasse*, right wondrously aguz'd,  
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were solemniz'd.

"It vertue had to show in perfect sight  
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd  
Betwixt the lowest earth and heven's hight,  
So that it to the looker appertaynd;  
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,  
Therein discovered was, ne aught mote pas,  
Ne aught in secret from the same remaynd;  
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,  
Like to the world itselfe, and seem'd a world of *glas*.

"Who wonders not that reades so wonderous worke?  
But who does wonder, that has red the towre  
Wherein the Egyptian Phao long did lurke  
From all men's vew, that none might her discoure  
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?  
Great Ptolemee it for his leman's sake  
Ybuilded all of glasse by magicke powre."

The description in the 19th stanza of which corresponds remarkably with a passage of Langland's ("Piers Ploughman," pass. xi.):

"In a mirrou hight middle earth she made me to loke,  
Sithen she sayd to me, 'Here mightest thou se wonders.'"

But Mr. Cowley seems to go somewhat too far when he extends it to the Supreme:

"The thing thou sawst  
Shap'd in the *glass* of the divine foresight."  
Davideis, b. ii. v. 828.

It is from this prevailing notion that Chaucer borrows one of the presents made by "the king of Arabie and of Inde" to Cambuscan, king of Tartarie, in his "Squiere's Tale," where, at vs. 10445, the ambassador of the former says, in a passage which one may see that Spenser had read:

"This *mirrou* eke that I have in min hond  
Hath swiche a might that men may in it see  
When ther shal falle ony adversitee  
Unto your regne or to yourself also,  
And openly who is your friend or fo:  
And over all this, if any lady bright  
Hath set hire herte on any maner wight,  
If he be fals she shal his treson se,  
His newe love, and all his subtiltee,  
So openly that there shal nothing hide."

Milton, whose fervid imagination was copiously impregnated and nourished by the fictions of our ancient romances, had not forgotten this when he invokes Melancholy to—

“Call up him that left half-told  
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the *virtuous* ring and *glass*;  
And of the wondrous horse of brass  
On which the Tartar king did ride.”

This use of glasses is referred to by Shakespeare :

“The law — like a prophet,  
Looks in a *glass*, that shews what further evils  
Are now to have no successive degrees.”

Measure for Measure, act ii. sc. 2.

vol. ii. (1785) p. 49; where (and at Macbeth, act iv. sc. 1, vol. iv. sc. 1, p. 593) see the notes; also Geo. Sandys, Travels, p. 89.

Mr. Barrington remarks (in his “Obs. on Anc. Stat.,” p. 1, note b.) that “the oldest book in the German law is intituled, ‘Spiegel, or the Looking-glass;’ which answers to our ‘Mirrour of Justices.’ One of the ancient Icelandic books is styled ‘Speculum Regale.’ There is also, in the Teutonic antiquities of Schrevelius, a collection of the ancient laws of Pomerania and Prussia under the title of ‘Speculum.’” He observes, “that the same title being given to so many ancient law-books in different countries cannot be the effect of mere accident;” and adds, in his fourth edition, that it “probably means that the points treated of are so inculcated that one may see them *tanquam in speculo*.” Mr. Warton, however (*ubi supra*), infers with greater probability, that the use of this term, as a title for books, is derived from the Arabian use of mirrors in natural magic: and in confirmation of his supposition, we find an Arabian treatise intituled “The Mirror which reflects the World,” *ib.*, p. 407. And it was a very favourite title for books in the dark ages. Thus we have the “Sachsen Spiegel,” or Speculum Saxonicum (Selden, “Tit. Hon.,” pt. i., chap. i. sect. 25); the “Speculum Historiale,” of Richard of Cirencester (Dr. Stukeley’s account of him, p. 9), and of Vincentius Bellovacensis, or Vincent of Beavis (“Warton,” vol. i., p. 133); the “Speculum Stultorum,” of Nigel de Wircher, 1200 (*ib.*, p. 419); the “Speculum Astrologiæ” of Albert the Great (“Bayle, au Mot,” not. F); our Lord Buckhurst’s “Mirrour of Magistrates,” and George Whetstone’s English “Mirrour” (“Tatler,” new edit., vol. vi., p. 69); the “Speculum Juris of Durandus; a musical treatise, intituled “Speculum Musicæ,” mentioned by Dr. Burney; the “Speculum Vitæ Christi” (“Biograph. Britann.” vol. iii., p. 375); a German play, 1561, “De Spiegel der Minne” (“Dodsley’s Old Plays,” vol. i., p. 32); and others mentioned by Warton (vol. ii., pp. 2, 10, 68, 170, 190, 193, 206, 408; vol. iii., p.

216); the Abbé de Sade (*Vie de Pétrarque*, vol. ii., p. 179); and Whitaker ("Hist. of Manchester," vol. i., p. 90). I will only add that the public book of accounts of the state debtors in Florence is called "Il Specchio"; that the magistrates of Haerlem preserve, with great care, a copy of Bp. Grosseteste's "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*;" and that, in the Bodleian Library, there is a German treatise on the game of chess, intituled "Scharch-spiel."

From this magical use of glasses, Butler, referring to the magical use of stones (on which see Blackstone, "Comment.," b. iii., ch. xxii., p. 340; and Gibbon, "Hist. Decl.," ch. xxxiv., p. 14), says:

"Kelly did all his feats upon  
The devil's *looking-glass*, a stone."

Hudibras, part ii. canto 3, v. 631.

On which lines I will cite part of Dr. Nash's note, as his edition is in few hands; though I am sensible my digressions have already exceeded the just bounds of a note: "The poet might here term this stone the 'devil's looking-glass' from the use which Dee and Kelly made of it, and because it has been the common practice of conjurors to answer the enquiries of persons by representations shown to them in a glass. Dr. Merick Casaubon quotes a passage to this purpose from a MS. of Roger Bacon,\* inscribed, '*De Dictis et Factis falsorum Mathematicorum et Dæmonum.*' The dæmons sometimes appear to them really, sometimes imaginarily, in basons and polished things, and show them whatever they desire. Boys looking upon these surfaces see, by imagination, things that have been stolen, to what places they have been carried, what persons took them away, and the like. In the Proæmium of Joachim Camerarius to Plutarch *De Oraculis*, we are told that a gentleman of Nuremberg had a crystal which had this singular virtue, viz., if anyone desired to know anything past or future, let a young man, *castus*, or who was not yet of age, look into it, he would first see a man so and so apparelled, and afterwards what he desired. We meet with a similar story in Heylin's "Hist. of Ref.," part iii. The Earl of Hertford, brother to Queen Jane, having formerly been employed in France, acquainted himself there with a learned man, who was supposed to have great skill in magick. To this person, by rewards and importunities, he applied for information concerning his affairs at home; and his impertinent curiosity was so far gratified, that, by the help of some magical perspective, he beheld a gentleman in a more familiar posture with his wife than was consistent with the honour of either party. To this diabolical illusion he is said to have given so much credit, that he not only estranged himself from her society at his return, but furnished a second wife with

\* Thus do—

"Unheard-of follies cheat us in the wise."

an excellent reason for urging the disinherison\* of his former children." Thus far Dr. Nash.

Having thus endeavoured to trace the popular superstition of fairies in its origin, and having accompanied it in its progress, its decline and fall will be best described in the words of Sprat: "In the modern ages these fantastical forms were revived, and possessed Christendom in the very height of the schoolmen's time. An infinite number of fairies haunted every house; all churches were filled with apparitions; men began to be frighted from their cradles, which fright continued to their graves, and their names also were made the causes of scaring others. All which abuses, if those acute philosophers did not promote, yet they were never able to overcome; nay, not even so much as King Oberon and his invisible army. But from the time in which the real philosophy has appeared, there is scarce any whisper remaining of such horrors; every man is unshaken at these tales, at which his ancestors trembled; the course of things goes quietly along in its own true channel of natural causes and effects. For this we are beholden to experiments; which, though they have not yet completed the discovery of the true world, yet they have already vanquished those wild inhabitants of the false worlds that used to astonish the minds of men. A blessing for which we ought to be thankful, if we remember that it is one of the greatest curses that God pronounces on the wicked, *'that they shall fear where no fear is.'*" (*Hist. of the Royal Society,* part iii., sect xii., p. 341.)

Permit me to conclude this long, and to enliven this dull note, by recommending to the notice of your readers the following elegant translation of one of the prettiest poems on the subject of fairies; in which the characteristic and appropriate levity of the original is very happily preserved.

Eia! Lemures amati,  
Viridem per herbam prati  
Levi gressu me divinam,  
Me sequimini reginam:  
Manus nexas glomorantes  
Sacro solo saltitantes.

Come, follow, follow me,  
You, fairy elves that be:  
Which circle on the greene,  
Come follow Mab your queene.  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
For this place is fairye ground.

Horæ somni cum revertunt,  
Lactis et mortales stertunt,  
Patet, clausis seris, iter,  
Nec videtur, nec auditur.  
Nec impediunt vagatores  
Mensæ, sellæ, scamna, fores.

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest;  
Unheard, and unesp'y'd,  
Through key-holes we do glide;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

\* In consequence of this absurd disinherison, it is not fifty years since the children of this first marriage succeeded to their rightful honours, the dukedom of Somerset, upon the death of the last male heir of the second marriage.

Signa fœda sint in cellis,  
Ollis, amphoris, patellis,  
Juvat famulas adire,  
Sorde turpes et punire.  
Brachia crura vellicamus,  
Cutes ungue variamus.

Domus nocte sin profundâ  
Scopis tersa, lauta, munda ;  
Non ancilla verrit gratis :  
Habet præmium puritatis.  
In sandalio sic merenti,  
Stipem linquimus argenti.

Super tuber, quasi mensam,  
Mappam tendimus extensam :  
Sat superque nostro pani  
Moles est unius grani :  
Mentes hilarat liquore  
Theca glandis plena rore.

Dein medulla mollicella  
Murium, avium cerebella,  
Inter testulas coquenda,  
Dente facili terenda,  
Superabunt carnem bovis,  
Vel ambrosiam summi Jovis.

Pulex, musca amans aulæ,  
Et cicada, sunt choraulæ,  
Quarum dulcem ad camœnam  
Saltum agimus post cœnam :  
Lunam tectam noctiluca  
Supplet radiis domiduca.

Graciles tripudiamus,  
Molle gramen nec curvamus :  
Pede festo quod calcatum,  
Choris noctu consecratum,  
Spicâ vernat altiore ;  
Lux cum redeat Auroræ.

And, if the house be foul  
With platter, dish or bowl,  
Upstairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep :  
There we pinch their armes and  
thighes ;  
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duely she is paid :  
For we use before we goe  
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroome's head  
Our table-cloth we spread ;  
A grain of rye, or wheat,  
Is manchet, which we eat ;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snailes,  
Between two cockles stew'd,  
Is meat that's easily chew'd ;  
Tails of wormes and marrow of mice  
Do make a dish that's wonderous  
nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsie ;  
Grace said, we dance a while,  
And so the time beguile ;  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse  
So nimbly do we passe,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk :  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.



**A Fairy Tale.** [See Note 3.][1800, *Part II.*, p. 667.]

Sixteen years ago I ween,  
Tripping on the village green,  
Fairy elves, in circles gay,  
Sported till the blushing day.  
Tir'd at length, the supper spread  
On a little mushroom's head,  
Hid from ev'ry mortal eye,  
None their merry freaks could spy,  
None their mystic chat could hear,  
Nor disturb their social cheer ;  
Quoth the little monarch sprite  
(On a lofty daisy's height),  
" Let the frolic story pass,  
Let each toast his faithful lass."  
An acorn then he fill'd with dew ;  
" Consort Mab, I drink to you.  
List ! I hear a mortal's pray'r ;  
List ! ye guardians of the fair,  
A wedded female, chaste and mild,  
Asking for a duteous child.  
Now attend to my command ;  
Search the globe, air, ocean, land,  
Search each little flower that grows,  
Search each little stream that flows,  
Diving thro' the glassy waves,  
Search each shell that ocean laves,  
Hither in an instant bring  
All their virtues, hither bring ;  
These, when happily combin'd,  
Shall form the lovely offspring's mind."  
Quick the nimble elves were gone,  
Quick as thought the deed was done.  
Next morning dawn'd serenely fair,  
A daughter bless'd the mother's pray'r.  
This was then the fairies' song,  
As they led the dance along :  
" Lovely babe, thro' life's quick tide  
Virtue e'er shall be thy guide :  
Truth and honour, beauty rare,  
All combine to make thee fair ;  
Happy thrice, and thrice again,  
Happiest he of happy men,

Long and happy be his life,  
 Who shall win thee for his wife ;  
 Endless pleasures crown the man  
 Who shall win the lovely Anne."

**Song of the Fairies.** [See Note 4.]

BY LORD THURLOW.

[1814, *Part II.*, p. 261.]

Underneath the planet's beam,  
 Which pale Hecate guides,  
 We trip it o'er the silv'ry stream,  
 Footing the salt tides :  
 Here and there we sport and play,  
 Laughing at the substant day,  
 For 'Titania is our queen,  
 And we are seldom seen.

But, when lovers pass the seas,  
 Under the cold moon,  
 We, to do their spirits ease,  
 Seek their pillows soon :  
 Then we fill their minds, God wot,  
 With a kiss, a smile, what not ?  
 For so Titania bids,  
 To bless their sleeping lids.

With the moon in journey thus,  
 Pendent on her pallid face,  
 Night is pregnant joy to us,  
 We the wat'ry circle trace :  
 Sometimes dive into the deep,  
 Sometimes on the moonbeam sleep,  
 Sometimes soar on high,  
 Where our queen bids us fly.

Sparkling seas, and night we love,  
 Swelling floods, and golden air,  
 When the lover looks above,  
 Delighting in despair :  
 But to-morrow ne'er we know,  
 For Aurora is our foe :  
 The moon's brave children, we  
 Away from Phosphor flee.

## The Trows of the Zetlanders.

[1844, Part I., pp. 383-384.]

At p. 155, vol. i., of the "Life of Sir Walter Scott," by Mr. Lockhart, in one of the five very interesting journals kept by the poet on his "lighthouse tour," as he calls it, mention is made of the superstitions of the Zetlanders. "Witches, fairies, etc.," he observes, "are as numerous as ever they were in Teviotdale." "The latter," he continues, "are called *trows*, probably from the Norwegian *dwärg* (or dwarf), the *d* being readily converted into *t*. The dwarfs are the prime agents in the machinery of Norwegian superstition. The *trows* do not differ from the fairies of the Lowlands, or *sighean* of the Highlanders. They steal children, dwell within the interior of green hills, and often carry mortals into their recesses. Some, yet alive, pretend to have been carried off in this way, and obtain credit for the marvels they tell of the subterranean habitations of the *trows*. Sometimes, when a person becomes melancholy and low-spirited, the *trows* are supposed to have stolen the real being and left a moving phantom to represent him. Sometimes they are said to steal only the heart, like Lancashire witches."

Local superstitions are never matters of indifference to the poet or the philosopher, to the antiquary or historian, for they are at once elements and symbols of national character. No wonder, therefore, that they never escaped the attention of one who so pre-eminently united each of those characters in his own person. But my only object in citing the above passage is to venture another etymology for the word *trow*.

I need scarcely observe that it is evidently too far removed from *dwärg* or *doärg*, for that to be the legitimate derivation. The fact is that the common word for demons and witches in the northern languages is the very expression from which the Zetlanders have obtained their *trows*. *Troll* is the Swedish name for these imaginary beings, and *trolla*, the verb, is "to use witchcraft." *Troll-packa* is the Macbethian *witch* or *sorceress*, and *trolldom* the arts which she uses. The Laplanders have the same term. *Trullet* is with them to *bewitch*, and their enchanter or sorcerer is *trulles almats*, a man of witchery, which the Danes call a *trolld-karl*.\* *Troll*, indeed, signifies with them any frightful or portentous being. But with the Icelanders the *troll* is the very giant or ogre who carries off men and children, and,

\* In the Swedish translation of the Heims Kringla, by Peringskiöld, the word *trälkarl* and compounds of the word *troll* are used to express the sorcerer or magician and his arts. The corresponding term in the Icelandic for the former is *Knúgaúmann* and *Seid-madur* ("trollmand," Dan.). The Icelanders call the arts of sorcery *fiólkyngi*. I have just observed in an advertisement that the Sagas, called the Heims Kringla, have been translated by Mr. Laing, the intelligent traveller in Sweden, and will be published next week. [See Note 5.]

for all we know, makes broth of them for their refectories within the green hills, or devours them.

Our word *droll* and the French word *drôle* are both, no doubt, from this source. *Ménage* derives the latter from *draucus*, the diminutive of *draucus*: "Ou plutôt," he continues, "de *tropulus*, dans la signification d'un homme, qui fait le beau, qui se pique d'être élégant en la personne," etc. In the close, however, he mentions that M. de Caseneuve actually ascribed to it the very etymology which I have already affixed.

Yours, etc.,      ARTHUR B. EVANS.

### Fairies of Scotland.

[1832, *Part II.*, p. 223.]

In Scotland the fairies dwell under the little green hills; and long after the Baron had ceased to legislate from the summit these airy inhabitants of the interior continued to influence the minds of the people.

### The Good People.

[1818, *Part II.*, p. 131.]

The following remarkable instance of superstitious coincidence may, to some of your readers, appear not unworthy of notice:

It is well known to every classical scholar that the ancient Greeks gave to the furies the name of Eumenides (the "good-natured, mild, or friendly goddesses") from a superstitious dread of their malignity, and a wish to soothe and conciliate them by that flattering title; and it is equally well known that the ancient Romans, for the same reason, thought it expedient to flatter the inhabitants of the other world, by giving to the spirits of the dead the appellation of *Manes*; *i.e.*, "the good people," from the antique word *manis*, good.

I have now to add that, at the present day, and under similar impressions, the lower class of the Irish peasantry observe the same respectful caution in speaking of the fairies, whom they generally consider as malignant, mischievous beings, very different from those frolicsome, good-natured elves that perform so many kind offices for rustic maids who happen to be in favour with them. Such, then, being the disposition of the Irish fairies, it is thought prudent to keep on good terms with them; and, with a view to this, they are usually designated by the flattering title of "the good people"—a title deemed so indispensable that, if a child should inadvertently mention them by the simple name of "fairies," he would be as quickly and anxiously reprimanded, as if speaking treason in the hearing of a magistrate.

JOHN CAREY.

[1818, Part II., p. 328.]

To that specimen of superstitious coincidence, which I pointed out in your Magazine for August, p. 131, allow me to add another, equally striking.

Among the less enlightened portion of the Irish population, if a person, describing a hurt or wound, should, with the view of illustrating his verbal description, happen to touch the corresponding part of his own or another person's body, that touch is fearfully noticed, as ominous of ill, and a sure precursor of similar mischief to the person and the part so touched, unless the narrator, or some other individual present, be careful immediately to subjoin, "God bless the mark !" or "God save the mark !" which prayer avails as a charm, to avert the dreaded disaster.

An exactly similar superstition prevailed among the ancient Romans, as we learn from a passage in "Petronius," where Trimalchio relates a marvellous adventure, in which a man thrust his sword through the body of a sorceress.

In describing the exploit, Trimalchio (as it appears) points out on his own person the very place of the wound, by laying his hand to the part ; whereupon he immediately exclaims : "Salvum sit, quod tango !"—"Safe be what I touch !"—exactly equivalent to the Irish "God bless [or "God save] the mark !"

For the satisfaction of those among your readers who have not an opportunity of consulting the original text of "Petronius," I here transcribe the passage : "Mulierem, tamquam *hoc loco (salvum sit, quod tango !)* mediam trajecit."

Let me add, with respect to the Irish superstition, that the touch, in those cases, is deemed to possess equally malign influence, whether applied to the naked body itself, or to the garment covering the part : and the Roman idea seems to have been precisely the same ; as we can hardly presume that Trimalchio exposed his naked person ; since we do not find such circumstance mentioned by Petronius, who would not have failed to notice it, if it had taken place.

JOHN CAREY.

### The Gabriel Hounds.

[1866, Part II., p. 189.]

Mr. Hylten Cavallius, in Sweden, connects the cry of the migrating wild geese (*Anser Cinereus* eller *Anser Leucopsis*) with the Wild Huntsman legend ("Odens jagt"). Mr. Yarrell, in England, states that it is the Bean goose (*Anser segetum*), whose cry, more or less resembling the noise of a pack of hounds in the air, has given rise to the superstition of the "Gabriel Hounds;" and in Wordsworth's lines, "Gabriel's Hounds" are :

"Doomed, with their impious lord, the flying hart  
To chase for ever through aerial grounds."

I cannot ascertain the origin of this name, which is one of great antiquity. Mr. Way, in the appendix to his edition of "Promptorium Parvulorum," describes "a venerable relic of mediæval learning"—namely, a MS. English-Latin dictionary, entitled "Catholicon in Lingua Materna!" and in this M.S. the entry "Gabriell Rache, *hic camalion*," is met with. But *camalion* seems as hard to explain or account for as Gabriel, or Gabriell. Possibly some of your readers may be able to throw a little light upon the subject.

Holland, the Sheffield poet, speaking of the "Gabriel Hounds" and their startling cry, says that in—

"These strange, unearthly, and mysterious sounds,  
The trembling villager not sel-lom heard  
In the quaint notes of the nocturnal bird,  
Of death premonished, some sick neighbour's knell."

So also, in the "Leeds Glossary," Gabble Ratches are said to be "night-birds, whose notes are supposed to be ominous of death;" and, according to another authority, in the same district, "these aerial visitors assume another name and character. They are called 'gabble retchet,' and are held to be the souls of unbaptized infants, doomed restlessly to flit around their parents' abode."

Here, in Cleveland, the name is sounded Gaabr'l ratchet, which probably may be simply a phonetic form of Gabriel ratchet; but what is remarkable is, that the superstition connected with the name is two-formed. The Gaabr'l ratchet is either the nocturnal sound resembling the cry of hounds, and betokening death in the house near which it is heard, or to some friend or connection of the hearer; or, it is a mysterious single bird, which shows itself, as well as utters its mournful and startling cry, or rather shriek, before some friend of a person whose death is nearly approaching. I have quite recently conversed with persons—whose faith and whose good faith it was equally impossible to doubt—who declare that they have seen the bird; and add to the statement the further one, that in each case the death of such and such a neighbour or relation followed closely after.

The specially remarkable part is this: that Danish *Helrakke*, coincident in its latter member with our Gabriel ratch, or ratchet—O.E., *rach*, *ratche*, *brachet*, etc. (a hunting-dog, a hound); Danrakke, O.N., *racki* (the same)—is also coincident in this twofold signification. Molbech, in his "Glossary of Archaic Danish Words," gives *Helrakke*, from "Moth's Dictionary," as signifying a bird, "with a huge head, staring eyes, crooked beak, grey plumage, sharp claws, of which it was held, in old days, that its appearance always heralded great mortality. On such occasions it was wont to fly abroad by night and shriek." Thiele, however, in his "Popular Superstitions of the Danes," quotes *Helrakker* as "a certain sound in the air, resembling that of hounds in full cry; which, when it is heard, is a forerunner of death and ruin." Now, the prefix in the word *Helrakke* is clear

enough ; it is simply, as Molbech writes it, "the ancient Northern name of Death and the Goddess of Death," and is met with, moreover, in Beowulf. We find it also in the Jutland *hel-hesta* and *hel-hunde*, both of which, in an overthrow scarcely yet extinct, are harbingers of death, and the latter of which is precisely coincident in sense with *hel-rakke*.

Of course the connection is with Odin's Hounds—*Odens hundar*, of Swedish folk-lore—the hounds, black, long-tongued, and fire-eyed, which always accompany the infernal hunt ; and the Leeds notion about the unbaptized babies is doubly interesting, as forming another link of connection with the "Wild Huntsman" legend ("Grimm's D.-M.," p. 870). But when Hackelberend, Hackelberg, Berchtold, Echhart, Dieterichs von Bern, König Abel, Waldemar, Palnejäger, Karlequinte or Hellequin, Arthur, Herne the Hunter, One-handed Boughton, O'Donoghue, the Earl of Kildare, etc., etc., all admit of identification more or less satisfactory or conclusive, Gabriel or Gabriell stands almost by itself ; or, in other words, is associated with no distinct person or legend of crime or sorrow. Certainly, I find among the Cleveland traditions one that the Gabriel ratchet originates in a gentleman of the olden times, who was so strangely fond of hunting that, on his deathbed, he ordered his hounds all to be killed and buried at the same time and in the same tomb with himself ; a tradition interesting enough from its coincidence with some of the German forms. But still the name Gabriel is not connected with this inveterate sportsman. It is barely possible that the word *camalion* might give some clue. It should be mediæval Latin by its form. Can any of the readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* throw any light either on "Gabriel" or "*camalion* ?" [See Note 6.]

I am, etc., J. C. ATKINSON.

### Origin of "Old Nick."

[1777, pp. 119, 120.]

Nobody has accounted for the Devil's having the name of "*Old Nick*." Keysler, "*De Dea Nehaleunia*," p. 33, and "*Antiq. Septentr.*," p. 261, mentions a deity of the waters worshipped by the antient Germans and Danes under the name of "*Nocca*," or "*Nicken*," styled in the Edda, "*Nikur*," which he derives from the German *nugen*, answering to the Latin *necare*. Wormius, "*Mon. Dan.*," p. 17, says the redness in the faces of drowned persons was ascribed to this deity sucking their blood out at their nostrils. Wasthovius ("*Pref. ad Vit. Sancto.*") and Loccenius ("*Antiq. Sueo-Goth.*," p. 17) call him "*Neccus*," and quote, from a Belgo-Gallic Dictionary, "*Neccer*," "*Spiritus Aquaticus*," and "*Necce, necare*." The *Islandic Dict.*, in Hicckes' *Thes.*, p. iii., p. 85, renders "*Nikur, bellua aquatica*." Lastly, Rudbekius, "*Atlant.*," p. 1, c. vii., § 5, p. 192 ; and c. xxx.,

p. 719, mentions a notion prevalent among his countrymen, that *Neckur*, who governed the sea, assumed the form of various animals, or of a horseman, or of a man in a boat. He supposes him the same with Odin; but the above authorities are sufficient to evince that he was the Northern Neptune, or some subordinate sea-god of a noxious disposition. Wormius queries whether a figure said to be seen, 1615, on the river Lan, and called "*Wasser Nichts*," might not be of this kind. Probably it was a sea-monster, of the species called "*Mermen*," and by our Spenser, "*Fairy-Queen*," ii., 12, 24 :

"The griesly Wasserman."

It is not unlikely but the name of this evil spirit might, as Christianity prevailed in these Northern nations, be transferred to the father of evil.

If it would not be thought punning on names, I would hazard another conjecture. St. Nicholas was the patron of mariners, consequently opponent to *Nicker*. How he came by this office does not appear. The legend says: "Ung jour que aucuns mariniers perissoyent si le pricrent ainsi a larmes, Nicolas, serviteur de Dieu, si les choses sont vrayes que nous avons ouyes, si les esprouve maintenant. Et tantot ung homme s'apparut at la semblance de luy, et leur dit, Veez moy, se ne m'appellez vous pas; et leur commença a leur ayaer en leur exploit: de la ne set tantost la tempestate cessa. Et quant ils furent venus a son Eglise ilz se cogneurent sans demonstrer, et si ne l'avoient oncques veu. Et lors rendirent graces a Dieu et a luy de leur delivrance; et il leur dit que ilz attribuassent a la misericorde de Dieu et a leur creance, et non pas a ses merites." Then follow other miracles, not peculiarly appropriated to him under this character. [See *post* pp. 68-70.] We have afterwards, indeed, another story of his delivering from an illusion of the Devil certain pilgrims *qui alloient a luy a nage*, which I understand to mean only *by water* ("Legende d'or," fol. viii.; see also, Blomefield's "*Hist. of Norfolk*," ii., p. 861.)

PALÆOPHILUS.

[1777, p. 439.]

In p. 119 of your present volume we are told that "nobody has accounted for the devil's having the name of 'Old Nick.'" Had your correspondent consulted Junius's "*Etymologicum Anglicanum*," he might have observed that Mr. Lye, the learned editor, had previously made use of Olaus Wormius for the explanation of that name. Dr. Zachary Grey has also accounted for the name in a note on Part III., canto i., verse 1314, of *Hudibras*. [See Note 7.]



**A Popular Superstition Elucidated.**

[1813, *Part II.*, p. 23.]

“Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross.”—BURNS.

Superstitions, be their forms ever so varied, may generally be traced to have originated in some truth, which, at the time, either being not known, or probably not noticed, left an erroneous impression, which, passing from mind to mind, enlarged, like a snowball, as it went, and collected the rubbish of every mind it passed through, till at last it stood an object of terror to the ignorant, or a mass for the poet's fancy to form into what shape he pleased. I am fond of tracing these hobgoblins to their holes; and though I do not always unkennel them, I often spring information not unamusing, nor always unuseful to the mind. By the verses above quoted, from that true poet Burns's most admirable tale of “Tam o' Shanter,” as well as from various other documents, we learn that it is the opinion of the vulgar in Scotland that witches and goblins cannot cross a running stream. Some nights ago, as crossing the busy little stream of the Morda, near its uniting with the Vyrnwy, I observed a very perfect *ignis fatuus* (Will o' the Wisp) coming along the meadows toward the river. The night was fine and calm, and I paused on the bridge to watch it. Slowly gliding, and very near the ground, it reached the edge of the stream, and instantly started back a yard or more, somewhat agitated; but soon approached the stream again, and was again repulsed: it then repeatedly attempted lower; but, unable to cross, glided down the meadows on the same side of the stream, and I soon lost sight of it among some thick alder-bushes. I repeated, almost involuntarily, the above verses of Burns; and it reasonably struck me, that some honest Scot, returning half seas over from the ale-house ingle, might have seen a similar appearance, and either not knowing or not noticing its cause, and being primed both with ale and credulity, might have kindled another *ignis fatuus* among those already flitting in the fields of superstition. The cause of its not being able to cross the stream arose, probably, from the brisk current of air that needs must accompany running water. Our justly popular poet has dexterously adopted this opinion in his first, and perhaps best, poem, the “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” where the Goblin Page dares not cross the running stream.

Yours, etc., JOHN F. M. DOVASTON.

**Will o' the Wisp.**

[1806, *Part II.*, p. 1000.]

While walking in the garden a few evenings ago, I observed a pale white spark of fire hovering about the tops of the plants, particularly

the evening primrose, and darting from plant to plant. It had some resemblance to what the country people call, "Will-with-the-wisp," or "Jack-a-lantern," which is so common in marshy grounds in some parts of England. But it differed in this respect; the "Will-with-a-wisp" usually seems to run along on the ground; whereas this that I speak of, flew from plant to plant, and never came near to the ground. On the evening on which I observed it, the sky was clear, the stars shone very bright, and there was a strong dew on the ground. I saw several meteors, or "falling stars," as they are vulgarly called, the same evening; and I think it highly probable the above phenomenon may be attributed to electricity.

Yours, etc., S. R.

### Devil's Jumps at Thursley.

[1799, *Part II.*, p. 921.]

Thursley, or Thirsley, is an extensive parish in the county of Surrey and hundred of Godalming. The village is mean and straggling, standing in a dry, healthy situation, pleasant in summer, but, from its high, unsheltered situation, exposed to the north-east winds, very cold in winter. On the heaths between Thursley and Frinsham are three remarkable conic-shaped hills, called the "Devil's Three Jumps," the eastern hill (or jump) being the largest in circumference and height, the centre hill the least and lowest. They are composed of a hard rock, barely covered with a light black mould, which gives a scanty nourishment to moss and stunted heath. Their bases are nearly surrounded by a foss, which in some places appears to be artificial. In the fosses are constant springs of water, which assist in forming near them a large piece of water called Abbot's Pond, formerly part of the possessions of the neighbouring abbey of Waverly. The country people, particularly the aged, relate many tales of these eminences, and hold them in a kind of awful reverence (the revels of the fairies yet linger in the tales of the aged rustick). It was formerly customary for the country-people on Whit-Tuesday to assemble on the top of the eastern hill to dance and make merry. If I might be permitted to risk a conjecture on the probable etymology of the name of the parish, Thursley, or Thirsley, that is, Thir's field, this spot was formerly dedicated to the Saxon god Thir, and his image was erected on the eastern eminence. On the introduction of Christianity, it is reasonable to suppose it acquired its present name from having been appropriated to the service of an heathen idol. These circumstances may have given rise to the legendary tales and awe for the spot, which is now scarcely erased from the memory of the neighbouring villagers.

S.

**Fairy Toot.**

[1801, *Part I.*, p. 517.]

The Fairy Toot is thus described by Mr. Collinson, "History of Somersetshire," vol. ii., p. 318:

"In Nemnet parish, but on the borders of that of Butcombe, and at a small distance eastwards from that parish-church, stands a large tumulus, or barrow, 60 yards in length, 20 in breadth, and 15 in height, and covered on its top with ash-trees, briars, and thick shrubs. On opening it some time ago, its composition throughout was found to be a mass of stones, supported on each side, sideways, by a wall of thin stakes. The distance between the two walls is about 8 feet, and the intermediate space is filled up with two rows of cells, or cavities, formed by very large stones set edgewise. These cells, the entrance into which is at the south end, run in a direction from north to south, and are divided from each other by vast stones placed on their edges, and covered with others still larger by way of architrave. In one of them were found seven skulls, one quite perfect; in another, a vast heap of small human bones and horses' teeth. All the cells are not yet opened; and as no coins or any other reliques but the above-mentioned have yet been discovered, it cannot be ascertained at what period this receptacle of mortality was constructed; however, it undoubtedly is one of the noblest sepulchres of the kind in Great Britain, and probably contains the fragments of many brave chieftains, whom some fatal battle near the spot forbade to revisit their native country. The field in which this barrow stands has, from time immemorial, been called the 'Fairy-field;' and the common people say, that strange noises have been heard underneath the hill, and visions, portentous to children, have been seen waving in the thickets which crown its summit."

**Fairy Rings.**

[1788, *Part I.*, pp. 129, 130.]

As I walked over my pastures the other day, I was much struck with the singular verdure that appeared in two or three parts of the ground; and what added still more to claim my observation, was the peculiarity of its form, which was precisely semicircular, with a base of about four yards, and the curve about half-a-yard in thickness. Having ruminated on this phenomenon, it occurred to me that I had observed these particular parts to have been very prolific of mushroom or frogstools in the autumn. That these funguses should putrify and manure the ground seems not extraordinary; but whence or by what cause they should be produced in this artful form, may be worthy the researches of the curious.

I have since learned that these figures in the grass are not un-

common in the country, and are vulgarly called the "Fairy's Ring." If your learned correspondents can give me any light into this matter, the favour will be gratefully acknowledged by yours, etc.,

CHA. BERINGTON.

[1790, *Part II.*, p. 710.]

In a meadow at the back of my house there are several circles of about six or eight inches broad, and from six to twelve feet diameter, at this time of the year particularly, very perceptible; they bear great quantities of the fungus called champignons. These circles are by the vulgar called "Fairy Rings." The commonly received opinion is that they are the nightly resort of those imaginary beings which all argument is ineffectual to remove. Indeed, it is not much to be wondered at that the illiterate should be so grossly superstitious, which tradition has for ages handed down to them; even our great dramatic bard gave in to the opinion, or countenanced it, in various parts of his writings.

That there are such rings in many parts of the kingdom, is undoubted; but the cause remains obscured in the midst of credulity. In general, their forms are truly circular; how doth this happen by natural causes? The meadow above alluded to has been in the same state full twenty years, except once ploughed about nineteen years ago, during which whole time there has been no alteration in the rings. Cattle are turned in every year. Will any one say the circles are occasioned by their staling or dung? No one, surely, will be so hardy as to assert they have seen cows, etc., turning round at the time they perform those offices!

The remaining question is, What is the cause?—A rational explanation from some of your correspondents who may think the subject worthy their notice, would give much satisfaction to many who have conversed with me concerning them; to none more than,

[See Note 8.]

Yours, etc., J. M.

[This inquiry was followed by a long correspondence extending over ten years, and which it is only necessary to summarize here: 1790, part ii., pp. 800-801—"T. Eccles" writes from Norbiton, that the rings are occasioned by the staling and dung of horses, etc. 1790, part ii., p. 1007—"Tho. Leybourn" refers to Priestley's "Present State of Electricity," where they are explained as arising from lightning. 1790, part ii., pp. 1072-1073—"A Farmer" suggests that moles produce them. 1790, part ii., p. 1106, "B." produces proofs of their origin from lightning. 1790, part ii., p. 1180—"C." suggests they are trenches built by ancient Britons. 1791, part i., pp. 36-39—"J. G." contributes a paper on "Hints towards the Natural History of Fairy Rings." 1791, part ii., p. 728—"P. Q." and "N. Crocker" write.

1791, part ii., pp. 1085-1088—"A Southern Faunist" gives a "Recapitulation of the Various Opinions on Fairy Rings." 1791, part ii., p. 1206, "G. M." writes. 1792, part i., p. 43—"J. P. Malcolm" writes about their occurrence in the meadows between Islington and Canonbury. 1792, part i., pp. 103-104, is a letter signed "E." 1792, part i., pp. 209-211—"A. Crocker" contributes "Remarks on the Various Opinions of Fairy Rings." 1792, part i., pp. 524-525—"John Middleton" and "J. W." write on "Fairy Kings naturally accounted for." 1793, part ii., pp. 906-907—"F. M. E. S." writes. 1794, part i., p. 219—"Sigla" writes that there are Fairy Rings to be seen at the South Bastion at Portsmouth. 1798, part ii., p. 661—"Z. Cozens" gives examples. 1798, part ii., p. 752—"R. O." gives examples.]

### Midsummer-Eve Appearances.

[1747, *p.* 524.]

On Midsummer-eve, 1735, Wm. Lancaster's servant related that he saw the east side of Souter fell, towards the top, covered with a regular marching army for above an hour together; he said they consisted of distinct bodies of troops, which appeared to proceed from an eminence in the north end, and marched over a nitch in the top, but, as no other person in the neighbourhood had seen the like, he was discredited and laughed at. Two years after, on Midsummer-eve also, betwixt the hours of eight and nine, Wm. Lancaster himself imagined that several gentlemen were following their horses at a distance, as if they had been hunting, and, taking them for such, pay'd no regard to it till about ten minutes after; again turning his head towards the place, they appeared to be mounted, and a vast army following, five in rank, crowding over at the same place, where the servant said he saw them two years before. He then called his family, who all agreed in the same opinion, and, what was most extraordinary, he frequently observed that some one of the five would quit rank and seem to stand in a fronting posture, as if he was observing and regulating the order of their march, or taking account of the numbers, and after some time appeared to return full gallop to the station he had left, which they never failed to do as often as they quitted their lines, and the figure that did so was generally one of the middlemost men in the rank. As it grew later, they seemed more regardless of discipline, and rather had the appearance of people riding from a market than an army, though they continued crowding on and marching off as long as they had light to see them.

This phænomenon was no more seen till the Midsummer-eve which preceded the rebellion, when they were determined to call more families to be witness of this sight, and accordingly went to Wilton-hill and Souter-fell-side, till they convened about twenty-

six persons, who all affirmed they then saw the same appearance, but not conducted with the usual regularity as the preceding ones, having the likeness of carriages interspersed; however, it did not appear to be less real, for some of the company were so affected with it as in the morning to climb the mountain, through an idle expectation of finding horse-shoes after so numerous an army, but they saw not the vestige or print of a foot.

Wm. Lancaster, indeed, told me that he never concluded they were real beings, because of the impracticability of a march over the precipices, where they seemed to come on; that the night was extremely serene; that horse and man, upon strict looking at, appeared to be but one being rather than two distinct ones; that they were nothing like any clouds or vapours which he had ever perceived elsewhere; that their number was incredible, for they filled lengthways near half a mile, and continued so in a swift march for above an hour, and much longer he thinks if night had kept off.

This whole story has so much the air of a romance, that it seemed fitter for "Amadis de Gaul" or Glanville's "System of Witches" than the repository of the learned; but as the country was full of it, I only give it verbatim from the original relation of a people that could have no end in imposing on their fellow-creatures, and are of good repute in the place where they live.

It is my real opinion that they apprehended they saw such appearances, but how an undulating lambent meteor could affect the optics of so many people is difficult to say. No doubt fancy will extend to miraculous heights in persons disposed to indulge it; and whether there might not be a concurrence of that, to assist the vapour, I will not dispute, because difficulties seem to occur worthy of solution.\*

\* To this relation we may add that in the spring of the year 1707, early in a serene still morning, was observed by two persons, one of the name of Churchill, who were walking from one village to another in Leicestershire, a like appearance of an army marching along, till going behind a great hill, it disappeared. The forms of pikes and carbines were distinguishable; the march was not entirely in one direction, but was at the first like the junction of two armies, and the meeting of generals.

*Legends and Traditions.*







## LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

### St. Blase, Patron of Wool-Combers.

[1773, *Part I.*, p. 384.]

I HAVE been often asked about St. Blase,\* and his being the inventor of *wool-combing*, or, at least, the patron of that art. Little, however, can I find to satisfaction; but what I can learn of him, I shall freely impart to you, nevertheless, Mr. Urban, for the information of the querists, and in hopes that those who know more of this vulgar saint may be induced to give us some further account of him, and, in particular, of his connection with the *wool-combers*.

Blase was a Bishop and Martyr; and his see, according to the "Breviary," was Sebasta, or Sebask, in Cappadocia.† He is a person of great note amongst the vulgar, who in their processions, as relative to the wool-trade, always carry an effigy or representation of him, as the inventor or patron of their art of combing it. There was an order of knighthood also instituted in honour of him;‡ and his day, which stands marked at this day in our Calendar, was celebrated 3rd February. He suffered death in the reign of Dioclesian, about the year 283, according to the "Legenda Aurea," but the English version of that book has 387; neither of the dates are strictly true, since Dioclesian did not succeed to the empire till A. 284, and died before the latter date. Indeed, authors vary much about the time of his death.§ Before his death, which was by decapitation, he was whipped, and had his flesh torn, *ferreis pectinibus*, with iron combs.

'Tis difficult to say from this account of the Saint, which yet is the best I can procure of him, how Blase comes to be esteemed the patron of the *wool-combers*. And when he died, his prayer to our

\* He is written also Blasus, and Blaize, or Blaise. In the "Aurea Legenda" there are two etymons of the name, both of them ridiculous. "Aurea Legenda," cap. 38.

† See also the "Aurea Legenda." Others reckon him patron of Armenia; see Collier's Dictionary, *v.* Blaise and Beda, in Martyrologio, p. 340.

‡ Collier's Dictionary in voce.

§ Annot. ad Bedæ Martyrologium.

Lord was, as the "Golden Legend" has it in the English version, "That whosomever desired hys helpe fro thyinfyrmyte of the throte,\* or requyred ayde for any other sekene or infyrmyte, that he wold here hym, and myght deserve to be guarisshyd and heled.† And ther cam a voys fro Hevene to hym sayeng that hys peticion was graunted and shold be doon as he had prayd."‡ In which prayer, there is not a word, you observe, that concerns the *wool-combers*.  
Yours, etc., T. Row.

### Saint Cecilia.

(FROM SIR JOHN HAWKINS.)

[1783, *Part II.*, pp. 635, 636.]

Saint Cecilia, among Christians, is esteemed the patroness of music; for the reasons whereof we must refer to her history, as delivered by the notaries of the Roman Church, and from them transcribed into the Golden Legend, and other books of the like kind. The story says, that she was a Roman lady, born of noble parents, about the year 225. That, notwithstanding she had been converted to Christianity, her parents married her to a young Roman nobleman, named Valerianus, a pagan, who, going to bed to her on the wedding-night, *as the custom is*, says the book, was given to understand by his spouse that she was nightly visited by an angel, and that he must forbear to approach her, otherwise the angel would destroy him. Valerianus, somewhat troubled at these words, desired he might see his rival the angel; but his spouse told him that was impossible, unless he would be baptized, and become a Christian, which he consented to: after which, returning to his wife, he found her in her closet at prayer; and by her side, in the shape of a beautiful young man, the angel clothed in brightness. After some conversation with the angel, Valerianus told him that he had a brother, named Tiburtius, whom he greatly wished to see a partaker of the grace which he himself had received: the angel told him, that his desire was granted, and that shortly they should both be crowned with martyrdom. Upon this the angel vanished, but soon after showed himself as good as his word: Tiburtius was converted, and both he and his brother Valerianus were beheaded. Cecilia was offered her life upon condition that she would sacrifice to the deities of the Romans, but she refused; upon which she was thrown into a cauldron of boiling water, and scalded to death: though others say she was stifled in a dry bath, *i.e.*, an inclosure from whence the air was excluded, having a slow fire under-

\* He had cured a boy that had got a fish-bone in his throat, "Golden Legend;" and was particularly invoked by the Papists in the squinancy or quinsy. "Fabric. Bibliogr. Antiq.," p. 267.

† So he was one of the 14 Saints for diseases in general. "Fabric. Bibliogr. Antiq.," p. 266.

‡ "Golden Legend," fol. 135.

neath it; which kind of death was sometimes inflicted among the Romans upon women of quality who were criminals. See the second Nonne's Tale in Chaucer, the Golden Legend, printed by Caxton, and the Lives of Saints by Peter Ribadeneyra, priest of the Society of Jesus. Printed at St. Omer's in 1699.

Upon the spot where her house stood, is a church, said to have been built by Pope Urban I., who administered baptism to her husband and his brother: it is the church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere. Within is a most curious painting of the saint, as also a most stately monument, with a cumbent statue of her, with her face downwards [an illustration accompanies this description].

St. Cecilia is usually painted playing either on the organ or on the harp, singing, as Chaucer relates, thus:

“And whiles that the organs made melodies,  
To God alone thus in her herte song she,  
O Lorde my soul and eke my body gie  
Unwemmed lest I confounded be.”

Besides this account there is a tradition of St. Cecilia, that she excelled in music, and that the angel, who was thus enamoured of her, was drawn down from the celestial mansions by the charms of her melody; this has been deemed authority sufficient for making her the patroness of music and musicians.

### St. George.

[1806, *Part I.*, p. 431.]

It may be of little consequence to many of your readers, whether the Patron Saint of England was a Jew, Turk, or Infidel. But I remember about a year ago, that great pains were taken to prove, in the London papers, that he was George the Arnian, a very worthless character. I am therefore induced to refer the public, and such as are fond of truth in particular, to Doctor Sayer's "Miscellanies, Antiquarian and Historical;" the professed tendency of which is, "to refute improbable conjecture, to elicit obscured truth, and recall attention to some neglected but instructive inquiry." In those elegant and learned papers, the doctor has shown, that our tutelary Saint was St. George of the East; and, "totally disregarding any miraculous particulars related of him," draws this conclusion from authorities, which he has given, "That he was a Saint of high repute in the Eastern Church at a very early period: that he was a Capadocian of a good family, a Commander of note in the time of Diocletian; and that, after obtaining the honourable title of Count, he finally suffered martyrdom on the 23rd of April, on which day his festival is still kept." The paper concludes with the translation of a Franco-theotish Fragment, from the Vatican MS. of Otfrid's Franchish Gospels, composed before the middle of the fourth century.

Yours, etc., S. W.

[1800, *Part M.*, p. 735.]

In Dr. Bulleyne's "Dialogue both pleasaunte and pitieful, wherin is a goodlie Regiment against Fever, Pestilence, etc.," 1564, 1569, 8vo., is introduced a conversation between a citizen and his wife, and their man Roger, retiring from the city to Barnet, the birth-place of the latter, who tells them the adventures of his grandfather, who was a leader of a band of tall men, under the Earl of Warwick, at the battle of Barnet, 1471, the night before which he stole from the camp, and hid himself for a whole month in a great hollow oak, whence he escaped without danger. In memory of which "his harness was worn upon *St. George's back* in their church many a cold winter after; a piece of secret history not to be found in the Chronicles." This servant's brother's name was John Penington, apothecary, in Wood Street. This extract is from the art. BULLEYNE, *Biog. Brit.* ii. 1027 [E], 1st edit. The circumstance of armour worn on *St. George's back*, not noticed by any of our antiquaries, I never could understand till, accidentally reading an abstract of the old French romance of "Petit Jean de Saintré," reduced into modern language and sentiment by M. de Tressan, and printed by Didot, 1791, 12mo., I found that when Saintré, intending to revenge himself of the abbot who had foiled him in wrestling, produced two suits of armour, and offered him his choice, the abbot is made to say, "I recollect having in my church a great old *St. George*, all broken, and half covered with rusty armour. If M. Saintré will put me to the trial, on condition of giving me this suit of armour, I will endeavour to win it, in order to restore my *St. George* to his former honours," p. 284. Nothing like this appears in the English edition of this romance by Treppesel, black-letter, 4to., without date; nor in that of Paris, 1724, 3 vols., 12mo., iii., pp. 654, 655. [See Note 9.]

### St. Nicholas.

[1777, pp. 157, 158.]

The very ingenious writer of "Observations in a Journey to Paris, in Aug. 1776," just now published in 2 vols., 8vo., at p. 122 of vol. 2, begs to be informed, through the channel of your Magazine, who is the Saint whose emblems are two naked children in a bathing-tub, and what these circumstances allude to?

The Saint, no doubt, is *St. Nicholas*, Archbishop of Mira in Lycia, of whom I have a very large and fine French print, with the children and tub before him. I have also in my possession an Italian Life of this Saint, on the title-page of which 4to. book is the same picture: it is thus intituled, "Historia della Vita, Miracoli, Traslatione, e Gloria dell' illustrissimo Confessor di Christo S. Nicolo il Magno, Arcivescovo di Mira. Composta dal Padre Antonio Beatillo da Bari, della Campagna di Gieffu. Terza Edizione. In Napoli, 1645."

I think I have discovered the occasion of the boys addressing themselves to his patronage at p. 73 of the book, where we are told the following story, which fully satisfied my curiosity without proceeding any farther in a book of this sort, which contains between 4. and 500 pages in a small letter.

"The fame of St. Nicholas's virtues was so great, that an Asiatic gentleman, on sending his two sons to Athens for education, ordered them to call on the Bishop for his benediction: but they, getting to Mira late in the day, thought proper to defer their visit till the morrow, and took up their lodgings at an inn, where the landlord, to secure their baggage and effects to himself, murdered them in their sleep, and then cut them into pieces, salting them, and putting them into a pickling-tub, with some pork which was there already, meaning to sell the whole as such. The Bishop, however, having had a vision of this impious transaction, immediately resorted to the inn, and calling the host to him, reproached him for his horrid villainy. The man, perceiving that he was discovered, confessed his crime, and entreated the Bishop to intercede, on his behalf, to the Almighty for his pardon; who, being moved with compassion at his contrite behaviour, confession, and thorough repentance, besought Almighty God, not only to pardon the murtherer, but also, for the glory of His name, to restore life to the poor innocents, who had been so inhumanly put to death. The Saint had hardly finished his prayer, when the mangled and detached pieces of the two youths were, by divine power, reunited, and perceiving themselves alive, threw themselves at the feet of the holy man to kiss and embrace them. But the Bishop, not suffering their humiliation, raised them up, exhorting them to return their thanks to God alone for this mark of His mercy, and gave them good advice for the future conduct of their lives: and then, giving them his blessing, he sent them, with great joy, to prosecute their studies at Athens."

This, I suppose, sufficiently explains the naked children and tub; which I never met with in any of the legends that I have consulted before. The late learned and worthy Mr. Alban Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," vol. vi., p. 915, A. on December 6, only says, in general, that "St. Nicholas is esteemed a patron of children, because he was from his infancy a model of innocence and virtue; and to form that tender age to sincere piety, was always his first care and delight."

I am, Sir, your constant reader, W. C.

[1777, p. 208.]

On reading an answer to the inquiry of the author of "Observations in a Journey to Paris, in August, 1776," published in your last Magazine, I was pleased to see, what I had long wished to see, an account of St. Nicholas, and a reason given why he was deemed the patron of children.

What excited this curiosity will appear from the following account :  
 Cardinal Kemp, in the year 1447, founded a school at the place of his nativity in Kent, and drew up in Latin statutes for it. Amongst other things he mentions—"consuetam Gallorum et denariorum Sancti Nicholai gratuitam oblationem." This customary gratuitous offering of St. Nicholas's pence, over which Time had cast a veil of obscurity, now receives considerable light from the account which W. C. has given; and if he, or any other of your correspondents, would cast equal light upon the expression of "consuetam Gallorum oblationem," it would oblige,

[See *ante*, p. 56.]

Your constant reader,

X. X.

### St. Swithin.

[1797, *Part II.*, p. 842.]

St. Swithin, or Swithun, was of a noble West-Saxon family; ordained priest by Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester; and appointed president (*præpositus*) of the old monastery there. Egbert, King of the West Saxons, made him *his priest*, under which title he subscribed a charter granted to Croyland Abbey; and he was preceptor to Prince Ethelwolf, who, on his accession to the crown, 838, promoted Swithin to the see of Winchester, to which he was consecrated 852, and, dying 862, was buried in the cemetery of his cathedral. After Bishop Walkelyn rebuilt the church, 1079, his relics were translated into it, 1093. See more of him in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," on his anniversary, July 15, and the authors there cited. As to the old saw about the weather, the shepherd of Banbury can best explain it. [See Note 10.]

### St. Valentine.

[1797, *Part II.*, p. 842.]

St. Valentine was a Romish priest, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Claudius II., about A.D. 270. "To abolish the heathen, lewd, superstitious custom of boys drawing the names of girls, in honour of their goddess Februa Juno, on the 15th of February, several zealous pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given on that day." Butler, *ibid.*, Feb. 14.

St. Francis de Sales severely forbade the custom of Valentines, or giving boys in writing the names of girls to be admired and attended on by them; and, to abolish it, he changed it into giving billets with the names of certain saints, for them to honour and imitate in a particular manner. *Ibid.* i., p. 29.—I do not find this custom among the ancient Pagan Romans; nor is the modern custom mentioned in any other History of the Saints.

**St. Wenefrede.**

[1804, *Part II.*, pp. 717, 718.]

In the summer of 1800, I undertook a journey into North Wales, to make drawings and observations of some curious remains of antiquity, and other romantic beauties peculiar to that principality. My intention for the present is to furnish you with a drawing of the elegant remains of the Chapel of St. Wenefrede, erected over the (formerly) wonder-working fountain at Holy Well, in Flintshire. The east end of the chapel is pentagonal; the windows were elegant, but are most now filled up with brick and stone. It was formerly a free chapel in the gift of the Bishop, but has been used many years as a free school. The length of the chapel is 52 feet, the breadth about 20 feet. This building nearly joins the parish church, as may be seen by the buttress of the church to the right in the view. The spring, or well, which this chapel covers, boils with vast force out of a rock, and is said to throw up twenty-one tons of water every minute; a polygonal well covered with an elegant arch, supported by pillars, receives it. The roof is superbly carved in stone. On a pendant projection, over the fountain, is the legend of St. Wenefrede. The arch is secured with a number of ribs, the intersections of which are united with a sculpture; some are grotesque figures, merely works of fancy; others are compliments to the Stanleys, through whose munificence most probably the building was erected. There is a painting of the legend against a wall which supports the roof, but it is much mutilated; over it is the following inscription:

**In honorem Sanctæ Wenefredæ, U. et H.**

The legend of the well is briefly as follows:

In the seventh century lived Wenefrede, a virgin of noble parents; her father's name was Thewith, a potent lord, who resided where Holy Well now stands; the mother Wenlo, of an ancient family in Montgomeryshire, and sister to St. Benno. The uncle, perceiving great piety, wisdom, and sweetness of temper in his niece, undertook to superintend her education; having fixed on a spot of ground belonging to her father, said to be near the place where the well is, which he made his residence. A neighbouring prince, Cradocus, son of King Alen, having often seen the fair Wenefrede, he became much enamoured with her beauty, and determined to gratify his amorous desires. He made known his passion, which was rejected by the virgin with abhorrence. She fled up the hill toward her father's house, but was overtaken by Cradocus, who cut off her head with his sword. Justice immediately punished the crime with death, for the impious Cradocus fell down dead, and the earth opening swallowed his lifeless body. The head of the virgin rolled down the hill, and

stopped at the spot where the well is situated, which at that instant burst out with the vast force before-mentioned, and which was before a valley of uncommon dryness. St. Benno took up the head, and offering up his devotions, joined it nicely to the body, which reunited, and the virgin survived her decollation fifteen years. She died at Gwytherin, co. Denbigh, where her bones rested till the time of King Stephen, when after divine admonition they were brought to Shrewsbury and placed in the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul there. A fraternity and guild was established in honour of the Saint at Shrewsbury; it had its common seal; in the centre of it a representation of the martyrdom; and round the verge the following inscription:

**Sigillu' co'e fraternitat' beate Wenefride virginis i' ecc'ia s'e'e cruce'  
i' fra' monaster' s'e'i Petri Salopic.**

The two great events of her death and translation are still commemorated; the former on the 22nd of June, and the latter on the 3rd of November.

Her sanctity, says her historian, was proved by numberless miracles after her death. The waters had such a sanative quality, that all human infirmities met with a cure or relief; the hand-barrows, crutches, etc., still to be seen pendent over the well, remain as evidence. The number of pilgrims for many years, I was informed, had decreased; still many Catholics and others visit this fountain; I saw several up to their chins, and with apparent devotion, moving round the well, as it seemed, a prescribed number of times.

[See Note 11.]

Yours, etc., D. PARKES.

### Legendary Tale of Guy, Earl of Warwick, killing a Dragon.

[1784, *Part I.*, p. 257.]

An ingenious friend, who is investigating the histories of the archiepiscopal hospitals in and near Canterbury, having favoured me with a sight of a singular curiosity belonging to the hospital at Herboldown, I obtained his permission to send you a faithful drawing of it for your entertaining and widely circulated miscellany.

It is a maple bowl, used on the feast days at the hospital, and of great antiquity. The rims are of silver, gilt; and in the bottom is fastened a medallion, which evidently represents a story of Guy, Earl of Warwick, with this motto:

GY DE WARWYC : ADANOVN :

FEEI OCCIS : LE DRAGOVN.

John Shurley, in his "Renowned History of Guy, Earl of Warwick,"\* 4to., tells a story of his seeing a dragon and lion fighting

\* This History has no date; but was "printed by A. M. for C. Bates and J. Foster," about the beginning of the present century.



together in a forest bordering on the sea, as he was returning to Europe from the relief of Byzantium. He determined to take up the conqueror; and, after the lion was fairly spent, Guy attacked the dragon, and after many hard blows on his adamantine scales, spying a bare place under his wing, he thrust his sword in, to the depth of two feet, and with a dreadful yell the dragon expired.

In Dr. Percy's very valuable "Collection of Ancient Ballads," vol. iii., p. 106, Guy says:

"A dragon in Northumberland  
I alsoe did in fight destroye,  
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,  
And all the countrye sore annoye."

But this seems to have been a different dragon; and in the famous Romance "of Bevis and Sir Guy," quoted by Chaucer, is said to be:

"A fowle dragon,  
That sleath men and beastes downe."

Yours, etc., EUGENIO.

[1833, *Part I.*, pp. 408, 409.]

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. liv., p. 257, is a communication from a correspondent signing himself "Eugenio." For ADANOVN we should print it AD A NOVN, and for *feei* read YCCI, and the inscription will then be intelligible enough:

"Guy of Warwick is he named; here he slays the dragon;"

Or in old English rhyme:

"Of Warwick he hight Guyon;  
Here he slays the dragon."

The story referred to is thus told in the old black letter edition of the Romance of Guy, "imprynted at London in Lothbury, over agaynst saynt Margarit Church, by Wylliam Copland," sign. R. iij.

"And so vpon a sommers day,  
As they ryden by the way,  
They saw a lyon come a softe pace,  
And a dragon gan him fast chase;  
The lyon durst him not abyde,  
He was so hydyous and so wyde;  
His head was black, great, and long,  
And therewith wonder diuelish strong;  
His eyen blacke as any cole,  
His body rugged as any sole;  
His teeth long, his throate wyde,  
That a man therein might glyde.

To his knightes then sayd Guyon,  
 I will go fight agayne yonder dragon,  
 That would slea yonder gentle beast ;  
 Abyde me here both moste and least.  
 Guy stert vp on his good steede,  
 As a doughty knight in every deede,  
 He tooke a gleyve in his hande,  
 To the dragon he rode prickand.  
 When the dragon saw Guyon,  
 To him he ran, and lefte the lyon ;  
 He ran to Guy and gaped wyde,  
 Guy let to him a speare glyde  
 In at his mouth, as a knight hardy,  
 With his glayve through his body.  
 That stroke came so full and sore,  
 That the dragon fell downe thore,  
 Then drough Guy out his sworde browne,  
 And smote of the head of the dragon," etc.

[See Note 12.]

Yours, etc., M.

### The Dragon of Wantley.

[1824, *Part II.*, pp. 594, 595.]

The present favourite pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre is founded on the old song of "The Dragon of Wantley." "The age and the subject of this puzzling old ballad," says Mr. Hunter, in his *History of Hallamshire*, "have much perplexed the investigators of our popular antiquities, and collectors of our national poetry.

"The scene of the ballad is Wharnccliffe, five miles from the town of Sheffield, to the North. It is partly a forest, and partly a deer park. It is still the property of the Wortley family. A clift in the rock is now called the Dragon's Den.

"The date of the ballad is fixed to a period before the Reformation by the mention of More of Morehall, who cuts so conspicuous a figure in it ; that family becoming extinct in the time of Edward VI., and the true key to its subject I have no doubt is to be found in the tradition of the neighbourhood respecting Sir Thos. Wortley, which I shall present to the reader as it was committed to writing by a Yorkshire clergyman, Mr. Oliver Heywood, of Coley, near Halifax, one hundred and fifty years ago. 'Sir Francis Wortley's great-grandfather being a man of a great estate, was owner of a towne near unto him ; onely there were some freeholders in it with whom he wrangled and sued untill he had beggared them, and cast them out of their inheritance, and so the town was wholly his, which he pulled quite downe, and laid the buildings and town-fields even as a common ; wherein his main design was to keep deer ; and made a lodge, to which he

came at the time of the year, and lay there, taking great delight to hear the deer-bell. But it came to passe that before he dyed, he belled like a deer and was distracted. Some rubbish there may be seen of the town: it is upon a great moore betwixt Reniston and Sheffield.”

In the additions to his “Fragments of Lancashire,” the late Mr. Gregson, after alluding to the above account by Mr. Hunter, observes:

“The More of More Hall, the dragon-killing man, we have ever attributed to the Mores of Lancashire. When Sir Wm. de la More, famous for his gallantry, distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers, his *ancestors* had been resident in Lancashire for generations (contemporary with Guy, Earl of Warwick, for aught we know).”

Mr. Gregson (pp. 164\* 165\*) then gives an account of Sir W. de la More, and of his family and descendants; and also the ballad itself, from a copy “printed for Randal Taylor, near Stationers’ Hall, 1685.”

In the Pepys Collection are the following remarks on the subject:

“This humorous song, which appears to have been written about the latter end of the seventeenth century, is to old metrical romances what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of the ballad seems local, so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of knowing the particular facts to which they allude. The common received account is, that it relates to a contest at law between an overgrown Yorkshire attorney, and a neighbouring gentleman. The former had stripped three orphans of their inheritance, and by his encroachments and rapacity was become a nuisance to the whole county; when the latter generously espoused the cause of the oppressed, and gained a complete victory over his antagonist, who from vexation broke his heart.” [See Note 13.]

### **The Laidley\* Worm of Spindleston Heughs.**

[1783, *Part I.*, pp. 336-338.]

The following stanzas, written in imitation of the ancient English ballad, are the production, I am credibly informed, of the Rev. Mr. Lambe, vicar of Norham upon Tweed, author of “The History of Chess,” and editor of the old metrical account of the battle of Flodden. This song having been communicated to William Hutchinson, Esq., the great north country topographer, had the honour to be inserted in that gentleman’s most laborious and interesting “View of Northumberland,” vol. ii., p. 153; where he very ingeniously conjectures it to have been “composed about the year 1095.” So that you will perceive, supposing the original title to be true, the author must certainly have lived near 200 years after he wrote it.

\* Laitly, loathly, loathsome.

## THE LAIDL Y WORM OF SPINDLESTON HEUGHS.

A Song 500 years old, made by the old mountain bard, Duncan Frasier, living on Cheviot, A.D. 1270. From an ancient manuscript.

The king is gone from Bambrough castle :  
 Long may the princess mourn,  
 Long may she stand on the castle wall,  
 Looking for his return !

She has knotted the keys upon a string,  
 And with her she has them ta'en ;  
 She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,  
 And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,  
 She tripped into the yard ;  
 But it was more for the king's sake,  
 Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day the king  
 Brought the queen with him home,  
 And all the lords in our country  
 To welcome him did come.

" Oh ! welcome, father," the lady cries,  
 " Unto your halls and bowers ;  
 And so are you, my stepmother,  
 For all that is here is yours."

A lord said, wondering while she spake,  
 " This princess of the North  
 Surpasses all of female kind  
 In beauty and in worth."

The envious queen replied, " At least  
 You might have excepted me ;  
 In a few hours I will her bring  
 Down to a low degree.

" I will liken her to a laidley worm,  
 That warps about the stone,  
 And not, till Childy Wynd\* comes back,  
 Shall she again be won."

The princess stood at her bower door,  
 Laughing ; who could her blame ?  
 But ere the next day's sun went down,  
 A long worm she became.

\* *I. e.*, Child o' Wynd. Mr. H. very gravely informs us that " there is a street now called 'The Wynd' at Bambrough."

For seven miles east, and seven miles west,  
And seven miles north and south,  
No blade of grass or corn could grow,  
So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows,  
It was costly her to keep,  
Was brought her daily, which she drank  
Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave  
Which held her folded up,  
And the stone trough, the very same  
Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,  
And word is gone over the sea,  
That a laidley worm in Spindleston Heughs  
Would ruin the North country.

Word went east, and word went west,  
And over the sea did go ;  
The Child of Wynd got wit of it,  
Which fill'd his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,  
They thirty were and three ;  
" I wish I were at Spindleston,  
This desperate worm to see.

" We have no time now here to waste,  
Hence quickly let us sail ;  
My only sister Margaret  
Something, I fear, doth ail."

They built a ship without delay,  
With masts of the rown-tree,\*  
With fluttering sails of silk so fine,  
And set her on the sea.

They went aboard. The wind with speed  
Blew them along the deep :  
At length they spied a huge square tower,  
On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the weather clear,  
When they approached nigher  
King Ida's castle they well knew,  
And the banks of Bambroughshire.

\* *Mountain-ash*, a sovereign preservative against witchcraft and enchantment.

The queen look'd out at her bower-window,  
To see what she could see ;  
There she espied a gallant ship  
Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails,  
Full glancing in the sun,  
To sink the ship she sent away  
Her witch-wives every one.

Their spells were vain. The hags return'd  
To the queen in sorrowful mood,  
Crying, that witches have not power  
Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her last effort, she sent a boat,  
Which in the haven lay,  
With armed men to board the ship ;  
But they were driven away.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,  
She plaited round the stane ;  
And as the ship came to the land,  
She bang'd it off again.

The Child then ran out of her reach  
The ship on Budle sand,\*  
And jumping into the shallow sea,  
Securely got to land.

And now he drew his berry brown sword,  
And laid it on her head :  
And swore if she did harm to him,  
That he would strike her dead.

“ Oh ! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,  
And give me kisses three ;  
For though I am a poisonous worm,  
No hurt I will do to thee.

“ Oh ! quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,  
And give me kisses three ;  
If I am not won ere the sun go down,  
Won I shall never be.”

He quitted his sword, he bent his bow,  
He gave her kisses three :  
She crept into a hole a worm,  
But stept out a lady.

\* Budle (Mr. H. says) is very near Spindleston.

No cloathing had this lady fine,  
To keep her from the cold ;  
He took his mantle from him about,  
And round her did it fold.

He has taken his mantle from him about,  
And it he wrapt her in ;  
And they are up to Bambrough castle,  
As fast as they can win.

His absence, and her serpent shape,  
The king had long deplor'd :  
He now rejoic'd to see them both  
Again to him restor'd.

The queen they wanted, whom they found  
All pale, and sore afraid,  
Because she knew her power must yield  
To Childy Wynd's, who said :

" Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch !  
An ill death mayest thou dee ;  
As thou my sister hast liken'd,  
So liken'd shalt thou be.

" I will turn thee into a toad,  
That on the ground doth wend ;  
And won, won shalt thou never be,  
Till this world hath an end."

Now on the sand near Ida's tower,  
She crawls, a loathsome toad,  
And venom spits on every maid  
She meets upon her road.

The virgins all of Bambrough town  
Will swear that they have seen  
This spiteful toad of monstrous size,  
Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe within the shire  
This story to be true ;  
And they all run to Spindleston,  
The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frasier  
Of Cheviot sings in rhyme ;  
Lest Bambroughshire men should forget  
Some part of it in time.

[See Note 14.]

**The Dragon of the Ancients.**

[1861, *Part II.*, pp. 130-132.]

Most of the great nations of antiquity had a tradition of the dragon. The dragon of the Latins is thus described by Virgil:—

“ At gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones  
Effugiunt, sævæque petunt Tritonidis arcem ;  
Sub pedibusque deæ, clypeique sub orbe, teguntur.”  
*Æneidos*, lib. ii. 225.

It is to be observed that these dragons had wings, and could fly to some height.

The Greek dragon resembles the Latin. The garden of the Hesperides was guarded by a dragon, and the locality of these gardens is referred to Mount Atlas, in Africa. Hercules killed the dragon and carried off the golden apples—which would now be called, in these unpoetic days, Tangerine oranges.

In one of the Greek traditions, usually referred to a period about thirteen centuries before Christ, Medea is described as having killed her two children in the presence of their father, and when Jason attempted to punish the barbarity of the mother, she fled through the air upon a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

Another part of the same legend is, that Jason was to attack a monstrous dragon that watched, night and day, at the foot of a tree on which the golden fleece was suspended: but, by the power of herbs, Jason lulled the vigilance of the dragon, and obtained the golden fleece. The locality here is the eastern coast of the Black Sea.

The story of Cadmus also contains a dragon. He landed in Bœotia, and sent his companions to fetch water from a neighbouring grove. The waters were sacred to Mars, and guarded by a dragon, who devoured all the attendants of the Phœnician. Cadmus, tired of their delay, went to the place, and saw the monster still feeding on their flesh. He attacked the dragon, and overcame it by the assistance of Minerva. The story goes on to say that he afterwards sowed the teeth of the dragon in a plain, upon which armed men suddenly rose up from the ground. He threw a stone in the midst of them, and they instantly turned their arms one against another, till all perished except five, who assisted him in building his city. Cadmus is said to have lived about fifteen centuries before Christ.

A continuation of this Greek tradition is, that an oracle had commanded the Thebans to sacrifice one of the descendants of those who sprang from the dragon's teeth. Menœceus, a Theban, offered himself as a human sacrifice to the ghosts of the dead, and destroyed his own life, near the cave where the dragon of Mars had formerly resided.

The last of the great pagan nations has also its tradition of the dragon, and among their inimitable pottery the Chinese have the dragon china, which is scattered abundantly over England. We have



usually seen the dragon depicted on this china as a lizard without wings—indeed, we never saw it otherwise; but the Chinese are scrupulously accurate in the delineation of natural objects, and that their dragon should have lost his wings is a proof that their earliest delineations were not made from the living animal, but that the creature was extinct in China when the Chinese began to represent it. Still, the Chinese insist upon a dragon, and when the emperor died, a few years ago, an edict was issued announcing that the emperor had ascended to heaven mounted upon a fiery dragon.

Even in the science of medicine the dragon is remembered, and we can go into any chemist's shop and purchase gum tragacanth, or dragon's blood.

Last of all, the geologists have dug up the bones of the dragon, and put them together. They find that the Greeks were more accurate than the Chinese, because the Greek dragon had wings. They also find that there were many species of the animal, from a monster with an expanse of wing stretching eighteen feet from tip to tip, down to a little animal no larger than a curlew. These bones are found in the oolitic formations, and so on, upwards. The geologists find that the wings were covered, not with feathers, but with scales, and that the eyes of the animal were large, as if to enable it to fly by night. Two models of these dragons, or pterodactyles, are perched upon a rock at the Crystal Palace.

One of the earliest works of men was the subdivision of celestial space into constellations, and this is alluded to in the Book of Job, who mentions the constellation Orion. Among these constellations we find a dragon, and the writers of the Old Testament constantly allude to the existence of dragons as if they had seen them. Job himself says, "I am brother to dragons and a companion to owls," and this more than 2,000 years before Christ. Some 1,400 years later, Isaiah uses the expression, "The dragons and owls shall honour me;" and the Prophet Jeremiah not only assumes the existence of dragons in his own days, but affirms that they shall not become extinct for some centuries to come, when he foretels that Babylon shall be a dwelling for dragons. But the passage in Micah is most curious, where he describes the cry of the dragon—"I will make a wailing, like the dragons;" such a cry as a nocturnal and solitary animal might well be supposed to utter.

As many countries became more populous, the solitary and predatory dragon disappeared before the advance of an increased population, and, like the eagle, retired into places more and more remote from men.

Pliny, writing in the first century, describes Babylon as lying utterly desolate. It then became the abode of dragons, and they are mentioned as still existing by one of the pagan writers, though he does not speak of them in Chaldæa, but in Mount Atlas.

At a period usually referred to the thirteenth century before Christ,

we have found Hercules attacking the dragon of the Hesperides on Mount Atlas. Fourteen centuries later, Solinus, a Roman writer who lived at the end of the first century, describes the elephants that abounded in those mountains in his time, and he finds that they are frequently attacked by dragons. These are his words:—

“Inter hos et dracones jugis discordia: denique insidiæ hoc astu præparantur: serpentes propter semitas delitescunt, per quas elephanti assuetis callibus evagantur: atque ita, prætermissis prioribus postremos adoriuntur, ne, qui antecesserunt, queant [ultimis] opitulari: ac primum pedes nodis illigant, ut laqueatis cruribus impediunt gradiendi facultatem: nam elephanti, nisi præventi hac spirarum mora, vel arboribus se vel saxis applicant, ut pondere nitibundo attritos necent angues. Dimicationis præcipua causa est, quod elephantis, ut aiunt, frigidior inest sanguis, et ob id à draconibus avidissimè torrente captantur æstu: quam ob rem numquam invadunt nisi potu gravatos, ut, venis propensius irrigatis majorem sumant de oppressis satietatem: nec aliud majus quàm oculos petunt, quos solos inexpugnabiles sciunt: vel interiora aurium, quod is tantum locus defendi non potest promoscide. Itaque cum ebiberint sanguinem, dum ruunt beluæ, dracones obruantur.”—[*Collectanea rerum memorabilium sive Polyhistor*, cap. 25.]

In this description the most notable points are, that the dragon attacks the elephant for the sake of sucking its blood; and that it makes its attack upon those vulnerable places, the eyes and the ears.

It is interesting to observe how closely the heathen traditions, the discoveries of the geologists, and the sacred writers, agree in describing the animal. It was amphibious, it preyed alike on fish and on other animals, and it was, as the learned Cruden described, a dangerous creature, mischievous, deadly, and wild.

The tradition so carefully cherished in England, of St. George and the Dragon, as well as the similar traditions of Germany, appear to refer to isolated animals, driven by the hostility of increasing multitudes of men to solitary places where they could still find water, and gradually destroyed by horsemen covered with armour, who assailed them with the spear. It is to be hoped that the representations of these animals on the British coinage will, in future, be more accurate than those on some of the sovereigns and crown-pieces at present in circulation. The real pterodactyle was a much more formidable animal than the imaginary dragon on the coinage.

### Robin Hood.

[1820, *Part II.*, pp. 507-509.]

The following account of Robert, Earl of Huntington, extracted from Hargrove's "Anecdotes of Archery," may be interesting to your readers:

During the reign of Richard I., we first find mention made of Robin Hood, who hath been so long celebrated as the chief of English archers.

The intestine troubles of England were very great at that time, and the country everywhere infested with outlaws and banditti; amongst whom none were so famous as this sylvan hero and his followers, whom Stow, in his annals, styles *renowned thieves*. The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle, of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have ever since rendered him the favourite of the common people.

Sir Edward Coke, in his "Third Institute," p. 197, speaks of Robin Hood, and says, that men of his lawless profession were from him called Roberdsmen: he says, that this notable thief gave not only a name to these kind of men, but mentions a bay on the Yorkshire coast, called Robin Hood's Bay. He further adds, that the Statute of Winchester, 13th of Edward I., and another statute of the 5th of Edward III., were made for the punishment of Roberdsmen, and other felons. [See Note 15.]

Who was the author of the collection, called "Robin Hood's Garland," no one has yet pretended to guess. As some of the songs have more of the spirit of poetry than others, it is probably the work of various hands: that it has from time to time been varied and adapted to the phrase of the times is certain.

In the "Vision of Pierce Plowman," written by Robert Longland, a secular priest, and Fellow of Oriel College, and who flourished in the reign of Edward III., is this passage:

"I cannot perfitly my Pater Noster as the prist it singelh;  
I can rimes of Robinhod and Randal of Chester."

Drayton, in his "Poly-Olbion," song xxvi., thus characterizes him:

"From wealthy abbots' chests, and churches' abundant store,  
What oftentimes he took he shar'd amongst the poor;  
No lordly Bishop came in lusty Robin's way,  
To him before he went but for his pass must pay;  
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,  
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd."

Hearne, in his "Glossary," inserts a manuscript note out of Wood, containing a passage cited from John Major, the Scottish historian, to this purpose: that Robin Hood was indeed an arch robber, but the gentlest thief that ever was: and says he might have added, from the Harleian MSS. of John Fordun's Scottish chronicle, that he was, though a notorious robber, a man of great charity.

The true name of Robin Hood, was Robert Fitz-ooth, the addition of *Fitz*, common to many Norman names, was afterwards often omitted or dropped. The two last letters *th* being turned into *d*, he was called

by the common people *Ood* or *Hood*. It is evident he was a man of quality, as appears by a pedigree in Stukeley's "Palæographia Britannia." John Scot, tenth Earl of Huntington, dying in 1237, without issue, R. Fitz-ooth was by the female line next heir to that title, as descended from Gilbert de Gaunt, Earl of Kyme and Lindsey. The title lying dormant \* during the last ten years of his life, there could be nothing unreasonable or extraordinary in his pretensions to that honour. The arms of Robin Hood were, Gules, two bends engrailed Or. In the old Garland he is said to have been born at Loxley in Staffordshire; and in a shooting match, † made by the king and queen, being chose by the latter for her archer, she calls him *Loxley*: a custom very common in those days to call persons of eminence by the name of the town where they were born.

It does not appear that our hero possessed any estate; perhaps he or his father might be deprived of that on some political account; attainders and confiscations being very frequent in those days of Norman tyranny and feudal oppression. In the 19th of Henry II., when the son of that king rebelled against his father, Robert de Ferrers manned his castles of Tutbury and Duffield in behalf of the prince. William Fitz-ooth, father of our hero (suppose him connected with the Ferrers, to which his dwelling at Loxley ‡ seems to point), might suffer with them in the consequences of that rebellion, which would not only deprive the family of their estates, but also of their claim to the earldom of Huntington. From some such cause our hero might be induced to take refuge in those woods and forests, where the bold adventurer—whether flying from the demands of his injured country, or to avoid the ruthless hand of tyrannic power—had often found a safe and secure retreat.

Tutbury, and other places in the vicinity of his native town, seem to have been the scene of his juvenile frolics. We afterwards find him at the head of two hundred strong, resolute men, and expert archers, ranging the woods and forests of Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and other parts of the North of England. §

Charton, in his "History of Whitby Abbey," p. 146, recites, "That in the days of Abbot Richard, this free-booter, when closely pursued by the civil or military power, found it necessary to leave his usual haunts, and retreating across the moors that surrounded Whitby,

\* The title lay dormant ninety years after Robert's death, namely till the year 1337, when William Lord Clinton was created Earl of Huntington.

† On this occasion we are told that Robin Hood was dressed in scarlet, and his men in green; and that they all wore black hats and white feathers.

‡ The Ferrers were Lords of Loxley. The name of Loxley has been adopted for this chivalrous outlaw by the very intelligent author of "Ivanhoe." And Robin Hood has been given as a Christian name by the present Earl of Huntington to one of his youngest sons.

§ Besides many other places, the following are particularly mentioned, viz., Barnsdale, Wakefield, Plompton Park, and Fountains Abbey.

came to the sea coast, where he always had in readiness some small fishing vessels; and in these putting off to sea, he looked upon himself as quite secure, and held the whole power of the English nation at defiance. The chief place of his resort at these times, and where his boats were generally laid up, was about six miles from Whitby, and is still called Robin Hood's Bay." Tradition further informs us, that in one of these peregrinations he, attended by his lieutenant, John Little, went to dine \* with Abbot Richard, who, having heard them often famed for their great dexterity in shooting with the long-bow, begged them after dinner to show him a specimen thereof; when, to oblige the Abbot, they went up to the top of the abbey, whence each of them shot an arrow, which fell not far from Whitby Laths, but on the contrary side of the lane. In memory of this transaction, a pillar was set up by the abbot in the place where each of the arrows fell, which were standing in 1779; each pillar still retaining the name of the owner of each arrow. Their distance from Whitby Abbey is more than a measured mile, which seems very far for the flight of an arrow; but when we consider the advantage a shooter must have from an elevation so great as the top of the abbey, situated on a high cliff, the fact will not appear so very extraordinary. These very pillars are mentioned, and the fields called by the aforesaid names in the old deeds for that ground, † now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Watson. It appears by his epitaph, that Robert Fitz-ooth lived fifty-nine years after this time (1188); a very long period for a life abounding with so many dangerous enterprises, and rendered obnoxious both to Church and State. Perhaps no part of English History afforded so fair an opportunity for such practices, as the turbulent reigns of Richard I., King John, and Henry III.

Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chief Justiciary of England, we are told, issued several proclamations for the suppressing of out-laws; and even set a price on the head of this hero. Several stratagems were used to apprehend him, but in vain. Force he repelled by force; nor was he less artful than his enemies. At length, being closely pursued, many of his followers slain, and the rest dispersed, he took refuge in the Priory of Kirklees, about twelve miles from Leeds, in Yorkshire, the Prioress at that time being his near relation. Old age, disappointment, and fatigue, brought on disease; a monk was called in to open a vein, who, either through ignorance or design, performed his part so ill, that the bleeding could not be stopped. Believing he should not recover, and wishing to point out the place where his remains might be deposited, he called for his bow, and discharging two arrows, the first fell in the river Calder; the

\* Possibly without invitation.

† That each of the arrows of these renowned shooters fell, as above described, is probable, but that they were shot from some other place than the top of the Abbey, is equally probable.

second, falling in the park, marked the place of his future sepulture. He died on the 24th of December, 1247,\* as appears by the following epitaph, which was once legible on his tomb, in Kirklees Park; where, though the tomb remains, yet the inscription hath been long obliterated. It was, however, preserved by Dr. Gale, Dean of York, and inserted from his papers by Thoresby, in his *Ducat. Leod.*, and is as follows:

“Hear, undernead his latil stean,  
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntington;  
Nea Arcir ver az hie sa geud,  
An pipl kauld im Robin Heud;  
Sick utlawz az hi an iz men,  
Vil England nivr si agen.  
Obit 24 Kal. Dekembris, 1247.”

In a small grove, part of the cemetery formerly belonging to this Priory, is a large flat gravestone, on which is carved the figure of a Cross de Calvary, extending the whole length of stone, and round the margin is inscribed in Monastic characters:

“✠ DOUCE IHU DE NAZARETH FILZ DIEU TEZ MERCY A ELIZABETH STANTON PRIORES DE CEST MAISON.”†

The lady whose memory is here recorded is said to have been related to Robin Hood, and under whose protection he took refuge some time before his death. These being the only monuments remaining at the place, make it probable, at least, that they have been preserved on account of the supposed affinity of the persons over whose remains they were erected.

Robin Hood's mother had two sisters, each older than herself. The first married Roger Lord Mowbray; the other married into the family of Wake. As neither of these could be Prioress of Kirklees, Elizabeth Stanton might be one of their descendants.

In the churchyard of Hathersage, a village in Derbyshire, were deposited, as tradition informs us, the remains of John Little, the servant and companion of Robin Hood. The grave is distinguished by a large stone, placed at the head, and another at the feet; on each of which are yet some remains of the letters I. L.

[1766, p. 260.]

The account Mr. Percy has given us of Robin Hood,‡ is such as may in general be very well acquiesced in, for I can readily agree with him that he was never Earl of Huntington, and that the epitaph he there adduces is not genuine; however, in justice to Mr. Thoresby,

\* Supposing him twenty-one years of age when on his visit to Abbot Richard at Whitby, he must at this time have been at least in his eightieth year.

† This Norman inscription shows its antiquity. Robin Hood's ancestors were Normans, and possessed the lordship of Kyme in Lincolnshire. There is a market town in that county called Stanton.

‡ Percy's "Ancient Songs," v. i., p. 74 seq.

I would observe, that if he be the person meant by a late antiquary, who pretends the epitaph was formerly legible on his tombstone, that author is misrepresented, for he only asserts, "there was an inscription," and that what he gives us was found amongst the papers of the learned Dr. Gale. I think it probable, the epitaph was given to Dr. Gale by some person that had been trying to imitate the style of the age wherein Robin is supposed to have lived. Or perhaps the epigraph might have been put on the stone in after times, when it was commonly believed Robin had been Earl of Huntington.

'Tis the general opinion, that Robin was the most generous of all robbers, plundering and despoiling the rich, and distributing their wealth most liberally amongst the poor; hence we have the proverb, noticed by Dr. Fuller,\* of "Robin Hood's Penn'worths," spoken of things that are bought cheap.

Robin is supposed to live in the reign of Richard I., † but his death is placed in the epitaph 48 years after, viz., 1247, in Henry III.'s time. But we cannot expect exactness in this matter, and indeed some bring him as low as the reign of Edward. ‡

It is most surprising how far the fame of this man extended. There are memorials of him all over Yorkshire; as his Well between Burwallis and Skulbroke, the seat of Henry Brown, Esq.; § his Bay on the eastern coast, "so called," says Camden, "from that famous outlaw Robin Hood." His Butts, || for Bishop Gibson writes, "upon the adjacent moor (to the bay) are two little hills, a quarter of a mile asunder, which are called his butts." ¶ His "Pricks," another word for Butts, \*\* which are two stone-ways, near the turnpike road leading from Sheffield to Grindleford bridge; and lastly his tomb, for as the bishop again writes, "this noted robber lies buried in the park of Warwick-Lees-Nunnery in the West Riding, under a monument which remains to this day." ††

We have remains also of him in Derbyshire, as a Well named from him, in descending from Millstone Edge to Hathersage, not far from the Pricks above mentioned. ‡‡ And on Hartley Moor, near Stanton, there is a ledge of rocks, which are called his "Prick." Also on Winhill, in Hope Dale, there is a rude natural rock, which they call "Robin Hood's Chair."

But the principal scene of this hero's exploits, according to the

\* Fuller's "Worthies in Nottinghamshire." Drayton's "Polyolb."

† Percy, p. 76.

‡ Fuller, by mistake, has 1100 for 1190.

§ See Dickinson's Map of the West Riding.

|| Camden, col. 905, and Fuller l. c.

¶ Gibson in Camden.

\*\* *Ibid.*

†† Percy, v. l., pp. 81, 82.

‡‡ Query whether the Pricks be not in this county?

ballads, was the forest of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire, and the parts adjacent, though it seems his renown had extended into more southern districts.\* [The rest of this article dealing with the derivation of the name is not printed.]

I am, Sir, etc., T. Row.

[1766, p. 400.]

The ingenious Mr. T. Row may see, in a note of Mr. Hearne's, at p. 388 of "Chron. de Dunstaple," that there was a place called "Robin Hood's Bower" upon Maidenhead Thicket, in Berkshire. See also two other works, published by Hearne; namely, "Peter Langtoft's Chron.," p. 667, and "Joh. de Fordun Scotchicon," p. 774. An article in "Cowel's Law Dictionary" deserves consideration here. See it under Roberdsmen.

#### ROBIN HOOD'S BUTTS.

(*Extracted from the "Taunton Courier."*)

[1818, *Part II.*, pp. 306, 307.]

We are favoured by a correspondent with the following facts concerning these monuments of vulgar error.

They are situated on Brown Down, near the road from Chard to Wellington, at least three miles from the situation assigned to them by Mr. Collinson in his History of the county on that from Neroche to Chard. A few days ago, a party of gentlemen from Chard explored one of them, the foundation of which was formed of very large stones, disposed in a perfect circle. Upon these was raised a mound, eight feet high, of alternate layers of black soil, found in the Somersetshire moors, and fine white sand. Ashes, intermixed with bones which had evidently undergone the action of fire, together with a quantity of charcoal, were found gathered up in the centre. Thence, the tumulus consisted only of the black bog earth, and rose more abruptly to the height (in all) of thirteen feet. It was surrounded, at a distance of six feet, by a circumvallation about two feet high.

A jaw and several small bones, as white as ivory, were found very perfect; and there was a large portion of a skull. The bog-earth had, through so many centuries, preserved its appearance unaltered; and was cut out, like soft soap, but immediately turned to dust, on exposure to the air. On the top of each barrow was a small excavation like a bowl, which I have also found in several barrows on the Dorset Downs.

This hollow was sagaciously alleged by a neighbouring farmer as a proof that the popular tradition whence these monuments have derived their name was well founded. "Robin Hood and Little John," said he, "*undoubtedly* used to throw their quoits from one to

\* Gunton, p. 4.



the other (distance a quarter of a mile); for there is the mark made by pitching the quoits!"

FOLK-LORE CONCERNING ROBIN HOOD.

[1864, *Part II.*, p. 266.]

Some twenty years ago an honest and intelligent Yorkshireman, who I could answer had no motive but truth, told me a "personal trait of this bold outlaw," which, with far from mean experience in ballad lore, I never saw in print, nor do I suspect has any reader of Sylvanus Urban. In allusion to his weather endurance in the "green wood," "The only thing Robin could not stand," he said, "was a cold thaw," in which probably many, myself certainly, far preferring the sharpest crisp frost, would agree with him. This, therefore, must have been a morsel of local tradition in the part of Yorkshire abutting on Nottinghamshire, so vividly described in Ivanhoe, perhaps just peeping out now in public after nearly 600 years. P.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD.

[1852, *Part II.*, pp. 160-162.]

The question on the veritable existence of such a personage as Robin Hood has frequently been a subject of dispute in the columns of the "Gentleman's Magazine."

Having been an early and true lover of this celebrated hero, the delight of our youth and the admiration of our manhood, I have been highly gratified with the perusal of a tract recently published by the Rev. Joseph Hunter,\* who, after a searching investigation, has at length dissipated the belief that Robin Hood was, after the opinion of M. Thierry,† the chief of a small band of Saxons, impatient of their subjugation to the Normans; or, according to a writer in the "London and Westminster Review"‡ (in whose opinion your correspondent mainly coincided), that he was one of the *exheredati* of the adherents of Simon de Montfort; or, in the opinion of Mr. Wright,§ that he was amongst the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic people.

Mr. Hunter has now shown that our early historians, Fordun, Wyntoun, Major, and Boece, are equally erroneous in their conjectures

\* "The Great Hero of the Ancient Minstrelsy of England, Robin Hood, his period, real character, etc., investigated and perhaps ascertained. By Joseph Hunter." 1852. (Being No. IV. of Mr. Hunter's "Critical and Historical Tracts.")

† "Histoire de la Conquete de l'Angleterre par les Normands," 1825.

‡ No. 65, March, 1840.

§ "Essays on the Literature, etc., of the Middle Ages." By Thomas Wright. 2 vols. 1850.

as Stukeley, Ritson, Sir Walter Scott, and others of more modern date; and after a lapse of upwards of five centuries, from research into various documents, he has resuscitated the veritable personage of our celebrated hero, unmistakably demonstrating that he lived in the reign of Edward II., and that he was an adherent of the Earl of Lancaster at the battle of Boroughbridge, in 1322-3.

Mr. Hunter takes the heroic narrative of the *Little Geste* as the groundwork of his investigation into the existence of the hero, and verifies him in a progress which Edward II. made through Lancashire in the 17th year of his reign, 1323; at which time the King was especially intent in his inquiry into the state of his forests, which had been greatly wasted by the depredations of such men as Robin Hood; and that he was amongst the proscribed persons who at that time fell into the King's hands. The King not only pardoned him for his trespasses, but actually took him into his employ as one of the valets or porters of his chamber; and Mr. Hunter quotes from a document found in the Exchequer the very wages that he was paid, *threepence per day*.

Numerous other references are made to documents of this age; and no pedigree-hunter could more clearly trace the name and verify the person of an hitherto uncertain individual than Mr. Hunter has done; defining Robin Hood's exploits while one of the proscribed; the localities which he visited, and which still bear his name—particularly identifying the spot of his celebrated well; the probable cause of his death, and the place of his burial.

Mr. Hunter starts also a very feasible conjecture as to the author of the "*Little Geste*." "By whom it was written," Mr. Hunter says, "it is in vain to hope for complete satisfaction; but we must not omit to observe, what in this connection is a remarkable fact, that Barnsdale had in the early days of Edward III. its own poet. I mean Richard Rolle, the author of various poetical compositions, which were very popular in former days, as appears by their having been so early among the writings to which the art of printing was applied." [See Note 17.]

Mr. Hunter has so ably summed up the substance of his investigations that I flatter myself you will not hesitate to find room for so interesting a fragment. Fame seems to lose half its value by being annexed to a name only, unaccompanied with a knowledge of the biography of its owner, of the means by which he gained the difficult ascent to eminence, and of the circumstances of his progress.

"My theory," says Mr. Hunter, "is this: that neither is Robin Hood a mere poetic conception, a beautiful abstraction of the life of a jovial freebooter living in the woods, nor one of those fanciful beings, creatures of the popular mind, springing in the very infancy of northern civilization, 'one amongst the personages of the early

mythology of the Teutonic people,' as Mr. Wright informs us ; but a person who had a veritable existence quite within historic time, a man of like feelings and passions as we are ; not, however, a Saxon struggling against the Norman power in the first and second reigns of the House of Anjou, nor one of the *exheredati* of the reign of King Henry III., but one of the *contrariantes* of the reign of King Edward II., and living in the early years of the reign of King Edward III., but whose birth is to be carried back into the reign of King Edward I., and fixed in the decennary period, 1285 to 1295 ; that he was born in a family of some station and respectability seated at Wakefield, or in villages around ; that he, as many others, partook of the popular enthusiasm which supported the Earl of Lancaster, the great baron of those parts, who, having attempted in vain various changes in the Government, at length broke out into open rebellion with many persons, great and small, following his standard ; that when the Earl fell and there was a dreadful proscription, a few persons who had been in arms not only escaped the hazards of battle, but the arm of the executioner ; that he was one of these, and that he protected himself against the authorities of the time, partly by secreting himself in the depths of Barnsdale, or of the forest of Sherwood, and partly by intimidating the public officers by the opinion which was abroad of his unerring bow, and his instant command of assistance from numerous comrades as skilled in archery as himself ; that he supported himself by slaying the wild animals that were found in the forests, and by levying a species of black-mail on passengers along the great road which united London with Berwick ; occasionally replenishing his coffers by seizing upon treasure as it was being transported on the road ; that there was a self-abandonment and a courtesy in the way in which he proceeded which distinguishes him from the ordinary highwayman ; that he laid down the principle that he would take from none but those who could afford to lose, and that if he met with poor persons he would bestow upon them some part of what he had taken from the rich ; in short, that in this respect he was the supporter of the rights or supposed reasonable expectations of the middle and lower ranks, a *leveller* of the times ; that he continued this course for about twenty months, April, 1322, to December, 1323, meeting with various adventures, as such a person must needs do, some of which are related in the ballads respecting him ; that when, in 1323, the king was intent upon freeing his forests from such marauders, he fell into the king's power ; that this was at a time when the bitter feeling with which the king and the Spensers at first pursued those who had shown themselves such formidable adversaries had passed away, and a more lenient policy had supervened ; the king, possibly for some secret and unknown reason, not only pardoned him all his transgressions, but gave him the place of one of the 'vadlets, porteurs de la chambre,' in the royal house-

hold, which appointment he held for about a year, when the love for the unconstrained life he had led, and for the charms of the country, returned, and he left the court, and betook himself again to the greenwood shade; that he continued this mode of life, we know not exactly how long, and that at last he resorted to the prioress of Kirklees, his own relative, for surgical assistance, and in that priory he died and was buried.

"This appears to me to be, in all likelihood, the outline of his life; some parts of it, however, having a stronger claim upon our belief than other parts. It is drawn from a comparison of the minstrel testimony with the testimony of records of different kinds, and lying in distant places. That I give full, ample, and implicit credence to every part of it, I do not care to affirm; but I cannot think that there can be so many correspondences between the ballad and the record without something of identity; and if we strike out the whole of what is built upon the foundation of the alleged relationship of the outlaw to the prioress of Kirklees, it will still remain the most probable theory respecting the outlaws, that they were soldiers escaped from the battle of Boroughbridge, and the proscription which followed."

Long as this extract has been, I must appeal to the gallantry of Mr. Urban to give space to another short one, in which Mr. Hunter alludes to a different female character to that of the prioress of Kirklees, the veritable wife of the gallant hero, the no less famous Maid Marian, who,

with garland gay  
Is made the Lady of the Maye.

In the Court rolls of the manor of Wakefield in the 9th Edward II. there appears a Robert Hood living in the town, and having business in that court—"Amabil' Brodehegh petit versus Robertum Hood vijz. de una dimidia roda terræ quam dictus Robertus eedem Amabil' demisit ad terminum vj annorum, quam ei non potuit warantizare," etc. And "in a parcel of deeds," adds Mr. Hunter, "of the Stayntons, which I have seen" (with whom he thinks the ballad hero might have been related), "one of them dated at Wolley-Morehouse, in 1344, is a grant from Henry, son of Amabil of Wolflay-Morehouse to Adam, son of Thomas de Staynton. We find Robertus Hood again at a court held in the following year, when he is described as being of Wakefield, and the name of his wife is mentioned. Her name was Matilda, and the ballad testimony is—not the 'Little Geste,' but other ballads of uncertain antiquity—that the outlaw's wife was named Matilda, which name she exchanged for Marian when she joined him in the greenwood."

Excuse me, Mr. Urban, if I conclude with two remarks upon the "Legend of the Little Geste," which I have made in my prefatory

remarks to the edition of the "Robin Hood Ballads," which I published in two volumes, 1847.\*

"If, in this biographical sketch of Robin Hood, the editor had relied solely upon the numerous ballads relating to him, which naturally allude to the leading events of his life, much more might be verified from this source than any preceding biographer has attempted; especially from that early printed and semi-biographical legend of him, 'A Lytell Geste of Robin Hode.' The reprint of this tale, the only really ancient ballad in Ritson's Collection, as well as the most poetical and natural of all relating to Robin Hood, will elucidate more clearly than any other documents his station in society, his character, and actions."

"It is to the legendary ballad of the 'Lytell Geste' that we must chiefly refer for the most probable conjecture of the period when Robin Hood lived, and the transactions in which he was engaged. There are few ancient ballads in existence, either in manuscript or in print, in which such a minute detail of occurrences is narrated, and of such historical accuracy. There are dates specified, or referred to, the best tests of the accuracy of documentary evidence; and there are the names of individuals mixed up with these dates, whose existence, at the same period, is confirmed by national historians whose fidelity is unquestioned."

It is at this late period of inquiry that praise is due to the Rev. Joseph Hunter, for his indefatigable research into our early records to elucidate the veritable existence of Robin Hood, for the perspicuity with which he has arranged and elucidated their contents, and for his establishment of the fact that there did exist such a personage as Robin Hood.

[See Note 16.]

Yours, etc., J. M. GUTCH.

### The Romance of Robert the Devil.

[1854, *Part II.*, pp. 363, 364.]

Most of your bibliographical readers are acquainted (at least by name) with the romance of "Robert le Diable," or "Robert the Devyll;" though, as it does not occur in the list of romances in W. London's "Catalogue of the most vendible Bookes in England" (1658), it was probably never a popular story here. A new and personal importance, however, has been given to it by recent Norman historians. M. Thierry, in his well-known "History of the Conquest," describes Duke Robert, the father of William the Conqueror, as one "whose violent character had gained for him the surname of Robert the Devil," (vol. i., p. 133, ed. 1847). M. Goube, in his "Histoire du Duché de Normandie" (Rouen, 1815), relating the ferocious war-

\* Mr. Gutch's work was the subject of a long article in our Magazine for June, 1847.—*Edit.*

fare with which he supported Henry I. of France against the rebels in 1031, says, "C'était la manière du duc de faire ainsi la guerre ; il disait qu'il fallait la pousser à toute outrance pour la terminer promptement, ou ne pas la déclarer : c'est ce qui lui fit donner le surnom de 'Robert le Diable'" (vol. i., p. 157). Neither of these writers gives any quoted authority for affixing this name to Robert I.; nevertheless, it has become proverbial, for "dit 'le Magnifique' ou 'le Diable,'" is his usual description in biographical dictionaries. M. Morlent, in his "Petite Géographie du Département de la Seine-Inférieure" (no date, but very lately printed), repeats but softens this opinion: "Ses prouesses héroïques, sa bravoure, sa loyauté, quelque chose d'imposant dans le caractère, enfin le mélange de la religion et de la galanterie en firent un prince populaire, et lui valurent deux surnoms ; celui de 'Robert le Diable' et de 'Robert le Magnifique'" (p. 12).

M. Deville, in his "Histoire du Château d'Arques" (Rouen, 1839, 8vo.), endeavours to identify the hero of the romance with Robert II. Referring to the preface of another work which he had edited, viz., "Miracle de Notre-Dame de Robert le Diable," he argues, "que ce personnage n'est autre que Robert Courte-Heuse, fils de Guillaume le Conquerant" (chap. vi., p. 98), but without repeating the reasons which led him to that conclusion. But M. Licquet, author of the "Histoire de Normandie" (Rouen, 1835, 8vo., 2 vols.), rejects both opinions, and, though the passage in which he discusses the question is rather long, your readers, if they have no other access to it, will not be displeased to see it entire.

"Il me reste à vous prémunir contre une tradition fabuleuse, attaché au nom de Robert. Quel habitant de Rouen, en suivant le cours de la Seine, sur un de ces bateaux voyageurs qui descendent et remontent le fleuve plusieurs fois par jour sur une étendue de quatre lieues environ, n'a pas involontairement tourné les yeux vers les hauteurs de Moulinaux? 'Voici le *chateau de Robert le Diable*,' ne manque pas de s'écrier quelqu'un des passagers. Et ce Robert le Diable serait précisément le duc dont nous nous occupons en ce moment.\* Il est échappé à des écrivains modernes de consacrer ce bruit populaire, et de marier le nom de notre duc à cette épithète burlesque qu'il n'a point méritée. Robert, comme tous ses prédécesseurs, se montra intrépide, ami des combats, fit la guerre comme on la faisait alors, ravageant, pillant, brûlant tout sur son passage ; mais tout cela s'était fait avant lui, et se fit encore après. D'autres ont vu, dans 'Robert le Diable,' non pas celui dont nous venons de nous occuper, mais son petit-fils, Robert 'Courte-Botte.' Celui-ci n'eut rien de plus diable que l'autre, et ne mérite pas d'avantage le sobriquet. Voici d'où vient l'erreur : on a imaginé de placer en tête de nos anciennes chroniques un vieux roman de chevalerie ayant pour

\* The father of William the Conqueror.

titre 'Robert le Diable,' fils d'un premier duc de Normandie nommé Aubert, qui n'a jamais existé. Ce Robert, dit le romancier, fut surnommé le Diable, *pour les grans cruautés et mauvaisetiés dont il fut plain*. Tout jeune, il battait ses camarades, egorgeait ses maîtres. Plus tard, il entraît de vive force dans les couvens, et s'abandonnait à tous les excès. Nos ducs Robert n'offrent aucun trait de ressemblance avec ce héros de roman, et le nom a fait encore ici commetre une erreur à l'égard des personnes" (vol. ii., pp. 33-35).

The substance of the story is, that the mother of Robert, having long been childless, expressed a wish that if heaven did not grant her offspring the devil would. ("Flectere si nequeo superos," etc. *Æn.* vii., 312.) In consequence of this the son she afterwards bore proved diabolical in his disposition. At length he has an interview with his mother, in the castle of Arques (near Dieppe), in order to learn the fatal secret of his destiny, when she makes him a full disclosure of the cause (see Deville, p. 105). Robert determines to amend his conduct, and says, in the language of the romance,

Diablen en moi plus n'aura,

and adopts the process of contrition and reformation most consonant to the habits and ideas of the time.

If we merely consider the character of the two Roberts, something may be found in each to account in part for his name being connected with the tale. The elder laboured under a suspicion of having poisoned his brother Richard, and the vices and rebellion of the other afforded some ground for odious imputations; but neither answers fully to the hero of the story. Besides, it is founded on the long sterility of the duchess, which is utterly at variance with the fact of Robert I. being a second son, and Robert II. being born within a year after his parents' marriage. There is a Robert in the tale, and there are Roberts in the annals of Normandy, and the castle at Arques is also a real locality; but when the writer composes in carelessness or defiance of historical truth, it is almost hopeless to speculate on the identity of his hero.

The literary fate of Robert Courthose, at all events, is very remarkable, perhaps the most remarkable of his line; for his name is not only associated with this romance, but also with the medical "Regimen" of Salerno, which is supposed on good grounds to be dedicated to him.

Yours, etc., J. T. M.

### Shakespeare's Shylock.

[1754, p. 221.]

It hath been questioned in some of the public prints whether any of the commentators on Shakespeare have remarked that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the "Merchant of Venice" appears to be borrowed from a story in the life of Pope Sixtus V., Shake-

speare having changed the persons by substituting the Jew for the Christian, and the Christian for the Jew.

The story is this: "It was reported at Rome that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer, Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report disbelieved, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and at last worked himself up into such a passion, that he said, 'I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lie.' Secchi, who was of a fiery temper, replied, 'I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh, that it is true.' The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, that if Secchi won he should cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased.—The truth of this account was soon after confirmed, and the Jew was almost distracted when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn that he would compel him to the literal performance of his contract.—A report of this transaction was brought to the pope, who sent for the parties, and being informed of the whole affair, said, 'When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as we intend this shall; take a knife therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body: we would advise you, however, to be very careful, for if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged.'—The result at last was, that, to deter others from laying such wagers, they were both sent to prison, and condemned to suffer death. This sentence was changed for the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too by paying each of them 2,000 crowns, to be applied to the use of the hospital the pope had lately founded."

The connoisseur has also taken notice of the similitude between the scene in Shakespeare, and the facts related in Sixtus's life; but he thinks, with Mr. T. Warton, the author of "Observations on Spencer's Fairy Queen" lately published, that Shakespeare borrowed the incident from a ballad which is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, and, as he believes, is nowhere else to be found; but as this ballad appears by the first verse to be taken from an Italian novel, it is more probable that Shakespeare's resource was the fountain head than the stream. [See Note 17.]

#### **Legend of the Artifice of the Thong, in founding Cities and Castles.**

[1771, pp. 500, 501.]

The story goes, that Dido or Eliza, upon her arrival in Africa, after her flight from Tyre, purchased as much land of the natives of the



former place as she could cover, or rather enclose, with an ox's hide ; and thereupon cut the hide into thongs, and included a much larger space than the sellers expected ; and that from thence the place, which afterwards became the citadel of Carthage, was called Bursa, Bursa signifying an ox's hide. This tale, which is either related or alluded to by Appian and Dionysius the geographer, amongst the Greeks, and by Justin, Virgil, Silius Italicus, and others of the Latins, has no foundation, I apprehend, in the truth of history, and indeed is generally exploded by the learned. However, let us see how later writers have conducted themselves in respect thereof ; it was a subtle, pleasing artifice, and they were very unwilling not to make use of it for the embellishment of their respective works.

First, Sigebert, monk of Gemblours, who flourished A.D. 1100, has applied it to Hengist, the first Saxon King of Kent, saying, that the place purchased of the British King, and enclosed by him, was called Castellum Corrigiæ, or the Castle of the Thong ; but now, there being several more of the name of Thong or Tong in England, as in Kent, Lincolnshire, Shropshire, and Yorkshire (Doncaster being written in Saxon Thongeceaster), the story has been applied to most, if not all of them ;\* and with equal justice, being probably false in regard to them all. It is true Sigebert knew nothing of the Greek author above mentioned, but then he was well acquainted with Justin and Virgil ; and the same may be said of Jeffrey of Monmouth, A.D. 1159, who has the same story, and, if he followed not Sigebert, which is highly probable, took it from one of the Latin authors.

Secondly, Saxo Grammaticus, who wrote about A.D. 1170, has applied the story to Ivarus,† making him use the same artifice in respect of Hella, and by that means getting a footing in Britain, which he became master of for two years.‡ Saxo might take it either from Jeffrey or Sigebert ; or Justin, if you please, as he made great use of this author. We can account very rationally, you observe, Mr. Urban, for the proceedings of these three authors, Sigebert, Jeffrey, and Saxo Grammaticus, but what shall we say, thirdly, to an affair of the like kind in the East Indies ? “ There is a tradition,” Hamilton says, p. 136, “ that the Portuguese circumvented the King of Guzerat, as Dido did the Africans, when they gave her leave to build Carthage, by desiring no more ground to build their cities than could be circumscribed in an ox's hide, which, having obtained, they cut into a fine thong of a great length,” etc. The Indians knew nothing of the authors above mentioned, nor probably did those Portuguese who first made the settlement at Dra. I am of opinion, therefore, that as Hamilton calls it only a *tradition*, this tradition was set on foot long

\* See Lombarde's Topograph. Dict., p. 80. Camden College, 569.

† It is a bad omen that these authors do not agree in the person any more than others do in respect of the place.

‡ Saxo Gram., p. 176.

after the time, and perhaps by some of the first missionaries that went thither, who, we may suppose, had often heard or read of the like fabulous narrations in Europe, and accordingly vented this at Guzerat for the amusement of their countrymen.

T. Row.

[See Note 18.]

### Goodwin's Guile ; or, The Nuns of Berkeley.

*A Legendary Tale, written in 1776.*

[1825, *Part II.*, pp. 513-516.]

The following tale is founded on a tradition that the nunnery of Berkeley, in the county of Gloucester, was suppressed in the reign of King Edward the Confessor, by the villainous contrivance of Goodwin, Earl of Kent, who procured several of the nuns, and even the abbess herself, to be debauched. [The tale is in verse, and contains no special points of interest. It is, therefore, not printed.]

### Fair Rosamond.

[1784, *Part II.*, p. 970.]

In a very curious old book, intituled, "A Compendyouse Treatise;\* Dialogue of Dives and Pauper, fructuously treatynge upon the Ten Commandments;" printed at London in quarto, by Richard Pynson, anno 1493, I find the following remarkable story :

"We rede that in Englonde was a Kinge that had a concubyne, whos name was Rose, and for hyr greate bewte he cleped hir Rose amounde, Rosa mundi, that is to saye, Rose of the worlde. For him thought that she passed al wymen in bewtye. It bifel that she died and was buried whyle the Kynge was absent. And whanne he came agen, for great loue that he had to hyr, he wold se the body in the graue. And whanne the graue was opened, there sate on orrible tode upon her brest betwene her teetys, and a foule adder begirt her body aboute in the midle. And she stanke so that the Kynge, ne non other, might stonde to se that orrible sight. Thanne the Kynge dyde shette agen the graue, and dyde wryte theese two veersis upon ye graue :

"Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda ;  
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

[See Note 19.]

PHOSPHORUS.

### The King and the Tinker.

[1769, p. 576.]

I believe most of your numerous readers have seen or heard the old song of "The King and the Tinker," though perhaps few of them are acquainted with the scene of that merry transaction.

Crossing Ashdown Forest, in my way to Lewes, about 35 years ago,

\* The same book was "emprynted by Wynken de Worde," 1496.

I came to a little alehouse called Duddleswell, which (though little better than an hovel), gives name to a very extensive manor, and still retains the traditional honour of having entertained the funny monarch King Jemmy and his jovial companion the Tinker. They shewed me the chimney's corner, where his majesty sat enthroned, and directed me to King's Standing, about a mile off, where the king and his new acquaintance came up with the courtiers, and where an oak was planted upon that occasion which has always gone by the name of King's Standing Oak; and a few years ago was remarkably overgrown with a long hairy sort of moss, but, alas! when I went to this tree last month, I found it almost despoiled of its venerable beard, by the passengers beating down the small twigs to which it adhered, and carrying them away as a great curiosity. However, I have enclosed a little tuft thereof as a specimen, and likewise a map of Ash-down Forest, or Lancaster Great Park, published about twenty years ago, which I would recommend to the notice of your readers.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

L. M.

### Beth-Gellert Legend.

[1839, *Part II.*, p. 352.]

It would hardly be supposed that the Beth-Gellert legend is to be found in Hindostan. Yet such is actually the case. It occurs in the "Hitopadesa," and is given in some extracts made from it by Sir W. Jones. (See his life by Lord Teignmouth, edited by the Rev. S. C. Wilkes, in the editor's supplement.) The moral is this—"He who knows not the first principle and first cause,—who is, besides, in subjection to wrath—is tormented like a fool, as the Brahmin was who killed the ichneumon." The story is this, that the Brahmin, having occasion to go from home, committed his infant daughter to the care of an ichneumon, whom he had long cherished. "Soon after which the ichneumon, seeing a black serpent near the child, killed him and cut him in pieces; and then, seeing the Brahmin returning, went hastily, his mouth and paws being smeared with blood, and fell at the feet of his master, who, seeing him in that condition, and saying to himself—'He has devoured my child!' stamped on him and killed him. Afterwards, going into his house, he saw his child asleep, and the dead snake lying by him; at looking, therefore, at the ichneumon, his benefactor, he was greatly afflicted." The "Hitopadesa" (*i.e.*, Friendly Instructions) is considered by Sir W. Jones to be the most splendid collection of fables in the world. It was written, about eleven centuries ago, by a Brahmin named Vishnu Sarma. It is the basis of the work known in Europe by the name of "Pilpay."

[See Note 20.]

ANSELM.

**Legend of the Giant's Cave.**

[1791, *Part II.*, pp. 990, 991.]

As the trifling account of the Luck of Edenhall [see "Gent. Mag. Lib., Popular Superstitions," pp. 189-193] appeared not unworthy of your notice, I will give an imperfect description of another curiosity in the same neighbourhood, called The Giant's Cave. From Edenhall, my fellow-traveller and I were conducted to the banks of the river Eamont, where we were gratified with a sight of this curious den. Difference of opinion, unavoidable in most cases, prevents me from calling it "a dismal or horrid mansion." A flight of steps, cut out of the rock (not so terrible as have been represented), led us nearly half-way down a bold precipice; and, by advancing a few yards to the right, we came to the mouth of the cave, where a part of the roof (otherwise not altogether safe) is supported by a pillar in the centre. This pillar was evidently intended for the convenience of hanging doors, or something of the sort, to prevent surprise; and the remains of iron gates, I am told, have not been long removed. Here visitors wish to perpetuate their names, but a soft mouldering stone is unfavourable to the purpose; none of more antient date appear than in the year 1660. This rock, a soft red sandstone, appears of vast depth, and the dipping of the strata about 23 degrees West. The cave at the entrance is about 9 feet high and 20 wide, and extends in length about 50, when it becomes more contracted in every point of view. Stagnant water and dirt within add to the natural gloominess of the place, and give an unfavourable impression. But the situation is in many respects beautiful—a fine winding river flowing at the bottom of a lofty precipice (not so bold indeed as to alarm) had to me at least a pleasing effect. This, with a very extensive prospect, engaged my attention so much that I wondered I had overlooked, at a very little distance, on a flat on the opposite side of the river, the church commonly called Nine-Kirks, or Nine-Church, and the parish, Nine-Church parish, from its being dedicated to St. Ninian, "a Scottish saint, to which kingdom," according to Dr. Burn, "this church did probably belong at the time of the dedication." A church situated at the extreme bounds of a parish, far from any inhabitants, is not so uncommon a circumstance as it is difficult to be accounted for. A narrow path led us a little further to a chasm in the rock: this is called The Maiden's Step, from the traditionary account of the escape of a beautiful virgin from the hands of Torquin the Giant, who, after exercising upon all occasions every species of brutality and depredation within his reach, retreated to this his stronghold.

In some parts of the North of England it has been a custom, for time immemorial, for the lads and lasses of the neighbouring villages to collect together at springs or rivers on some Sunday in May, to

drink sugar and water, where the lasses give the treat : this is called "Sugar-and-water Sunday." They afterwards adjourn to the public-house, and the lads return the compliment in cakes, ale, punch, etc.; and a vast concourse of both sexes always assembles at the Giant's Cave on the third Sunday in May for this purpose. Of this practice, Mr. Urban, I have been many years an eye-witness; and I shall be much obliged to any of your correspondents that can give me an account of the origin of this singular custom.

Two circular stone pillars, resembling the ancient spears, near 12 feet high and 14 asunder, point out to us The Giant's Grave, in Penrith churchyard. Tradition, mostly something to rest upon, informs us that, Torquin refusing to obey the summons of King Arthur to appear at his Court, to answer for the ravages he daily committed, Sir Lancelot du Lake was despatched to bring him by force. A battle was the consequence; Torquin fell, and was buried betwixt these pillars. The battle, I think, is celebrated in many ballads of the ancient poets. It may be met with in Percy's "Reliques of Antient English Poetry." [Then follows the poem.]

W. M.

[1791, *Part II.*, p. 1080.]

To the information given by W. M. about King Arthur and his round table, I shall beg leave to add that the seat of this fabulous monarch was at Carlisle, and that Tarn Wadling, a spacious lake near Armanthwaite, is frequently mentioned in our old poetical romances concerning him. It is said, I think, that there is a city at the bottom of it. The origin of these local traditions is to be attributed to the Cambrian Britons, who kept possession of this part of the country long after the Saxons, and even Normans, were in possession of the rest. One seldom hears of King Arthur but in or near Wales, Cornwall, or Cumberland.

DEIRENSIS.

### Church Building Legend.

[1794, *Part I.*, p. 209.]

If you like legendary tales, the vulgar will tell you a good one. There is a field which I have been in near the town [of Shirland] called the Church Field. They say the Church was primarily erected there, but that in one night it was carried away and safely placed in its present situation.

J. P. MALCOLM.

### Legend of the Origin of Whitstable.

[1857, *Part I.*, p. 71.]

While strolling on the Kentish coast last summer I halted at a roadside inn, in what I found was styled "West end of Heme."

I inquired, among other matters, the distance to Whitstable, and received the desired information from the portly, goodnatured-looking mistress, with the addition, "Ah, sir, that's a queer place; you'll see all the houses stuck up and down the hill, just as the devil dropped 'em, as folk say here!" I naturally asked the particulars of this diabolical feat, and in answer was favoured with the following tale, which I do not give in the good lady's own words, lest I should wound the *amour propre* of the respected citizens of Durovernum, for, according to her, "it was all along of the wickedness of the Canterbury people," of which some instances were supplied.

Canterbury, as all the world of Kent knows, is "no mean city" now; but six centuries ago, when it was the resort of thousands of pilgrims, it was so glorious that it excited the wrath of the foul fiend, and its inhabitants being as bad as Jerome describes the people of Jerusalem to have been when that city too was famous for pilgrimages, he sought and obtained permission to cast it into the sea, if the service of prayer and praise usually performed by night and by day at the tomb of St. Thomas the Martyr should be once suspended. Long and eagerly did Satan watch; but though the people grew worse and worse daily, the religious were faithful to their duties, and he almost gave up the hope of submerging the proud city. At length, however, his time came. A great festival had been held, at which the chaplains at the saint's tomb had of course borne a prominent part, and when night came, utterly exhausted, they slept—all, and every one.

The glory of Canterbury was now gone for ever. Down pounced the fiend, and endeavoured to grasp the city in his arms; but though provided with claws proverbially long, he was unable to embrace one half, so vast was its size. A portion, however, he seized, and having with a few strokes of his wings reached the open sea, he cast in his evil burden. Thrice he repeated his journey, portion after portion was sunk, and the city was all but annihilated, when the prayers of the neglected St. Thomas prevailed, and an angelic vision was sent to Brother Hubert, the Sacristan, which roused and directed him what to do. He rushed into the church, and seizing the bell-rope, he pulled vigorously. The great bell Harry, which gives its name to the centre tower of the minster, ordinarily required the exertions of ten men to set it in motion, but it now yielded to the touch of one, and a loud boom from its consecrated metal scared the fiend just as he reached the verge of the sea; in despair he dropped his prey and fled, and Canterbury has never since excited his envy by its splendour.

There was a remarkable difference in the fate of the different parts of Satan's last armful, from which a great moral lesson was justly drawn by my informant. Those very few houses, in which more good than bad were found, were preserved from destruction by

falling on the hill-side, and they thus gave rise to the thriving port of Whitstable ; while the majority, where the proportions were reversed, dropped into the sea a mile off, and there their remains are still to be seen ; but antiquaries, if ignorant of the facts of the case, have mistaken them for the ruins of Roman edifices submerged by the encroaching ocean. It is to be hoped that they will suffer the invaluable guide, local tradition, to set them right.

\* \*

### A Legend of Cheddar Cliffs.

[1866, *Part II.*, pp. 636-638.]

In the course of an investigation into the bygone monastic life of England, I have met with a very remarkable confirmation, in the oral tradition of a village, of an historic document nearly a thousand years old. As it helps to prove the circumstantial correctness of those ancient records upon which our national history rests, I venture to submit it to the notice of yourself and your readers. It is the more striking because the incident is one which is alluded to in general terms only in all the histories and original documents, but the details are to be found in the oral tradition and in this ancient manuscript.

About fourteen miles from Glastonbury the traveller comes to a small town or village, known all over the world for its magnificent piece of rock scenery, and less poetically for its excellent cheese. It illustrates the vicissitudes of human fame ; for this village of Cheddar, now so vulgarly immortalised, was at one time a royal residence, had a king's palace, and basked in the gaiety of a court. Nearly all the Saxon kings, from the Heptarchy, retained it as a royal possession, probably from the excellent hunting in the neighbourhood ;\* but we have distinct evidence that Athelstan and his brother Edmund held their courts at Cheddar. It was to the court of the former that Dunstan was introduced when a mere youth, and played out the first act in the drama of his life, which ended by his being expelled through the intrigues of those who were jealous of his popularity. He then left the country, by the advice of Elphege the "Bald," Bishop of Winchester, went over to Fleury, became an enthusiastic monk, returned, and, as an anchorite, took up his abode in a cell adjoining Glastonbury Abbey, the narrow dimensions of which, and its facilities for discomfort, were the admiration of the surrounding country. After the death of Athelstan, Edmund succeeded ; and, as he had known Dunstan through meeting him at his brother's court, and his estimation of him being unimpaired by what had occurred, he persuaded

\* A Somersetshire clergyman and well-known antiquarian informs me : "I have again and again heard and noted down the tradition concerning the king and Cheddar Cliffs. All that portion of the Mendips, from Cheddar Cliffs beyond Axbridge, was once royal property ; it was a hunting-ground abounding with deer. I myself have found in hollows in the Mendips a wheelbarrowful of antlers, skulls, and other bones of the deer."

the saint, whose ascetic severities and renowned encounter with his Satanic Majesty had made his name famous, and whose inheritance under the will of the pious widow Ethelgiva had given him the reputation of wealth, to leave his narrow cell, and give him the benefit of his presence and advice at court. Dunstan consented—forsook his ascetic existence, and once more appeared upon the stage of active life amid the gay scenes of a royal palace.

Again he became the victim of jealousy, and again did the courtiers make injurious insinuations to the king about him, and brought charges against him with so much persistence, that at last they succeeded in persuading Edmund to expel him; and once more Dunstan was banished. At this point occurred the incident which forms the subject of the tradition. We shall give the oral version first, and then the historic account which it so strangely confirms.

Everyone who has been to Cheddar has seen the cliffs—an immense chain of rocks towering up at the highest point to an altitude of 800 feet. A defile runs through them, and, viewed from below, they form one of the most gorgeous specimens of rock-scenery to be found in Europe. There is something inexpressibly grand in their bare and simple magnificence, as their heads appear to melt into the clouds, and luxuriant festoons of ivy hang far down from their summits like a beauty's dishevelled locks. The eye grows accustomed to Switzerland, but Cheddar is a continual surprise. Beyond the summit of this range of rocks is a vast expanse, once the royal Saxon hunting-ground. Almost any peasant taking a stranger over the scene will be sure to lead him to a certain precipice, and tell him that was the spot where the king in the olden times nearly rode over. He will add, that the stag, being hard pressed by the hunters, made for the rocks, and in the impetuosity of the chase the king's horse became unmanageable, and continued to follow it at full speed. At the instant of extreme peril the king, seeing nothing but death before him, immediately thought of the man of God whom he had unjustly punished, and vowed to heaven that, if he were saved, he would restore him with honour. The stag and the dogs fell over, and were dashed to pieces; the horse went up to the very verge of the precipice, when, making a sudden turn, he avoided it, and the king was saved. He was true to his vow, and immediately recalled Dunstan. In many histories this incident is not mentioned; and in the biographies of Dunstan it is merely alluded to as a miraculous rescue of the king whilst hunting.

In the Cottonian collection at the British Museum ("Cleopatra," B. xiii., fo. 62), there is a very interesting and valuable MS. bound up with others, being a life of Dunstan, written only a few years after his death by a contemporary who must have known him well; for it is the most complete and incidental biography of Dunstan extant. It has been printed in the "Acta Sanctorum," marked B ("Acta



Sanct.," 19 Maii, tom. iv.), and is supposed to have been written by Bridferth, who in 980 was a monk of Ramsey. This MS. was consulted by William of Malmesbury in the twelfth century, and there are two inscriptions upon it made by two distinguished men who used it later. Josselin, who, under the direction of Archbishop Parker, 1565, compiled the "*Antiquitates Britannicæ*," after examining it, wrote the following: "Hunc librum cujus auctor ut apparebit lectori, claurit tempore ipsius Dunstani de quo agit, reperi inter veteres libros MSS. Monasterii Augustinensis Cant. : anno Dni. 1565, mens August. —J. Josseling." Archbishop Ussher also perused it, and wrote the following in a side-note: "Ibi hunc ipsum librum a Gulielmo Malmesburiensi repertum esse : ex libro ejusdem De Antiquitate Glastoniensis Monasterii apparebit.—Ja. Usserus." The account of the incident as given in this MS. is minute, and accords exactly with the popular legend now to be heard in the neighbourhood. The MS. recites the facts that, after the death of Athelstan, Edmund succeeded, and reinstated Dunstan, who had been expelled from his offices; that jealousies again sprung up amongst the courtiers, and representations were continually being made to his prejudice, until the king at last believed them, and ordered him to be once more degraded and banished, and that his case excited the sympathy of some deputies who were visiting the court at Cheddar. But, the MS. proceeds, a day or two after this circumstance, the king, as he was wont, went out upon a hunting expedition, and several stags were startled by the baying of the dogs and the noise of the hunting-horns. Out of these the king chose one for his especial sport, and pursued it with his dogs for a long time through many devious paths. Now, the MS. continues, there is in the neighbourhood of Cheddar, amongst other rocks, one of a prodigious height, whose summit hangs over a profound precipice, towards which the stag, driven probably by the will of God, hurried, rushed over its summit, followed by the dogs, and all were dashed to pieces. The king followed closely upon their heels, but seeing the stag and hounds disappear so suddenly over the precipice, he strove to arrest his horse, but was unable: the animal rushed on, and Edmund, finding all efforts were useless, commended his soul into the hands of God with these words: "I thank thee, Almighty, that I do not remember to have injured any one lately, save only Dunstan, and if thou wilt spare my life, I will at once restore him again." At these words the horse suddenly paused—"as I even now tremble to relate," says the writer ("*quod jam horreo dicere*")—paused at the very summit of the precipice, when its forelegs were almost over,\* and the king was saved.

Then he returned, giving thanks to God, and rejoicing in his heart, that he was snatched from death through the merits of Dunstan, whom

\* Restitit equus in ultimo præcipiti cespite ubi pedes priores equi ipsius pene fuerant in ima voraginis ruituri.—MS.

he instantly restored, made him abbot of the monastery at Glastonbury, and gave him large sums of money to rebuild its ruined church.

I submit this as a remarkable instance of the confirmation of historical incident by oral tradition. The legend, as I have related it, must have been handed down from generation to generation for nearly a thousand years amongst a poor ignorant peasantry, who knew nothing about history, but simply told their children what their fathers had told them. Oral traditions are often neglected, but it is not impossible that as a medium of transmission they may be sometimes safer than the biased pens of prejudiced historians. In any case, when they corroborate documentary history so clearly as in this instance, they enhance the value of those monastic records of the history of England, extant in an unbroken line by different writers, from the time of the conversion of the Saxons down to the period just preceding the Reformation, when the printing-press obviated the necessity of their labours. Few countries are richer in documentary history than ours, and I think we ought to value it more. Under the influence of a criticism of searching severity, modern historians are being driven back to these only real *materia historica*, which their predecessors despised. The day is gone for writing history by the fatuous light of imagination, and the revelations which are gradually being made by laborious historians concerning such periods as the Dark Ages and the times of Henry VIII., prove that considerable portions of the history of England will have to be rewritten for the perusal of future generations. We conclude this letter with the melancholy fact, that as no nation is richer in materials for its history than ours, so perhaps no other nation has so long neglected the use of its materials.

I am, etc., O'DELL TRAVERS HILL.

[1867, *Part I.*, pp. 92, 93.]

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1866, you have published an interesting letter from Mr. O'Dell Travers Hill. Mr. Hill is mistaken in assuming that the curious incidents he relates have no other foundation than oral tradition in the locality of Cheddar.

Among many other valuable MSS. belonging to the corporation of Axbridge (one mile from Cheddar), is a MS., apparently written about the fourteenth or fifteenth century, from which I give you an extract, and shall be glad to see it made public through the same medium as Mr. Hill's letter. After giving a somewhat curious account of the origin and purposes of royal boroughs (of which Axbridge was one), the MS. proceeds thus:—

“Sometimes, for the sake of hunting, the king spent the summer about the Forest of Mendip, wherein there were, at that time, numerous stags and other kinds of wild beasts. For, as it is read in the

life of Saint Dunstan, King Edward, who sought retirement at Glastonbury, came to the said forest to hunt, Axbridge being then a royal borough. The king, three days previously, had dismissed Saint Dunstan from his court, with great indignation and lack of honour; which done, he proceeded to the wood to hunt. This wood covers a mountain of great height, which, being separate in its summit, exhibits to the spectator an immense precipice and horrid gulph, called by the inhabitants Cheddarcliff. When, therefore, the king was chasing the flying stag here and there, on its coming to the craggy gulph, the stag rushed into it, and, being dashed to atoms, perished. Similar ruin involved the pursuing dogs; and the horse on which the king rode, having broken its reins, became unmanageable, and in an obstinate course carried the king after the hounds; and the gulph, being open before him, threatens the king with certain death. He trembles, and is at his last shift. In the interval, his injustice, recently offered to Saint Dunstan, occurs to his mind; he wails it, and instantly vows to God that he would, as speedily as possible, recompense [such injustice] by a manifold amendment, if God would only for the moment avert the death which deservedly threatened him. God, immediately hearing the preparation of his heart, took pity on him, inasmuch as the horse instantly stopped short, and, to the glory of God, caused the king, thus snatched from the peril of death, most unfeignedly to give thanks unto God. Having returned thence to his house, that is the borough, and being joined by his nobles, the king recounted to them the course of the adventure which had happened, and commanded Saint Dunstan to be recalled with honour and reverence: after which he esteemed him in all transactions as his most sincere friend."

There cannot be much doubt that the person who penned the MS. from which I have quoted, must have read the biography of Saint Dunstan, referred to by Mr. Hill. Both accounts are, in their leading features, very nearly identical. I hope Mr. Hill will give the public more of his "notes" from our public records, of which he speaks in terms of deserved admiration for their value; from which, so to speak, a *new* history of England may be compiled.

In conclusion, I may add that Axbridge is a very ancient borough, municipal as well as parliamentary; having sent two members to Parliament on five occasions; the first, 23rd Edward I.; and the last, 17th Edward III.

I am, etc., THO. SEREL.

[See Note 21.]

### A Legend of Merionethshire.

[1820, *Part I.*, p. 11.]

A few years ago was to be seen on the road-side near Nannau, in Merionethshire, the seat of Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart., M.P., a large

hollow oak, known by the name of the "Spirit's Blasted Tree" (*Ceubren yr Ellyll*). The event which gave rise to so ghostly an appellation, is preserved by tradition among the mountain peasants in this part of Merionethshire, and founded on a deadly feud that subsisted between the celebrated "wild, irregular Glyndwr,"\* and his kinsman Howel Sele, then resident at Nannau. When Owen took up arms against the English, his cousin Howel, who possessed great influence in the country where he lived, declined to embrace a cause which, though perhaps laudable, and somewhat conformable to the rude spirit of the times, he foresaw would be unsuccessful, and bring down upon his country increased rigour and oppression. His refusal provoked the choleric chieftain, and laid the foundation of an enmity which, though not immediately conspicuous, was not the less inveterate. I transcribe from Pennant the result of their quarrel :

"Owen and this chieftain had been long at variance. I have been informed that the Abbot of Cymmer Abbey, near Dolgellen, in hopes of reconciling them, brought them together, and to all appearance, effected his charitable design. While they were walking out, Owen observed a doe feeding, and told Howel, who was reckoned the best archer of his day, that there was a fine mark for him. Howel bent his bow, and pretending to aim at the doe, suddenly turned, and discharged the arrow full at the breast of Glyndwr, who fortunately had armour beneath his clothes, so received no hurt. Enraged at this treachery, he seized on Sele, burnt his house, and hurried him away from the place; nor could any one ever learn how he was disposed of, till forty years after, when the skeleton of a large man, such as Howel, was discovered in the hollow of a great oak, in which Owen was supposed to have immured him in reward of his perfidy."

This oak, the terror of every peasant for miles round,† remained in its place till within these few years, when one morning, after a very violent storm, it was discovered, to the great regret of its worthy proprietor, blown to the ground, and its superannuated vitality destroyed for ever. All that could be done with it was done. Sir Robert had it manufactured into work-tables, cabinets, drinking-vessels, and, to extend its circulation still further, into snuff-boxes; these are distributed among the Baronet's friends, and highly are they valued by their fortunate possessors, not only as the gifts of a

\* The present very respectable proprietor of Nannau is a descendant of Owen's, whose family name was Vychan, now modernized and softened into Vaughan, and not Glyndwr. He was so called from his patrimony of Glyndwrwdy, near Corwen, in Merionethshire.

† "And to this day the peasant still  
With cautious fear avoids the ground;  
In each wild branch a spectre sees,  
And trembles at each rising sound."

—"Ceubren yr Ellyll, or The Spirit's Blasted Tree, A Legendary Tale;" by the Rev. G. Warrington, inserted in the Notes to Scott's "Marmion."

gentleman almost idolized in Merionethshire, but as the relics of so venerable and remarkable a parent.

### The Pedlar of Swaffham.

[1801, *Part II.*, p. 792.]

We have several traditional stories of the good fortune or benefactions of pedlars commemorated in the windows or other parts of our parochial churches. One of the most famous is at Swaffham, where the North aisle of the church is said to have been built by John Chapman, churchwarden in 1462; a rebus of his name having been carved in wood on part of his seat, representing him busied in his shop, and the initials J.C. conjoined near it, and the figure of a woman in two places looking over a shop-door, as also a pedlar with a pack on his shoulders, and below him what is commonly called a dog, but by Mr. Blomefield, iii. 507, from the muzzle and chain, supposed a bear, as painted in a window of the North aisle; these circumstances, laid together, have suggested an idea that he was a pedlar, which Mr. B. conceives very contrary to the habit in which he and she are represented in the uppermost window of this aisle. He, therefore, pronounced it a mere rebus of the name of Chapman.

I cannot, however, help suspecting, that this same benefactor was a chapman by occupation as well as name, and that he took pains to perpetuate the memory of a fortunate hit in trade, whereby he was enabled to be such a benefactor to his parish church. As to Mr. B.'s objection, that, "had he been a pedlar, it would have been more commendable to have had a portraiture suitable to his calling, as is the picture of the pedlar who was a benefactor to the church of St. Mary, Lambeth, in Surrey, and to have been represented on the glass as the pedlar is, on his seat," it is of little weight. Chapman and pedlar were synonymous terms in that period of our commerce. Our laws consider a pedlar as a petty chapman; but the inferiority of the commerce does not prevent a person's acquiring wealth by it. Though now obliged to take out a license to vend their wares, they were not under such restrictions before the Revolution.

In further proof of the respectability of such a character it may be observed, that in the South window of the chancel at Mileham, in the same county of Norfolk, there is or was painted a man and wife and children praying to the Virgin Mary; "over their heads 'Peddar,' before them two horses travelling with packs on their backs, and under them Thomas Brown;" whence it may be inferred that this man by such occupation attained an ability to present such a window, if not to repair or rebuild the whole or part of the chancel. (Blomefield, v. 1043.)

Peddar's, or Pedlar's way, is a name given to a bank or raised road in some part of England; but the precise spot I cannot at present call to mind. [See Note 22.] Yours, etc., D. H.

**Peeping Tom of Coventry.**

[1826, *Part II.*, pp. 20-24.]

I inclose you a connected history I have lately formed, relative to Lady Godiva and her far-famed pageant, which was exhibited on Friday last, May 26, at Trinity Great Fair in this city; and also a drawing of Peeping Tom, in the exact state in which he is carved, but divested of all paint and superfluous ornaments.

In the early part of the reign of Edward the Confessor, Earl Leofric was lord of a large feudal territory in the middle of England, called Mercia, of which Coventry formed a part. It contained the present counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, Warwick, Leicester, Stafford, Northampton, Worcester, Gloucester, Derby, Cheshire, Shropshire, and Oxford. By King Canute Leofric was made Captain-General of the Royal forces. After the death of Canute, he was chiefly instrumental in advancing to the crown Harold I., the son of that king. Edward the Confessor was principally indebted to Leofric for his elevation to the throne, and was subsequently protected, by his wisdom and power, from many of the turbulent machinations of Earl Godwyn. The Countess Godiva was sister to Thorold, Sheriff of Lincolnshire, a man much imbued with the piety prevalent in that age, as appears by his founding the Abbey of Spalding. She is said, by Ingulphus, to have been a most beautiful and devout lady.

Leofric, in conjunction with his Countess Godiva (called also Godeva, Godina, and Goditha), founded a monastery in Coventry in 1044, near the ruins of a Saxon nunnery, for an abbot and 24 Benedictine monks. Leofric bestowed on it one-half of the town in which it was situated, and 24 lordships in this and other counties. The king and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a long train of mitred churchmen and powerful nobles, were witnesses to the act of endowment.

Leofric died in 1057, at an advanced age, at his house at Bromley, in Staffordshire, and was buried in a porch of the Monastery Church at Coventry. The time of the death of Godiva is not precisely known, but it is remarked by Dugdale that she was buried in the same monastery.

The tale of Godiva \* is related by an ancient historian, Matthew of Westminster.

Whether it was owing to Leofric or not does not appear; but

\* The reader is referred to Gough's "Additions to Camden," for further inquiries respecting the traditionary legend of the fair Godiva's public exhibition. Rudder, in his "History of Gloucestershire," observes "that the privilege of cutting wood in the Herdnolls, by the parishioners of St. Briavel's Castle, Gloucestershire, is locally said to have been procured by some Earl of Hereford, then Lord of Dean Forest, on the *same terms* that Lady Godiva obtained the privileges for the inhabitants of Coventry."

Coventry was subject to a very severe tollage, which was paid to this feudal lord. The people complained grievously of the severity of the taxes, and applied to Godiva to intercede in their behalf. The great lords, to whom the towns belonged under the Anglo-Saxons, had the privilege of imposing taxes, which can now only be exercised by the representatives of the people in Parliament. The countess entreated her lord to give up his claim, but in vain. At last, wishing to put an end to her importunities, he told her, either in a spirit of bitter jesting, or with a playful raillery, that he would give up his tax, provided she rode through Coventry naked, in the sight of all the people. She took him at his word, and said she would. It is probable, that as he could not prevail upon her to give up her design, he had sworn some religious oath when he made his promise: but be this as it may, he took every possible precaution to secure her modesty from insult. The people of Coventry were ordered to keep within doors, to close up all their windows and outlets, and not to give a glance into the streets upon pain of death. The day came, and Coventry, it may be imagined, was as silent as death. The lady went out at the door of her castle, was set on horseback, and at the same time divested of her wrapping garment, as if she had been going into a bath. Then, taking the fillet from her head, she let down her long and lovely tresses, which poured around her body like a veil; and thus, with only her white legs remaining conspicuous, took her gentle way through the streets. We may suppose the scene taking place in the warm noon; the doors all shut, the windows closed; the earl and his court serious and wondering; the other inhabitants reverently listening to hear the footsteps of the horse; and, lastly, the lady herself, with a downcast but not a shamefaced eye, looking towards the earth through her flowing locks, and riding through the silent and deserted streets like an angelic spirit.

The countess, having performed her journey, returned with joy to her husband, who consequently granted to the inhabitants a charter of freedom from servitude, evil customs, and exactions. The history was preserved in a picture of the earl and countess in a south window of Trinity Church, about the time of Richard II. He held a charter of freedom in his right hand, on which was the following inscription:

"I Luriche (Leofric) for the love of thee  
Doe make Coventre tol-free."

Mutilated figures of these personages still exist in a window in this church.

It has been already mentioned that previous to her riding through the city, all the inhabitants were ordered, on pain of death, to shut themselves up in their houses; but the curiosity of a certain tailor, it should seem, overcoming his fear, he ventured to take a single peep; and as a punishment for violating the injunction of the noble lady,

was struck blind. It is also said that her horse neighed at the time, on which account horses were not afterwards toll-free, although the town was franchised in every other respect.

This circumstance is commemorated to the present day by a grotesque figure called Peeping Tom, which appears looking out of a corner window or opening in a wall, in Smithford-street. It is about six feet in height, and is an ancient full-length statue of a man in plate armour, with skirts. It is carved with the pedestal from a single block of oak, and the back is hollowed out in order to render it less ponderous. The crest of the helmet is nearly destroyed, and the arms were cut off at the elbows, in order to favour its present position of leaning out of the window. The latter were formed of separate pieces of wood, and fastened to the upper part of the arms by means of pegs, the remains of which are still visible. From the attitude in which the body was carved, and the right leg and foot armed, being in advance, there is reason to believe that the figure was in a posture of attack, and probably might be intended to represent St. George with a shield on his left arm, and a sword or ancient spear in his right hand, transfixing a dragon. Or it might represent some other warlike chieftain exhibited in the pageants, when our monarchs occasionally visited the city.

It is absurd to suppose that the figure thus accoutred was intended, in the eleventh century, viz., at the period when Godiva flourished, to resemble a mechanic. The long wig and cravat or neckcloth, its usual habiliments (until lately), are characteristic of the reign of Charles II., at which period it is certain that the present form of the procession had its origin. The effigy is also usually decorated with a cocked hat, and with the addition of paint to represent clothing, is so metamorphosed that he who carved it would scarcely now be able to recognise the work of his dexterity. The early historians (as has been previously mentioned) give a lengthened detail of Godiva riding through the public streets, yet not one, including the late Sir W. Dugdale, even hint at the circumstance in question. We may safely, therefore, appropriate it to the reign of Charles II.

In the reign of Henry III. (1217), Ranulph, Earl of Chester, procured from that monarch a charter for an annual Fair, to begin on the Friday in Trinity week, and to continue for the space of eight days.

From an early period, the mayor and his brethren, with their armed guard, minstrels, and other attendants, were accustomed to proclaim this fair on the first day through the city, and the different trading companies sent men cased in black armour to join the cavalcade, which from the colour were denominated Black guards. In times of danger, detachments of these men were sent to aid the national armies. Some faint resemblance of this custom is still apparent at the present day. The necessity of an armed force to keep peace and



order during this fair, which lasted eight days, is not improbable ; and it is well known that formerly each company possessed several suits of armour.

In 1677 (shortly after the lamentable civil war, which doubtless materially injured every description of trade, and during the licentious reign of Charles II.) the procession at the great fair was first instituted. At that period a female intended to represent the benevolent patroness of the city was procured to ride in the cavalcade. That singular figure called Peeping Tom (the Coventry Palladium, as he is aptly termed) was placed in an exalted situation in the High Street, to the admiration of the spectators ; and there are many who even at the present day have a high opinion of his sagacity and discernment.

The city companies also very materially assisted in the new procession. They provided new flags and streamers, on which were painted their different arms, and attired the attendants on the followers in various antique frocks and caps, to which those now in use are similar. Boys, fancifully dressed, were likewise set out by the companies, which custom is supposed to have received its origin from naked children being exhibited in the religious pageants, intended to represent angels, or other celestial attendants.

The following is a list of the followers that rode at this Institution : Company of drapers, 2 boys ; mercers, 2 ; blacksmiths, 1 ; clothiers, 1 ; fellmongers, 1 ; bakers, 1 ; tylers, 1 ; the mayor, 2 ; the sheriffs, 2 ; sharmen and taylor, 1 ; feltmakers, 1 ; shoemakers, 1 ; butchers, 1 ; and the city, 2.

The show (although not depending on any charter) was an annual occurrence until within these few years, but it is now only occasionally presented. The inhabitants of the city are always found to contribute liberally to the support of this popular exhibition ; and a committee is generally appointed to superintend the ulterior arrangements. For some previous weeks the greatest preparations are made in the city—the houses are newly painted and white-washed, and ribbons and cockades are distributed in profusion to those who are to be employed in the procession. The morning of the festival is ushered in by the ringing of bells—every species of vehicle, from the humble cart to the splendid carriage, is observed moving to the attractive scene, and the streets, houses, and battlements of the churches are thronged with spectators.

Prior to the movement of the grand cavalcade through the principal streets, the mayor, magistrates, and charter officers regularly attend divine service at Trinity Church.

At twelve o'clock the procession moves forward from the county hall, and having passed through all the principal streets of the city, terminates at the same place about half-past three. The boys belonging to the Bablake School occasionally sing the national anthem in different parts of the city ; which, intermingled with the

ringing of bells, and the melodious sounds arising from successive bands of martial music, form altogether a scene beyond the power of language to describe.

At the head of the procession, walking two and two, are the city guards attired in suits of black armour of the make of the 17th century, which have lately been repaired and painted, viz., corselets, back pieces, skirts, with morions on their heads, and bills of different shapes in their hands. Then immediately follows, on a charger, the patron of England, St. George, in full black armour. St. George is the patron saint of the Taylors' Company in Coventry. He is represented by the author of the Seven Champions of Christendom to have been born, and afterwards to have resided, in the town; and an ancient building called St. George's Chapel was lately taken down in Gosford Street.

Two large city streamers are next brought to view, beautifully gilded and painted with various devices, on which are depicted the city arms, viz. an elephant with a triple-towered castle on his back, with a cat-a-mountain forming the crest, and three ostrich feathers, given to Coventry by Edward Prince of Wales, commonly called the Black Prince.

The high constable then advances, followed by a female to represent Lady Godiva, who rides on a grey horse, not literally, like the good countess, with her own dishevelled hair, but in white linen closely fitted to her limbs. She is sometimes habited in a slight drapery, which reaches nearly to her knees, and which is tastefully decorated with wreaths of flowers. Her long tresses are also beautifully curled and adorned with a fillet of flowers, the whole being surmounted by a handsome plume of white ostrich feathers. On each side are the city crier and beadle, with pink cockades in their hats: they are also distinguished by wearing the elephant and castle (in silver) on their left arms—the left side of this dress is green; the right scarlet, agreeing with the field of the city arms.

Every person conversant in the history of England will recollect that the red rose was the peculiar mark of distinction of the House of Lancaster and its adherents. Henry VI. made Coventry a county, conferring on it many privileges and immunities. The colour universally adopted by the citizens of Coventry was consequently red or pink, and it has thus passed through succeeding ages to the present day.

The persons who lead the horses and otherwise attend the corporation are dressed in waistcoats; and ribbons of this colour are tied round the arms and knees.

Then follow the mayor's crier, who occasionally proclaims the fair, and persons carrying the ancient and costly insignia of office belonging to the corporation, viz., the sword and large mace, and crimson velvet hat and cap of maintenance.

We next view the mayor and ten aldermen, in their scarlet gowns lined with fur, and cocked hats, with wands in their hands. Then follow the two sheriffs, common council, two chamberlains (who have the management of the common and lammas grounds), and two wardens, all dressed in black gowns, and bearing wands.

The mayor, charter officers, the masters of companies, and the stewards of the societies, are attended by little boys, beautifully and splendidly dressed in various coloured clothes, trimmed with silver or gold fringe; their hats adorned with plumes of feathers, their horses gaily dressed with rosettes of ribbon, and saddle-cloths trimmed in a tasteful and superior manner. These children are called *followers*, although they sometimes precede the persons to whom they belong.

The masters of the different companies, with their followers and streamers, add considerably to the splendour of the cavalcade. Each company has a characteristic flag, on which is painted the arms, and the follower carries a symbol of the respective trade. The ancient dresses of the attendants are also highly deserving of attention.

The loyal independent order of Odd Fellows and the benefit societies, attended by their followers and flags, are next observed. Then follow the Woolcombers' Company, attired in large jersey wigs and habits, dyed of different colours, and a singular woollen flag, which add considerably to the novelty of the scene. After the Master and follower are a beautiful boy and girl, representing a shepherd and shepherdess, holding crooks, sitting under a spacious arbour composed of boughs and flowers, erected on a carriage drawn by horses; the boy carrying a dog, and the girl, elegantly dressed, carrying a lamb upon her lap, and holding a bouquet of flowers, made of wool. Until lately they were accustomed to ride separately on horses, with the above attributes.

We then notice Jason, with a golden fleece in his left hand, and a drawn sword in his right, as the champion and protector of the fleece.

The last prominent figure in the procession is the venerable Bishop Blaze, with his black mitre of wool and lawn sleeves, carrying a Bible in his left hand, and a woolcomb in the right. Over his white shirt two broad black belts of jersey are crossed, which considerably add to the singular appearance of this character. The bridle is held on each side by a page; and his attendants are dressed in white, with sashes, scarfs, and high caps, all made of wool and wands. Blaze suffered martyrdom, by decapitation, in the year 289, after being cruelly whipped with scourges, and his flesh lacerated with iron combs (whence his symbol). The woolcombers call Bishop Blaze their patron Saint; and they attribute to him, erroneously, the invention of their useful art. [See *ante*, p. 65.]

It only remains for us to remark, that this popular procession is unequalled for its novelty and variety. Worcester, Chester, and

other towns have occasionally public exhibitions, but they are generally on a confined scale, and by no means possess those splendid attractions which are to be seen in the grand procession at Coventry. We therefore anxiously trust that this ancient pageant will ever meet with public encouragement, and that it may descend to future generations with the same degree of splendour in which it is exhibited at the present day. [See Note 23.]

Yours, etc., W. READER.

### Legend of the Wild Cat.

(From Hunter's "*History of Doncaster.*")

[1828, *Part I.*, pp. 390, 391.]

Respecting the manner of Percival Cresacre's death, there is a romantic tradition, firmly believed at Barnborough [co. York], and the figure of the lion couchant at the foot of the oaken statue is appealed to in confirmation of it; as is also a rubiginous stone in the pavement of the porch. The tradition is, that he was attacked by a wild cat from one of the little woods of Barnborough, and that there was a running fight till they reached the porch of the church, where the mortal combat ended in the death of both.

Whatever portion of truth there may be in the story, it is evident that it derives no support from the image of the lion in the monument, or the tincture of the stone in the porch, which is only one of many such found near Barnborough. That some such incident did occur in the family of Cresacre is rendered, however, in some degree probable, by the adoption by them of the cat-a-mountain for their crest, which may be seen over their arms on the tower of the church. On the other hand, it may have been that the accidental adoption of the crest may have laid the foundation of the story. That the cat was anciently considered as a beast of chase, is evident from many proofs, going back to the age of the Confessor, in whose charter to Ranulph Piperking, supposing it to be genuine, there is given to him, with the forest of Chalmer and Daneing in Essex,

"Hart and hind, doe and bock,  
Fox and *cat*, hare and brock."

And again,

"Four greyhounds and six raches  
For hare and fox and wild *cat*es."

In 6 John, Gerard Camville had license to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. In 23 Henry III. the Earl Warren obtained from Simon Pierrepont leave to hunt the buck, doe, hart, hind, hare, fox, goat, *cat*, or any other wild beast, in certain lands of Simon. In 11 Edward I., Thomas, the second Lord Berkeley, had license of the king to hunt the fox, hare, badger, and *wild cat*; and in 10 Edward III., John Lord Roos had license to hunt the fox, wolf, hare, and *cat*, throughout the king's forests of Nottinghamshire. All this, however,

proves little for the tradition, which as a tradition only must be allowed to remain, only observing that in other parts of the district I have heard the wild cat spoken of as still an object of terror, and as haunting the woods.

### Legends of the Monastery of St. Hilda.

[1828, *Part II.*, pp. 22, 23.]

There are many curious legends connected with the monastery and vicinity, which have been variously said and sung in prose and verse, but to mention one half of which would encroach upon your columns. The very signature of your correspondent, "The Hermit of Eskdaleside," is calculated to draw attention to a strange but pleasing tale, connected with the noble families of Bruce and Percy, once seated there: the hermitage of Eskdaleside, the boar-hunt in the forest of Eskdale, and consequent fatal death of a hermit; the singular penance enjoined upon the hunters and their successors for ever, and which is still annually performed in the haven of Whitby. The story may be thus compressed:

On the 16th day of October, in the fifth year of Henry the Second, the lords of Uggelbarnby and Sneaton, accompanied by a principal freeholder, with their hounds, staves, and followers, went to chase the wild boar, in the woods of Eskdaleside, which appertained to the abbot of Whitby. They found a large boar, which on being sore wounded and dead run, took in at the hermitage of Eskdale, where a hermit, a monk of Whitby, was at his devotions, and there the exhausted animal lay down. The hermit closed the door of the cell, and continued his meditations, the hounds standing at bay without. The hunters, being thrown behind their game in the thick of the forest followed the cry of the hounds, and at length came to the hermitage. On the monk being roused from his orisons by the noise of the hunters, he opened the door and came forth. The boar had died within the hermitage, and because the hounds were put from their game, the hunters violently and cruelly ran at the hermit with their boar-staves, and of the wounds which they inflicted he subsequently died. The gentlemen took sanctuary in a privileged place at Scarborough, out of which the abbot had them removed, so that they were in danger of being punished with death. The hermit, being a holy man and at the last extremity, required the abbot to send for those who had wounded him; and upon their drawing near, he said, "I am sure to die of these wounds." The abbot answered, "They shall die for thee." The devout hermit replied, "Not so, for I freely forgive them my death, if they be content to be enjoined to a penance for the safeguard of their souls." The gentlemen bade him enjoin what he would, so he saved their lives. The hermit then enjoined that they and theirs should for ever after hold their lands of the

abbot of Whitby and his successors, on this condition, that upon Ascension Eve they, or some for them, should come to the wood of the Strayhead, which is in Eskdaleside, the same day at sun-rising, and there the officer of the abbot should blow his horn, that they might know where to find him, who should deliver to them *ten stakes*, *ten strout-stowers*, and *ten yedders*, to be cut with a knife of a penny price, which were to be taken on their backs to Whitby, before nine of the clock on that day; and at the hour of nine o'clock, as long as it should be low water (if it be full sea the service to cease) each of them to set their stakes at the brim of the water, a yard from one another, and so make a hedge with the stakes, stowers, and yedders, that it stand three tides without being removed by the force of the water. And the officer of Eskdaleside shall blow his horn, "Out on you! out on you! out on you!" Should the service be refused, so long as it is not full sea at the hour fixed, all their lands should be forfeited. Then the hermit said, "My soul longeth for the Lord, and I do as freely forgive these gentlemen my death as Christ forgave the thief upon the cross." And in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said, "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: a vinculis enim mortis redemisti me, Domine veritatis. Amen." And then he yielded up the ghost on the 18th Dec.

More ample details of this story may be found in Grose's Antiquities, who pleads strongly for its authenticity, and has given a plate of the chapel or hermitage of Eskdaleside. The building still exists, but roofless and in ruins. The "penny hedge" still continues to be annually planted on the south side of the Esk in Whitby harbour, on Ascension Day, within high-water mark; it has not yet happened to be high-water at the time fixed. The bailiff of Eskdaleside attends to see the condition performed, and the horn blows according to immemorial custom, *out on them!!* [See Note 24.]

This romantic legend has been pleasingly paraphrased by the author of Marmion, in the second canto:

"Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,  
How to their house three barons bold  
Must menial service do;  
While horns blow out a note of shame,  
And monks cry, 'Fye upon your name,  
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,  
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew.'  
This on Ascension Day each year,  
While labouring on our harbour pier,  
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."

Yours, etc.,      RUSWARIUS.

**St. Keyne's Well.**

[1799, *pp.* 193, 194.]

The enclosed verses on the well of St. Keyne appeared lately in the *St. James's Chronicle*; and, as it is one of the Cornish natural wonders, I send you a sketch of the well.

- “ A well there is in the West country,  
And a clearer one never was seen :  
There is not a wife in the West country  
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.
- “ An oak and an elm-tree stand behind,  
And beside does an ash-tree grow ;  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.
- “ A trav'ler came to the well of St. Keyne,  
Pleasant it was to his eye ;  
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.
- “ He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he ;  
And he sat down upon the bank,  
Under the willow-tree.
- ‘ There came a man from the neighbouring town,  
At the well to fill his pail ;  
On the well-side he rested it,  
And bade the stranger hail.
- “ ‘ Now art thou a batchelor, stranger ? ’ quoth he,  
‘ For, if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.
- “ ‘ Or has your good woman, if one you have,  
In Cornwall ever been ?  
For an if she have, I'll venture my life  
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.’
- “ ‘ I have left a good woman, who never was here,’  
The stranger he made reply ;  
‘ But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you answer me why ?’
- “ ‘ St. Keyne,’ quoth the countryman, ‘ many a time,  
Drank of this crystal well ;  
And before the angel summoned her,  
She laid on the well a spell.

“‘ If the husband of this gifted well  
 Shall drink before his wife,  
 A happy man thenceforth is he,  
 For he shall be master for life.

“‘ But if the wife should drink of it first,  
 God help the husband then !  
 The stranger stoopt to the well of St. Keyne,  
 And he drank of the waters again.

“‘ You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ?  
 He to the countryman said ;  
 But the countryman smil'd as the stranger spoke,  
 And sheepishly shook his head.

“‘ I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
 And left my wife in the porch ;  
 But i' faith she had been wiser than me,  
 For she took a bottle to church.' ”

Carew, in his “Survey of Cornwall,” speaks of it as follows :

“Next I will relate you another of the Cornish natural wonders, viz., St. Kayne's well ; but, lest you make a wonder first at the saint, before you take notice of the well, you must understand that this was not Kayne the manqueller, but one of a gentler spirit and milder sex, to wit, a woman. He who caused the spring to be pictured added this rhyme for an exposition :

“In name, in shape, in quality,  
 This well is very quaint ;  
 The name to lot of Kayne befell,  
 To over-holy saint.  
 The shape, four trees of divers kinde,  
 Withy, oke, elme, and ash,  
 Make with their roots an arched roofc,  
 Whose floore this spring doth wash.  
 The quality, that man or wife,  
 Whose chance or choice attaines  
 First of this sacred streame to drinke,  
 Thareby the mastry gaines.”

Carew's “Survey of Cornwall,” p. 130.

The well is formed of stone worked in a coarse manner ; and at the end is a small niche, which formerly might have contained an image of the saint probably. There is nothing curious in the well itself ; but the five trees which grow on it are certainly well worth seeing ; they seem at the bottom to be incorporated. The elm is a remarkably fine one. These trees must be very old, for Carew wrote his “Survey” about 1600. The sketch was taken in July, 1795 ; the



trees had not long before been pruned up, of course they are now more woody. The well is on the side of the high-road. To whom it belongs, I know not. It is hoped the owner will never suffer the trees to be cut down.

Yours, etc., B. E. L.

**Legend of the Brothers' Steps.**

[1804, *Part II.*, p. 1194.]

I send you for insertion a copy of an old letter in my possession, respecting "The Brothers' Steps." If any correspondent can give any farther account of them, it will be esteemed as a favour.

WM. HERBERT.

TO MR. JOHN WARNER, near Holborn Bridge, London.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

July 17, 1778.

According to your request, I shall give you all the particulars I have been able to collect concerning the Brothers' Steps. They are situate in the field about half a mile from Montague House, in a North direction; and the prevailing tradition concerning them is, that two brothers quarrelled about a worthless woman, and as it was the fashion of those days, as it is now, they decided it by a duel. The print of their feet is near three inches in depth, and remains totally barren; so much so, that nothing will grow to disfigure them. Their number I did not reckon, but suppose they may be about ninety. A bank on which the first fell, who was mortally wounded and died on the spot, retains the form of his agonising posture by the curse of barrenness, while the grass grows round it. A friend of mine showed me these steps in the year 1760, when he could trace them back by old people to the year 1686; but it was generally supposed to have happened in the early part of the reign of Charles II. There are people now living who well remember their being ploughed up, and barley sown, to deface them; but all was labour in vain; for the prints returned in a short time to their original form. There is one thing I nearly forgot to mention: that a place on the bank is still to be seen, where, tradition says, the wretched woman sat to see the combat. I am sorry I can throw no more light on the subject; but am convinced in my own opinion that the Almighty has ordered it as a standing monument of His just displeasure of the horrid sin of duelling. I remain, your loving friend,

THOS. SMITH.

\* \* Since the above was written, they have been enclosed from public view, or nearly built over.

WM. HERBERT.

**The Stepney Lady.**[1794, *Part I.*, pp. 128, 129.]

You may give Three Stars or Eusebia's compliments, which you please, to Mr. Malcoln, and acquaint him, I should have answered his obliging reply to my query (concerning the lady buried at Stepney) sooner [see Note 25]; but I have been hunting the ballad stalls for the old song without success; though all the old women are well acquainted with it, my memory is not good enough to give any stanzas of it as a specimen, so the story shall be at Mr. M.'s service in humble prose. A gentleman, benighted in travelling, is sheltered in a cottage, where the good wife is in labour; he draws the horoscope of the infant, and finds it destined to be his future bride; this his pride revolting against, he pretends compassion to the circumstances of the parents, who are easily induced to part with one child from a numerous brood to a rich man, who promises to provide so much better for it than they can: he carries it off with an intention to destroy it, but, not being hardened enough to imbrue his hands in its blood, he leaves it in some lonely forest, to, at least, as certain destruction; here some shepherd or cottager finds it, takes it home to his wife, who nurses it with great tenderness, as has been ever usual in these stories, from the time of Romulus and Remus. She grows up in all the bloom of beauty. Again her future spouse is drawn by his stars to this spot; stricken with her charms, but hearing her history, from her supposed father, is again enraged, and meditates her death; covering his design with pretended love, gets her a second time into his hands; again melted by her tears and petitions, throws his ring into a river they was near, vowing to destroy her if ever she appeared before him without that ring. After several adventures, she gets into service as a cook in a family. Here, gutting a large fish, to her great astonishment she finds this ring, which she carefully keeps; and, not long after, he comes; threatens; but, on seeing the ring, finds it in vain to resist destiny; and, her planet having now the full ascendancy, they form a very happy conjunction. I do not know, Mr. Urban, whether you will think this old woman's tale worth inserting. I have endeavoured to relate it as concisely as I could.

Yours, etc., EUSEBIA.

**Daundelyon.**[1807, *Part I.*, p. 304.]

I have observed that popular traditions, however obscure, may generally be traced to some source, and that their obscurity originates as much in the uncertainty of our ancient language as in the imperfections of oral tradition. The following conjecture upon a village tradition is founded on this principle. The tenor of the old peal of bells that hung formerly in the steeple of St. John's Church, Margate,

in Kent, was inscribed "Daundelyon," and Lewis says, in his "History of the Isle of Thanet," that this was the gift of John Daundelyon to the church, and that in his time the inhabitants repeated this traditional rhyme concerning it :

"John de Daundelyon, with his great dog,  
Brought over this bell on a mill-cog."

This verse has not been forgotten in the parish, though the bell has been removed ; and amongst others the worthy author of the "Isle of Thanet Guide, 1797," has these lines after describing the interior of the church :

"But on the North John Dandelyon lies,  
Whose wondrous deeds our children yet surprize :  
Still at his feet his faithful dog remains,  
Who with his master equal notice claims ;  
For, by their joint exertions, legends tell,  
They brought from far the ponderous tenor bell !"

The absurdity of a bell having been brought from any place upon a mill-cog, or tooth of one wheel acting upon another, has probably prevented any one from bestowing a second thought upon the subject ; but "cog," or "cogge," was an old Teutonic word for a ship, used sometimes in old French, and, if my memory does not fail me, occurs more than once in Barclay's "Shippe of Foles ;" and a parish church in Oxfordshire, that once belonged to the Knights Templars, is still called "cogges," with a ship on the vane ; and in France formerly "mal" was frequently used as an adjective, as in "mal-maison."

These two words, therefore, seem to me to mean no more than that John Daundelyon, having procured a bell for the use of the church, brought it into the island on a "mal-cogge," or battered vessel, and a long course of years has altered the words to others, allied only in sound, but more easily comprehended by the relaters.

P.

### Legend of Hoston-stone.

[1813, *Part I.*, pp. 318, 319.]

Some years ago I communicated some remarks, which were inserted in the History of Leicestershire, concerning the stone called by the inhabitants of Humberston "Hoston-stone," or "Hoston;" meaning, perhaps, High-stone. I have always regarded this stone, though now little noticed, as a very curious object ; and having made myself of late years better acquainted than when I wrote before with the subjects with which I imagine this stone to be connected, I offer the following remarks, as correcting, in some measure, my former communications.

This stone is one of those blocks of granite found very frequently in the neighbourhood, and supposed by the celebrated De Luc to be

fragments cast up by some convulsion of the earth from the primary and deepest strata. The Hoston-stone lies on the ridge of an eminence, which, though not the highest of the neighbouring hills, is yet very conspicuous for a vast distance from the West. Some old persons in the neighbourhood, still living, remember when it stood a very considerable height, perhaps eight or ten feet, in an artificial fosse or hollow. About fifty or sixty years ago the upper parts of the stone were broken off, and the fosse levelled, that a plough might pass over it; but, according to the then frequent remark of the villagers, the owner of the land who did this deed never prospered afterwards. He certainly was reduced from being the owner of five "yard-land," to use the then common phrase, or about one hundred and twenty acres, to absolute poverty, and died about six years ago in the parish workhouse. This superstitious opinion attached to the stone, together with the following circumstances, persuade me to think that the stone was what is usually called "Druidical." It possibly may have been a *logan*, or rocking-stone; but of this there certainly is no evidence.

There are, or rather were, about fifty years ago, traditionary tales in the village that a nunnery once stood on Hoston; and that steps had been found communicating subterraneously with the monks of Leicester Abbey, about two miles distant. But no religious house of this kind is to be traced here. The tale must have owed its origin to circumstances connected with the religion of earlier times; probably anterior to the introduction of Christianity into Britain; and therefore during the prevalence of the idolatry of the Britons.

Some years ago it was believed that fairies inhabited, or at least frequented, this stone; and various stories were told concerning those pigmy beings. Such, according to the testimony of Borlase, in his "History of Cornwall," is the common opinion respecting the many druidical stones in that county. This belief was so strongly attached to the Hoston-stone, that some years ago a person visiting it alone, fancied he heard it utter a deep groan; and he immediately ran away to some labourers, about two hundred yards distant, terrified with the apprehension of seeing one of the wonderful fairy inhabitants.

In the adjoining vale, at the distance of about one hundred yards from the stone, on the north-east, is a plot of ground known, before the inclosure of the lordship, by the name of "Hell-hole Furlong." No circumstance belonging at present to the spot seems likely to have given rise to this strange name: it leaves room therefore for the conjecture that in this quarter the sacrifices, too often human, were wont to be performed; and that from this circumstance it obtained the Saxon name of "Hela," or "Death."

From these circumstances, and also from the situation of the stone on an eminence, such as were usually chosen for the celebration of the religious rites of the ancient British, there seems to be little room

for doubt that Hoston was once sacred to the purposes of druidical, or rather of the more ancient bardic worship. These spots are in some places still termed "Homberds," or "Humberds," probably from the Erse word (according to Vallancey) *uam*, or *owim*, signifying fear or terror, and *bardh*, the name of a well-known order of priests. The word *humberd*, thus compounded, is but too justly applicable to the scenes of Bardic worship, which were terrible, both from the character of *Dis*, or Pluto, whom they especially worshipped, and from the rites by which he was propitiated.

These conjectures and opinions derive further support from the name of the village within whose liberties this stone is situate. Humberston is very plainly the *ton*, or town, of the *Humberd*, or sacred place of bardic worship; for the village stands on the south side of the ridge, of which Hoston-height is part; and about half a mile from the stone, which is as near as habitations seem to have been allowed to approach those dreadfully sacred places. The name of Humberston belongs to a village on the coast of Lincolnshire, near Grimsby. Should there be any *Humberd* near it, the conclusion must be, not only that the Lincolnshire village, but the river Humber itself, derived their names from a place of bardic worship.

Yours, etc., J. D.

### The Grey Geese of Addlestrop Hill.

[1808, *Part I.*, pp. 341-343.]

The following ballad was written at Daylesford, the residence of Warren Hastings, Esq., and was suggested by the circumstance of his having removed a number of large stones, which lay in the neighbourhood, to form the rock-work which adorns his grounds, furnishing materials chiefly for a little island, and the declivities of an artificial cascade. These stones, which were situated on the summit of a hill in the parish of Addlestrop, in Gloucestershire, near the point where it borders upon the three adjoining counties, had stood for time immemorial; and whether they owed their position to art or nature, accident or design, has never been determined; but popular tradition, as is usual in cases of the like dilemma, has furnished a ready solution to this inquiry, by ascribing their origin to enchantment. It is accordingly pretended that as an old woman was driving her geese to pasture upon Addlestrop Hill, she was met by one of the weird sisters, who demanded alms, and upon being refused, converted the whole flock into so many stones, which have ever since retained the name of the "Grey Geese of Addlestrop Hill." In relating this metamorphosis, no variation has been made from the ancient legend; nor has any deviation from truth been resorted to in the narration of their subsequent history, further than in attributing to the magical completion of a fictitious prophecy, what was in reality the effect of

taste and a creative invention in the amiable proprietors of Daylesford House :

Beneath the grey shroud of a wintry cloud  
The Day-star dimly shone ;  
And the wind it blew chill upon Addlestrop Hill,  
And over the Four-shire Stone.

But the wind and the rain they threatened in vain ;  
Dame Alice was up and away :  
For she knew to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise,  
Was early to bed, and early to rise,  
Tho' never so foul the day.

O, foul was the day, and dreary the way ;  
St. Swithin the good woman shield !  
For she quitted her bower in an evil hour  
To drive her geese a-field.

To rival this flock, howev'er they might mock,  
Was never a wight could aspire ;  
The geese of Dame Alice bred envy and malice  
Through many a bordering Shire.

No wonder she eyed with delight and with pride  
Their plumes of glossy grey :  
And she counted them o'er, and she counted a score,  
And thus to herself 'gan say :

“A score of grey geese at a groat a-piece\*  
Makes six and eightpence clear ;  
Add a groat, 'tis enow to furnish a cow,  
And I warrant, we'll make good cheer.”

But ah ! weil-a-day ; no mortal may say  
What fate and fortune ordain ;  
Or Alice, I ween, had her loss foreseen,  
Where most she look'd for gain.

And didst thou not mark the warnings dark ?  
'Twas all on a Friday morn—  
She tripp'd unawares as she hurried downstairs,  
And thrice was her kirtle torn.

And thrice by the way went the gander astray  
Ere she reached the foot of the hill ;  
And the raven's croak from a neighbouring oak  
Proclaim'd approaching ill.

\* We are told that at an early period of our history a goose was sold for three-pence, and a cow for seven shillings. The superiority of Dame Alice's geese in their original state, to judge of them by their present size, must plead her excuse for estimating them at a penny above the market price.

And now and O now had she climb'd the steep brow  
To fatten her flock on the common,  
When full in her path, to work her scath,  
She met with a Weird Woman.

This Hag she was foul both in body and soul,  
All wild and tatter'd in trim,  
And pale was the sheen of her age-wither'd een—  
Was never a witch so grim.

And "Give me," quoth she, "of thy fair poultry—  
Or dear shalt thou rue this day."  
So hoarse was the note of the Beldam's throat,  
That the geese they hiss'd with dismay.

But the Dame she was stout, and could fleer and could flout  
"Gramercy! good gossip," she cried,  
"Would ye taste of my fry, ye must barter and buy,  
Tho' weal or woe betide.

"'T were pity in sooth, 'gin ye had but a tooth,  
Ye should lack for a gible to chew :  
Belike of the claw, and the rump, and the maw,  
A Hell-broth ye mean to brew."

O, sour looked the Hag ; and thrice did she wag  
Her hoar head scatter'd with snow :  
And her eye thro' the gloom of wrath and of rheum  
Like a Comet predicted woe.

And anon she began to curse and to ban  
With loud and frantic din.  
But the spell which she mutter'd must never be utter'd,  
For that were a deadly sin.

Then sudden she soars in the whirlwind, and roars  
To the deep-voic'd thunder amain ;  
And the lightning's glare envelops the air,  
And shivers the rocks in twain.

But Alice she lay 'mid the wrack and the fray  
Entranc'd in a deathlike swoon,  
'Till the sheep were in fold, and the curfew toll'd  
She arose by the light of the moon.

And much did she muse at the cold evening dew  
That reflected the pale moon-beam ;  
But more at the sight that appear'd by its light—  
And she counted it all a dream.

O what is yon heap that peers o'er the steep,  
 'Mid the furze and the hawthorn glen?  
 With trembling and fear the Dame she drew near,  
 And she knew her own geese again!

But alas! the whole flock stood as stiff as a stock!  
 And she number'd them one by one.  
 All grisly they lay, and they lie to this day,  
 A flock as it were of grey stone!

"Thy birds are not flown," cried a voice to her moan;  
 "O never again shall they fly,  
 Till Evenlode flow to the steeple at Stow  
 And Oddington mount as high.

"But here shall they stand, forlorn on dry land,  
 And parch in the drought and the blast.  
 Nor e'er bathe a feather, save in fog and foul weather,  
 'Till many an age be past.

"More fetter'd and bound than geese in a pound,  
 Could aught their bondage atone;  
 They shall ne'er dread the feast of St. Michael at least,  
 Like geese of flesh and bone.

"But pitying fate at length shall abate  
 The rigour of this decree.  
 By the aid of a sage in a far distant age;  
 And he comes from the East country.

"A Pundit his art to this seer shall impart;  
 Where'er he shall wave his wand,  
 The hills shall retire, and the valleys aspire,  
 And the waters usurp the land.

"Then, Alice, thy flock their charm shall unlock,  
 And pace with majestic stride,  
 From Addlestrop Heath to Daylesford beneath,  
 To lave in their native tide.

"And one shall go peep like an Isle o'er the deep,  
 Another delighted wade,  
 At the call of this wizard, to moisten her gizzard  
 By the side of a fair cascade.

"This sage to a dame shall be wedded, whose name  
 Praise, honour, and love shall command;  
 By poets renown'd, and by courtesy crown'd  
 The queen of that fairy-land!"



Here ceas'd the high strain—but seek not in vain  
To unravel the dark record :  
Enough that ye wot, 'twas trac'd to the spot  
By a clerk of Oxenford.

LYCIDAS.

**Legend of a Stone at Kellington, Yorkshire.**

[1831, *Part II.*, p. 15.]

In the churchyard, which for the place is rather unusually large, lies an old stone in a horizontal position, upon which very legibly appears, in the middle a cross, on the right side of which is a recumbent figure of a man with clasped hands, at his feet a dog, at his head something which cannot easily be deciphered, and on the left what seems to be a serpent, on each side of the top of the cross are also what appear to be two embossed circles. At the upper end of this lid or cover may also be seen, on another detached perpendicular stone, a similar cross; no inscription whatever can be discovered on either. This, I conjecture, was the cover of a coffin. It perhaps may be objected that the breadth of the stone is not sufficiently large for that purpose. But may it not have been let into the coffin? Marks of holes still remaining, where lead has been used, may perhaps strengthen this supposition. Where the stone was originally placed is entirely unknown.

The traditionary account of this curious antiquarian relic is as follows: In former times the districts adjoining this place, from its marshy situation, and abounding much with low wood and shrubs, afforded a retreat for reptiles of several kinds, among which was reared a serpent of enormous size, which proved very destructive to the flocks of sheep which depastured in its vicinity. This, however, was at length subdued, though with the loss of his own life, as well as that of his faithful dog, by a shepherd of the name of Armroyd. The stone is supposed to be intended to commemorate this occurrence; the cross upon it being imagined to represent a crook or dagger, by which this fierce and terrible invader of his fleecy care was at last extirpated. Armroyd Close, a parcel of ground situated at the point bounding the four divisions of the parish, and where it may well be supposed was placed a cross, is reported to have been given to the descendants of the courageous Armroyd for his signal services; and the rectorial tythes of which were bequeathed by them to the Vicar of Kellington, while the landed property itself is vested in the Trustees for the Free-school at Tadcaster.

**Wayland Smith.**

[1821, *Part I.*, p. 198.]

About a mile westward from White Horse Hill is a mutilated Druidical remain, bearing the appellation of "Wayland Smith." A

singular tradition is connected with this name; for the peasants in the neighbourhood relate that this mysterious spot was formerly inhabited by an invisible blacksmith, who good-naturedly shod any horse that was left here, provided a piece of money was deposited at the same time to reward the labours of the workman. The remains of this vestige of antient custom indicates its having been a large cromlech elevated on a barrow, and surrounded by a circle of upright stones. [See Note 25.]

### Legend of the Devil's Dike.

[1810, *Part 1.*, pp. 513, 514.]

#### THE DEVIL'S DIKE

##### *A Sussex Legend.*

Five hundred years ago, or more,  
Or, if you please, in days of yore;  
That wicked wight yclept *Old Nick*,  
Renown'd for many a wanton trick,  
With envy, from the Downs, beheld  
The studded Churches of the Weald:  
(Here Poynings cruciform—and there  
Hurst, Albourne, Bolney, Newtimber,  
Cuckfield, and more, with towering crest,  
*Que nunc præscribere longum est;*)  
Oft heard the undulating chime  
Proclaim around 'twas service-time,  
While to the sacred house of pray'r  
Went many a pious worshipper.

“Can I with common patience see  
These Churches—and not one for *me*?  
Shall I be cheated of my due  
By such a sanctimonious crew?”  
He mutter'd twenty things beside;  
And swore, *that* night the foaming tide,  
Led through a vast and wondrous trench,  
Should give these pious souls a drench!

Adown the West the Steeds of Day  
Hasted merrily away,  
And Night in solemn pomp came on,  
Her lamp a star—a cloud her throne:  
The lightsome Moon she was not there,  
But deckt the other hemisphere.

Now, with a fit capacious spade,  
So large, it was on purpose made,

Old Nick began, with much ado,  
To cut the lofty Downs in two.  
At ev'ry lift his spade threw out  
A thousand waggon-load, no doubt !  
O ! had he labour'd till the morrow,  
His envious work had wrought much sorrow ;  
The Weald, with verdant beauty grac'd,  
O'erwhelmed—a sad and watery waste !

But, so it chanc'd, a good old dame  
Whose deed has long outliv'd her name,  
Wak'd by the cramp at midnight hour,  
Or just escap'd the night-mare's pow'r,  
Rose from her humble bed : when, lo !  
She heard Nick's *terrible ado* !  
And, by the star-light, faintly spy'd  
This wicked wight, and dike so wide.  
She knew him by his mighty size,  
His tail, his horns, his saucer eyes ;  
And while, with wonderment amaz'd,  
At workman and at work she gaz'd,  
Swift 'cross her mind a thought there flew,  
That she by stratagem might do  
A deed which luckily should save  
Her country from a watery grave,  
By his own weapons fairly beating  
The father of all lies and cheating !

Forth from her casement, in a minute,  
A sieve with flaming candle in it,  
She held to view :—and *simple* Nick,  
Who ne'er suspected such a trick,  
(All rogues are fools,) when first his sight  
A full-orb'd luminary bright  
Beheld—he fled—his work undone—  
Scar'd at the sight of a *new Sun* ;  
And muttering curses, that the Day  
Should drive him from his work away !

Night after night, this knowing dame  
Watch'd, but again Nick never came,  
Who now dare call the action evil  
“ To hold a candle to the Devil ! ”

WILLIAM HAMPER.

**Traditional Story of a Water-Serpent.**

[1758, pp. 466, 467.]

Some part of this summer I passed my time in the country, where, as it is usual with me when I am in these cool shades of solitude and retirement, my inquiries are directed towards anything that is curious in science; my course of studies having much led me this way. In consequence of a story, that I at first thought fabulous, I one day went out of curiosity to a farm, where the incident, I was told, was painted on the walls. Agreeable to the common report, the history of this singular transaction I found there, in the manner described to me. The story is thus:

In the year 1578, which appears above the painting, in a pond surrounded with briars near the house, a *water-serpent* of an uncommon size was frequently seen by a woman, who belonged to the house, when she went to get water. The creature, whenever she came, made advances to her; perhaps for the reason which Sallust gives, speaking of serpents, *Quarum vis inopiâ cibi acrior*. The woman, terrified at his appearance, told the story to her neighbours, who advised her one day to sit near the pond side, while some of them stood behind the briars, with an intention to shoot it, if possible, when it advanced towards her. The thing was accordingly effected, and the skin of the creature, according to the tradition of the place, was hung up without-side the house, stuffed with straw, for many years; but in process of time, by being so exposed, decayed. Ever since the year when this thing happened, the story has been painted on the walls of the refectory or hall; for I find the house was formerly, by the arms visible in many places, an hospital for the Knights Templars. And, as it cannot be supposed that the first painting could continue to this time on the bare wall, as often as it has been in a state of decay, so often has it been renewed. The present painting was done about forty years since, by the famous Rowell, the glass-stainer. About half a mile in a vale beneath this house stands the church of Hitchendon in the county of Bucks, where I find some of these knights were buried, having myself seen their figures in the Gothic position, at full length on the pavement, in their military accoutrements. The imagination of the painter has given the serpent wings and legs, which has made some people suppose the whole fabulous; but that the story, exclusive of these emendations of the painter, is in every respect true, is plain from the traditional accounts of sensible judicious people hereabouts, and from the pencilled record of it on the wall of the house.

Yours, etc., EDGAR BOCHART.

Fragments of Erse Poetry (Ossian) collected in the  
Highlands.

[1760, pp. 287, 288.]

Two Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of  
Scotland, and translated from the Gallic or Erse language.

I.

Autumn is dark on the mountains; grey mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the hill, and marks the grave of Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead. At times are seen here the ghosts of the deceased, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath.

Who can reach the source of thy race, O Connal? and who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head. Who shall supply the place of Connal?

Here was the din of arms; and here the groans of the dying. Mournful are the wars of Fingal! O Connal!—it was here thou didst fall. Thine arm was like a storm; thy sword, a beam of the sky; thy height, a rock on the plain; thine eyes, a furnace of fire. Louder than a storm was thy voice, when thou confoundedst the field. Warriors fell by the sword, as the thistle by the staff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side; dire was the clang of their steel.

The daughter of Rinval was near; Crimora, bright in the armour of man; her hair loose behind, her bow in her hand. She followed the youth to the war, Connal her much beloved. She drew the string on Dargo; but erring, pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain—like a rock from the shaggy hill. What shall she do, hapless maid!—he bleeds; her Connal dies. All the night long she cries, and all the day, O Connal, my love, and my friend! With grief the sad mourner died.

Earth here encloseth the loveliest pair on the hill. The grass grows beneath the stones of their tomb; I sit in the mournful shade. The wind sighs through the grass; and their memory rushes on my mind. Undisturbed you now sleep together; in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone.

## II. RYNO, ALPIN.

*Ryno.*—The wind and the rain are over : calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream ! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of the song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of the song, why alone on the silent hill ? Why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood—as a wave on the lonely shore ?

*Alpin.*—My tears, O Ryno ! are for the dead ; my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill : fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar ; and the mourner shall sit on the tomb. The hills shall know thee no more ; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar ! as a roe on the hill ; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm of December. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain ; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm ; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.

But when thou returnedst from war, how peaceful was thy brow ! Thy face was like the sun after rain ; like the moon in the silence of night ; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now ; dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before ! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree, with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar ! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this ? Who is this whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step ? It is thy father, O Morar ! the father of none but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle ; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame ; why did he not hear of his wound ? Weep, thou father of Morar ! weep, but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead ; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice ; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake ?

Farewell, thou bravest of men ! thou conqueror in the field : but the field shall see thee no more ; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the song shall preserve the name. Future times shall hear of thee ; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

[1760, pp. 407-409.]

Since two pieces, called Translated Fragments of Erse Poetry, were published in our Magazine [see Note 26], a small collection of pieces of the same kind has appeared, printed at Edinburgh and reprinted in London; they are in general well imagined, and the images are natural and striking though few, suiting well with an early age and a barbarous nation, whose language is necessarily figurative, because it is not copious. As the original Erse is intended to be printed, with some future edition of them, it will irrefragably prove their authenticity, which might otherwise be reasonably doubted.

The following are inserted as a further specimen for the gratification of the reader's curiosity:

FRAGMENT VI.

Son of the noble Fingal, Oscian, prince of men! what tears run down the cheeks of age?—what shades thy mighty soul?

Memory, son of Alpin—memory wounds the aged. Of former times are my thoughts; my thoughts are of the noble Fingal. The race of the king returns into my mind, and wounds me with remembrance.

One day, returned from the sport of the mountains, from pursuing the sons of the hill, we covered this heath with our youth. Fingal the mighty was here, and Oscur, my son, great in war. Fair on our sight from the sea, at once, a virgin came. Her breast was like the snow of one night; her cheek like the bud of the rose. Mild was her blue rolling eye: but sorrow was big in her heart.

Fingal renown'd in war! she cries, sons of the king, preserve me! Speak secure, replies the king: daughter of beauty, speak; our ear is open to all; our swords redress the injured. I fly from Ullin, she cries, from Ullin famous in war. I fly from the embrace of him who would debase my blood. Cremor, the friend of men, was my father—Cremor, the prince of Inverne.

Fingal's younger sons arose: Carryl, expert in the bow; Fillan, beloved of the fair; and Fergus, first in the race.—Who from the farthest Lochlyn?—who to the seas of Molochasquir? Who dares hurt the maid whom the sons of Fingal guard? Daughter of beauty, rest secure—rest in peace, thou fairest of women.

Far in the blue distance of the deep, some spot appeared like the back of the ridge wave. But soon the ship increased on our sight. The hand of Ullin drew her to land. The mountains trembled as he moved: the hills shook at his steps. Dire rattled his armour around him. Death and destruction were in his eyes. His stature, like the roe of Morven. He moved in the lightning of steel.

Our warriors fell before him, like the field before the reapers.

Fingal's three sons he bound. He plunged his sword into the fair one's breast. She fell as a wreath of snow before the sun in spring. Her bosom heaved in death ; her soul came forth in blood.

Oscur my son came down : the mighty in battle descended. His armour rattled as thunder ; and the lightning of his eyes was terrible. There, was the clashing of swords ; there, was the voice of steel. They struck, and they thrust : they digged for death with their swords. But death was distant far, and delayed to come. The sun began to decline ; and the cowherd thought of home. Then Oscur's keen steel found the heart of Ullin. He fell like a mountain-oak covered over with glistering frost : he shone like a rock on the plain.—Here the daughter of beauty lieth ; and here the bravest of men. Here one day ended the fair and the valiant. Here rest the pursuer and the pursued.

Son of Alpin ! the woes of the aged are many ; their tears are for the past. This raised my sorrow, warrior ! memory awakened my grief. Oscur my son was brave ; but Oscur is now no more. Thou hast heard my grief, O son of Alpin ; forgive the tears of the aged.

#### FRAGMENT VII.

Why openest thou afresh the spring of my grief, O son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscur fell? My eyes are blind with tears ; but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the head of the people ! prince of the warriors, Oscur my son, shall I see thee no more !

He fell as the moon in a storm ; as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm inwraps the rocks of Ardannider. I, like an ancient oak on Morkven, I moulder alone in my place. The blast hath lopped my branches away ; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Prince of the warriors, Oscur my son ! shall I see thee no more !

Dermid and Oscur were one : They reaped the battle together. Their friendship was strong as their steel ; and death walked between them to the field. They came on the foe like two rocks falling from the brows of Ardden. Their swords were stained with the blood of the valiant ; warriors fainted at their names. Who was a match for Oscur, but Dermid ? and who for Dermid, but Oscur ?

They killed mighty Dargo in the field—Dargo before invincible. His daughter was fair as the morn ; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two stars in a shower ; her breath, the gale of spring ; her breasts, as the new fallen snow floating on the moving heath. The warriors saw her, and loved ; their souls were fixed on the maid. Each loved her, as his fame ; each must possess her or die. But her



soul was fixed on Oscur ; my son was the youth of her love. She forgot the blood of her father ; and loved the hand that slew him.

Son of Oscian, said Dermid, I love ; O Oscur, I love this maid. But her soul cleaveth unto thee ; and nothing can heal Dermid. Here, pierce this bosom, Oscur ; relieve me, my friend, with thy sword.

My sword, son of Morny, shall never be stained with the blood of Dermid.

Who then is worthy to slay me, O Oscur son of Oscian ? Let not my life pass away unknown. Let none but Oscur slay me. Send me with honour to the grave, and let my death be renowned.

Dermid, make use of thy sword ; son of Morny, wield thy steel. Would that I fell with thee ! that my death came from the hand of Dermid !

They fought by the brook of the mountain ; by the streams of Branno. Blood tinged the silvery stream, and curdled round the mossy stones. Dermid the graceful fell—fell, and smiled in death.

And fallest thou, son of Morny ; fallest thou by Oscur's hand ! Dermid, invincible in war, thus do I see thee fall !—He went, and returned to the maid whom he loved ; returned, but she perceived his grief.

Why that gloom, son of Oscian ? what shades thy mighty soul ?

Though once renowned for the bow, O maid, I have lost my fame. Fixed on a tree by the brook of the hill, is the shield of Gormur the brave, whom in battle I slew. I have wasted the day in vain, nor could my arrow pierce it.

Let me try, son of Oscian, the skill of Dargo's daughter. My hands were taught the bow : my father delighted in my skill.

She went. He stood behind the shield. Her arrow flew and pierced his breast.

Blessed be that hand of snow ; and blessed thy bow of yew ! I fall resolved on death : and who but the daughter of Dargo was worthy to slay me ? Lay me in the earth, my fair one ; lay me by the side of Dermid.

Oscur ! I have the blood, the soul of the mighty Dargo. Well pleased I can meet death. My sorrow I can end thus.—She pierced her white bosom with steel. She fell ; she trembled—and died.

By the brook of the hill their graves are laid ; a birch's unequal shade covers their tomb. Often on their green earthen tombs the branchy sons of the mountain feed, when mid-day is all in flames, and silence is over all the hills.

[1760, p. 421.]

As many doubts have been started concerning the Erse odes printed in your magazine, p. 287, be pleased to assure the public that their originality and authenticity may be fully proved ; that the

piper of the Argyleshire Militia can repeat all those that are translated and published, and many more ; and that several other persons can do the same in the Highlands, where they are traditionally remembered.

CALEDONIUS.

*Edinburgh, Sept. 11, 1760.*

[1782, pp. 570, 571.]

The controversy about Ossian having been lately revived, both in the newspapers and separate pamphlets as well as in your magazine, not without the intervention of several respectable names, I take the liberty of troubling you with some facts relative to it, which I obtained in an excursion of some months through the Highlands in the summer of the year 1780. I should scarcely have thought them worthy of the public attention if the subject had not been revived with so much ardour ; though they seem to me capable of affording much additional and even new light. If your opinion of them agrees with mine, I shall be happy to see them inserted among your valuable collections.

It had ever appeared to me that the arguments on both sides of this dispute were attended with particular obscurity. The supporters of the authenticity of the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson have been either unable or unwilling to produce the authorities they pretend to. The antagonists of this opinion, on the other hand, though they cannot deny the existence of peculiar traditional and historic songs in the Highlands, and though they boast of invincible proofs that Mr. Macpherson's Ossian is wholly a forgery and not copied from any such songs, yet even the great Dr. Johnson himself has no claim to any knowledge of them. From such considerations I was induced to believe that the subject might be considerably elucidated by collecting these songs in their original form ; and I therefore made it a part of my business, during my journey through the Highlands, to search out the traditionary preservers of them, and procure copies with as much attention and exactness as lay in the power of a foreigner and a stranger to the language. The absurd difficulties I had to encounter with in this pursuit, it is not necessary to enumerate ; sometimes I was obliged to dissemble a knowledge of the Erse, of which I scarcely understood six words ; sometimes I was forced to assume the character of a professed author, zealous to defend the honour of Ossian and Mr. Macpherson. It is not, however, impertinent to remark, that after I had obtained written copies in Erse of several of the following songs, I found it very difficult to get them translated ; for though many understand Erse as a speech, few are yet acquainted with it as a written language.

Before I proceed any further, it appears to me requisite, for the clear understanding of what follows, to remark, that the dispute seems naturally to divide itself into three questions : First, whether the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson be really the production of a very

ancient Highland bard, called by that name? or, secondly, whether it be copied from old songs, the productions of the Highlands indeed, but written by unknown bards, and only doubtfully and traditionally ascribed to Ossian? or, if it be wholly a forgery of Mr. Macpherson's?

Considerable opportunities were afforded me towards obtaining information on these heads by three several tours which I made in the Highlands. The first of these lay through the internal parts of that country, from Edinburgh to Perth, Dunkeld, Blair in Athol, Taymouth, Dalmaly in Glenorchy, Inverara, Loch-Lomond, Dunbarton, Glasgow, Hamilton, and Lanerk. In this tour I was honoured with the company of J. Stokes, M.D., of Worcester, now on his travels abroad, but then a student at Edinburgh, a gentleman eminent for his skill in botany, and a strenuous unbeliever in Ossian. From Lanerk I crossed to Linlithgow, Sterling, Perth, Forfar, Brechyn, Stonehaven, Aberdeen, Strath-Spey, Elgin, and Inverness, travelling along the Eastern coast, or Lowlands, as they are called. From Inverness I proceeded along the military roads, down the lakes, by Fort Augustus, to Fort William; and still pursuing the military road, crossed over the Black Mountain to Tiendrum. In this stage I visited Glen-Co, famous in Scotland for its romantic scenery, for the massacre which happened there soon after the Revolution, and also for being one of the habitations assigned by tradition to Ossian.

Leaving Tiendrum a second time, I returned by Loch-Ern, Dunblaine, and Alloa to Edinburgh.

Such was the direction of my two first tours through the Highlands. The third, in which I was happy enough to procure far the greater number of the following songs, led me from Edinburgh, through Sterling and Callender, by the Head of Loch-Ern, to Tiendrum for the third, and Dalmaly for the second time. From Dalmaly I went by Loch-Etive, to Oban, where I took boat for Mull, and spent near a fortnight in the Western Isles; visiting Staffa, and Icolmkill, and Morven on the main-land. In my return from Oban, I crossed over to Loch-Aw, Inverara, Loch-Lomond, Dunbarton, and Glasgow, thus finishing my wanderings among the Alps of our island. I think it necessary thus to delineate the track I pursued, that I may remove every doubt respecting the evidence I am about to produce; as I shall have occasion to refer hereafter to the different stages of my journey.

In the course of my researches I found that, although every district had its own peculiar historic songs, yet the inhabitants of one valley were scarcely acquainted with those which were current in the next. The songs relating to the Feinne and their chieftain, Fion-mac-Coul, or Fion-na-Gaël, whom we call in English "Fingal," are wholly confined to Argyleshire and the Western Highlands, where the scene of their actions is supposed to have lain. In that district almost every

one is acquainted with them ; and all, whose situation in life enables them to become acquainted with the subject, are zealous assertors of the authenticity of the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson. Yet it is remarkable that I never could meet with Mr. Macpherson's work in any part of the Highlands ; and many of his defenders confessed that they had never seen it. The only book I met with, which had any immediate connection with it, was Mr. Hole's poetic version of Fingal, which I saw at Mr. Maclean's of Drimnan in Morven. I do not mean, however, to tax any of Ossian's Highland partizans with direct falsehood ; they have all heard that the stories of Mr. Macpherson relate to Fingal and his heroes ; they themselves have also often heard songs relating to the same people, and ascribed to Ossian ; and on this loose basis, I fear, their testimonies often rest.

The first song relating to the Fienne, which I procured in the Highlands, was obtained from a native of Argyleshire, who was gardener to the Duke of Athol at Dunkeld. Its subject is humorous, and even ridiculous ; for Fingal is not always treated with respect in the Highlands, any more than our King Arthur in the old ballads of this country. A tailor happening to come to Fingal's habitation, found the heroes in such need of his art, that they began quarrelling about precedence, every hero wanting his own clothes made first ; Dermid, particularly, proceeded even to blows in support of his claim. By this means the whole host of the Feinne, or Fingalians, was thrown into confusion ; till at length an old hero restored peace by persuading them to turn out the tailor ; which expedient was adopted, and Fingal's heroes determined to wear their old clothes a little longer.

Mr. Stuart, minister of Blair, whom I also visited in company with Mr. Stokes, was the only person I met with in the Highlands who expressed any doubts respecting Mr. Macpherson's Ossian. Mr. Stuart told us that there were indeed many songs preserved in Argyleshire and the Western Highlands, under the name of Ossian, relating to Fingal and his heroes : "but," says he, "we have our doubts with regard to Mr. Macpherson's poems, because he has not published the originals."

Mr. Stuart favoured us with the story of a song, relating to Dermid, one of the Feinne, who had raised Fingal's jealousy by too great an intimacy with his wife. Fingal in revenge, having determined to destroy Dermid, took the opportunity of putting his purpose in execution, by means of a boar which had been slain in one of their huntings. It was a notion in those times, Mr. Stuart added, that walking along the back of a boar, in a direction contrary to the bristles, was certain death. Fingal commanded Dermid to do this, and by that means put an end to his life. I afterwards obtained a copy of this song in the original Erse ; Mr. Smith, also, the editor of a late collection of Ossian's poems, has inserted a copy of it : they

both differ in many circumstances from the foregoing account ; Mr. Smith's likewise is much longer and more correct.

Though it be somewhat out of order to sign my name before I come to the conclusion of my subject, yet as the authenticity of the foregoing remarks depends wholly on my testimony, I take the liberty to assure you, on the present occasion, that I have the honour to be, etc. [See Note 27.]

THO. F. HILL.

No. 30, Ely Place, Holborn.

[1783, Part I., pp. 33-36.]

By the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Stuart, minister of Blair (mentioned in the last magazine), I was directed to one James Maclauchan, a very old man, much celebrated for his knowledge of ancient songs. Maclauchan was a tailor ; those artists being of all men the most famous for this qualification.\* I found him in an old woman's cottage, near Blair, entirely willing to gratify my curiosity, and indeed highly flattered that I paid so much attention to his songs ; but as he could not talk English, I was obliged to supply myself with another cottager to translate whilst he sung. The following poem I wrote down from the mouth of our interpreter ; a circumstance which naturally accounts for the ruggedness of the language : the good old woman, who sat by spinning, assured me that, if I had understood the original, it would have drawn tears from my eyes. The poem is an elegy on a gentleman of the clan of Mac Gregor, who died in the prime of life : the author mourns over his deceased patron himself, and describes the sorrow of the rest of his friends. I have some reasons to believe it was published in the original Erse, by Mac Donald, in a collection of Erse poems, printed at Edinburgh about eight or ten years ago [see Note 28] :

“ The sighs of my heart vex me sore ; the sight of my eyes is not good : it has raised my sorrows, and doubled my tears ; the man of Doonan is not alive ; there are many gentlemen making his bed, and their sorrow is dropping on their shoes ; his mistress is, as it were, crucified for his love.—It is no wonder she should be sorrowful, for she shall never get such another after him. When I would sit by myself (*and consider*) the like of him was not to be gotten with or without riches. His heart was raised up, his fiddle at your ear, and his pipes playing about your town. When he would sit down, he heard the sound of his cups ; and his servants serving him while he was at rest.—It is the meaning of my words : how many worthy men who have been great drinkers have died. Of them were Alexander Rowey and Black John of strong arms ; I think them far off from

\* Tailors, in Scotland and the North of England, work in the houses of their employers ; and their songs serve for the entertainment both of themselves and their hosts during their labour.

me without life.—You were the chief of the people, going far before them, and a good lord of your tenants at home. When you took your arms, they did not rust; every hunting you made there was blood. You got honour going before them; and although you got more than they, you were worthy of it.\* I will never walk west on the road to the (*peat*) stack any more, for I have lost my mirth and the laird of Reanach.”†

As I had been informed, in my first excursion through the Highlands, that one Mac-Nab, a blacksmith, at Dalmaly, had made it his business to collect and copy many of the songs attributed to Ossian, I determined upon revisiting Dalmaly, in order to obtain all the intelligence I could from him. He lives in a cottage, not far from the inn and church at Dalmaly, where he boasts that his ancestors have been blacksmiths for near four hundred years; and where also he preserves, with much respect, the coat-armour of the blacksmiths his forefathers. I found him by no means deficient in ingenuity. A blacksmith in the Highlands is a more respectable character than with us in England. He is referred to by Mr. Smith, above-mentioned, as one of his authorities for the Erse poems he has published; † a circumstance which may perhaps diminish the validity of his testimony with some of the zealous antagonists of Ossian; but as the poems he favoured me with have little agreement with those published by Macpherson and Smith, I think the force of prejudice alone can persuade us to refuse it. § I have reason to believe that Mac-Nab had never read the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson.

From this man I obtained many songs, which are traditionally ascribed to Ossian. The following poem of “Ossian agus an Clerich” he gave me in Erse; for to him I pretended a knowledge in that language. I had it afterwards translated by Mr. Darrach, a gentleman who lived with Mr. Maclean, of Scallastel, in Mull, as tutor to his children, and who was wholly unacquainted with Mac-Nab. I set down the translation, in the rude form it received from immediate verbal composition. It differs in chronology from the poems of Ossian already published, representing that bard as a contemporary of St. Patrick; agreeable to a tradition which I found very prevalent in Argyleshire; according to which, St. Patrick was Ossian’s son-in-law. The poem is a dialogue between St. Patrick the *Clerich* or *Clerk* and Ossian:

\* At this place we suspected that our interpreter, weary of his employment, desired old Maclauchin to omit a considerable part of the song and repeat the concluding verse immediately.

† Reanach is, I believe, in Athol, not far from Glen Lion, where a branch of the Tay flows through a lake of that name.

‡ “Galic Antiq.,” by Mr. Smith, Edinburgh, 1780, p. 128, note.

§ Mr. Mac-Arthur, minister in Mull, declared to me that he could remember having heard the following poem of “Ossian agus an Clerich” as long as he could remember anything.

OSSIAN agus an CLERICH.

OSSHIAN. 1.  
A Clerich achanfas na Saim,  
Air leom fein gur borb do Chial;  
Nach eist thu Tamuil re Sgeul  
Air an Fhein nach fhachd thu  
riamh.

CLERICH. 2.  
Air ma chumhas, amhic Fhein,  
Ga fein leat bhi teachd air Fhein,  
Fuaim nan Saim air feadh mo  
bhioil  
Gur he sud be Cheoil damh Fhein.

OSSHIAN. 3.  
Na bi tu Coimheadadh do Shaim  
Re fianichd Erin nan Arm,  
A Clerich gur lan olc leum nochd  
Nach sgarain do Chean red Chorp.

CLERICH. 4.  
Sinfaoid Chomrich sa, Fhir mhoir;  
Laoidh do Bheoil gur binn leum  
Fhein:  
Tagamid suas Altair Fhein:  
Bu bhinn liom bhi teachd air  
Fhein.

OSSHIAN. 5.  
Nam bidhin thu, Chlerich Cha-  
oimh,  
Air an Fraidh ha Siar fa dheas  
Aig Eass libridh na'n Shruth  
sheamh,  
Air an Fhein bu Mhor do Mheas.

6.  
Beanneachd air Anam an Laoich

OSSHIAN. 1.  
O Clerk that singest the Psalms!  
I think thy notions are rude; that  
thou wilt not hear my songs, of  
the heroes of Fingal (*Fhein*) whom  
thou hast never seen.

CLERK. 2.  
I find thy greatest delight is in  
relating the stories of the actions  
of Fingal and his heroes; but the  
sound of the Psalms is sweeter be-  
tween my lips than the songs of  
Fingal.

OSSHIAN. 3.  
If thou darest to compare thy  
Psalms to the old heroes of Ire-  
land (*Erin*)\* with their drawn  
weapons, Clerk! I am much of  
opinion I should be sorely vexed  
if I did not sever thy head from  
thy body.

CLERK. 4.  
That is in thy mercy, great Sir!  
the expressions of thy lips are  
very sweet to me. Let us rear  
the altar of Fingal; † I would  
think it sweet to hear of the  
heroes of Fingal.

OSSHIAN. 5.  
If, my beloved Clerk! thou wert  
at the south-west shore, by the  
fall of Lever, of the slow-rolling  
stream, thou wouldst highly es-  
teem the heroes of Fingal.

6.  
My blessing attend the soul of

\* Here Fingal and his heroes seem to be expressly attributed to Ireland. Fingal is distinguished as Irish also, in v. 8.

† Ossian and St. Patrick are ever represented as disputing, whether the Christian religion or the stories of Fhein were to be preferred. Here St. Patrick appears willing to acknowledge the superiority of the latter, and to rear an altar, not to God, but Fingal.

Bu ghairbhe Fraoich, ansgach  
greish :  
Fean-Mac-Cumhail, Cean nan  
Sloigh,  
O san air a leainte 'n Teass.

that hero, whose fury was violent  
in battle ; Fingal, son of Comhal,  
chief of the host ! who gained  
great renown from that contest.

7.

La dhuine, faghach na'n Dearg,  
'S nach derich an Tealg nar Car :  
Gu facas deich mile Barc  
Air Traidh, a teachd air Lear.

One day that we were at the chace,  
looking for red-deer, not being suc-  
cessful in meeting with our game,  
we saw the rowing of ten thousand  
barks, coming along the surface of  
the sea, towards our shore.

8.

Shesaabh sin uill air an Leirg :  
Thionnail an Fhein as gach  
Taoibh—  
Seachd Catha-urcharu gu borb :  
Gur e dhiahd mu Mhachd Nin  
Taoig.

We all stood on the side of a hill ;  
the followers of Fingal assembled  
from every quarter ; seven tribes  
surrounded the son of Teague's  
(*Taoig*) daughter.

9.

Thanig an Cabhlach gu Tir—  
Greadhin nach bu bhin, hair leinn :  
Bu lionar an Pubul Sroil  
Ga thoighbail leo os an cean.

The fleet came to shore, and there  
appeared a great multitude that  
seemed not disposed to friendship ;  
and there was many a tent of silk  
raised over them.

10.

Hog iad an Coishri on Choill,  
Schuir iad orra an Airm ghaidh—  
San air Gualin gach Fhir mhoir—  
Is thog siad orra on Traidh.

They bore away from the woods ;  
they put on their beautiful armour  
on every great man's shoulder ; and  
they bore away from the shore.

11.

Labhair Mac-Cumhail ri Fhein :  
An fhidir shibh fein co na Sloigh,  
Nan nd fisruigh shibh co Bhuid-  
hin-bhorb  
Bheir an Deanneal cruaidh san  
strachd.

The son of Comhal spoke to his  
heroes, "Can ye know who is  
this cruel people? or do ye know  
who is the author of the furious  
battle on this shore?"

12.

Sin nuair huit Connan aris,  
Co bail leat a Riogh bhi ann ?  
Co shaoleadh tu, Fhinn nan Cath,  
Bhiodh ann ach Flath na Riogh ?

Then said Connan again, "Whom,  
O King, dost thou suppose them  
to be? or who shouldst thou think  
it should be? O thou Fingal of  
battles ! but the flower of Kings?"  
(*Manos, King of Norway*).



13.  
Co gheomeid, an air Fhein,  
Rechidh a ghabhail Sgeul don  
tsluadh ;  
'Sa bheridh hugain e gun Chleth,  
Sgum beireadh e Breith is Buaidh.

14.  
Sin nuair huirt Connan aris :  
Co bail leat a Riogh dhul ann  
Ach Feargheas fìor-ghlic, do  
Mhachd,  
O she chleachd bhi dul nan  
Ceann ?

15.  
Beir a Mhallachd, a Connain  
Mhaoil,  
Huirt an Feargheas bu chaoin  
Cruth,  
Rachansa ghabhail an Sgeil  
Don Fhein'scho bannair do Ghuth.

16.  
Ghluais an Feargheas armoil og  
Air an Rod an Coinneamh nan'm  
fhear ;  
'S dehfisrich e le Comhradh foil  
Co na Sloigh sho hig air Lear ?

17.  
Manus fuileach, fearich, fiar,  
Mac Riogh Beathanan Sgia Dearg ;  
Ard Riogh Lochlin Ceann nan  
Clear,  
Giolla bo Mhor Fiabh as Fearg.

18.  
Ciod a ghluais, a Bhuin borb,  
O Rioghachd Lochlan, nan Colg  
{ Scann, }  
{ Marhan } a Mheadacha air Fhion  
Ahanig air Triath hair Lear.

19.  
Air do Laimhsa, Fheargheas  
fhoile,  
Asan Fhein ga Mor do shuim ;  
Cha gabh sin Cumha gan B'hran,  
Agus a Bhean a hoirt o Fhean.

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FINGAL 13.  
"Who shall we find among our  
heroes that will go to get word of  
the people, and will bring us  
good intelligence, he shall have  
my applause and favour?"

14.  
Then says Connan again, "Whom,  
O King, would you choose to go  
but your very wise son Fergus?  
since he is used to go on this  
business."

15.  
"My curse on thee, bare-headed  
Connan," says Fergus of the fair  
complexion: "I will go and in-  
quire about the heroes, but not  
for thy sake."

16.  
Young warlike Fergus went away  
to the road to meet the men. He  
inquired with a mild voice, "Who  
were the multitude that came over  
the sea?"

17.  
Bloody Magnus of the manly form,  
son of King Beatha of the red  
shield; chief King of Lochlin  
(Norway), and head of men, a  
man of furious appearance.

18.  
"What moved thee, thou fierce  
man! from the kingdom of Loch-  
lin with fierce appearance; if it was  
not to increase our warriors, that  
the hero came over the sea?"

19.  
"By thy hand, thou mild Fergus!  
though thou art great among the  
heroes, we will not take a reward  
without Bran, and we will take  
the wife of Fingal himself."

10

20. Bheiridh an Fhein Comhrag  
cruaidh  
Dod Shluadh ma'm fuighe tu Bran,  
Is bheridh Fean Comhrag trein  
Dhuit fein, mum fuighe tu Bhean.
21. Hanig Feargheas, mo Bhrair fein,  
'Sbu Chosbhail ri Grein a Chruth,  
'S ghisidh e Sgeile go foil,  
Ga' b osgaradh mor a Gehuth.
22. Mac Rìogh Lochlan sud faoin  
Traibh ;  
Co d'en fa gho bhi ga Chleth ?  
Cha gabh e gun Chomhrag dlu  
Na do Bhean's do Chu faoi bhreth.
23. Chaoidh cha tugainse mo Bhean  
Dodh 'aon Neach ata fuidh 'n  
Ghreìn,  
'Scha mho mheir mi Bran gu brach  
Gus an teid am Bas na Bheil.
24. Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Goll,  
Smor an Glonn duin bi nar tosd ;  
Nach tugamid Comhrag borb  
Do Rìogh Lochlan nan Sciadh  
breachd.
25. Seachd Altramain Lochain lain,  
Se labhair Goll gun fhas Cheilg,  
Sair libhse gur Moran Sluaidh,  
Bheir mi'm brigh sa'm buaidh gu  
leir.
- FERGUS. 20. "Our heroes will give thy people  
hard battle before thou shalt get  
Bran ; and Fingal will himself  
fight thee hard before thou shalt  
get his wife."
21. My brother Fergus came with his  
complexion like the sun ; to tell  
the tale mildly, though his voice  
was loud.
22. "The son of the King of Lochlin  
is on the shore : Why should I  
conceal it ? He will not depart  
without hard battle, or thy wife  
and thy dog as a reward."
- FINGAL. 23. "I never will give my wife to any  
one under the sun ; neither will I  
give Bran for ever, till death takes  
hold of my mouth."
24. Comhal's son spoke to Gaul, "It  
is great shame for us to be quiet ;  
that we do not give hard battle  
to the King of Lochlin, of the  
spotted shield."\*
25. "The seven brave sons, of the  
little lake of Lano," says Gaul  
without guile ; "you think them a  
great multitude, but I will con-  
quer them."†

\* Neither Mac-Nab, nor any other Highlander, to whom I showed this poem, ever seemed to conceive that there was any affinity between it and the "Ossian" of Mr. Macpherson ; but, on comparing it with the poem called "Fingal," I find the following parallel passages : Book IV., some parts of which are a translation of the above song, though quite on a different subject. 24 "Behold," said the King of generous shields, 'how Lochlin divides on Lena.—Let every chief amongst the friends of Fingal take a dark troop of those that are grown so high. Nor let a son of the echoing groves bound on the waves of Inistore.'"

† "'Mine,' said Gaul, 'be the seven chiefs, that came from Lano's Lake.'"

26. {Prios }  
 Se huirt an Tosgar bu mhor {Brigh }  
 Diongamsa Riogh Inse-Torc,  
 S Cinn a Dha chomhirlich dheig  
 Leig faoi 'm choimhir fein an  
 Coisg.
27.  
 Iarla Muthuin, smor a Ghlonn,  
 Se huirt Diarmaid donn gun ghuin,  
 Coisge mise sud dar Fein,  
 No teuitim fein air a shon.
28.  
 Gur he dhabh mi fein fos Laimh,  
 Gad ha mi gun Chail an Nochd,  
 Riogh Termin na'n Comhrag  
 teann,  
 'Sgo sgarrain a Chean re Chorp.
29.  
 Beribh Beanneachd's buinibh  
 buaidh,  
 Huirt Mac Cumhail nan Gruaidh  
 dearg;  
 Manus Mac Gharra nan Sloidh  
 Diongaidh mise, ga mor Fhearg.
30.  
 Noiche sin duinne gu Lo  
 Bainmaig lein abhi gun Cheoil;  
 Fleagh gu fairfing, fion is Ceir,  
 Se bheidh aig an Fhein ga ol.
31.  
 Chuncas, mu'n do scar an Lo,  
 A gabhail Doigh an sa Ghuirt  
 Meirg Riogh Lochlan an aigh,  
 Ga hogail on Traibh nan Nuchd.
26. Then says Oscar of might strength,  
 "Give to me the King of Inistore  
 (*the island of Wild Boars*); his  
 twelve nobles have a sweet voice,  
 leave me to quell them."\*
27. "Earl Mudan's glory is great,"  
 says brown Dermid without mal-  
 lice; "I will quell him for thy  
 heroes, or fall in the attempt."†
28. I myself took in hand, though I  
 am at this night without vigour,  
 King Terman of the close battles,  
 that I should sever his head from  
 his body.‡
29. "Deserve blessings, and gain the  
 victory," says Comhal's son with  
 the red cheeks: "Magnus son of  
 Gharra of multitudes, I will con-  
 quer, though great is his fury in  
 battle."§
30. From night to day, we seldom  
 wanted music: a wide house,  
 wine, and wax are what we used  
 to have, when we drank.
31. We saw, before the dawn of day,  
 the iron King of Lochlin, taking  
 possession of the field; coming  
 in his youth, from the shore,  
 before the men.||

\* " 'Let Inistore's dark King,' said Oscar, 'come to the sword of Ossian's son: 'To mine the King of Iniscon's,' said Connal heart of steel."

† " 'Or Mudan's Chief, or I,' said brown-haired Dermid, 'shall sleep on clay cold earth.' "

‡ " My choice, though now so weak and dark, was Terman's battling King. I promised with my hand to win the hero's dark-brown shield."

§ " 'Blest and victorious be my chiefs,' said Fingal of the mildest look; 'Swaran, King of roaring waves, thou art the choice of Fingal!'"—The blessings here are evidently Christian. Macpherson, in his translation, has very happily given them a different air. The next verse in the poem above is evidently corrupt and improper.

|| This verse, though following the challenges of the Fingalians in my copy, is evidently analogous to Fingal's speech at the beginning of them in Macpherson.

[1783, Part I., pp. 140-144.]

32. Chuir shinn Deo-ghreine ri Crann Brattach Fhein, bu gharga Trus'h, Lom-lan do Cloc'haibh oir ; Aguinne bu mhor a Meas. 32. We set up decently to a standard the colours of fierce Fingal : they were full of golden stones, and with us much esteemed.\*
33. Iommaid Cloimh, Dorn-chan oir, Iommaid Sroil, ga chuir ri Crann, 'N Cath Mhic Cumhail Fean nan fleadh ; 'Sbo Lionfar Sleadh os air Ceann. 33. Many a gold-tilted sword, many a flag was raised to its staff, in the hospitable son of Comhal's battle ; and many a javelin was above us.†
34. Iommaid cotan, iommaid Triach, Iommaid scia, as lurich dharamh ; Iommaid Draoisich's mac Riogh, 'Scha raibh fear riamh dheu gun arm. 34. Many a coat of mail, many a hero, many a shield, many a great breast-plate, many a King's son ; and there was none of them without a weapon.
35. Iommaid Cloigid maisich cruaidh, Iommaid Tuath, is iommaid Gath, 'N Cath Riogh Lochlin na'm pios Bu lionfar Mac Riogh is Flath. 35. Many a handsome steel helmet, many a battle-axe (the "Lochabar Axe," see Gal. Ant., p. 261), many a dart, in the host of arms of the King of Lochlin of shells ; and many heroes, the sons of Kings.
36. Rinneadir an 'Nuirnig chruaigh, 'S bhrisseadear air Buaidh na'n Gall ; Chrom shinn ar Cean an sa Chath Is rein gach Flath mar a Gheall. 36. They prayed fervently, and the forces of the strangers were broken : we bowed our heads in the battle, and every hero did as he had promised.‡
37. Hachair Mac Cumhail na'n Cuach Agus Manus na'n ruag gun Adh 37. The son of Comhal of the drinking horns, and Magnus the unfor-

\* This verse, like the former, is transposed. In Macpherson it precedes verse 31. "We reared the sunbeam of battle, the standard of the King : each hero exulted with joy, as waving it flew on the wind. It was studded with gold above, as the blue wide shell of the nightly sky." The word translated by Mr. M. "sun-beam" (*Deo-ghreine*), was by Mr. Darrach interpreted "colours ;" as being more intelligible in English, though less literal.

† "Each hero," adds Macpherson, "had his standard too, and each his gloomy men."

‡ This verse is not only Christian but even fanatic ; in Macpherson it is expressed somewhat differently : "The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell, like the banks of the roaring Cona ; our arms were victorious on Lena, each chief fulfilled his promise."



43.  
 Cha neil agam Cairdeas na Gaoil  
 Riutsa, Connain Mhaoilgun Fhoalt;  
 O'n harla mi'n Grasan Fhein  
 'Sansa leum na bi [faoi] fu'd  
 Smachd.

44.  
 O harla thu'm Grasabh fein,  
 Cha'n iommair mi Beud air Flath;  
 Fuasglath mi husa o'm Fhein  
 A Laimh Threun gu cur mor  
 Chath.

45.  
 'Sgeibh thu do raoghin aris  
 Nuair a heid thu do'd Thir fein,  
 Cairdeas is commun do ghna,  
 Na do Lamh achuir faoi'm  
 Fhein.

46.  
 Cha chuir mi mo Laimh faoi'd,  
 Fhein,  
 N cian a Mhairtheas Cail am Chorp:  
 Aon Bhuille Taoighe, Fhein;  
 Saitheach deinn no reinneas ort.

47.  
 Mi fein, agus Mathair, is Goll—  
 Triur bo mho Glonn san Fhein;  
 Ged ta sinn gun Draosich no  
 Colg  
 Ach easteachd ri Hord Cleir.

43.  
 "I have no friendship nor love for  
 thee, bald Connau without hair;  
 but though I am in Fingal's  
 mercy, I would rather be so than  
 under thy authority."

FINGAL 44.  
 "Since thou art in Fingal's mercy,  
 I will allow no harm to thee: I  
 will set thee at liberty from  
 amongst my heroes; thou strong  
 hand to fight the battles!"

45.  
 "And thou shalt get thy own  
 choice again, when thou shalt re-  
 turn to thy own country; friend-  
 ship and unity always, or else to  
 be revenged of our heroes."\*

46.  
 "I will not take revenge of your  
 heroes as long as there is breath  
 in my body; nor will I strike one  
 stroke against thyself. I repent  
 what I have done to you."†

47.  
 Myself, my Father, and Gaul  
 were the three who had most chil-  
 dren, amongst our heroes; though  
 we are now without strength,  
 hearkening to clergymen's orders.

Many curious remarks might be made on the language of the

\* In the sixth book of Fingal, this passage also is found: "Raise to-morrow," says Fingal to Swaran, "raise thy white sails to the wind, thou Brother of Agandecca.—Or dost thou choose the fight? The combat, which thy fathers gave to Trenmor, is thine! that thou mayest depart renowned, like the sun setting in the west!"

† "King of the race of Morven," said the Chief of resounding Lochlin, "never will Swaran fight with thee, first of a thousand heroes!" I found these parallel passages on a slight comparison of the above poem with Macpherson; perhaps a stricter search might find out many more. This poem, under the title of "Manos," has been likewise published by Mr. Smith, "Gal. Ant.," Edinburgh, 1780, p. 250; but the parallel passages, in his copy and mine, are scarcely so numerous as those above quoted from Macpherson: our copies agree only in the 16th, 21st, 22nd, 35th, 39th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, and 44th verses of the above poem. Even the story of the two copies is not the same: in Smith, besides many other differences, the poem concludes with the death of Manos; in my copy, Manos is only bound, like Swaran in Macpherson.

foregoing poem, which abounds with words derived from the Latin, Danish, and Saxon tongues—as “Clerich,” “Chorp,” “Fhir,” “Nochd” from the former; “Barc,” “Jarla,” “Cotan,” “Brisseadh,” from the latter: many peculiarities, also worthy our attention, occur in the style and versification—as the paucity of epithets, the love of alliteration (see verse 29, l. 1), and the frequent repetition of lines in every respect the same, as in Homer, probably with a design to assist the memory (see verse 3, l. 4; v. 28, l. 4; and v. 42, l. 4—v. 14, l. 1; v. 42, l. 1, etc.); but as it would infringe too much on your Magazine to enlarge upon these subjects, I shall leave them to the acuteness of your readers.

Shaw, the last antagonist of Ossian, observes that he could not meet with any songs in the Highlands which mentioned Swaran, King of Lochlin; but that they all spoke of Manos or Magnus, a name of later times. Perhaps the foregoing might be one of the songs he met with.

The two following songs I received from Mac-Nab at the same time with the last. The former of them relates to the death of Dermid; the history of a song on which subject I have already sent you, Mr. Urban, on the authority of Mr. Stuart of Blair.\* The differences which appear between the following song and that described by Mr. Stuart are not very great, and they serve mutually to explain one another. I there observed that another song on this subject, much longer and containing a greater number of circumstances, had been inserted by Mr. Smith in his “Galic Antiquities.”† That poem opens with an address to Cona and Mount Golbun; and after describing Fingal’s going out to hunt on the latter, relates that Dermid, hearing the cry of the dogs, left the embraces of his wife to join the chace. His wife, following him, meets with an old man mourning over his wife and son; the latter of whom, having fallen at the chace, through the loss of his spear, she determines to pursue her husband with a supernumerary one. Dermid joins Fingal and engages the boar, incited by the promised rewards of that monarch. He loses his spear, but receives another from his wife, who is slain herself by a wandering arrow. With the second spear he pierces the breast of the boar; but the shaft being broken, he draws his sword and kills the animal. Connan, the Thersites of the Highland songs, who had been Dermid’s rival in love, then dares him to measure the boar; which he does, first in the same direction with the bristles, and receives no injury; but being farther provoked by Connan, measures him again the contrary way, and the bristles piercing his feet, he is slain.‡ His wife, not yet expired, mourns over him, and then dies. Their interment is described, and the

\* See Magazine for December last, p. 571 [see *ante*, p. 140].

† Gal. Ant., pp. 187 to 202.

‡ The mode of mensuration here meant was performed by putting the feet one before the other along the boar’s back, according to the original mode of measuring by the *foot*.

poem concludes with Ossian's funeral song. Such is the history of Smith's poem, which in some respects coincides with the following, and in many differs from it; what few parallel passages there are I shall insert in the notes. Mr. Darrach, the translator of the former, was so kind as to translate these also for me.

MAR MHARB DIARMAD AN TORC NIMHE.

*(How Dermid killed the poisonous Wild Boar.)*

Eisdibh beag ma's ail leibh Laoidh	Give ear for a little, if you are
Air chuideachd a chaoidh so	fond of a poetical account of
chuidh—	those people that are now dead,
Air Beinn Ghuilbenn, 's air Fuinn fial,	and that went to Mount Golbun;
'S air mac o Duine nan Sgeul truagh:	and likewise of hospitable Fingal
Dh' imis iad, s bu mhor an fheall,	and the Son of O Duine of the
Air mac o Duine bu dearg beul,	Mournful Tales. They pre-
Dol do bheinn Ghuilben a shealg	vailed, with great treachery, on
Tuirc. nach feadadh airm a chlaoidh.	the Son of O Duine of the Red
Dh' eirich a bheist as a suain ;	Lip, to go to Mount Golbun to
Dh' amhairc i uaip an gleann ;	hunt a wild boar, that no weapon
Dh' fhairich i faragra nam Fian	could subdue. The beast awak-
Teachd a noir 's a niar na Ceann.	ened out of his sound sleep, he
Mac o Duine, nach d' ob daimh,	looked about him round the glen,
Chuir e'n t sleagh an dail an Tuirc:	and perceived the noise of the
Bhris e 'innt 'an crann mu thri :	heroes ( <i>Fian</i> ) coming east and
Bu reachdar leis a bhi sa mhuc.	west about him. The Son of
Tharruing e shean lann o'n Truail,	O Duine, who never shunned a
Bhuigneadh buaidh anns gach blar:	warlike enterprise,* aimed his
Mharbh mac o Duine a bheist :	javelin at the boar, broke the
Thachair dha fein a bhi slan.	shaft thereof in three pieces, and
'Shuidh sinn uil air aon Chnoc :	was displeased to find it so in
Luidh mor sprochd air Ceann flath	the boar. He drew from the
Fail ;	scabbard his trusty blade that
Air bhi dha fada na thosd,	obtained victory in battle: the
Labhair e, 's gum b' ole a chial :	Son of O Duine killed the beast,
"Tomhais a Dhiarmaid f'a sochd,	and he himself was safe. We all
Cia mead troigh 's au Torc a Niar.	sat upon one hill, at which time
"Seath troighe deug de fhior	Fingal was seized with a deep
thomhas	melancholy; after a long silence

\* Smith (p. 194) gives this passage as follows: "With all his terrible might the chief lifts his spear; like a meteor of death red issuing from Lano's cloud, a flood of light, it quick descends. The head is lodged in the rough breast of the boar; the shaft flies over trees, through air. His sword is in the hero's hand, the old companion of his deeds in the hour of danger. Its cold point pierces the heart of the foe. The boar, with all his blood and foam, is stretched on earth." Smith adds that the clan of Campbell, said to be descended from Dermid, assume the boar's head for their crest from this event: Smith calls Dermid the son of Duine (p. 198); Macpherson calls him the son of Duthno. Fingal, B. v.



Tha'm frioghan na Muice fiadhaich.  
 Cho'n e sin iddir a tomha's :  
 Tomhais a ris i, Dhiarmaid :  
 Tomhais, a Dhiarmaid, a ris  
 Na aghaidh gu min an Torc :  
 'S leatsa do roghain, ga chionn,  
 Tuil 'igh nan arm rann-gheur goirt.

Dh' eirich e, sb'en turas gaidh :  
 Thomhais e dhoibh an Torc :  
 Tholl am friogh bha nimheil garg  
 Bonn an Laoich bu gharbh san trod.  
 "Aon deoch dhamhs' ad Chuaich,  
 Fhinn,  
 Fhir nam briathra blatha binn :  
 Fon chaill mi mo bhrigh 's mo  
 bhlaogh  
 O choin, gur truagh mur tabhair.  
 "Cho toir mise dhuit mo Chuach,  
 'Scha mho chabhras mi ar t iota :  
 O's beag a rinn thu dom' leas,  
 'Sgur mor a rinn thu dom 'aimhneas.  
 "Cha d'rinn mise cron ort rianh,  
 Thall na bhos, a noir na niar ;  
 Ach imichd 'le Grain, am braidd,  
 Sa huirgam thobhairt fa gheassaibh.

he spoke in a fierce manner :  
 "Dermid ! measure the boar,  
 how many feet he measures to  
 the westward !"—"Sixteen feet  
 of neat measure, the bristles of the  
 wild boar measure !" (*Fingal*) :  
 "That is not all the measure ;  
 measure it again, Dermid : mea-  
 sure it, Dermid, again—against  
 the bristles ! for so doing you  
 shall have your choice of my  
 warlike weapons."\*

He got up and undertook the  
 hard task : he measured the boar  
 to them. The venomous coarse  
 bristles pierced the soles of the  
 hero's feet, and severe was the  
 enterprise. "One drink out of  
 Fingal's cup" (*Chuach Fhinn*).  
 "You with the warm sweetwords !  
 Since I have lost my strength  
 and vigour in this attempt, it is  
 cruel if you deny me."—"I will  
 not give you my cup" (*Chuach*),  
 "nor will I quench your drought ;  
 as you have done little to please  
 me and have done much to of-  
 fend me."—"I never did you  
 any harm, up or down, east or  
 west, but proceeded rashly to  
 recover myself of my metamor-  
 phoses."†

\* Smith (p. 194) alters this passage a little ; and ascribes it to Connan, in the room of Fingal, as I have already said : "'Measure,' said Connan, that little soul, 'the boar which thou hast slain !—measure him with thy foot bare, a larger hath not been seen !' The foot of Dermid slides softly along the grain, no harm hath the hero suffered. 'Measure,' said Connan, 'the boar against the grain ! and thine, chief of spears, shall be the boon thou wilt ask.' The soul of Dermid was a stranger to fear ; he obeyed again the voice of Connan. But the bristly back of Golbun's boar, sharp as his arrows, and strong as his spear, pierces with a thousand wounds his feet.—Dermid falls, like a tall pine on the heath." A boar sixteen feet long is vast indeed !

† Smith omits this conversation : he thus speaks of it in a note (p. 195) : "Such as may here miss the dialogue, concerning *Chuach Fhinn*, or the medicinal cup of Fingal, will remember that it is of so different a complexion from the rest of the poem that no apology needs be made for rejecting it as the interpolation of some later bard." Smith probably found it not easily susceptible of ornament, and inconsistent with his plan, as throwing the blame on Fingal ; which were certainly suffi-

Gleann sith an gleann siar rar  
 taobh  
 'Slion 'ar guth Feidh ann, 's loin,  
 Gleann an tric an raibh an Fhiann  
 A Nor 's an iar an deigh nan Con  
 An Gleann sin fos Beinn Ghuilbin  
 ghuirm  
 'S ailidh tulachan tha fo'n Ghrein  
 'Stric a bha na struthain dearg  
 'N deigh do'n Fhian bhi seal an  
 fheidh.  
 Sin e na shine air an Raon  
 Mac O Duin' air a thaobh feall  
 Na shine re taobh an Tuirc  
 Sin sgeul th'again duit gu dearbh.  
 Guill ei deadh oir is eah  
 'S an eigin nan Creach nach gann  
 Lamh bu mhor Gaig is griomh  
 O choin mar tha'n saoidh sa  
 ghleann.

The glen alongside of us is dark; numerous there are the ruttings of deer, and the voices of blackbirds: in that glen the heroes often went east and west after their dogs—the glen under verdant Mount Golbun, whose hillocks are the fairest beneath the sun; where often the rivulets ran red after the heroes had killed their deer. There, extended on the green, lies the Son of O Duine, stretched on his lovely side along the boar, and clad in all his armour. This tale of truth have we to tell. Alas, great is our loss!—the hand that performed many valiant deeds!—the chief of warriors lies in the glen!

In the foregoing poem it deserves to be remarked that Fingal is not only treated with little reverence, according to a former observation of mine,\* but is even represented as guilty of treachery. Mr. Stuart's narration of the death of Dermid agrees with the poem above in this respect; whereas Mr. Smith has chosen to represent it differently; and more agreeable with the uncontaminated honour of Fingal, in the rest of his publication, and in the Ossian of Macpherson. Smith also attempts, in a note, p. 194, to palliate and cover the superstitious notion of the fatal consequences produced by walking along the back of a boar, in a direction contrary to the bristles; no doubt, because he would have us suppose that the natives of the Highlands, unlike all other nations, have been ever guided by truth and reason. I wish the same intention had not hid many similar notions from the public; for it is among such traditional prejudices that we must look for national character and the true knowledge of mankind. Reason is ever the same, but folly diverse. They would also, at the same time, have stamped greater authenticity on the poems which should have contained them.

I am inclined to suspect that there are in the foregoing song some words directly derived from the English, as "Bheist," "thri," etc.

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cient reasons for his omitting it. I am not adequately acquainted with the secret history of Dermid to explain what is meant by his metamorphosis in my copy.

\* See Mag. for December last, p. 571 [see *ante*, p. 140].

[1783, *Part I.*, pp. 398-400.]

The next poem, Mr. Urban, is an account of the death of Bran, Fingal's celebrated dog, which has not, as far as I know, been ever published before. It does not seem very clear what sort of dog he was, though the poem concludes with a singular description of him; wherein, also, is contained a curious enumeration of the peculiar marks of excellence in dogs.

MUR MHARBHADH BRAN.

(*How Bran was killed.*)

Lag is lag oirn arsa' a chorr  
'S fada cna mo luirg 'am dheigh  
Nam brisins 'i a nochd  
Cait am faighin lus na leigh.

Leighisins 'i ars an dreolan  
O 'n leighis mi moran romhad  
A chorribh tha o's ma cheann  
'S mis a leighis Fionn nam fleagh  
An la mharbh sinn an torc liath  
'S iomad Fian a bha san t sleibh  
'S iomad cuilean taobh - gheal  
shang  
Bha taobh ri taobh sa bheinn bhuig  
'Nuair shuidhich Fionn an t sealg  
'Sin nuair ghabh Bran fearg ra  
chuid.  
Throidd an da choin anns ant t  
sliabh  
Bran gu dian agus cu Ghuill  
Mu 'n d'fheadas smachd a chuir  
air Bran  
Dhealaich e naoi uilt ra dhruim  
Dh 'eirich Goll mor mac Smail  
Cuis nach bu choir mu cheann  
coin  
Bhagair e an lamh an roibh Bran  
Gun dail thoirt da ach a mhar-  
bhadh.  
Dh 'eirich Ossian beag mac Fhinn  
'S cuig cead deug an codhail  
Ghuill  
Labhair i an cora ard

"We are foiled!—we are foiled!" says the heron, "my shank-bone is long behind; should I break it in the night, where could I find a physician or medicine?"

"I would cure thee," says the wren, "as I cured many before thee. O heron, that lookest down upon me, it was I who cured the blithe Fingal, the day the grey boar was slain." Many a hero was then upon the moor; many a handsome white-sided greyhound stood, side by side, on the yellow mountain. When Fingal prepared for hunting, Bran grew angry about his food. Then the two dogs fought upon the moor, fierce Bran and Gaul's dog. Before Bran could be managed, he severed nine joints from the other's back. The great Gaul, the son of Smail,\* arose, incensed at the loss of his dog; he threatened to put the hand that held Bran to immediate death. Little Ossian, the son of Fingal, got up, and fifteen hundred more,† to meet Gaul; and spoke with a loud voice.

\* This Gaul, the son of Smail, is surely a different person from Gaul, the son of Morni, of Macpherson and Smith; but such varieties are common in the Highland songs.

† These huntings seem to have been undertaken by the whole clan together.

Caisgim do luath garg a Ghuill  
 Bhuail mi buille do 'n eil bhuigh  
 'S do na bailgibh fuin dairneach  
 Dh 'adh 'laig mi an t 'or na  
 cheann  
 'S truagh a rinn mi 'm beud ra  
 theinn  
 Sheall mo chuilean thara ghualain  
 B'iofnadh leis mi ga bhualadh  
 An lamh sin leis 'n do bhuaileadh  
 Bran  
 'S truagh on ghualain nach do sgar  
 Mun d'rinn mi am beud a bhos  
 Gur truagh nach ann eug a chuaid-  
 heas.

Ciod a bhuaidha bhiodh air Bran  
 Arsa Connan uabhreach miar?

Fon à b' aois cuilean do Bhran  
 'S fon chuir mi conn-ial air  
 Chan fhacas am fianibh fail  
 Lorg feidh an deigh fhagail  
 Bu mhaith e hun an dorain du.nn  
 Bu mhaith e thairt eisg a h  
 abhainn  
 Gum b' fharr Bran a mharbha  
 bhroc  
 Na coin an tal on' d' thainig  
 A cheud leige fhuair Bran riamh  
 Air druim na coille coir liath  
 Naonar do gach fiadh ar bith  
 Mharbh Bran air a cheud rith.

Cassa buidhe bha aig Bran  
 Da lios dhutha as torr geal  
 Druim uaine on suidh an sealg  
 Cluase corrach cro'-dhearg.

“Let me stop thy bold hand,  
 Gaul! I struck Bran with the  
 yellow thong, and sore did I  
 repent: at which the famous Bran  
 looked over his shoulder, sur-  
 prised at my striking him. Pity  
 it was, the hand that struck Bran  
 had not been first severed from  
 the shoulder.—Ere I committed  
 the deed, I could wish I had  
 been no more.”\*

“‘What were the qualifications  
 of Bran?’ says rash Connan.  
 (Ossian): ‘Since Bran was a  
 whelp, and since I got a collar  
 upon him, neither Fingal nor his  
 heroes ever saw the track of a  
 deer that left him. He was excel-  
 lent at the otter, was good at  
 taking fish out of the water, and  
 was more famous at killing  
 badgers than any dog of his time.  
 The first chace that ever Bran  
 went, above the wood of Cori-  
 liath, nine of all kinds of deer  
 Bran ran down in the first pur-  
 suit.’”

“Bran’s feet were of a yellow  
 hue; both his sides black, and  
 his belly white; his back was of  
 an eel-colour, famous for the  
 sport; his ears sharp, erect, and  
 of a scarlet colour.”

I have deferred, Mr. Urban, sending you the following poems, in the hope that I should have been able to accompany them with a translation; for which purpose Dr. Willan, of Bartlet’s Buildings, Holborn, was so kind as to transmit them to a friend of his in Scotland. But the translation not having found its way to London, after a much longer delay than I had reason to expect, I send them to you

\* Bran appears to have been slain by this blow. *The yellow thong* seems to have had some peculiarly fatal power in it, by this account of its effects.

in their original Erse. Should I hereafter receive this translation, I shall certainly trouble you with it. In the meanwhile, if any of your numerous readers who understand Erse will oblige me and, I trust, the public, by rendering this translation unnecessary, I have no doubt you will think yourself happy to insert it.

It becomes me to make some apology for the numerous errors in orthography which must necessarily have found their way into these Erse poems, published as they are by a stranger to the language. I can only say that it has been my constant endeavour to be as correct as possible, though I am conscious that nothing is more easy than to mistake one letter for another in an unknown tongue.\* [See Note 29.] There is, however, this consideration to be made, which perhaps will excuse many apparent errors, that the writers of Erse, in the Scottish Highlands, by no means agree in their mode of spelling. The reading and writing of the Scottish Erse has made hitherto but a small progress; it certainly never appeared in the form of printing till of late years. What manuscripts there were seem to have been known to few; and even those few were, perhaps, obliged to Ireland for their knowledge.† Everyone to whom I shew these poems in the Highlands for translation, told me that they were written in the Irish dialect, and indeed they evidently appear to attribute Fingal to Ireland.‡

I received the two following poems from Mac-Nab, at the same time with those which have preceded them.

## DUAN A MHUILEARTICH.

La do'n Fhein air Tullich toir	Ri abharc nan Fian bu mhor Goil
Re abhrac Erin man tiomichil	bhi
Chunairc iad air Bharibh Thonn	Tshauntich a Bhiast teachd nan
An Tarrachd eitidh aital crom	Innis
She bainm do'n Dfhuadh nach	Mhairbh i le Habhichd ciad
ro fann	Laoich
Am Muilleartich maoil ruaigh	'Sa Gaira mor na Gairbh Chraois
mathnn [maunlich]	Cait a bheil Firr as fearr na Shud
Bha Haodin du ghlas air dhreich	An duigh ad Fhein a Mhic
guail	Cubhail
Bha Deid carbadich claoin ruaigh	Chuirinse shud air do Laibh
Bha aoin Suil ghloggich na Ceann	A Mhuileartich mhathion mhaoil
'Sbu luaigh i na Rumich Maoirinn	chammabach
Bha greann ghlas-duth air a Ceann	Air Sca Luchd chumail nan Conn
Mar dhroich Coill chrinich air	Na bi oirne gad Mhaoithidh
chritheann	Gheibh thu Cubhail asgaibh Shith

\* J has been erroneously placed instead of I in the word Iarla. See Mag. for Feb., p. 141.

† See Mag. for December last, p. 570 [ante, p. 138].

‡ See Mag. for January last, p. 34 [ante, p. 143].

Huirt Mac Cubhail an tard Riogh  
 Gad gheibhinse Brigh Erin ulle  
 A Hor 'sa Hairgid sa Huinbhis  
 Bear leom thu Choisgairt mo  
     Tshleigh  
 Oscair sa Raoine sa Chaoirail  
 An Tshleigh shin ris a bheil thu fas  
 San aice ha do ghian-bhas  
 Caillidh tu dosa Chinn chrin  
 Re deo Mhac Ossian a dhear-  
     raigh  
 Bussa dhuit Ord Chrottidh nan  
     Clach  
 A chaigne fod 'i Fhiaclan—  
 Na Cobhrig nan Fian fuillich  
 'N shin nar gherich fraoich na  
     beist  
 Dherich Fiun flath na Feinigh  
 Dherich Oscur flath na fearr  
 Dherich Oscur agus Iullin  
 Dherich Ciar-dhuth Mac bramh  
 Dherich Goll Mor agus Connan  
 Dherich na Laoich nach bo tiom  
 Laoich Mhic Cubhail nan Arm  
     grinn  
 Agus roin iad Cro-coig-cath  
 Mun Arrichd eitidh san Gleann  
 A Cearthir Laoich abfhearr san  
     fhein  
 Chobhrigidh i iad gu leir  
 Agus fhrithilidh Siad ma sheach  
 Mar ghatb rinne na Lasrich  
 Hachir Mac Cubhail an Aigh  
 Agus a Bhiast Laibh air Laibh  
 Bha Druchd air Barribh a Lainne  
 Bha taibh a Cholla ri Guin  
     bualidh  
 Bha Braoin ga Fhuil air na  
     fraoichibh  
 Huit am Muileartich leis an  
     Riogh

Ach Ma thuit cha ban gun Strith  
 Deichin cha duair e mar Shin  
 O La Ceardich Loin Mhic Liob-  
     hain  
 Ghluais an Gothidh leis a Bhrigh  
 Gu Teich athar an Ard Riogh  
 'Sbu Sgeulidh le Gotha nan Cuan  
 Gun do bharraigh am Muileartich  
     m' athion maoil ruagh  
 Mar dechidh e an Tailibh Toll  
 Na mar do bhathigh am Muir  
     dhobhain Long  
 Caite àn rò Dhaoine air bith  
 Na bharraigh am Muileartich  
     mathion  
 Cha ne bharbh i ach an Fhian  
 Buidhin leis nach gabhir fiabh  
 'S nach Deid Fua na Arrachd as  
 Fon Tshluaigh aluin Fhalt-bhui  
     iommaidh  
 Bheir mise briathar a rist  
 Ma bharbhigh am Muileartich  
     min  
 Nach fhag mise aoin na Ghleann  
 Tom, Innis na Eilleain  
 Bheir mi breapadich air Muir  
 Agus Coragadich air Tir  
     {Crocoran}  
 Agus ni mi {Croran } Coill  
 Ga tarruing hugam as a Taibhi-  
     chean [Freibhichean]  
 'S mor an Luchd do Loingear ban  
 Erin uille d Thog bhail  
 'S nach dechidh do Loingear  
     riabh air Sail  
 Na thoga Coigibh do dh' Erin  
 Mile agus Caogid Long  
 Sin Caibhlich an Riogh gu trom  
 A Dol gu Crichibh Erin  
 Air hi na Feinigh nan {fanagh}  
     {taragh}

## CUBHA FHINN DO RIOGH LOCHLIN.

Deich ciad Cuil <sup>{ai}</sup> <sub>{ea}</sub> n, deich ciad Cu,	Cha ni shud ach an Aoin Chasach ruaidh—
Deich ciad Slaibhrigh air Mil chu	Brattich Chaoilte nan Mor Tshluaidh—
Deich ciad <sup>{Sleigh}</sup> {Sealuin} chaoil Chatha,	Brattach leis an sgoiltear Cinn,
Deich ciad Brat min Datha,	'S an doirtir Fuil gu Aoibranibh.
Deich ciad <sup>{Each}</sup> {Gearaltich} cruaiigh Dearg,	Suil, &c.
Deich ciad Nobul don Or dhearg,	Cha ni shud ach an Scuab ghabuidh:
Deich ceud Maighdin le da Ghun,	Brattach Oscur Chro' laidir,
Deich ceid Mantul don Tshid Ur,	Snar a ruigte Cath nar Cliar
Deich ceid Sonn a dherigh leat,	Cha biach fh iarich ach Scuabghabuidh
Deich ciad Srian Oir & airgid.	Suil, &c.
<i>Riogh Lochlin.</i>	<i>Dibhuille.</i>
Gad a gheibhidh Riogh Lochlin shud,	Cha ni sud ach a Bhriachil bhreochil :
'S na bha' Mhaoin 'sdo Tsheidin an Erin,	Brattach Ghuill Mhoir Mhic Morni :*
Cha shilligh e T'shluaigh air ais	Nach dug Troigh air a hais
Gus 'mbigh Erin ull' air Earras Suil gan dug Riogh Lochlin.	Gus n do chrith an Tailibh tromghlas
Uaigh chunnair e Brattich a tin Amach & Gille gaiste air a Ceann,	Suil, &c.
Air a lasc do Dh or Eirinich	<i>Dibhuille.</i>
Dibhuille, Duibhne, dualich,	'S misa dhuitsa na bheil ann :
Ni shud Brattich Mhic Treinbhuaighich.	Ha Ghil ghreine an sud a tighin,
<i>Dibhuille.</i>	As Naoigh Slaibhrinin aist a shios
Cha ni shud ach an Liath luidneach,	Don Or bhuigh gun <sup>{dail}</sup> {Dal} Sgiabh,
Brattich Dhiarmaid o Duibhne	Agus Naoigh nao lan-ghe <sup>{i}</sup> {a} s-geach
'Snar bhig an Fhian ul' amach	Fo Cheann a huille Slaibhrigh
'Shi Liath-luidnich bu tosich	Atogairt air feo do Tshuaighthibh
Suil gan dug Riogh Lochlin, &c.	Mar Cliabh-tragha gu Traigh,
	Bigh gair Chatha gad iummain.

There are many reasons to conclude that these two poems are either much interpolated or the work of a late age. Many words, apparently derived from the English, occur in them, similar to those in the song of the Death of Dermid; such are "Bheist," "Nobul," "Maighdin," "Mantul," "Ghun," etc.

\* *Hefe Gaul* is called the son of Morni, see note \* in p. 398 [*ante*, p. 155]: he is always called *Mhoir Ghuil*, or *Great Gaul*, and seems to have been esteemed one of the largest of the Fingalian giants.

[1783, *Part I.*, pp. 489-494.]

When I left Dalmary the last time, I requested Mac-Nab to send after me such Erse poems as he might afterwards collect: in consequence of which he inclosed a song called "Urnigh Ossian" (or, Ossian's prayers), in the following letter:

"SIR,—I send you this copy of "Ossian's Prayers." I could give you more now if I had time to copy them: them I gave you was partly composed when they went from their residence (in Cromgleann nam Cloch), that is, Glenlyon, Perthshire, to hunt to Ireland. I have some good ones, I mean poems, on Fingal's tour to Lochlann or Denmark, wherein the Danes was defeated and their women brought captive to Scotland. The bearer hurries me to conclude.

"I am, sir, in haste, your most humble servant,

"*Barchastan*, 27th June, 1780.

"ALEX. M'NAB.

"P.S. Please to write if they overtake you."

In this letter Mac-Nab seems to imply that the Fingalians divided their time between Ireland and Scotland; though the songs themselves mention only Erin or Ireland, its peculiarities and traditions. The following song, called "Ossian's Prayers," which indeed is in many respects the most curious of any, is also the only one he gave me which mentions Scotland or Allabinn. He, however, related to me the history of another song, a copy of which has been published by Smith in his "Galic Antiquities,"\* under the title of "The Fall of Tura;" likewise mentioning Scotland, and containing some other remarkable particulars; on which account I shall take the liberty of inserting it. It differs in many circumstances from the narrative in Smith, though the leading events are similar.

The people of Fingal, according to Mac-Nab, being on some excursion, a villain called Garrell† took the opportunity to set fire to one of their castles, of which it seems they had many in different places. This castle stood in the isle of Skye, and their women were confined in it: "for," said Mac-Nab, "they kept many women, like the Turks." The castle being burnt down by this means, the women, unable to escape, were all destroyed together. The Fingalians were at that time sailing on the coast, and saw the fire; but, though they used all the speed in their power, they arrived too late to prevent the mischief.

The above story, thus simply related by Mac-Nab, agrees with what he says in his letter about the Danish women being brought captive to Scotland by the Fingalians, and with the known manners

\* See *Mag.* for December last, p. 571, and for February, pp. 141 and 144, where this work has been already quoted [*ante*, pp. 140, 150, 151].

† Smith calls this man Gara; and represents him as one of Fingal's Heroes, who was left at home as a guard when the accident happened.



of barbarous nations. It does not so well agree with the representation of Macpherson and Smith.\*

Glenlyon, which Mac-Nab, in his letter, speaks of as one of the principal abodes of the Fingalians, lies in the western part of Perthshire, on the borders of Argyleshire, near Loch-Tay.

Throughout this country are many ruins of rude stone walls, constructed in a circle, the stones of which are very large; these are said by tradition to be the work of Fingal and his Heroes. One of these ruins is close by Mac-Nab's house. The Pictish houses are buildings of this sort.

Many places in the country, as glens, lochs, islands, etc., are denominated from the Fingalians. The largest cairns which abound here are said to be their sepulchral monuments: indeed, all striking objects of nature, or great works of rude and ancient art, are attributed to them, as other travellers have already informed the world. The zeal of Fingalianism has, however, in one instance, bestowed these titles improperly. The great cave of Staffa, which Sir Joseph Banks calls "Fingal's Cave," is, by the inhabitants, called the "Cave of Twilight." The Erse word for twilight is similar to the sound which we give to the name of Fingal; and hence proceeded the error.

I am sorry to say I never received any more songs from Mac-Nab after the "Urnigh Ossian;" though I wrote him an answer, requesting that he would favour me with any others he pleased, and urged every persuasive to obtain them. Money is little used, and therefore little esteemed, in the Highlands of Scotland.

Barchastan, from whence he dates his letter, is the name of the house he lives at, in the parish of Dalmaly in Glenorchy.

The following song, called "Urnigh Ossian," or "Ossian's Prayers," is the relation of a dispute between Ossian and St. Patrick on the evidence and excellence of Christianity. The arguments of St. Patrick are by no means those of an able polemic; but the objections of Ossian carry with them the internal marks of antiquity; they are evidently the objections of a rude polytheist, totally ignorant of the nature of the Christian tenets, and such as no later bards in such a rude country would ever have been able to invent without some original and traditional foundation. Ossian seems to have thought that hell might be as agreeable as heaven if there were as many deer and dogs in it. "Why," says Ossian, "should I be religious if heaven be not in the possession of Fingal and his heroes? I prefer them to thy God and thee, O Patrick!" So Purchas relates,† that when the Spaniards attempted to convert the inhabitants of the Phillipine isles to Christianity, they answered that they would rather be in hell with their forefathers than in heaven with the Spaniards.

\* See Magazine for February, pp. 143 and 144 [*ante*, p. 152].

† Pilgrimage Asia, ch. 16.

According to Mac-Nab, Fingal seems to have been the Odin of the Scots; for he said they had no religion prior to Christianity but the reverence of Fingal and his race. This account agrees with the entire deficiency of religious ideas in the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith, and with the opinions and prejudices expressed in the following poem and in some of the foregoing.\*

The "Urnigh Ossian" evidently appears, even through the medium of the following rude translation, to be superior in poetic merit to any of the songs which accompany it. I am very sorry the translation is not entire. The first twenty-one verses and the last verse, or thirty-sixth, were translated for me at Oban in Argyleshire, by a schoolmaster there, who was procured by Mr. Hugh Stephenson, inn-keeper at Oban. The remainder of the translation was sent me from Edinburgh, in consequence of Dr. Willan's application.† I wish some of your readers, Mr. Urban, could be induced to supply the deficiency.

## URNIGH OSSIAN.

1.	I.
Aithris sgeula Phadruig An onair do Leibhigh 'Bheil neainh gu harrid Aig Uaisliamh na Féinne.	Relate the tale of Patrick, in honour of your ancestors. — Is heaven on high in the possession of the Heroes of Fingal?
2.	ST. PATRICK. 2.
Bheirinsa mo dheurbha dhuit Oshein nan glonn Nach bheil Neamh aig t athair Aig Oscar no aig Goll.	I assure thee, O Ossian I father of many children !‡ that heaven is not in the possession of thy father, nor of Oscar, nor of Gaul.§

\* See Mag. for January last, p. 34, v. 4 [*ante*, p. 143].

† See Mag. for May, p. 399 [*ante*, p. 156].

‡ This is ever accounted a great honour among Barbarians. See also Mag. for Feb. last [*ante*, p. 150], Ossian agus an Clerich, v. 47, p. 141.

§ I copied at Mac-Nab's, out of one of his MSS., the following lines, relative to Gaul above mentioned; which relate an incident remarkably similar to the stories told of Achilles, Hercules, and the Teutonic giant Thor, etc. I observed in the last Magazine, p. 400, that Gaul is generally esteemed one of the greatest of the giants: this extract describes one still mightier than he.

Cho dtugain mo sgian do riogh na do Fhlath  
No do dhuin air bith gun amhith no mhath  
Naoid guinuiran do sgun achuire anamsa Goull  
'Scho n shuigin a thri annan biodh mo sgian nam dhonn  
Ach dom gan tug luthadh lamh-ada anancean Ghuill anathadh  
Gheigs e rann bhris e enai geal anceanmhum hom a mhi lean ta  
Chuir embhala farafeal mhaoidn eain adheud rum h'or  
Chuir e falam hors aghuiudhi agus enig me air na truighe  
Sb'huin adhann don tallamh 'sgula bhath belhidh fhaill 'ann  
Farnach deanadh andan ach ball gorm na glas  
Se ruda dheanadh an sgian an riach sanrrachadh abhor.

The sense of these lines, Mac-Nab gave me as follows: "Gaul and Uvavat had a violent conflict: Gaul had a knife, Uvavat had none: Gaul stabbed Uvavat nine

3.  
'Sdona'n sgéula Phadruig  
'Ta agad damhsa Chlerich  
Com'am hethinnsa ri cràbha  
Mur bheil Neamh aig Flaith na  
Fhénne.

4.  
Nach dona sin Oishein  
Fhir nam briathra boille  
Gum b'fhear Dia ri'sgacto aon'chàs  
Na Fiànin Allabinn Uille.

5.  
Bfhearr leam aon' Chath laidir  
'Churieadh Fiunn na Féinne  
Na Tighearnagh achrabhidh sin  
Is tusa Chlereich.

6.  
Ga beag a Chubhail chrobhnanach  
Is mònaran na Gréine  
Gun fhios don Rìogh mhòrd-  
halach  
Cha dtèd feidh bhile do Sgéithe.

7.  
'Nsaoil ù'm bionan e s mac Cub-  
hall  
An Rìogh sin a bha air na Fian-  
nibh  
Dh'fheudadh fir an domhain  
Dol na Thallamhsan gun iaruidh.

OSSIAN. 3.  
It is a pitiful tale, O Patrick! that  
thou tellest me the Clerk of:  
Why should I be religious, if  
Heaven be not in the possession  
of the Heroes of Fingal?

ST. PATRICK. 4.  
How wicked is that, O Ossian!  
thou who usest blasphemous ex-  
pressions: God is much more  
mighty than all the Heroes of  
Albion.

OSSIAN. 5.  
I would prefer one mighty battle  
fought by the Heroes of Fingal,  
to the God of thy worship, and  
thee, O Clerk.

ST. PATRICK. 6.  
Little as is the *Chubhail*, or the  
sound of *Greini*, yet it is as well  
known to this Almighty King as  
the least of your shields.\*

OSSIAN. 7.  
Dost thou imagine that he is  
equal to the son of Comhall?—  
that King who reigned over the  
nations, who defeated all the  
people of the earth, and visited  
their kingdoms unscathed for?†

times with his knife: Uvavat said, if he had had his knife, he would not have suffered a third part so much; at last, lifting up his arm, he struck Gaul on the skull, and fractured it: broke his bone; removed his brow; knocked out his teeth; knocked off his knee-pan and his five toes; all at one blow. The mark of the blow shall remain in the ground for ever." Gaul's knife mentioned here seems to have been a kind of dirk; which, like the dagger of Hudibras, served in these rude times,

"Either for fighting or for drudging;  
And when't had stabb'd or broke a head,  
It would scrape trenchers or chip bread."

\* This verse appears to be erroneously translated; the translator said, he knew not how to render the words *Chubhail* and *Greine* properly: the third verse also, in which Ossian is called the Clerk, a title commonly given to St. Patrick, and some few other parts, seem altogether not correct.

† I suspect the expressions translated by Macpherson, *The Kings of the World*, are somewhat similar to these. Fingal is here represented as a Bacchus or Sesostris.

8.  
Oishain 'sfada do shuain  
Eirich suas is eist na 'Sailm  
Chaill a do lùth sdo ràth  
Scho chuir u cath ri la garbh.

9.  
Mo chail mi mo lùth smo ràth  
'Snach mairionn cath abh'aig  
Fiunn  
Dod chleirsneachd sa's beag mo  
spéis  
'S Do chiol eisteachd chon fheach  
leom.

10.  
Cha chualas co mhath mo chedil  
O thùs an domhain mhoir gus  
anochd  
Tha u aosta annaghleochd liath  
Fhir a dhioladh Clìar air chnochd.

11.  
'Stric a dhiol mi cliar air chnochd  
'Illephadreig is Olc rùn  
'S eacoir dhuitsa chàin mo chruth  
O nach dfhuair u guth air thùs.

12.  
Chualas Ceol oscionn do chedil  
Ge mòr a mholfas tu do Chliar  
Cedil air nach luigh leatrom  
laoich  
Faoghar cuile aig an Ord Fhiànn.

13.  
'Nuair a Shuigheadh Fiunn air  
chnochd  
Sheinnemid port don Ord fhiann  
Chuire nan codal na Slòigh  
'S Ochòn ba bhinne na do Chliar.

ST. PATRICK. 8.  
O thou Ossian ! long sleep has  
taken hold of thee ! rise, to hear  
the Psalms ! Thou hast lost thy  
strength and thy valour, neither  
shalt thou be able to withstand  
the fury of the day of battle.

OSSIAN. 9.  
If I have lost my strength and  
my valour, and none of Fingal's  
battles be remembered, I will  
never pay respect to thy Clerk-  
ship, nor to thy pitiful songs.

ST. PATRICK. 10.  
Such beautiful songs as mine were  
never heard till this night.\* O  
thou who hast discharged many a  
sling† upon the hills ! though  
thou art old and unwise.

OSSIAN. 11.  
Often have I discharged many a  
sling† upon a hill, O thou Patrick  
of wicked mind ! In vain dost thou  
endeavour to reform me, as thou  
first hast been appointed to do it.

12.  
Music we have heard that exceeds  
thine, though thou praisedst so  
much thy hymns, songs which  
were no hindrance to our Heroes ;  
the noble songs of Fingal.

13.  
When Fingal sat upon a hill, and  
sung a song to our Heroes, which  
would enchant the multitude to  
sleep—oh, how much sweeter was  
it than thy hymns ‡

\* This seems to refer to the custom of singing songs at night, a favourite entertainment of the Highlands perhaps to this day. In v. 8, Ossian seems to be represented as falling asleep, instead of listening to St. Patrick.

† The word Clìar, here translated sling, may perhaps mean some other weapon.

‡ When the Bards sung their songs at night, it seems to have been their custom to pursue them till they had lulled their audience to sleep : see v. 10 and note : which accounts for the singular effect here attributed to Fingal's Songs. It is

14.  
Smeorach bheag dhuth o Ghleann  
smàil  
Faghar nam bàre ris an tuim  
Sheinnemid fein le' puirt  
'Sbha sinn fein sair Cruitt ro bhinn.

14.  
Sweet are the thrush's notes, and  
lovely the sound of the rushing  
waves against the side of the bark;  
but sweeter far the voice of the  
harps, when we touched them to  
the sound of our songs.

15.  
Bha tri gaothair dheug aig Fiunn  
Leigadhmed iad air Ghleann  
smàil  
'S b abhenne Glaoghairm air còn  
Na do chlaig a Cleirich chàidh.

15.  
Frequently we heard the voices  
of our Heroes among the hills  
and glens; and more sweet to  
our ears was the noise of our  
hounds than thy bells, O Clerk!\*

16.  
Coid arinn Fiunn air Dia  
A reir do Chliar is do scoil  
Thug e la air pronnadh Oir  
San ath lo air meoghair Chon.

16.  
Was Fingal created to serve God,  
to please the Clerk and his  
school?†—he who has been one  
day distributing gold,‡ and an-  
other following the toes of dogs?

17.  
Aig miad t fhiughair ri meoghair  
chon  
'Sri diolagh scol gach aon la  
'Sgun eisheamail thoirt do Dhia  
'Nois tha Fiunn nan Fiann an  
laimh.

ST. PATRICK. 17.  
As much respect as thou payest  
to the toes of dogs, and to dis-  
charge thy daily school:§ yet,  
because thou hast not paid re-  
spect to God, thou and the  
heroes of thy race shall be led  
captive in hell.

18.  
Sgann achreideas me do sgéul  
A Chléirich led leabhar bàn  
Gum bithidh Fiunn na chomh-fhial

OSSIAN. 18.  
I can hardly believe thy tale,  
thou light-haired and unworthy  
Clerk!|| that the Heroes of our

related of Alfarabi, whom Abulfeda and Ebn Khabcan call the greatest Philosopher of the Mussulmans, that being at the Court of Seifeddoula, Sultan of Syria, and requested to exhibit some of his Poems, he produced one, which he sung to an accompaniment of several instruments. The first part of it threw all his audience into a violent laughter, the second part made them all cry, and the last lulled even the performers to sleep. Herb. Dict. Orient. in voce. Thus also Mercury is said to have lulled Argus to sleep.

\* Ossian agrees with modern hunters, in his idea of the music of a pack of hounds. The bells mentioned in this verse appear to be an interpolation.

† "And Pharaoh said, Who is Jehovah, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not Jehovah."—Exod. v. 2.

‡ The word in the original signifies pounding gold: it occurs again in v. 19.

§ What school did Ossian keep?

|| Why was light-hair esteemed an opprobrium? the Erse themselves are a red-haired race.

Aig duine no aig Dia an race should be in captivity, either  
laimh. to the devil or to God.

19.

Ann an Ifrionn tha én laimh  
Fear Ic'n sath bhí pronnadh Oir  
Air son a dhiomios air Dia  
Chuirse e'n tigh pian fuidh bhron.

ST. PATRICK. 19.

He is now bound in hell, who  
used to distribute gold. Because  
he was a despiser of God, he has  
hell for his portion.

20.

Nam bithidh Clanna' Morn'  
asteach  
'S Clann Oboigé nam fear tréun  
Bheiremidne Fiunn amach  
No bhiodh an teach aguinn féin.

OSSIAN. 20.

If the children of 'Morni, and the  
many tribes of the children of  
Ovi, were yet alive, we would  
force the brave Fingal out of hell,  
or the habitation should be our  
own.\*

21.

Cionfheodhna na Halabinn ma-  
seach  
Air leatsa gum ba mhor am  
féum  
Cho dtuga sin Fiunn amach  
Ged bhiodh an teach aguibhfein.

ST. PATRICK. 21.

Valiant as you imagine the brave  
Scots were, yet Fingal they would  
not release, though they should  
be there themselves.

22.

Coid an tait Ioghairne fein  
Aphadruig a léibhas an scoil  
Nach co math's Flathinnis De  
Ma Gheibhar ann Feigh is Coin.

OSSIAN. 22.

What place is that same hell,  
Patrick of deep learning? Is it  
not as good as the Heaven of  
God, if hounds and deer are  
found there?†

23.

Bha mise la air Sliabh boid,  
Agus Coilte ba chruaigh lann:  
Bha Oscar ann's Goll nan Sliagh,  
Donall nam fleagh s Ronul on  
Ghleann.

24.

Fiunn mac Cubhill, borb abhriogh,  
Bha e na Riogh os air ceann—  
Tri mic ard Riogh na n sgia:  
Ba mhor amian air dol a Shealg.  
Sa phadruig nam bachoil fiàl,

24.

Fingal, the son of Comhal, fierce  
in action, was King over us. To  
the three sons of the King of  
Shields, pleasant was the chace.  
Generous Patrick of the innocent

\* The visit of Hercules to hell, for the purpose of delivering Theseus and  
fetching up Cerberus, is strikingly similar to the idea of this verse.

† Mac-Nab mentioned this verse and the thirty-sixth when I saw him: for he  
had spoken to me about this poem before he sent it.

Cho leigeadh iad Dia os an staff! they would never permit  
ceann. God to be named as their su-  
perior.\*

25.

Ba bheach leam Dearmad O'  
Duibhn,  
Agus Fearagus ba bhinne Glóir—  
Nam ba chead leat, mi esan  
luaidh,  
A Chleirich nuadh, a theid don  
roim.

25.

Much rather would I speak of  
Dermid, and Duino, and Fergus  
of eloquent speech, if you would  
give me leave to mention them,  
O holy man who goest to  
Rome!†

26.

Com nach cead leam u dan  
luaidh?  
Ach thoir aire gu luath air Dia  
'Nois tha deireadh air t.aois  
'Scur do d bhaois, a shean fhir lé.

ST. PATRICK. 26.

Why should I not permit you to  
mention them? But take care  
to make mention of God. Now  
the last things are become first;  
change thou, therefore, thy ways,  
old man with the grey locks.‡

27.

Phadruig ma thug u cead beagann  
A labhairt duin,  
Nach Aidmhich ù mas cead le  
Dia,  
Flath nan fiann arait' air thus.

OSSIAN. 27.

Patrick, since thou hast given me  
leave to speak a little, wilt thou  
not permit us, with God's leave,  
to mention the King of Heroes  
first?§

28.

Cha d tug mise comas duit,  
Shean fhir chursta, is tu liath,  
B fhear Mac moire ri aon lo  
No duine dtaine g riamh.

ST. PATRICK. 28.

I by no means give thee leave,  
thou wicked, grey-haired man!  
The son of the Virgin Mary is  
more excellent than any man  
who ever appeared upon earth.

\* Though Ossian is generally represented as the son of Fingal, this verse does not seem to speak of him as such. Mac-Nab said that St. Patrick was Fingal's son. See Mag. for Jan. last, p. 34 [*ante*, p. 142].

† The contest here, considerably resembles that at the beginning of *Ossian agus an Clerich* (see Mag. for Jan. as above). The Roman Catholic superstition of later times in this passage evidently discovers itself: perhaps the *innocent staff* mentioned in verse 24, may have some reference to the crosier.

‡ St. Patrick, Jesuit-like, seems willing to compound with Ossian; and to admit the Pagan songs, provided Ossian, on the other hand, would admit Christianity. Part of this verse is scriptural, "*So the last shall be first and the first last, for many are called but few chosen.*"—Matt. xx. 16, and see also Mark ix. 35. Jesus Christ is here meant by the title of God. See verse 28.

§ The opposition of Ossian seems to be considerably weakened in this verse: but he still wishes to see his old superstitions maintain their superiority.

29.

Nir raibh math aig neach fuin  
 'Ghréin  
 Gam b'fhear eféin na mo thriat  
 Mac muirneach, nach d'eittich  
 Cliar,  
 Scha leige se Dia os a chian.

30.

Na comh'ad 'usa Duine ri Dia,  
 Sheann fhir le, na breathnich e,  
 'S fada on thainig aneart  
 'Smairfidh se ceart Gu brath.

30.

Compare not any to God ; har-  
 bour no such thoughts, old man !  
 Long has His superior power  
 stood acknowledged, and it shall  
 for ever continue.

31.

'Chomhadinnse Fuinn nam fleagh  
 Ri aon neach a sheall sa Ghrein—  
 Cha d iarr se riamh ni air neach  
 'Scha mho dhiarr se neach ma ni.

OSSIAN. 31.

I certainly would compare the  
 hospitable Fingal to any man who  
 ever looked the sun in the face.  
 He never asked a favour of an-  
 other, nor did he ever refuse when  
 asked.\*

32.

'S bheiremid seachd cath a fichead  
 an Fhian  
 Air Shithair druim a Cliar amuidh :  
 'Scho d tugamid Urram do Dhia  
 No chean cliar a bha air bith.

33.

Seachd catha fichiad duibhs nar  
 Fein :  
 Cho do chreid sibh an Dia nan  
 Dúl :  
 Cha mhairionn duine dar Sliochd,  
 Scha bheo ach riochd Oishein  
 Uir.

34.

Cha ne sin ba choireach ruinn,  
 Ach Turish Fhinn a dhol don  
 Roimh :  
 Cumail Cath Gabhrídh ruinn fein  
 Bha e Claoidh bhur Féin ro mohr.

\* Ossian seems to have been offended at the gross reproaches which the humility of the Christian Apostle here bestows with all the prodigality of one of Homer's heroes : and he answers him with the rough but generous boldness of barbarous independence.



35.

Cha ne Chlaoidh sibh Uille fhann,  
A mhic Fhinn os gearr gud re,  
Eist ri rà Riogh nam bochd,  
Iar thusa nochd neamh dheut  
fein.

36.

Comraich an da Abstail deúg  
Gabham chugam fein aniugh:  
Ma rinn mise Peacadh trom  
Chuir an cnochd sa n tòm fa'n-  
luig.

OSSIAN. 36.

The belief of the twelve Apostles  
I now take unto me; and if I  
have sinned greatly, let it be  
thrown into the grave.

*Barchastan, Glenorchy, June 27th, 1780.*

C R I O C H.

[1783, *Part II.*, pp. 590-592.]

I shall conclude these Erse Songs with a poem called "The Ode of Oscar," whose authenticity, perhaps, admits the least dispute of any which I have sent you. I did not obtain it, like most of the rest, from Mac-Nab, but wrote it down immediately from the mouth of a man, who was a wright or carpenter, at Mr. Macleane's of Drumnan in Morven, and who knew a number of these songs. Mrs. Macleane and her son's wife, a daughter of Sir Alexander Macleane, were so kind as to sit by and translate for me, while he repeated and I wrote. In order to have some kind of check against deception, I attempted to write down the Erse together with the translation; but as a language written by one who is a stranger to it must necessarily be unintelligible, I shall only trouble you with the latter. The poem relates the death of Oscar, which is the subject of the first book of Macpherson's "Temora." It opens with a lamentation for the death of Chaoilte, which is foreign to the rest of the song: a practice not uncommon among the poems attributed to Ossian, and similar to that of "Pindar." I do not remember to have met with the name of Chaoilte in Macpherson or Smith, but it has already been twice mentioned in the foregoing songs: in "Cubha Fhinn," line 27, and "Urnigh Ossian," verse 23.

1.

I am very sad after thee, Chaoilte,  
since those who were my contem-  
poraries are departed: I am filled  
with grief, sorrow, and pain, since  
my foster-brother is gone from  
me.\*

2.

Chaoilte, my dear foster-brother!  
I would fight under thy banners  
in all weathers. Chaoilte! thou  
wert my support in time of suc-  
cess and honour.

\* The intimate connections of fosterage, here so strongly expressed, are in a great degree peculiar to Ireland, and seem strongly to point out the origin of this song.

3.  
Did you hear Fingal's journeys  
on every forest in Erin? Great  
Cairbar, with his armour, sent  
for us to destroy us.\*

4, and 5.  
We were not all of us about the  
house that were able to satisfy  
him, but nine-score of noble  
riders, on great grey horses. We  
got honour and respect as we at  
all times acquired; but we got  
still more than that, Comhal and  
Cairbar pursuing us.†

6.  
The last day of our drinking-  
match, Cairbar spoke with his  
tremendous voice: "I want we  
should exchange arms, brown  
Oscar that comest from Albion."‡

OSCAR. 7.  
What exchange do you want to  
make, great Cairbar, who even  
press the ships into your service,  
and to whom I and all my host  
belong, in time of war and  
battle?§

8.  
Surely it is oppression to demand  
our heads when we have not  
arms to defend ourselves. The  
reason of your doing so is, our  
being deprived both of Fingal  
and his son.

9.  
Were Fingal and my father with  
us, as they used to be, you would  
not during your whole life obtain  
the breadth of your feet in Erin.||

10.  
The great hero (Cairbar) was  
filled with rage at the dispute  
which arose between them.  
There were exceeding horrible  
words between Cairbar and Os-  
car.

11.  
That night the women had a  
warm dispute about the heroes,  
and even Cairbar and Oscar  
themselves were half-and-half  
angry.¶

12.  
Nine-score men, armed with bows  
and arrows, that came to destroy

\* This verse exactly agrees with the narrative of Macpherson.

† These verses are by no means consonant to the Poems of Macpherson. Riding is a practice unknown in them; his heroes are all charioteers. The Comhal of Macpherson also is the father of Fingal; whereas here he is united with Cairbar, Fingal's greatest foe.

‡ The quarrel in Macpherson begins after a treacherous feast; though not of so long a duration as that here referred to. Cairbar, in Macpherson, does not desire Oscar to exchange, but to surrender his spear. "'Oscar,' said the dark red Cairbar, 'I behold the spear of Erin. The spear of Temora glitters in thy hand, son of woody Morven!—Yield it, son of Ossian! Yield it to car-borne Cairbar.'"—Temora, book 1.

§ "'Shall I yield,' Oscar replied, 'the gift of Erin; injured King,'" etc. The reply of Oscar, in the poem above, by no means agrees with Macpherson: it even seems to represent Oscar as a vassal of Cairbar.

|| "Were he who fought with little men (Fingal) near Atha's haughty Chief (Cairbar); Atha's Chief would yield green Erin to avoid his rage."—Temora, as above, book 1.

¶ What night is this? What have women to do with the dispute? There is no appearance of these circumstances in Macpherson. I suspect there is some omission in this part of the poem.

us, all these fell by the hand of Oscar, enraged by the sons of Ireland.\*

13.

Nine-score strong able Irishmen, that came bounding over the rough Highland seas, all these fell by the hand of Oscar, enraged at the sons of Ireland.\*

14.

Nine-score brave sons of Albion, that came from rude and distant climes, all these fell by the hand of Oscar, enraged at the sons of Ireland.\*

15.

When the red-haired Cairbar saw Oscar destroying his people, he threw his javelin dipped in poison at Oscar.†

16.

Oscar fell on his right knee, and the poisoned javelin pierced through his heart; but before he expired, he struck a mortal blow that killed the King of Erin.‡

17.

Fingal addressed his grandson, and said, "Do you remember

the dreadful battle we fought on Ben Erin? You were sorely wounded on that day, yet were you cured by my hand."§

18.

Oscar replied to his grandfather, "My cure is not under the Heavens, for Cairbar plunged his javelin dipped in poison between my navel and my reins."||

19.

And there was great slaughter that day by the hand of Oscar; he slew Cairbar at one blow, and his son Arsht, that great hero, at the next.¶

20.

We bore the corpse of the beautiful Oscar sometimes on our shoulders and sometimes on our javelins. We carried him in the most respectful manner to the hall of his grandfather.\*\*

21.

And Oscar said, "The howlings of my own dogs, and the cries of the old heroes, with the dreadful lamentation of the women,

\* The original, I believe, represents Oscar as a giant, and as killing these multitudes at one stroke: the title of Great Hero given to Cairbar, v. 10, and to Arsht, v. 19, I believe is also Giant, in the Erse. I do not understand why Irishmen are represented in v. 12 as bounding over the Highland seas to Ireland.—"Behold," says Macpherson, "they fall before Oscar, like groves in the desert, when an angry ghost rushes through night and takes their green heads in his hand. Morlath falls, Maronnan dies, Conachar trembles in his blood."

† "Dark red Cairbar" (see note ‡, on verse 6). Macpherson does not mention poison. "Cairbar shrinks before Oscar's sword. He creeps in darkness behind a stone, he lifts the spear in secret, and pierces Oscar's side."

‡ "Oscar falls forward on his shield, his knee sustains the Chief. But still his spear is in his hand. See gloomy Cairbar falls!"

§ How came Fingal to his grandson? there seems to have been an omission in this place also. Fingal is the Machaon of his army here, as in the song of the death of Dermid. Mag. for Feb., p. 143 [*ante*, p. 150].

|| The wound is described here with all the particularity of Homer.

¶ Arsht is not mentioned by Macpherson. See also note \*, on vv. 12, 13, 14.

\*\* Fingal is evidently represented there as living in Ireland, in spite of v. 6, and vv. 12, 13, 14. Macpherson transports the corpse, by sea, to Morven.

grieve me more than the pain I feel from the poisoned javelin.\*

22.

Such were the distresses of the multitude for Oscar, that even the women forgot to grieve for their own husbands or their brothers, as all that surrounded the house were mourning for Oscar.†

23.

Fingal said, "Thou wert my son and the son of my son; thou wert my love and the love of my

son. My heart beats sore at thy untimely end: it galls me to the soul that Oscar is no more.‡

24.

It was never imagined by any person that your heart was made of any other materials than steel.§

25.

Oscar, the son of my lucky beloved Ossian, raised the vast flag from off the head of the King, which was the last brave action of the hero.||

Mr. Macpherson, in a note on his "Temora,"¶ mentions an Irish poem on this subject which he had seen, and wherein the death of Oscar is related with many different circumstances. The quarrel is, indeed, ascribed to a dispute at a feast, about the exchange of arms; but it does not represent the heroes as fighting till some time after, when Cairbar met Oscar at the pass of Gabhra, through which Oscar was returning home with the spoils of Ireland, which he had been ravaging in consequence of the quarrel. Possibly Mr. Macpherson might say the foregoing poem also is Irish, and, indeed, not without reason, notwithstanding it contains some of the very passages he has inserted in his "Temora."

Since I sent you, Mr. Urban, the two untranslated poems inserted

\* "When Oscar," says Macpherson, "saw his friends around, his heaving breast arose! 'The groans,' he said, 'of aged chiefs, the howling of my dogs, the sudden bursts of the song of grief, have melted Oscar's soul; my soul that never melted before.'"

† "And the heroes did weep, O Fingal! dear was the hero to their souls!—No father mourned his son slain in youth, no brother his brother of love. They fell without tears, for the chief of the people is low."

‡ Fingal in Macpherson says, "Art thou fallen, O Oscar! in the midst of thy course, the heart of the aged beats over thee!—Weep, ye heroes of Morven! never more shall Oscar rise," etc.

§ Oscar in Macpherson thus speaks of himself: "My soul that never melted before: it was like the steel of my sword." See the note on v. 21.

|| Mrs. Maclean, jun., to whose elegant abilities and hospitable friendship I was principally indebted for the foregoing song, honoured me with the traditional explication of this verse, which is in the true style of gigantic fable. It agrees with Macpherson in respect to Cairbar hiding himself in a hole, when he attacked Oscar: see the note on v. 15: and represents Oscar as possessing an invulnerability, very similar to that of Achilles.—"The word flag, here used, relates to the following story: Oscar could only be slain by his own javelin; this Cairbar knew, when he desired to exchange arms with him. After Cairbar had slain Oscar with this javelin, he hid himself in a hole of the earth, and covered himself with an enormous flag, which is above referred to."—Perhaps, however, the last verse affords some suspicion that it is itself a bare interpolation.

¶ B. 1, p. 14, edit. 8vo., 1773.

in your Magazine for May last, pp. 399 and 400, I have received the following account of their contents, in consequence of Dr. Willan's application to his friends at Edinburgh. The first of them, called "Duan a Mhuileartich," is "an account of a hideous monster called Muileartach, which swam by sea into Ireland, attacked Fingal's army, killed a number of his men, and was at last killed by his own hand." I ardently wish that this remarkable poetical romance was literally translated, as it probably contains much curious knowledge. It strikingly resembles the serpent of Bagrada, which is said to have opposed the Roman army under Regulus in Africa.

The first part of the other poem, called "Cubha Fhinn do Riogh Lochlin," describes "the compensation offered by Fingal to the King of Lochlin, to save Ireland from a threatened invasion":

"A thousand whelps, a thousand dogs;  
A thousand collars \* upon a thousand dogs;  
A thousand spears † fit for battle;  
A thousand fine plaids of the brightest colours; ‡  
A thousand hardy bay horses; §  
A thousand nobles of red gold;  
A thousand maidens with two gowns; ||  
A thousand mantles of new silk; ¶  
A thousand warriors wearing them;  
A thousand bridles of gold and silver;

"Though the King of Lochlin should get these things and all the wealth of Ireland, he and his people would not return back till Ireland should be tributary to them."\*\*

The remainder of this poem is "a description of the standards of Fingal's army, as they appeared in order." Perhaps this part may contain some of the passages of Mr. Macpherson's "Ossian."

It is already observed that these poems evidently appear to attribute Fingal to Ireland; †† an assertion which the foregoing account so strongly corroborates, that I could not omit repeating it here.

I shall trouble you, Mr. Urban, with another letter of conclusions, deducible, as they appear to me, from the foregoing premises, but which I shall endeavour to render as short as possible. I think myself much indebted to you, Sir, for the attention you have already shown to [see Note 30],

Yours, etc., THO. F. HILL.

\* Or chains to lead them.

† Or Lochaber axes.

‡ Or fine wool or silk coverings.

§ Or hard red breast-plates.

|| Such maidens were probably scarce. See also Mag. for June, p. 489, about the custom relating to women.

¶ See Mag. for May, p. 400.

\*\* Mac-Nab translated part of this poem for me: yet, though he wrote the copy of it, he did not seem clearly to understand it.

†† Mag. for May, p. 399. [ante, p. 157].



*Prophecies, Dreams, and Ghost-Stories.*







## PROPHECIES, DREAMS, AND GHOST-STORIES.

### Old Nixon.

[1781, *Part I.*, p. 124.]

THE writer of this having heard many prophecies of Old Nixon, the Cheshire prophet, which have been said to have been fulfilled, as well as others which have failed of their completion, would be greatly obliged to any gentleman, possessed of materials relative to him, which may be depended on, if he will oblige him with some information on that subject. His prophecies are said never to have been printed, but are now in manuscript in the library of Mr. Cholmondeley of Vale Royal. One, relative to the death of the late proprietor of that seat, is reported to have been exactly fulfilled; "that he should die by a fall from his horse in the service of his country." He certainly did die by a fall from his horse; and, if he had been that day in the administration of his office of justice of peace, he may with propriety be said to have died by a fall from his horse in the service of his country. It is not doubted, but that many curious readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as well as the writer of this, would be much obliged to any person who could give authentic information on this subject. [See Note 31.] J. P.

### Prophecy on the Death of Richard III.

[1819, *Part II.*, pp. 483-484.]

The following is a curious old prophecy concerning the death of Richard III., extracted from a 4to. pamphlet, entitled "Seven several strange Prophecies, London, 1643." [See Note 32.] T. D. F.

"In the reign of King Richard III., his Majesty with his army lay at Leicester the night before the Battle at Bosworth Field was fought. It happened in the morning, as the King rode through the South gate, a poor old blind man (by profession a wheelwright) sat begging, and

hearing of his approach, said, that if the moon changed twice that day, having by her ordinary course changed in the morning, King Richard should lose his crown, and be slain; and riding over the bridge, his left foot struck against a stump of wood, which the old man hearing, said, 'Even so shall his head, at his return back, hit on the same place;' which so came to pass: and a nobleman, that carried the moon in his colours, revolted from King Richard, whereby he lost that day, his life, crown, and kingdom, which verified the presages of the poor old blind man."

#### Fortune-Teller.

[1820, *Part II.*, pp. 25-26.]

For the entertainment of the curious, and the observation of your more serious readers, I send you a copy of a card, now in circulation from some modern sibyl, who has taken this public way of proclaiming her profound knowledge in the Divine Art of Foretelling Future Events, and the cheap method by which information of so much consequence may be obtained.

"Mrs. S. W. respectfully begs leave to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that she practises the Art of DISCOVERING FUTURE EVENTS incidental to either Sex, in a friendly way. Letters, post paid, attended to. Hours from 10 in the morning till 9 at night. (*We omit the Residence.*) Fine Powder sold."

#### Prediction of Death.

[1801, *Part II.*, pp. 1094-1095.]

Allow me to tell you a well-attested story of as extraordinary a prediction, more than once related to me and others by my ingenious and lamented friend and fellow-collegian, John Cowper, brother of the lately deceased admirable but eccentric poet, William C. In the early part of his life, before he saw Cambridge, many circumstances of his own and family history were related to him by a woman, who appeared no other than a common fortune-teller, who added, that at or about the next time he saw her his death would not be very distant. The place where he first met with her is not now recollected, whether near his father's house in Hertfordshire, or elsewhere; but the last time he saw her was on the walks behind St. John's College garden, about the year 1770, soon after which he sickened and died. Such is this plain unvarnished tale, left to yourself and readers as of undoubted authenticity.

#### Illness Cured by a Dream.

[1751, *p.* 186.]

At Glastonbury, Somersetshire, a man thirty years afflicted with an asthma, dreamed that he saw near the Chain Gate, in the horse track, the clearest of water, and that a person told him if he drank a glass

of water fasting seven Sunday mornings he should be cured, which proved true, and he attested it on oath; many since have received great benefit from it.

### Dream Fatally Realized.

[1796, *Part I.*, p. 456.]

I do not mean to impress upon your readers a superstitious belief in the accomplishment of dreams. However, give me leave to present you with the following very extraordinary instance.

A poor chimney-sweeper in the neighbourhood of Swindon, Wilts, lately dreamed that he should lose one of his children by water. This dream he communicated to his wife; and, with an earnest solicitude, entreated her stricter care and watchfulness over their family. The mother accordingly complied with his desires; and, when her daily labour called her to the field, did not in her prudence forget to leave her children closely confined at home. It happened, shortly after, a neighbouring woman, having occasion to borrow some common utensil, came to the house; and, knowing the place where the key was usually secreted, gained admittance, and, after satisfying her wants, departed. During this visit, the eldest son, a child of six or seven years old, watched the opportunity of slipping out unperceived; and, too fatally straying to a horse-pool at no great distance, accidentally fell in, and was drowned.

The shock was too great for parental feelings. From the strong impression of his dream, and from the melancholy accomplishment of it, the father quickly after was seized with a delirious fever, which in a few days put an end to his life.

The truth of this fact may be fully confirmed by the inhabitants of East-Cott, the village in which he lived, as well as by the clergyman to whose sad office it fell to read the last solemn service over the remains of both father and son.

G.

### Revelation by Dream.

[1761, p. 535.]

A young farmer being in company at a public-house in Petty France, Gloucestershire, on the 7th past, and going out, was missed by his companions, who thought he had given them the slip, and was gone home; but next morning inquiry was made after him by his father, who searched the country round for him in vain. Some time after, a relation of his having dreamt that he was drowned in a well, the well of the public-house where he was missing was this day searched, and his body was found.

**Example of a Singular Dream and Corresponding Event.**[1787, *Part II.*, pp. 1064-1066.]

[The first part of this paper is not reprinted.]

Amongst the various histories of singular dreams and corresponding events, we have lately heard of one, which seems to merit being rescued from oblivion. Its authenticity will appear from the relation; and we may surely pronounce, that a more extraordinary concurrence of fortuitous and accidental circumstances can scarcely be produced, or paralleled.

One Adam Rogers, a creditable and decent person, a man of good sense and repute, who kept a public-house at Portlaw, a small hamlet, nine or ten miles from Waterford, in the kingdom of Ireland, dreamed one night that he saw two men at a particular green spot on the adjoining mountain, one of them a small sickly-looking man, the other remarkably strong and large. He then saw the little man murder the other, and he awoke in great agitation. The circumstances of the dream were so distinct and forcible, that he continued much affected by them. He related them to his wife, and also to several neighbours, next morning. In some time he went out coursing with greyhounds, accompanied, amongst others, by one Mr. Browne, the Roman Catholic priest of the parish. He soon stopped at the above-mentioned particular green spot on the mountain, and, calling to Mr. Browne, pointed it out to him, and told him what had appeared in his dream. During the remainder of the day he thought little more about it. Next morning he was extremely startled at seeing two strangers enter his house, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He immediately ran into an inner room, and desired his wife to take particular notice, for they were precisely the two men that he had seen in his dream. When they had consulted with one another, their apprehensions were alarmed for the little weakly man, though contrary to the appearance in the dream. After the strangers had taken some refreshment, and were about to depart, in order to prosecute their journey, Rogers earnestly endeavoured to dissuade the little man from quitting his house, and going on with his fellow-traveller. He assured him, that if he would remain with him that day, he would accompany him to Carrick the next morning, that being the town to which the travellers were proceeding. He was unwilling and ashamed to tell the cause of his being so solicitous to separate him from his companion. But, as he observed that Hickey, which was the name of the little man, seemed to be quiet and gentle in his deportment, and had money about him, and that the other had a ferocious bad countenance, the dream still recurred to him. He dreaded that something fatal would happen; and he wished, at all events, to keep them asunder. However, the humane precautions

of Rogers proved ineffectual; for Caulfield, such was the other's name, prevailed upon Hickey to continue with him on their way to Carrick, declaring that, as they had long travelled together, they should not part, but remain together until he should see Hickey safely arrive at the habitation of his friends. The wife of Rogers was much dissatisfied when she found they were gone, and blamed her husband exceedingly for not being absolutely peremptory in detaining Hickey.

About an hour after they left Portlaw, in a lonely part of the mountain, just near the place observed by Rogers in his dream, Caulfield took the opportunity of murdering his companion. It appeared afterwards, from his own account of the horrid transaction, that, as they were getting over a ditch, he struck Hickey on the back part of his head with a stone; and, when he fell down into the trench, in consequence of the blow, Caulfield gave him several stabs with a knife, and cut his throat so deeply that the head was observed to be almost severed from the body. He then rifled Hickey's pockets of all the money in them, took part of his clothes, and everything else of value about him, and afterwards proceeded on his way to Carrick. He had not been long gone when the body, still warm, was discovered by some labourers who were returning to their work from dinner.

The report of the murder soon reached to Portlaw. Rogers and his wife went to the place, and instantly knew the body of him whom they had in vain endeavoured to dissuade from going on with his treacherous companion. They at once spoke out their suspicions that the murder was perpetrated by the fellow-traveller of the deceased. An immediate search was made, and Caulfield was apprehended at Waterford the second day after. He was brought to trial at the ensuing assizes, and convicted of the fact. It appeared on the trial, amongst other circumstances, that when he arrived at Carrick, he hired a horse, and a boy to conduct him, not by the usual road, but by that which runs on the North side of the river Suir, to Waterford, intending to take his passage in the first ship from thence to Newfoundland. The boy took notice of some blood on his shirt, and Caulfield gave him half a crown to promise not to speak of it. Rogers proved, not only that Hickey was seen last in company with Caulfield, but that a pair of new shoes which Hickey wore had been found on the feet of Caulfield when he was apprehended; and that a pair of old shoes which he had on at Rogers's house were upon Hickey's feet when the body was found. He described with great exactness every article of their clothes. Caulfield, on the cross-examination, shrewdly asked him from the dock, Whether it was not very extraordinary that he, who kept a public-house, should take such particular notice of the dress of a stranger, accidentally calling there? Rogers, in his answer, said, he had a very particular reason, but was ashamed to mention it. The court and prisoner insisting on his de-

claring it, he gave a circumstantial narrative of his dream, called upon Mr. Browne the priest, then in the court, to corroborate his testimony, and said, that his wife had severely reproached him for permitting Hickey to leave their house, when he knew that, in the short footway to Carrick, they must necessarily pass by the green spot in the mountain which had appeared in his dream. A number of witnesses came forward; and the proofs were so strong, that the jury, without hesitation, found the pannell guilty.—It was remarked, as a singularity, that he happened to be tried and sentenced by his namesake, Sir George Caulfield, at that time Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which office he resigned in the summer of the year 1760. After sentence, Caulfield confessed the fact. A. LL.

[1787, *Part II.*, p. 1167.]

I perfectly agree with your correspondent A. LL. on the extreme danger of the popular belief in dreams; but the story represented by him in *December Mag.*, p. 1064, brings fresh to my memory the following remarkable dream, related to me as a matter of fact by a native of the Island of Alderney. Some few years before the erection of those well-known light-houses, called the Caskets, near that island, an islander dreamed that a ship had been wrecked near those rocks, and that some part of the crew had saved themselves upon them. This story he related the next morning on the quay; but the sailors, although the most superstitious people living, treated it as an idle dream. Yet the next night produced the same dream, and the man would no longer be laughed out of it; and he prevailed on a companion the next morning to take a boat and go to the rock, where they found three poor wretches half-starved with cold and hunger, and brought them safe on shore. This circumstance, and the supposed loss of the *Victory* on this rock, the islanders give as a reason for the erecting of three light-houses there.

And how far the following may be a proof that there is existing within us a principle independent of the material frame, I must leave you and others to judge: A very particular friend of mine, on whose veracity I can depend, dreamed that, being in Westminster Abbey, he saw one of the monuments falling; to prevent it from coming to the ground, he put his shoulder under, and supported the whole weight till assistance came to his relief. On his awaking, he found a violent pain in his shoulder and arm, so that he was incapable of putting on his clothes without help. His not recovering the entire use of it induced him to apply for advice, and he was recommended to go to Bath; to which place he went; when, after bathing for five or six weeks, he recovered the use of it. However laughable this account may be to many, it is an absolute fact. A. T.

## Ghosts.

[1801, Part I, pp. 402-404.]

[Only portions of this letter are printed.]

The following reflections on apparitions, ghosts, and supernatural admonitions, arose from the reading of Mr. Wraxall's relation of an extraordinary scene which passed at Dresden some years ago (Letter 8, vol. i.). If this essay suits your Miscellany, it is at your service ; perhaps it may not be unseasonable, when the present German taste in novels is considered.

Generally speaking, Ghosts may be resolved either into *gross imposture*, into *pious fraud*, or into mere *strength of imagination*. To the first of these causes we may safely impute the necromancy at Dresden (related by Wraxall). It was a whimsical spirit which stayed long with the company which it scared. Yet no one dared to approach it ; so that that proof of imposture which would have been gained by touch was wanting. And similar impositions will always escape detection if the persons to be duped can be stupefied by terror.

To pious fraud may well be ascribed the ghost of Buckingham's father, the story of which is found in Lord Clarendon's history. This was a respectable apparition, both as to manner and motive ; and probably was an artifice employed by the Duke's mother in the hope of reforming and saving him.

The strength of imagination is a cause equal to the production of very wonderful effects. At the Council of Trente the Legate Crescenzio, having long laboured at his despatches, rose from his chair, and thought he saw a huge ugly dog advance and run under the table. In haste he called for his servants, but no dog could be found. The Legate took his bed and died of the fright. [Jurieu, Hist. Conc. Trente.]

Lord Herbert of Cherbury is an eminent example of the illusive power of imagination. He had written a book, and doubting whether he ought to publish, he solemnly asked Divine direction to be given by some manifest sign. Immediately a loud yet gentle noise like nothing on earth was heard ; this he considered as heavenly approbation, and he published his work.

Morhof relates a wonderful story of a gentleman, who, waking suddenly, felt an invisible impulse to pronounce distinctly certain words which he did not understand. This he thought so odd that he wrote them down, and next day consulted a learned friend about their probable meaning. He perceived that it was Greek, and its literal translation, "Not about to avoid the misfortune which is within." No mischief seemed impending ; however, the friend advised a change of lodging. In a few days, the house so quitted fell, and crushed its inhabitants. [Morhof, Polyhist, i. 19, p. 217.]

Very different is any admonition made by the Supreme Being : His

work bears the impress of the Workman, it is free from all obscurity. Such was the vision which converted Col. Gardiner. This officer, a man of gallantry, had an assignation at midnight with a married woman; the company in which he had supped broke up at eleven, and Mr. Gardiner took up a book to beguile the tedious hour. As he read, an unusual blaze of light seemed to fall on his book, which he supposed to arise from some accident in the candle; but, on lifting up his eyes, he beheld suspended in the air Jesus Christ upon the Cross, and words to this effect, "Sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?" were uttered, or impressed on his mind as if uttered. [Doddridge's Life of Col. Gardiner.]

The effects of this astonishing scene were such as it was fitted to produce; regret, compunction, dismay, followed by repentance and a thorough change of life.

MONACO.

### Apparition at Tewing, Hertfordshire.

[1783, *Part II.*, p. 463.]

Dr. Yarborough, Rector of Tewing, Hertfordshire, who had a long and intimate acquaintance with the late General Sabine, Governor of Gibraltar, whose country seat was at Tewing, told me this story, which he had from the General's own mouth, who was a person of great honour and veracity, and much good sense.

That when he once lay dangerously ill of his wounds after a battle abroad, and began to recover, as he lay awake one night in his bed, having a candle in his chamber, he saw on the sudden the curtains drawn back at his bed's feet, and his wife, then in England (a lady whom he greatly loved), presenting herself to his full view, at the opening of the curtains, and then disappearing. He was amazed at the sight, and fell into deep reflections upon this extraordinary apparition. In a short time after he received the melancholy news from England that his beloved consort was dead, and that she died at such a time; which, as near as he could possibly recollect, was the very time on which he had seen that strange phenomenon.

This he immediately entered down in his note-book, continuing ever afterwards fully persuaded of the certainty of some apparitions, notwithstanding the general prejudice to the contrary; "which," said he often, "I can, from my own knowledge in this instance, confidently oppose upon the strongest grounds."

This is the story, and I here set it down as I heard it from the above-mentioned worthy doctor, without making any remarks.

See some other instances of this kind in the late Mr. Aubrey's "Miscellaneous Collections," etc., where (in my own printed book) I have entered down several references, etc., of the same kind: but determine nothing at present. [See Note 33.]

J. J.



**Apparition at Cambridge.**

[1778, pp. 583, 584.]

Letter.—Rev. Mr. Hughes to the Rev. Mr. Bonwicke.

DEAR SIR,

Jesus College, Jan. 9, 1706-7.

[After relating college news, the letter proceeds] These are all the scraps that I could pick up to entertain you withal; and, indeed, I should have been obliged to have ended with half a letter, had not an unusual story come seasonably into my relief.

One Mr. Shaw, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, and late Minister of a college living,\* within twelve miles of Oxford, as he was sitting one night by himself, smoking a pipe, and reading, observed somebody to open the door: he turned back, and saw one Mr. Nailor, a fellow-collegian, an intimate friend, and who had been dead five years, come into the room. The gentleman came in exactly in the same dress and manner that he used at college. Mr. Shaw was something surprised at first; but in a little time recollecting himself, he desired him to sit down: upon which Mr. N. drew a chair, and sat by him; they had a conference of about an hour and a half. The chief of the particulars were these: he told him, "that he was sent to give him warning of his death, which would be in a very short time;" and, if I mistake not, he added, that his death would be sudden. He mentioned, likewise, several others of St. John's, particularly the famous Auchard, who is since dead. Mr. S. asked if he could not give him another visit: he answered no, alleging, "that his time allotted was but three days, and that he had others to see, who were at a great distance." Mr. Shaw had a great desire to inquire about his present condition, but was afraid to mention it, not knowing how it would be taken. At last he expressed himself in this manner: "Mr. N., how is it with you in the other world?" He answered, with a brisk and cheerful countenance, "Very well." Mr. Sh. proceeded, and asked, "Is there any of our old friends with you?" He replied, "Not one." After their discourse was over, he took his leave, and went out. Mr. Shaw offered to go with [him] out of the room; but he beckoned with his hand that he should stay where he was. Mr. Nailor seemed to turn into the next room, and so went off. This Mr. Shaw the next day made his will, the conference had so far affected him; and not long after, being taken with an apoplectic fit while he was reading the divine service, he fell out of the desk, and died immediately after. He was ever looked upon to be a pious man, and a good scholar; only some object, that he was inclinable to melancholy. He told this story himself to Mr. Groves, a Fellow of St. John's, and a particular friend of his, and who lay at his house last summer.

\* Souldern.

Mr. G., upon his return to Cambridge, met with one of his college who told him that Mr. Auchard was dead, who was particularly mentioned by Mr. Shaw. He kept the business secret, till, hearing of Mr. Shaw's own death, he told the whole story. He is a person far enough from inventing such a story; and he tells it in all companies without any manner of variation. We are mightily divided about it at Cambridge, some heartily embracing it, and others rejecting it as a ridiculous story, and the effect of spleen and melancholy. For my own part, I must acknowledge myself one of those who believe it, having not met with anything yet sufficient to invalidate it. As to the little sceptical objections that are generally used upon this occasion, they seem to be very weak in themselves, and will prove of dangerous consequences, if applied to matters of a more important nature. I am, dear sir, yours, most sincerely,

J. HUGHES.

[1778, *p.* 621.]

[Part of a] Letter.—Mr. Turner to Mr. Bonwicke.

SIR,

Cambridge, Jan. 21, 1706-7.

There's a circumstance relating to the story of the apparition, which adds a great confirmation to it; which I suppose Mr. Hughes did not tell you. There's one Mr. Cartwright,\* a Member of Parliament,† a man of good credit and integrity, an intimate friend of Mr. Shaw's, who told the same story with Dr. Grove (which he had from Mr. Shaw) at the Archbishop of Canterbury's table: but he says further, that Mr. Shaw told him of some great revolutions in State, which he won't discover, being either obliged to silence by Mr. Shaw, or concealing them upon some prudent and politic reasons.

R. TURNER.

[1783, *Part I., pp.* 412, 413.]

In your Magazine for Dec., 1778, p. 583, and in the Supplement to that year, p. 621, you published six original letters between the Rev. J. Hughes, of Jesus College in Cambridge, the learned editor of "St. Chrysostom on the Priesthood," and some of his friends. In these letters was a relation of the apparition of Mr. Naylor, who had been Fellow of St. John's in that University, to a fellow collegian, Mr. Shaw, then Rector of Souldern in Oxfordshire. I have since met with another account of the same story, written by the Rev. Richard Chambre, who was then a member of Sidney College, and afterwards Vicar of Loppington in Shropshire, where he died Feb., 1752, aged 70. The paper containing this account was put into my hands by his executor, who has assured me that it is his hand-writing. It has no date, but bears visible marks of its age; and, by the beginning of it, is plainly to be referred to the date of the letters above mentioned, that is, the year 1707. Your readers will judge as they please of the

\* Of Aynho.

† For Northamptonshire.

truth of the story. My business is only to transcribe the paper containing it; which, except in a few instances of spelling, I send you faithfully and exactly done, with its superscription. Yours, etc.

R. M.

Another account of the apparition of Mr. Naylor to Mr. Shaw, from a MS. of the Rev. Richard Chambre.

(This account I had in these very words from the Rev. Dr. Whitfield, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.)

About the end of last summer Mr. Grove, the public register of the University, was in the country at a small town near Banbury in Oxfordshire, with his old friend Mr. Shaw, lately Fellow of St. John's, and who was presented by the college to the living where he resided. While Mr. Grove tarried with him, which was about four or five days, he told him this remarkable story, viz., that some days before, as he was sitting in his study late one night, after eleven, and while he was smoking tobacco and reading, the spectre of his old companion Mr. Naylor (who died five years ago in St. John's College) came into the room, habited in a gown and cassock, and exactly in the same manner as he used to appear in the college when alive. Mr. Shaw remembered the figure well, and was therefore much surprised; but the spectre took a chair, and sitting down close by him, bid him not be afraid, for he came to acquaint him with something that nearly concerned him. So entering into discourse together, the spectre told him, that "their friend Mr. Orchard \* was to die very suddenly, and that he himself should die soon after him, and therefore he came to forewarn him, that he might prepare himself accordingly." After this they talked of many other things (for their conference lasted two hours), and amongst the rest Mr. Shaw asked him, Whether one might form some sort of a notion of the other world from anything one saw in this? He answered, No; without giving any farther satisfaction to the question. Upon this, Mr. Shaw said to him, How is it with you? His answer was, I am very well and happy. Whereupon Mr. Shaw asked him farther, Whether any of his old acquaintance were with him? His answer was, that there was not one of them: which answer, Mr. Shaw said (as told the story by Mr. Grove †), struck him to the heart. At last, after two hours' conference together, the spectre took his leave; and Mr. Shaw desiring him to stay longer, he told him he could not, for he had only three days allotted him to be absent, and they were almost expired. Mr. Shaw then desired that he might see him at least once more before his death. But he told him it could not be, and so left him. After this he walked about his room a considerable time, musing upon what had happened.

Mr. Grove is a person of undoubted credit who tells this story: and

\* Spelt *Auchard* by Mr. Hughes.

† So the MS.

(which is the greatest confirmation of it that can be desired, is that) he told it \* several times here in college before Mr. Shaw died; who fell down dead in his desk as he was reading prayers. The other gentleman, Mr. Orchard, who was mentioned, died suddenly in his chair, while his bedmaker went from him to fetch his commons for supper. This story is farther confirmed by two country gentlemen † of Mr. Shaw's acquaintance, to whom he had likewise communicated it. And in truth it hath met with such universal credit here, ‡ that I have met with very few who made any scruple of believing it.

It is remarkable that Mr. Shaw was a noted enemy to the belief of apparitions, and used always in company to dispute against them.

[1801, *Part II.*, pp. 995, 996.]

I was induced, for the amusement at least, if I must not add the information of your readers, to transcribe the following correspondence from a MS. in my possession. The story therein related, from the characters of the persons on whose authority it rests, as well as the unaffected manner in which it is told, may not be undeserving of attention.

“Copy of a Letter from Thos. Offley; directed to the Rev. Mr. Offley, Rector of Middleton Stony, near Bister, in Oxfordshire.

“DEAR BROTHER, Milton, Dec. 18, 1706.

“I here send you a very surprising narrative relating to Mr. Shaw, your late neighbour. The person I had the following letter from is one Mr. Waller, a fellow of St. John's, § there resident now; and Mr. Grove, mentioned below, is register to the University, and fellow of the same college. I had heard something of an apparition, and wrote to Mr. Waller for a relation of the fact; to which he returned me this answer:

2.—“Mr. Waller to Mr. Tho. Offley.

“DEAR SIR, St. John, Dec. 12, 1706.

“I should scarce have mentioned anything of the matter you now write about of my own accord: but, since you have given yourself the trouble of inquiry, I am, I think, obliged in friendship to relate all that I can tell of the matter; and that I do the more willingly because I can so soon produce my authority. The man to

\* Here Mr. Chambre seems to differ from Mr. Hughes, who says, “Mr. Grove kept the business secret, till, hearing of Mr. Shaw's own death, he told the whole story.” Unless Mr. Hughes means, that Mr. Grove suppressed the *part* of the story relating to Mr. Shaw's death; till hearing he was dead, he then told the *whole* of it.

† Possibly one of them was Mr. Cartwright of Aynho. See *Mag.* for 1778, p. 621. [*Ante*, p. 186.]

‡ Mr. Hughes declared himself one of those who believed it. *Ib.* p. 584.

§ Cambridge.

whom the apparition appeared was one Mr. Shaw, who had one of the college livings in Oxfordshire nigh your brother. This gentleman, Mr. Grove, fellow of the college, called on last July in his journey to the West of England, where he stayed a day or two and promised again to call on him in his return; which accordingly he did, and stayed three days with Mr. Shaw. In that time, one night after supper, Mr. Shaw told him that there happened a passage which he could not conceal from him, as being an intimate friend, and as one to whom the transaction might have some more relation than to another man. He proceeded, therefore, and told him that about a week before that time (which was July 28), as he was smoking and reading in his study about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, there came to him the apparition of Mr. Naylor, in the same garb as he used to be, with his arms clasped before him. (This was formerly a fellow of St. John's, and a friend of Mr. Shaw's, dead about two or three years ago.) Mr. Shaw, not being wonderfully surprised, asked him how he did? and desired him to sit down; which Mr. Naylor did. They both sat there a considerable time, and entertained each other with various discourse. After that, Mr. Shaw asked him after what manner they did in a separate estate? He answered, 'Far different from what they did here, but that he was very well.' He inquired farther, whether there were any of their old acquaintance in that place where he was? He answered, 'No, not one.' He farther proceeded, and told him that 'one of their old friends (naming Mr. Orchard) should die very quickly; and that he himself (Mr. Shaw) should not be long after.' He mentioned several other people's names; but whose they are, or upon what occasion, Mr. Grove cannot or does not declare. Mr. Shaw then asked him whether he would visit him again before that time. He said, 'No, he could not, for he had but three days allotted him, and farther he could not go.' Mr. Shaw then said, '*Fiat Domini voluntas,*' and the apparition left him. This is word for word what Mr. Shaw told Mr. Grove, and Mr. Grove told me. Now, what surprised Mr. Grove was, that as he had in his journey home occasion to ride through Caxton, he called on one Mr. Clark, fellow of the college and curate there; where, inquiring of college news, Mr. Clark told him that Arthur Orchard died that week, on August 6; which very much shocked Mr. Grove, and brought to mind the story, which Mr. Shaw told him afresh. And, about three weeks ago, Mr. Shaw himself died of an apoplectic fit in the desk, the very same distemper as poor Arthur Orchard. Now, since this strange completion of the matter, Grove has told this relation, and stands to the truth of it; and that which confirms the thing itself and his veracity is, that he told the same to Dr. Balderston, the present vice-chancellor, about a week before Mr. Shaw's death; and when the news came to college he was no way surprised, as other people were. And as for Mr. Shaw's part, it is the opinion of men that can-

not digest the matter that it was only a dream ; but Mr. Shaw seemed to be very well satisfied of his waking then as at another time. And suppose it were so, the fulfilling of the things predicted is a valid proof of its being a true vision, let it be represented which way soever. And again, considering them both as men of learning and integrity, the one would not have first declared, nor the other spread the same, was not the matter itself serious and real. This is all that is told of the matter. The rest I leave to your descent.

“EDM. WALLER.

“This is the letter I received, and methinks the story is wonderful, and will bear a great deal of reasoning about. Now, what I would desire of you is, that you would, as far as you can, learn the date of Mr. Shaw's will ; if he revealed this vision to anyone about you ; if he left any account of it in writing ; if he was observed by anyone to be melancholy before he died ; or gave any sign of his expectation of his death so soon. To these queries, with whatever else you have relating to the matter (which is now very public, and much talked of in the University and this country), if you will, as speedily as you can, return me proper answers, I shall be greatly obliged to you, who am, dear brother, yours affectionately,

“THO. OFFLEY.”

#### Apparition at Oxford.

[1783, *Part II.*, p. 848.]

You have inserted a remarkable story in your Magazine for May last, p. 412 [*ante*, p. 186]; I here inclose you another narrative of that kind, which undoubtedly comes as well authenticated as the testimony of an individual can render it. This memorandum was lately found among the papers of the Rev. Mr. Mores, late of Layton in Essex, formerly of Queen's College, Oxford (a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, and highly respected for his learning and abilities, who died in the year 1778). It fell into the hands of his son, Edward Rowe Mores, Esq., who has authorised me to lay it before the public, by means of your Magazine. The MS. shall remain with you for some time, for the inspection of any gentleman who may wish to have the fullest conviction of the authenticity of so interesting a relation. The handwriting\* I believe you can testify, as you were well acquainted with the man.

Yours, etc., J. PAYNE.

“Mr. John Bonnell was a Commoner of Queen's College ; he was remarkable in his person and his gait, and had a particular manner of holding up his gown behind, so that to anyone who had but once seen him he might be known by his back as easily as by his face.

\* It is certainly Mr. Mores's.—EDIT.

"On Sunday, Nov. 18, 1750, at noon, Mr. Ballard, who was then of Magd. Coll. and myself, were talking together at Parker's door. I was then waiting for the sound of the trumpet, and suddenly Mr. Ballard cried out, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, who is that coming out of your college?' I looked, and saw, as I supposed, Mr. Bonnell, and replied, 'He is a gentleman of our house, and his name is Bonnell; he comes from Stanton-Harcourt.' 'My God!' said Mr. Ballard, 'I never saw such a face in all my life.' I answered slightly, 'His face is much the same as it always is; I think it is a little more inflamed and swelled than it is sometimes: perhaps he has buckled his band too tight; but I should not have observed it if you had not spoken.' 'Well,' said Mr. Ballard again, 'I never shall forget him as long as I live;' and seemed to be much disconcerted and frightened.

"This figure I saw without any emotion or suspicion; it came down the quadrangle, came out at the gate, and walked up the High Street; we followed it with our eyes till it came to Cat Street, where it was lost. The trumpet then sounded, and Mr. Ballard and I parted, and I went into the hall, and thought no more of Mr. Bonnell.

"In the evening the prayers of the chapel were desired for one who was in a very sick and dangerous condition. When I came out of the chapel, I inquired of one of the scholars, James Harrison, in the hearing of several others who were standing before the kitchen fire, who it was that was prayed for? and was answered, 'Mr. Bonnell, sen.' 'Bonnell, sen.,' said I, with astonishment, 'what's the matter with him? He was very well to-day, for I saw him go out to dinner.' 'You are very much mistaken,' answered the scholar, 'for he has not been out of his bed for some days.' I then asserted more positively that I had seen him, and that a gentleman was with me who saw him too.

"This came presently to the ears of Dr. Fothergill, who had been my tutor. After supper he took me aside, and questioned me about it, and said, he was very sorry I had mentioned the matter so publicly, for Mr. B. was dangerously ill. I replied, I was very sorry too, but I had done it innocently; and the next day Mr. B. died.

"Inquiry was made of Mr. Ballard afterwards, who related the part which he was witness to in the same manner as I have now related it; adding, that I told him the gentleman was one Mr. Bonnell, and that he came from Stanton-Harcourt. "E. R. M."

### Apparitions Foretelling Death.

[1779, pp. 295-298.]

Meeting with the following anecdote among some old manuscripts, it is much at the service of you and your readers.

*A Memorandum, taken the 17th of September, 1719, by Mr. J. B.*

Having heard a report of the appearance of an apparition a little

before Dr. Harris's\* death, I went on Monday, the 14th of this instant, to see my cousin, Anne G., who had been at Mr. Godfrey's, at Norton Court, in Kent, some time before, and was there when the Doctor died at his house, and from her I had the following account.

On Monday evening, the 31st of August last, Mr. Godfrey sent out his coachman and gardener to catch some rabbits. After their sport was over, as they were coming home with their nets and what they had taken, and were now not above a field's length from the house, the dogs, who had been running about, came suddenly to them, creeping between their legs, as if it were to hide themselves. The fellows immediately took to their heels as fast as they could, not staying till they came within the gate, where they stopped, and accosted one another after the following fashion.

A. "Are not you prodigiously frightened?"

B. "I was never so frightened in all my life!"

A. "What was it you saw?"

B. "Nay, what was it that frightened you so?"

A. "I saw a coffin carried, just by us, on men's shoulders!"

B. "I saw the same, as plain as I ever saw anything in my life."

My cousin G. and Mrs. Betty H. were gone to bed together: Dr. Harris was in bed, and Mr. Godfrey in his chamber just going to bed. A maid-servant, who had heard the two men speak of this in the kitchen, ran up directly and told Mr. Godfrey. He laughed at it; and, desirous to let others partake with him in his mirth, goes into my cousin's chamber, and, calling to them, tells them "his men had seen the devil to-night!" She made answer that "she desired him not to tell them of it then, nor come into their room to disturb them at so unseasonable an hour, when they were just going to sleep; that such a story would, however, serve well enough to divert Dr. Harris"—who, by the way, had often expressed a disbelief of such things. Mr. Godfrey went immediately to the Doctor's chamber, and, waking him out of a sound sleep, told him what had passed. The Doctor laughed very heartily at it, but was vexed Mr. G. had waked him. The next day the discourse of it served for the entertainment of the family, the Doctor saying, "it was only a tale of the men's devising in order to frighten the maids, but that in reality they saw nothing." Others thought that, by the strength of imagination, they might take a black horse or a black cow for a corpse on men's shoulders. Their fellow servants, however, declared that "when they came in, they both looked as if they had been frightened out of their wits." At the eating of the rabbits, the subject was resumed, and the Doctor in particular said that, "if the devil had a hand in catching them, he was sure they were good," and ate very heartily.

\* Prebendary of Rochester, and author of "A History of Kent," of which the first volume was published soon after his death; but, dying insolvent, his papers which he had been eight years in collecting) were dispersed.



He complained a little on Tuesday, and on Wednesday more, but was very unwilling to have any advice. However, an apothecary was sent for, and afterwards Sir William Boys of Canterbury; from which time he grew very bad, the distemper lying so much in his head as caused him to be delirious the greatest part of the time he lived, which was till Monday the 7th instant, eleven in the forenoon.

My cousin A. G. told me at the same time another remarkable circumstance.

It had, it seems, frequently been the practice with one or other of them to tell their dreams in the morning over the tea-table. It happened, either on Tuesday or Wednesday, that somebody began that subject, whereupon the Doctor said he thought they were always recounting their dreams and talking of apparitions, and that he would make a collection of them and have them published; "for my part," added he, "if I ever took notice of a dream, it should be of one I had last night. I dreamed that the Bishop of —, in Ireland, sent for me to come over to him, and I returned answer that I could not — for I was dead; when methought I laid my hands along by my sides, and so died."

The Doctor's death, and these circumstances attending it, so affected my cousin G., that she resolved to leave the house, and accordingly came away next morning.\* J. B.

[1739, p. 75.]

Mr. Martin, in his "Bibliotheca Technologica," asserts, in his Discourse of Ontology, that the existence of the soul is a mere *Ens Rationis*, or Phoenix of ontologists, which brought to my mind the following relation.

A certain young woman, living in Bristol, was taken ill of the small-pox. Her mother attended her in her illness; her father was a clergyman, living more than twenty miles from the City. One night her sister, who was at her father's, being in bed, heard the voice of her mother lamenting herself upon the death of her daughter. This much surprised her, knowing that her mother was then as far as Bristol. When she arose in the morning, her father, seeing her look much concerned, asked her what was the matter with her? "Nothing," says she. Her father replied, "I am sure something is amiss, and I must know what it is." "Why, then, father," says she, "I believe my sister Molly is dead; for this night I heard the voice of my mother lamenting her death." Says her father, "I heard the same myself, and her voice seemed to me to be in my study." Soon

[\* The following instance is then given: "Still farther to show the credulity of the people of that age respecting apparitions, the following observations, taken out of the *Spinks' Journal of the Widow Booty's Trial*, in the King's Bench, Westminster Hall, in behalf of her late husband, a brewer in London, in the year 1686, are seemingly better founded than the foregoing." It is not worth while printing the narrative, the absurdity of which is pointed out by another correspondent, C. L., at p. 402 of the same volume.]

after, the same morning, came a messenger with tidings of her death. The deceased was brought to her father's to be buried, and, after the funeral, her mother, relating the manner of her daughter's illness, said that as soon as her daughter was dead, she being weary with watching and tired for want of sleep, lay down in her clothes, and dreamed that she was with them telling her grief for the loss of her daughter. This surprised them; and asking the time, it appeared to be much the same in which they heard her voice. The young woman was buried April 1, 1726. Her sister who heard the voice is now living in Bristol, and is ready to satisfy any inquirer of the truth of this fact.

Your humble servant, JOHN WALKER.

[1731, pp. 31, 32.]

The following narrative, given by a gentleman of unexceptionable honour and veracity, has been lately published at Edinburgh:—

One William Sutor, aged about thirty-seven, a farmer in Middlemause (belonging to the Laird of Balgown, near Craighal), being about the month of December, 1728, in the fields with his servants, near his own house, overheard at some distance, as it were, an uncommon shrieking and noise; and they following the voice, fancied they saw a dark grey-coloured dog; but as it was a dark night, they concluded it was a fox, and accordingly were for setting on their dogs; but it was very observable that not one of them would so much as point his head that way. About a month after, the said Sutor being occasionally in the same spot, and much about the same time of night, it appeared to him again, and, in passing, touched him so smartly on the thigh, that he felt a pain all that night. In December, 1729, it again cast up to him at about the same place, and passed him at some distance. In June, 1730, it appeared to him as formerly; and it was now he began to judge it was something extraordinary. On the last Monday of November, 1730, about sky-setting, as he was coming from Drumlochy, this officious visitor passed him as formerly, and in passing he distinctly heard it speak these words, "Within eight or ten days do or die;" and instantly disappeared, leaving him not a little perplexed. Next morning he came to his brother James's house, and gave him a particular account of all that had happened. And that night, about ten o'clock, these two brothers, having been visiting their sister at Glanballow, and returning home, stept aside to see the remarkable spot, where they had no sooner arrived, than it appeared to William, who, pointing his finger to it, desired his brother and a servant, who was with them, to look to it; but neither of them could see any such thing. Next Saturday evening, as William was at his sheepfold, it came up to him, and audibly uttered these words, "Come to the spot of ground within half an hour." Whereupon he went home; and, taking a staff in his hand, came to the ground, being at last determined to see the issue. He

had scarce encircled himself with a line of circumvallation, when his troublesome familiar came up to him: he asked it, "In the name of God, who are you?" It answered, "I am David Sutor, George Sutor's brother; I killed a man more than thirty-five years ago, at a bush by east the road as you go into the isle." He said to it, "David Sutor was a man, and you appear as a dog." It answered, "I killed him with a dog, and am made to speak out of the mouth of a dog, and I tell you to go bury these bones!" This coming to the ears of the minister of Blair, the Lairds Glascloun and Rychalzie, and about forty men, went together to the said isle; but after opening ground in several places, found no bones. On the second of December, about midnight, when William was in bed, it came to his door, and said, "Come away, you will find the bones at the side of the withered bush, and there are but eight left; and told him at the same time for a sign that he would find the print of a cross impressed on the ground. Next day William and his brother, with about forty or fifty people who had convened out of curiosity, came to the place, where they discovered the bush and the cross by it; and upon digging the ground about a foot down found the eight bones; all which they immediately wrapped in clean linen, and, being put in a coffin with a mort-cloth over it, were interred that evening in the churchyard of Blair, attended by about a hundred persons.

N.B. Several persons in that country remember to have seen this David Sutor; and that he listed for a soldier, and went abroad about thirty-four or thirty-five years ago.

#### An Account of a Remarkable Apparition.

[1774, p. 613.]

The following very singular story comes well authenticated:—

On Saturday, June 22, 1728, John Daniel, a lad of about fourteen years of age, *appeared*, about twelve o'clock at noon, in the school of Beminster, between three weeks and a month after his burial.

The school of Beminster is kept in a gallery of the parish church, to which there is a distant entrance from the churchyard. The key of it is every Saturday delivered to the clerk of the parish by some one or other of the schoolboys. On Saturday, June 22, the master had, as usual, dismissed his lads. Twelve of them tarried in the churchyard to play at ball. After a short space, four of them returned into the school to search for old pens, and in the church they heard a noise like the sounding of a brass pan, on which they immediately ran to their playfellows and told them of it; and on their concluding that some one was concealed in order to frighten them, they all went into the school to make a discovery who it was, but on search found none. As they were returning to their sport, on the stairs that lead into the churchyard, they heard in the school a second noise, as of a man going in great boots. Terrified at that, they ran round the

church, and when at the belfry or west door they heard a third noise, like a minister preaching, which was succeeded by another of a congregation singing psalms; both the last continued but a short time. Being again at their play, in a little time one of the lads went into the school for his book, where he saw lying on one of the benches, about six feet from him, a coffin. Surprised at this, he runs to his playfellows and tells them what he had seen; on which they all thronged to the school-door, where *five* of the twelve saw the apparition of John Daniel, sitting at some distance from the coffin, farther in the school. *All* of them saw the coffin; the conjecture why *all* did not see the apparition is, because the door was so narrow they could not all approach it together. The first who knew it to be the apparition of the deceased was his half-brother, who on seeing it cried out, "There sits our John, with just such a coat on as I have"—in the lifetime of the deceased they usually wore clothed alike—"with a pen in his hand, and a book before him, and a coffin by him; I'll throw a stone at him." He was dissuaded from it, but did it, and doing it, said, "Take it," on which the apparition immediately disappeared, and left the church in a thick darkness for two or three minutes.

On examination before Colonel Broadrep, all the boys, being between nine and twelve years of age, agreed in the relation and all the circumstances, even to the hinges of the coffin; and the description of the coffin agreed to that wherein the deceased was buried.

One of the lads that saw the apparition was full twelve years old, and of that age a sober, sedate boy, who came to the school after the deceased had left it, about a fortnight before he died, ill of the stone, and in his lifetime had never seen him. He, on examination, gave an exact description of the person of the deceased, and took notice of one thing in the apparition which escaped the others, viz., a white cloth or rag which was bound round one of its hands. The woman who laid out the corpse in order to its interment deposed, on oath, that she took such a white cloth from the hand, it being put on it a week or four days before his death, his hand being lame.

The body was found in the fields at some distance, about a furlong beyond the mother's house, in an obscure place, taken up, and buried without a coroner, on the mother's saying the lad in his lifetime was subject to fits; but upon the apparition it was dug up, and the jury that sat on it brought in their verdict "Strangled." They were induced to do so on the oath of two women of good repute, who deposed that two days after the corpse was found they saw it, and discovered round its gullet a black list; and likewise of the joiner who put it into the coffin, for the shroud not being orderly put on the corpse, but cut in two pieces, one laid under and the other over it, gave him an opportunity of observing it. A surgeon was on the spot with the jury, but could not positively affirm that there was any dislocation of the neck.

Ghost at Kilncote.

[1790, *Part II.*, p. 521.]

If an account of the *very best ghost* which ever made its appearance in England be worthy of *reappearing* in your Magazine, I will raise it. It appeared for several years, but very seldom, only in the church-porch at Kilncote, in Leicestershire, and was discovered by a lady now living, and *then* the rector's wife.

N.B.—It was not a ghost that could appear *ad libitum*; sometimes it did not appear for four years. The lady determined to approach it; and the nearer she advanced, the more confident she was that the substance or shade of a human figure was before her.

P. T.

Instances of Maniacal Delusion Exemplified.

[1816, *Part I.*, pp. 599-602.]

MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ., AND LORD LYTTELTON.

The death of the celebrated and erudite Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, from the singularity of the circumstances attending it, cannot fail to live in the memory of those who have heard it. He professed to have been warned of his death, and the time thereof, as follows: About a week before he died, he said, he went to bed pretty well, but *restless*. Soon after his servant had left him, he heard a footstep at the bottom of his bed. He raised himself, in order to see what it could be, when one of the most angelic female figures that imagination could possibly paint presented itself before him, and *with a commanding voice and action*,\* bade him attend and *prepare himself*, for on such a night, and *at the hour of twelve*, he would surely die! He attempted to address the vision, but was unable; and the ghost vanished, and left him in a state more easily conceived than could be described. His valet found him in the morning more dead than alive; and it was some hours before his Lordship could be recovered sufficiently to send for his friends, to whom he thought it *necessary to communicate* this extraordinary circumstance. Mr. Miles Peter Andrews was one of the number sent for, being at that time one of his most intimate associates. Every person to whom Lord Lyttelton told the tale naturally turned it into ridicule, all knowing him to be *very nervous and superstitious*, and tried to make him believe it was a *dream*, as they certainly considered so themselves. Lord Lyttelton filled his house with company, and appeared to think as his friends would wish him. Mr. M. P. Andrews had business which called him to Dartford, and therefore soon took his leave, thinking Lord Lyttelton quite composed on this subject, so that his friend's dream dwelt so

\* Buonaparte's *Red Man* is said to have had an "*imperious and commanding tone*," which awed Count Molé. See vol. lxxxv., p. 123a. [See *post*, pp. 202-204.]

little on his imagination, that he did not even recollect the time when it was predicted that the event would take place. One night after he left Pitt Place, the residence of Lord Lyttelton, he supposed that he had been in bed half an hour, when, endeavouring to compose himself, suddenly his curtains were pulled open, and Lord Lyttelton appeared before him at his bedside, standing in his *robe de chambre* and night-cap. Mr. Andrews looked at him some time, and thought it so odd a freak of his friend, that he began to reproach him for his folly in coming down to Dartford Mills without notice, as he could find no accommodation. "However," said he, "I'll get up, and see what can be done." He turned to the other side of the bed and rang the bell, when Lord Lyttelton disappeared. Mr. Andrews's servant soon after entered, when his master inquired, "Where is Lord Lyttelton?" The servant, all astonishment, declared he had not seen anything of his Lordship since they left Pitt Place. "Pshaw! you fool!" replied Mr. Andrews; "he was here this moment at my bedside." The servant persisted that it was not possible. Mr. Andrews dressed himself, and, with the servants, searched every part of the house and garden; but no Lord was to be found. Still, Mr. Andrews could not help believing that Lord Lyttelton had played him this trick for his disbelief of the vision, till, about four o'clock the same day, an express arrived to inform him of Lord Lyttelton's death, and the manner of it, by a friend who was present, and gave the following particular account of it: That, on the morning before Lord Lyttelton died, he entered the breakfast-room between ten and eleven o'clock; appeared rather thoughtful, and did not answer any inquiries made by his friends respecting his health, etc. At dinner he seemed much better, and when the cloth was taken away, he exclaimed, "Richard's himself again!" But as night came on the gloom of the morning returned. However, as this was the predicted night of dissolution, his friends agreed that it would be right to alter the clocks and watches in the house. This was managed by the steward, without Lord Lyttelton suspecting anything of it; his own watch, which lay on his dressing-table, being altered by his valet. During the evening they got him into some pleasant discussions, in which he distinguished himself with peculiar wit and pleasantry. At *half after eleven*, as he conceived it, from the alteration of the clocks (but it was only eleven), he said he was tired, and would retire to bed; bid them a good-night, and left them all delighted with his calm appearance. During the day not the least hint was given by anyone to him of the dream; but of course, as soon as he had withdrawn, the conversation instantly turned upon it. The discourse continued till nearly twelve o'clock, when the door being hastily opened, Lord Lyttelton's valet entered, pale as death, crying out, "My Lord is dying!" His friends flew to his bedside, but he expired before they could all assemble round him! Lord Lyttelton's valet gave to them the following statement: "That

Lord Lyttelton made his usual preparations for bed ; that he kept every now and then looking at his watch ; that when he got into bed, he ordered his curtains to be closed at the foot. It was now within a minute or two of *twelve* by his watch ; he asked to look at mine, and seemed pleased to find it nearly keep time with his own. His Lordship then put them both to his ear, to satisfy himself if they went. When it was more than a quarter after twelve by our watches, he said, 'This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find,' When it was near the *real* hour of twelve, he said, 'Come, I'll wait no longer. Get me my medicine ; I'll take it, and try to *sleep* !' I just stepped into the dressing-room to prepare the physic, and had mixed it, when I thought I heard my Lord breathing very hard. I ran to him, and found him in the agonies of death." [See Note 34.]

[1816, *Part I.*, p. 599.]

An elderly man of the name of Williams, of the parish of Cury, whilst walking on the road, suddenly fell down, and expired. A remarkable circumstance connected with the above awful event is, that his daughter, who resides in Helston, dreamt on the preceding night that her father was dead ; and, on the arrival of a messenger to inform her of the melancholy tidings, she exclaimed, " I know your errand ; my father is dead !"

[Other instances are given, but not of any importance.]

### History of a Ghost, towards the latter end of the Reign of Lewis XIV.

[1808, *Part I.*, pp. 12-14.]

The reader may think as he pleases of this story ; thus much, however, is certain, that, at the time, it attracted universal attention, was everywhere believed, and even got into print ; and though some imposture was undoubtedly at bottom, yet at least it had this merit, that it was so nicely contrived as to render abortive all attempts to discover it, and even to elude all probable conjecture about it.

The little town of Salon, in Provence, which claims the honour of being the birth-place of the celebrated Nostradamus, was also, in April, 1697, the first scene of action to the present history. A spectre, which many people held to be no other than the spirit of Nostradamus, appeared to a private man of this town, and caused him no small trouble. It began its address to him by commanding him, on pain of death, to observe the most inviolable secrecy in regard of what he was about to deliver. This done, it ordered him to go to the Intendant of the province, and require, in its name, letters of recommendation, that should enable him, on his arrival at Versailles, to obtain a private audience of the King. "What thou art to say to the King," continued the apparition, "thou wilt not be informed of till the day of

thy being at court, when I shall appear to thee again, and give thee full instructions. But forget not that thy life depends upon the secrecy which I enjoin thee on what has passed between us, towards everyone, only not towards the Intendant." At these words the spirit vanished, leaving the poor man half dead with terror. Scarcely was he come a little to himself, than his wife entered the apartment where he was, perceived his uneasiness, and inquired after the cause. But the threat of the spectre was yet too much present to his mind, to let her draw a satisfactory answer from him. The repeated refusals of the husband did but serve to sharpen the curiosity of the wife; the poor man, for the sake of quietness, had at length the indiscretion to tell her all, even to the minutest particulars; and the moment he had finished his confession, paid for his weakness by the loss of his life. The wife, violently terrified at this unexpected catastrophe, persuaded herself, however, that what had happened to her husband might be merely the effect of an over-heated imagination, or some other accident; and thought it best, as well on her own account, as in regard to the memory of her deceased husband, to confide the secret of this event only to a few relations and intimate friends.

But another inhabitant of the town, having, shortly after, the same apparition, imparted the strange occurrence to his brother; and his imprudence was in like manner punished by a sudden death. And now, not only at Salon, but for more than twenty miles around, these two surprising deaths became the subject of general conversation.

The same ghost again appeared, after some days, to a farrier, who lived only at the distance of a couple of houses\* from the two that had so quickly died; and who, having learnt wisdom from the misfortune of his neighbours, did not delay one moment to repair to the Intendant. It cost him great trouble to get the private audience as ordered by the spectre, being treated by the magistrate as a person not right in the head. "I easily conceive, so please your Excellency," replied the farrier, who was a sensible man, and much respected as such at Salon, "that I must seem in your eyes to be playing an extremely ridiculous part; but if you would be pleased to order your sub-delegates to enter upon an examination into the hasty death of the two inhabitants of Salon, who received the same commission from the ghost as I, I flatter myself that your Excellency, before the week be out, will have me called."

In fact, François Michel, for that was the farrier's name, after information had been taken concerning the death of the two persons mentioned by him, was sent for again to the Intendant, who now listened to him with far greater attention than he had done before; then, giving him despatches to Mons. de Baobesieux, minister and secretary of state for Provence, and at the same time presenting him

\* Might not perhaps this circumstance, properly seized, have conduced to trace out the affair?



with money to defray his travelling expenses, wished him a happy journey.

The Intendant, fearing lest so young a minister as M. de Baobesieux might accuse him of too great credulity, and give occasion to the Court to make themselves merry at his expense, had inclosed with the despatches, not only the records of the examinations taken by his sub-delegates at Salon, but also added the certificate of the Lieutenant-General de Justice, which was attested and subscribed by all the officers of the department.

Michel arrived at Versailles, and was not a little perplexed about what he should say to the minister, as the spirit had not yet appeared to him again according to its promise. But in that very night the spectre threw open the curtains of his bed, bid him take courage, and dictated to him, word for word, what he was to deliver to the minister, and what to the King, and to them alone. "Many difficulties will be laid in thy way," added the ghost, "in obtaining this private audience; but beware of desisting from thy purpose, and of letting the secret be drawn from thee by the minister or by anyone else, as thou wouldst not fall dead upon the spot."

The minister, as may easily be imagined, did his utmost to worm out the mystery; but the farrier was firm, and kept silence, swore that his life was at stake, and at last concluded with these words: that he might not think that what he had to tell the King was all a mere farce, he need only mention to his Majesty, in his name, "that his Majesty, at the last hunting-party at Fontainebleau, had himself seen the spectre; that his horse took fright at it, and started aside; that his Majesty, as the apparition lasted only a moment, took it for a deception of sight, and therefore spoke of it to no one."

This last circumstance struck the minister; and he now thought it his duty to acquaint the King of the farrier's arrival at Versailles, and to give him an account of the wonderful tale he related. But how great was his surprise, when the Monarch, after a momentary silence, required to speak with the farrier in private, and that immediately!

What passed during this extraordinary interview never transpired. All that is known is, that the spirit-seer, after having staid three or four days at Court, publicly took leave of the King, by his own permission, as he was setting out for the chase.

It was even asserted, that the Duc de Duras, captain of the guard in waiting, was heard to say aloud on the occasion: "Sire, if your Majesty had not expressly ordered me to bring this man to your presence, I should never have done it, for most assuredly he is a fool!" The King answered, smiling: "Dear Duras, thus it is that men frequently judge falsely of their neighbour; he is a more sensible man than you and many others imagine."

This speech of the King's made a great impression. People exerted all their ingenuity, but in vain, to decipher the purport of the con-

ference between the farrier and the King and the minister Baobesieux. The vulgar, always credulous, and consequently fond of the marvelous, took it into their heads, that the imposts which had been laid on by reason of the long and burdensome war were the real motives of it, and drew from it happy omens of a speedy relief; but they, nevertheless, were continued till the peace.

The spirit-seer having thus taken leave of the King, returned to his province. He received money of the minister, and a strict command never to mention anything of the matter to any person, be he who he would. Roulet, one of the best artists of the time, drew and engraved the portrait of this farrier. Copies are still existing in several collections of prints in Paris. That which the writer of this piece has seen, represented the visage of a man from about thirty-five to forty years of age; an open countenance, rather pensive, and had what the French term *physionomie de caractère*. R——D.

### The Red Man.

[1815, *Part I.*, pp. 122, 123.]

I have sent you the following strange account of Buonaparte's interview with his Genius, as it has made its way into several public prints, with a view of inviting your enlightened and unprejudiced readers to a candid discussion of the probability of supernatural beings making their appearances to individuals, for the purpose of animating them in the performance of great exploits; for such, it must be allowed, Buonaparte has performed.

“After the retreat of the *ci-devant* Emperor Napoleon across the Rhine, and his return to his capital, a visible change was observed in his habits and his conduct. Instead of wearing the livery of woe for the discomfiture of his plans of ambition, and the loss of his second grand army, he dismissed his usual thoughtfulness. Smiles played on his lips, and cheerfulness sat on his brow. His manners became light and easy, and his conversation lively. Business seemed to have lost its charms for him; he sought for amusement and pleasure! Balls and entertainments succeeded each other; and the Parisians began to fancy that either Napoleon was certain of making an advantageous peace with the allies whenever he thought proper, or was convinced that his downfall was at hand, and therefore wished to spend the last weeks of his imperial dignity in enjoyment and ease. Another conscription had been ordered, and the legislative body had been dismissed; but these were signs of his existence, not of his activity. He remained buried in pleasure, whilst the invaders crossed the Rhine, and, rapidly approaching Paris, threatened to destroy at once his throne and the metropolis. On a sudden, his conduct experienced a second change; his face resumed its deep and habitual

thoughtful gloom ; his attention was engrossed by the cares due to his armies ; and every day witnessed new reviews of regiments in the Place of the Carrousel. Sleep could no longer seal his wakeful eyes ; and his wonted activity, in which no other mortal perhaps ever equalled him, was displayed with more energy than ever. All the time he could spare from his armies and his cabinet he bestowed on his state council. So striking an opposition between his present and his past conduct could not fail to excite a powerful agitation in the minds of the Parisians, and to make them strive to trace up a change so abrupt in the manners of their emperor to its true cause. Precisely at this time, to the still greater astonishment of the whole city, the report of an interview of Napoleon with his Genius, under the shape of a mysterious Red Man, transpired.

“The 1st of January, 1814, early in the morning, Napoleon shut himself up in his cabinet ; bidding Count Molé (then Counsellor of State, and since made Grand Judge of the Empire) to remain in the next room, and to hinder any person from troubling him whilst he was occupied in his cabinet. He looked more thoughtful than usual. He had not long retired to his study, when a tall man, dressed all in red, applied to Molé, pretending that he wanted to speak to the Emperor. He was answered that it was not possible. ‘I must speak to him,’ said he ; ‘go, and tell him that it is the Red Man who wants him, and he will admit me.’ Awed by the imperious and commanding tone of that strange personage, Molé obeyed reluctantly, and, trembling, executed his dangerous errand. ‘Let him in,’ said Buonaparte sternly.

“Prompted by curiosity, Molé listened at the door, and overheard the following curious conversation :

“The Red Man said, ‘This is my third appearance before you. The first we met was in Egypt, at the battle of the Pyramids. The second, after the battle of Wagram. I then granted you four years more, to terminate the conquest of Europe, or to make a general peace ; threatening you that, if you did not perform one of those two things, I would withdraw my protection from you. Now I am come, for the third and last time, to warn you that you have now but three months to complete the execution of your designs, or to comply with the proposals of peace offered you by the allies: if you do not achieve the one, or accede to the other, all will be over with you—so remember it well.’

“Napoleon then expostulated with him, to obtain more time, on the plea that it was impossible in so short a space to reconquer what he had lost, or to make peace on honourable terms.

“‘Do as you please,’ said the Red Man; ‘but my resolution is not to be shaken by entreaties, nor otherwise ; and I go.’

“He opened the door. The Emperor followed, entreating him, but to no purpose. The Red Man would not stop any longer ; he

went away, casting on his imperial majesty a contemptuous look, and repeating in a stern voice, 'Three months, no longer!'

"Napoleon made no reply, but his fiery eyes darted fury; and he returned sullenly into his cabinet, which he did not leave the whole day.

"Such were the reports that were spread in Paris three months before the fall of Napoleon Buonaparte, where they caused an unusual sensation, and created a belief that he had dealings with infernal spirits, and was bound to fulfil their will or perish. What is more remarkable is, that in three months the last wonderful events justified the Red Man's words completely; more unfortunate than Cæsar, or Henry IV. of France, these presages did but foretell his ruin, and not his death.

"Who the Red Man really was, has never been known; but that such a person obtained an interview with him seems to have been placed beyond a doubt. Even the French papers, when Buonaparte was deposed, recurred to the fact, and remarked that his mysterious visitant's prophetic threat had been accomplished."

Yours, etc., GULIELMUS.

### Ghosts and Horse-shoes.

[1813, *Part II.*, p. 431.]

As your Salopian correspondent is fond of tracing the hobgoblins of superstition to their holes, I should be glad if he could inform me of the origin of ghosts being laid in the Red Sea (or indeed of their being laid at all) and how they are *transported* there. I am told they deprecate the Red Sea particularly. I apprehend ghosts haunting their former habitation to have been a heathen notion, especially for want of the funeral rites. But Christian ghosts seem to come after hidden treasure, estates kept from the right owners by title-deeds mislaid, or in wrong hands, or to warn people of their death, and sometimes for no purpose at all to be developed. I should suppose the Romish priests have devised the ceremonies of exorcism and laying troublesome spirits, which Mr. Dovaston probably has seen, as I dare say he is much more versed in ancient lore than myself. If Mr. D. or any of your correspondents is in possession of such a *form*, it would be a bibliomaniac curiosity. Could the subject be investigated, I mean the power of disembodied spirits to return to their old habitations, either to be seen or heard, it might ease many weak minds who still suffer from the dread of such visits. But this is beyond the limits of *embodied* spirits to explore. To return to lesser points of superstition: "The horse-shoe nailed on the threshold, to prevent any witch from stepping over; and the unluckiness of walking under a ladder." Whence? I have no doubt Mr. D. will be ready to gratify a curiosity like his own. E.

**Instructions for Exorcising Evil Spirits.**

[1814, *Part I.*, pp. 217-219.]

If you have not already received a satisfactory answer to the letter signed E. in your magazine for November last, p. 431, you may possibly be inclined to give a place in your miscellany to the following imperfect conjectures and notices.

The vulgar notion that ghosts are laid in the Red Sea, I suspect to have arisen from that passage in the Book of Tobit, where the Evil Spirit is said to fly to the utmost parts of Egypt, and to be bound there;\* coupled with an idea that unclean spirits delight in dry places.† The former naturally led the vulgar to fix the place of banishment in Egypt; and the latter suggested the opinion, that the Red Sea must be a more painful prison than any the dry land could afford.

Mr. Brand's "Popular Antiquities"‡ will furnish E. with a formula for exorcising an haunted house; as will "Fuga Satanæ Exorcismus," with another for driving the unclean spirit out of a man. I must apprise him, however, that both these operations are matters of no little difficulty and labour, and require some time before the demon can be dislodged. Thus he will find that the priest is required to visit the haunted house every day for a whole week; and when he has at last driven the devil out, it is necessary to wash the house with holy water, from the top even to the bottom, and to secure the four corners of it by crosses, etc., lest he should enter again. The proper manner of doing this, he will find at length in Mr. Brand's book.

As the little tract, entitled "Fuga Satanæ Exorcismus"§ will not easily be met with, I shall extract from it a few of the most remarkable directions to the exorcist.

After various passages of Scripture have been read, prayers offered up, and commands delivered to the demon, which occupy seventy pages, the exorcist is instructed to ask the name of the demon, and whether he is one, or more, and to write it on a paper; but if he will not speak, or shall conceal his name, then the exorcist is to feign one

\* As Milton expresses it:

"Though with them better pleas'd  
Than Asmodeus with the fishie fume,  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse  
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound."—Book iv., line 167.

† A great deal of wit upon this subject may be seen in one of your former volumes, where the safety of toppers is inferred from the devil's delighting in dry places.

‡ See the new edition in quarto, vol. ii., p. 426.

§ The title, at length, is, "Fuga Satanæ Exorcismus, ex sacrarum litterarum fontibus, pioq; S. Ecclesiæ instituto exhaustus. Authore Petro Antonio Stampa, Sacerdote Clanenense. Cum Privilegio. Venetiis, M.DC.V. Apud Sebastianum de Combi." [See Note 35.]

for him,\* and to write it down.—He is likewise directed to ask the cause of the demon's troubling the possessed, and by whose authority he ought to be expelled, that is, by what exorcist, etc.†—If, after other questions, and various commands, conveyed in sentences from Holy Writ, the demon continues obstinate, the exorcist is to pronounce a solemn protest, taken from the 30th chapter of Isaiah, at the 12th verse.

All this, however, is supposed not to be sufficient ; for the readings, as before, are continued for fifteen pages more, when the possessed is said to be delivered.

Then follows the mode of burning the instruments of witchcraft, in a fire heightened with sulphur and pitch. These three, in a separate state, are first to be signed with the cross ; then the fire is to be blessed, and sprinkled with holy water ; after which the sulphur and pitch are to be cast into it ; and last of all the instruments ; various texts of Scripture being repeated during the operation.

Instructions for suffumigating the possessed are next given ; but the exorcist is told that it is to be exercised with caution, and very rarely, for this most excellent reason, “ne dum infirmis succurrere intendimus, eos graviori morbo afficiamus.”—If, however, it is found necessary to be done, the patient is so to be placed with respect to the fire before mentioned, that the smoke may ascend to his nostrils ; and this is to be continued as long as may be deemed expedient, whilst different texts are repeated.‡

The next rule gives the mode of burning the name and the image of the demon. The first of these operations is so curious, that I have given it at length. Your readers, Mr. Urban, who may have occasion to speak of, or to, the devil, may learn from this document to give him his proper title.

Fu✠ga nominis scripti, & imaginis Dæmonis combustio. § 20.

Si diabolus per os oppressi loquatur, scribe nomen eius si illud significauerit, sin autem vel loqui noluerit vel nomen celauerit, ei nomen ad libitum imponas, ex illis quæ dæmoni magis conveniunt, ex quibus exempli gratia aliqua hic tibi proponam.

Matt. xiii. Inimicus.

Inimicus homo hoc fecit.

Isa. xiv. Baculus.

Contrivit Dominus Baculum impiorum.

Ibidem. Virga.

Virgam dominantium.

\* This is further explained below, where a copy of the 20th section is given.

† He must be a weak demon indeed, and completely *felo de se*, if he gives a direct answer to these questions.

‡ As this smoke is to be composed of the fumes of sulphur and pitch, there seems to be sufficient reason for the caution which is recommended above. The origin of suffumigation will probably be found in note \*, in the preceding page.

- Luc. xi. Beelzebub.  
In Beelzebub principe dæmoniorum ejicit dæmonia.
- Act. xvi. Pytho.  
Factum est, etc., puellam quandam habentem spiritum Pytho-  
nem obuiare nobis, quæ quæstum magnum, etc.
- Apoc. xvii. Bestia.  
Bestia quam vidisti fuit, et non est, & ascensura est de abyssis,  
etc.
- Isa. xi. Aspis.  
Super foramine aspidis.
- Isa. xxvii. Serpens, & Serpens tortuosus.  
Super leuiathan serpentem vectem, & super leuiathan serpentem  
tortuosum.
- Apoc. xx. Draco.  
Et apprehendit Draconem serpentem antiquum, etc.
- Psa. xlviii. Inferus.  
Redimet animam meam de manu Inferi.
- Apoc. xx. Infernus et Mors.  
Et infernus, & mors missi sunt in stagnum ignis.
- Zach. ii. Aquilo.  
O, ò, fugite de terra Aquilonis, etc.
- Psa. ix. Insidiator & Raptor.  
Insidiatur, ut rapiat pauperem.
- Judith ix. Tob. xxvi. Superbus.  
Nec superbi ab initio placuerunt tibi. Et prudentia ejus per-  
cussit superbum.
- 1 Pet. v. Leo.  
Adversarius vester diabolus, tanquam Leo rugiens circuit quærens  
quem deuoret.
- Psa. lxxvii. Angelus malus.  
Misit, etc., & tribulationem immissiones per Angelos malos.
- 1 Reg. Spiritus nequam.  
Spiritus autem Domini recessit a Saul, & exagitabat eum spiritus  
nequam.
- Matt. x. Immundus.  
Dedit illis potestatem spirituum immundorum.
- 3 Reg. xxii. Mendax.  
Ero spiritus mendax in ore profetarum eius.
- Sap. ii. Diabolus.  
Inuidia autem diaboli mors.
- Matt. ix. Dæmones.  
In principe dæmoniorum ejicit dæmones:
- Deut. xxxii. Dæmonium.  
Immolauerunt dæmoniis.
- Job i. Satan.  
Affuit inter eos etiam Satan.

Matt. iv. Satanus.

Vade post me Satanus.

Et cartam in ignem projicias, & dum comburitur dicas aliquos versiculos ex superscriptis.

To the figure of the demon is to be added that of the witch employed by him in the witchcraft ; and both are to be cast into the fire together. In making the latter figure, a name must be added ; as "Pytho, Maleficus, Magus, Strigha, vel aliquod simile."

Then follow forms for blessing various things, as victuals, drink, candles, houses, etc. ; after which a cross, or crosses, must be placed in the house.

Another method of driving out a demon is now given : it consists in putting a stole upon the possessed, and tying it about his neck with three knots, in the form of a cross, pronouncing at each knot the name of one of the three persons in the Trinity. This operation is to bind the Old Serpent, and the loosing of the knots will free the patient from his power.

Such, Mr. Urban, are the Popish formularies : I have sought in vain for a Protestant one.

Mr. Selden says, that the Papists account for our having none possessed with devils in England, by affirming that "the Protestants the devil hath already, and the Papists are so holy that he dares not meddle with them."\* If this reason ever were assigned, it would serve equally well to account for our possessing no forms for exorcising.

Since the time of Selden, however, matters seem to have altered a little, for we all remember that George Lukins, of Bristol, was, not many years since, possessed by seven devils. He was, I presume, a Dissenter, as the ceremony of exorcising him was conducted by five ministers, who were not of the Established Church. It was owing, doubtless, to the want of a regular formulary, that the exorcism was conducted in such a manner as to tire out even the devils themselves, and to force them to cry out in a plaintive tone, Why do you not adjure ?

Yours, etc., R. R.

### Ghosts in Worcestershire.

[1855, *Part II.*, pp. 58, 59.]

Your readers will be surprised, more or less, according to their experience in such matters, to be informed that I have detected the following ghost-stories as still lingering in this county, in which, no doubt, they have been long current :—At Beoley, about half a century ago, the ghost of a reputed murderer managed to keep undisputed possession of a certain house, until a conclave of the clergy chained him to the bed of the Red Sea for fifty years. When that term was expired, the ghost reappeared, two or three years ago, and more than

\* Table Talk, Article *Devils*.



ever frightened the natives of the said house, slamming the doors, and racing through the ceilings. The inmates, however, took heart, and chased him, by stamping on the floor, from one room to another, under the impression that, could they once drive him to a trap-door opening into the cheese-room (for which, if the ghost happens to be a rat, he has a very natural *penchant*), he would disappear for a season. The beadle of the parish, who also combined with that office the scarcely less important one of pig-sticker, declared to the writer that he dared not go by the house now in the morning till the sun was up. (It was an ancient superstition that evil spirits flew away at cock-crowing.)

The Droitwich Canal, in passing through Salwarpe, is said to have cut off a slice of a large old half-timbered structure, supposed to have been formerly a mansion-house; and in revenge for this act of mutilation, the ghost of a former occupier revisits his old haunts, affrights the domestics, and may be seen on dark nights, with deprecatory aspect, to glide down the embankment, and suicidally commit himself to the waters below.

The Little Shelsey people will have it that the court-house in that parish is haunted, and that a Lady Lightfoot, who was said to have been imprisoned and murdered in the house, comes at night and drives a carriage and four fiery horses round some old rooms that are unoccupied, and that her ladyship's screams are sometimes heard over the whole court. She has likewise been seen to drive her team into the moat, when the whole disappeared, the water smoking like a furnace.

At Leigh a spectre known as "Old Coles" formerly appeared; and at dead of night, with *vis insana*, would drive a coach and four down a part of the road, dash over the great barn at Leigh Court, and then cool the fiery nostrils of his steeds in the waters of the Teme. Mr. Jabez Allies also records that this perturbed spirit was at length laid in a neighbouring pool by twelve parsons, at twelve at night, by the light of an inch of candle; and as he was not to rise again until the candle was quite burnt out, it was therefore thrown into the pool, and to make all sure, the pool was filled up;

"And peaceful ever after slept  
Old Coles's shade."

Many of the old manor-houses of Worcestershire have similar superstitions. At Huddington there is an avenue of trees called "Lady Winter's Walk," where the lady of Thomas Winter, who was obliged to conceal himself on account of the share he had in the Gunpowder Plot, was in the habit of awaiting her husband's further visits; and here the headless spectre of her ladyship is still seen occasionally pacing up and down beneath the sombre shade of these aged trees. A headless female also appears at Crowle Brook, by

which it would seem that the poor heart-broken lady sometimes extended her visits.

At Astwood Court, once the seat of the Culpepers, was an old oak table removed from the side of the wainscot in 1816, respecting which tradition declares that it bore the impress of the fingers of a lady ghost, who, probably tired of appearing to no purpose, at last struck the table in a rage, and vanished for ever. But the ghost was also in the habit of walking from the house to "the cloven pear-tree."

At Holt Castle it was not long ago believed by the servants that a mysterious lady in black occasionally walked at dead of night in a certain passage near to the attics; and likewise that the cellar had been occupied by an ill-favoured bird like a raven, which would sometimes pounce upon any person who ventured to approach a cask for drink, and having extinguished the candle with a horrid flapping of wings, would leave its victim prostrated with fright. A solution has been given to this legend, however, which would imply a little cunning selfishness on the part of the domestics who had the care of the ale and cider depôt.

Yours, etc., J. NOAKE.

[There are other narratives of apparitions and ghosts, but none of them appear worth reprinting. In the volume for 1752, pp. 173, 174, is an account of a voice being heard which foretold a death. In 1762, pp. 43, 81, is related the Cock-Lane Ghost and its exposure; the same year, p. 64, quotes one of Dr. Plot's narratives from his *History of Oxfordshire*; and p. 114 gives an account of an apparition in Kent. In 1768, p. 503, is a list of some prophecies from Sir Thomas Brown's *Miscellaneous Tracts*. In 1795, part i., p. 370, is a letter on "Modern Prophecies." In 1801, part ii., p. 1101, some particulars are given of Naylor's Ghost (see *ante*, pp. 185-190). In 1812, part ii., p. 11, an account is given of an apparition of huntsmen to a Mr. Barlow.]



*Customs of Foreign Countries.*





## CUSTOMS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

### Modes of Salutation.

[1820, *Part II.*, pp. 597-599.]

WHEN men salute each other in an amicable manner, it signifies little whether they move a particular part of the body, or practise a particular ceremony. In these actions there must exist different customs. Every nation imagines it employs the most reasonable ones; but all are equally simple, and none are to be treated as ridiculous.

The infinite number of ceremonies may be reduced to two kinds, to reverences or salutations, and to the touch of some part of the human body. To bend and prostrate one's self to express sentiments of respect, appears to be a natural notion; for terrified persons throw themselves on the earth, when they adore invisible beings. The affectionate touch of the person they salute is an expression of tenderness.

As nations decline from their ancient simplicity, much farce and grimace are introduced. Superstition, the manners of a people, and their situation, influence the modes of salutation, as may be observed from the instances we collect.

Modes of salutation have sometimes very different characters, and it is no uninteresting speculation to examine their shades. Many display a refinement of delicacy, while others are remarkable for their simplicity or for their sensibility. In general, however, they are frequently the same in the infancy of nations, and in more polished societies. Respect, humility, fear, and esteem are expressed much in a similar manner; for these are the natural consequences of the organization of the body.

The demonstrations become in time only empty civilities, which signify nothing; we shall notice what they were originally, without reflecting on what they are.

The Greenlanders laugh when they see an European uncover his head and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior.

The Islanders, near the Philippines, take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their face.

The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute.

Dampier says that at New Orleans they are satisfied in placing on their heads the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute.

Other salutations are very incommodious and painful ; it requires great practice to enable a man to be polite in an island situated in the Straights of the Sound. [Cornelis] Houtman tells us, they saluted him in this odd way : "They raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face."

The inhabitants of the Philippines bend their bodies very low, in placing their hands on their cheeks, and raising at the same time one foot in the air with the knee bent.

An Æthiopian takes the robe of another, and ties it about his own waist, so that he leaves his friend half naked. This custom of undressing on these occasions takes other forms ; sometimes men place themselves naked before the person whom they salute ; it is to show their humility, and that they are unworthy of appearing in his presence. This was practised before Sir Joseph Banks, when he received the visit of two female Otaheitans. Their innocent simplicity no doubt did not appear immodest in the eyes of the *Virtuoso*. Sometimes they only undress partially.

The Japanese only take off a slipper ; the people of Arracan, their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

The Grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing covered before the King, to show that they are not so much subjected to him as the rest of the nation.

The Negroes are lovers of ludicrous actions, and make all their ceremonies farcical ; the greater part pull their fingers till they crack. Snelgrave \* gives an odd representation of the embassy which the King of Dahomey sent to him. The ceremonies of salutation consisted in the most ridiculous contortions. When two negro Monarchs visit, they embrace in snapping three times the middle finger.

Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmena (says Athenæus) would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they breathed a vein, and presented for the beverage of their friend the blood as it issued.

The Franks tore hair from the head, and presented it to the person they saluted. The slave cut his hair and offered it to his master.

The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities ; they even calculate the number of their reverences. These are their most

[\* *A new account of some parts of Guinea and the slave-trade.* London, 1734, 8vo.]

remarkable postures: The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breast, and bow the head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth, in bending the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees, and bend the face to the earth; and this ceremony they repeat two or three times. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health? he answers, "Very well, thanks to your abundant felicity." If they would tell a man that he looks well, they say, "Prosperity is painted on your face;" or, "Your air announces your happiness." If you render them any service, they say, "My thanks should be immortal." If you praise them, they answer, "How shall I dare to persuade myself of what you say of me?" If you dine with them, they tell you at parting, "We have not treated you with sufficient distinction." The various titles they invent for each other, it would be impossible to translate.

It is to be observed, that all these answers are prescribed by the Chinese Ritual, or Academy of Compliments. There are determined the number of bows; the expressions to be employed; and the inclinations which are to be made to the right or left hand; the salutations of the master before the chair, where the stranger is to be seated, for he salutes it most profoundly, and wipes the dust away with the skirts of his robe; all these gestures, and other things, are noticed, even to the silent gestures by which you are entreated to enter the house. The lower class of people are equally nice in these punctilios; and ambassadors pass forty days in practising them before they are enabled to appear at court. A Tribunal of Ceremonies has been erected, and every day very odd decrees are issued, to which the Chinese most religiously submit.

The marks of honour are frequently arbitrary; to be seated, with us, is a mark of repose and familiarity; to stand up, that of respect. There are countries, however, in which princes will only be addressed by persons who are seated, and it is considered as a favour to be permitted to stand in their presence. This custom prevails in despotic countries; a despot cannot suffer, without disgust, the elevated figure of his subjects; he is pleased to bend their bodies with their genius; his presence must lay those who behold him prostrate on the earth; he desires no eagerness, no attention, he would only inspire terror. [See Note 36.]

W. R.

### On Funeral Ceremonies.

[1827, *Part I.*, pp. 300-302.]

There is perhaps no part of the history of human manners more singular than that which regards the funeral rites and memorials of barbarous and pagan nations. . . . Amidst the vast diversity which here crowd upon our observation, there are several customs which

seem reasonably traceable to those natural emotions and wishes which are excited by death in the minds of the survivors; to the poignancy of sorrow, and the warmth of affection; some owe their origin to an extravagant admiration of departed worth; in others we mark the strong influence of religious prejudice or philosophical theory, or perhaps the wanderings of imagination in the fields of poetical allegory. Sometimes also they furnish us with striking coincidences in opinion and practice between the most remote nations, which are either so general as to mark the wide operation of certain principles and passions, or so minute as to illustrate the original identity of nations, and the uniform preservation of ancient tradition. Lastly, there are some customs of this class so peculiar and extravagant, that it is extremely difficult to reduce them to any more satisfactory causes than man's vain and wanton caprice, or the senseless corruptions of rustic ignorance.

My present purpose is to throw into one view a few of the more remarkable of these phenomena.

(1) It is well known that the ancient Greeks and Romans attached the highest importance to the due performance of the obsequies of their departed friends, and that the souls of the unburied were believed to wander for the space of an hundred years upon the disconsolate banks of the Styx. The Hindoos also (who speak of a river of fire to be crossed by the disembodied spirit, and are accustomed to place a piece of money in the mouth of the corpse) declare that the souls of those who remain unburied wander as evil deities through the earth. In conformity with such prejudices, where the exequies could not be strictly performed, certain ceremonies by way of substitution were allowed. It is notorious, from the testimony of Horace and other writers, that three handfuls of soft earth thrown upon the body were considered effectual for this purpose; and we know that Andromache, in Virgil, raised an empty sepulchre to the memory of Hector. But similar customs are also observed in the remote kingdom of Tonquin. Father Marini\* relates that, "when any friend is dead, and his body is nowhere to be found, they write his name on a piece of board, and perform the same funeral solemnities to that representation of him, as if it were his real corpse."

In the third *Æneid*, v. 67, 68, particular ceremonies are specified, by which the souls of the dead were invited to the sepulchres, and made, as it were, inhabitants of them, "animamque sepulchro condimus." So in Ausonius, "voce ciere animas funeris instar habet." Now it is curious that, according to Father Tissanier's† account of Tonquin, a king of that country having made choice of a magnificent

[\* Giovanni Filippo de Marini, *Delle Missioni de' Padri della Compagnia di Gesu nella Provincia del Giappone, e particolarmente di quella di Tumbino* Roma, 1663, 4to; translated into French, Paris, 1666.]

[† *Relation du Voyage du P. J. Tissanier depuis la France jusqu'au Royaume de Tonquin.* Paris, 1663, 8vo.]



house for the reception of his father's soul, formally purchased it, and then after setting forth a rich repast, with four profound bows, he requested the spirit to accept of his new habitation. Accordingly, a statue, representing the soul, upon which the King's name was written, was conveyed thither with great pomp, and to conclude the ceremony, this palace, with all its costly furniture, was set fire to, and consumed. Another traveller relates, that the Japanese, upon a yearly festival, visit the tombs, where they have familiar intercourse with the dead, whom they invite to follow them back to the city. To this the souls consent, but, after two days' sojourn among the living, they are driven back to the tombs by a great shower of stones; for any further continuance of their visit would be esteemed highly unfortunate. In these practices we may readily trace a belief in the immortality and immateriality of the human soul, mingled with a confused notion of its partiality to the body, and its subserviency to human influence.

Another instance of extraordinary care bestowed upon the rites of burial may be found in the custom prevalent both in ancient Greece and modern Scotland, of preparing the shroud of a sick or aged person even long before the approach of death. Although this anxiety may not be very easily accounted for upon principles of reason, it may be acknowledged as the natural result of the affection of ignorant persons, attaching identity to the body instead of the soul. Hence also the custom common among pagan nations, of placing food beside the tombs of the deceased, which was in some cases carried so far, that provisions were let down by a pipe into the grave, and sometimes were even applied to the mouth of the dead person. An Ethiopian nation, according to Herodotus, preserved the bodies of their relations enclosed in coffins made of a sort of glass.

Strangely mingled with these marks of affection, are symptoms of a superstitious dread of the relics of the departed. The touch of a corpse was, and is now in many parts of the world, thought to impart a pollution which much time and ceremony alone could cleanse. The Kings of some countries were not allowed even to behold one, and the Pontifex Maximus of Rome was, according to Seneca,\* laid under the same restraint. The Hindoos, we are assured, consider carcasses as evil deities, and the bodies of those who die under an unfortunate constellation are carried out of the house, not by the door, but through a hole made in the wall, and the house is deserted for a considerable time. This last peculiar custom is, according to Kolbens, general among the Hottentots, who carry out a corpse through a hole in the back of the hut, for they imagine, he adds, that the dead are mischievously inclined to injure the cattle confined in the midst of the village. Lastly, the Kamschadales frequently desert the hut in which a relation has breathed his last, and carefully throw away all the clothes which he used in life. †

\* Marc. 15. † "History of Kamschatka, translated from the Russian," 1764.

When we consider the splendid obsequies and expensive mausolea so common in most ages and countries, the solicitude so generally manifested to ensure the rites of burial, and the frequent practice of deifying the departed, it may appear abstractly improbable that any nations are to be found by whom these marks of respect are neglected; yet instances of such disrespect are discoverable even in civilized regions. In Mexico, Mr. Bullock\* observed no memorials of the dead; neither monuments nor inscriptions appear to be in use. In Switzerland also, though funerals are conducted with becoming solemnity, no service is read over the grave. Among ruder nations may be perceived marks of a studied and even contemptuous disrespect. The ancient Troglodytæ, as Diodorus relates, were in the habit of covering the bodies of their relations with a shower of stones, accompanying this unceremonious treatment with peals of laughter.† Whether this point may be illustrated by the conduct of that people who were said to lament at every birth, and to rejoice at funerals, from an opinion of the misery of human life, it is difficult to say. The classical writer above cited, speaks also of an Ethiopian tribe who abandon their dead upon the coast, below low-water mark, from the express desire that they may become food for fishes. The inhabitants of Radack, an island in the Pacific Ocean, act, according to Captain Kotzebue, in a similar manner. Yet more strange is the usage of the Kamschadales, who regularly, we are told, deliver up their dead as food for dogs, and this not from intentional neglect, but because they think it a means of procuring fine dogs for their spirits in the other world, and that the evil powers, who are the authors of death, may be satisfied with seeing the bodies abandoned without the houses.‡

The Gaures or Guebres of the East are well known to abandon the remains of their friends, in uncovered enclosures, to the birds which live upon carrion. The same practice prevails in Tibet, where these receptacles have covered passages below to admit the beasts of prey: some bodies are thrown into a river, but burial is quite unknown. The inhabitants of the parts near the Pontus Euxinus were, we are told, in ancient times so monstrous, as to devour the bodies of their deceased parents; and the Balearic islanders used to cut them to pieces, and place the mutilated fragments in earthen pots.

It were endless, however, to enumerate the extravagancies with which the funeral rites of barbarous nations are replete. . . .

Yours, etc., A. R. C.

[\* *Six months' residence and travels in Mexico.* London, 1824, 8vo.]

† *Ibid.*, l. iii., c. 32.

‡ *Hist. Kams.*

## On the Scarabæus.

[1844, Part II., pp. 16-18.]

In every cabinet or museum of antiquities are to be seen numerous collections of stones, such as agate, cornelian, porphyry, basalt, etc., etc., which are worked into the shape of the scarabæus or beetle, and have often some engraving or device on the flat surface. They have been found in great abundance in Egypt, and occasionally amongst the vestiges and ruins of the ancient Etruscan cities, and are of different sizes and great variety of execution. Why this insect should have been selected so generally for an object of sculpture is by no means a clear point, and it may be a matter of some interest to inquire for what reason any consideration should have been attached to a creature of such comparative insignificance, and how far it may have been connected with the philosophy and mythology of the earliest nations of the world.

Lanzi, in his "Saggio di Lingua Etrusca" (p. 135, vol. i.), has these observations on this subject :

"We will now say a few words on the Scarabæus, which has served as a model for the form of a vast number of Etruscan sculptured stones.

"They are generally perforated with a hole lengthways, so that either they may be strung on a thread or small cord, and thus worn as amulets, or, by means of a rivet, they may be fixed or set, so as to serve the purpose of a ring or signet. This description of superstition is derived from Egypt, where the scarabæus was held by many as an object of divine worship,\* and was universally considered a symbol of the moon and the sun. It was likewise supposed to be emblematical of manly strength and vigour, from the received opinion that these insects were solely of the male species, and from thence were held as particularly adapted to form the subject of the ring or signet used by the military class. Thus, according to Plutarch, the scarabæus amongst fighting men was engraved on their signets.†

"The same custom seems to have passed over into Italy, either having been first adopted in Sicily, where the usages of Egypt prevailed from the earliest ages, or through the doctrines of Pythagoras, whose philosophy, being veiled in symbols, was copied from that of the Egyptians. There is every reason to suppose that the warriors of Italy held this same opinion respecting the scarabæus, since the figure of some hero was generally engraved on the flat surface of the stone, and it was probably not only considered as an amulet, but, from the

\* *Ægypti magna pars scarabæos inter numina colit.* Plin. "Nat. Hist." xxx., c. 30.

† *τοῖς δὲ μάχιμοις κάυθαρος ἦν γλυφῆ σφραγίδος.* "De Iside et Osiride," [sec. 10] p. 355.

image representing some person connected with religious veneration, it was classed and deposited amongst the household gods. Hence it follows, that, as the style of engraving in many instances is exceedingly rude and unfinished, it is to be supposed that these scarabæi were in use among the soldiery of the lower grades, since such as are more delicately executed are far less numerous."

The earliest mention in the Old Testament of religious worship rendered to any divinity connected with an insect occurs in the 1st chap. 2nd Book of Kings, 2nd and 3rd verses. "Ahaziah, King of Israel, having fallen through a lattice of his upper chamber, and having thus received some dangerous injury, sent to consult Beelzebub, the god of Ekron, to know whether he should recover of this disease." The name of this deity\* is translated in the Septuagint as "The God-Fly of the Ekronites,"† who were the inhabitants of a district belonging to the Philistines, situated near the Mediterranean, and originally allotted to the tribe of Judah. (Josh. chap. xv. ver. 45 and 46.)

Calmet says‡ (and the same opinions are found in Buxtorf's Chaldee Dictionary, *v.* the word "Baal"), that

"This deity was called the god of the flies, either because he defended the people from the flies (which were attracted in great numbers by the sacrifices), or because the idol represented a fly or beetle, and the figure of this insect was according to Pliny an object of adoration. The Egyptians, with whom this worship originated, were at a short distance from the country of the Philistines, and it is observed that there are beetles in the pictures of Isis, on which Pignorius§ has a comment. The author of the Book of Wisdom || (chap. xii. ver. 8, 23, and 24), having said that God sent flies and wasps to drive the Canaanites and Ammonites by degrees out of their country, adds, that God made those very things, to which they paid divine honours, the instruments of their punishment; they therefore adored flies and wasps. There are said to be medals and old seals on which flies and beetles are represented. Some authors are of opinion that the name Achor ¶ (as quoted by Pliny) being the god

\* Baal, Beel, or Bel, signifying "lord" or "master," and "zebub" or "zevuv," a fly.

† *Baal μυiάν θεόν 'Ακκαρών.*

‡ Vide Calmet's Dictionary, under the word "Beelzebub."

§ Pignorius Laurentius, of Padua, a canon of Treviso, died 1631. He wrote the "Mensa Isiaca" [Amstelodami, 1669, 4to], to illustrate Egyptian antiquities. Vide p. 43.

|| As Calmet evidently refers to the Vulgate, these verses are here given :

Wisdom xii. 8. *Ei misisti antecessores exercitûs tui vespas.*

Ver. 23. *Unde et illis, qui in vitâ suâ insensatè et injustè vixerunt, per hæc, quæ coluerunt, dedisti summa tormenta.*

Ver. 24. *Etenim in erroris viâ diutiùs erraverunt, Deos estimantes hæc, quæ in animalibus sunt supervacua.—Vulgate Version.*

¶ Cyreniaci Achorem Deum invocant, muscarum multitudine pestilentiam afferente, quæ protinus intereunt, cum litatum est illi Deo. Plin. "Nat. Hist.," l. x.,

invoked at Cyrene against flies, refers to Akron, the city where Beelzebub was worshipped."

According to this extract from Calmet it appears that winged insects, such as the fly, the wasp, and the beetle, were objects of worship amongst the Egyptians and the adjoining nations. It may further be observed, that one of the distinguishing marks on the calf, which was held to be the personification of the god Apis, was "the form of a beetle found under his tongue."\* Both Isis and Osiris, themselves the symbols of the moon and the sun, were likewise connected with the worship rendered to the cow, ox, or bull, into which figure Osiris was said to have passed by the doctrine of Metempsychosis. As therefore the scarabæus became thus identified with the mythology of Egypt, it may be supposed that it had some mystical allusion to the religious veneration so universally paid to an animal, whose authenticity, as a divine being, it essentially contributed to establish.

*Axminster.*

N. T. S.

#### On Ancient and Modern Customs.

[1828, Part II., pp. 301-303.]

So many traces of the ceremonies and usages of ancient nations still exist in the popular superstitions and manners of modern times, that an endeavour to point out their resemblance, and to describe some of the principal corresponding customs, may not be considered either useless or uninteresting. Among the Romans, especially, we find in various points so striking a similarity, as to leave no room for doubt that many of their usages have been transmitted to, and adopted by, later ages, with little or no alteration.

The ancients were accustomed to surround *places* struck by lightning with a wall: *things* were buried with mysterious ceremony. Persons killed in this manner were wrapped in a white sheet, and interred on the spot where they fell. Bodies scathed, and persons struck dead, were thought to be incorruptible, and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual honour on the man so distinguished by heaven. Bullenger† relates that the Curtian lake, and the Runcival fig-tree in the forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and, in commemoration of the event, a *puteal*, or altar, resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel, was erected over the cavity supposed to have been made by the thunderbolt.

Places or objects struck by lightning, remarks the historian Gibbon, were regarded by the ancients with pious horror, as singularly devoted

c. 40. Cyrene, here mentioned, was a city and province of Libya Pentapolitana, lying between the great Syrtes and the Mediterranean.

\* Further information may very probably be obtained from the work of Pignorius, from Bochart, "De Sacris Animalibus," and from the more recent discoveries in the drawings and hieroglyphics of Egypt. [See Note 37.]

† "De terræ motu et fulminibus," lib. v., cap. 11. Notes to "Childe Harold," Canto iv., stan. xli.

to the wrath of heaven. The fate of the Roman Emperor Carus, whose death was supposed to have been thus occasioned on his expedition to Persia, and an ancient oracle which declared the river Tigris to be the boundary of the Roman arms, so dismayed the legions, that they refused to continue the campaign, and required to be conducted immediately from a spot which had become distinguished by so fatal an event.\*

When a place was blasted by lightning, it was called *bidental*, and an atonement or expiatory sacrifice was offered of sheep two years old, called *bidentes*, from having at that age *two teeth* longer than the rest; and the spot was ever afterwards held sacred and inviolable. It was considered the height of profaneness and impiety to disturb the ground, or to venture within the consecrated precincts. Horace, in his "Art of Poetry," makes the following allusion to this custom:

"Utrum  
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental  
Moverit incestus."—470-472.

The term *bidental* was also applied to a *person* struck by lightning:

"Triste jaces lucis, evitandumque bidental."—*Persius* [ii. 27].

The eagle, the sea-calf, and the laurel, are mentioned by Pliny, in his "Natural History," as the most approved preservatives against the effects of lightning. "Aquila, vitulus Marinus, et laurus fulmine non feriuntur" (lib. ii., cap. 55). Jupiter chose the first, Augustus Cæsar the second, and Tiberius never failed to wear a wreath of the third when the sky threatened a thunder-storm. (Notes to "Childe Harold," Canto iv.). Lord Byron thus alludes to the ancient popular superstitions on the subject:

"The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust  
The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves:  
Nor was the ominous element unjust,  
For the true laurel-wreath which glory weaves  
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,  
And the false semblance but disgrac'd his brow;  
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,  
Know that the lightning sanctifies below  
Whate'er it strikes; yon head is doubly sacred now."

*Childe Harold*, Canto iv., xli.

A relic of the custom above referred to, of using imaginary preservatives against lightning, still exists in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and other Catholic countries. The branches of palm which are used in the religious processions on Palm Sunday, after having been blessed by the priests, are sent by the clergy to their friends, who fasten them to the bars of their balconies, to be, as they imagine, a protection from the effects of thunder and lightning.†

\* "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," chap. 12.

† See Don Leucadio Doblado's [pseud, *i.e.* J. B. White] "Letters from Spain," [London, 1822,] p. 249.

The ancients entertained the idea that omens furnished by lightning portended some approaching calamity. The shepherd Melibœus, in the first Eclogue of Virgil, thus introduces the prevailing notion :

“ Sæpe malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset,  
De cælo tactas meminî prædicere quercus :  
Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.”—*Ecl.* i., 16.\*

The brazen image of the celebrated Roman wolf, which suckled Romulus and Remus, having been struck by lightning, was held sacred by the Romans, and preserved with the greatest care and sanctity. Considerable doubts, however, exist amongst antiquaries as to the identity of the image; some contending that it was the one kept in the temple of Romulus, under the Palatine, alluded to by Livy in his history, and by Dionysius in his “Roman Antiquities;” and others affirming it to be the image mentioned by Cicero and the historian Dion as having suffered a similar accident. The various conflicting authorities on this question are collected and commented on with great learning and ingenuity in the notes to “Childe Harold,” Canto iv., stan. lxxxviii.

The ancients observed the custom of casting stones on the graves of persons who had suffered or inflicted upon themselves a violent death, and of performing the rites of sepulture on their unburied remains. Horace, in one of his Odes, represents the philosopher Archytas (the pupil of Plato), who perished in a shipwreck, imploring the charity of the passing sailor to consign his body to the grave :

“ At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ  
Ossibus et capiti inhumato  
Particulam dare.”—*Odes*, b. i., 28.

The antiquity of this custom appears, from Proverbs xxvi. 3, to be very great. Shakespeare, describing the death and interment of Ophelia, thus alludes to it, as generally practised at the burial of suicides :

“ For charitable prayers  
Shards, *flints and pebbles*, should be thrown on her ;  
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.”—*Hamlet*, Act v.

It is also the practice in Catholic countries, in modern times, for passengers to throw a stone in passing at the foot of the double cross which denotes an untimely grave. In Spain this is constantly seen at the monumental crosses erected in the highways to those who have perished by the hands of robbers. To this prevailing custom may also probably be traced the origin of cairns in Scotland and Wales.

R.

\* “ Bene hæc ad superstitionem talium hominum dicuntur,” observes a commentator on the passage above quoted, “ cum adversi aliquid iis accidit. De-buisse se hanc calamitatem prævidere ait *ex arboribus frequenter fulmine tactis, quod est inter ostenta.*”

[1828, *Part II.*, pp. 498-500.]

The ancient custom, to which I alluded in my last, of heaping stones on the graves of persons who had suffered an untimely death, still exists in Sweden, as appears by the following passage extracted from the work of an entertaining modern traveller :

“On passing through the forest of Kaaglar, on our way from the lake of Venern to Stockholm, we saw near the roadside several large heaps of stones, which, dropped by the pious hands of the passengers, point out the spot where the remains of some unfortunate traveller repose beneath the shade of the waving pines. This practice is very general in Sweden” (Captain de Capel Brooke’s “*Travels in Sweden and Norway in 1820*,” p. 22).

The custom of erecting crosses in conspicuous situations, as objects of devotion or as monuments of guilt, seems to be almost universal in continental and other foreign countries. Captain [Sir F. B.] Head, in his amusing “*Rough Notes*” [London 1826], taken amongst the Andes, relates that in his passage over the Great Cordillera, he saw on one of the highest summits a large wooden cross, which had been erected by two arrieros to commemorate the murder of their friend (p. 168). Lieutenant [Charles] Brand, in his recent work containing an account of his journey over the Andes on foot in the snow [London 1828], notices frequently the same circumstance. On the ascent to the Hospice of the Grand St. Bernard, several crosses stand near the roadside, as similar memorials. This custom is also observable on the banks of the Rhine, in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. Lord Byron thus alludes to its existence in the latter country, in his magnificent description of Cintra :

“And here and there, as up the crags you spring,  
Mark many rude-carv’d crosses near the path,  
Yet deem not these devotion’s offering,  
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath ;  
For wheresoe’er the shrieking victim hath  
Pour’d forth his blood beneath the assassin’s knife,  
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath,  
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife,  
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.”

*Childe Harold*, Canto i., xxi.

In all ages and in all countries of the world, mankind has appeared to feel and to express by external signs a deep and well-founded abhorrence of the crime of murder, whether committed by the deliberate hand of the suicide or the assassin. This feeling, implanted by Providence in the human breast, has no doubt given rise to and perpetuated the custom alluded to.

It was a well-known practice amongst the Roman soldiers, when they applauded a speech of their General, to strike their shields with their swords, as a testimony of their approbation. Of this we may read many instances in the works of Livy, and several of the ancient classic poets. Tacitus also relates that the Germans, who always



carried their arms with them, were accustomed, in their public assemblies and debates, to testify their approval or dislike of the harangues made to them, by striking their weapons together, if pleased, and, if the contrary, by loud murmurs and other tokens of displeasure. He adds, that the former was considered the most honourable proof of satisfaction, "*Ut turbæ placuit, considunt armati, nihil autem neque publicæ neque privatæ rei, nisi armati, agunt. Mox rex vel princeps, prout ætas cuique, prout nobilitas, prout decus bellorum, prout facundia est, audiuntur, auctoritate suadendi magis quam jubendi potestate. Si displicuit sententia, fremitu aspernantur, sin placuit, frameas concutiunt. Honoratissimum assensus genus est armis laudare*" (Germania, xi.). A similar custom is mentioned by the same author in his histories on occasion of the speech of Civilis (Lib. iv. 15).

The historian Gibbon, in his admirable "Summary of the Character and Manners of the Ancient Germans," abridged from the "Germania" of Tacitus, has thus referred to the foregoing passage: "If the orator did not give satisfaction to his auditors, it was their custom to signify, by a hollow murmur, their dislike of his counsels. But whenever a more popular speaker proposed to vindicate the meanest citizen from either foreign or domestic injury, whenever he called upon his countrymen to assert the national honour, or to pursue some enterprise full of danger and glory, *a loud clashing of shields and spears expressed the eager applause of the assembly.* For the Germans always met in arms, and it was to be dreaded, lest an irregular and uncontrolled multitude should use their arms to enforce as well as to declare their furious resolves."\*

Milton also alludes to this custom in his "Paradise Lost," when describing Satan's address to his legions, and their declaration of war against heaven:

"Highly they raged  
Against the Highest; and fierce with grasped arms  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance tow'ards the vault of heav'n."—Book i., 666-669.

Similar allusions are to be found in Shakespeare ("Coriolanus," Act i., sc. ix., and "Julius Cæsar," Act v.), and in other dramatic poets. Thus also Spenser, in his "Faery Queen":

"And *clash their shields* and shake their swords on high."  
Book i., Canto iv., st. 40.

The ancients were accustomed to suspend in their temples shields, with appropriate inscriptions, and many other votive offerings in honour of their divinities. In the "Æneid," Virgil represents his hero Æneas, in the narration of his adventures after the sacking of Troy, as thus alluding to the practice:

\* "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," chap. ix.

"Ære cavo clipeum, magni gestamen Abantis,  
Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo,  
Æneas hæc de Danais victoribus arma."\*

Book iii., 286-288.

Dædalus also, when he had finished his aerial voyage, and arrived in safety at Chalcis, is related by the same poet to have consecrated his wings to Apollo, and to have erected temples to that divinity, in commemoration of the event.

"Redditus his primum terris tibi Phœbe sacravit  
Remigium alarum, posuitque immania templa."

*Æneid*, vi. 18.

This custom of making votive offerings, as I have had occasion to remark in a former number, is still preserved in Catholic countries, as their various churches and places of worship amply testify. Amongst innumerable buildings of this description may be mentioned the Pantheon, which, though originally dedicated by the Romans to all the divinities of the heathen mythology, is now devoted solely to the service of the Virgin Mary; and its walls are accordingly hung round with presents which have been from time to time offered by her worshippers as tokens of gratitude, and as memorials of her miraculous interference in their behalf, in cases of shipwreck, sickness, and distress.—In the church of the Campo Santo, an extensive cemetery near Bologna, the chains of several Christian captives redeemed from slavery amongst the Turks and Algerines are suspended from the walls as propitiatory offerings, and to perpetuate the memory of their deliverance.—Washington Irving also, in his recent interesting "Life of Columbus," mentions that Columbus, on his return from his first voyage of discovery, went barefoot with his crew on a pilgrimage to the nearest shrine, in performance of a vow which he had made during a furious storm, and offered up several gifts to commemorate his gratitude and unexpected preservation. Pilgrimages of this kind were frequent in those days of early navigation, in which mariners were less able to avoid the dangers of the deep than at the present time, when numerous ingenious inventions and improvements have so greatly diminished the difficulties and perils attendant on long voyages. Hence we so often find, in works which treat of maritime adventures at the period referred to, constant allusions to these traces of ancient popular customs, and to the strong resemblance which existed between them. [See post, p. 227.] R.

### Roman Manners.

[1828, *Part I.*, p. 112.]

It will not surprise any person, who can estimate probabilities, to learn that the polite Romans, like ourselves, when it was not agree-

\* "*De clipeis votivis cum titulo inscripto inter donaria suspensis res nota*," observes the commentator on the passage above quoted.

able to them to receive visits, took the liberty of directing their servants to say, "Not at home." But it may be amusing to see a direct confirmation of the fact from an ancient author. This we find in a very neat and good-humoured epigram of Martial :

" Ne valeam, si non totis, Deciane, diebus  
 Et tecum totis noctibus esse velim :  
 Sed duo sunt quæ nos distinguunt millia passûm,  
 Quatuor hæc fiunt, cum rediturus eam.  
 Sæpe domi non es ; cum sis quoque, sæpe negaris ;  
 Vel tantum causis, vel tibi sæpe vacas.  
 Te tamen ut videam, duo millia non piget ire,  
 Ut te non videam, quatuor ire piget."—Book ii., Ep. 5.

Which I thus translate :

" So may I thrive, my Decius, as 'tis true  
 Whole days and nights I'd gladly pass with you,  
 But two long miles divide, which, told again,  
 Amount to four, when I return in vain.  
 Oft you are out, or if not out, denied,  
 By causes or by studies occupied.  
 Two miles to see you willingly I trudge,  
 But four to miss you, I confess, I grudge."

Yours, etc., NIL NOVI.

### Ancient Roman Customs.

[1827, Part I., pp. 307-309.]

The following observations on some of the ancient Roman customs may probably not be unacceptable to the readers of your agreeable and instructive miscellany.

The custom which prevailed amongst the ancients of making votive offerings to their favourite divinities, in order to procure themselves safe journeys by sea or land, or in token of their gratitude for preservation from some imminent danger, still exists in the Catholic countries of Europe, as the numerous churches and chapels in France, Spain, and Italy amply testify. [See ante, p. 226.] In the church at Boulogne, for example, several pictures and models of ships are suspended from the walls near the altar which have been presented as offerings to the Virgin Mary by the captains of French trading vessels belonging to the port. These paintings represent the various perilous situations in which the ships and their crews have been placed during their respective voyages, and the dangers from which they suppose themselves to have been miraculously delivered through her influence. We may here trace a strong resemblance to the custom of the ancient Romans on similar occasions, such as their preservation from storms and shipwrecks, when it was usual for the saved mariners to hang up in the temple of Neptune their dripping garments, or pictures, or some other token emblematic of the event, as grateful and propitiatory

offerings to that divinity. This custom is alluded to by Horace in the fifth Ode of his first Book :

“ Me *tabullâ sacer*  
*Votivâ* paries indicat *vidua*  
 Suspendisse potenti  
*Vestimenta* maris Deo.”—13-16.\*

The same practice prevailed amongst the ancient Greeks, as mentioned by Robinson in his “Archæologia Græca.”

Shipwrecked mariners were also formerly accustomed to carry about, and exhibit in public, painted representations of the calamities which had befallen them on the ocean, for the purpose of exciting the compassion and charity of their fellow-countrymen. Horace alludes to this custom in his “Art of Poetry :”

“ Fortasse cupressum  
 Scis simulare : quid hoc, si *fractis enatat expes*  
*Navibus*, ære dato qui *pingitur* ?”—19 20.†

Persius, in his “Satires,” has also referred to this practice :

“ Men’ moveat, quippe, et *cantet si naufragus, assem*  
 Protulerim ? *cantas, cum fractâ te in trabe pictum*  
*Ex humero portas.*”—Sat. i., 88-90.

Thus translated by Sir William Drummond in his version of Persius :

“ What should we give ? what alms ? if on *the shore,*  
*While round his neck the pictur’d storm he wore,*  
*The shipwreck’d sailor, destitute of aid,*  
*Sung as he begg’d, and jested as he pray’d ?”*

It was likewise customary amongst the Romans to have pictures drawn of certain events in their lives which they bound themselves by a *vow* to consecrate to the gods. Thus Horace, speaking of Lucilius, remarks :

“ *Votivâ* pateat veluti descripta *tabellâ*  
 Vita senis.”—Satires, Book ii., Sat. i., 33.

The gladiators were accustomed to suspend their arms in the temple of Hercules, their patron divinity :

“ Vejanus, *armis*  
*Herculis ad postem fixis*, latet abditus agro ;  
 Ne *populum* extremâ toties *exoret arenâ.*”

HORACE, Book i., Epist. i., 4-6.‡

\* In a note on the above passage is the following commentary, which illustrates and confirms the preceding observations : “Videmus autem *hodie* quosdam quoque pingere in tabulis suos casus, quos in mari passi sint, atque in fanis marinorum decorum ponere. Sunt autem qui *vestem* quoque ibi suspendunt, Diis eam consecrantes.”—Vet. Schol. B.

† “Notum est,” says a commentator on this passage, “*naufragos* ad commovendam populi misericordiam infortunium suum tabellâ depictum humeris circumgestasse.”

‡ “Gladiatores in tutelâ erant Hercules. Amphitheatres, vel sacella Hercules adjuncta, vel tota fuisse instar templorum Hercules. *Hic igitur figunt arma gladiatores.*”—Scholiast.

In order to explain the last line of the preceding quotation, it should be stated that, in the fights of the gladiators, when one of them wounded his antagonist, he shouted "Hoc habet," or "Habet," "*He has it.*" The wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and advancing *to the edge of the arena*,\* or stage of the amphitheatre, he supplicated the spectators. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain. A ceremony in some measure similar to this is observed at the Spanish bull-fights with respect to the slaughtering of the bulls by the matadores (see Hobhouse's notes on "Childe Harold," Canto iv. st. cxlii.) The raising or compression of the thumbs was, among the Romans, the usual method of expressing approbation or disapprobation:

"Fautor utroque tuum, laudabit pollice ludum."

HORACE, Book i., Epist. xviii., 66.

When the gladiators were dismissed from the stage, they were presented with a wooden foil called *rudis*, or the *foil of freedom*. Horace, speaking of himself as a worn-out gladiator, says, in his epistle to Mæcenas,

"Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,  
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo."

Book i., Epist. i., 2, 3.

The Romans were accustomed to hang up their arms in the temples of their divinities, especially in those of Jupiter Capitolinus and Mars:

"Denique sævam

Militiam puer, et Cantabrica bella tulisti

Sub duce, qui templis Parthorum signa refixit."

HORACE, Book i., Epist. xviii., 54-56.

"Tua, Cæsar, ætas

Fruges et agris retulit uberes;

Et signa nostra restituit Jovi,

Derepta Parthorum superbis

Postibus."—HORACE, Book iv., Ode xv., 4-8.

"Signa ego Funicis

Affixa delubris, et arma

Militibus sive cæde, dixit

Derepta vidi."—HORACE, Book iii., Ode v., 18-21. †

"Nunc arma, defunctumque bello

Barbiton hic paries habebit."

. . . . "Hic, hic ponite lucida

Funalia, et vectes, et arcus

Oppositis foribus minaces."

HORACE, Book iii., Ode xxvi., 2-7. ‡

\* The *arena* was so called because it was strewed with *sand*, to prevent its becoming slippery, and to absorb the blood of the combatants.

† Templo Martis Ultoris, ad eam rem condito, illata signa ista Punica."—Scholiast.

‡ "Notum est veteres, cum artem aliquam dimitterent, instrumenta ejus artis Deo, in cujus tutelâ fuerant, suspendere consuevisse. In superiore templorum parte, parieteqe australi, anathemata pendebant."—Scholiast.

“*Quamvis clypeo Trojano refixo\**  
*Tempora testatus, nihil ultra*  
*Nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atræ.”*

HORACE, Book i., Ode xxviii., 11-13.

Even in modern times it is customary to hang up in cathedrals and churches the flags, banners, and arms which have been captured from the enemy in the course of warfare as memorials and trophies of victory.

The sacred shields of the Romans were called *ancilia*, one of which, according to tradition, having been sent from heaven, was a token of empire being established at Rome; and, in order that it might not be stolen, Numa Pompilius caused eleven others to be forged exactly like it, and to be *kept in the temple of Mars*.

“*Marsus et Appulus,*  
*Anciliorum, nominis, et togæ*  
*Oblitus, æternaque Vestæ,*  
*Incolumi Jove, et urbe Româ.”*

HORACE, Book iii., Ode v., 9.

The Romans were also in the habit of presenting their manuscripts to their divinities, especially to the Palatine Apollo, whose temple was the Augustan repository for the writings and effigies of men of genius:

“*Beatus Fannius, ultro*  
*Delatis capsis et imagine.”*

HORACE, Book i., Sat. iv., 21, 22.

The Pantheon at Rome, so denominated from being dedicated to the Romans to *all* the divinities of the heathen mythology, contained their statues, busts, and other ornaments of sculpture which were considered sacred. It has since been made the receptacle for the busts of distinguished men of modern times. This temple passed with little alteration from the pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church. (See Forsyth's "Letters on Italy;" Lord Byron's "Childe Harold," Canto iv., st. exlvi., etc.; and Hobhouse's "Notes.")

The Romans also placed in their temples statues of the various animals and objects connected by tradition or otherwise with the foundation of their city. The celebrated images of the wolf which suckled Romulus and Remus were kept, one in the temple of Romulus under the Palatine, and the other in the Capitol. The buildings of modern Sienna abound with images of the Roman wolf.

The Roman matrons were accustomed to carry their sick infants to the temple of Romulus, and, after the worship of the founder of Rome was abandoned, to the church of St. Theodore, erected on its site. The practice is continued to this day. L. R. F.

\* Subintell, "*à templo*."

## An Etruscan Marriage: the Game of Pentalitha.

[1804, *Part I.*, p. 121.]

The plate which accompanies this is from the "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," copied from the Memoirs of the Etruscan Academy of Cortona, and explained by General Vallancey to represent a marriage. In the front is a sorceress casting the five stones. The writer of the memoir justly thinks she is *divining*: the figure exactly corresponds with the first and principal cast of the Irish *purin*; all five are cast up, and the first catch is on the back of the hand: on the back of the hand stands one, and the remaining four on the ground opposite. The sorceress is the matron attentive to the success of the cast. In the royal edition of the "Antichi Monumenti di Erculano,"\* vol. ii., is the copy of another marriage, and by the same hand Alexandros Athanaïos.† The attitudes of the figures differ from the former, and the sorceress is casting five small bones; one is on the back of the hand, two in the action of falling, and two on the ground (pl. iii.). The author informs us the Etruscans named this kind of divination "Alleosso," and "Talloni;" in the Ail-asse stones of divination, *Tall-on* or *Dall-on* has the same meaning. This had dwindled into a game with the Grecian women, and a description of it by Julius Pollux in his "Onomasticon," under the name of "Pentalitha;" but from Valerius we may learn it was a species of divination. No marriage ceremony was performed without consulting the Druidess and her Purin.‡ Now without following the train of deduction from Irish to Grecian customs, or affirming that the suitors of Penelope amusing themselves with playing  $\pi\epsilon\sigma\sigma\alpha\iota$  before the door of the house, or rather in the porch, merely to kill the time, had the smallest reference to marriage ceremonies, the other antient painting here referred to is engraved in your vol. xlvii., p. 216,§ and represents perhaps the game of pentalitha, played by five young *females*, one of whom *joins hands* with a woman, who in the Etruscan painting appears to be a *man*, and therefore suggested the idea of a *marriage*.|| Your correspondent [see note 38] mistakes when he says two of the names of the ladies point to one person, for each has her distinct name. Leto, Niobe, and Phœbe belong to the three standing; Aglaïa and Ilcïaria to the two sitting figures; all of them nearly of an age; so that it

\* See it also in David's "Antiq. de Herculaneum," vol. i., plate iii.

† We are not told the name of the painter of the foregoing.

‡ Valerius Maximus, ii. 1, says: "Nuptiis etiam auspices interponuntur." Juvenal, *Sat.* x., 336, has: "Venient cum signatoribus auspices." "Auspices solebant nuptiis interesse"—Juvenal, *Sat.* xi., 330. [This last quotation is not in Juvenal.]

§ See also vol. xxix., p. 583.

|| There was a painting by Polycletus of two children playing at this game; and by Polygnotus at Delphi of the two daughters of Pandarus crowned with flowers, and playing  $\alpha\sigma\tau\rho\alpha\gamma\alpha\lambda\omicron\iota\varsigma$ .—Pausan. *Phoc.*, c. 30. [See Smith's *Class. Dict.*, s. v. "astragalus."]

would be difficult to find a witch among them, if witches were old and ugly. Pollux expressly calls *πενταλιθος* a woman's game; five little stones, pebbles, or bones were thrown up in the air from the palm of the hand and caught on the back, and those which missed were picked up off the ground as here. But where once a favourite hypothesis occupies a writer's mind, it bewitches him, and vague conjecture is supported by vague citation as in the instance before us.

G. G.

### Wedding the Adriatic.

[1764, *p.* 483.]

The most ridiculous, though perhaps the most pompous, show in the world is that of the annual ceremony of the Doge's marrying the sea. It is said to have taken its rise from a grant of Pope Alexander III., who, as a reward for the zeal of the inhabitants in his restoration to the Papal chair, gave them power over the Adriatic ocean, as a man hath power over his wife; in memory of which the chief magistrate annually throws a ring into it, with these words: "Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum perpetui dominii"—"We espouse thee, O Sea, in testimony of our perpetual dominion over thee."

[1784, *Part II.*, *p.* 625.]

*Venice, June 10*: The ceremony of wedding the Adriatic was the most magnificent ever seen here in the course of the present century; there were more than a hundred gondolas on the water on this occasion, which, with the men-of-war, etc., made a most splendid appearance.

[1824, *Part II.*, *pp.* 344, 345.]

Among the festivals of Venice may be numbered the celebrated Marriage of the Sea, which is thus described: "Its numerous festivals rendered Venice one of the most interesting cities in the universe. Amongst others, there were those of Santa Marta, San Rocco, il Redentore, la Saluta, San Marco, Corpus Domini, and the Assunzione; on the latter of which days the Doge used to go to Lido, a small island two miles from Venice, near the entrance of the Adriatic, for the purpose of espousing that sea, in the Bucentoro, a vessel somewhat resembling the ancient Greek and Roman galleys. It was richly carved, and covered with fine gold in basso relievo, lined with the richest crimson silk-velvet, trimmed with gold fringe and tassels, and furnished in the most elegant and costly manner, with beautiful Venetian mirrors, crystal-cut ornaments, large pier-glass windows, with Venetian blinds and crimson silk curtains. It used to be towed out by a number of the barcajouoli, richly dressed in the ancient Venetian costume, with caps and sashes of different colours, all bear-



ing the Doge's livery. The Doge was habited in his ducal robes, his coronet, and the other insignia of his high office. The whole body of the senators, with their wives and families, magnificently attired, joined the procession in gondolas, together with all the foreign ministers, and often a hundred thousand persons, coming not only from the Terra Firma, but from the extremity of Italy, and even of Europe; so that the water, from the ducal palace of the Piazzetta to Lido, was actually covered with boats, filled with youth and beauty, in all their most seductive shapes and appearances, forming an entire carpet of boats of all descriptions; besides peottis, in the shape of ancient temples and triumphal cars, representing the courts of Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, together with Neptune, and the rest of the marine deities; so that it was scarcely possible to discover a foot of water. The ceremony was called the 'Marriage of the Sea.' The Doge, on his arrival at the mouth of the harbour, came on deck, and, being surrounded by the Senate, he took from his finger a gold ring, and, throwing it into the sea, he pronounced these words: 'Desponsamus te, Mare! in signum veri perpetuæ dominii;' that is, 'We espouse thee, O Sea! in token of real and perpetual dominion.' The Doge and Senate then returned in the same order to the ducal palace, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared, consisting of all the delicacies of the season; and at the close of which each senator was presented with a large tray, or basket, filled with the choicest fruits and sweetmeats, to take home to his family. This was indeed a day of festivity and triumph for the Venetians, and turned out highly lucrative to all classes of the inhabitants." [Whittaker's *Venice under France and Austria*, 1824.]

### The Bite of the Tarantula.

[1753, pp. 433, 434.]

According to your desire I send you an account of the effect the bite of a tarantula has upon the human body. I shall only give a distinct detail of all the circumstances that I have seen, having once been instrumental at the cure of a poor plowman that was bit by that insect. I'll not undertake to give you any account of the tarantula itself, being sure you are perfectly well acquainted with it. I shall only tell you what has happened in my country at a small village called La Torre della Annunziata, about ten miles from Naples, where I was at the time the affair I am going to relate happened.

It was in the month of October, a season of the year when all the students in Naples that have any relations in the country have leave to visit them. I was one of those that enjoyed the privilege of visiting the place of my nativity, and as I was then studying music in the college of Naples, generally (whenever I went into the country) brought my violin with me.

It happened one day that a poor man was taken ill in the street, and it was soon known to be the effect of the tarantula, because the country people have some undoubted signs to know it, and particularly (they say) that the tarantula bites on the tip or under lip of one's ear, because the tarantula bites one when sleeping on the ground; and the wounded part becomes black, which happens three days after one is bit, exactly at the hour of the hurt received; and they further assert, that if no one was to undertake to cure him he would feel the effect of it every day at the same hour for the space of three or four hours, till it would throw him into such madness as to destroy him in about a month's time; some (they say) have lived three months after they have been bit; but the latter I cannot believe, because it never happens that any man is suffered to die by such distemper, the priest of the parish being obliged to play on the fiddle in order to cure them; and it has not been known, in the memory of man, that any one is dead of it; but to proceed.

A poor man was taken ill in a street (as I said before), and as the priest was out of the way, several gentlemen begg'd of me to play for that poor fellow. I could not help going, without offending a number of friends. When I was there, I saw a man stretched on the ground, who seem'd as if he was just a-going to expire. The people at the sight of me cried out, "Play—play the tarantella!" (which is a tune made use of on such occasions). It happen'd that I had never heard that tune, consequently couldn't play it. I asked what sort of tune it was. They answer'd that it was a kind of jigg. I try'd several jiggs, but to no purpose, for the man was as motionless as before. The people still called out for the tarantella. I told them I could not play it, but if any would sing it, I would learn it immediately. An old woman presented herself to me to do the good office, who sung it in such an unintelligible sound of voice, that I could not form an idea of it. But another woman came, and helped me to learn it, which I did in about ten minutes' time, being a short one. But you must observe that while I was a learning the tune, and happened to feel the strain of the first two bars, the man began to move accordingly, and got up as quick as lightning, and seem'd as if he had been awaken'd by some frightful vision, and wildly star'd about, still moving every joint of his body; but as I had not as yet learn'd the whole tune, I left off playing, not thinking that it would have any effect on the man. But the instant I left off playing, the man fell down, and cried out very loud, and distorted his face, legs, arms, and any other part of his body, scraped the earth with his hands, and was in such contortions that clearly indicated him to be in miserable agonies. I was frighted out of my wits, and made all the haste I could to learn the rest of the tune; which done, I play'd near him—I mean about four yards from him. The instant he heard me, he rose up as he did before, and danced as hard as any man could do. His dancing was

very wild—he kept a perfect time in the dance, but had neither rules nor manners, only jumped, and runned, to and from, made very comical postures, something like the Chinese dances we have sometimes seen on the stage, and otherwise everything was very wild of what he did. He sweated all over, and then the people cried out, “Faster! faster!” meaning that I should give a quicker motion to the tune, which I did so quick, that I could hardly keep up playing, and the man still danced in time. I was very much fatigued, and though I had several persons behind me, some drying the sweat from my face, others blowing with a fan to keep me cool (for it was about two o’clock in the afternoon), others distancing the people, that they might not throng about me, and yet notwithstanding all this, I suffered a long patience to keep up such long time, for I played (without exaggeration) above two hours, without the least interval.

When the man had danced about an hour, the people gave him a naked sword, which he applied with the point in the palm of his hands, and made the sword jump from one hand into the other, which sword he held in equilibrium, and he kept still dancing.—The people knew he wanted a sword, because a little before he got it he scratched his hands very hard, as if he would tear the flesh from them.

When he had well pricked his hands, he got hold of the sword by the handle, and pricked also the upper part of his feet, and in about five minutes’ time his hands and feet bled in great abundance. He continued to use the sword for about a quarter of an hour, sometimes pricking his hands and sometimes his feet, with little or no intermission; and he threw it away, and kept on dancing.

When he was quite spent with fatigue, his motion began to grow slower; but the people begg’d of me to keep up the same time, and as he could not dance accordingly, he only moved his body and kept time; at last, after two hours’ dancing, fell down quite motionless, and I gave over playing. The people took him up, and carried him into a house, and put him into a large tub of tepid water, and a surgeon bled him. While he was a-bathing, he was let blood in both his hands and feet, and they took from him a great quantity of blood. After they had tyed up the orifices, put him in a bed, and gave him a cordial, which they forced down, because the man kept his teeth very close. About 5 minutes after, he sweated a great deal, and fell asleep, which he did for five or six hours. When he awakened, was perfectly well, only weak for the great loss of blood he had sustained, and four days after, he was entirely recover’d; for I saw him walk in the streets, and what is remarkable, that he hardly remembered anything of what was happened to him. He never felt any other pains since, nor any one does, except they are bit again by the tarantula.

This is what I know of the tarantula, which I hope will satisfy your curiosity; and as you are a great philosopher, may philosophy as you please. I need not make any apology for my bad writing; you

must excuse it, considering that it was only to obey your commands :  
if you have any other, you may dispose of,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

STEPHEN STORAGE.

[1754, pp. 69, 70.]

The effects of the bite of the tarantula, and the cure of them by music, are so wonderful that many have doubted whether the accounts of them were true. They have, indeed, for the most part been related in general terms, and therefore, as they have wanted the circumstances necessary to distinguish them as different facts, they have not often been confirmed by the force of concurrent testimony ; for this reason I was much pleased with the account printed from the letter of an Italian gentleman in your magazine (see vol. xxiii., p. 433), in which particular circumstances are preserved. As a supplement to that account I send you two others, which appear to be signally authentic, though they are more extraordinary, the disease being such as music has not been reported to cure. They are extracted from the history of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris.

A gentleman whose profession was music, and who excelled both in manual performance and composition, was seized with a fever, which on the seventh day brought on a delirium, attended not only with perpetual wakefulness, but such inquietude and horror that he frequently shrieked aloud, lamented himself in the most passionate exclamations, and wept in an agony of distress. On the third day of his delirium, whether he was prompted by that instinct which directs irrational animals to eat such herbs when they are sick as are best adapted to cure them, or whether merely by a sense of misery and a desire of that which had been used to please him, he requested of his physician that he might be permitted to have a little concert in his chamber. This request, after much consideration, and not without some reluctance, was granted ; before the first strain was played his countenance became placid and serene, his eyes, which had been haggard and wild, overflowed with tears of joy, his whole demeanour was gentle and composed, and his fever itself was suspended. This, however, was only a temporary relief, for the moment the music ceased all his disorders returned with the same violence as before ; the remedy was again supplied with equal success, and music was found to be so necessary that his kinswoman who sat up with him was not only obliged to sing, but to dance. It happened that he was one night left alone with his nurse, who could no otherwise gratify his desire of music than by singing a despicable ballad, which was not, however, totally without effect ; by degrees the relief which he obtained by the repetition of so uncommon a remedy became more lasting, his intervals were longer, and his paroxysms less violent ; and in about

ten days he was perfectly cured, without any assistance either from surgery or physic, except that, having been before blooded in the foot, the operation was once repeated.

A dancing-master of Alais, in Languedoc, having suffered excessive fatigue during the Carnival in 1708, was seized with a fever in the beginning of Lent, and on the fifth day fell into a lethargy; the lethargy, which lasted a considerable time, was succeeded by a violent delirium, in which, though he did not speak, yet all his gestures were furious and menacing; he made continual efforts to get out of bed, and refused all medicines by the most expressive signs of rage and abhorrence. M. Mandajor, a gentleman of probity and understanding who relates the case, conceived a sudden thought that music might possibly contribute to soothe an imagination over which reason had lost its power; he therefore proposed it to the physician, who did not disapprove the experiment, but would not venture to advise it, lest it should expose him to ridicule, especially if the patient, of whose life he despaired, should happen to die during the application of so strange a remedy. A friend who was present at this consultation, and had no medical reputation to lose, immediately caught up a violin and began to play; the people, who were with all their force holding the patient in bed, thought the musician the maddest of the two, and finding he would not desist, began to resent his behaviour with opprobrious language; the patient, however, instantly started up, as if he had been agreeably surprised by the sound, and used all his efforts to keep time with his arms and his body; and tho' he was held with so much force that he could scarce move, yet he continued his attempts, which still corresponded with the music, and he signified his pleasure by the motion of his head. This was at length perceived by those who held him, who, remitting their grasp by degrees, suffered him to produce the motions that he attempted, and having regularly continued them about twenty minutes, he fell into a deep sleep, from which he awaked without the return of any dangerous symptom, and soon after perfectly recovered.

A. Z.

### Cross Day at Corfu.

[1822, Part I., pp. 485 486.]

Having received a letter from my young correspondent at Malta, after his arrival from Corfu, I send you some extracts.

"The 3rd of May. This day is termed *Cross Day*, as I was told by one of the attendants who could speak a little English. About five o'clock all the bells in Valetta and elsewhere began to make the most horrid jingling I ever heard. A procession of the priests, etc., went through the streets. About this time the Maltese were ready to receive them on their knees, repeating some prayer as they passed by them. I will endeavour to describe the procession: first came four or five

shabby fellows with drums and a fife, and then after them about a hundred priests of the lower order, dressed in black gowns, with a white cross on their left breasts, with black masks on, and long wax candles lighted, and a number of little boys and girls continually running through the ranks to catch the wax as it fell, thinking it a remedy for all evils; then came a statue of a knight on a pedestal, borne by four men in black (which was intended to represent our Saviour); then the priests of higher order than the former, consisting of the same number as before, with black gowns and candles, but no masks, some with two crosses on their breasts, and a large silver cross like that which knights of Malta used formerly to wear; then came others carrying a sort of lanterns on long poles, and some singers who preceded a number of them, bearing an immense large cross, mounted on a pedestal of beautiful white marble; the cross was of polished wood, elegantly bound and inlaid with gold and silver; then followed a number of canons, or, I believe, bishops, who were dressed in black silk gowns, with beautiful worked muslin round their waists, and ruffles with muslin sleeves, and a band of music consisting of a dozen men, three little children dressed like angels with wings, and one like Julius Cæsar (but I cannot say whom he was to represent), and a number of young priests dressed in white with lighted candles, chanting hymns as they went along, in which the people every now and then joined chorus; and, lastly, two little boys dressed in white, with black sleeves, who scattered incense before a canopy borne by six men, under which were three gentlemen of the Catholic Church. I could not very well distinguish their dresses, but they appeared to me to be dressed like the heralds that proclaimed the King's coronation. The middle one carried a small wafer or cake, which, having been consecrated by the bishop, is supposed to represent the Saviour, and is enclosed in a gold or silver box, which is called the Host: as this passed by the people all knelt down. The multitude that followed was very great, all eager to touch the person who carried the Host, and repeated some prayer. The principal thing they carried was the statue representing the Virgin Mary, dressed in a silk gown, with a child in her arms and a handful of flowers."

### Cries of Paris in the Thirteenth Century.

[1826, *Part II.*, pp. 387-389.]

As many of your readers are, like myself, fond of investigating the habits and usages of former times, not only those which more particularly partake of a public and general nature, but also those which relate to the private economy, the food, the clothing, and the everyday mode of life of our ancestors—to such I may be allowed to hope the following notice of some of the principal "cries" in the streets of Paris in the thirteenth century will not prove uninteresting. Had they been of

London instead of its rival capital they would have possessed for us a far greater degree of value, and would long ago have received a full illustration from some one of the eminent antiquaries whose names are so thickly scattered over the volumes of your well-known miscellany. Still they have many claims to our attention as Englishmen, for no one acquainted with our early domestic history can be ignorant of the great similarity between the customs of the two nations, examples demonstrative of which are continually recurring in the phrases and words of our more ancient writers. This piece, containing the above "cries," is published in Meon's edition of "Barbazan Fabliaux," [1823] and consists of near two hundred lines, composed in the latter half of the 13th century by one Guillaume de la Villeneuve. The subject, as is immediately perceived, is not one propitious to the graces of poetry, but the curious details, however, afford far more satisfaction than many of the more polished but exceptionable compositions in the same collection. Add to this, the author, from his own confession, is weighed down by that nightmare of genius, poverty, which forces him to compose this "Dit." So oppressed is he, that he knows not where to turn, or what to do; the fickle goddess Fortune, of whom Chaucer observes almost in the very words of Guillaume,\*

"——— When that a wight is from her whele ythrowe,  
Than laugheth she, and maketh him the mowe,"

has deserted only to deride him.

As the articles enumerated in the poem are in no particular order, I will first collect together those of a similar nature, and then notice the more miscellaneous ones.

Of fish, white meats, and condiments, he specifies fresh and powdered or salted herrings; whittings; Champagne and Brie cheeses, still, I believe, celebrated in France; fresh butter, eggs, milk, nut-oil, different vinegars, vinegar mixed with mustard, verjuice, pepper, anise, used for seasoning cake or bread.

Of vegetables—turnips, leeks, watercresses, fresh lettuce, garlic, onions, peas in the husk, new beans, chervell, mushrooms, chives, hot mashed peas and hot beans, pounded wheat, *gruel*, and *furmenty* (*forment*).

The last of these was not exactly what we understand by *furmenty*, which in former days (and I believe in some parts of the country is still) was a portion of wheat grains, softened and boiled with milk, spices, sugar, raisins, etc.; but the wheat, dried, cleansed, and broken into coarse grits, was used for thickening soups or porridge. The *gruel* was barley pilled, and in the state we now use it for culinary purposes. *Grudum* in Low Latin, and *gru* in Romane French, is the appellation for barley, and hence is derived the name given to the

\* Fortune m'a mis en sa roë,  
Chacun me gabe et fet la moë.

prepared grain as above. The same term was also sometimes applied to a like preparation of oats, and is familiar to our language in "gruel," a sort of thin porridge made of oatmeal.

Of fruits—peaches, apples, cherries, pears of Hastiveau and Chailou, the latter a famous species, noticed in the "Roman de la Rose," and doubtless is the fruit intended by Chaucer, although the corrupted expression Caleweis is in the text of his translation; lote berries, the fruit of the lotus rhamnus; sloes, still gathered by our country people and stewed with sugar; hips of the wild rose, which I have often, when a schoolboy, devoured with no little gusto; medlars; sorb-apples, in France considered not inferior, when properly ripe, to the medlar; nuts; chesnuds of Lombardy; figs from Malta; foreign raisins; and jorroises, which Cotgrave explains a horse-plum, and the writer of the short notes appended to the poem a long red fruit, very sour, and no more known in Paris. Du Cange has jarrossia, which, however, is only a sort of vetch.

In confectionary, or rather what the French call *pâtisseries*—pasties, tarts, cakes, wafers, *galettes*, all hot; roinssoles, cakes called *gastiaus rastis*, hot flauns, wafers named *renforcies*, simnels, and cakes with the bean.

Of these the *galette* was a sort of "wreathed cake," or crumpet; the *roinssole*, in modern French *rissole*, a small delicate patty of minced meat, and semicircular in form; it appears to have been a favourite dish, and Le Grand d'Aussy mentions several old statutes ordaining the various kinds of meat to be used. The *gastiaus rastis* were perhaps the same as described by Cotgrave under *rastou* as a round and high tart, made of butter, cheese, and eggs. The flaun, frequently met with in our writers of the 16th and 17th century, was a sort of delicate custard, or mixture of cream with bottom and sides of paste. The wafer, by far the greatest favourite of the French, and common over Europe, was probably of Grecian or Roman origin, and was early known in the middle ages by the name *oblatae*, the term given to the holy cakes used in the Eucharist. Hence the French *oublie*, which in that language, as well as wafer in our own, denotes both the consecrated and the common cake. In form it was round and thin, and baked, as the eucharistical one, between two flat hot irons, shutting together by a pivot, and ornamented inside, so as to leave the impression on the cake. The sellers of *oublies*, or waferers, were early formed into a society, for the regulation of which statutes were repeatedly made. Their business was most extensive. In 1406 it was decreed that no one should exercise the trade who could not make 500 daily, besides as many smaller cakes. They perambulated the streets in the evening, and were frequently the victims of the pranks and brutality of the rakes of the day. Guillaume notices this, and says you may hear them cry out, "I am undone," "Help, for God's sake," "I am murdered." From their numbers, however, and other causes, they gradually became



a nuisance. Designing persons, thieves, and villains took up the occupation as a cloak for dishonest practices, robbery, intrigue, etc. They were accordingly abolished by law in 1725. The suspicious character of the venders of wafers, both male and female, is often alluded to by our early poets. Thus in Chaucer, "Singers with harpes, baudes, wafereres," and by the author of "Piers Plowman" a "wafrestre" is placed in company with a "kitteporis" and an "apewarde."

Beaumont and Fletcher notice their turn for intrigue, for which the universal fondness for the cake afforded them ample opportunity.

"'Twas no set meeting  
Certainly, for there was no *wafer-woman* with her,  
These three days, on my knowledge."—*Woman Hater*, ii., 1.

The *oublies renforcies* are supposed to have been the same as the *gauffre*, a delicacy baked in irons like the wafer, but partaking more of the consistency of a thick pancake. I know not whether it is common in this country, but in America I believe it is, where it goes by the name of *waffle*, from the Dutch *waefel*, a wafer, flat cake, etc.

The *sinnels* were either rolls or small loaves of the finest flour, or else cakes of the same flour, but seasoned and sweetened. Of the first kind were those probably mentioned by Holinshed as forming part of the livery to the King of Scots when on a visit to Richard I. in 1194. "Twelve manchet wastels, twelve manchet *sinnels*." This is the *Panis de Simenel* of Du Cange. Of the second was the cake in Herrick's allusion to the custom of going "a mothering."

"I'll to thee a *sinnell* bring,  
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering."

The *gustel à fève*, or cake with the *bean*, was, as is well known, the indispensable accompaniment of Twelfth Night; he in whose piece the bean, which had previously been inserted in the dough, was found, being chosen king over the festivities and mirth of the evening. With us it was frequently the custom to add a *pea*, which falling to a lady, gave her the rights of queen. Thus in Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," one of the characters, in an entertainment given to her Majesty, is made to say, "Cut the cake: who hath the *beane* shall be King; and where the *peaze* is, she shall be Queene." According to Le Grand d'Aussy ("Vie Privée des Français," vii. 277), the bean-cake in France was not exclusively the attendant of Twelfth Night, but was also introduced at other times, for the purpose of increasing the gaiety of the party.

Fresh rushes, rushes of the iris, straw, grass—these were all for strewing over the floors of the houses and churches, and long continued to be the substitute for carpets or matting. In some parts of Lancashire they still keep up the custom, on certain days in the year, of scattering rushes in the church [see Note 39].

Surcoats, hats, copes; buyers of old hose and shoes, old pots, shovels, old iron in exchange for needles; renovators of mantles, furred cloaks, coats, and surcoats; menders of tubs, cups, benches, hutches (chests used as safes, or for keeping corn, etc., in); scourers of tin pots; criers at different stations of the proclamations of the King, Louis IX.; criers of the dead.

Of these last singular personages, the poet observes, "Whenever a man or woman has died, you will hear them with a bell along the streets cry out, 'Pray for his soul!'" In a note on this passage, in "*La Vie Privée des Français*," v. 11, 411, M. de Roquefort gives the following illustration of the custom: "These criers had, moreover, a particular costume, a white Dalmatic, covered with death's heads, bones, and black-coloured tear-drops. In some of our northern provinces they made use of a basin or small kettle, which they beat with a stick. The custom was still kept up in several cities, towns, and villages, before the events of 1789. As soon as a person died, a man in the official character of crier perambulated all night the streets, ringing a bell, and stopping at the corners, where he cried out in a mournful tone, 'Awake, awake, good people who sleep! awake, and pray God for the departed!' At the funeral of Louis XII., who died the first of January, 1515, the criers ringing their bells exclaimed, 'The good King Louis XII., the father of his people, is dead: pray God for him!'" A custom somewhat similar once existed in Scotland, and is mentioned in the "*Popular Antiquities*," vol. ii., p. 128, from Sir John Sinclair's "*Statistical Survey*."

For firing, a sort of turf made of the old bark-peelings, etc., of the tannery; fire logs; charcoal, a penny the sack. For light, candles with cotton wicks; prepared rushes for lamps.

Amongst the remaining miscellaneous articles are pigeons, birch-brooms, mats, wooden hoops, hot baths, Noels or Christmas Carols, various wines.

The cry of the "Bath" was probably merely a person who held forth the merits of some particular establishment, as it is difficult to imagine a machine large enough for the purpose would have been suffered in the streets. The Noels M. Barbazan supposes to have been books, containing a collection of carols; but it appears to me more probable that men or women are only meant, who gained their living by singing them. The Noel was not confined to the season of Christmas, but the burden "Noel! Noel!" as an exclamation of joy, was used in songs on any great subject of rejoicing.

If to these various "cries" we add those of the different orders of begging friars, who endeavoured to outvie each other in their vociferations for bread, we may form some idea of the discordant sounds and busy appearance of the thoroughfares of Paris in the thirteenth century; a noise and throng which, the poet says, lasted from day-break to midnight, and which served to draw the attention of the

passenger to such a multiplicity of objects, that were one only to purchase a portion of each man's merchandise, a large fortune would soon be dissipated. H.

**Royal Marriage Custom in France.**

[1770, p. 274.]

May 16.—The ceremony of the nuptials of the Dauphin and Dauphiness was performed at the Chapel Royal at Versailles by the Archbishop of Rheims. After supper, the King having conducted their Highnesses to their apartment, and the benediction of the bed having been made by the Archbishop, the King delivered the shirt to the Dauphin, and the Duchess of Chatres performed the same office to the Dauphiness.

**Witchcraft in France.**

[1731, p. 358.]

Paris, August 24.—The Tournelle condemn'd a woman of Mortagne to be hang'd, for having burnt the crown of a man's head and the soles of his feet, of which he died (see p. 30). She acted thus, being persuaded by a cunning man that he had bewitched her husband. Great interest is making to get her sentence commuted, the fact proceeding from conjugal affection [see Note 40].

**Account of a Singular Custom kept up for many Years, and still Prevailing in Picardy.**

[1781, pp. 512, 513.]

(From the Countess de Genlis's "*Theatre of Education.*" [London, 1781, 4 vols.]

There is still a part of the world where simple genuine virtue receives public honours; it is in a village of Picardy—a place far distant from the politeness and luxury of great cities. There an affecting ceremony, which draws tears from the spectator, a solemnity awful from its venerable antiquity and salutary influence, has been preserved, notwithstanding the revolutions of twelve centuries; there, the simple lustre of the flowers, with which innocence is annually crowned, is at once the reward, the encouragement, and the emblem. . . .

According to a tradition handed down from age to age, St. Medard, born at Salency, proprietor, rather than lord, of the territory of Salency (for there were no fiefs at that time), was the institutor of that charming festival which has made virtue flourish for so many ages. He had himself the pleasing consolation of enjoying the fruit of his wisdom, and his family was honoured with the prize which he had instituted, for his sister obtained the crown of roses.

This affecting and valuable festival has been transmitted from the fifth century to the present day. To this rose is attached a purity of morals, which from time immemorial has never suffered the slightest

blemish ; to this rose are attached the happiness, peace, and glory of the Salençians.\*

### Amusements of the Florentines.

[1764. pp. 433, 434.]

The most remarkable, and the most expensive diversion peculiar to the Florentines, is the *Principi di Calcio*. Here the flower of the Florentine youth divide into two parties, distinguished by the red and green, and each party chooses a prince eminent for birth and fortune. Each prince chooses officers of state, establishes a household, and keeps a court ; receives and despatches ambassadors each to the other ; gives audience, appoints a privy council, who debate upon the serious affairs of state, the affronts received, or the offences given by each other's subjects, and the proper means of resenting or covering these offences. After some time spent in negotiation, in which all the forms of court policy are duly observed, war is at length resolved upon ; prisoners begin to be taken on both sides : these acts of violence are formally complained of, are owned or disavowed, according to the degree of evidence the enemy have to produce ; but at length out comes a declaration of war. This opens a new scene : the secretaries of state and of war are busy in procuring intelligence ; secret correspondences are established, and the private advices received are openly read at court. These are generally what may be called "Scandalous Chronicle," and contain satirical anecdotes, in which the characters of the principal persons in town are humorously taken off. . . . . The day on which the imaginary princes are to determine their differences by combat, is as eagerly expected as if the fate of kingdoms was to depend upon the decision. The battle is a game like football, with this difference, that the ball is struck by the hand instead of the foot. In a spacious place the boundaries are fixed on each side, a day is appointed, and the combatants, headed by their respective prince, and distinguished by the ribbon of their order, red or green, come to the place of rendezvous, all richly dressed, and mounted on the best horses that Italy affords. Being assembled, they march in military order over the ground, and then, ranging themselves in order, they dismount and take the field, amidst the acclamations of an inconceivable multitude of people, with trumpets, kettle-drums, and music. Then each party advancing near the middle of the ground, the ball is thrown up between them, and the engagement begins, in which great agility and dexterity is shown, and some hard blows given on both sides ; but no exceptions are to be taken, victory is to be determined by the ball, and whichever side is fortunate enough to press it over the bounds of the enemy, is instantly declared victorious. An universal shout ensues ; the conquered prince retires ; the other keeps the field, till, having recovered breath, and the disorder which the contest necessarily

[\* This communication is abridged.]

occasions being over, the victors remount their horses, and march back to court in the same military order they advanced; a most sumptuous entertainment is provided, and a ball given to the ladies at night, in which none but the victorious combatants are permitted to dance. Thus ends, about Shrovetide, an entertainment that employs the greatest families in Florence most part of the winter.

#### Funeral Customs in Holland.

[1772, *p.* 489.]

The Prince Stadtholder of the United Provinces has abolished one species of luxury practised in Holland, and that was the extravagant entertainments given at the interment of the dead, which are now prohibited under penalties.

#### Cormass Procession.

[1759, *pp.* 263-265.]

When Dunkirk was under the dominion of Charles V., he found the people so turbulent and seditious that, in order to divert their attention from publick affairs, and furnish them with objects which should by turns keep them in expectation and make them busy, he invented several kinds of shows and processions which required great preparations, and were in the highest degree splendid and striking. Among these is one called the "Cormass," of which, though it is still continued, I do not know that any description is extant. I have therefore sent you a particular account of it, as I saw it in the year 1755, for the entertainment of your readers, and am, etc.,

T. B.

The Cormass is exhibited on St. John's Day, the 24th June; the morning, which when I saw the show was very fine, was ushered in with the ringing of bells, in a merry peal called the "Corillons;" the streets were double-lined very early with soldiers, and about eight o'clock were crowded with people. The houses were full from top to bottom, of persons of both sexes and all conditions, and the number of spectators could not be less than 40,000, exclusive of the inhabitants of the town. Every countenance expressed the utmost impatience and curiosity, and about half-an-hour after ten the show began. After High Mass had been celebrated at the principal church, from which the procession was to be made, the townsmen, classed according to their different trades, like our livery companies, appeared first, walking two and two, with each a burning taper of wax in his hand, at least a yard long. They were dressed, not in gowns, but each in the best apparel he could procure, which was made in the fashion of their great-great-grandfathers, as they have a notion that the older the fashion of their cloaths, the greater is the dignity of their appearance. After each company came a pageant, containing an

emblematical representation of its trade, such as were formerly used at our Lord Mayors' Shows, and the pageant was followed by the patron saint, most of which were of solid silver, finely wrought, and some were superbly adorned with jewels.

The companies were followed by a concert of vocal and instrumental musick, the choruses of which were extremely grand and solemn. After the musick came the fryars, or regular clergy, in the habits of their different orders, two and two. These were followed by the secular priests, according to their different degrees, two and two; they marched in a slow solemn pace, with looks of great devotion, holding their heads and hands in an attitude of adoration. After the secular priests came the abbot, in a most magnificent dress richly adorned with silver and gold, the train of which was supported by two men drest like cardinals. The Host was borne before him by an old man, with a white beard, of a most venerable appearance; a great number of boys in white surplices strewed frankincence and myrrh under his feet, and four men supported a large canopy of wrought silver over him. At a little distance from these were four other men, one behind, one before, and one on each side, each of whom carried a large silver lanthorn, with a light in it, on the end of a long pole finely carved and adorned.

At the end of the street there was a grand altar, ascended by a flight of many steps, where the procession stayed. Here the abbot came from under his canopy, and taking the host from the old man, went up the steps, where he held it up as high as he could reach. At this elevation every individual of the vast multitude present fell on their knees, as well those on the house-tops as those in the street.

The procession then went on, and after this ceremony, which with the procession to the altar took up about two hours, the people seemed to assume an air of cheerfulness and jollity; for till now they had preserved all the solemnity of devotion.

As the procession advanced forward, other persons and pageants issued from the great church, and in about half-an-hour I saw a vast machine moving towards me, consisting of several circular stages, one above another, in a pyramidal form. On the stages next the bottom, which were the largest, there were many fryars and nuns, all holding white lilies in their hands. In the stage next the top were two persons representing Adam and Eve, and several others in white flowing garments and wings, which were intended for angels. On the uppermost stage, which held only one person, was a figure representing the Almighty, to whom the eyes of all on the lower stage were turned with looks of reverence and adoration. This whole innache, which was drawn by horses, was intended to represent heaven.

The next was an enormous figure in size and shape somewhat re-

sembling an elephant; the head and eyes were very large, and it had also a huge pair of horns, on which sat several boys dressed like devils, with frightful masks and crape dresses. The monster was hollow within, and the lower jaw was moveable, so that upon pulling a string it opened to a vast width, and discovered more devils that were within. These devils who worked the jaw were also employed to pour out liquid fire through a spout contrived for that purpose. This machine, which was also drawn by horses, was intended to represent hell, and was surrounded by a great number of men intended to represent devils of a larger size; these were also dressed in crape, and had masks of a most hideous appearance, with tails of various kinds and lengths—some of cows, some of horses, and some of hogs; and each had a long stick, with a bladder at the end, filled with peas, with which they beat the people as they went along, to the no small diversion of the spectators. Between this machine and that which represented heaven, several young ladies drest in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, and palms in their hands, passed in small carriages, one at a time, and were intended to represent souls that had been delivered from purgatory.

This machine was followed by a man frightfully dressed, to represent Lucifer, who, armed with a pitchfork, was led in chains by another man, dressed so as to represent St. Michael the Archangel, with a large pair of wings and a long weapon with a crooked blade intended to represent a flaming sword. Lucifer, at the end of every ten or twelve paces, fell down, when Michael trod upon his neck, and flourished over him his flaming sword.

Michael and Lucifer were followed by a person drest in a coat of various colours, hung round with bells, who carried in his hand a hoop, which he frequently jumped through, and showed abundance of tricks, but who he was intended to represent I cannot tell. Then came a grand carriage, covered with a superb canopy, from the middle of which hung a living dove; under the dove was a large table covered with a fine carpet, and kneeling at the table was the figure of a woman, with a book before her, drest in white; on one side of her was another figure drest in white, with wings, and a lily in the right hand, and pointing upwards. This was designed to represent the salutation of the Virgin Mary.

Next appeared a great company of boys, who gave us a dance and moved forward. Then came another great stage, representing a stable, with the Virgin Mary standing by a manger, and the Child lying in it. In a kind of scene, which was finely painted, there appeared a rack with hay, and two oxen feeding; two men, in very magnificent Oriental habits, stood near the manger, supposed to be the wise men of the East, directed by the appearance of the star, which was artfully suspended by a wire over the manger, and one of them, every time the procession stopped, harangued the multitude in

a long speech. This machine was followed by another fool with a hoop.

The next machine was a fish, which could not be less than 15 feet long; it was moved by men and wheels concealed within, and upon the back of it rode a boy richly drest, and playing on a harp. The gold, silver, and jewels which decorated this fish were said to have cost above £10,000, and to have been furnished by the merchants of the city, whose sons and daughters were the principal actors in the show. Then came another fool with a hoop. Next appeared a representation of Joseph flying into Egypt; a woman representing the Virgin, with a young child in her lap, was mounted on an ass, which was led by Joseph, who was drest exactly as he is painted on this occasion, with a long beard, a basket of tools at his back, and a long staff in his hand. St. Joseph and his spouse were attended by several devils, who were found necessary to beat off the people that crowded too close upon the procession. These were followed by another hoop-dancer. Then came a carriage, very large and magnificent, on which was a person representing the grand monarch, sitting on a throne, drest in his royal robes, with the crown, ball and scepter lying before him on a table covered with embroidered velvet. His most Christian majesty was attended by several devils, hoop-dancers, and banner-bearers. This machine was immediately followed by another, in which the queen was represented sitting on a throne, and dressed in her robes, with the ensigns of royalty before her in the same manner. She was attended by a great many ladies and maids of honour, and the jewels that were about the crown and in her head-dress were of incredible value. On this stage there was a fine band of musick, and many dancers very richly drest.

The next pageant was a representation of Bacchus, by a large figure drest in flesh-coloured silk, with a great many bacchanals about him, holding goblets at their mouths as if they were drinking. Then came more devils and hoop-dancers.

The next represented a kind of sea-triumph. In the front sat Neptune, with his trident and crown, in a large shell, and surrounded by boys drest in white, who were perpetually throwing out and drawing in a line with a lead at the end, as if sounding for the depth of water.

After this appeared six men in their shirts, walking with poles, which were at least 25 feet long and very large, decorated with bells and various sorts of flowers. When they came to particular places they stopped, and all began to shake their poles with great violence, in order to break them, which was not easy to do. Their utmost efforts, however, were used for that purpose, for he that broke his pole by shaking was for that year exempted from all parish duty. When a pole was broke there was a shout of universal joy, but for what reason I cannot tell; and I was told that on this day all the poles were broken but one. These pole-bearers were followed by a large ship, represent-



ing a man-of-war, placed on a frame with wheels, and drawn by horses. The sails were all spread, the colours flying, and the guns, which were all of brass, fired very briskly as it passed along. Upon the quarter-deck were three men, one representing the admiral, another the captain, and another the boatswain, whistling; on the other parts of the vessel there were sailors, some dancing, others heaving the log; boys were placed in the round-tops, and the whole was a compleat model.

After the ship came a vast machine representing a wood. In this wood were several fellows dressed so as to resemble our sign of the Green Man; a green scaly skin was drawn close over their own, and their faces were concealed by masks. These mock savages appeared from time to time at different openings of the wood, with each a pewter syringe in his hand, from which they squirted water on the people as they past. This noble piece of ingenuity was the contrivance and production of the Jesuit's College, and caused infinite diversion and laughter among the mob.

The wood was followed by a very tall man, dressed like an infant in a body-coat, and walking in a go-cart, with a rattle in his hand. After him came the figure of a man 45 feet high, with a boy looking out of his pocket, shaking a rattle, and crying incessantly, "Grand-papa! grand-papa!" This tall figure was drest in a long robe of blue and gold, which reached quite to the ground, and concealed several men that moved it, and made it dance.

The next was a figure nearly of the same stature, mounted on a horse of a size proportioned to the rider. This machine was extremely striking and elegant; the figure of the man was executed in the most masterly manner, and the horse was one of the finest pieces of workmanship I ever saw. It was made in a moving posture, with two of the feet raised from the ground, and concealed in its body several men, who moved it along, and produced many motions in the rider, who held a general's truncheon in his right hand. The last figure was that of a woman, equal in stature to the two men that preceded her, and not inferior in elegance and splendour. She was dressed in red, with a gold watch by her side as big as a warming-pan; her head and breast were richly adorned with jewels; the eyes and head turned very naturally, and being moved by men concealed within, she gave us a dance and past on. Thus ended the Cormass—a procession scarce exceeded by any now known in the world.

### Christmas-Eve at Goldsberg.

(From "*Friendship's Offering; or, The Annual Remembrancer.*"  
[London, 1823, 12mo.]

[1823, *Part II.*, p. 544.]

There are few places where Christmas-eve is kept with greater ceremonial than at Goldsberg. The most remarkable features of

this celebration are said to derive their origin from a dreadful plague which befel this town in 1553. According to an ancient and now almost illegible stone monument placed against the wall of the parish church, Goldsberg was ravaged in that year by a terrible plague, which carried off above 2,500 persons. Oral tradition, indeed, affirms that there were not more than 25 housekeepers left alive in the place; and that every house was shut up so strictly that not one of the survivors knew what had become of his neighbour. Martinus Tabornus, speaking of this pestilence in what are called his "*Cladibus Goldsbergensibus*" [see Note 41], says, it was so infectious that few houses were ever opened; everything appeared dead and gone: the grass was growing in many places, and the number who perished exceeded 2,500. At this period, says tradition, one of the surviving inhabitants went to the Lower Ring, at two o'clock on Christmas morning, and sung a Christmas Carol, with a view to animate those who had escaped the plague, the malignity of which had been stayed by the cold, to unit ewith him in the solemn celebration of an epoch so joyful to the human race. Some few ventured to him, and after singing another carol they repaired to the Upper Ring, in order to excite those who lived in its vicinity to accompany them in their thanksgiving. The ceremony, as it is now performed, is said to have arisen from a desire to perpetuate the remembrance of this affecting scene. About two o'clock in the morning there are frequently not less than 2,000 persons collected from the town, the suburbs, and the villages belonging to the township, and assembled in the Lower Ring. Most of these have previously attended the rituals of Christmas-eve, which are celebrated at midnight in the Franciscan monastery. At this hour the commander of the town-guard collects the whole of the night-police, in conjunction with the *Ring Chanter*, as he is termed. This person is a townsman with a good voice; he is fetched from the Tickelley, leads the train in procession to the Lower Ring, and there forms them into a circle. The clock has no sooner struck two than the night-watch proclaims the hour, and the Ring-chanter opens with the psalm, "Unto us this day a child is born," in which he is not only joined by the whole assembled multitude, but at the very same instant by those who are waiting the signal in the Upper Ring: every house encircling both Rings has its windows open and illuminated. After singing the hymn which begins, "This day let us praise," etc., the procession moves forward to the Upper Ring, where a fresh circle is formed, the hour is again proclaimed, and the Chanter sings the two hymns, "We sons of Christ," and "Let us bound for joy," the whole town re-echoing them far and near. This portion of the ceremony being completed, at three o'clock the town-bands perform several pieces with horns and trumpets on the tower of the town-hall; and the Chanter of the, Latin school, who has joined them there with all his scholars

afterwards begins the hymn, "To God alone," accompanied by horns, trumpets, and the voices of those in both Rings. This is succeeded by vocal and instrumental music composed for the occasion. At four o'clock regular service is performed in the parish church, which is splendidly lighted up by children bearing innumerable stars made of paper soaked in oil, wax torches, or what are called trees, presenting a blazing display of light. A sermon constitutes the next part of the ceremony, and the whole is closed at six o'clock by a *Te Deum*, accompanied by horns and trumpets.

### Festival of Corpus Christi at Lisbon.

[1827, *Part I.*, pp. 12-15.]

The following account of the grand Catholic Festival of Corpus Christi, which was celebrated at Lisbon on Thursday, the 14th June, will be interesting to your readers, as it is allowed to be the most gorgeously absurd spectacle of the kind in Europe, and is by far the best annual show of Lisbon. It is, therefore, always ushered in with great "pomp and circumstance," and attended by immense crowds of spectators from the country and neighbourhood. The square of the Rocio, where the Inquisition formerly held its sittings and perpetrated its *autos da fè*, is at present the scene of the exhibition. On Wednesday afternoon the inhabitants of this square had the lintels of their windows, from the top to the ground-floor, hung with crimson damask silk. The houses then appeared to a spectator as if they had their window-curtains turned inside out. This operation is performed by persons who undertake the job at eight testoons a window. A procession thus imposes a considerable window-tax on those who have numerous rooms or large apartments in the Rocio. At the same time that the fronts of the houses were thus adorned, cart-loads of sand were brought into the square to spread on the line of the procession. That every part of the ceremony might wear the appearance of festivity, these carts, and the yokes of the oxen which drew them, entered the square crowned with branches of laurel, orange, or cedar. The market-gardeners within a certain range of Lisbon are bound to supply loads of flowers to strew the streets on the occasion. They come from the country in festive trains, crowned with flowers, and accompanied by a band of music. An immense awning was spread over the *Largo*, or open space before the church of the Dominican Friars, at the corner of the Rocio, next the Palace of the Inquisition, where the procession is marshalled. This space is so large as to admit several thousand people. The Church of the Dominicans, whence the consecrated Host starts, after the performance of Mass, was fitted up with benches covered with damask silk, and with a tribune for receiving the municipal authorities. The cap, or hat, and the other paraphernalia of St. George, was prepared in the castle;

and the horses from the Royal stud at Belem, which were to accompany or carry the Saint and his page, were brought to the neighbourhood of his chapel.

In the morning of yesterday, all the Portuguese troops of the line in Lisbon, together with the militia and volunteers, assembled in the public gardens near the Rocio, at the early hour of six o'clock. Even at that hour the gardens were nearly filled with persons of all ranks, so eager are the people to see a religious show, almost the only exhibition which excites any great degree of public interest. The different regiments formed there preparatory to their marching to take up their position on the line of procession. Their bands continued to play, and the people to promenade in the shade, till about nine o'clock, when, the preparations for the show in the Rocio being further advanced, the troops proceeded to the square, and formed a double line round it, keeping a space clear for the procession. By this time every window in the Rocio was filled with spectators, and great crowds occupied the square and the adjacent streets. Towards eleven o'clock the guns of the castle of St. George announced that the Saint had left his chapel, and was descending with his train to join the monks and military orders before the Church of St. Dominic. He soon made his appearance in the square, mounted on a white charger, attended by grooms on foot, and followed by a page and twelve led horses, richly caparisoned. He was dressed in the habit of a knight, carrying his banner in one hand and holding his bridle in the other. His cap was surmounted with plumes of feathers, and adorned with rich jewels. It is said (I know not with what truth, nor is it worth pains to inquire), that these jewels, which belong to the Duke of Cadaval, and which the duke is bound to lend for this occasion, are worth 500,000 crusados, or £50,000. The cap and dress of the page were likewise richly studded with jewels. It would really be too ridiculous to enter into any further description of this grotesque exhibition. The page rode on a beautiful cream-coloured nag; the led horses were by no means handsome; and, if they are the best in the royal stables, give but a poor opinion of the stud of his Faithful Majesty. As the Saint is a Lieutenant-General in the Portuguese army, the troops presented arms to him; and Count Villa Flor, who commanded them, saluted him as he passed along the line. He had previously received the pay belonging to his rank in the morning, and is, probably, the only officer whose allowances are never allowed to be in arrear. He long continued to enjoy the rank and to draw the allowances of a Major-General; but on a representation being made that his length of service entitled him to promotion, he was some time ago advanced a step, and now receives proportionably increased pay. In England he would most likely be placed on the superannuation or *dead weight* list.

When the Saint, with his party, had arrived at the church whence

the Host was to issue, Mass was nearly finished, and the procession began to form. About twelve o'clock the spectators were gratified with the appearance of the first banners, and, by half-past one or two, the whole ceremony was concluded. It could not be amusing to describe at length, and would scarcely be intelligible to sketch slightly the motley groups which composed the procession: St. George and his train; the confraternities or brotherhoods of the forty parishes of Lisbon; the tribes of monks of the different orders, in black, white, or grey; the clergy, and the banners of the patriarchal church; the members of the tribunals, and the costumes of the orders of knighthood. The patriarch carried the Host under a rich canopy, supported by some of the nobility, in the habits of their commanderies. A surprisingly small number of the nobility or court attended. The train was, however, long, the first banners having reached the Church of St. Dominic on their return before the patriarch had left it, the whole thus forming a line round the four sides of the Rocio, and doubling on itself. None of the Royal family were present, as is usually the case. Most of the English officers, civil and military, were present. Sir W. Clinton, who had been at Cintra with his staff corps for some days, came to town to see this celebrated piece of absurdity. St. George was, immediately after the ceremony, reconducted to his chapel in the Castle, where he is laid up in ordinary till next June. His head was rather unceremoniously stripped of the hat covered with brilliants at the door, and ensconced in his old unadorned beaver. The Duke de Cadaval's steward seemed apprehensive that the diamonds, if they entered the church, might be claimed as a deodand to the altar, or retained as a pledge for the debts of the Saint.

It may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to learn a few facts connected with the history of this singular ceremony—facts which (so far as they regard Portugal) can be derived only from such monkish works as are not easily accessible, or would not be thought worthy of perusal in England. I need, therefore, make no apology for the following brief account.

The festival of "Corpus Christi," now one of the greatest and most essential of the Catholic Church, has this peculiarity, that it cannot boast of a very ancient origin, and that it commemorates no distant event separate from the mystery which is daily celebrated in the sacrifice of the Mass. It was instituted by Pope Urban IV. in 1264, and was suggested to that pontiff by a revelation, said to have been made to a holy dame of Liege, where his Holiness first commenced his theological career. This lady (called "Juliana") was favoured with the miraculous vision of a full moon, having only a little slice pared off its disk, and was told by angels that this lunar anomaly represented the existing Church, as yet imperfect, because it wanted a special festival to commemorate the sacrament of Christ's body.

This pious nun could not get the moon out of her head, nor the warning voice from her ear, till she had partially succeeded in establishing this solemnity by the assistance of two other pious sisters who, without any communication with her, had enjoyed similar visions. Pope Urban IV., in adopting the idea and extending the festival to the whole Church, alludes in the bull of institution to the source whence he derived it: "Intelleximus" (says he) "olim, dum in minore essemus officio constituti, quod fuerat quibusdam Catholicis DIVINITUS revelatum, festum hujusmodi generaliter in Ecclesiâ celebrandum." To give the new feast greater *éclat*, his Holiness prevailed upon St. Thomas Aquinas—that expounder of mysteries, that sun of theology, that phoenix of learning, that angel of the schools (as he is called by his contemporaries)—to compose for it the office and the Mass, for which Christ is said to have appeared to him and thanked him, saying, "Bene scripsisti de me, Thoma." The festival has since been confirmed by every successive Council, and observed by every Catholic community. The Council of Trent even declared heretics, and anathematized, any persons who should venture to call in question its utility or Divine origin. Its establishment as a ceremony distinct from the administration of the daily sacrifice of the Mass, is justified, to persons little scrupulous about the reasons for a new holyday, on the same ground as the establishment of the solemnities of "All Souls" and "All Saints."

Though Catholics are called upon to celebrate the birthday of some saint in the calendar every day in the year, and are bound every day in the year to pray for some unhappy soul in purgatory, yet the Church has set apart two separate days in which all the hosts of these triumphant and distressed fellow-beings are lumped into one common service and share in one common address. The Bull of institution—which is a very curious production, and which, for its style, might have been composed by the *angelic doctor*, states this reason, and adds, "Licet enim hoc memoriale sacrosanctum in quodiannis missarum solemnibus frequentatur, conveniens tamen arbitramur, et dignum, ut de ipso semel saltem in anno, ad confundendam specialiter hæreticorum perfidiam et insaniam, memoria solemnior et celebratior habeatur." Heretics, in a certain sense, may be *con-founded*, but they are not likely to be convinced, by an exhibition like that of yesterday.

This festival, it would appear, though sometimes observed with great pomp in Portugal, never made, by its mode of celebration, a distinguishing feature of the national superstition till 1709—nearly at the commencement of the reign of John V. The sovereigns of Portugal had always been devout sons of the Church, and had always evinced a fondness for joining in religious exhibitions. Don Sebastian, who so religiously and so madly lost his army and his life in Africa, could not hear the tinkling of the bell which announced the passing

of the Host to a dying person without sallying forth from his palace in all weathers, whether hot or cold, calm or tempestuous, and at all hours, whether night or day, and falling into the sacred troop, like an old cavalry horse when he hears the sound of a trumpet. His immediate successor, Cardinal Henry, had the same *processional* taste; and, not to speak of the Spanish family, John IV., the first sovereign of the House of Braganza, had nearly lost his life by the hands of assassins in the Spanish interest, while walking in the train of monks on Corpus-Christi day. He was shot at in a narrow part of the streets through which the procession passed, and, had it not been (according to his historians) for the miraculous protection of the Host whom he was attending, he must have become the victim of his piety. This event is commemorated by the church of Corpus Christi, raised on the spot where his Majesty's deliverance was obtained. Peter II. did not yield to his father in his zeal for this locomotive piety—for these perambulating displays of devotion; and his successor, John V., exceeded them both in his eagerness to honour the festival of Corpus Christi. This pious profligate and devout debauchee ordered his priests to suggest new modes of giving it splendour, and commanded one of his supreme judges and a member of the Academy (whose work now lies before me), to write the history of its renovated celebration. The latter did so in a folio of 216 pages, which he dedicates to his patron; and in which he tells him, that "as kings are certainly the images of God upon earth, so they can imitate the divine operations; for as God called the heavens and the earth out of nothing into existence, so his majesty had called from the nothing of his talent the execution of this great undertaking." The task and its accomplishment, the writer and the patron, were perfectly worthy of each other.

According to the quaint language of the founder of this festival, it is ordered to be "universis Christicolis novâ festivitate jucundus, et amplâ jucunditate festivus;" but at the commencement of the reign of John V. the festivity is described as having very much fallen off. The parish clergy neglected it altogether, or attended it without their canonical habits; the crosses of the churches, carried by sacristans, were mixed in confusion; the streets were unadorned with flowers, and the windows devoid of silk or tapestry; the inmates of the monasteries and the members of the military orders were equally negligent; triumphal arches had not been thought of, and St. George had not been called into requisition. His said majesty, who visited the convent of Odivellas, and who, going on expeditions of profligate pleasure, was so attentive to the welfare of his soul that he used on occasions to be accompanied by a priest carrying the sacred *viaticum*, to be administered in case of accidents, reformed all this, and provided for the people of Portugal such a show of expensive and senseless magnificence as cannot be equalled in Christendom. His successors, down to King John VI., who died last year, always joined

the annual procession. His late majesty seemed particularly delighted with the figure which he cut in the train of superstition, and particularly careful in requiring the attendance of his courtiers at Corpus Christi; for his bitterest enemies must admit, that he did not fall short of a Carthusian in his practice of mummery, nor yield to a child in his fondness for toys.

Abstract of a Legend in a very scarce Book, called "The History of Miracles performed by the Intercession of Our Lady of Montserrat." [See Note 42.]

[1779, pp. 134, 135.]

The first Count of Barcelona had a daughter, a most accomplished lady, whom a devil had possessed. The Count sent for an hermit, called Brother John Guerin, surnamed the Holy Man, that he might expel the devil out of her. This Guerin performed; but lest the devil again entered her fair body, the Count, by advice of the out-driven devil, left her nine days with the holy hermit. Her beauty enraptured him; he debauched her and cut her throat. Guerin went to Rome to obtain pardon from the Pope; confessed to the Holy Father his crime, who, trembling with horror, enjoined him as penance to return on all fours to Montserrat, not to speak, or stand on his feet, until a young child, aged three or four months at most, should bid him rise, and inform him our Lord had forgiven his crimes.

Seven years after, the Count of Barcelona was hunting on the Mount Montserrat: his huntsman found, in a cave, a man overgrown with hair, walking on all fours as a beast. They took him, brought him to Barcelona, put him in a stable, chained as a monster. Some time after the Count made an entertainment, on account of having a son born. The guests, hearing of the hairy man, were desirous to see him. He was brought into the *salle à manger*. The child, whose birth was then celebrated, being about three months old, hanging at his nurse's breast, whom curiosity had drawn, casting a look on this new Lycaon, cried out loudly and distinctly, "Stand up, Father Guerin—God has pardoned your sins." Instantly he arose, stood erect, and related the whole story to the Count, who ratified his pardon, saying: "God has pardoned you: I do also from my soul." But the Count desired he would inform him where his daughter was buried, that he might remove her remains to the tomb of her ancestors. Guerin showed him the place. On opening the grave (to their astonishment) the lady was found alive, and beautiful to a miracle; there only appeared a small red mark round her neck, resembling a collar of silk, where the good man had cut her throat. She informed the company the Virgin, to whom she recommended herself, had miraculously preserved her. Immediately on the spot a convent for



women was founded, in memorial of so great a miracle ; the young lady was appointed abness, and Father Guerin confessor and director.

P.S.—The famous Paladerie Don Migo de Guipuscoa, by his spiritual quixotism, rendered Montserrat, Mantega, and the cave, as remarkable as any places in Spain ; and I would recommend it to the wanderer to get plans of those places. I am ready to give him the histories, if he requires it, of those places, and the extraordinary facts of S. Ignatius.

“ Thus silly Papists may believe,  
And pin their faith upon priests' sleeve.”

### Kossack Marriage Custom.

[1786, *Part II.*, p. 549.]

The Kosacs have no other religion than that of the Greek Church, which they observe even to the minutest parts of the ritual. Their burials and marriages only differ from those of the Russians in certain practices which seem peculiar to them. The young man goes to his betrothed mounted on a horse, with little bells affixed to the harness, the noise of which gives notice to the fair one of the approach of her future spouse. These bells are afterwards carefully preserved by the relations of the wife, or by herself, in memory of the solemnity. The bride not only brings no portion to her husband, but he is even obliged to cloathe her from head to foot completely.

### Original Notes of a Traveller in Russia in 1679.

[1814, *Part II.*, pp. 421-424.]

. . . Every priest is called a pope, as Pope Peter, Pope Isidore, Pope Basil. A bishop is called Metropolitane, or Archimandrite, and a dean Protopope. The popes are commonly dressed in red ; some, however, wear green, and several in other colours, according to their fancy. They never cut their hair, nor shave their beard. They are obliged to be married ; but they must be the husbands of only one wife, according to the literal expression of the Apostle Paul. So that their priesthood depends upon their wives, and dies with them ; for which reason they marry young, that they may come early to a benefice, and treat their wives somewhat better than the common people do theirs. On the death of the wife the pope must become a monk, and it is from the monks that the bishops are elected.

The ceremonial of the Russian baptism differs from that of the Romish only in this, that they plunge the person all over in the water. During the exorcism, whenever the term “ devil ” occurs, all the congregation spit repeatedly, in testimony of abhorrence.

The custom which they had formerly of buying foreign children that they might make them embrace their religion, is no longer in

practice. Whenever any foreigner renounces his profession, whether Protestant or Catholic, he must renounce also his former baptism; he must curse his father and mother, and spit three times over his shoulder.

The generality of Russian marriages are negotiated and brought about by third persons, and are celebrated without any great solemnity. Commonly five or six of the female friends of him that wants to be married see the girl he intends to take quite naked before he promises, and if she has any bodily defect, she takes care to conceal it as much as possible. But, for his part, he seldom sees her till he be alone with her in the chamber where the marriage is to be consummated.

The nuptial ceremonies are not great. A small number of people attend the bride till three o'clock in the afternoon. As they come out of church, the *Panama*, or sexton, throws hops upon her, wishing her to have children in as great a number as there be hops fallen; while another man, having on a sheep-skin shube, or pelice, with the wool turned outwards, accompanies her with wishes that she may have as many children as there be hairs on his shube.

Young people conduct the bridegroom to his house, and old women the bride, who is closely covered all over, so that no part of her person is to be seen. The pope at the same time carries the cross before her.

The new-married couple seat themselves at table, and stay there some time. They have bread and salt before them, but they eat nothing. Meanwhile a sort of choir of boys and girls sing nuptial songs so lascivious and obscene, that no language can make them more so.

At getting up from table, an old woman and a pope conduct the new-married people into their chamber, where the old woman exhorts the bride to be gentle and obedient to her husband, and the man to love his wife as he ought to do.

In one of his boots the bridegroom has a whip, and in the other some trifling trinket. He orders the bride to pull off his boots; and if it happen that she pull off that first which has the trinket, he gives it her, and it is considered as an omen of good fortune to her; but it is reckoned unfortunate if she take off that first which contains the whip. In that case, the husband gives her a stroke with it, as an earnest of what she is to expect in future. This ceremony being over, they are shut up in their room for two hours, the old women waiting the while for the marks of the virginity of the bride; which, as soon as she has received, she braids the bride's hair, which had till now been dishevelled over her shoulders, and goes to demand the *Albricias*, or dower, of the parents.

To keep the rooms warm in Russia, it is customary here to make a bank of earth round them to the height of about two or three feet;

but it is religiously observed not to let any of this earth remain at the head of the new-married pair, because the idea of mortality ought not then to be the object of their thoughts.

Children, of whichever sex, do not dare to refuse the husband or wife their father points out to them, nor slaves such as their proprietor directs. Barice Ivanovitch Morosof, the second person in the empire, having resolved to marry one of his friends to a rich widow of Dutch extraction, who had embraced the Russian religion, she went and threw herself at the feet of the wife of Barice, who is sister to the empress; she intreated her to dissuade her husband from his design of forcing her to break the resolution she had made of never marrying again. All her prayers and intreaties were in vain. "Would you dishonour my husband," said the wife of Barice, "so much as to refuse a husband from his hand, and make him forfeit the word he has given?"

The manner in which the Russians treat their wives is still very severe and inhuman, although much less so than formerly. It is only three or four years ago that a merchant, after having beat his wife in a most cruel manner, made her dip her shift all over in brandy, to which, as soon as she had put it on, he set fire, and the woman perished miserably in the flames. This murder was not examined into, because there is no law against putting their wives to death under pretence of correction. They sometimes hang a poor creature up by the hair of her head, strip her quite naked, and whip her in a horrible manner. It is true, they do not have recourse to these punishments except in cases of drunkenness or adultery. They are even rarely practised at all at present; and I have observed of late years that fathers take precautions to prevent ill-usage to their daughters, and that they insert these articles in their marriage-contracts: "That the husband shall maintain his wife in a manner suitable to his condition; that he shall treat her with tenderness; that he shall give her good victuals and wholesome drink; that he shall not scourge her; that he shall neither kick her, nor give her fisticuffs," etc., etc. A woman that kills her husband is buried alive up to her neck, in which situation she remains till she be dead.

Persons of quality are rarely married without first consulting some fortune-teller, who are for the most part nuns. I have seen a young man run out of his wife's chamber, tearing his hair, and crying as he ran that he was bewitched and ruined. The remedy is to apply to a white magician (as they are called) to untie the knot some black enchanter has tied. This was the case with the young man whom I saw in the above situation.

By the ecclesiastical law, all married folks are forbidden to have commerce together three days every week, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Such as transgress this law must bathe before they can enter a church. Entrance is forbidden to a man that takes a second wife,

who can only go to the porch ; and whoever marries a third time is excommunicated.

If a man imagine his wife to be barren, he is to do his utmost to persuade her to retire into a convent ; and if she will not consent, he has the liberty of bringing her to reason by the blows of a cudgel.

It is said that even the Empress would have taken the veil, had she not been delivered of the Tzarovitch, or prince, who was born the second of June, 1661, after having had four daughters without a son. . . .

When the Tzarovitch has attained the age of fifteen years, he is taken to the market-place, where he is shown in publick, carried on men's shoulders, that he may be known of a sufficient number of people, so as to prevent any imposition that might be attempted to his prejudice, as there have been several imperial impostors in Russia. Till he arrives at this age, he is only seen of the person that has the care of his education and some of the principal domestics. The Russians in general suffer only their nearest relations and most intimate friends to see their children, and hide them from strangers with great care, fearing lest they should cast an evil eye upon them.

The Russian children are generally strong and robust. Their mothers suckle them only one month, or two at the farthest ; after which a horn filled with cow's milk is suspended over their mouths with a teat of a cow fastened to the end of it, which is presented to them when clamorous. No sooner are they two years old than they are obliged to keep the fasts, which are extremely rigorous. There are four of these in the year. In Lent they fast three times a week, viz., Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. On those days the Russians do not eat even fish ; they support themselves solely on cabbages, cucumbers, and coarse rye-bread, drinking only *Quas*, a sort of sour small-beer. They will not even drink after a man that has eaten meat ; and if anyone be sick, he will not take a medicine in the prescription of which should be these words, *Cor. Cervi Al.*, or *Pil. Lepor.*, so scrupulous are they in the observance of their fasts.

Their ordinary penances are to prostrate themselves, to beat their head before a picture, and sometimes to eat nothing but bread, salt, and cucumbers, and to drink only water.

### Herta, or the Storm-Compeller.

[1832, *Part I.*, p. 224.]

Being a great admirer of the legends and poetical fictions of the north, I have employed a good deal of my leisure time in endeavouring to express the force of some of the best in English poetry. The following is a Danish ballad, not much known, and supposed to be of some antiquity. I have attempted to represent the various turns and transitions, for which the Danish poems are so remarkable, by a

similar change of measure in English. Should it be deemed worthy of insertion in your excellent Magazine, it is much at your service, and will be followed at times by a few others, which I think are perhaps even more remarkable for their wildness and originality.\*

P. D.

HERTA, OR THE STORM-COMPELLER.

*A Ballad from the Danish.*

Herta, according to Scandinavian tradition, was a goddess who presided over storms. The Prince referred to in this ballad was called, according to popular report, "Sweno;" but little or nothing is known of his history.

O dark-eyed maid of Thasca's dell,  
Who sing'st amid the ocean's roar,  
Or by Saint Hilda's sacred well,  
Or roam'st by haunted Elsinore;  
Hark! hark!  
The sea-mew's scream  
Resounds from Friedenborga's stream!  
Heard ye how the wild-dogs bark?  
Saw ye the meteor's fearful gleam?  
O yes, I heard, and merrily  
Sounded the sea-mew's scream to me!  
I rejoice when meteors stray,  
When the Storm-fiend rushes through the air,  
I am there! I am there!  
To speed, to speed him on his way,  
When the frenzied lightning's glare  
Around my murky tresses play.  
What can be more sweet to see,  
Than the sailor's agony,  
While around the wild waves roar,  
And lash with furious rage the shore?  
See he clings to yonder plank!  
Then I flit above his head,  
Then I whelm him, see he sank  
To his everlasting bed!  
Heavily, heavily went he down  
To his place of rest,  
Without a sigh, without a groan,  
Unhousel'd, unconfest.†

\* [No other communications seem to have been made.]

† The original, "unpurified from the curse of sin." The term "*unhousel'd*" (so familiar to every reader of Shakespeare) seemed to suit the wild nature of the poem. *Unconfest*, an anachronism, sed parce, precor!

Him shall Denmark's chiefs bewail,  
 Him shall Denmark's people mourn,  
 Accursed be the fatal gale  
 That bore him to his final bourne !

Here the poem abruptly concludes. It appears that there is a considerable deficiency before the last two lines, unless they may be the words of the people bewailing their lost hero, or perhaps a moral reflection of the writer.

St. Hilda or Eilda, in the original "Eilda, sacred of women;" an expression hardly to be rendered into poetic English.

The sense appears unconnected in different parts, and perhaps some lines are lost. The choruses of the Greek poets, it will be remembered, are sometimes similarly confused.

The epithet *storm-compeller* (which is rendered literally) will remind the classical reader of *νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς*, so common in Homer.

#### Anecdotes from the Latin of M. Huet, Bishop of Avranches.

[1765, pp. 113, 114.]

In the middle of Lake Vetter is an island in which the Swedes assert there is a cave of a wonderful depth, where a certain magician named Gilbert has been confined for many years, being bound in massy fetters by another magician, his preceptor, with whom he had dared to stand in competition. They also affirm that many who have entered that den, either with a view of rescuing Gilbert or out of curiosity, have been punished for their rashness by being detained there by some secret force. It is worth observing that Olaus Magnus tells us in his *History*\* that this story has been believed for many years by that credulous and superstitious nation. And this, it is observed, is generally the case with those who, being born in a cold climate and being less sensible of the genial influences of the sun, are dull in their intellect, and very incapable of developing truth and detecting falsehood. Such also, we are told, are the Laplanders bordering on Sweden, the Icelanders, and the Greenlanders.† The people of Stockholm report that a great dragon, named Necker, infests the neighbouring lakes, and seizes and devours such boys as go into the water to wash; and on this account they greatly dissuaded M. Huet from swimming, when he was desirous of refreshing himself on account of the heat. These idle phantoms, however, did not deter him; and they were greatly surprised when they saw him return safe from such an imminent danger. He, however, advised them to keep their children from the lakes till they had learned to swim, as otherwise they might indeed be swallowed up, not by the

\* Book iii., chap. 20. He was Archbishop of Upsal in 1544.

† To these may be added our second-sighted Highland seers.

dragon, but by the deep whirlpools, which, being covered with unequal rocks, might easily deceive the unwary.

Another relic of Swedish superstition is seen in the cathedral at Stockholm, viz., a picture representing the face of the heavens, such as they appeared on the day when King Gustavus Adolphus set out from that city on his German expedition. Three suns were seen in the sky, surrounded by some luminous circles, which signs the nation thought prognosticated those exploits which that great monarch so heroically performed, little mindful of what has been remarked concerning these *parhelia* by their countryman, Olaus Magnus, viz., that they frequently happen towards the north, and probably for no other reason than that those clouds, being composed of a denser water, supply the place of a mirror, and easily receive and retain the representation of objects.

### Manners, Customs, etc., of the Greenlanders.

[1767, pp. 64-66.]

. . . Their houses, or more properly stalls, discover less ingenuity than those of many animals. They choose some elevated place to erect them, and, as if formed by instinct, they are all upon the same plan. They raise walls of sod and stone in an oblong square, about six feet high and as many wide; lay beams and branches of trees across the narrow way, and cover them with bilberry-bushes, heath, or small spray wood; over which they lay loose earth or turf, which, freezing in the winter, with a deep coat of snow, make to them a comfortable dwelling. The inside is no better finished than the outside; if many families agree to live together, they lengthen the square, and divide their dwellings like horse-stalls. Each is about six feet wide, and in length in proportion to the family. Sometimes ten families live under the same roof; they have neither doors nor chimneys. Their entrance is through an arched hole, like the oast of a malt-kiln, to which they descend both in going in and coming out, creeping on all fours to gain a passage. This passage is in the middle of the house, and serves all who live in it. Their windows are made of seals' maws, dressed transparently, which admit the light and keep out the cold. In every dwelling they raise a wide seat, about a foot high round the sides, to sit upon; the men sit in front, the women sit behind them; they sleep upon the floor. Instead of fire, they burn a lamp constantly, supplied with train-oil, and, instead of cotton, use dry moss rubbed fine. Over this lamp they hang a bastard-marble kettle, in which they boil their meat. Every separate dwelling has a separate lamp, and these lamps warm as well as light their apartments. In this manner they live during the winter; but in the summer they live in tents. Their winter's provisions they bury in the snow, and creep out of their holes for it as they want it; their

water is kept in a wooden tub. They are hospitable to one another; and if one's carrion is consumed before the others', they all partake alike to the last morsel. They have out-houses to stow their fishing and hunting implements in. They pride themselves in their poverty; and notwithstanding their apparent misery, they seldom are known to repine. . . .

They have no laws nor religion; yet they are in many respects virtuous, if abstinence from vice may be called virtue. Children love their parents, and seldom forsake them, even when they have children of their own. The Greenlanders live a kind of patriarchal life, and some of them wander from one part of the country to another and have no settled residence; landed property they know of none; money they hold of no value, because of no use to them; a guinea or a brass counter, a diamond or a glass bead, are exactly alike in their estimation. A roll of tobacco or a box of snuff would purchase all the gold and jewels the native Greenlanders possess. Looking-glasses, combs, ribbons, and children's toys for show; knives, saws, gimblets, chissels, sewing-needles, scissors, axes, iron-headed darts, dishes, plates, kettles, powder, shot, and arms, etc., are to them the only valuables, and snuff and tobacco their greatest luxuries; singing, dancing, playing at foot-ball, and wrestling, are their usual diversions.

[1767, p. 209.]

It has been already observed that before the missionaries arrived in Greenland the natives had no trace of religion or religious ceremonies among them; the seafaring people indeed, who had accidentally wintered in that country, observing their custom of standing every morning, as soon as they rose, with their faces towards the sun, in deep meditation; and seeing likewise (on some eminences) cinders upon elevated stones, and little heaps of stones upon these supposed altars, had represented the Greenlanders as the grossest idolators, worshipping the sun and sacrificing to the devil; but these notions took their rise from not understanding their language and not knowing their customs. The Greenlanders continue the practice to this day of looking towards the sun every morning to observe the weather; and those supposed altars and sacrifices were nothing but the remains of their forsaken summer dwellings, which they every year change and erect anew.

It must not, however, as M. Craul well observes, be concluded from this deficiency of external worship that they had no internal notions of a supernatural governing power, of whose secret decrees they live in continual dread. There is no nation yet discovered, though ever so wild and savage, over whom the dread of *invisible agency* has not an apparent influence. Among these simple Greenlanders it is discoverable in almost every action of their lives: they



have their *angekoks*, or sorcerers, by whose enchantments or knavish craft they are held in the greatest awe. These are consulted in all cases of danger, sickness, famine, or enterprise; these the simple Greenlanders think can cure diseases or bring them on; can enchant or dissolve the spell of an enchanted arrow; can call blessings down from heaven or mischiefs up from hell; bring spectres in or drive them out of their dwellings; and many feats besides.

#### Lapland Tradition of the Origin of the World.

[1753, p. 216.]

. . . Their notions concerning the origin of the world are gross and confused. They pretend that at the creation God designed to have made all the trees of marrow, and to have filled the lakes with milk instead of water, and to have caused all plants whatever to have borne delicious fruits, but that Perkel (so they call the evil spirit) opposed it, and prevented things being so good as God intended them. They have a tradition of the universal deluge, which they say destroyed all mankind except one brother and one sister, whom God took under His arms and placed upon a great mountain called Posseware; and that after the flood was gone off, the brother and sister separated to see if any other had escaped; that they met again after three years, but knew one another, and therefore separated a second time; that they met and separated another time; but that at the third rencounter they knew one another no longer, and therefore they united and became the parents of mankind. In these traditions one may discover an odd medley of the Mosaic history, fable, and Manicheism. The tradition they have of their own origin is pleasant enough. The Laplanders and the Swedes, say they, are the descendants of two brothers, not at all resembling each other in point of courage. One day a violent storm arose, and the ancestor of the Swedes was so sore affrighted that he took shelter under a plank, which God, out of compassion, transformed into a house; but the progenitor of the Laplanders never hid himself, but brav'd the fury of the tempest, and his posterity to this day live without houses and without shelter. . . .

#### The Manners of the Esquimaux Indians.

[1772, p. 617.]

(From "*The Description given by Mr. [William] Wales of the Esquimaux Indians.*")

They are not without some notion of religion, but it is a very limited one. They acknowledge two beings: one the author of all good, the other of all evil. The former they call Ukkemah, which appellation they give also to their chiefs; and the latter they call Wittikah. They pay some sort of adoration to both, though it is

difficult to say what. Their opinion of the origin of mankind is, that Ukkemah made the first men and women out of the earth, three in number of each; that those whom we Europeans sprang from were made from a whiter earth than what their progenitors were, and that there was one pair of still blacker earth than they. They have likewise an imperfect traditional account of the deluge, only they substitute a beaver for the dove.

[1823, *Part I.*, pp. 292, 293.]

. . . I have been induced to gather a few characteristic impressions of the manners of the Esquimaux Indians, which you may probably think interesting for your venerable journal.

Their general appearance is remarkably healthy and vigorous; they exhibit great dexterity in the use of paddles in their canoes through the most boisterous waves. They have a frank and fearless manner of approaching strangers, even from distant countries, and show great eagerness to traffic for axes, iron hoops, tin kettles, etc., for which they will barter their oil, blubber, and whalebone; and Mr. West says, that in this act of trade they held their articles very tenaciously, till they had got hold of what they were to receive in exchange; which, if they approved, they universally licked with their tongue; and when not satisfied, they expressed much savageness with ferocity in their countenance and manner. Their clothing was entirely of skins, with the hairy side outward, sewed with the sinews of the whale, split into thin fibres for thread, and discovered a good deal of neatness and strength, and must be well calculated for the cold climate which they endure. Some of their dress was ornamented with seahorse and bears' teeth, and their appearance altogether truly barbarous. Wandering as they do in savage liberty along these desolate shores, and their women in a state of the greatest degradation which barbarism can impose on the heathen, there still appeared a strong parental attachment to their children, and a great readiness in imitation. One or two of them danced with the captain on deck, and caught his steps with great agility. They excited strong emotions of pity as they withdrew to their haunts along the shore. Little appears to be known of them at present, though they have visited the Company's ships annually for many years past, from whence it was designed to send our interpreter to ascertain their condition. They appeared at the Factory to sink in the lowest state of degradation as human beings. I could (adds Mr. West) scarcely refrain from tears on visiting them in their huts. The life of the Indians appears to be one succession of difficulties in procuring subsistence, and they wander through it without hope and without God in the world! The children are growing up in ignorance and idleness; they are the offspring of the Company's officers and clerks, by Indian or half-breed women.

A considerable number of Esquimaux Indians trade to Churchill, the most northern post of the Company's territories. They are entirely clothed with the skins of deer. In summer, they live upon seals and whales, like those of Hudson's Straits. In winter, they live under the snow, burning oil with moss as a wick, which cooks their food, while at the same time it contributes to their warmth. The chief of this department supposed that they might travel 150 or 200 miles north of the fort, till they met another tribe, who, like them, might range the same distance on the shore further north.

The missionary pressed upon them the subjects of baptism and marriage, but they seem very far from either adopting or understanding them. The women are not considered as companions, nor do they partake their meals with those they live with—they are degraded merely as slaves; while the children are neglected, and grow up as wild and uncultivated as the heathen. But they readily gave up their children for education.

Their boats are constructed of birch rind, and are strong enough for a voyage of 800 miles up the Red River. It was usual for them, when they stopped for the night, to make a large fire with pine-trees; they place the branches on the ground under their blankets when they lie down in their tents, and a little hay enables them to sleep comfortably.

The more I see (says this rev. missionary) of the character of man in this country, the more do I lament and feel indignant at his general conduct. The depressed female is taken just for the morning of her days, and then too generally turned adrift, for the next person or Indian who chooses to take her, and has often been so neglected, as to have been found starved to death in some old shattered tent!

. . . Mr. West performed many marriages and baptisms, and some of the latter were upon adults, who had been half-breeds, sons or daughters of Scotchmen or Englishmen, by Indian or half-breed women. He endeavoured to explain to them the object of baptism, but found great difficulty in conveying to their minds any just ideas of Christ. The half-breeds talk Indian principally, and there is no word in that language to express a Saviour. He goes to the fort from the farm on a Sunday in a cariole drawn by wolf-dogs. . . .

When an Indian dies, his corpse is *staged*; *i.e.*, put upon a few cross-sticks, about ten feet from the ground. In burying or staging the dead, the Indians generally put all the property of the deceased into the case; and whenever they visit the corpse, which they do for years afterwards, they encircle the stage, smoke their pipes, weep bitterly, and frequently cut themselves with knives, or pierce themselves with the points of sharp instruments. . . .

A. H.

**Manners of the Kamschatkadales.**

[1764, p. 399.]

AN ACCOUNT OF KAMSCHATKA, AND ITS INHABITANTS: FROM A WORK LATELY TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE, ORIGINALLY COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE CZARINA. [See Note 43.]

[The first portion is devoted to the description of the country, and is therefore not reprinted here.]

[1764, p. 423.]

. . . They are wholly uncivilized and uninstructed, and their manner of life is little removed from that of mere animal nature. Some of them have no fixed habitations, but wander from place to place with their herds of reindeer; others reside on the banks of rivers, and the shore of the Penschinska sea, living upon fish, sea animals, and such herbs as grow upon the shore. The wanderers shelter themselves in huts covered with deer skins, the others dwell in cells and caves which they dig in the earth. Their temper is rough, and they are totally ignorant of letters and religion. Whence they came, and when they first settled here there is no account: they pretend that they were created upon this very spot, and that their first ancestor was Kuthu, who formerly lived in the heavens. . . .

. . . Though having no notion of riches or honours, they are without covetousness or ambition, yet as they frequently invade the property of others by stealing their provision, and violently carrying off their daughters, quarrels and wars are frequent among them. Their mutual wants are supplied among themselves, not in the common way of sale and barter, but when one needs anything another has, he goes freely to visit him, and without any ceremony makes known his wants, though perhaps he never saw him before: the person thus visited is obliged to behave according to the custom of the country, and bringing whatever his guest has occasion for, gives it him. He afterwards returns the visit, and must be received in the same manner, so that the wants of both parties are supplied.

Their villages are enclosed by a mud-wall, or wooden fence, and they consist of a certain number of habitations both for winter and summer, which are very different constructions. The winter habitation is made by digging a square hole in the earth, about five feet deep, the length and breadth being proportioned to the number of people that are to live in it. At each corner of this square hole they set up a thick wooden pillar; over these pillars they lay balks, upon which they form a roof of grass and earth, leaving in the middle a square opening, which serves at once for door, window, and chimney; in one side of this square is the fire-place, and on the opposite side is ranged their kitchen furniture; on the two other sides there are

broad benches, on which each family, for one hut contains several, lies separately.

[1764, pp. 468-472.]

. . . They think it a sin to drink or to bathe in hot water, or to go up to the burning mountains, because they suppose this will provoke the invisible beings who inhabit these mountains to hurt them: an opinion, however, which seems wholly inconsistent with that of their good and ill fortune depending wholly upon themselves, and so is almost everything that is related of them under this head; for we are told that they pay a religious regard not only to invisible Beings, from whom they apprehend danger, but to several animals, for the same reason; they offer fire at the holes of sables and foxes, and they address deprecatory prayers to whales, sea-horses, bears, and wolves; and they pretend to avert misfortune, cure diseases, and foretell future events by muttering incantations over the fins of fishes and the herb called sweet-grass; they pretend also to judge of their good and bad fortune by the lines of the hand, and by their dreams, which they relate to each other as soon as they awake. . . .

Upon a wedding, or a plentiful hunting, one village entertains another. The guests are sometimes entertained with great bowls of liquor called *Opanga*, which they swallow till the stomach, being overloaded, returns it; and sometimes of a liquor made of large mushrooms, prepared with the juice of the French willow, called *Epilobium*; this liquor, in a small quantity, raises their spirits, and makes them brisk, courageous, and cheerful; but the least excess produces first an universal tremor and then madness, in which the party either raves or is melancholy, according to his constitution. Some jump, dance, and sing; others weep and are in terrible agonies, a small hole appearing to them a great pit and a spoonful of water a lake. . . .

Private entertainments are sometimes given when one person seeks the friendship of another; upon this occasion the guest is invited by the host to his hut, which is made very hot for his reception, and as soon as he enters it both of them strip naked. The host then sets a load of victuals before the guest, and while he is eating throws water upon hot stones till the heat of the hut becomes unsupportable; the guest labours hard to devour all the victuals before he is burnt out; and the host to burn him out before he has devoured all the victuals; if the guest succeeds, it is an indelible disgrace to the host; if the host succeeds, the guest purchases his dismissal with a present of dogs, cloaths, or whatever else is agreeable to the host, who expects to be used after the same manner in return.

There are, however, private entertainments, where more than one person is invited. In these the guests are treated in the same manner, except that they are not tormented with heat, nor are any

presents exacted of them. Mine host upon these occasions treats with the fat of seals or whales cut into slices. One of these slices he takes in one hand, and a knife in the other; then kneeling down before one of his guests, he thrusts the fat into his mouth, crying in a surly tone, *Ta na*, and then cutting off what hangs out of his mouth with the knife, he performs the same kind office for another.

When a Kamschatkadale resolves to marry, he looks about for a bride in some of the neighbouring villages, seldom in his own, and then, when he finds one to his mind, he discovers his inclination to her parents; desiring that he may be permitted to enter into their service, which is a state of probation that custom has here made indispensably necessary. This permission is granted, of course, and, during his service, which custom has limited to a certain time, he exerts himself to the utmost in such assiduities as he thinks will most recommend him; when the time has expired he asks their consent to his desire: if they are not satisfied, they give him some small reward for his services, with which he departs; but, if they approve, the bridegroom has nothing to do but to strip the bride naked, which is all that constitutes a Kamschatkadale marriage; but this is not so easy a task as a European may imagine; from the moment that leave is given to a lover to seize and strip his mistress, all the women in the village take her under their protection; and at the same time almost smother her in clothes, heaping one garment upon another, and swathing her round with fish-nets and straps, so that she has the appearance of a mummy; the bridegroom, in the meantime, is upon the watch to find her alone, or with but a few women about her; whenever this happens he throws himself upon her, and begins to tear off her cloaths, nets, and straps; as many of the women who have engaged to guard her as are within hearing take the alarm, and run to her assistance; they fall upon the lover without mercy, pull him away by his hair, beat him, scratch his face, and use every other method they can think of to prevent him from accomplishing his design. If there are but a few women at hand, he probably obtains his wish; and, having entirely stripped the lady, he runs from her; but she, as an acknowledgment of his conquest, calls him back with a tender voice, and he has liberty to go to her bed; but if the protectors of assailed virginity are numerous, he is beaten away, generally so wounded and bruised as to disable him for some time from a second attempt. His attempts, however, he repeats, as soon and as often as he is able, sometimes for more than a year before he succeeds; and there is an instance of one who persevered seven years, and during that tedious consent was so cruelly treated by the women that instead of being a husband, he became a cripple for the rest of his life.

The day after the marriage ceremony has been successfully performed, the husband carries off his wife to his own village.

After some time, the bride and bridegroom return to the wife's relations, where the marriage-feast is celebrated. Of one of these visits and feasts, the author of this work was a spectator, and he thus describes it :

The bridegroom, his friends of both sexes, and the bride with victuals for the entertainment, embarked in three boats. The women were in their best cloaths, but the men were naked ; for having seated the women, it was their task to push the boats along with poles. When they came within about one hundred paces of the village to which they were going, they landed and began to sing ; they then proceeded to conjure, by playing several tricks with some tow, fastened upon a rod, and muttering some unintelligible jargon over the dried head of a fish, which they also wrapped up in tow and gave to an old woman to hold. When the conjuration was over, they put upon the bride a coat of sheep's-skin and tied four images about her, by which she was so loaded and encumbered that she could scarce stir. They then all embarked again, and landed a second time at the village, where they were met by a boy, who, taking the bride by the hand, led her to her father's hut, whither all the women followed her.

When she came to the hut, the old woman with the fish's head descended into it first, and laid the head at the bottom of the stairs ; then the bride was let down by a strap tied round her for that purpose, treading on the fish's head at the bottom ; a ceremony that was observed by all the company, and then it was thrown into the fire.

The bride was then stripped of her superfluous ornaments, and the strangers took their places. The bridegroom heated the hut, dressed the victuals he had brought, and entertained the inhabitants of that village.

The next day the father entertained the strangers with great superfluity, and on the third day they departed ; but the bride and bridegroom remained to work some time with the father. Her superfluous dress was distributed amongst her relations, who were obliged to make presents of much greater value in return.

Such are the ceremonies of a marriage with a virgin. If the bride is a widow, the agreement of the parties themselves is sufficient, except that the new husband must not take her till somebody else has taken away her sins. This ceremony consists in some stranger's once lying with her, and it is deemed as very dishonourable to the man. It was extremely difficult to get it performed before the Cossacks came among them, but now nothing is more easy, the Cossacks being always ready to take away the sins of the widow whenever she is desirous of having a new husband in their stead. . . .

Some are very desirous of children, and some extremely averse to it ; some, therefore, use many superstitious rites to conceive, and

some take noxious herbs to prevent it. Some are so unnatural that they destroy their children as soon as born, and sometimes throw them alive to the dogs ; they are also cruel from superstition ; for when a woman bears twins, one of them at least must be destroyed. So must a child born in very stormy weather, though both these practices, as well as their conjurations, contradict the notion of their good or ill fortune depending wholly on themselves, uninfluenced by superior and invisible agents.

The principal diseases in this country are the scurvy, palsy, cancer, jaundice, and the venereal distemper. As they believe these maladies to be inflicted by spirits whom they have offended, they attempt the cure of them by charms and incantation, not, however, wholly neglecting medicine. . . .

The Kamtschatkadales, totally destitute of that tender sensibility so generally expressed, neither burn nor bury their dead, but, binding a strap round the neck of the corpse, drag it out of the hut and leave it as food to their dogs. For this, however, they give a reason, founded upon their regard even for the dead ; for they say, that those who are eaten by dogs will drive with fine dogs in the other world.

They throw away all the cloaths of the diseased, because they believe that whoever wears the cloaths of one that is dead will himself die before his time. After the corpse has been disposed of as just related, the surviving inhabitants of the hut think they are under a personal pollution, which they remove by going to the wood, cutting some rods, making them into a ring, creeping twice through it, and then throwing it towards the west. Those who dragged out the body are thought to stand in need of an additional purification, which is effected by their catching two birds, of any sort, burning one, and eating the other with the family. Till this is done, they dare not enter any other hut, nor will anybody else enter theirs. . . .

#### Account of the Inhabitants of Koreki.

[1764, p. 472.]

The religion of these people is, if possible, more absurd than that of the Kamtschatkadales ; their worship is paid wholly to evil spirits, but they have no fixed seasons for performing it. Whenever they pass a river or waste which they think the devils inhabit, they kill a reindeer or a dog, the flesh of which they eat, and leave the head and tongue, sticking it on a pole with the front towards the east ; and when they are afraid of any infectious distemper, they kill a dog, and winding the guts upon two poles, they pass between them. . . .

Theft, however, if not committed among their own tribe, is reputable, and a girl cannot be married till she has shown her dexterity in stealing with such address as not to be discovered.



Their marriage ceremonies are much the same as among the Kamtschatkadales; and they marry their kinsmen without scruple, except a mother or daughter. . . .

They are very fond of their children, and bring them up from their infancy to labour and economy. They attend the sick with great care and tenderness; and they burn their dead with great solemnity. They dress them in their finest apparel, and draw them to the place where they are to be burned with those deer that they think were their favourites. When they arrive at the spot, they erect a large pile of wood, upon which they place the body, with the arms of the deceased—their spear, quiver, arrows, and bow—with a kettle, and some other utensils. They then set fire to the pile, and while it is burning, kill the deer that drew the corpse, upon which they feast, and throw the fragments into the fire.

They celebrate the memory of the dead only once, and that one year after their decease. All the relations then assemble, and taking two young reindeer that have never been broken, and a great many horns of deer, which they have been collecting through the whole year for that purpose, they go to the place where the body was burned, and there, having killed and feasted on the deer, the Shamman or conjuror drives the horns into the ground, pretending that he sends a herd of deer to the dead. And after this they return home; and in order to purify themselves, they pass between two rods that are fixed in the ground, and the Shamman, at the same time beating them with another, conjures the dead not to take them away. . . .

### The Kurelski Islanders.

[1764, p. 473.]

These people have an extraordinary way of punishing adultery. The husband of the adulteress challenges the adulterer to single combat. When they meet, they are both stripped quite naked. Then the challenger gives the challenged a club about three feet long, and about as thick as a man's arm. The challenger is then obliged to receive three strokes upon his back with this club; after which, the challenged, returning it, is treated in the same manner. This they perform three times, and the result is generally the death of both the combatants. But it is reckoned as great a dishonour to refuse this combat as it is among us to refuse a duel. The injured party sometimes thinks himself not bound to give him that has already debauched his wife an opportunity to kill him; in that case, the adulterer is obliged to give him whatever he demands in skins, cloaths, provisions, or any other species of property.

The women here do not recover from child-bearing in less than three months, though their neighbours, the Kamtschatkadales, are scarce laid up a day. The midwives give names to the children as

soon as they are born, which they always keep; but if twins happen to be born, they always destroy one.

They do not burn, but bury their dead: those that die during the winter in the snow, and those that die during the summer in the earth.

### Tradition Concerning the Kings of Ceylon, etc.

[1802, Part II., pp. 899-901.]

TRADITION CONCERNING THE KINGS OF CEYLON, COMMUNICATED BY OUDAPALLEH DESSAI, AT GONNOROWEH NEAR CANDIA.

There was formerly an holy mountain on the earth, called "Odeagerree paroovatam," on which two Gods descended from *Chatoorn maha rajakeh devee lokun*; from thence they addressed the inhabitants of the earth, warning them of a deluge of rain, which would last seven days, and desiring them consequently to be careful of their safety: they afterwards returned to Heaven.

It is recorded in the Cingalese Bible, that during the first ages the life of the most virtuous man did not exceed 120 years; and those of inferior merit continued upon earth in proportion downwards. And it was decreed by Almighty power that, when any man should prove sufficiently sinful to cause his death after a period of ten years, there would a deluge happen upon earth.

The *Virtusces*, who alone had any knowledge of the supreme decision, and from a conviction of the general depravity of mankind, began to take shelter among caverns and on the summits of lofty mountains; but the sinful, heedless of their conduct, and unmindful of the divine wrath, experienced all the horrors of the rain. In addition to the calamities brought on by the overflow of the waters, they appeared to each other as animals, and soon began to wage war among themselves; and those which escaped the death that their own brethren inflicted, were overwhelmed by the waters.

The righteous, who escaped this almost general destruction, enacted salutary laws for their better being, and established the existence of ten sins, five of which were deemed capital, and the others less heinous, and atoned for by moderate penance. The age of the virtuous man after this was extended to innumerable years; but vice again resuming its empire, the period became reduced to what it had originally been.

About this time was born a monarch named *Sankanam Chakeravarty Rajah*. He had a palace on earth, which he possessed the power of visiting at pleasure, attended by ten things, including his family and certain necessary articles. They were as follows: a wife and child, a minister, a person called *Pareenackeh Vatné*, the general of his armies, and *Graha-pattee ratneh*, who furnished him with provisions,

an elephant, a horse, a ruby by which he obtained his wishes, a holy Palmirah-tree, and a species of gold instrument termed *Shuckrum*.\*

*Soododenah Maha Rajah* was born in this family, and had for his wife *Maha Maya Devee*; her son was named *Seed'harta Komareah*, who reigned as king, and his wife *Yasohderah Devee*, by whom he had a son called *Rahoolah Komareah*. The father was not at home at the birth of this son; but having afterwards returned, and while he had one foot within and the other without the house, he discovered on the bed both mother and child; from which moment he determined having nothing further to do in family affairs. A month after this he directed his minister to provide him a horse of a particular description, which he mounted and rode, until he had crossed the *Anomanany Gangava* (river), from whence he sent him back with his jewels, etc., to his father, and, shaving his head, turned hermit. Brahma on this occasion descended from Heaven to supply all his wants; and on his return took with him the hair of *Seed'harta Komareah*, which still continues to be held sacred there. He after this retired to the wilderness, where he remained six years in constant devotion; having returned, he wrought great miracles, which, as well as his principal actions, are recorded in three books, called *Vineh peetakeh*, *Sootra peetakeh*, and *Abee d'herma peetakeh*.

The son of *Seed'harta Komareah* had issue; and of his descendants was *Vijee Rajah*, the first king of Ceylon: the present king is the one hundred and fortieth in descent from him.

The present capital of the kingdom of Candia is called in Cingalese, or the common dialect, *Singedda Gullah Nuareh*.

In the *Palee*, it is called *Sree vardena pooree noowereh*.

TRADITION CONCERNING THE GOD BHOODDHA, COMMUNICATED BY  
A PRIEST AT GOUNOROWEH, NEAR CANDIA.

There was a monarch of the threefold worlds, or Universe, named *Vessantara Rajah*, whose daily care was to distribute charities to all. Liberality and bounty are said to have carried him so far, that he at length presented the people with his very eyes. At times he fed the insects that surrounded him with his own blood, and at others gave up his flesh to be devoured by animals; in like manner as he in the first instance gave up his wealth to the poor, so did he his wife and children to those who stood in need of them. Having at length departed this life, he ascended into heaven, where he enjoyed a blessed state for a long time, ambrosia being his food, and nectar his drink.

Four gods then in heaven, *Dertahraktereh*, *Veeroodha*, *Veeroopaakehé*, and *Waceshshravanah*, requested this sanctified person to

\* The Chank and Shuckrum are symbols, with which two of the four hands of Vishnoo are usually furnished.

descend upon earth under the name and form of Bhooddha. At the same time there was another god in heaven named Bodee Satyo, who began to consider into whose womb Bhooddha should descend, who was to become his father, who his mother, and in what country he should be born. The country's name appeared to be *Dumba Deeva Madda Desé*, the city Kimboolwatpooce; the father *Seedoo-dena-Maharajah*; and the mother Mahamaya Deevce, who, after a lapse of ten months, was delivered of him in a flower-garden, called *Lumbee Neenam*. At the time of his birth, the great Brahma attended and received the infant in a golden bason; after which, he handed him to the god *Hatterah-verrang Deyo*, so called from possessing four attributes, and by him given to mankind.

The infant after this seated himself down, and viewed the four quarters of the globe, thinking whether the guardians of these quarters exceeded him in greatness; also whether he was excelled therein by the sun or moon. He grew up daily until the age of twenty-one; when all the gods appearing in his presence, desired him to assume the name of Bhooddha, having previously gone by that of *Seeddaarta Komarah*. After this he repaired to a river called *Nerangenanang Ganga Watta*, on horseback, distant 120 leagues, which he performed in one day. On the banks of this river, at a place called Anoomanantotedeé, the great Brahma appeared before him, and gave him three pieces of yellow cloth, which he put on; that instant the horse expired, and his spirit ascended to heaven. Bhooddha then journeyed to a sandy plain called Orooddanaoo, where he remained performing penance for six years, during which the Almighty provided him with food, which sometimes consisted of a tibbot-berry, and at others of a grain of ginger, upon which he subsisted; never closing his eyes the whole time, being constantly taken up in meditation and prayer.

He afterwards left this place, and went to *Senaneenam-neeangamata*, where stood a negrodha-tree, under the shade of which he remained. He no sooner arrived here, than a virgin of angelic beauty, who had waited his coming for many years, presented him a golden cup containing milk and boiled rice. Having accepted this offering, he took it with him to the above-mentioned river, whither he returned, and then ate fifty-one handfuls of victuals. This done, he placed the cup on the surface of the water, where it descended to the world of serpents, called Nagabawanah; he afterwards took shelter under a tree named Salwaneé Satapilla, situated in the midst of a wilderness, where he remained the entire of that day. In the meantime, the gods were busied in clearing the country, and making roads for his future progress, which he began that evening. As he journeyed on his way, he met a Brahmanee boy\* with a bundle of the grass called kussa, which he threw at his feet, and then prostrated himself before him. Bhooddha, taking up the grass, repaired with it to a tree called

\* A boy of the Brahmin caste or sect.

*Bodee* (this is the Palee word, *Bogaha* being used in the Cingalese, or low dialect), situated in the centre of an antient city in the neighbourhood of *Siam*, against which tree he rested his back, and holding the bundle of grass up in his hands and shaking it, a diamond throne thirteen cubits high arose out of its contents, upon which he seated himself.

About this time the god of the seventh, or empyrean heaven, became envious of the miracles of Bhooddha, and sent down an army composed of angels and evil spirits to attack him. Their numbers amounted to ten hundred thousand millions, all of which he defeated and destroyed. Bhooddha then banished love, anger, and every other jarring passion from his mind and body, and enjoyed the purest pleasures on his diamond throne for seven days; at the expiration of which time the great Brahma and all the subordinate Gods appeared in his presence, and acknowledging his pre-eminence, prostrated themselves and adored him, calling him by the name of *Bhooddha*. After this, Brahma and the other gods attended him through the world, while he bestowed happiness and salvation on mankind—Brahma holding an umbrella over his head, whilst Indra blew a trumpet before him, and Vishnoo fanned him.

The *Bhoodda-Warooseh*, or æra of Bhooddha, which dates from his ascension to heaven, stands as follows :

On the 30th of November, Anno Domini 1796, 2339 years and 17 days had elapsed. Bhooddha was eighty years of age when he died. Twenty-nine years of his life were passed with his family; six in pilgrimage and prayer; and for forty-five years he exercised his powers as a Bhoodha. [See Note 44.]

AN OFFICER.

### Legend of Palia Gadh.

[1821, *Part I.*, pp. 118, 119.]

In our preceding pages we have noticed Captain Hodgson's discovery of the sources of the Jumna and the Ganges;\* and the following curious extract from Mr. Fraser's tour to the sources of those celebrated rivers may be considered as interesting. It is a description of a deep and dark glen named Palia Gadh, which strongly reminds us of the celebrated tale of the Vampire.

“But it would not be easy to convey by any description a just idea of the peculiarly rugged and gloomy wildness of this glen: it looks like the ruins of nature, and appears, as it is said to be, completely impracticable and impenetrable. Little is to be seen except dark rock; wood only fringes the lower parts and the water's edge; perhaps the spots and streaks of snow, contrasting with the general blackness of the scene, heighten the appearance of desolation. No

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. LXXXIX, i., p. 350. [A report of the meeting of the Asiatic Society.]

living thing is seen ; no motion but that of the waters ; no sound but their roar. Such a spot is suited to engender superstition, and here it is accordingly found in full growth. Many wild traditions are preserved, and many extravagant stories related of it.

“On one of these ravines there are places of worship not built by men, but natural piles of stones, which have the appearance of small temples. These are said to be the residence of the dewtas, or spirits, who here haunt and inveigle human beings away to their wild abodes. It is said that they have a particular predilection for beauty in both sexes, and remorselessly seize on any whom imprudence or accident may have placed within their power, and whose spirits become like theirs after they are deprived of their corporeal frame. Many instances were given of these ravishments. On one occasion, a young man who had wandered near their haunts, being carried in a trance to the valley, heard the voice of his own father, who some years before had been thus spirited away, and who now recognised his son. It appears that paternal affection was stronger than the spell that bound him, and instead of rejoicing in the acquisition of a new prey, he recollected the forlorn state of his family deprived of their only support. He begged and obtained the freedom of his son, who was dismissed under the injunction of strict silence and secrecy. He, however, forgot his vow, and was immediately deprived of speech ; and, as a self-punishment, he cut out his tongue with his own hand. This man was said to be yet living, and I desired that he should be brought to me, but he never came, and they afterwards informed me that he had very lately died. More than one person is said to have approached the spot, or the precincts of these spirits, and those who have returned have generally agreed in the expression of their feelings, and have uttered some prophecy. They fall, as they say, into a swoon, and between sleeping and waking hear a conversation, or are sensible of certain impressions as if a conversation were passing, which generally relates to some future event. Indeed, the prophetic faculty is one of the chiefly remarkable attributes of these spirits, and of this place.”

### On the Cremation of Indian Widows.

[1827, *Part I.*, pp. 409-412.]

The revolting and horrid practice of burning annually in India *above a thousand* weak and deluded Hindoo widows, has justly excited in this country strong feelings of disgust, unalleviated by any well-founded hope of terminating so cruel and atrocious a custom. Restrictive means have been deemed ineligible, as this dreadful act of self-immolation is pretended to be committed under the sanction of religion ; though it is well known that in general the obtaining of a share of the property of the infatuated victim is the actuating motive

of *insidious Brahmins* and *interested relatives*. A tax on cremation would, as the *price of blood*, be equally disgraceful and nugatory. Rewards and bribes would involve a loss of character, and cut off a source of greater profit. During my surveys on Sumatra, I saw a man of the Batta-anthropophagi confined in a cage, where he was well fed, in order to be *publicly devoured*; and on two poles contiguous were the skulls of persons recently feasted on. The servants of the Company had frequently bought off such unfortunate creatures, till this very humanity was converted by these savages into a *bounty on cannibalism*. Avarice, fanaticism, and delusion are opposed to every inadequate remedy hitherto proposed to remove an evil of the most distressing description.

The law of the case is little known; and as this shocking wickedness is frequently brought to the notice of the Legislature, it may be well to state it, as it may appear that a remedy may arise out of the transgression of the law itself, and, paradoxical as it may seem, *by the enforcement of the law of burning in its very letter*. The resident servant of the Company is called on to authorize the cruel sacrifice; and all he can do is to try dissuasives, to see that the wretched female has not been stupefied by intoxicating drugs, and to hear from herself a feeble assent of her destruction, often the effect of terror, or a disturbed and phrensied mind. Let us then see whether death, in so tremendous a form, is sanctioned by, or inflicted according to, Hindoo law.

The most celebrated Pundits and Hindoo scholars have proved in a clear and conclusive manner that these barbarous murders are contrary to Hindoo law. Ramahun Ruya, an eminent scholar, proves that the Hindoo Shastras are opposed to the custom. Ungeera, Harecta, Purasura, and Vayasa are public writers who only *recommend* the practice, promising the widow a connubial happiness of thirty-five millions of years in heaven, forgiveness for the most licentious life, and the purification of all her family. A celebrated writer, Vishnoo Resee, directs a widow to dedicate herself to Brumhachuya—that is, to lead a life of self-denial and austerity of so severe a nature that few can conform to it; in which case, it is *recommended* to the widow to ASCEND, *of her own accord*, the funeral pile IN FLAMES, with some article which belonged to her husband. He exempts the widows of Brahmins, afterwards included. Munoo, the greatest of their legislators, *does not recommend burning*, but prescribes a life of mortification and austerity. He says that widows ought to pass their lives in Brumhachuya, or strict austerity. The Hindoos believe “*that any moral precepts contrary to the doctrine of MUNOO are unworthy of praise.*” The artful Brahmins attempt to do away the clear and decided, *positive precept of Munoo*, the acknowledged chief of Hindoo literature, by urging that the *recommendations* of more than one ought to outweigh the injunction of Munoo, which

amounts to *begging the question*. The words of the Veda confirm Munoo's rational doctrine, "as by means of living, still the duties usual and occasional can be performed to purify the mind; and as by hearing of, and fixing our minds, and devoting our souls to Brumah, or the supreme spirit, we can attain it [final beatitude or absorption in Brumah]; no woman should therefore spend her life [that is, suffer death] in hopes of obtaining *surga*, or bliss in heaven." The Hindoo religion supposes rewards and punishments proportioned in duration to sublunary conduct, after which, according to their metempsychosis, the soul is to undergo multiplied and various transmigrations, till it becomes so pure as to attain "absorption into Brumah," or, as the Romans had it, "Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo." The woman who burns herself is not exempt from these transmigrations; and therefore, the best Hindoo writers *recommend* to her a life of abstinence and correctness in preference to *burning*.

The advocates for *burning* say, that women are so constituted as to be unable to go through the prescribed rigid course of required austerity for attaining beatitude in heaven; and that by *burning* they at once secure thirty-five millions of years of happiness. The writers on the other side argue, that women would act thus from improper motives of cupidity and selfishness, whereas they ought to place their glory in leading a life of purity, self-denial, and penance, according to the Veda, and the sacred tenets of the great law-giver Munoo. Harieta lays it down that, "unless a widow burns in the fire, she cannot get rid of her feminine body," in order that, after her long term of married happiness in heaven, she might go through numberless transmigrations, and be ultimately assimilated to Brumah, or the great Deity. The sacred lawgiver Munoo says, that a life of abstinence and virtue is alone sufficient to lead the widow to this final happiness, and that to prevent a life of misconduct and impurity, *burning* cannot be indispensably necessary. There cannot be a more striking proof of a *low state of civilization* than that women, the mothers of families, should be reckoned so totally devoid of every sense of honour and shame, that a dreadful and cruel death can alone confer a posthumous character; and that they are *enticed* to this by a promise of a long course of sensuality, after which they are liable to be *burnt over again*, by an unavoidable return to an earthly condition. The Brahmins who made these absurd laws are extremely immoral and licentious; and if we are to judge from among ourselves, the law, as a punishment of vice, might be more applicable to the *widower* than to his unfortunate and murdered relict.

This distressing subject is frequently brought before the British Legislature, and it must be evident that there is no law which prescribes suicide in the shape of burning on a funeral pile. If the widow, *unintoxicated*, declares to the English magistrate her deter-



mined resolution to be burnt with the body of her deceased husband, or with some article which (this was an artful contrivance to secure posthumous sacrifices) belonged to him, the civil power in India can no more prevent the crime than they can human sacrifices in temples, and the multiplied gross and immoral acts of the deep-rooted and degrading systematic superstition, which in a course of centuries will yield to civilization, followed by Christianity.

Let us now consider whether, in a violation of the legal mode of burning, a remedy against a cruel death can be found. The advocates on both sides of the question admit that the Shastras direct "that the woman shall mount the BURNING PILE." Human nature was found to shrink from so dreadful a resolution; and the Brahmins, to secure their victim, though unauthorized by the Hindoo law, always have the living tied to the dead body, and order that the pile shall not be lighted till this precaution renders escape from agony and suffering utterly impossible. Previously to the introduction of this diabolical contrivance, when the poor female, amidst flames and torture, attempted escape, she was held down in the fire by the inhuman monsters around her by means of bamboos and long poles. This is anything but "a voluntary ascent to a burning pile." It having been found that feelings of horror arose in the minds of the more humane spectators, on seeing the half-burnt sufferer escape from the flames, by the consumption of the ligatures, and that she was driven back into the fire, a cunning expedient, preventing the possibility of escape, was had recourse to. A frame surcharged with weights was suspended over the pile. When the miserable victim began to writhe in agonies, four ruffians cut the ropes holding the frame in suspension, and it descended, so contrived as to secure the continuation of the burning sacrifice on an unhallowed altar, while the yells of surrounding savages, and the noise of drums and discordant instruments, drowned the shrieks of the dying victim. All this process is utterly unsanctioned by law; and it repeatedly prescribes that the widow shall, "of her own free will and accord, mount a BURNING PILE." She is required by law to pronounce the sunkulpa in these words, "I WILL MOUNT THE BURNING PILE." To be within the scope of the words, the Brahmins direct the pile to be a little lighted at one corner, just before the widow is laid on it. The Vishnoo Moonshee has it, "let the wife embrace either a life of abstinence and chastity, or MOUNT THE BURNING PILE." The Noryuya Sindhoo positively directs that no bandages, bamboos, or wood shall be used in any shape to prevent escape. To prove that the pile must be in flames round the dead body before the devoted widow mounts it, the Soodheekoumoode says, "Let the mother enter the fire, after the son has kindled it around his father's corpse; but to the father's corpse, and to the mother, let him not set fire. If the son set fire to the LIVING mother, he has on him the guilt of murdering both a woman and a mother."

In the page of history, we see what human nature, under very different circumstances, and from exalted motives, is capable of enduring. Though an excellent Bishop, from a sense of remorse, and the heroic Mutius, from excited feelings, voluntarily *burnt off a hand*, we are not to conclude that a weak female, actuated only by cupidity and ambition, will ASCEND A FUNERAL PILE IN FLAMES, as positively required by law. The original lawgivers founded their hopes on the effects of fanaticism and religious enthusiasm. Their successors, finding human nature unequal to encounter, voluntarily, a fiery trial, and death amidst fierce flames, *perverted the law*, so as to render it subservient to their atrocious purposes. We thus see, that the *prevention of a dreadful crime lies in the very enforcement of the rigour of the law*; for by acting thus, where we cannot do better, we shall experience what the Brahmins did, which is, that *not one* woman out of a hundred *destroyed illegally* at present, will be found to sacrifice herself, *as must be required*, according to the *express letter of the original law*. This procedure will save thousands; and is the only efficient remedy, till civilization and Christianity shall totally abolish a barbarous usage. It is supposed that the unnatural practice of *burning* arose from the frequent poisoning of Brahmins by their neglected and ill-treated wives. The law was founded on a principle of revenge; and even the *recommendation* of a life of unnecessary austerity, deprived the widow, in this world, of all chance of happiness. Twenty further authorities might be adduced, to show that the motives for *burning* are unworthy, and that a life of chastity and abstinence are preferable. The Sankya states this alone to be lawful, while the Meermanosha allows the choice of either. The laws declare that "*no blame whatever is attached to those who prevent a woman's burning;*" and also, that "*all who dissuade her from burning act laudably.*" If the widow recoils at the sight of the raging pile, the fine is only a *kahuna* of couries, or about half a crown. The law prescribes in this case, that "*the widow should be treated by her neighbours precisely as before.*"

Vishnoo Moonoo forbids burning, and the learned Pundits say, that his precept, "*be thou a companion of thy husband in life and in death,*" means a regular life, which may ensure future happiness with her husband. Mrityoonjaya says, that all writers against the practice incur no blame, because preventing the destruction of life is the strongest of the Hindoo tenets. Out of a population of a hundred millions, forty millions, at least, must be Hindoo women; and the comparatively few who immolate themselves must be a proof that the law is understood as it ought, and that the victims who suffer, are induced to sacrifice themselves by artful Brahmins and avaricious relations. The English, on their part, will assuredly prevent nearly all of these self-murders, by seeing that the deceived and infatuated object, in her *sober senses*, and *without interference*, MOUNTS THE

RAGING FUNERAL PILE; and that as this is the strict law, such conduct cannot be objected to. This requisite procedure will save thousands; and increases not the sufferings of the victim. [See Note 45.] JOHN MACDONALD.

[1828, *Part I*, p. 35.]

The barbarous Indian practice of burning widows alive is so generally known, that any proof of the fact, or description of the ceremony, would here be superfluous. But, on the subject of antiquity, I beg permission to say a few words.

Without inquiring at what remote period the custom originated, or on what particular occasion, I content myself with observing, that the knowledge of it had made its way to Rome before the birth of Christ, since we find it noticed by the poet Propertius, who died about nineteen years previous to that event; and who mentions it, not as something altogether novel and *inaudite*, but as matter of public notoriety. I will here quote his own words (lib. iii., xiii. 15)—

“Felix Eois lex funeris una maritis,  
Quos Aurora suis rubra colorat equis :  
Namque, ubi mortifero jacta est fax ultima lecto,  
Uxorum positis stat pia turba comis ;  
Et certamen habent leti, quæ viva sequatur  
Conjugium : pudor est, non licuisse mori.  
Ardent victrices, et flammæ pectora præbent ;  
Imponuntque suis ora perusta viris.”

This passage is the more remarkable, as pointing to a funereal rite of still greater antiquity—that of the surviving friends cutting off their hair for an offering to the spirit of the deceased. (See the Funeral of Patroclus, in Homer,—and the Prophecy of Ezechieh, xxvii. 31.)

While I have the pen in my hand, it may not be amiss to observe, that the word “Una,” in the first of the lines above quoted, was not intended by the poet to be understood in the common acceptation, but as “*unique, unparalleled, superlative*”—*Lex una felix*, “*singularly fortunate*”—as Catullus (xxii. 10) has “UNUS *caprimulgus*,” “*the veriest clodpoll on earth*”—and Horace (*Sat.* ii., iii. 24) :

“*Hortos, egregiasque domos, mercarier UNUS  
Cum lucro nôram*”—  
“None like me for a bargain.”

Yours, etc., JOHN CAREY.

[1766, pp. 542, 543.]

Among other historical facts, Mr. Hollwell gives the following circumstantial account of the burning a Gentoo lady with her husband's body :

“At five of the clock in the morning of the 4th of February, 1742-3, died Rbaam Chund Pundit, of the Mahabrattor tribe, aged

twenty-eight years ; his widow (for he had but one wife) aged between seventeen and eighteen, as soon as he expired, disdaining to wait the term allowed her for reflection, immediately declared to the Bramin and witnesses present her resolution to burn ; as the family was of no small consideration, all the merchants of Coffimbuzaar, and her relations, left no arguments unessayed to dissuade her from it. Lady Russel, with the tenderest humanity, sent her several messages to the same purpose ; the infant state of her children (two girls and a boy, the eldest not four years of age), and the terrors and pain of the death she sought, were painted to her in the strongest and most lively colouring ; she was deaf to all. She gratefully thanked Lady Russel, and sent her word she had now nothing to live for, but recommended her children to her protection. When the torments of burning were urged in terrorem to her, she, with a resolved and calm countenance, put her finger into the fire, and held it there a considerable time ; she then, with one hand, put fire in the palm of the other, sprinkled incense on it, and fumigated the Bramins. The consideration of her children left destitute of a parent was again urged to her. She replied : He that made them would take care of them. She was at last given to understand she should not be permitted to burn ;\* this, for a short space, seemed to give her deep affliction, but soon recollecting herself, she told them, Death was in her power, and that if she was not allowed to burn, according to the principles of her caste, she would starve herself. Her friends, finding her peremptory and resolved, were obliged at last to assent.

“The body of the deceased was carried down to the water-side early the following morning ; the widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three very principal Bramins, her children, parents, and relations, and a numerous concourse of people. The order of leave for her burning did not arrive from Hossey Khan, Fouzdaar of Morshadabad, until after one, and it was then brought by one of the Soubah's own officers, who had orders to see that she burnt voluntarily. The time they waited for the order was employed in praying with the Bramins, and washing in the Ganges. As soon as it arrived, she retired and stayed for the space of half-an-hour in the midst of her female relations, amongst whom was her mother. She then divested herself of her bracelets, and other ornaments, and tied them in a cloth, which hung like an apron before her, and was conducted by her female relations to one corner of the pile ; on the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry sticks, boughs, and leaves, open only at one end to admit her entrance. In this the body of the deceased was deposited, his head at the end opposite to the opening. At the corner of the pile, to which she had been con-

\* The Gentoos are not permitted to burn without an order from the Mahomedan Government, and this permission is commonly made a perquisite of.

ducted, the Bramin had made a small fire, round which she and the three Bramins sat for some minutes; one of them gave into her hand a leaf of the bale-tree (the wood commonly consecrated to form part of the funeral pile) with sundry things on it, which she threw into the fire; one of the others gave her a second leaf, which she held over the flame, whilst he dropped three times some glue on it, which melted and fell into the fire (these two operations were preparatory symbols of her approaching dissolution by fire), and whilst they were performing this, the third Bramin read to her some portions of the Augblorrah Bhade, and asked her some questions, to which she answered with a steady and serene countenance; but the noise was so great we could not understand what she said, although we were within a yard of her. These over, she was led with great solemnity three times round the pile, the Bramins reading before her; when she came the third time to the small fire, she stopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers and put them to her other ornaments; here she took a solemn majestic leave of her children, parents, and relations; after which one of the Bramins dipt a large wick of cotton in some glue, and gave it ready lighted into her hand, and led her to the open side of the arbour; there, all the Bramins fell at her feet. After she had blessed them, they retired weeping; by two steps she ascended the pile, and entered the arbour. On her entrance she made a profound reverence at the feet of the deceased, and advanced and seated herself by his head; she looked in silent meditation on his face for the space of a minute, then set fire to the arbor in *three places*; observing that she had set fire to leeward, and that the flames flew from her, instantly seeing her error, she rose and set fire to windward, and resumed her station. Ensign Daniel, with his cane, separated the grass and leaves on the windward side, by which means we had a distinct view of her as she sat. With what dignity and undaunted a countenance she set fire to the pile the last time, and assumed her seat, can only be conceived, for words cannot convey a just idea of her. The pile being of combustible matter, the supporters of the roof were presently consumed, and it fell in upon her.

### The Funeral Pile.

[1751, pp. 54, 55.]

EXTRACT OF A LETTER SENT TO COPENHAGEN BY A DANISH MISSIONARY AT TRANQUEBAR, IN THE E. INDIES, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES OF AN INDIAN KING.

This Prince, who was eighty years old, dying, his wives and concubines, in number forty-seven, were, according to the custom of the country, to be burnt on his funeral pile. In order to this, they dug without the walls of the imperial city a large pit, which they filled with wood, ranged and piled up, as for a bonfire. The corpse

of the deceased, richly habited and adorned, was brought forth in great pomp, and laid on the pile ; after which the Bramins (heathen priests) kindled the fire with abundance of superstitious ceremonies. The wives and concubines of the deceased, finely decked with jewels and adorned with flowers, walked several times round the funeral pile. The favourite wife or concubine carried the poniard of the defunct prince, which she delivered up to his successor, and made a short speech, exhorting him to use it with moderation, so as never to let it light on any but the guilty. Then she boldly turned her face towards the pile, and, after invoking her gods, leapt into the midst of the flames. The second was the sister of a prince named Tandamen, who was present at these horrid rites. She gave him the jewels she wore, and the prince, in receiving them, embraced her most tenderly and poured out a flood of tears ; but the princess, without betraying the least concern, looked alternately with a steady countenance on the pile and on the spectators, and crying with a loud voice " Chiva ! Chiva !" which is the name of one of her gods, she jumped as resolutely into the flames as the first did. The others followed her close. Some of them appear'd resolute enough, but others look'd wild and dejected ; one in particular, being more dismay'd than her companions, ran to embrace one of the spectators, who was a Christian, praying him to save her ; but this was not in his power to do, and the poor wretch was immediately tumbled headlong into the fire. However intrepid most of these unhappy victims appear'd before jumping into the pit, they shriek'd hideously amid the flames, tumbled one over another, striving to reach the edge of the pit ; but they were kept in, by throwing heaps of billets and faggots upon them, as well to knock them on the head as to increase the fire. When they were consumed, the Bramins drew near the yet smoking pile, and perform'd abundance of ridiculous ceremonies over the ashes of the poor wretches. The next day they gather'd up the bones, and having wrapt them up in fine linen, carried them to a place near the Isle of Ramesuren, where they cast them into the sea. After this the pit was filled up, and a temple since erected on the spot, where sacrifices are offer'd up in honour of the prince and his wives, who from thenceforth are number'd among the saints or goddesses."

#### Account of the Hindoo Ceremony of Swinging.

[1798, *Part I.*, pp. 389, 390.]

Together with this you will receive a lancet and two iron hooks (each fixed to a yard or more of strong *Chiar* rope) exactly as they were taken from the back of one of the devotee Hindoos, immediately after he had undergone the religious ceremony of SWINGING. [An illustration of these is given.]

I know of no writer who has given so just and accurate a description of that extraordinary ceremony as the author of "The Medical Spectator;" an extract from whose useful and entertaining work I am persuaded you will deem worthy of transcribing. It will be evident from his account that the ceremony, as performed in Bengal, differs from that on the coast of Coromandel, of which the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1791, has a drawing.

AN ORIENTALIST.

"A few days after this, came on the annual custom of Swinging, which is so very remarkable that it well deserves to be particularly described. Upon this day, almost every two or three hundred yards that we travelled near Calcutta (and I suppose the custom is general in Bengal), we saw a sort of mast erected, upon the top of which was a cross beam like the mainyard of a ship, but so fixed as to admit of being turned round with velocity. From each end of the cross-beam hung a rope; and wherever one of those machines was erected, there was generally a large concourse of the natives and other inhabitants. The top of the machine was as high from the surface of the ground as the main-top of a ship of two hundred tons burthen is from the deck.

"Everything being ready for the Swinger, he kneels upon the ground, when a very dextrous operator fixes two strong iron hooks into the common integuments betwixt his shoulders, on each side of the spinal processes. A short rope is fixed to each of these hooks, and again to the rope hanging down from one end of the cross-beam. As soon as this is done, several of the crowd lay hold of the rope which hangs from the opposite arm of the cross-beam, and, first hoisting him gradually as high as the top of the machine, run round as quick as possible; and in this manner, for the space of one, two, or three minutes, or as long as the man can bear it, they continue to whisk him round in the air. They stop gradually, and let him down gently: and, as soon as one is disengaged from the hooks, another is fixed, and swings in the same shocking manner. As the whole weight of the body rests upon the hooks, and they do not penetrate deep, it is remarkable that the integuments should not give way. If this accident were to happen, the unlucky swinger would certainly be killed, for he is turned round with so much velocity, that he would fly over the tops of trees or houses like a stone from a sling. I suppose this accident may have happened, as some while they are swinging have a folded cloth over the breast and shoulders, which, if the integuments should give way, might be caught by the hooks; but many went through the ceremony without this caution. While the man continues to swing, he seems generally to be quite cheerful, waving his hand or turban to the crowd below him, and throwing plantains and other fruit among them from a little bag hanging at his

breast. But they do not all go through this exercise with the same ease and apparent satisfaction ; for some call out to be let down very early ; and the extracting of the hooks gives all of them much pain. I saw a fine stout fellow, one of the bearers of my own palanquin, painted red and white in the most horrid manner, hoisted up ; but, very much to his mortification, he was obliged to be let down immediately.

“ When the operator fixes the hooks, the skin is pinched up in the same manner as when a surgeon is going to make a seton. Upon the point of each hook there is a sharp lancet ; and, as the curved part of the hook is thicker than the broadest part of the lancet, it pluggs up the wound, and both hooks are sometimes fixed without the appearance of blood ; but blood flows from the wounds when the hooks are extracted. When this is done, the operator applies a green leaf and a little greasy liniment, and the swinger marches off with more or less *éclat*, in proportion to the fortitude he hath displayed.

“ In one place these machines were so near as to be within the distance of half a stone’s throw from each other. And here I saw an old reverend Bramin carried upon a litter through the crowd ; he had a paper in his hand, which appeared to be written in Persian characters ; and he seemed to be giving some exhortation from it.

“ All the information that I could get from our Banyan relative to this strange custom was that *they swing for a good conscience*. This barbarous custom was originally practised by the Bramins themselves, in order to show the people how little they regarded bodily pain ; at present it is confined to that class or *caste* of people, as they are called in this country, who bear the palanquins. When an European gentleman first goes on shore in Bengal, he will very soon get into a palanquin, and, amongst the four or six bearers who attend him, he will observe some who have got marks of the wounds made on their backs by the swinging-hooks. They have a pride in the number of these marks. I have counted a dozen betwixt one pair of shoulders. . . .

### Barampore Religious Ceremony.

[1806, *Part II.*, p. 1126.]

If the following extract from a letter written, as will be perceived by its date, above a twelvemonth since, though but very lately received, from a young officer in the service of the Hon. East India Company, to a very near relative in this country, should appear to you, as it does to me, likely to be acceptable to those amongst your readers who take an interest in accounts of foreign climes and customs, you may depend on its perfect authenticity ; and, by inserting it in your amusing and instructive Miscellany, you *perhaps* may oblige them, as you *certainly* will, Sir,

Yours, etc., N.



. . . "From the 26th of last May to the 2nd of June a land-wind set in every morning about nine o'clock, and continued till six in the evening. This wind was so insufferably hot and parching, that, added to the perpendicular rays of a scorching sun, everybody was half-dead with fatigue. During the night too the heat was quite oppressive; as you will suppose when you are told, that a range of hills, not above four or five miles distant, were all on fire. The cause of this is, that the inhabitants of the hills (called Cones) set fire to the Bamboo and other bushes, with which these hills are covered, and the spots left bare by this conflagration are rendered fertile by the ashes, and ready for cultivation. The fire generally continues burning till the setting in of the rainy season in the beginning of June.

"The rains were so late in setting in this year (viz. 1805) that the people began to apprehend a famine; and a scarcity and dearness of rice had already taken place. To avert this impending evil, the Brahmins deemed it necessary that a victim should be offered up to procure rain. Accordingly a Faqueer, or religious beggar, came, whether voluntarily or not I cannot say, and, in case there was no rain in a certain time, he was to be burnt. I went with some other officers to see him, and found him seated on the ground surrounded by four beams of wood, which were on fire, and at the distance of two yards from him. He looked very pale, and emaciated, having been there some days, but seemed quite unconcerned, as he was smoking all the while. I do not recollect how many days were allowed him before he was to be burnt; the rain, however, at length began, and, I believe, his life was saved. This all occurred in the village of Barampore a few months ago."

### Funeral Ceremonies of the Tatars.

[1823, *Part II.*, pp. 607, 608.]

(*From Mrs. Holderness's Journey from Riga to the Crimea*, 1827, 8vo.)

I was present at the burial of an old woman who died in the village of Karagoss. This ceremony usually takes place about twelve hours after death. When the persons appointed to attend the funeral were assembled, the body was brought out of the house and laid upon a hurdle. Having first been well washed, some coarse new linen, sewn together in proper lengths for the purpose, was folded round it, and it was finally covered with the best kaftan and pelisse of the deceased. The corpse was next brought out by the bearers from the shed in which these preparations had been made, and placed upon the ground at some little distance. The Mulla, and some men hired to sing, then assembled round it, and some short ejaculatory prayers were offered, during which the women stood attentive a few paces from

the spot. After the prayers and singing were ended, the bearers raised the hurdle (which was affixed to very long poles, so as to allow four or five men to carry it, both before and behind), and set off at a very quick pace, almost running. The women instantly began crying and howling, and followed the corpse with loud lamentations to the extremity of the village.

As the rapidity with which the bearers proceeded soon heated and tired them, they were relieved by others of the villagers, who all kept pace, and did not interrupt the procession for an instant by their changes. The priest and some men from another village attended on horseback. Arrived at the grave, which was prepared on the open Stepp, the body was placed on the ground, and the men gathered round it, praying as before. In the act of praying, they hold up the hand, as if reading from it, and at the close of the prayer pass one hand over the forehead, or both down either side of the face. This part of the ceremony being over, they all went to a short distance, and seating themselves in a ring, were read to by the Mulla and by some other persons. While this was going on, the son of the deceased distributed a small sum of money among those who were present, sending it round by one of his friends. My little boy being with me, he, among the rest, was offered a few kopeeks. These I at first was unwilling to let him take, but the man who brought them insisted on his accepting them; and when I asked him for what purpose they were given, he replied, "To procure the prayers of those present for the deceased, that she may be received into heaven."

Having mixed a portion of quick-lime with the earth, they now prepared to put the corpse into the grave. This was dug perpendicularly for about four feet, at which depth an excavation was made on one side nearly large enough to admit the width of the body. In this excavated niche it was laid, and some papers\* written by the Mulla were disposed about it; one being placed on the breast, expressive of the character of the deceased; another in the hand, intended likewise as a sort of passport at the gates of heaven; and a third above the head, which is said to be an intimation to the Evil One to refrain from disturbing the bones of a true believer. These papers having been properly arranged, stakes were fixed obliquely across the grave, from the upper to the lower side, opposite the body. They were placed very close to each other, and a quantity of hay being put over them, the earth was thrown in, and large stones collected to cover the whole. The final ceremony at the grave is a repetition of prayers and singing; the party then adjourn to the

\* I persuaded the Mulla to give me copies of these papers, but as they were written in Arabic I found difficulty in getting them translated. Having given them to a Tatar Sacerdotal for that purpose, I never received them again. I have little doubt that he handed them over to the Effendi, who prevented their being returned to me.

house of the deceased, where they and others, including all relations and friends, are feasted for one, two, or three successive days, according to the power and possessions of the mourners. After the dispersion of the other attendants, the Mulla remains alone and reads by the grave.

The Tatars believe that the spirits of the bad walk for forty days after death. In this case, they say, it is requisite to uncover the grave, and either shoot the dead body, cut off its head, or take out its heart.

I once inquired of a Tatar if the passports given to the dead were indiscriminately granted to all; and when he answered in the affirmative, I further asked him how a favourable character could be conscientiously given to such persons as a known robber or murderer. "We believe," said he, "that none are so bad as that *some* good may not be found in them, and that the soul will only remain in hell till it has expiated the sins committed in this life, or until Mahomet has made sufficient intercession for it."

#### Marriage Custom of the Abyssinians.

[1802, *Part I.*, p. 308.]

The Abyssinians, who for the most part profess Christianity, have a custom which, as far as I can learn, is peculiar to themselves. When they marry, the father of the bride makes a present to the bridegroom of money, movables, or cattle, according to his circumstances, and the nuptials are celebrated by the relations of both parties with much festivity and mirth. On the next morning the bridegroom, if dissatisfied with the match, takes a cup with a small hole in the bottom, which he covers with his finger, and pours in some wine and other liquor, which he presents to the father of the bride; when the father has taken hold of the cup, he removes his finger from the hole, and the liquor runs out. There is no conversation on the subject, but this is sufficient to inform all the company present that the young lady has been frail before marriage. The father takes his daughter and her dower home, and the marriage is declared null and void. On the contrary, if the bridegroom presents the father with a perfect cup, and they drink together, it denotes the entire approbation of the parties, and they are ever after looked upon as man and wife.

#### Canary Islanders.

[1764, *pp.* 4-8.]

. . . . It was a custom among them that, if a man entered his enemy's house by the door, and killed him or did him harm, he was not punished; but if he came upon him by leaping over the wall, and killed him, then he was put to death, by placing his head upon a flat stone, and with another, of a round form, dashing out his brains. . . .

The natives of Ferro Island gave their new-born children fern-roots, roasted, bruised, and mixed with butter, before they offered them the breast. . . . When anyone fell sick, they rubbed the body all over with sheep's marrow and butter, covering the patient well up to promote perspiration; but if a man was cut or wounded, they burnt the part and anointed it with butter. They interred the dead in caves; and if the deceased was wealthy, they buried him in his cloaths, and put a board at his feet, with the pole he used to travel with at his side, and then closed the cave with stones. . . .

. . . . They dwelt in large circular enclosures, the walls of which were of dry stone without cement, each enclosure having one narrow entry; on the inside they placed poles or spars against the wall, in such a manner that one end rested on the top of the wall and the other on the ground at a considerable distance from it: these they covered with branches of trees or fern, and each enclosure contained about twenty families. . . .

. . . . They adored two Deities: one male, called *Eraoranzan*; the other female, called *Monayha*. The male was worshipped by the men; the female by the women. Of these Deities they had no images or representations, nor did they offer them any sacrifice; only prayed to them when they were in necessity. . . .

. . . . No Canarian had more than one wife. When a girl's parents were inclined to marry her, they set her apart thirty days to fatten, giving her large quantities of milk and pulse. . . . Among the Canarians were many religious women, called Magadas, a number of whom lived together in one house. These houses were held sacred, and criminals who fled thither were protected from officers of justice. . . . In the island there were two rocks, to which they went in procession in times of public calamity, accompanied by the Magadas, carrying in their hands branches of palms and vessels filled with milk and butter, which they poured on the rocks, dancing round them, and singing mournful songs. From these rocks they went to the seaside, and all at once struck the sea forcibly with the branches of palm, shouting together with a loud voice.

[1764, pp. 65-68.]

. . . . When any of their nobles died, they brought out the corpse and placed it in the sun, took out the bowels and entrails, which they washed, and then buried in the earth; the body they dried and swathed round with bandages of goat-skins, and then fixed it upright in a cave, clothed with the same garments that had covered it alive: if no cave was at hand, they enclosed it within loose stones, so laid as not to touch it, and covered it with a large stone at the top. The lower class were buried in pits, and covered with dry stones; those bodies that were not placed upright were laid with their heads towards the North. . . .

In each district of Palma Island there was a great pillar or pyramid of loose stones ; at this pillar the natives assembled at stated times, singing and dancing round it, wrestling, and performing other feats of activity. In one of the districts there was a natural pyramid upwards of 100 fathoms high, where the natives worshipped their god *Idafe*, whose name the rock still retains. They were in perpetual apprehension of its tumbling down, and therefore whenever they killed a sheep or a goat, they roasted a piece of it, which they sent by two persons as a present to the rock. As they went along, he who carried the offering sang, "It will fall, *Idafe*," to which the other replied, "Give to it, and it will not fall." They then threw down the meat, and both went away, leaving it to be devoured by the ravens which hover'd about the rock.

The natives held the sun and moon in great veneration, and kept an exact account of time to know when the moon was new or at the full. They also acknowledged one supreme deity, whom they called *Abora*, and believed to reside in the Heavens. They had a superstitious notion that the Devil, whom they called *Irvine*, frequently appeared in the form of a shock dog. When any one of them was taken ill, he sent for his relations and friends, and said to them, "*I want to die*;" upon which they carried him into a cave, where they laid him down upon a bed of goat-skins, put a pitcher of milk by him, and then closing up the mouth of the cave, left him to expire by himself. . . .

### Cosmogony of the Taheiteans.

[1825, *Part II.*, pp. 387-391.]

It has been asserted more than once in some of your pages, that there is not the least resemblance in the mythologic traditions and Pagan superstition of the inhabitants of the South Seas to those of the old world. Cut off for many years from all intercourse with the Continent, bounded in their transactions by the group of islands in their own more immediate neighbourhood, it could not be expected that much primitive tradition would be preserved. If we further take into consideration the frequent occurrence of war, and the almost exterminating conduct with which it is carried on, astonishment will arise, not at the paucity of such indications, but that even the slightest trace should exist of former connection with the rest of the world.

I do not profess to be fully competent to the inquiry, my knowledge of the Australian language being very limited ; but I doubt not with that intimate acquaintance with its different dialects which the missionaries have obtained, should anyone undertake such an investigation, the search would not be altogether fruitless. A long time has elapsed since the voyagers of the South Seas formed a part

of my reading; as, however, the few memoranda on this subject, which I then made, may show that such an investigation would not be without encouragement, I transmit to you the following

*Cosmogony of the Taheiteans.*

Dr. Hawkesworth, in his relation of Cook's first voyage to the South Seas, observes: "Nothing is more obvious to a rational being, however ignorant or stupid, than that the universe and its various parts, as far as they fall under his notice, were produced by some agent inconceivably more powerful than himself; and nothing is more difficult to be conceived, even by the most sagacious and knowing, than the production of them from nothing, which among us is expressed by the word *Creation*. It is natural, therefore, as no Being apparently capable of producing the universe is to be seen, that he should be supposed to reside in some distant part of it, or to be in his nature invisible, and that he should have originally produced all that now exists in a manner similar to that in which Nature is renovated by the succession of one generation to another; but the idea of procreation includes in it that of two persons, and from the conjunction of two persons these people imagine everything in the universe either originally or derivatively to proceed. . . ."

Of the formation of the Universe, according to the ideas of the Taheiteans, we have the accounts of two priests: that most in detail was given by Manne-Manne, the chief-priest; the other by Tupia, also a priest, and of great mystical learning. Neither of their statements, in the form in which we have them, can be considered as quite accurate; Manne-Manne's being interpreted by an ignorant Swedish sailor in the English language, of which he could know little more than of that of O Taheite; and Sir Joseph Banks, to whom Tupia's information was given, observing that "the religious language is, in Otaheite as in China, different from that which is in common use; so that Tupia, who took great pains to instruct us, having no words to express his meaning which we understood, gave us lectures to very little purpose."

Imperfect, therefore, as these accounts must be, and on the present occasion rendered still more so by my ignorance of the language not permitting me in many instances accurately to translate names under which much real information is often mystically veiled, a close connection with the Mosaic cosmogony must not be expected; still, however, a distorted resemblance may be traced in the following comparison.

*Mosaic.*

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; and

*Taheitean.*

In the beginning Tānc (husband) took Tarōa (earth) and

the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, "Let there be light,"—and God called the light day, and the darkness he called night, etc.\*

And God said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters,"†—and God called the firmament Heaven.

And God said, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear;" and it was so, and God called the dry land earth.

And God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself after its kind," and God saw that it was good, and the evening and the morning were the third day.

And God said "Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years; and let them be

begat Avey (fresh water) Te Mydē (the sea) and Awa (the water-spout). He also begat Pō (night or darkness) and Hooa no Eatooa (the Spirit of God) was called Fwhanow Pō (the offspring of darkness).

Then he begat Mahāna (the sun) as well as Po (darkness).

After this he begat Matai (the wind) and Arye (the sky).

Then he made a rock, which he called Poppo-harra Harreha,‡ (the ..... messenger) and all the brethren and sisters of Mahāna (the sun) at his birth turned to earth.

Mahāna having assumed the shape of a man, was called Oērōa Tabōoa, (the very sacred ..... ) and he embraced the rock Poppo-harra Harreha, which consequently produced Te Too-boo Amata hatoo (the..... branches) after which the rock returned to its original state, and Oērōa Tabōoa died and returned to dust.

When Mahāna (the sun) was begotten, his brethren and sisters all turned to earth, but Tāne (creator) had another daughter, whose name was Tōwnoo (.....) Mahāna therefore, under the

\* It is remarkable that in the Taheitean language the same word expresses both night and darkness.

† In the Taheitean account the several kinds of water are mentioned distinctively in the first part of the cosmogony.

‡ This is an allegory for the genial influence of the sun on the earth in the production of vegetable substances.

for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth;" and it was so, and God made two great lights, the greater to rule the day, and the lesser to rule the night; he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness.

And God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion," etc. So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them.

Behold the man is become as one of us to know good and evil, and now lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground whence he was taken.

In the self-same day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them.

These are the families of the

name and form of Oëroa Taboa took her to wife, and she conceived and bare thirteen children, who are the thirteen months. Their names were, 1. Papeeree. 2. Ownoonoo. 3. Pararomoree. 4. Paroromoree. 5. Mooreha. 6. Heaiha. 7. Taoa. 8. Hoororoera. 9. Hooreeama. 10. Teayre. 11. Tetgi. 12. Waeho. 13. Weaha. After this Mahāna copulating with (eclipsing \*) Malama (the moon) produced Whettua (the stars).

Te Tooboo amata hatoo embraced the sand of the sea, which conceived a son of the name of Tee (inferior spirit †) and a daughter called Opeera (.....). Te Teeboo amata hatoo dying, and returning to earth, Tee took his sister Opeera to wife.

Opeera became ill, and in her illness she entreated her husband to cure her, and she would do the same for him if he fell sick, that thus they might live for ever; but he refused, and she died.

Tee having preferred his daughter, named Oheera Reene Moonoa (the ..... unclean spirit)‡ had by her three sons and three daughters: the sons were named Ora (.....) Wanoo

\* When an eclipse takes place, the Taheiteans suppose the luminaries to be in the act of copulation, a notion common to all Pagans.

† This inferior spirit, sometimes bad and sometimes good, is like the manes of antiquity, the departed soul of a man, and then considered his guardian angel. The Taheitean description comes nearer (chap. ii. 7): "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

‡ Or "unclean lying down." Moe is "to lie down," and Mooe is "the principle of life." I regret much that I am unable to translate Heera Reene, as much information might be derived therefrom.



sons of Noah after their generations in their nations: and by these were the nations divided in the earth after the flood.

(.....) and Tytory (.....) the daughters Hennatoomorroora (.....) Henaroa (tall .....) and Noowyra (.....).

The father and mother dying, the brothers and sisters said, "Let us take our sisters to wife and become many." So men began to multiply upon the earth.

Here ends the curious specimen given by Manne-Manne; Tupia's account to Sir Joseph Banks was as follows:

The Supreme Deity, one of the two first beings according to the traditions of Taheite, is called Taroa Taihe Toomoo (causer of earthquakes), and the other whom they suppose to have been a rock, Te Papa\* (the sky). A daughter of these was T'ettow Mata Tayo† (the ..... friend), the year or thirteen months collectively, and she, by the common father, produced the months, and the months by conjunction with each other, the days. The stars are partly the immediate offspring of the first pair, and the remainder have increased among themselves; the different species of plants were produced in the same manner. Among other progeny of Taroa Taihe Toomoo and Te Papa were an inferior race of deities, who are called Eatua. Two of these Eatuas (or inferior spirits) at some very remote period of time inhabited the earth, and were the parents of the first men. When this man, their common ancestor, was born, he was round like a ball, but his mother, with great care, drew out his limbs, and having at length moulded him as in man's present form, she called him Eothe (finished). He being prompted by the universal instinct to propagate his kind, and being able to find no female but his mother, he begot upon her a daughter, and upon the daughter other daughters for several generations before there was a son; a son, however, being born, he with the assistance of his sisters peopled the world. Besides their daughter T'ettow Mata Tayo, the first progenitors of nature had a son whom they called Tāne,‡ and as he takes a greater part in the affairs of mankind than the other gods, the Taheiteans generally address their prayers to him.

Contemplating these strong but disguised resemblances, we cannot

\* "Papa," in the language of Tonga Taboo, signifies the sky or horizon, the English being called "Papa langee" (men of the sky).

† This name the Taheiteans regard as so sacred that, except upon this occasion, they never mention it.

‡ Husband, and therefore the father and creator of all things. Their own ignorance of the origin of their traditions has led them into error, or they might be regarded as offering their prayers to the Deity under this title, rather than to address a separate god.

but admit, and must do it with gratifying feelings, mixed with reverential awe, that they exhibit the distorted features of the simple yet sublime detail of Moses; and this circumstance acquires a stronger effect when it is remembered that it is an universal practice in all the tales of mythology, to make a person one while the father, and at another the son. The various characters of polytheism, and even those composing the same genealogy, have been fairly demonstrated by the pioneers to mystical lore, Bryant, Faber, Maurice, and Davies, to be often but one and the same person; we may therefore regard the Taheitean cosmogony as not altogether so wild and distempered a composition as it at first sight appears.

*Triune Deity of the Taheiteans.*

It is a fact no less curious than undeniable, that traces of that most abstruse doctrine of our faith, the blessed Trinity, are to be found, not only in the fabulous traditions of antiquity, but in the Pagan nations of the present day. The Brahminical Triad of India, which has received so much illustration from the indefatigable research and ingenuity of the late Rev. Mr. Maurice, is not a more striking evidence of this than the triune Deity of the Taheiteans. We learn from the missionary voyage, that the general name for the deity in all its ramifications is Eatooa, a word that seems to signify *spiritual essence* in opposition to *matter*.

An appellation thus single with regard to itself, but admitting of the most extensive application, appears to carry with it the idea of one Supreme Being, and of His being contemplated under different characters. Accordingly on investigation we shall find this to be the case. The comprehensive title of the supreme god, Tupia told Sir Joseph Banks, was Taroa Taihe Toomo (the causer of earthquakes), a name of the most awful import in reference to Taheite, as that island, and the other Society Isles, are very frequently visited by this dreadful monitor of mortality.

But, according to the missionaries, the Deity is also viewed in his threefold character; for that is what is to be understood when they say, "Three are equally held supreme, standing in a height of celestial dignity, that no others can approach unto; and what is more extraordinary, the names are personal appellations." Not only is the circumstance thus noticed as extraordinary, but the very import of the terms still more wonderfully striking.

*The triadic titles are:*

- |              |   |  |
|--------------|---|--|
| Eatooa (God) | } | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Tāne, te Medooa (Creator, the father).</li> <li>2. Oro mattow, "Tooa tee te Myda (..... God in the son).</li> <li>3. Taroa, Mānnoo te Hooa (terrestrial bird, the Spirit).*</li> </ol> |
|--------------|---|--|

\* The holy spirit assuming on earth the form of a bird. That remarkable parallel passage, "The spirit of God descending" (*i.e.* coming to the earth) "like a dove," will naturally occur to everyone.

The eternity of the Triune Deity is clearly expressed by making him both singly and his threefold character Fwhanow Po (the offspring of night or primæval darkness).

The missionaries considering these as they would Roman divinities have termed them *Dii majores*, and give us the following account. "To these *dii majores* they only address their prayers in times of greatest distress, and seasons of peculiar exigency, supposing them too exalted to be troubled with matters of less moment than the illness of a chief, storms, devastations, war, or any great calamity. Indeed, fear and suffering seem to be more motives to worship than gratitude."

From the same source we learn that "the house of these Fwhanow Po," by which we are most probably to understand the temple where they were worshipped, is as *Opārre*, the residence particularly appropriated to the *Earhea rahie* (sovereign, or supreme lord) or king.

I shall, probably, if I succeed in collecting my memoranda, trouble you with some remarks on the mythology of other Australian isles.

S. R. M.

### Manners and Customs of the Natives of Hutaiteé, etc.

[1771, p. 407.]

A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN ON BOARD THE "ENDEAVOUR," GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES OF UTAHITEÉ HOU À HANÍ, BOLOBOLO, AND UNATÉCHÀ.

. . . We steered for Utahiteé, in the latitude of 17 deg. 10 min. South, and longitude of 150 deg. 32 min. W., from the Meridian of Greenwich, from whence Mr. Green made all his calculations. We continued here three months, and became as easy and familiar in the time as the natives, who are a kind, hospitable, active, sensible people. We married with their women, and enjoyed a felicity amongst them peculiar to the salubrity of so sweet a clime. As for my part, I never relinquished a situation with so much grief and dissatisfaction. The isle is well stocked with hogs, dogs, poultry, fish, and fruit; particularly the bread-fruit, which, when baked, is superior to any made with wheat. At meals the great people are attended with many servants, who feed their masters, dipping their fingers every two mouthfuls into vessels with clean water. This is an idle luxury peculiar to this place. They have also plenty of yams here, and a fruit of most exquisite taste, like the European apple, with a stone within it like a peach. The people are active fishermen, and make all their lines of grass. There is a white hearn that frequents these isles, which the inhabitants call the "bird of God;" they pay great respect to it, nor could we so much offend them as by shooting it. They have one particular belief in their religion, which would be a

most humiliating thought with us: they are convinced that gentlemen in a future state will retain their rank, but that servants will ever be servants. Monsieur Bouganville had been here before us with two sail of ships, and brought the French disease among the poor people. He sailed from this place to Batavia, but made a fruitless voyage as well as Captain Wallace.

We sailed from Utahiteé to Hou à Haniè, which is the Isle of handsome women, and is forty-five leagues west Utahiteé. Here we continued a week; but our crew being injured by the villainy of Bouganville's people, the captain would not suffer them to go on shore. This Isle is esteemed more fertile and more wholesome than the rest—and I vow, with the greatest sincerity, that it justly deserves the name—for I never beheld such a beautiful race of women, so elegantly limbed, and so divinely featured.

About the same distance from this Isle as Utahiteé is, lies Unatéché and Bolobolo; the latter is distinguished and dreaded by the inhabitants of all the other isles, being near eighty in all. The natives of Bolobolo are a banditti who have been driven from the other places for capital crimes; their punishments are only throwing them into the sea, and leaving them to gain some shore; and Bolobolo has been the place they have always escaped to. This island being more mountainous than the rest, they always escape to the hills whenever they are pursued, and without license or fear invade the other islands, and carry off whatever they please. The name of a Bolobolo man is their greatest dread, and they repeatedly solicited us to destroy them with our guns. Whenever these villains take any prisoners, they always cut off their lower jaws, and leave the wretch to linger and die; and from such acts of singular barbarity they are a terror to the other islanders.

We coasted along the shore of New Holland, which is rocky and dangerous, from 40 deg. of south latitude to 10 deg., running more than twice the ship on shore: the last time was very near being fatal to us, the ship making so much water from the damage she received that we were obliged to lay her on shore, where she was neaped almost three weeks by the tides, and then we only looked at one side, for when we arrived at Batavia, we found in the opposite side a large piece of coral sticking, which, if it had dropped out at sea, the ship must have foundered in an instant. The savages were very troublesome upon New Holland, attacking us very often; and by setting all the sea-grass on fire round the ship, they were very near burning the vessel and blowing up all our powder. Upon this barbarous shore we took an uncommon curious animal, which weighed upwards of eighty pounds; it was formed like a rat in the face and ran erect on its hinder legs. The savages, by way of ornament, run fish-bones through their noses, and are a warlike, stout people, for ever jealous of our encroachments, nor would they suffer us to land

without various attacks. Upon this inhospitable shore I shot a large dog, which, when we were at short allowance of provisions, we eat with great greediness, notwithstanding it had a most filthy taste ; but hunger will bring the human stomach to any repast when deeply necessitated.

We touched upon a small island called Suabu, about fourteen days' sail from Batavia, where we met with every species of provisions in abundance, and where we also met with the first miracle in the world—a country well inhabited, whereon *fornication* was never known.

### Ceremonies of the Treaty with the Cherokees.

[1755, pp. 470, 471.]

Cannacaughte of Chotte, the head of the nation, having the preceding day, the 1st of July, summoned a council in his camp of all the headmen, acquainted them that as the business to be transacted the ensuing day was of great importance, it was proper that some person should be appointed who might do it with distinctness and in a way suitable to the solemnity of the act to be done ; that he himself had never been accustomed to speak to white people : besides, that he now grew old, and perceived that he was still disordered by the fatigue of his journey (from their own lands) and could not do it either to his own satisfaction or the credit of his country ; he therefore proposed that some fit person should be immediately named ; and accordingly Chulochcullah was elected, and received instructions how to behave and what to say. The same day he waited on the governor, and acquainted him with his appointment, and that he would punctually follow the instructions he had received. On Wednesday, July 2, Cannacaughte the chief, and the other Indians, arrived at the camp, which lay at three miles distance, and were received by the Governor as usual ; and his excellency and Cannacaughte being seated under an arbour, all the headmen and head warriors and Indians, to the number of 506, sitting all round on the ground under trees, Chulochcullah, the speaker, rose up, and holding a bow in one hand and a shaft of arrows in the other, he delivered himself in the following words : "What I am now to speak, our father the Great King George should hear. We are now brothers with the people of Carolina, and one house covers us all : the great king is our common father." At this time a little Indian child was brought to him, whom he presented to the governor, with these words : "We, our wives, and all our children, are the children of the great King George, and his subjects. He is our king, our head, and father ; and we will obey him as such. I bring this little child, that when he grows up he may remember what is now agreed to, and that he may tell it to the next generation, that so it may be handed down from one generation to another for ever."

The Indian then opening a small leathern bag, in which was contained some earth, laid the same at his excellency's feet, adding, "That they gave all their lands to the King of Great Britain; and as a token of it, they desired that this parcel of earth might be sent to the king, for they acknowledged him to be the owner of all their lands and waters." His excellency accepted the same, and promised that it should be sent to him.

The Indian then opened another small bag of leather, filled with parched corn-flour, and said, "That, as a testimony that they not only delivered their lands, but all that belonged to them, to be the king's property, they gave the governor what was contained in that small bag, desiring that it might be sent also to the great King George."

The Indian, then delivering a bow and arrows to the governor, in token of their obedience, desired "That he would acquaint the king their father that there was little or nothing that they could make: the bow and arrows which they delivered, to be laid at the great king's feet, were all the arms they could make for their defence; they therefore hoped that he would pity the condition of his children, and send them arms and ammunition to defend them against his and their enemies; and they hoped their elder brother, the governor, would soon acquaint their father with it." . . . The Indian then, taking out some strings of white wampum, delivered the same to the governor, in confirmation of all that had passed; and said, "That their speech was now near an end; that though he had delivered it, and was the mouth of the nation, yet that every word he had spoken, and all that he had done, had been agreed upon at a general meeting and consultation of the headmen; that he had delivered it in their presence and hearing; and he hoped that he had executed the trust that they had reposed in him to their satisfaction." To which they unanimously and with one voice assented.

#### Customs of Guiana in S. America.

[1763, p. 632.]

. . . Those who wish to marry him present him with something to drink, and offer him some wood to kindle a fire near his hammock. If he refuses the offer, it is a token that he will have nothing to say to the lass; if he accepts it, the marriage is concluded, and the bride takes upon her to manage his household the next morning.

They have one custom peculiar to themselves. When the wife lies-in for the first time, the husband is obliged to keep his hammock, which is drawn up to the ridge of the house, and he is suffered to have no nourishment but a little cassava-wheat and some water. When they let him down, they cut him in several parts of his body with some sharp instrument, made either of the fin of a fish or the

tooth of some animal; sometimes, also, they give him a sound whipping. Till this ceremony is performed upon the birth of the first child, the husband is the slave of his father-in-law; and as soon as it is over, he is obliged to enter into the service of some old Indian, and quit his wife for some months. During this time, he is not allowed to eat venison, pork, nor game of any kind; neither is he allowed to cleave wood, under a notion that it may hurt the infant. This servitude is terminated by a great festival, at which the husband is again put into possession of his liberty and his wife.

### The Ledrone Islands.

[1769, *pp.* 222, 223.]

Before the arrival of the Spaniards, they acknowledged no deity, had no idea of any religion, and were without temples, altars, sacrifices, worship, or priests. They had, indeed, some *cunning men*, called *macanas*, among them, who, pretending to the gift of prophecy, and to an intimate familiarity with the dead, assumed the power of controlling the living, giving health to the sick, procuring a plentiful harvest and a successful fishing. Under the influence of these delusions, they entertained some crude notions of the immortality of the soul; for when anyone died, they put a basket over his head to receive his spirit, entreating at the same time that as soon as it quitted the body it might repose itself in that basket.

Indeed, the whole of their superstition turns upon the notions they entertain of the dead. They talk of a place replenished with delicacies, and abounding with groves of trees, fountains of water, and fruits of exquisite flavour, and of infernal regions where darkness evermore prevails. But neither virtue nor vice, according to them, has any share in conducting men to mansions of bliss or to those of misery; the whole depends upon the manner of leaving the world. If one has the misfortune to die a violent death, darkness is his portion; but if he dies in the ordinary way, he has the pleasure of enjoying all the delights which the happy regions can bestow. They are persuaded that the spirits of the dead appear to the living, and often complain of their being ill-used by *spectres*, by whom they are sometimes terribly frightened.

### History of some Curious Customs used by the Natives of the Feejee Islands. By J. A.

[1820, *Part I.*, *pp.* 212, 213.]

The Feejee Islands are situated about 21° south latitude, and 174° west longitude. They are very little known, and have received various names from different navigators. Tongataboo is the best known of this group, and there is an account of it in a work by the mis-

sionaries who endeavoured to convert the inhabitants to our holy religion.

These islands have been but little frequented except by the missionaries, some of whom were massacred in their devout attempts. They have, however, been sometimes visited by men who had a less holy intention ; viz., by persons in search of sandal-wood, which forms a valuable article of commerce in China, where it is said to be worth £80 a ton.

In the pursuit of this article, many persons have had intercourse with the inhabitants, and have by no means left a favourable opinion of white men among them. One vessel particularly, after promising to assist them in their wars with the natives of a neighbouring island, for which piece of service their brig was to be laden with sandal-wood, received from them their cargo, and left them without any return. In consequence of some nefarious transactions of this sort, they have sometimes showed signs of hostility, and more than once innocent persons have suffered for the guilty.

Having occasion to pass at no great distance from these islands in the year 1815, the master of a brig in company, whose name is Siddons, gave me the following account. Mr. Siddons had been several years living among them, had an estate there, and they even acknowledged him as a chief.

As to the truth of his relation, I have no manner of doubt ; for although on hearing it some circumstances were enough to startle me, yet, having met with another man soon afterwards, who had been in the same trade, I took the opportunity to converse with him on the subject. He gave the same account, and without knowing that I had heard them before, related many circumstances that had happened to Siddons himself ; for it appeared they had both been there at the same time.

When a man dies (said Mr. Siddons), if he be a chief or man of importance, one or more of his wives are strangled at his funeral. Some have but one wife, but I have known several with five or six. I myself was present at one of these ceremonies. The defunct was an old chief who had died of some lingering disease, and his body was wasted to skin and bone. A native friend, who was a chief, came on board my brig, and invited me on shore to see the ceremony, as I had formerly expressed a wish to that effect. The corpse was rolled up in large folds of a kind of cloth that is made in these islands, similar to, but coarser than that which is made at Taheite. They conveyed the body to the door of the house of the coloo or priest, who are men having great influence in the country, and who are supposed to foretell future events. The corpse was placed on the ground, with the feet towards the door of the priest's house, and many hundreds of the natives were surrounding it. A woman was sitting at the head, which was uncovered, for the cloth was principally rolled



across the belly. She had in her hand something like a powder-puff, and she continually puffed the face of the corpse with a black powder. I was anxious to get near the body, but my friend continually exhorted me to keep at a distance. I nevertheless persisted, and advanced to within a few yards of it. The woman continued to sprinkle the face with the black powder; and when I had waited about an hour, a murmur among the multitude, and a sort of shout, attracted my attention. My native friend, who kept beside me, informed me that it was occasioned by the approach of the principal wife of the defunct chief, who lived some miles off, and who had just arrived in a canoe. In a few minutes she made her appearance, accompanied by her female friends. I did not observe any mark of extreme dejection about her, but she appeared serious and thoughtful. She advanced to the body, kissed it, and then retreated backwards about twenty steps, keeping her face towards it. A woman well known to me was sitting there, and the widow placed herself upon her lap, when the females who had accompanied her to the place approached her and attempted to kiss her, but she repelled them scornfully with her arms. The woman upon whose lap she sat then put one of her hands at the back part of the head of the widow, and the other on her mouth. A man suddenly placed a cord round her neck; six men who were ready took hold of it, three at each end, and pulled with all their force. I did not observe that the widow made the least struggle, although, after the manner of the country, she was only covered about the middle; not even her legs moved. I was anxious to know what would be done with the bodies, and had recourse to my friend for that purpose. He told me, however, that that was not permitted to be known, but I might see all that they themselves knew, the final part of the ceremony being known only to the caloo. I accordingly went to the priest's house in the evening. The dead chief and his strangled widow were placed near the door. I had brought one of my boat's crew with me, and as the few natives that were present had some difficulty in forcing the chief's body through the doorway, in consequence of the many folds of cloth that were about it, this man assisted them in this part of the rite; and while this was doing, I went into the apartment, anxious to discover whether there was any grave dug. It was dark, and I felt about the house cautiously with my feet, lest there should be a cavern beneath it, but I found none; and as they had then placed the two bodies beside each other in the house, my friend told me that I could not be permitted to see more, and we retired.\*

Another instance of the same ceremony I was more intimately acquainted with, and, indeed, was in some measure a party concerned. I had been on a cruise, and at my return I found my friend

\* A description of the ceremony may be found in the voyage of a Missionary, printed in Mr. Dalrymple's Collection.

Riccammong dead. He was a fine young man, and a chief. I had formerly entered into an agreement with him for a cargo of sandel-wood, which was not yet fulfilled. I greatly regretted the death of this man, not only because I had a friendship for him, but because I feared it would be a means of my losing my cargo of sandel-wood. I called immediately upon his mother, who had also been a great friend to me. As soon as she saw me, she embraced me; and not knowing I had been informed of her loss, with tears told me that Riccammong was dead. "And what can I do?" said she. "How shall I be able to procure you the sandel-wood?" I told her I was much grieved at the loss of her son, and requested to pay my respect to the body. I knew very well before that it was customary to visit and speak to the dead as if they were living, and that there was always some person present to give answers for them. I therefore went with the mother to the apartment where the body was laid, and taking hold of the dead chief's hand, I said to him, "I see, Riccammong, what has happened to you: you are dead, and have left us. You know, Riccammong, the agreement that existed between us, that you were to procure me a freight of sandel-wood, which I have already paid you for, and which I have not received. What is to be done in the business, Riccammong?" The mother, who stood by, answered, "Yes; I recollect the agreement, and I will take care that it shall be fulfilled." Much more conversation passed between us, which it is needless to repeat, when we retired from the body. I was by this time intimate with many of the natives. I had a house and farm, and most of my property was rendered sacred—or, as it is called in the country, tabooed—so that any person injuring it might be destroyed.

The old mother took me to her house, and we had much conversation respecting the sandel-wood that I had agreed with her son for. She wept much during our conversation, and anxiously spoke of Riccammong's principal wife. "*You* know," said she, "that she paid great attention to the white people—that she fed them, and clothed them. Alas! unless some of her friends rescue her, she must follow my son to the grave. I know of no friend she has in the world," added she, embracing me, "but yourself. Are *you* willing to save her?"—"I would do my utmost to save her.—"Run, then," said she hastily; "wait not a moment; there is still a chance of her life being preserved." I was ignorant what it was necessary for me to do to effect the purpose, and inquired of the mother. She added quickly, "You know that you have the authority of a chief. Bring to the place of funeral a valuable present, hold it up in your hands, on your knees repeat the words: *I beg the life of this woman*; and her life may be spared. But," continued the old woman quickly, "if you save her, you will have a right to her. I do not wish any person to possess the widow of my son." I told her I only wished

to save her life ; when she embraced me weeping, and I went away. I had unfortunately nothing on shore with me sufficiently valuable for the purpose ; I therefore ran down to the boat to go off to the brig, which was thirty miles distant. We pulled on board as fast as possible, and I took one of the largest whale's teeth, which I knew to be more valued there than gold. With a fresh boat's crew we pulled back again. I was certain there was not a moment to spare. On my reaching the shore, I leaped out of the boat, and ran to the spot where the ceremony would take place. The caloo, however, was my enemy—indeed, he was the enemy of all the white people ; he had even predicted that the increased intercourse with the whites would endanger the nation. Hearing what I had intended to do, he had hastened the ceremony. He was a man apparently above the ordinary occurrences of life ; whether through hypocrisy or a real hardness of heart, he seemed to be bereft of the ordinary affections of men, and, I am inclined to think, much instigated by hatred towards the white people. He had, under the cloak of religion, already bereft the widow of Riccammong of life. The mother had endeavoured with all her power to prolong the time ; the widow also, equally anxious to escape, had used her utmost efforts to avoid the fatal cord, but all was in vain. The priest, with a look of sanctity, explained to the people that it was necessary ; that men only had a right to interfere in these concerns ; that it was the law, and that he was determined, for reasons known only to himself, that the usual sacrifice should take place immediately. It was therefore done as he had commanded, and the widow of Riccammong was strangled about a quarter of an hour before I arrived with the whale's tooth. My departed friend had three wives, two of whom were strangled ; the third was saved by the influence of her relations, who were persons of great influence.

When I saw the bodies together, and that I had endeavoured in vain to save the widow, I was excessively agitated, and, in the first impulse of my disappointment, went to the corpse of the widow and kissed it. The caloo was standing near it ; he was a man that could contain his passions. I knew of his hostility towards me ; I upbraided him with the strongest expressions I could think of ; but, smothering every mark of passion, he merely answered coolly, " It is the law."

Since that time I have been present at several ceremonies of the same kind, but all of them are nearly the same in their performance ; it would not be worth while therefore to speak more on the subject.

The people of these islands are cannibals. They inhabit a great many islands which have no appropriate names on the charts, but all of them have their peculiar native designations. The largest of these islands are divided into several districts, and there is often war among people of the neighbouring places.

I had bought a bolt of canvass of the master of a vessel that was there, and he demanded a very large piece of sandel-wood for it, ten times as much as it was worth. I was, however, obliged to consent, and took him on shore to a place where I knew a piece large enough was lying; for I was well known on the island, and had some authority: but *he* was a stranger; and it was very dangerous for perfect strangers, ignorant of their language and customs, to trust themselves far from the shore. We had arrived at the log, and, having measured it, and found it not quite so large as was agreed upon, were talking about our bargain, when an old woman, well known to me, appeared with a large basket upon her shoulders. She came up to us, and, without addressing me as was usual, exclaimed in a dismal tone, "War, war, war."—I immediately knew that something was wrong, and that all was not safe.—The man that was with me would have fled to the boat; but I advised him to stay by me, who was known, and could speak the language; whereas, if he were seen by himself running to his boat, there was a probability of his being killed. He remained, therefore, with me, and, when we had waited some time, a native acquaintance came up. I inquired of him the meaning of the old woman's expression, when he informed me that they had been at war; that they had killed the Chief of Hyparcar; that they had had the good fortune to seize upon his body; and that they would feast upon it to-morrow, inviting me to be of the party.

To enable me to have so intimate an intercourse with these people, I had to encounter many dangers and to conform to many of their disgusting customs. This horrible custom, however, of eating human flesh, I had hitherto been able to avoid; but it was necessary that I should seem to acquiesce even in this, and, as the natives did, take a delight in it. To the native's invitation, therefore, I gave a ready assent, seemed to rejoice at the circumstance, and explained to him that, as I had just arrived from a cruise, and had not tasted of fresh food for some time, it would be particularly welcome to me. I then went about my other concerns; and in an hour or two the native that had accosted me in the morning came up to me, and, as if by accident, led me to the log of sandel-wood we had been bargaining for. The body of the captive had been laid beside it. It was that of a man above six feet high; there was a large wound across the forehead, and another at the top of the head, as if from the blows of a club. I started back at the sight, and the native exclaimed with emphasis, "Are you afraid?" "Sanga, sanga," said I ("No, no"); "I hope to feast on him to-morrow."

The people of these islands always eat human flesh cold; they roast it one day, and eat it the next; and before the body is cut to pieces the caloo performs a long ceremony. I went with my native friend to the priest's house; he was then about to perform the usual

incantation. He had a long staff in his hands; and having placed one end of it on the ground, he exercised himself violently in reeling to and fro with it, till, overcome with the exercise, he fell down, and the attendants carried him into his house. He then said something in the manner of an oracle, which, as it was explained to me, meant that they would succeed in what they were about to undertake, referring to a battle that was intended.

The multitude then went down to their dead enemy, and with pieces of wood or bambo, made very sharp, cut off his hands at the wrists, his feet at the ankles, his legs at the knees, and his thighs near the middle, dividing the bone with an axe, which they had purchased from one of the vessels that had been at the island. The head was cut off very low toward the breast, and they placed it on some hot ashes that had previously been prepared in a hole dug for the purpose; and when it had remained there a sufficient time they rubbed off the hair with shells, and replaced it with the other parts of the body in the hole, surrounding it on all sides with stones that had been made very hot. They then covered it up till it was completely roasted. I told the natives that I expected they would allow me my share of it; that I was then going on board, but that I should not fail to come on shore on the morrow; but that, if I should be prevented, I desired they would send my share on board the brig. The men of Hylai (for that was the name of the place) promised that I should not be disappointed, and I then left them.

On my going on board, I told my mate what was going forward, and desired that, when the human flesh should be brought on board for me, he should say I was gone on shore; and that when they should tell him what they had brought he should seem disgusted, and refuse to receive it on board; that he should say that, although the Captain was fond of it, yet that *he* hated it, and that they might carry it on shore again, for he would not receive it. On the following day it was done as I desired; they brought the roasted human flesh alongside, and the mate refused to admit it on board, at the same time exclaiming violently against the custom. They at length went on shore with it, very much disappointed, and threatening that, if they met with him, they would kill him.

Two days after this I went among them again. I thought I might turn the circumstance of the human flesh to my advantage. I pretended to be very angry with them, said that they had deceived me; that they had not sent me my share of the human flesh. They persisted in affirming that they had sent it alongside, and that the mate would not receive it. I inquired, I told them, when I went on board, and that no one had seen or heard of it, and, added I, I have been greatly disappointed.—Finding it therefore in vain to persuade me that they had sent it to me, they railed against the mate, and repeated that if they met him on shore they would kill him.

Carrying on the deception, I immediately went to the mother of Riccammong. I told her that I was very angry that I had been disappointed and deceived. She spoke respectfully to me, as chiefs generally do when they address each other. In a very low submissive voice, she said (for even here there is prevalent a great portion of Eastern bombast), "If *you* are angry, *me* shall die." She then demanded what could be done to pacify me. I told her I must have a certain quantity of sandel-wood. She therefore immediately sent some of her servants to collect it for me; which appeased me, and I returned on board.

Soon after this, having collected my cargo, I left the place, and have heard no more of these people. They are a dangerous race to go among; and I was the only person of five vessels who had any authority among them, and was permitted to live on shore.

One of the most extraordinary circumstances among them is, the excessive value they set upon large teeth, such as those of the whale or sea elephant. So that persons going to procure sandel-wood from them generally take with them as many of these teeth as they can procure.

The principal things they barter for are axes, knives, or razors; but they will give as much wood for one large tooth as for five or six axes. This regard they put upon large teeth is the more extraordinary, as they do not seem to make any use of them, except as ornaments.

When a native, by purchase or any other means, becomes possessed of a large tooth, he hangs it up in his house, and for the first few days scarcely ceases looking upon it and admiring it. He frequently takes it down, and rubs it with a particular kind of leaf, and polishes it; some of them almost for a month continue to labour upon it.

The vessels from Port Jackson usually carried the teeth of the whale or sea elephant; but some vessels from India carried elephants' teeth, which they cut into pieces, and made in the shape of other teeth. These, being very large, were considered of the greatest value, and procured vast quantities of sandel-wood. So great an account was set upon them, that some chiefs actually came from islands more than an hundred miles distant to see them.

They set no value on money. A ship called the *Eliza*, with several thousand dollars on board, was wrecked on a reef near one of these islands. The master of her put about four thousand of them in the jolly-boat, and made for the island that was most frequented, where he found a vessel from Port Jackson and got on board of her. The jolly-boat was left towing astern, and some hours had passed before the master of the shipwrecked vessel mentioned the dollars being left in the boat. It happened that this was done in the presence of the mate, who reported it to one of the sailors, and they removed

them by stealth. Some of them they concealed in their cabins, and others the accomplice took on shore and buried. Some of the natives, however, saw him covering something up, and when he went away they dug up the dollars. On the following morning they were widely distributed among the natives, who parted with them for the merest trifles, such as nails, pins, or small pieces of iron.

A man called Savage, who had been some time among the natives at Tongataboo, about this time came to the island, and hearing where the wreck was, went to the place, and found the dollars lying in heaps upon the beach.

Such is the account given me by Mr. Siddons; I cannot vouch for the truth of it, but am inclined to believe that it is mostly true. To many it may appear to be too much allied to the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor, but I would not disbelieve it on that account. From many persons I have heard similar accounts, but very few have had the opportunity of seeing so much of these people as Siddons. There is a possibility also of some of the circumstances that I have mentioned in this account having been published before, especially in "The Missionary Voyage;" which being the case, one account may be set against the other, and may either confirm the truth of it, or render it doubtful. Siddons lived on the Island, I believe, several years, and had house and lands; perhaps wives. If he be not the Missionary himself mentioned in Pinkerton's "Geography" as having forsaken the original purpose of his visiting the Islands, namely, that of propagating the Gospel, for the more sensual gratifications of life; at least it is probable that the one may have been known by the other, and may be mentioned accordingly. This account I heard from Siddons himself, and I thought it worth while to commit it to paper.

*Torre's Straits, Aug. 5th, 1815.*

### Strange Opinions of some Indians concerning the Supreme Being.

[1771, p. 400.]

(FROM "BUSBEQUIUS.")

The Indian Gentiles feign that a certain immense spider was the first cause of all things; which, drawing the matter from its own bowels, wove the web of this universe, and disposed it with wonderful art: she in the meantime, sitting in the centre of her work, feels and directs the motion of every part, till at length, when she has pleased herself sufficiently, in ordering and contemplating this web, she draws all the threads she had spun out again into herself, and, having absorbed them, the universal nature of all creatures vanishes into nothing.

**Some Account of the Natives of Louisiana.**

BY M. LE PAGE DU PRATZ.

[1753. p. 325.]

When the French entered this fine country, they found it inhabited by a great number of different nations. I will only mention the most considerable, which are, the Pascagoulas, the Oumas, the Tonicas, the Natchez, the Tchatchas, the Chicachas, the Tinsas, the Natsitoches, the Adiais, the Assinais, the Alkanas, the Cadodaquious, the Yazous, and the Tchetimactchas. The Oumas and Tonicas, being in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, are reduced to a very few families by the immoderate use of brandy, which they found means to procure in spite of all the precautions the governor could take. The Tonicas have always been so attached to the French, that the king hath decorated their chief with a blue wreath, with a medal pendent from it, presented him with a gold-headed cane, and made him brigadier of the Red Armies, *i.e.*, the auxiliary troops of the natives. The Natsitoches are seated upon the Red River; the Adiais to the west of them, and the Assinais further west; and to the north of them lie the Cadodaquious. The Alkanzas and Yazous are seated upon the rivers of those names. The Chicachas, our declared enemies, are retired into the country to the east of the river of St. Louis, thither the Natchez too retired in the last war we had with them. The Tinsas, Tchatchas, and Tchetimactchas are branches of the Natchez.

These various nations, besides the language peculiar to each, have one common language, by means whereof they can converse together, and is of the same utility as the *Lingua Franca* of the Levant. Their manners and customs are pretty much the same. The character, therefore, of the Natchez, who are a great people, with whom I lived seven years and am best acquainted, may serve for that of all the rest.

The Natchez, as well as all the other natives of Louisiana, have very regular features, and are strong and well made, and in general tall. They live to a very advanced age, and in their old age are not very infirm. To this the plainness of their diet, their sobriety, their exercise, the salubrity of the air, and the wisdom of their physicians, who content themselves with purging the sick, and never bleed, do not a little contribute. Their women differ in this from the Europeans, that they have double breasts, *i.e.*, in the midst of each breast there rises another small one, about four inches broad, with a very long nipple.

The Natchez are of a very mild and humane disposition, when one gives them no cause of distrust or discontent. They love instruction, and it is more the fault of the Europeans than theirs that they are



not better civilized. They are grave and prudent, enemies to lying, faithful in their promises, of few words, never the first to do injuries to others, and never forgetting the injuries done to them. Their language is not copious, their style, or manner of expressing themselves, is very figurative, and like that of the Orientals.

The men build the cottages, hunt, go to war, make their bows and arrows, and prepare the ground for the seed; all other work and business whatever falls to the lot of the women. The women sow the seed and get in the harvest; they make baskets, mats, and all other household furniture; they prepare food for the family; they make all pieces of stuffs and ornaments used by way of apparel. When the men fell trees, they leave them, and send the women to fetch them home; nay, they will not so much as bring home the beasts they kill in hunting; they only cut out the tongue and flea off the skin, and send the women for the carcase.

The pre-eminence and superiority of the male to the female sex, and the paternal authority, are looked upon amongst them as the most inviolable laws of nature, and are strictly observed and rigidly maintained. The youngest boys take place of, and are preferred on all occasions to, the oldest women; and in their entertainments and ordinary repasts, are served before them. And let the descendants of an old man be ever so numerous, they all live together and are subject to him; his power over them is absolute, and all his commands revered and punctually obey'd.

The men seldom marry till they have attained the age of twenty-five; nor are any marriages celebrated without the consent and concurrence of the old men, who are the heads of the respective families; the bridegroom, instead of receiving a portion with the bride, always makes a present to her father.

As soon as a child is born, both the mother and child are washed in river or spring water; a few days after, the child is rubbed with bear's oil: this unction, together with their continual exposure to the heat of the sun (for both sexes go quite naked till they are twelve years old) gives a red colour to their skin, which is as white as ours when they are born, that no time can efface. Their cradles are very light, and made of reeds, and, instead of rocking them as we do, they slide them backwards and forwards upon two large canes, whereon they are placed.

The nation of the Natchez consists of nobles and common people. The highest rank of the nobles are called "Suns;" they are a different race, and do not mix with the rest of the people. When one of these Suns dies, not only his wives, but also a considerable number of the common people are strangled and buried along with him.

They have a temple wherein is kept what they call "*The sacred and eternal Fire.*" This fire was originally kindled by the rays of the sun, and is fed with wood stripped of the bark. The Suns alone are

permitted to enter this temple. All their religious worship seems to consist in preserving and keeping up this fire, and nine officers are appointed for that purpose. If by neglect or any accident this fire is extinguished, it is looked upon as a sign of some great impending calamity, nor can they rekindle it till after a long time and with much difficulty. I ingratiated myself greatly with the chiefs of the nation, and received considerable presents from them, for giving them and showing them the use of a convex lens, by means whereof they would always have it in their power, immediately and easily, to renew the sacred fire. Nothing could equal their joy and surprise upon seeing the effect of the glass.

The men do not all go to war. The warriors are a particular class, properly educated. They are not brave, but act against their enemies chiefly by stratagem and surprise, and seldom engage fairly. The principal warriors and women of distinction mark their skins with the figures of animals. This they do by pricking out the designed figure upon their skins, with a sharp-pointed instrument, and then rubbing coal-dust into the punctures; by this means the fine coal-dust enters the skin, and the figure can never be effaced.

#### Nottoway Indians.

[1821, *Part I.*, pp. 505, 506.]

In our last number we gave a short account of the Padouca Indians [see Note 46]. We shall now introduce a few particulars of the Nottoway Indians, in the state of Virginia, obtained through the medium of a person who lately visited their settlement.

The Nottoway Indians, in number about twenty-seven, including men, women, and children, occupy a track of seven thousand acres of excellent land upon the west side of Nottoway river, two miles from Jerusalem in the county of Southampton. The principal character among them is a woman who is styled their queen. Her name is Edie Turner; she is nearly sixty years of age, and extremely intelligent; for, although illiterate, she converses and communicates her ideas with greater facility and perspicuity than women among the lower orders in society. She has a comfortable cottage, well furnished, several horses and cows, and keeps her portion of the settlement in a good state of cultivation.

The ancient Nottoway or Powhattan language is only known to the queen and two other old Indians. This language is evidently of Celtic origin (*sic*), and appears equally harmonious and expressive as either the Erse, Irish, or Welsh. It has two genders, masculine and feminine, three degrees of comparison, and two articles, but the verbs are extremely irregular.

The old woman gave an account of the antient superstition or

religion of the Nottoways ; from which one might suppose that John Bunyan had copied his "Pilgrim's Progress" :

"The Nottoways believed that the soul, after separation from the body, was conducted by a Genius to the bank of a large, dark, and gloomy river, the allotted residence of the wicked. Across this river lay a long pole, roundish, and of polish smooth as glass. The spirit was conducted by his Genius along this pole, having the same advice given which Lot's wife had, 'Never to look behind.' The consequence of disobedience to this order immediately proved fatal ; for the unhappy spirit slipped his foot, and was instantly precipitated into the river of eternal punishment. But if he reached the opposite bank in safety, a new trial was presented to him. He had to pass, conducted by the Genius, through an extensive orchard, where trees of every description presented to the sight the most delicious fruits—but to the sight only ; for if the spirit, neglecting the advice of the guide, was induced to touch any of the tempting clusters, he was immediately transformed into a bear or wolf, or some brute animal. If the spirit was fortunate enough to escape from this orchard of temptations, he entered a spacious forest abounding with game of all kinds ; but if he did not in this instance also follow closely his guide, he was doomed here to remain and spend his eternity in the chase of animals. Passing from this forest, he next entered an extensive plain, where groups of men and women were indulging in every species of pleasure. This was the region next to eternal bliss, and those were esteemed fortunate who even reached this elysium. But the few who still had fortitude to resist all the joys which here presented themselves were admitted to the presence of the great spirit, with him to dwell in everlasting happiness."

In the Nottoway river, adjoining the Indian land, about five miles from Jerusalem, an ore has been found supposed by some to contain silver ; but the more probable opinion is, that the specimens discovered are only sulphur, mixed with the baser metals.

Four lots of the poorer part of the Indian settlement, each lot containing 280 acres, were some time since exposed to sale, by an act of the legislature, for the purpose of paying the debts of the Nottoway Indians. The first two lots brought four dollars per acre ; the third, five dollars ninety-four cents ; and the fourth, five dollars one cent. The terms of the sale were one-fourth cash, and three-fourths in one, two, and three years, secured by a deed of trust given by the purchaser upon the property.

The Nottoway tribe, if we may judge from the looks of the few now remaining, were originally men of good appearance and stature, not darker than a bright mulatto complexion.

**The Character, Manners, and Customs of the Indians  
of Quito.\***

[1752, pp. 447-450.]

These Indians have such a coolness and insensibility of temper, such a composure or tranquillity of mind, as neither calamities can ruffle, nor prosperous and fortunate events alter or affect. Those things which the rest of mankind so earnestly covet and desire are by them regarded with the most perfect apathy and indifference. When by chance they see any person of distinction splendidly dress'd, they neither repine at the meanness and insufficiency of their own habit, nor show the least inclination or desire to be more richly or better clothed. Riches they esteem not; of power, honours, and dignity they are not ambitious. The office of an hangman, or executioner, and that of alcade, or chief magistrate of a village (which is sometimes conferr'd upon them), are equally acceptable to an Indian; he enters upon these offices with the same indifference and equal insensibility. Their own coarse fare is as agreeable as the most delicate viands; and were both set before them, they would probably prefer the former. So agreeable to them is a state of ease and indolence, that rewards will scarcely tempt, fear hardly move, punishment scarcely compel them to quit it. One would take them to be a people without passions and without desire.

This slow, phlegmatic temper renders them very proper for works which require little labour, but great patience and application, inso-much that it is common for the Spaniards, when they are talking of any tedious work, to say it would weary the patience of an Indian. In weaving carpets, quilts, and such-like, the Indians take up the threads of the warp one by one, and pass the woof underneath; and proceeding in this irksome tedious manner, they sometimes spend a year or two in finishing a single piece.

Idleness and sloth are a natural consequence of such a sedate, indolent disposition. Neither their own interest and convenience, nor the obligations they are under to perform the tasks assign'd them by their masters, are sufficient to induce them to work. The care of providing food, raiment, and all other necessaries for the family falls entirely upon the Indian women. The women spin and make the short frocks or shirts, and trowsers or drawers, which are the whole clothing of their husbands. The women prepare the machca, which

[\* This account is taken from the Spanish—an historical relation of a voyage to S. America, by Don Jorga Juan and Don Antonio Ulloa, published at Madrid in 1748; 4 vols., 4to. A review of this work appeared in vol. xix., 1750, pp. 243-245, and extracts are given in the same volume, pp. 304-306.]

is barley-flour, and the camcha, or toasted maiz, which are the common food of the Indians. They also make the chicha, which is an intoxicating liquor drawn from maiz, or Indian corn; and whilst the wife is thus employ'd, the husband sits by the fire upon his hams (which is the favourite posture of all the Indians) looking at her, and never stirs but to eat, or till some of his acquaintance call upon him to go abroad. The only service the men do for the family is to plough a little spot of ground to grow such vegetables as they want; but the planting, sowing, and all the rest of the culture is left entirely to the wife and children. When they are thus set at their ease in their cottages, there is no moving them. If by chance a traveller who has lost his way comes to any of their cots, as soon as they see him near the door they hide themselves, and order the women to deny them, to avoid going a quarter of a league or less to show the stranger the right road, altho' they might gain a ryal or a half (which is the least that can be offered them) in such a short time. If the traveller alights and goes into the cottage, it is no easy matter to find them; for there is no light but what comes through the opening or hole that is made for the door; and when they are found, all the offers and entreaties he can make will scarcely induce them to go along with him; and so it is when you want to employ them in any other sort of business.

They eat very little; two or three spoonfuls of barley-flour and a drink of chicha—or, if they have no chicha, a drink of water after it—is their common meal. All the provision they make for a journey is a little scrip or bag, which they call gicri-ta, full of barley-flour, and a spoon. Furnish'd with these, they will travel 50 or 100 leagues. When they are hungry or weary, they endeavour to get to some cottage where they may have chicha; but if there be no cottage near, they sit down by the side of any stream or rivulet, and after they have taken 2 or 3 spoonfuls of the flour, they drink a large quantity of chicha or water, and with this they are as well satisfied as if they had regaled in the most plentiful and elegant manner.

Their huts, or cottages, are very mean and small; the fire is always in the middle of the cottage. There is but one room, which serves them and all the animals they breed, for they all live together. Dogs they are very fond of—they never want three or four cur-dogs. They also keep hogs, hens, and a sort of little animals like rabbits, which they call cuyes. The furniture of the cottage consists in a few earthen vessels, as pots, pitchers, and such-like, and their beds. These and all the cotton which the women spin are their whole estate and substance. Their beds are only two or three sheep-skins; they sleep upon them in their ordinary posture, sitting upon their hams, and never undress.

Altho' they keep hens and other animals, they never eat them. They are so fond of these domesticks, that they will neither kill nor

sell them. If it happens that a traveller is obliged to pass the night in one of their cottages, and desires a hen or pullet for supper, they will not let him have one, tho' he offers to pay them ever so handsomely for it; and if he takes upon him to kill one himself, the Indian women make as great outcries and lamentations as if they had lost one of their children; but when they see there is no remedy, they will take the price offer'd.

Many of the Indians, when they go upon a journey, take their families along with them, the women carrying upon their backs the children that can't walk. They fasten the door of their cottage with a leathern thong, which they think a sufficient security for their household furniture, and certainly there is no great temptation for thieves. If the journey be long, they send their tame animals to the cottage of some neighbouring Indian; if short, they commit the cottage and animals to the care of their dogs, which are so faithful that they will suffer none to enter the cottage during their master's absence. It is remarkable, that the dogs bred by the Spaniards and Mestizos distinguish the Indians afar off by their scent, and bark furiously at them and attack them; and the dogs bred by the Indians treat the Spaniards and Mestizos in the same manner.

The Indians work no longer than their masters stand over them. Diversions, dancing, and drinking are the only things they show any inclination to, and of these they are never weary. They are extremely addicted to drunkenness; at their feasts and merry-meetings they begin to drink in the morning, and never cease till they have utterly lost all sense and motion. It is common for the master of a feast to provide a vessel of chicha, which contains about thirty bottles or more, for each guest. After a slight repast upon boiled herbs and camcha, they begin to drink and dance; the women sing, and serve their husbands with liquor in round calabashes; at the same time some of the men beat drums, and play upon flageolets after their fashion. Their dancing is nothing but a skipping from one side to another, without any order or regularity. In this manner the drinking and diversion continue till all are sufficiently dosed, and then men and women, brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters, lie down together in the most promiscuous and disorderly manner imaginable. The next morning they begin to drink again, and never cease till they have drunk out all the stock of liquor of the master of the house. When that is done, every guest brings his own stock of chicha to be drunk; then they all join to buy more; and thus they continue drinking from day to day, till they have neither liquor, money, nor credit left. To put a stop to these disorders, the Spanish curates, who have the care of the Indians, are sometimes obliged to go and pour out the chicha upon the ground, and break up the company. It is to be observed that the privilege of getting drunk is enjoyed only by the fathers of a family, as they have persons to take

care of them, and that the women and young men are never guilty of these excesses.

Their funeral ceremonies are only a course of drinking. The mourners, and all that are invited, do nothing but drink chica in honour of the deceased ; and on these occasions they oblige all the Indians that pass by to drink, whether they be men or women, young or old, and these funeral drinking bouts sometimes continue four or five days.

Virginity is in no manner of esteem amongst the Indians : contrary to the custom of most other nations, the woman who has been familiar with the greatest number of men (like a modern toast) is the most sought after, and, further, in the most likely way to get an husband.\* When an Indian inclines to marry, he takes the woman he chooses with her father's consent, and they live together for three or four months, and sometimes a year. If the man likes his choice, he marries her at the end of that time, if not, he sends her back to her father ; and they often give this as a reason, that the father has endeavoured to cheat them by putting a *virgin* into their hands. It is no uncommon thing with them to exchange wives with one another, without any ceremony or contract ; and it frequently happens that, after some time, each party resumes his own wife. Incest is also common amongst them.

They are very superstitious, and much given to divination and fortune-telling ; they will practise a thousand senseless superstitions, in order to obtain success in a design, or to know whether what they desire will come to pass. They give little or no heed or attention to what the Spanish curates say to them on the subject of religion. It is the fear of the whip only that brings them to mass on Sundays. Some of them, whilst they have been undergoing the lash for staying at home and drinking, instead of coming to mass, have with great simplicity and earnestness desired the curate to order as many more stripes to be given them as would serve for another fault ; for that they intended to absent themselves and drink the following Sunday too. The confessions which the curates oblige them to make are mere farces : they will never voluntarily acknowledge themselves to have been guilty of any fault at all, so that the curates inform themselves of their transgressions, and make up confessions which they oblige them to repeat.

They meet death, whether natural or violent, with the greatest intrepidity and unconcern, and betray not the least sign of grief, uneasiness, or discomposure. Those who are condemn'd for any crime, walk to execution with as much calmness and insensibility as if they

\* See in Gen. Dict., Vol. VI., p. 422, a like custom among the Icelanders. Fathers present their daughters to strangers, and if they become pregnant it is a great honour, they being more esteemed and courted on that account. They are also like the Indians in drinking. See Vol. xvii., p. 173.

were going to keep their cattle, or plough their farm. At the bull-feasts they will place themselves in the way of a bull in his full career, and suffer themselves to be thrown up into the air, purely for the satisfaction of having run at the bull, and they generally escape unhurt. When they form themselves into bodies to go to war, they will attack their enemies, let them be ever so superior in number, without fear, consideration, or regard to circumstances. An Indian on horseback will attack bears without any other arms than a long leathern thong with a loop or running knot at the end of it. As soon as he comes nigh the bear, he throws the loop at him with so much skill and dexterity that he never fails to catch him by the neck, and then he gallops away at full speed, which draws the knot tight, drags the bear along, and strangles him.

The Indians are of a strong, robust constitution. The venereal disease is very common amongst them, but never arrives to any great degree of malignity; this is attributed to the nature of their blood and juices and the qualities of the chica. The small-pox makes the greatest havock among them, for it is very fatal. Spotted fevers they are sometimes seized with, but these are generally soon cured. Those who escape the epidemical distempers are generally long-lived. There are many above one hundred years old, and some of them strong and healthy.

The account we have given relates to those Indians who live together in villages near the Spanish towns and cities, without any Spaniards amongst them, but are visited by curates and are subject to the Spaniards, and employ'd by them to cultivate their farms or plantations, and in weaving and other works they are capable of performing. There are other Indians who are free, and wander about from place to place in the woods and uncultivated country; their character and customs are not different, but their way of life obliges them to use more exercise, and makes them more brisk and active. The indolence of the village Indians, and their unwillingness to work, probably proceed in a great measure from sullenness and resentment of the usage they have met with from the Spaniards; and many of their other ill qualities may be derived from their being greatly neglected and the want of proper instruction. There are some Indians who live in the Spanish towns and cities, who learn mechanick arts, follow trades, and, by conversing with the Spaniards, learn the Castilian language, and are called *Ladinos*; these forsake their ill customs, and are not inferior to the ordinary Spaniards in capacity, industry, or ingenuity. The Indian barbers are remarkably dextrous: letting blood is a branch of their business, and they do it as skilfully as the best European surgeons. These instances, together with the civilized state and condition of the Indians, whilst they were under the government of the Incas, and the improvements the Jesuits have made amongst the Indians of Paraguay, sufficiently show



that nothing but proper care, culture, and discipline are required to make all the modern Indians an industrious and ingenious people.

### North-American Indian Superstitions.

[1777, pp. 370, 371.]

Being greatly pleased with the extract [on Harwood's edition of the Greek testament] from Mr. Granville Sharp's late "Tract on the Law of Nature, etc.," in pp. 215, 216 of your May magazine, I was induced to procure the book; in consequence of which I must also beg a place in your next miscellany for the following passages copied from it, containing very curious and striking observations, which will be highly acceptable, unless I am strangely mistaken, to many of your numerous readers. You will at least oblige

Your constant reader,

HUMANUS.

I have been informed by an Englishman who lived many years amongst the Indians in the internal parts of North America, very far to the westward (and who is himself *tattooed* with all the marks of distinction common with the nations with whom he has had any connections), that he once saw a party of Indians, who had taken some prisoners in war, *tattoo* a couple of their unfortunate captives with the most curious marks they could devise, and afterwards hang them up upon a tree as a sacrifice to that infernal Being which they worshipped, saying at the same time in their language that they hoped these *two fine men* (viz., finely tattooed) whom they presented would be acceptable to him; for though the Indians in general acknowledge that there is a God, whom they call *the great and good Spirit*, yet through the delusions of the Devil, they think it more profitable to worship evil spirits, by way of propitiation, lest they should hurt them.

"Outre l'idée du premier Estre qu'ont les sauvages" (says Father Lafitan, speaking of the American savages), "et qu'ils confondent avec le soleil, ils reconnoissent encore plusieurs Esprits ou Genies d'un Ordre inferieur, que les Iroquois nomment *Hondatkon-sona*, c'est-à-dire, *Esprits de toutes sortes*. Le nombre n'en est point déterminé; leur imagination leur en fait voir dans toutes les choses naturelles, mais encore plus dans celles, dont les ressorts leur sont inconnus, qui sont extraordinaires, et qui ont quelque air de nouveauté. Qu'ils leur donnent en general le nom d'esprit, d'Okki, ou de Manitou, qui leur sont des noms communs avec le premier Estre, ils ne les confondent pourtant jamais avec cet Estre superieur, et ne leur donnent jamais certains noms particuliers, qui le designent lui seul, tel que sont les noms *chemiin*, *areskoui*. Ces Esprits sont tous des genies subalternes; ils reconnoissent même dans la plupart un cha-

*ractere mauvais plus porté à faire du mal que du bien ; ils ne laissent pas d'en être les esclaves, et de les honorer plus que le grand Esprit, qui de sa nature est bon ; mais ils les honorent par un effet de cette crainte servile, qui a le plus contribué à maintenir la superstition et l'idolâtrie, que l'écriture Sainte appelle pour cette raison une Servitude ; ainsi ils sont véritablement idolâtres.*"—"Mœurs des Sauvages Américains," tom. i., pp. 145, 146.

### New-England Marriage Custom.

[1747, p. 211.]

It must be noted that it is the custom in this country for young persons between whom there is a courtship, or treaty of marriage, to lie together, the woman having her petticoats on, and the man his breeches ; and afterwards, if they do not fall out, they confess the covenant at church, in the midst of the congregation, and to the minister, who declares the marriage legal ; and if anything criminal has been acted, orders a punishment accordingly, sometimes of forty stripes save one.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,  
WILLIAM SMITH.

### Singular Custom among the Americans.

[1821, Part I., pp. 399-402.]

My wish is occasionally to transmit you some account of the people of these new states ; but I am far from being qualified for the purpose, having as yet seen little more than the cities of New York and Philadelphia. I have discovered but few national singularities among them. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. For, previous to the Revolution, the Americans were from their infancy taught to look up to the English as patterns of perfection in all things. I have observed, however, one custom, which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country. An account of it may afford considerable amusement to the numerous readers of your respectable miscellany.

When a young couple are about to enter into the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage-treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the right of *white washing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connexion, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign the invaluable right. You would wonder what this privilege of white-washing is. I will endeavour to give you some idea of the ceremony as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not claim

her privilege, if she pleases; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. [A humorous description then follows of spring cleaning.]

There is also another custom peculiar to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied to the former. I mean, that of *washing the pavement* before the doors every Saturday evening. I at first took this to be a regulation of the police; but, on a further inquiry, I find it is a religious rite, preparatory to the Sabbath, and is, I believe, the only religious rite in which the numerous sectaries of this city perfectly agree. The ceremony begins about sunset, and continues till about ten or eleven at night. It is very difficult for a stranger to walk the streets on those evenings; he runs a continual risk of having a bucket of dirty water thrown against his legs: but a Philadelphian born is so much accustomed to the danger, that he avoids it with surprising dexterity. It is from this circumstance that a Philadelphian may be known anywhere by his gait. The streets of New York are paved with rough stones; these indeed are not washed, but the dirt is so thoroughly swept from before the doors, that the stones stand up sharp and prominent, to the great inconvenience of those who are not accustomed to so rough a path. But habit reconciles everything. It is diverting enough to see a Philadelphian at New York; he walks the streets with as much painful caution, as if his toes were covered with corns, or his feet lamed by the gout; while a New Yorker, as little approving the masonry of Philadelphia, shuffles along the pavement like a parrot on a mahogany table.

It must be acknowledged that the ablutions I have mentioned are attended with no small inconvenience; but the women would not be induced, from any consideration, to resign their privilege. Notwithstanding this, I can give you the strongest assurances that the women of America make the most faithful wives, and the most attentive mothers in the world; and I am sure you will join with me in opinion, that if a married man is made miserable only one week the whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

Yours, etc. \*\*





*Notes.*





## NOTES.

1 (page 26). The Brehon Laws are included among the valuable publications of the Master of the Rolls, *Ancient Laws of Ireland* (Dublin, 1865-73). They should be studied in connection with Professor Eugene O'Curry's *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History*, Dublin, 1861, and Sir Henry Maine's work on the *Early History of Institutions*, London, 1875.

2 (page 36). I have examined the treatise of Michael Psellus which bears upon the subject of "dæmones," and cannot find the passage referred to in the text. The following (translated), however, is to the same purpose: "There were six orders of dæmons: first, a name which means Igneous, this order haunts the air above us; the second order haunts the air contiguous, and is called Aërial; the third is earthly; the fourth aqueous and marine; the fifth subterranean; and the sixth the Lucifugus." The following passage (translated) from the same book is worth quoting: "No one has heard of such impiety being practised by the Celts, nor by any other nations near Britain, though they do not possess laws and are in a savage state." Psellus lived in the eleventh century, and filled the office of tutor to Prince Michael, son of Constantine.

3 (page 49). This poem is of course imaginative, and addressed to a supposed mistress of the author, but it contains a true enough picture of fairy belief to make it worth a place in this volume.

4 (page 50). This Song of the Fairies, by Lord Thurlow, is included in his collected works, published in 1813. It is called there "A second song of Sea Fairies."

5 (page 51). This book was published under the following title: *Chronicles of the Kings of Norway, translated from the Icelandic*, by S. Laing, London, 1844. 3 vols., 8vo.

6 (page 55). See Hendersen's *Folklore of the Northern Counties* (Folklore Society), 1879, pp. 129-131.

7 (page 56). "Nugen" has no meaning in German now; but unless it be a misprint for "nagen" the writer means the old preterite of that latter verb, which was formerly irregular, whilst it now belongs to the regular verbs, not undergoing any change of vowels. The meaning of "nagen" is "to gnaw." Our river "Neckar" is in all probability, or next to a certainty, the same as "Nickes," "Nicken," "Nikur," etc., the name of a sea or water deity. Whether all these names are to be derived from "nugen" or "nagen" is uncertain, although very likely. The water or its spirits wash away the land, or "gnaw at it;" or, better, "to gnaw" must be taken in a more general sense: "to do harm," or even to kill (necare). "Nagen" and "necare" most likely belong to the same Indo-German root; the Romans, in any case, did not give our river Neckar its name, but heard from the Germans what sounded to them "Nicer."

8 (page 60). The subject of fairy rings has engaged the attention of a modern inquirer at a meeting of the Caradoc Field Club, reported in the *Antiquary* (1884), vol. x., p. 223 :

“Mr. T. P. Blunt read a paper on ‘Fairy Rings.’ On some high, sloping field, where the pasture is poor and pale in colour, irregular rings of a much darker green and more luxuriant growth are observed. If these are watched from time to time it will be seen that they increase in size, the dark green band of rich grass appearing to march outwards, so to speak, from the centre, radially, so that while the actual green belt is not much, if any, broader, the diameter of the entire ring is much enlarged. A closer inspection of the dark green band will disclose here and there, in greater or smaller numbers, fungi belonging to the order Agaricus, and generally of one species, the Champignon *Marasmius, Oreades*. The name is very significant. The Oreads were mountain nymphs, or elves, just as the Dryads were oak or tree elves, and it is suggested, not without plausibility, that the name ‘fairy ring’ is due to the appearance of these fungi, which, under a glancing moon, and with the aid of an excited imagination, might easily be taken for fairies lightly pirouetting on one foot as they trip round in the mystic circle which, from immemorial ages, has been connected with the rites of religion or of superstition.”

9 (page 68). St. George was one of the chief characters of the mediæval mummery plays. Sir John Paston writes to his brother in 1473 about Platting, a servant of his, that “I have kept him this three years to play Saint George, Robin Hood, and the Sheriff of Nottingham.”—*Paston Letters*, Fenn, ii. 131; Ramsay, ii. 79. There are many chap versions of his legend.

10 (page 70). See *Gentleman's Magazine Library*, “Popular Superstitions,” p. 63, and the notes thereon, p. 313.

11 (page 72). *The Folklore Journal*, vol. ii., pp. 149, 150, in an article on “The Folklore of Drayton,” thus usefully sums up this tradition :

“In this chapter of vegetable virtues it is right to mention the folklore of S. Winifred's Well, because the moss growing thereby was, as Drayton relates, accounted of value against infectious damps.\* It was worn as pomander, that is, in a scented ball, compounded of various ingredients—apples frequently being one—which it was formerly the fashion to carry about on the person. The poet gives the legend of chaste Winifred,† who, when endeavouring to evade the amatory attentions of Caradoc, a seventh-century Prince of Wales, was cruelly beheaded by him. Her tears into a fountain turned—

“The pure vermilion blood, that issued from her veins,  
Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains”‡—

and her hair was changed into the moss aforesaid. Whatever living thing may be thrown into this well will float, and with its waters diseases may be washed away. The, probably, real story of this lady as given by Mr. Baring-Gould,§ is not quite as marvellous as the one just told; he says the so-called blood-streaks are caused by iron|| in the stone, and declares that the moss has lost its savour. Moreover, ‘it is remarkable that in the Survey of Domesday Book which includes the county of Flint, neither church, chapel, nor well of S. Winifred is mentioned; affording the presumption that the story and celebrity of the saint are of later date than the Norman Conquest.’ James the Second came on a pilgrimage to S. Winifred's

\* *Pol.* iv. [ii. 731].

† *Pol.* x. [iii. 846, 847].

‡ When wet the earth at Hastings is still red (*Pol.* xviii. [iii. 981]); and at Boroughbridge no grass grows where the Barons were defeated (*The Barons' Wars*, Book II. v., 51 [i. 120]). Nature has a good memory.

§ *Lives of the Saints*, Part I., pp. 69-72.

|| Mr. Askew Roberts, well known as the author of *A Gossiping Guide to Wales*, attributes them to the growth of *Byssus lolithus*, and says the moss is *Jungermannia asplenium*.



Well, and touched for the Evil on its steps, the curative power of regal hands having been left, as Drayton chronicles, an heirloom to the English throne by Edward the Confessor.

12 (page 74). In 1852, Part I., p. 485, Mr. Albert Way writes: "The only doubtful word is YCCI: to which I object, because the Y in GY, and that in WARWYC, are bold, well-defined letters, and if the first character in the word in question resembled them, there could be no mistaking it. Mr. Wright proposed to read VE CI, implying 'See here;' but I have no doubt that we should read—

KE CI OCCIS LE DRAGOVN;

that is, *qui ici*, who here slays." In 1818, Part II., p. 305, is the following:

"Drayton, in the 13th Song of his 'Polyolbion,' thus enumerates the principal victories ascribed to him in romance:

"To thee, renowned Knight, continual praise we owe,  
And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits shew;  
Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to advance,  
Left'st Warwick's wealthy seat, and sailing into France,  
At tilt from his proud steed Duke Otton threw'st to ground,  
And with th' invaluable prize of Blanch the beauteous crown'd  
(The Almain Emperor's heir) high acts didst there atchieve;  
As Lovain thou again didst valiantly relieve.  
Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy sword imbrud'st,  
And then in single fight great Amerant subdu'd'st.  
'Twas thy Herculean hand which happily destroy'd  
That Dragon which so long Northumberland annoy'd;  
And slew that cruel Boar, which waste our woodlands laid,  
Whose tusks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in meadows made,  
Whose shoulder-blade remains at Coventry till now;  
And at our humble sute, did quell that monstrous Cow,  
The passengers that us'd from Dunsmore to affright.  
Of all our English, yet, O most renowned knight,  
That Colebrond overcam'st; at whose amazing fall  
The Danes remov'd their camp from Winchester's sieg'd wall.  
Thy statue Guy's cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to please,  
Warwick, thy mighty arms, thou English Hercules!"

Numerous editions of this story have from time to time been issued under the title of *The History of the Famous Exploits of Guy, Earl of Warwick*. The Early English Text Society has included it among their romances, edited by Dr. J. Zupita, in 1875.

The other editions are: London, 1560 (William Copland), 4to.

„ 1670, broadside folio.

„ 1680 (C. Bates, at the Sun and Bible, in Pye Corner), 4to.

„ 1695, 4to., black letter.

„ 1706, 12mo.

„ 1711, 12mo.

„ 1733, 12mo.

„ 1750, 12mo.

Newcastle, 1780, 12mo.

London, 1790, 8vo.

Derby, 1796, 12mo.

Nottingham, 1796, 12mo.

Newcastle, 1800, 12mo.

Chiswick, 1821, 12mo.

Leamington, 1840, 8vo.

13 (page 75). See Henderson's *Folklore of the Northern Counties* (Folklore Society, 1879), p. 283 *et seqq.*

14 (page 79). See Henderson's *Folklore of the Northern Counties* (Folklore Society, 1879), pp. 292-295. A chap-book version of this legend was printed at Newcastle in 1785, and bears the press-mark 11621, c. 4, at the British Museum.

15 (page 83). The statutes referred to (of Winchester, 13 Ed. I. and 5th Ed. III.) are given in the Rolls folio edition of Acts of Parliament, and the term Roberdsmen is thus alluded to in the latter Act: "And because there have been divers manslaughterers, felonies, and robberies done in times past by people that be called Roberdesmen Wastors, and Draw-latches," sec. xiv.

15\* (misprinted 17, page 90). Wynkyn de Worde printed *Rycharde Rolle hermyte of Hampull in his contemplacyons of the drede and loue of God, with other dyuerse tytles as sheweth in his table.* 4to. A copy of this is in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, and another edition (?), bearing date MCCCCVI., is in the Grenville Collection at the British Museum. See Hazlitt's *Collections and Notes*, first and second series.

16 (page 93). The Rev. Isaac Taylor, in *The Academy* of 13th October, draws attention to the mythological characteristics of the "Robin Hood Legend." He writes: "Is he not, like William of Cloudesley and William Tell, a faint Western echo of the solar heroes of Aryan mythology? William Tell has been conclusively identified with William of Cloudesley, whose very name goes far to establish his relation to the Nibelungs, the heroes of Cloudland; and it is no less difficult to separate William of Cloudesley from Robin Hood. Hence, we may affirm, almost in the words of Prof. Max Müller, that Robin Hood, like 'William Tell, the good archer, is the last reflection of the Sun-God, whether we call him Indra, or Apollo, or Ulysses.' Like other solar heroes, he has his faint reflection in Little John, who stands to him in the same relation as Patrocles to Achilles, Telemachus to Ulysses, Gunnar to Sigurd, or Lancelot to Arthur. Maid Marian will therefore be the dawn maiden, to be identified with Briseis, Brynhild, and Guinevere. Friar Tuck is one of the triumvirate who appear also in the Cloudesley and Tell legends, and may possibly be represented in the southern version of the legend by Pantaloon, Columbine being the dawn maiden and Harlequin the solar hero. As for the name of Robin Hood, which Mr. Bradley endeavours to explain, I would venture to conjecture that we may find him in the Hotherus of Saxo-Grammaticus, who of course is the blind archer Hödr, who, in the Edda, slays his brother Balder. Hödr means the 'warrior.' In the later version Hagen, who is undoubtedly Odin, has been confounded with Hödr; while in the English legend Robin Hood and Little John, if they are to be identified with Balder and Hödr, the brother archers of the Teutonic sun-myth, seem to some extent to have changed places. The fact that the Robin Hood ballads are localized only in those parts of England in which there was a Scandinavian element is in itself significant as to the channel through which the legend reached our shores."

But the latest contribution to this important subject is an article by the late Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A., in the *Folklore Journal* (1885), vol. iii., pp. 43-52, entitled "The Origin of the Robin Hood Epos." Mr. Coote says: "Though history has ignored the disagreeable fact, there is no real difficulty in showing that communism was publicly advocated in this country in the reign of that too glorious monarch, Edward III. The disastrous outbreak of the English Jacquerie under the weak rule of his unfortunate successor has doubtless attracted all attention to itself, to the oblivion of the older fact. It took also, as we shall see, the milder form, much as the Wickliffe agitation did, of inculcating its principles by oral and literary means only; declining, at least until a more favourable season, the ultimate and inevitable *voie de fait*, which was probably intentionally reserved until the disbanded soldiery of Edward should be thrown broadcast into the land. The original agitation to which I shall call attention was distinguished from the later and actual insurrection in a most important and vital point. It was, as we shall see, a communistic claim made in the name of the yeomen or farmers, and ignored utterly the serfs or agricultural labourers, who do not appear upon the stage in the

new rôle of agitators until the next reign. Though the later movement, from its large volume and its well-defined atrocities, has exclusively engaged the attention of students, there is much in the earlier agitation that deserves careful consideration, as well for its philosophical as its social bearings, notwithstanding that its inception never crossed the threshold of mere poetry. My remarks have special reference to the Robin Hood ballads. These interesting poems, though they may seem to us now merely harmless outbursts of enthusiastic and rude poetasters, were in their origin intended for anything rather than innocent and superfluous diversion. They were really intended to exasperate the rude mind of the yeomen into a ruthless crusade against the clergy and landed gentry; the proposed result of that crusade, if it should be successful, being their entire disappropriation for the behoof of a new order of proprietors, the yeomen. We have reason to believe that the Robin Hood ballads were a long series in their first composition. But, if that were so, most of them (I mean the genuine ones) have long since perished; two only, such as we can accept with full faith in their authenticity, remaining to our days. There is, however, sufficient in these two to furnish us with the true scope and intention of the agitators without any possibility of mistake or serious misconception. The necessary data are supplied to us by the 'Litel Geste of Robin Hood' and 'Robin Hood and the Potter.' These two poems (of which the first is infinitely the best) will be found to lay bare the object and philosophy of the then new social science." Mr. Coote then deals with the subject at some length.

17 (page 96). Mr. Moncure Conway, in the *Nineteenth Century* for May, 1880, and again in his work on *The Wandering Jew* (1881), treats of the "pound of flesh" incident. In the *Asiatic Journal* for May—August, 1834, vol. xiv., N.S., is a valuable article on "The Origin of the Story of Shylock," pp. 19-22. A curious parallel is found in the story of Loki's wager with Brock (Skalda 35, Simrock's *Edda*, p. 305). The Asir decide in favour of the latter, but Loki, who has wagered his head, saves himself by the plea that the head alone belongs to his adversary; the neck must not be touched. Hahn (*Studien*, pp. 140 *et seq.*) touches on this story in his elaborate parallel between Loki and Prometheus, but has nothing to say about this particular incident.

In 1880 Captain R. Carnac Temple, the well-known student of folklore and Indian antiquities, kindly sent the editor of this volume from India a translation of some *Tales told in the Deccan*. They are a "literal translation of the *Hikâyât Latifah* of Muhammad Abd-ul-aziz of Madras, in the Dakhani Dialect," and this seems to be a direct copy of the *Hikâyât-i-Latif*, to be found in Gladwin's *Persian Moonshes*, an educational work published in 1801. But from what source Mr. Gladwin gathered his collection of stories Captain Temple, in his introduction, says he has not been able to find out. They appear to be of native origin. The following story, No. 9 in the collection, is transcribed exactly as it stands: "A man made a bet with another about a game, and said, 'If I do not win the game you may cut from my body a seer (*i.e.*, 2 lb.) of flesh.' When he did not win the game the winner wished to close the bet, but the man would not agree to it. They both went before the judge. The judge said to the winner, 'Pardon him the bet,' but he would not agree to do it. The judge, being very angry, said, 'Cut away, but if you cut more or less than a seer (2 lb.) I will punish you.' The winner, being helpless, forgave him the bet."

18 (page 98). See also *Gentleman's Magazine Library*, 'Manners and Customs,' pp. 195-197.

19 (page 98). Mr. Hazlitt, in his *Collections and Notes*, 2nd series, notices only an edition of 1536: *Dives and Pauper*. *Londini in ædibus Tho. Bertheleti regij impress. excus. Hæc endethe a compendiose treatyse or dialoge of Dives and Pauper, That is to say the ryche and the poore . . . xvi day of Octobre. In thyeere of our lorde 1536. Imprynted in Flete Strete by me, Thomas Berthelet,*

*prynter unto the Kynges mooste noble grace, dwellinge at the Sygne of the Lucrece.*  
8vo.

20 (page 99). This legend became very popular during the Middle Ages, as it forms one of the romances told in the well-known *Seven Wise Masters of Rome*. In the edition printed by Wynkyn de Worde it is the story told by the first master, and may be summarised as follows: A knight had one son—also a greyhound and a falcon—the knight went to a tourney—a serpent in the hall attacked the child—the falcon roused the attention of the greyhound—the greyhound fought the serpent and killed it—the greyhound, wounded, went and laid down by the cradle of the child, which became covered with his blood—the nurses coming in thought the child was killed by the greyhound—they tell their mistress, who tells the knight—the knight kills the greyhound—he afterwards discovers his error and repents. This valuable book has been reprinted from the British Museum edition by the Villon Society in the series of “Chap Books and Folklore Tracts,” edited by G. L. Gomme, F.S.A., and Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A.

21 (page 107). The MSS. of the Corporation of Axbridge have been calendared by the Historical MSS. Commission, Report iii., pp. 300-308, and the MS. containing the Cheddar legend is duly mentioned.

22 (page 109). In the *Antiquary* (1884), vol. x., pp. 202-205, is given some extra notes on the legend of the Pedlar of Swaffham and of the Lambeth Pedlar, mentioned in the text:

“The best account of the Lambeth legend is one given in *Long Ago* for September, 1873 (vol. i., p. 271), taken from a manuscript in the handwriting of Archdeacon Drune, formerly Rector of Lambeth. A descendant of the venerable Archdeacon, the Rev. Bradford Drune Hawkins, Rector of Riverdale, Witham, forwarded the account to the editor of *Long Ago*; and the following is a literal transcript:

“Among the estates belonging to the parish of Lambeth is a piece of land, antiently call'd Church Hopys,\* but since called Pedlar's Acre. For what reasons it was so call'd I cannot learn, finding no historical vouchers to justify what the writer of the *New View of London* says about it in page 381; that a Pedlar gave this acre of land, besides ye following Benefactions in money, viz.:

To ye Parish	...	...	£6	0	0
To ye Archbishop	...	...	100	0	0
To ye Rector	...	...	20	0	0
To ye Clerk and Sexton each	...	...	10	0	0

for leave (as tradition reports) to bury his dog in ye churchyard. So far is true, that there is a Picture of a Pedlar and his dog in painted glass in ye window over ye Pulpit; wh suffering by the high wind was renewed at ye Parish expense in 1703 (*Vestry Book*, fol. 7-19). There appears to have been a like picture there in 1607 (*Old Vestry Book*, fol. 171-173), tho' this Land was not then call'd by ye name of Pedlar's Acre: nor in the lease granted February 20th, 1656. The first mention of that name, as far as I can find, was in ye lease August 6th, 1690. And might not this story take its rise from another Benefactor? of whom we have ye following account given by Bp. Gibson in his Edition of *Camden*: “Henry Smith was once a Silver Smith in London, but he did not follow that trade long. He afterwards went a begging for many years, and was commonly called Dog Smith, because he had a dog wh always followed him—when he dyed, he left a very great estate in ye hands of Trustees upon a general act of Charity, and more particularly for Surrey—After ye Trustees had made a considerable improvement of ye estate, and purchas'd several farms, they settled 50ld. per annum or thereabouts upon every market-town in Surrey, or gave 1000ld. in money upon every Parish excepting one or two they settled a yearly reverue. Among ye rest, Lambeth has 10ld.” (*Camden*, vol. i., p. 393). From this act I should suspect ye

\* *Old Vestry Book*, fol. 2-5.

picture of ye *Pedlar and his Dog* to have been put up in memory of Mr. Smith, and to have no relation to ye Benefactor, who gave Church Hopys; could I acct for its being put up before his death, as it was in 1607, whereas he dyed in 1627, and was bur. at Wandsworth.—And yet such seems to have been ye Temper of ye man, yt he might do this in his own lifetime (as tradition says of the Pedlar), upon ye burial of his Dog in ye churchyard. He was whipt at Mitcham as a common vagrant for wh reason this parish was excluded from his Benefactions (*Aubrey's History*, vol. ii., p. 142). The Benefactor is unknown; but it appears to have been ye estate of ye Parish befor ye year 1504,\* for its Rent was then brought into the Church Account; and its Title was defended† out of the Church Stock, agst the claim of Mr. Easton in 1581. It was formerly‡ an osier ground, and then let at small rack rents, but being afterwards severed and inclosed as a meadow, long leases were granted of it, and probably with a view to building; the last whereof dated August 6, 1690, for a term of 61 years at the yearly rent of £4, payable quarterly.

“This account seems to contain all that is to be found about the Lambeth Pedlar and his acre. In 1851 Mr. John Smith asked in the pages of Willis's *Current Notes* (p. 59), whether any information could be obtained which connected the pedlar with the Henry Smith mentioned above, but he obtained no reply in response to his query.

“The earliest account of the Swaffham Pedlar story to be found is that by Sir Roger Twysden quoted in Blomefield's *History of Norfolk* (vol. vi., pp. 211-213). Another, and it appears an independent version, is given in the *Diary of Abraham de la Pryme*, published by the Surtees Society. At page 220 of this volume, the following relation occurs:

“Constant tradition says that there lived in former times, in Soffham (Swaffham), *alias* Sopham, in Norfolk, a certain pedlar, who dreamed that if he went to London bridge, and stood there, he should hear very joyfull newse, which he at first sleighted, but afterwards, his dream being dabled and trebled upon him, he resolved to try the issue of it, and accordingly went to London, and stood on the bridge there two or three days, looking about him, but heard nothing that might yield him any comfort. At last it happened that a shopkeeper there, hard by, having noted his fruitless standing, seeing that he neither sold any wares nor asked any almes, went to him and most earnestly begged to know what he wanted there, or what his business was; to which the pedlar honestly answered, that he had dreamed that if he came to London and stood there upon the bridge, he should hear good newse; at which the shopkeeper laught heartily, asking him if he was such a fool as to take a journey on such a silly errand, adding, “I'll tell thee, country fellow, last night I dreamed that I was at Sopham, in Norfolk, a place utterly unknown to me, where methought behind a pedlar's house in a certain orchard, and under a great oak-tree, if I digged I should find a vast treasure! Now think you,” says he, “that I am such a fool to take such a long journey upon me upon the instigation of a silly dream? No, no, I'm wiser. Therefore, good fellow, learn witt from me, and get you home, and mind your business.” The pedlar,

\* *Old Vestry Book*, fol. 2-5.

† *Old Vestry Book*, fol. 104, and 108-110. Mr. Easton's claim was probably from a purchase of lands, given to superstitious uses under a Statute I. Edward VI., cap. 14, sec. 5 (1542), wh vested such in ye crown (Gibson, *Cod.* 2nd vol. p. 1256). The Court Rolls were searched and quit-rent paid for it in 1648.—*Old Vestry Book*, fol. 2836.

‡ So called in 1623 (*Old Vestry Book*, fol. 223-6-225 a), in 1629 (*Old Vestry Book*, fol. 241), and in 1654 (*Vestry Book*, fol. 1), but in ye lease February 6, 1656, it was served and inclosed as a meadow, having been an osier Hoper. Thus described likewise in ye lease August 6, 1690, though it be also there called *Pedlar's Acre*, and as containing by estimation one acre more or less, tho' I never found it so call'd in ye Parish Acct Books till 1705.

observing his words, what he had say'd he dream'd and knowing they concenter'd in him, glad of such joyful newse, went speedily home, and digged and found a prodigious great treasure, with which he grew exceeding rich, and Soffham (Church) being for the most part fal'n down, he set on workmen and re-edifyd it most sumptuously, at his own charges; and to this day there is his statue therein, but in stone, with his pack at his back, and his dogg at his heels; and his memory is also preserved by the same form or picture in most of the old glass windows, taverns, and alehouses of that town unto this day.'

"It is rather curious that the following almost identical account is told in the *St. James' Chronicle*, of 28th November, 1786, which shows that the writer had obtained the legend from the same source as Abraham de la Pryme, and that the traditional form had been faithfully preserved:

"A Pedlar who lived many Years ago at Swaffham, in Norfolk, dreamt, that if he came up to London, and stood upon the Bridge, he should hear very joyful News; which he at first slighted, but afterwards his Dream being doubled and trebled unto him, he resolved to try the Issue of it; and accordingly to London he came, and stood on the Bridge for two or three Days, but heard nothing which might give him Comfort that the Profits of his Journey would be equal to his Pains. At last it so happened that a Shopkeeper there, having noted his fruitless standing, seeing that he neither sold any Wares, or asked any Alms, went to him, and enquired his Business; to which the Pedlar made Answer, that being a Countryman, he had dreamt a Dream, that if he came up to London, he should hear good News: "And art thou (said the Shopkeeper) such a Fool, to take a Journey on such a foolish Errand? Why, I tell thee—last Night I dreamt that I was at Swaffham, in Norfolk, a Place utterly unknown to me, where, methought, behind a Pedlar's House, in a certain Orchard, under a great Oak Tree, if I digged there, I should find a mighty Mass of Treasure.

"Now, think you, that I am so unwise as to take so long a Journey upon me, only by the Instigation of a foolish Dream! No, no, far be such Folly from me; therefore, honest Countryman, I advise thee to make haste Home again, and do not spend thy precious Time in the Expectation of the Event of an idle Dream."

"The Pedlar, who noted well his Words, glad of such joyful News, went speedily Home, and digged under the Oak, where he found a very large Heap of Money; with Part of which, the Church being then lately fallen down, he very sumptuously rebuilt it; having his Statue cut therein, in Stone, with his Pack on his Back and his Dog at his Heels, which is to be seen at this Day. And his Memory is also preserved by the same Form, or Picture, on most of the Glass Windows of the Taverns and Alehouses in that Town.

"I am not a Bigot in Dreams, yet I cannot help acknowledging the Relation of the above made a strong Impression on me.

"Yours, Z."

"In Glyde's *Norfolk Garland*, p. 69, is an account of this legend, but with an additional fact. The box containing the treasure had a Latin inscription on the lid, which, of course, John Chapman could not decipher. He craftily put the lid in his window, and very soon he heard some youths turn the Latin sentence into English:

"Under me doth lie  
Another much richer than I."

And he went to work digging deeper than before, and found a much richer treasure than the former. Another version of this rhyme is found in *Transactions of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society*, vol. iii., p. 318:

"Where this stood,  
Is another as good."

"Blomefield, in his *History of Norfolk*, points out that the same story is found in Johannes Fungerus' *Etymologion Latino-Grecum*, pp. 1110, 1111, though it is

here narrated of a man at Dort in Holland. Mr. Cowell, in the third volume of the *Cambridge Antiquarian Society Transactions*, p. 320, has printed a remarkable parallel of the story which is to be found in the great Persian metaphysical and religious poem called the 'Nasnavi,' written by Jalaluddin, who died about 1260."

Mr. William E. A. Axon, writing in the *Antiquary* (1885), vol. xi., pp. 167-168, says: "The popularity of the legend is evidenced by its insertion into that very popular folk-book the *New Help to Discourse*, which was often printed between 1619 and 1696. In this occurs the following question and answer:

"Q. Who was it, according to report, that built the Church of Sopham in Norfolk?

"A tradition tells us that in former times there lived in that town a certain pedlar, who dreamed if he came up to London, and stood on the bridge there, he should hear very joyful news, which he at first slighted; but afterwards, his dream being doubled and trebled unto him, he resolved to try the issue of it, and accordingly to London he came, and stood on the bridge there for two or three days, but heard nothing which might give him comfort, that the profits of his journey would be equal to his pains. At last it so happened that a shopkeeper there, hard by, having noted his fruitless standing, seeing that he neither sold any wares nor asked an alms, went to him, and demanded his business; to which the pedlar made answer, 'That being a countryman, he dreamed a dream that if he came up to London he should hear good news.' 'And art thou,' said the shopkeeper, 'such a fool to take a journey on such a foolish errand? Why, I tell thee, last night I dreamed that I was at Sopham in Norfolk, a place utterly unknown to me, where, methought, behind a pedlar-house in a certain orchard, and under a great oak-tree, if I digged there I should find a mighty mass of treasure. Now, think you, that I am so unwise to take so long a journey upon me, only by the instigation of a foolish dream? No, no, far be such folly from me; therefore, honest countryman, I shall advise thee to make haste home again, and not to spend thy precious time in the expectations of the event of an idle dream.' The pedlar, who noted well his words, and knowing all the things he had said to centre in himself, glad of such joyful news, went speedily home and digged under the oak, where he found an infinite mass of money, with part of which (the church happening to fall down) he very sumptuously re-edified the same, having his statue therein to-day, cut out in stone, with his pack at his back and his dog at his heels; his memory being preserved by the same form or picture in most of the glass windows in taverns and alehouses in that town to this day.'

"The legend has also been current in Lancashire and in Cornwall.

"The *Saturday Review* of December 28th, 1878, contains an amusing article on dreams, in which the following remarks occur:

"To confess the truth, our thoughts have been turned into this channel by a dream we have lately met with, in faded manuscript, whose interest lies a good deal in the teller and the scene in which it was told. The story is headed, 'A Dream told by Mr. Whately in Oriel Common Room.' If it has ever found its way into print, we can only say we never saw it there, though there is a family likeness in all dreams that deal with hidden treasure. A cobbler in Somersetshire dreamt that a person told him that if he would go to London Bridge he would meet with something to his advantage. He dreamt the same the next night, and again the night after. He then determined to go to London Bridge, and walked thither accordingly. When arrived there, he walked about the whole of the first day without anything occurring; the next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day, and walked about till evening, when, giving it up as hopeless, he determined to leave London, and return home. At this moment a stranger came up and said to him, 'I have seen you for the last three days walking up and down this bridge; may I ask if you are waiting for anyone?' The answer was, "No." "Then, what is your object in staying here?" The cobbler then frankly told his reason for being there, and the dream that had visited

him three successive nights. The stranger then advised him to go home again to his work, and no more pay any attention to dreams. 'I myself,' he said 'had about six months ago a dream. I dreamt three nights together that, if I would go into Somersetshire, in an orchard, under an apple-tree, I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to my dream, and have remained quietly at my business.' It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his own orchard and his own apple-tree. He immediately returned home, dug under the apple-tree, and found a pot of gold. After this increase of fortune, he was enabled to send his son to school, where the boy learnt Latin. When he came home for the holidays, he one day examined the pot which had contained the gold, on which was some writing. He said, 'Father, I can show you what I have learnt at school is of some use.' He then translated the Latin inscription on the pot thus: 'Look under, and you will find better.' They did look under, and a larger quantity of gold was found."

23 (page 116). The pageant of Lady Godiva was revived in 1884 at Coventry, when a large concourse of people attended.

24 (page 118). This subject has been reprinted in small chap-book form by a local printer of Scarborough.

25 (page 122). The communication here referred to does not give any information, and is not therefore printed.

25\* (page 130). Consult *Wayland Smith: a Dissertation on a Tradition of the Middle Ages, from the French of G. B. Depping and Francisque Michel, with additions* by S. W. Singer. London, 1847, 8vo.

26 (page 135). These fragments were contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* by Macpherson before he issued his celebrated *Ossianic Fragments of Ancient Poetry*, which was first published in 1760. No. I., p. 133, is Fragment V. in Macpherson; No. II., p. 134, Fragment XII. of Macpherson; No. VI., p. 135, is Fragment VI. of Macpherson; No. VII., p. 136, is Fragment VII. of Macpherson. The book of Macpherson contained sixteen fragments altogether. The editions are as follows: Edinburgh, 1760; London, 1762, 1763, 1765, 1773, 1776; Frankfort, 1783; London, 1784; Edinburgh, 1792; London, 1796; Edinburgh, 1805; London, 1805, 1806, 1807; Edinburgh, 1812; London, 1812, 1822; Edinburgh, 1840; London, 1847. And the Aungervyle Society reprinted the first edition in December, 1881.

The following should be consulted: *The Poems of Ossian in the original Gaelic, with a Literal Translation into English and a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems*, by Rev. Archibald Clerk. Edinburgh and London, 1870, 2 vols.

27 (page 141). Besides appearing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, these interesting old Gaelic poems were also published in separate form, as a small volume, by the collector. This volume is very rare. There is no copy of it in the public libraries in England. As printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* the original Gaelic is often unintelligible. Nor is this in the least surprising. The collector, Mr. T. F. Hill, was ignorant of the language. His chief scribe was not a man of much education; and there is evidence, in the poems as printed, that his handwriting was careless and indistinct. The printer shows some method and intelligence, as printers usually do, in his reading of the copy before him. But the copy was in an unknown tongue. The result is a text which, at first sight, appears to be "hopelessly corrupt." But it is not so in reality. The spelling is unusual and irregular. The spacing of the words is often most perplexing. Still the substance of the poems is there, as hidden treasure, to him who honestly tries to dig out their meaning. It thus happens that, in correcting a proof which was a fair reproduction of Hill's original text, I have very seldom had to change a word. The changing of a letter, for doing which the right clue was not often hard to find; the partial spacing-out of some rough, rugged nugget of conglomerate type; the taking down from the line above of the word that should close the line below;





come to the conclusion that *scann* and *Mar han* found their way into the MS. as alternative readings: *scann* = 's *gann* = "it is hardly so," and *mar han* = *mar h-ann* = "if it be not so." Of the two renderings I prefer the former: "It is scarcely to increase the number of the Fingalians that my Lord has come over the sea."

P. 146, verse 25. *Lochan lain* = diminutive of *Loch-lan* = the full, or unebbing lake. Is this the Baltic? And do we thus get at the origin of Lochlan, that home of the much-feared Northlander, so heartily hated by the Gael?

P. 147, verse 26 :

"S Cinn a Dha chomhirlich dheig."

Hill's translator makes this line, "His twelve nobles had a sweet voice"—a stupendous blunder, but a blunder of simple origin. The scribe wrote his small *b* and his capital *C* so much alike that the translator mistook the one for the other; reading *binn*, sweet, for *Cinn*, heads. The proper translation is, "The heads of his twelve councillors." In verse 30 the translator makes a similar mistake; but *vice versâ*. Taking *b* for *C*, he makes the Fingalians at their midnight feasts quaff horns of *war* instead of *beer*.

P. 147, verse 30. *Ceir* should read *boir*. See note on verse 26.

P. 147, verse 31. "Meig Rìogh Lochlan." *Meig* usually means "rust." Hill's translator thus got on the wrong scent, and speaks of the "iron King." The word here is evidently used in its other sense, as a "banner."

"Ga hogail on Traibh nan Nuchd," he translates, "Coming in his youth, from the shore, before his men." The scribe's phonetic spelling has here led the translator astray. The true meaning is, "Being raised on the shore in their strong embrace." *Uchd* may fitly name the soft bosom of love; but in the form of *uchdachd* it as fitly describes the strong breast-grip of a deep-chested, powerful burden-bearer, proud and buoyant in the sense of his all-mastering vigour. The line might then read: "Carrying him shoulder-high from the shore."

P. 149, verse 42. *Ri Hòle* = "given to drink," is probably a misprint for *ri h-ole* = given to wickedness. But the verse, as it stands, makes very good sense, and is thoroughly consistent: for, in good sooth, this poor "Connan without hair" speaks here like a man who, if not really in his cups, was but the hair-brained clown of the goodly Fingalian fellowship.

P. 150, verse 47 :

"Triur bo mho Glonn san Fhein."

The translator here mistakes *glonn* for *clann*, and makes the three Fingalians "The fathers of most children," instead of "The three men of proudest fame."

P. 152, line 2 :

"Air chuideachd a chaoidh so chuaidh."

Allowing for Hill's irregular spelling, and changing *s* for *f* in *so*, this line might be rendered, "On a people for ever under lamentation" = of a people evermore to be lamented. But some of the parallel versions in *Leabhar na Feinne* read: "A chuideachd chaoimh so chuaidh" = "This beloved people that are gone."

P. 153, bottom line :

"But go with Grain, the faithless,  
Anew bringing me under spells."

By her wicked spells Grain, Fingal's wife, had so bewitched Diarmid that he eloped with her. One of the versions in *Leabhar na Feinne*, instead of *Sa huir*, reads 'S a tuar: a rendering which would remove the difficulties of this perplexing passage. The verse would then read: "I did no harm on thee ever, here or there, east or west, but going with Graine in guilt, her beauty bringing me under wicked spells." Cf. *L. na F.*, p. 163.

P. 154, third line from top. *Loin* = "blackbirds," is manifestly a mistranslation for "elks."

P. 154, line 13 from top. "Air a thaobh feall." *Feall* is evidently an adjective qualifying *taobh*. It may mean, perhaps, his "left" side, his "luckless" side, or his "hapless" side. But I cannot with confidence translate the word in this connexion. I suspect a corruption of the text, on which, however, the other versions of the poem give me no light. I incline to the last of the three meanings above suggested. *Feall* means "treachery," or even "murder"; and there the victim of foul treachery, the murdered hero, lay on his "hapless" side.

P. 154, line 5 from bottom :

"Guill ei deadh oir is eah."

This line appears to be hopelessly corrupt. Playing with the echo of its lost self, the line takes, in a great variety of versions, as great a variety of fleeting, shadowy shapes, in which I can find no tangible substance. The Dean of Lismore, as interpreted by Dr. Maclauchlan, has :

"Immir deit eyde is each  
Fer in neygin creach nar charre  
Gilli a bar gasga is seith  
Ach troyg mir a teich so ghleinn."

McNicol's MSS., as copied in *Leabhar na Feinne*, has the following, among other versions :

"Guilligh edidh oir as Each,  
'S an Èigin nan creach nach gann ;  
Laibh bu bhor gaisge a Gnìomh  
Ochain mar ha 'n T-saoigh san ghleann."

The text of this poem remains unpunctuated, just as, in that respect, it was left in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, upwards of a century ago. This has been done with the purpose of showing the reader how Gaelic poetry, so to speak, punctuates itself. Every line of good Gaelic poetry ought to deliver its own message, without borrowing from the line above, or intruding upon the line below. In point of fact, good Gaelic poetry should as little depend for effect on commas and semicolons as good English prose should need the questionable help of italics.

P. 156, top line. *Luath garg* is translated "bold hand." It is therefore probable that the scribe wrote *laibh*. Two other versions give *stuagh* and *stuagh*, "people" and "wrath" respectively.

P. 157. *Bhi*, between the lines. This is not an alternative reading, as in other portions of Hill's text. It is a word omitted in the MS., and afterwards put in by the scribe above the line. The printer, having no guidance in the matter, simply followed his "copy." The word should come into the line between *bhiast* and *teachd*: "Tshauntich a bhaist bhi teachd nan innis." It is more than curious that the same omission, in exactly the same place, appears to have been made in McNicol's MS., quoted on p. 68 of *Leabhar na Feinne*. But the word *bhi*, as there printed, is taken down into the line at the wrong place. This curious blunder in Hill's text is not corrected. It may serve as a warning to our transcribers, and yield a useful hint to the paleographer.

P. 158. "M' athion maol ruagh." These words also were added by the scribe above the line, and the printer followed his copy as before. The words are now brought down into their place in the line.

P. 159, line 22 :

"Uaigh chunnair e Bratich a tin."

In McNicol's Collection, as printed in *Leabhar na Feinne*, p. 74, the first word of this line, as printed by Hill, forms the last word of the previous verse ; and the lines of this verse are divided in a way entirely different from the form in which

Hill has given them. Neither division of the lines appears to me to be free from confusion. McNicol's setting of the lines separates the adjective from the noun, carrying it over into a new line, a thing unusual in old Gaelic poetry.

The large number of alternative readings and spellings in this poem shows the uncertain condition of the "copy" from which it was printed, in 1783. The version of McNicol is similarly unsatisfactory.

P. 162, verse 2: "*Oshein nan glonn*" = "Ossian of great deeds." See Note, p. 150, verse 47, ante, p. 338.

P. 163, verse 6:

"Ga beag a Chubhail chrobhnanach."

*Chubhail* is a barbarous way of spelling *chiuil*. The sense seems to be: Low though be the crooning music and the murmured moan of (Greine?), yet, unknown to the mighty king, no sound goes from the edge of thy shield.

P. 163, verse 7: "'N saoil" was printed by Hill, "Noavil."

P. 167, verse 27. The first two lines should be thus divided:

"(A) Phadruig ma thug u cead  
Beagann a labhairt duin."

P. 168, verse 31. The last sentence of the translation should read: "Nor did he ever refuse anyone for anything."

P. 168, verse 32. "Shithair" = shithfhear = a strong man? (See Shaw's Dictionary.) *Leabhar na Feinne* gives, "Air Shean Druim Cliar."

The hopeless task of correcting Hill's translation of this poem has not been attempted. His text, as he printed it, is often untranslatable; but no pains have been spared to make it now, though only a reprint, such a text as the student will find to be, on the whole, satisfactory.

The late Mr. J. F. Campbell, in his volume—"*Leabhar na Feinne: Heroic Gaelic ballads collected in Scotland, chiefly from 1512 to 1871, copied from old MSS. preserved at Edinburgh and elsewhere, and from rare Books and orally, collected since 1859; with Lists of Collections and of their contents, and with a short Account of the Documents quoted.*" (Vol. i., 'Gaelic Texts.'). Arranged by J. F. Campbell. London: 1872." Fol. Pp. xxxvi. 224—gives the following description of "Hill's Collection," printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:

Order.	Catch-words.	Lines.
1	Ossian's prayer . . . .	144
2	Muileartach . . . .	87
3	Manus . . . .	188
4	Fionn's tribute . . . .	46
5	Bran's death . . . .	54
6	Diarmaid . . . .	
7	Diarmaid . . . .	66
8	Death of Oscar . . . .	96
9	The tailor to the Feinne . .	68

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Mr. Campbell says: "I have not reprinted any part of Hill's Collection." At page xxiii. of the Introduction to the same volume, Mr. Campbell says, "In Reed's *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*, pp. 109, 166, mention is made of Thomas Ford Hill's ancient Erse poems, collected among the Scottish Highlands, in order to illustrate the Ossian of Mr. MacPherson (1784, 8vo., p. 34). No copy is in the British Museum, or in the Advocate's Library, or in Trinity College or in the Bodleian. The collector was an Englishman, who travelled in the Highlands in 1780. The collection is mentioned at p. 50 of the 'Report on Ossian,' 1805, where it is said that

Hill got most of his collection from MacNab, a blacksmith, at Dalmaly in Argyleshire. . . . In June, 1872, I had begun to think that Hill's work had been destroyed. I have failed to discover a copy in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, or Oxford or anywhere; and I have been driven to the *Gentlemen's Magazine* and to the 'Report on Ossian' for information concerning Hill's Collection. . . . Mr. Hill finished his publication with a short Dissertation, July 10, 1783 (See Note 30), in which he comes to the same conclusion which I have reached in June, 1872."

28 (page 141). I cannot identify this book.

29 (page 157). Dr. Donald Masson, to whom, as I have explained in the preface, I owe all these notes on Hill's poems, writes to me:

"It happens that the text you have to work upon is just an uncorrected proof, printed from bad MS., in an unknown tongue. What I have done to the proof has been a tough job. But it has been very interesting. The 'lucid intervals' in the translation have sufficed to furnish a clue to the original scribe's style of writing. He never crossed his *l*'s, nor did he often dot his *r*'s. His small *b* seems to have been to the printer's eye indistinguishable from his capital *C*. Once I got this clue, the correction of the proof became easy." See also note 27 p. 336.

30 (page 173). Considering the important bearing which Mr. Hill's conclusions have upon the question according to Mr. Campbell's opinion (see above, note 27), I have inserted here the full text of Hill's remarks on Ossian, 1783, Part II., pp. 662-665.

#### CONCLUSION OF THE REMARKS ON OSSIAN.

- I. *Of the Evidence afforded by the foregoing Poems; that there are Songs traditionally preserved in the Highlands and attributed to Ossian; containing Parts of the Poems, published by Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Smith, under the Name of that Bard.*
- II. *Of the Authenticity of the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith: how far it is founded upon the Highland Songs; and how far those Songs may be regarded as the real Works of Ossian.*
- III. *Of the Country of Ossian, whether he was an Highlander or an Irishman.*
- IV. *Of the real Character of Ossian and the Fingalians, and who they probably were.*

#### I.

It is evident, Mr. Urban, from the collection of Erse Poems which I have sent you, that there are many traditional songs preserved in the Highlands relating to Fingal and his Heroes, as well as to several other subjects. It is also evident, that these songs contain portions of the very poems published by Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Smith, under the name of Ossian. We may therefore justly conclude that those poems are not wholly the forgery of their editors, but compiled at least from original songs.\* I by no means think it worth my while to notice the various concessions in favour of this conclusion, which the minor antagonists of Ossian have of late been forced to make. I myself have given proofs of it, which need, I hope, no external confirmation. To these proofs might be added that I met with many traditional preservers of these songs in every different part of the Highlands; some of whom, especially in Argyleshire, Lochaber, and on the rest of the western coast, were said to possess various poems attributed to Ossian, although I had neither leisure nor opportunity to collect copies from them. But enough has already been said on this subject, if my testimony deserves regard.

\* See Mag. for Dec. last, p. 570 [*ante*, p. 138].

## II.

These principles being established, it remains to be considered how far the poems published by Macpherson and Smith deserve to be considered as the works of Ossian.

The foregoing songs, attributed to that bard, which contain passages of the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith, are by no means uniformly consistent with the poems in which the parallel passages are found, but frequently relate to different events, and even contain different circumstances. From hence it seems most probable that Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Smith compiled their publications from those parts of the Highland songs which they most approved, combining them into such forms as, according to their ideas, were most excellent, and preserving the old names and the leading events.\* In this process they were supported and encouraged by the variety of songs preserved in the Highlands upon the same subject, and by the various modes in which the same event is related. Mr. Macpherson may indeed have MSS. of all the poems he has published; which MSS. may either have been compiled by himself, or by some former collector; or they may possibly contain entire poems really ancient. But Mr. Smith has honestly acknowledged that he himself compiled his Ossian in the manner above described. "After the materials were collected," says he, "the next labour was to compare the different editions, to strike off several parts that were manifestly spurious,† to bring together some episodes that appeared to have a relation to one another, though repeated separately, and restore to their proper places some incidents that seemed to have run from one poem into another:—and hence it was unavoidably necessary to throw in sometimes a few lines or sentences to join some of the episodes together—I am sensible that the form of these poems is considerably altered from what is found in any one of the editions from which they are compiled. They have assumed somewhat more of the appearance of regularity and art than that bold and irregular manner in which they are originally delivered."

Mr. Smith also speaks of the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson in a somewhat similar manner.‡ "That we have not the whole of the Poems of Ossian, or even of the collection translated by Mr. Macpherson, we allow: yet still we have many of them, and of almost all a part. The building is not entire, but we have still the grand ruins of it."

What portion, therefore, of the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith is original no man can determine except themselves. Smith indeed says that he has mentioned all his *material* alterations, transpositions, and additions in his notes; and that, *for the most part*, he was guided in them by the Sguelachds, or traditionary tales accompanying the songs: but there are few such notes in his books, and perhaps as few *such* Sguelachds in the mouths of the Highlanders. In Macpherson and Smith also we see these poems divested of their idiomatic peculiarities and fabulous ornaments, which renders it impossible to discover what manners and opinions are really ancient, and what are of modern invention. Yet it is remarkable that, in spite of all the objections to their authenticity necessarily produced by such a treatment of them, they still possess an internal evidence of originality, which has enabled them hitherto to withstand all the torrent of opposition.

The Ossian of Macpherson and Smith appears therefore to be a mutilated work; even though we should suppose that the songs they originally compiled from were the undoubted works of that celebrated bard. But this is far from being the case; for even allowing that an Ossian ever existed and wrote, yet time must have introduced such material changes in his works, if preserved merely by tradition during so long a period, that their own author would hardly know them again. I think

\* See *Gent. Mag.*, Dec., p. 571 [*ante*, p. 139].

† Such as the Cuach Fhin, etc. See *Mag.* for Feb. pp. 143, 144 [*ante*, p. 153].

‡ *Smith, Galic Antiq.*, pp. 128 to 130.

it, however, doubtful whether such a being as Ossian ever appear'd in the world.

All the songs which I met with in the Highlands relative to the Feinne, or Fingalians, were attributed to Ossian; his name seems merely a common title, which is ascribed to all the poetic annals of his race.\*

From these considerations we seem authorised finally to conclude that the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith is a mutilated compilation from Highland songs ascribed, indeed, to that bard, yet very little likely to be his composition. Out of these they selected the best parts, and rejected such as they thought might discredit the character of Highland antiquity, attributing them to later times, and the ignorant bards of the fifteenth century. Perhaps even the works of Homer himself, which had so many different editions, very considerably varying from each other, were compiled by a somewhat similar process from the ancient Greek songs.†

### III.

Another question remains to be considered: Whether these songs are the compositions of the Highlands or of Ireland? and, Whether Ossian was an Irish or Caledonian Scot? I have already expressed my opinion that the songs in this collection evidently manifest a connection with Ireland, though their traditional preservation in Scotland has sometimes introduced the name of Scotland in its stead.‡ One of their principal personages is St. Patrick, the peculiar Apostle of Ireland, which alone seems sufficient to mark their origin.§ If therefore we may reason from a part to the whole, it is just to conclude that all the other songs preserved in the Highlands relative to the Fingalians are also Irish. They are wholly confined to the Western coast of the Highlands, opposite Ireland,|| and the very traditions of the country themselves acknowledge the Fingalians to be originally Irish. The genealogy of Fingal was there given me as follows: Fion Mac Coul, Mac Trathal, Mac Arsht Riogh Erin, or King of Ireland, thus attributing the origin of his race to the Irish. I am inclined to believe that these notions about Fingal were common to the Scots in the most ancient times, and brought by them from Ireland to Scotland, the hereditary superstition of both races; for, notwithstanding it may appear most probable that Ireland should receive colonies from Scotland than the contrary, we have direct historic evidences that Scotland received them from Ireland, and no bare theoretic probability deserves to be opposed to the positive assertions of history.

With regard to the Erse manuscripts, about which so much has been said, it becomes me to acknowledge that I have never seen enough of them to give any decided opinion; those which I have seen, induce me to think they principally owe their existence to Ireland.¶

I shall not repeat what others have said to prove the Fingalians Irish: though the connection of Fingal with Ireland has been already warmly asserted.\*\*

\* See hereafter, p. 665 [p. 345].

† See Mr. Raspe's ingenious remarks on Ossian in his German translation of it, Blackwell's "Life of Homer," etc. We have heard of a very curious MS. of Homer, discovered at Venice, containing the various readings of all the different editions. I sincerely wish the rumour may not prove fallacious.

‡ See pp. 34, 399, 489, 491, and 590 [*ante*, pp. 142, 157, 160, 161, 169 respectively].

§ The Scotch indeed lay claim to the birth of St. Patrick, and boast also his burial-place. Camden, edit. Gibson, 1695, pp. 921, 1014. And so also do the Britons, *ib.* p. 631, 1014; but his life and miracles all agree to attribute to Ireland.

|| See *Gent. Mag.*, vol. lii., p. 570 [*ante*, p. 138].

¶ See p. 399 [*ante*, p. 157].

\*\* See Shaw's "Enquiry into the Truth of Ossian," edit. sec., p. 37, cum append., etc. O'Flaherty's "Hist. of Ireland," etc.

But an unnoticed though curious passage in Camden affords us the most remarkable, and perhaps the most convincing, proof that Fingal is an Irish Hero, which demonstrates at least that he was indisputably claimed by the Irish two hundred years ago. It is contained in an extract made by Camden from an account of the manners of the native Irish, written by one Good, a schoolmaster at Limerick, in 1566: "They think," says he, speaking of Ireland and its inhabitants, "the souls of the deceased are in communion with famous men of those places of whom they retain many stories and sonnets: as of the Giants Fin-Mac-Huyle, Osker-Mac-Osshin, or Osshin-Mac-Owim; and they say thro' illusion that they often see them."\*

## IV.

The very material importance of this curious passage with relation to the present subject it is unnecessary to urge, for every eye must see it. We also obtain from it new information in respect to the last part of the History of Fingal and his Heroes, as it enables us to determine who they were with a precision which must otherwise have been wanting to complete these remarks on the Highland songs.

The singular agreement of this passage with the accounts of Ossian which were taught me in Scotland, and which I have already inserted in your Magazine, is worthy particular remark: it confirms them even in the most novel and peculiar instances. I have already given many reasons for believing that the Fingalians are generally regarded as Giants; † but this is no novel idea; the most remarkable concurrence is in the mythologic character attributed by both to Fingal, Oscar, and Ossian. I have before remarked that Mac Nab described Fingal as the Odin of the Scots, and that the song called Urnigh Ossian‡ evidently speaks of him as such. This curious passage represents him exactly in the same character: a Hero with whom the spirits of the deceased are in communion, who is their Chieftain, and the Lord of their Feasts. The Gods of all the Northern Nations seem to have been of this class: mighty Heroes, esteemed once to have been invincible on earth, though perhaps not ever strictly men, nor yet constantly regarded as Giants. Such are Odin, Thor, and the other Teutonic Gods; § such are Fingal, Oscar, and the rest of the Fingalians among the ancient Scots. || Such also are Hercules,

\* Camden, edit. Gibson, 1695, p. 1048, *Of the Ancient and Modern Customs of Ireland*. In this edition the Giants are called Fin-Mac-Huyle and Osshin-Mac-Owim; in the 8vo. edition, by Bishop, in 1600, and the correct fol. edition of 1607, by Bishop also, they are called Fin-Mac-Huyle and Osker-Mac-Osshin. I have inserted both above, as both strongly relate to my subject. In the late English edition of 1772 it is Osshin-Mac-Osshin. Fin-Mac-Huyle is the same with Fion-Mac-Coul, see vol. lii., p. 570 [*ante*, p. 139]. Camden in the same place, p. 1046, informs us, that to swear *by the hand* of any chieftain is one of the most sacred oaths among the Irish; this very oath is found in the poem called "Ossian agus an Clerich," v. 19, see before, p. 35 [*ante*, p. 145].

† See above, p. 400, note \* [*ante*, p. 159], *the gigantic Boar*; also pp. 143, 490, and 590, etc. [*ante*, pp. 152, 162, 169]. Irish tradition says that Fingal, finding the stride too great from Ireland quite to Scotland, flung a handful of earth out of the county of Down into the middle sea for a stepping-place, which formed the Isle of Man. Our many similar stories of Giants are perhaps more ancient than is generally imagined.

‡ See Mag. for June last, p. 490 [*ante*, p. 162]; and the Urnigh Ossian *passim*.

§ The Weird Sisters of these nations were regarded in like manner as beings little superior to witches.

|| As Hengist, Horsa, and other Saxon chiefs derived their pedigree from Odin, so the Campbells, etc., derive theirs from Dermid and the rest of the Fingalians. See above, pp. 142—144 [*ante*, pp. 152-154].



Bacchus, and even Jupiter himself, with all his sons and daughters, among the original Greeks; a people who agreed in many particulars with our own ancestors in Northern Europe. The notions entertained about ghosts as an intermediate order of beings between men and divinities endowed with some share of power to do evil, is also remarkably congruous with this mythology.

As Fingal was a divine Hero, so Ossian seems to have been a divine Bard. Some of the Gods of the Teutons were Bards in like manner: the God Niord and his wife Skada quarrelled in elegant verse of their own composition;\* and Odin is the relator of his own Edda.† Apollo, the poetic deity of Greece, likewise sung the history of his fellow-deities to men on earth, as well as Orpheus his son.‡ The Bards and traditional preservers of songs in Scotland and Ireland have ever been fond of ascribing all ancient poems to this Ossian, and especially those relating to his own race; and from this cause the poems ascribed to Ossian are become so voluminous.§ The ancient Egyptians had a similar custom of ascribing their works to Hermes: see Jamblichus, S. I. c. 1, which rendered the Hermetic writings equally voluminous. The Egyptians, who possessed the art of writing, deposited their works in the adyta of their temples, as the Arabians deposited their poems of old in the Temple of Mecca: but because the Egyptians affixed to them no author's name, except that of Hermes, to him, as to the Scottish Ossian, almost all the national literature was attributed by religious flattery.

I sincerely wish that some gentleman, possessed of adequate abilities and acquaintance with the Erse language, would undertake to collect these Ossianic songs in their simple original state, as they undoubtedly contain much curious knowledge, accumulated in the various ages through which they have descended to us, and would probably afford much new information on subjects at present very ill understood. I own, however, that I should rather chuse to seek for them in Ireland than in Scotland; but neither country should be unexplored.

After having thus freely, though I hope not uncandidly, delivered my sentiments on the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson, it becomes me to acknowledge myself deeply indebted to it for the pleasure in perusal it has frequently afforded me. I am willing, and indeed happy, thus publicly to declare myself a warm admirer of it as a literary composition. The novelty of its manner, of its ideas, and of the objects it describes, added to the strength and brilliancy of genius which frequently appears in it, have enabled me to read it with more delight, and to return to it more frequently than almost any other work of modern times. And, let it be regarded in what light it may, the praise of elegant selection and composition certainly belongs to its editor. If I had not entertained these opinions of its merit, I should never have taken so much pains to investigate its authenticity; nor indeed can I believe, if the general opinion had not concurred with mine, that the world would ever have wasted so much time in disputing about it.

I cannot conclude without confessing the obligation I am under to the inhabitants of Scotland for the hospitality with which I was received by them, though a perfect stranger to much the greater part of those who conferred such civilities upon me. If the Highlands are not distinguished for their fertility, their wealth, or the abundance of the elegancies of life, they are at least conspicuous for the generous friendship of the inhabitants, and for the performance of that benevolent Christian injunction, *Be not forgetful to entertain the stranger*. Such a reception necessarily induced me to think the best I could of their country, though it does not seem to have produced this effect upon some who have passed through it before me. I was indeed too fond of truth to shut my eyes against conviction; but I came away

\* Edda, fab. 12, from Mallet's "North. Antiq.," Eng. trans., edit. 1770, vol. ii., pp. 71, 302.

† *Ib.* pp. 3, 6, 82.

‡ Virg. Eclog. vi., v. 82, 83.

§ See before, p. 663 [*ante*, p. 343].

desirous to consider Scotland in its best point of view, although not anxious to believe in second sight.

Yours, etc., THO. F. HILL.

*Ely Place, July 10.*

31 (page 177). The Bibliography of Robert Nixon, the Cheshire Prophet, is rather lengthy. The British Museum Library possesses the following :

*The Strange Predictions of C. Love . . . to which is added Nixon's Cheshire Prophecy . . . also his Life.* 1800, 12mo.

*Mother Shipton and Nixon's Prophecies.* 1797, 12mo.

*A true copy of Nixon's Cheshire Prophecy, with Historical and Political Remarks, and several instances wherein it is fulfilled. The third edition corrected.* London, 1715, 8vo.

*Nixon's Prophecy: containing many Strange and Wonderful Predictions, together with a Relation of the most Noted Passages in the Life and Death of Nixon. Extracted from an ancient MS. never published before.* Liverpool, 1715, 4to.

*Nixon's Cheshire Prophecy at Large. Published from the Lady Cowper's correct copy. With Historical and Political Remarks, and several instances wherein it is fulfilled. The sixth edition. To which is added, The Life of Nixon [by M. E. or W. E.].* London, 1719, 8vo.

*A Wonderful Prophecy by one called Nixon, with a Short Description of that Prophet.* Edinburgh, 1730, 12mo.

The same. Another edition. Glasgow, 1738, 12mo.

The same. Another edition. Glasgow [1740], 12mo.

*Nixon's Cheshire Prophecy at Large, with Historical and Political Remarks; also his Life, by J. Oldmixon. The fifteenth edition.* London, 1745, 8vo.

The same. The twenty-first edition. London, 1745, 8vo.

The same. Another edition. London, 1770, 12mo.

The same. Another edition. London, 1800, 12mo.

*Nixon's Original Prophecy in Doggerel Verses: to which is added, The Prophecy from Lady Cowper's correct copy; also some Particulars of his Life. Likewise, Jurieu's Prophecy of the French Revolution, etc.* Gainsborough [1800], 12mo.

The same. By J. Oldmixon and others. The second edition with additions. Chester [1810], 12mo.

*Past, Present, and to Come. The Prophecy at Large of R. Nixon; also some Particulars of his Life. Likewise, Mother Shipton's Yorkshire Prophecy, with their Explanations.* London [1810], 12mo.

The same. Another edition. London, 1815, 12mo.

*The Life and Prophecies of Robert Nixon. Fifty-fifth edition.* Warrington, 1815, 12mo.

*Nixon's Cheshire Prophecy at Large [by W. E.].* Aylesbury, 1820, 12mo.

The same. Another edition. Birmingham [1820], 12mo.

The same. Another edition. Hull [1820], 12mo.

The same. Another edition. London [1820], 12mo.

The same. Another edition. Penrith [1820], 12mo.

*The Original Predictions of Robert Nixon.* London [1825], broad-side folio.

*The Life and Prophecies of Nixon of the Bridge House, near the Forest of Delamere, in Cheshire.* Manchester [1830], 12mo.

*Nixon's Original Cheshire Prophecy, by J. Oldmixon.* Diss [1845], 8vo.

The same. Another edition. Derby [1850], 12mo.

*Nixon's Cheshire Prophecies. A new and complete edition, with an Introductory Essay on Popular Prophecies [by W. E. A. Axon], and an Appendix containing the Legend of Alderley Edge, a Bibliography.* London, 1873, 8vo.

*Nixon's Cheshire Prophecies reprinted and edited from the best sources, and including a Copy of the Prophecy from an unpublished MS., with an Introductory Essay on Popular Prophecies [by W. E. A. Axon, with a Portrait of Robert Nixon].* London, 1878, 8vo.

32 (page 177). This is one of the many pamphlets on prophecies issued about this time. Its title is *Seven Severall Strange Prophecies: full of wonder and admiration, foretelling long since things of late come to passe; some whereof are accomplished in this Year of Wonders, 1643.* 1. *Mother Shipton's Propesie*; 2. *Ignatius Propesie*; 3. *Sibyllaes Propesie*; 4. *Merlin's Propesie*; 5. *Mr. Brightman's Propesie*; 6. *Mr. Truswel's Recorder of Lincoln; to which is added a Propesie foretold in the Dayes of King Richard the Third.* Printed at London, for Richard Harper, and are to be sold at the Bible and Harpe, in Smithfield, 1643, 4to., 4 leaves.

33 (page 184). Aubrey's *Miscellanies* was published in London, 1696 (8vo). The second edition, with large additions, was issued in 1721 (8vo); and another in 1784 (8vo).

34 (page 199). The subject of Lord Lyttelton's Ghost has been frequently discussed in *Notes and Queries* at the following references: 2nd series, iii. 270, 339; v. 165; vi. 153; 3rd series, ii. 107; 5th series, ii. 401, 508; v. 341, 379.

35 (page 205). *Thesaurus Exorcismorum atque conjurationum terribilium . . . cum practica probatissima: quibus spiritus maligni, demones maleficiaque omnia de corporibus humanis obsessis . . . expelluntur . . . ad maximam exorcistarum commoditatem in lucem editus et recens.* Coloniae, 1608, 8vo.

36 (page 215). Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Ceremonial Institutions*, London, 1879, should be consulted on this subject.

37 (page 221). Consult Sir G. Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iii., p. 161; vol. ii. (2nd series), pp. 256, 257, 476.

38 (page 231). The plate in vol. xlvii., 1777, p. 216, is from a painting upon a marble, dug up at Resina, May 24th, 1746; and the article in vol. xxix., 1759, p. 583, refers to paintings found at Herculaneum.

39 (page 241). The custom of strewing rushes in churchyards is very ancient, and was once wide spread in England. In Mr. Edward Peacock's paper on "the Churchwardens' Account of the Parish of Stratton, in the County of Cornwall," in *Archeologia*, vol. xlvi., p. 201, is a useful note giving some references to authorities for this custom. It was also a municipal custom, and was adopted at the Election of Mayors. See *Report of Record Commission*, 1837, p. 495.

40 (page 243). The passage on page 30, referred to in the text, is of no importance. It is entitled on "Credulity in Witchcraft," and gives only the facts mentioned on page 358.

41 (page 250). I cannot identify this book in the Library of the British Museum.

42 (page 256). I have not been able to identify the book here named in the catalogue of the British Museum Library. Mr. J. G. Waller, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1854, part i., pp. 576-581, gives an account of "Our Lady of Montserrat," and mentions the legend of the text; but the whole communication would not fall under this section of our reprints.

43 (page 268). This book is J. Grieve's "*History of Kamstchatka and the Kurilski Islands, with the Countries adjacent*," published at Petersburg, in the Russian Language, by order of Her Imperial Majesty, and translated into English by J. G." Gloucester, 1764, 4to.

44 (page 277). The spelling of the names in these Traditions of Buddha is of course not in accordance with the modern and scientific practice, but it is not advisable to alter it in these reprints. The reader may be referred to Professor Rhys Davids' *Buddhist Birth Stories*, 1880, in Trübner's Oriental series of publications, and also to the communications by Dr. Richard Morris, on "Indian

Folk-Tales," to the *Folklore Journal*, vols. ii. and iii., for other examples of these Buddhist stories.

45 (page 283). Other communications were printed upon this subject, but they are not worth reprinting. They may be found at the following references: 1827, part i., pp. 494-496; 1827, part ii., pp. 20-22, signed A. H. A blue book was published on this subject, under the title of "Papers Relating to Hindoo Widows and Infanticide."

46 (page 314). This account is not printed in the present volume, because it does not give much information on manners and customs, but chiefly geographical and statistical notes. It occupies pages 389-390, and deals with the Padoucas, the Dotame, and the Kauzas tribes.





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