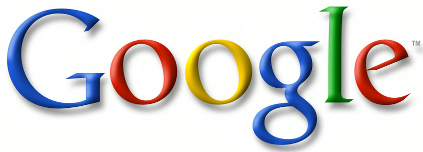

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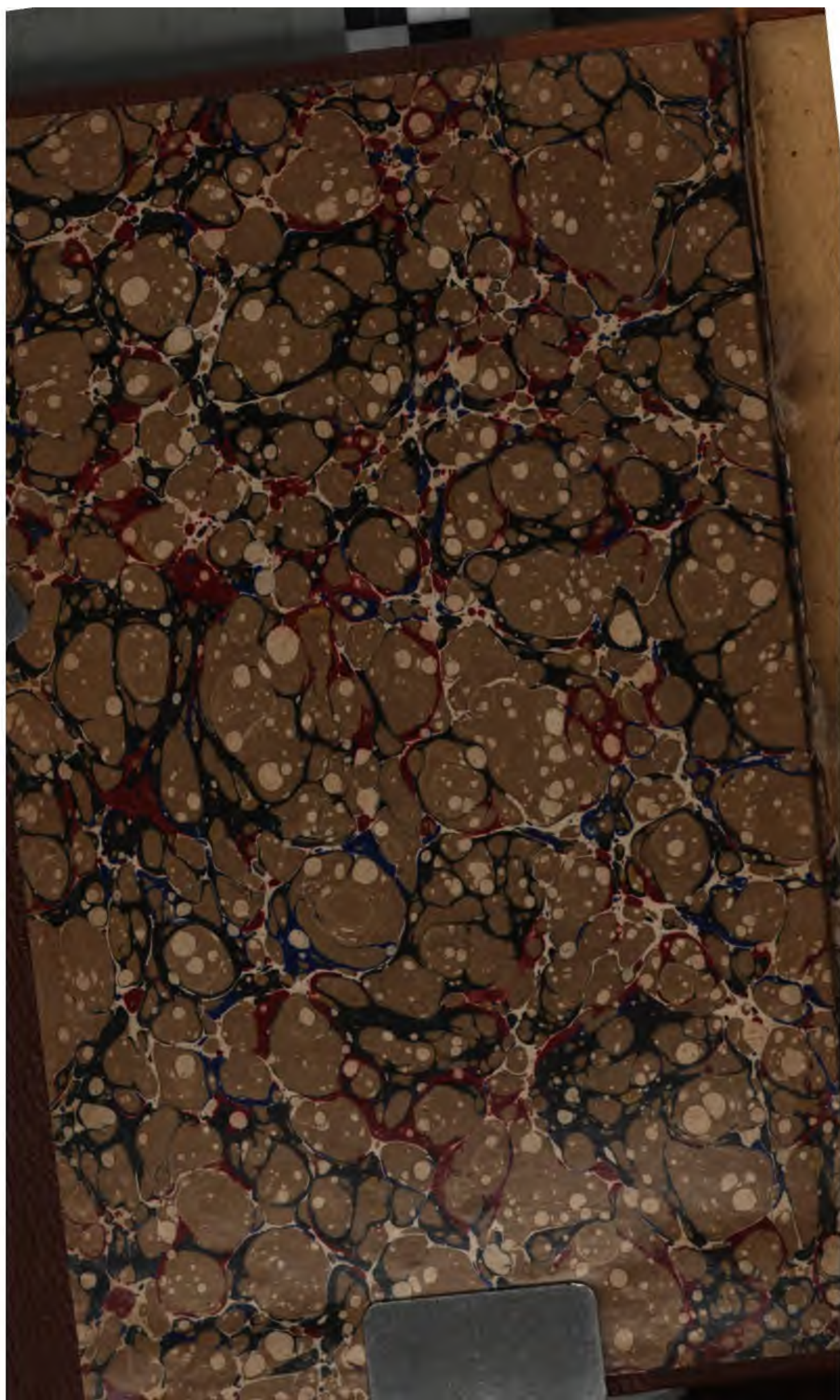

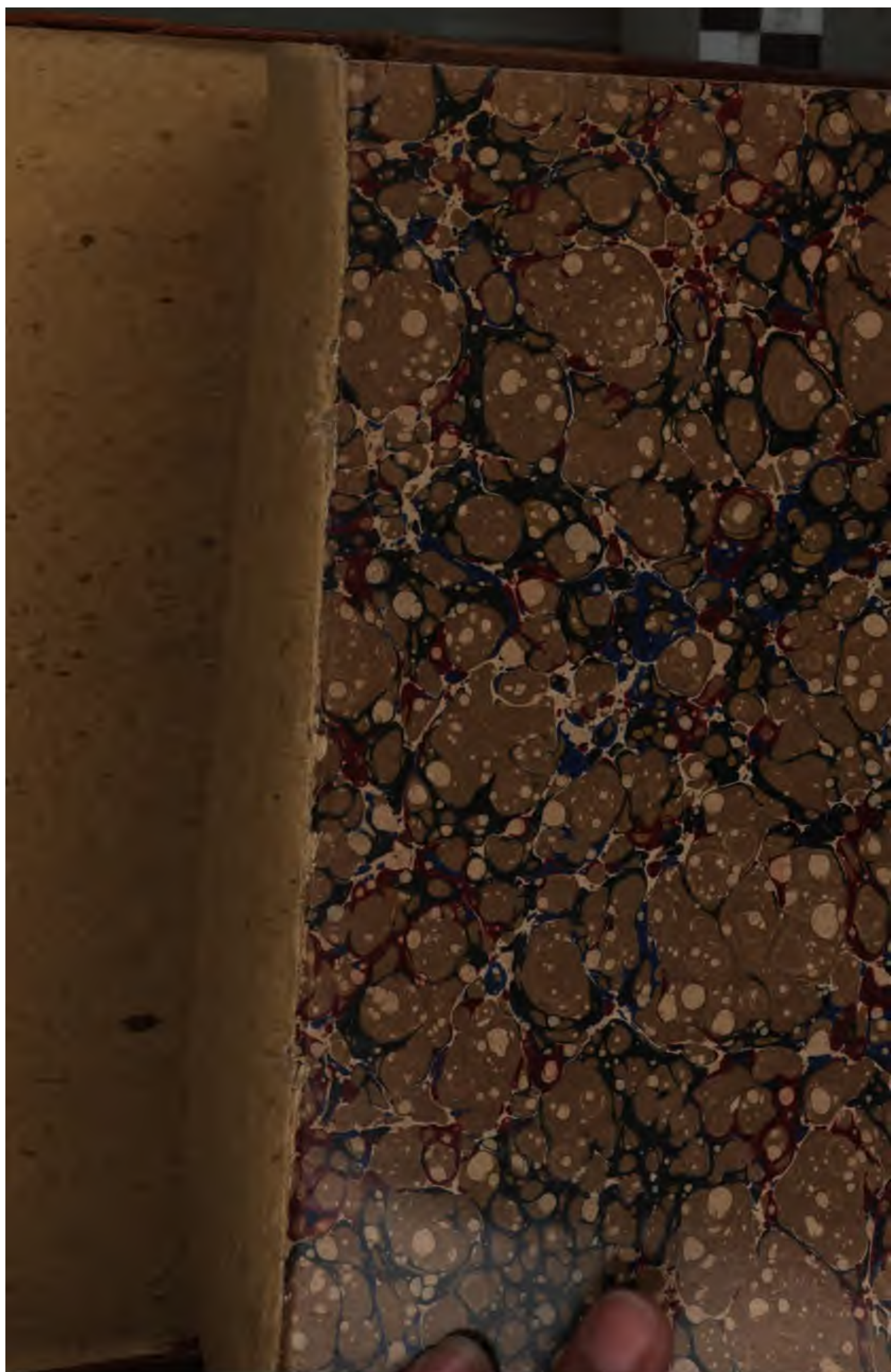

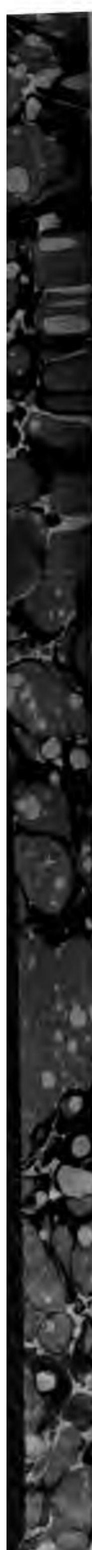

FOLK-LORE

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

OF

MYTH, TRADITION, INSTITUTION, & CUSTO

BEING

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

And incorporating THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL REVIEW *and* THE FOLK-LORE JOURNAL

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ERRATA.

Page 127, line 5 from bottom, for **1900** read **1901.**
Page 195, line 7, for *revée* read *rêvée.*
Page 129, line 25, for *l'allure* read *à l'allure.*
Page 195, line 30, for *la sort conduise* read *le sort y conduise.*
Page 195, note 4, for *par la*, read *parla.*
Page 196, line 5, for *Voudrez-vous* read *Voudriez-vous.*
Page 196, line 6, insert *et* before *le vin.*
Page 216, last line but one, for *Myndus* read *Myndos.*
Page 236, line 16, for *Fraser* read *Frazer.*
Page 243, title of review, for *humanum* read *humanam.*
Pages 254, 378, for *Bureau of Ethnology* read *Bureau of American Ethnology.*
Page 348, line 8 from bottom, for *head* read *heads.*
Page 349, line 3, delete comma after *May.*
Page 378, line 5, for **2** read **2, 3.**
Page 380, line 3, for *Humanite* read *Humanité*
Page 381, line 19, for *Customs* read *Costumes.*

FRONTISPIECE. (*See page* 67.)

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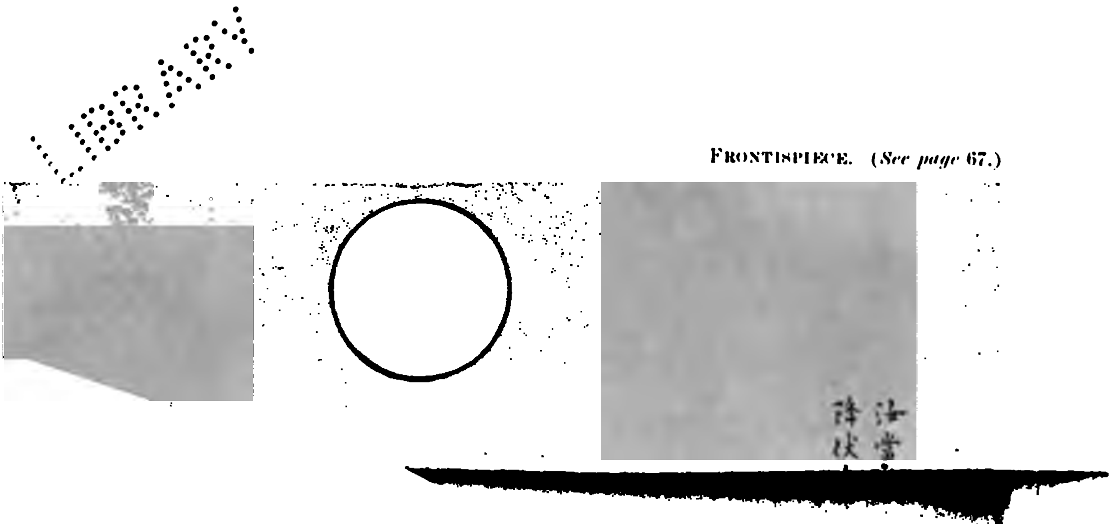

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Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XII.] MARCH, 1901. [No. I.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28th, 1900.

THE PRESIDENT (Mr. E. Sidney Hartland) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of the following new members was announced: Mrs. M. E. Price, Mr. G. O. Howell, Mr. A. C. Garrett, Miss M. C. B. Howitt, Dr. H. O. Forbes, Mr. R. R. Marett, Mr. T. Lee, Mr. W. H. Tozer, Mr. H. Ling Roth, Mr. Walter W. Skeat, Mr. C. W. Duncan, Miss K. Hamilton, and Mr. W. H. P. Gibson.

The following resignations were also announced: Mr. G. H. Kinahan, Miss Wardrop, Mr. G. Simmons, Mr. P. H. Emerson, Mr. Clive Holland, Miss Schlesinger.

Mr. N. W. Thomas exhibited and explained (1) a photograph of squeezes of moulds for cakes which it is the custom to make in certain parts of Austria on St. Nicholas Day (December 6th), one mould representing a deer, the other a cock; and (2) a Buddhist Wheel of Life from Japan [see Frontispiece and p. 67], the latter of which he presented to the Society.

The Secretary exhibited a "Reaping Maiden" from Argyllshire, presented to the Society by the Rev. Malcolm MacPhail, and read a descriptive note thereon.

Votes of thanks were accorded to Mr. Thomas and Mr. MacPhail for their gifts.

Mr. Thomas read some Notes on Ja
[see p. 69], upon which Mr. Nutt and the
some observations.

Miss Eleanor Hull then read a paper on
(Geasa)," [p. 41] and in the discussioı
Mr. Mescal, Mr. Nutt, and the President t

The Meeting terminated with a hearty
Miss Hull for her paper.

The following books, which had been
Society since the last Meeting, were lai
1. *Mizo leh vai thon thu* (collected
Thamphunga, Lushais), by Major Shakesp
the Assam Government. 2. *The Ameri*
vol. xxii., presented by the Smithsonia
Madras Government Museum Publicatio
(*Anthropology*), presented by the Mad
4. *An Old Indian Village*, by Johan Au
sented by the Smithsonian Institution.
logical Reports, 1898 and 1899, append
of the Minister of Education, Ontario, by
presented by the Author. 7. *The MSS*
Lambeth Palace, received in exchange
Antiquarian Society. 8. *The Journa*
logical Institute, vol. xxix., Nos 3 and 4,
from the Anthropological Institute. 9
Mexican Study of the Native Langu
on the Ethnography of S. Mexico
Cochiti, New Mexico, all by Profess
the Author. 12. *Lud, Organ Towar*
we Lwowie, vol. vi., Parts 2, 3, 4. 1
Bitanu, by John H. Weeks, present
An Outline Grammar of the Daj
Hamilton, presented by the Govern

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19th, 1900.

THE PRESIDENT (Mr. E. Sidney Hartland) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mrs. Wallis and Miss Rücker as members of the Society was announced.

The death of Mr. S. C. Southam was also announced.

The President exhibited (1) a photograph of magic stones from the Manning River Tribe in New South Wales, presented by Mr. Andrew Lang to the Society, and (2) a pipe from the graveyard at Salruck in the west of Ireland, sent by Mr. J. Cooke, and read Mr. Cooke's note thereon [p. 104]. Dr. Gaster exhibited some popular illustrated broadsides sent him from Madrid, and known as Spanish Alleluias.

The Secretary read a paper entitled "Folk-Lore Notes from South-West Wilts," by Mr. J. U. Powell [p. 71].

Mrs. von Oelrichs read a paper entitled "Lincolnshire Folklore," by Miss Mabel Peacock, and in the discussion which followed Miss Burne, Mr. Gomme, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Bowen, Mr. Kirby, and the President took part.

The Meeting terminated with hearty votes of thanks to those who had sent objects for exhibition, to Mr. Powell and Miss Mabel Peacock for their papers, and to Mrs. von Oelrichs for reading Miss Peacock's paper in the unavoidable absence of the writer.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16th, 1901.

THE 23rd ANNUAL MEETING.

THE PRESIDENT (Mr. E. Sidney Hartland) in the Chair.

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

The Annual Report, Statement of Accounts, and Balance Sheet for the year 1900 were duly presented, and upon the

motion of Mr. Brabrook, seconded by Mr. Nutt, it was resolved that the same be received and adopted.

Balloting papers for the election of President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers for the year 1901 having been distributed, Mr. Kirby and the Secretary were, on the motion of Mr. Nutt, seconded by Mr. Ordish, appointed scrutineers for the ballot.

The President delivered his Presidential Address, the subject being "Some Problems of Early Religion in the light of South African Folklore."

The result of the ballot was then, at the request of the President, announced by the Secretary, and the following ladies and gentlemen, who had been nominated by the Council, were declared to have been duly elected, viz.:

As *President:* Mr. E. W. Brabrook.

As *Vice-Presidents:* The Hon. J. Abercromby, the Right Hon. Lord Avebury, Miss C. S. Burne, Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Alfred Nutt, Professor F. York Powell, Professor J. Rhys, the Rev. Professor A. H. Sayce, and Professor E. B. Tylor.

As *Members of Council:* Mr. H. Courthope Bowen, Miss Lucy Broadwood, Mr. E. K. Chambers, Mr. F. C. Conybeare, Mr. J. E. Crombie, Mr. F. T. Elworthy, Dr. J. G. Frazer, Dr. Gaster, Miss Florence Grove, Professor A. C. Haddon, Miss Eleanor Hull, Mr. E. im Thurn, Mr. Albany F. Major, Mr. R. R. Marett, Mr. J. L. Myres, Mr. S. E. Bouverie-Pusey, Mr. T. F. Ordish, Mr. C. G. Seligmann, Professor B. C. A. Windle, and Mr. A. R. Wright.

As *Hon. Treasurer:* Mr. Edward Clodd.

As *Hon. Auditors:* Mr. F. G. Green and Mr. N. W. Thomas.

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

Upon the declaration of the result of the ballot Mr.

Hartland vacated the chair, which was thereupon taken by Mr. Brabrook who briefly returned thanks for his election.

Upon the motion of Professor York Powell, seconded by Mr. Gomme, a vote of thanks was accorded to the outgoing President for his Address, and upon the motion of Mr. Gomme, seconded by Mr. Nutt, a further vote of thanks was accorded to him for the invaluable work he had done for the Society during his term of office.

On the motion of Mr. Ordish, seconded by Mr. Nutt, it was resolved that a vote of thanks be accorded to the outgoing Members of the Council, viz.: Mr. W. Crooke, Mr. T. Gowland, Mr. T. W. E. Higgens, Dr. F. B. Jevons, Professor W. P. Ker, and Mr. W. H. D. Rouse.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

16th January, 1901.

During the past year there has been no event of striking importance to chronicle, such as the visit of Professor Starr to England in the summer of 1899, but the general interest in the Society has been well sustained, and the Council has been gratified by the accession to the roll of members of more than one anthropologist, whose contributions to knowledge are highly esteemed wherever folklore and the kindred science of ethnography are studied. Their adhesion is a testimony to the growing recognition both of the importance of the study of folklore and of the value of the Society as an organisation for that purpose.

There are now 382 enrolled members as against 386 at the end of 1899; a state of affairs which, although it affords

little room for congratulation, is by no means unsatisfactory, considering the many urgent calls on public attention and on the individual purse during the past year.

In the death of Lieut.-Gen. Pitt-Rivers, one of its Vice-Presidents, the Society has shared in a special manner a national loss. His services to archæology have been duly recorded in the pages of *Folk-Lore*. Although he never made any communication to the Society, every folklore student owes a deep debt of gratitude to his labours, and to the collections at Oxford and at Farnham which he founded.

Miss Mary H. Kingsley was never a member of the Society. But she rendered invaluable assistance to it by writing the introduction to Mr. Dennett's *Folklore of the Fjort*, and by contributing to the pages of *Folk-Lore* a most interesting and suggestive paper on *The Fetish View of the Human Soul*. Her keen and wisely-balanced sympathies with the native races of West Africa, and her whole-souled and statesmanlike efforts to secure at th hands of their white rulers a stable administration bas upon a thorough comprehension of African traditions a polity, render her premature death a calamity alike to Afr and the empire.

During the earlier part of the session the attendan the evening meetings was not so good as usual. Th due no doubt in a great measure to the general dep and anxiety caused by the war in South Africa. special personal anxieties and sorrow from the sa of many members and friends of the Society. spring advanced, however, the meetings became attended, and the concluding meeting of the which Professor Sayce read his paper on *Cairen* was specially well attended. The Council has reports reminded members that any friends the with them to the meetings would be welcom now venture to urge that one of the best wa and deepening the interest taken in the So

of extending its usefulness is by bringing to its meetings all who are in any way attracted to the many subjects comprised under the general name of folklore.

The following papers were read in the course of the year 1900, viz.:—

Jan. 17. The President's Address: "Totemism and some Recent Discoveries."
Feb. 21. "Toys and Games of Papuan Children." By Professor Haddon.
March 21. "The Feast of Fools." By Mr. E. K. Chambers.
"Notes on Korean Folklore." By the Rev. J. S. Gale.
"The Bumble-bee in Folklore." By Miss M. Peacock.
"A Note on the Japanese Legend of Ama Terasu." By Miss L. Kennedy.
April 25. "Animal Superstitions and Totemism." By Mr. N. W. Thomas.
"Horses' Heads, Weathercocks, &c." By Mr. N. W. Thomas.
May 16. "The Ancient Teutonic Priesthood." By Mr. H. M. Chadwick.
"Guernsey Folklore and Superstitions," By Mrs. Murray-Aynsley.
"Folklore from Wilts." By Miss Law.
June 20. "Cairene Folklore." By the Rev. Professor Sayce.
Nov. 28. "Old Irish Tabus (Geasa)." By Miss Eleanor Hull.
"Note on Japanese Folklore." By Mr. N. W. Thomas.
Dec. 19. "Lincolnshire Folklore." By Miss M. Peacock.
"Folklore from South-west Wilts." By Mr. J. U. Powell.

The meeting held on February 21st was enlivened by lantern slides and an exhibition of string puzzles and string tricks as practised by the Papuans, kindly given by Dr. W. H. R. Rivers and Mr. Sidney H. Ray.

The following objects have been exhibited at the meetings, viz.:—

(1) Dentalium shells from the N.-W. coast of America used by the tribes of British Columbia for currency and ornament. By Mr. W. Corner. (2) Photograph of a bas-relief at Welton Farmhouse, Blairgowrie. By Mr. E. K. Pearce. (3) Engraving by Woollett representing a dance of native Australians. By Mr. J. P. Emslie. (4) Photograph of Bacchanalian dances on sarcophagi at Rome. By Miss F. Grove. (5) Totems, fetishes, and toys of the Hopi tribe of the North American Indians. By Mr. Lundgren. (6) Photograph representing a harvest scene at Sætersdal in Southern

Norway. By Mr. N. W. Thomas. (7) Three Japanese fishing flies. By Major C. S. Cumberland. (8) Mediæval prints containing woodcut initials representing children's games. By Dr. Gaster. (9) Photograph of moulds in which cakes are baked on St. Nicholas' Day in South Austria. By Mr. N. W. Thomas. (10) "Reaping Maiden" from Argyllshire. By the Rev. Malcolm MacPhail. (11) Japanese picture of the Buddhist Wheel of Life. By Mr. N. W. Thomas. (12) Photograph of two Gibber stones from New South Wales. By Mr. A. Lang. (13) Irish pipe from a box beside a grave in the old graveyard at Salruck, Connemara. By Mr. J. Cooke.

Several of these objects have been presented by the exhibitors to the Society and placed in the Museum of Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge. The thanks of the Society have been given to the respective donors, and also to the authorities of the museum for their courtesy in allowing the objects to find a home there.

The exhibition of objects of folklore interest adds greatly to the pleasure and instruction of the meetings; and when such objects are suitable and the owners are willing the Council is always glad to have them photographed for reproduction in the pages of the transactions. This enhances the value of the transactions by preserving a record of objects which may often be of a perishable nature.

The collection of Musquakie beadwork and ceremonial instruments, so generously presented to the Society by Miss Mary A. Owen, will shortly arrive in England, and arrangements are being made for its exhibition at a joint meeting of the Society and the Anthropological Institute. The collection is a very valuable one, and will add greatly to the interest of the Society's exhibits at the Museum of Archæology and Ethnology at Cambridge.

The number of volumes in the library is increasing, some thirty-five books and pamphlets having been presented to the Society or received in exchange during the year.

The Lecture Committee continues the excellent work commenced last session. The meetings arranged to take

place at Chelsea and Battersea at the beginning of the year, which were alluded to in the last annual report, were well attended, and Mr. Crooke's lectures were much appreciated. In November a series of three lectures was delivered at the South Western Polytechnic, Chelsea, by Mr. Clodd, Mr. Nutt, and the President. The attendance at each of these lectures was large. The lectures themselves were listened to with attention and interest, and it is hoped that they will be the means of attracting some of the audience to the serious study of the subject. A lecture was also delivered in November by Mr. Nutt before the Dulwich Literary and Scientific Institution at Dulwich, the arrangements for the lecture having been very kindly made by Mr. A. R. Wright. The success of these lectures has been due to a very great extent to the untiring efforts of Miss Grove, the honorary secretary of the committee, and the Council desires to express their special thanks to her for her tact and energy.

The Society has issued during the year the eleventh volume of the new series of its transactions, *Folk-Lore*, which the Council ventures to think has been well kept up to its general level of excellence. The Society is indebted to Mr. A. R. Wright for the index to this volume. The President having been reluctantly compelled to give up the editorship, by the pressure of his many other engagements, the Council has appointed Miss C. S. Burne as his successor, the President retaining the chairmanship of the Publications Committee.

In its last report the Council announced that the extra volume for 1899 would be a further instalment of *County Folklore*, but that the order of publishing the three collections, which had then been completed, had not yet been determined. The Council has since resolved that Mrs. Gutch's collection of Folklore from the North Riding of Yorkshire shall be printed first, and it estimates that this will fill a volume. The collection is now in the hands of the printers, and it is hoped that it will be issued to

members early in the year. The delay (which the Council much regrets) has been unavoidable. Happily it will not entail similar delay in the issue of extra volumes for 1900 and 1901. The former will be a collection of *Argyllshire Pastimes*, by Dr. R. C. Maclagan, which is now in the press, and will in all probability be ready for publication about the same time as the volume for 1899. The Society is indebted to Dr. Maclagan for a liberal contribution towards the cost of this volume. The extra volume for 1901 will be a further instalment of *County Folklore*, consisting of Mr. G. F. Black's Orkney and Shetland collection. The MS. is ready for the press, and will be printed as soon as the arrangements are completed. These volumes, together with the Transactions and the ordinary expenses of the Society, will practically pledge the income of the Society during the year now opening as well as exhaust the accumulations of the last two years. The Council believes, however, that the intrinsic interest of the volumes will fully repay the outlay; and it is hoped that they may indirectl be the means of widening the circle of students awakening to the importance of folklore more of that la class whose attention is mainly or primarily occupied local matters.

Early in September an International Folklore Con was held in Paris in connection with the Exhi Owing to the simultaneous meeting of the British A tion at Bradford and other circumstances, the Counci that few members of the Society were able to tak it. Mr. Abercromby and Mr. Andrews, how attended, were the delegates of the Society, an by Mr. Abercromby has already been printed *Lore*. The Council, entertaining a warm reg French colleagues, is pleased to be able to them on the success of the congress, to thank t hospitality to British visitors, and to express the value of these congresses may be incre ciated by students on this side of the chann

The Society was represented at the British Association meeting in Bradford by its president, Professor Rhys, Dr. Haddon, Messrs. Crooke and Brabrook.

During the year the Council has, in conjunction with the Council of the Anthropological Institute, presented a memorial to the Colonial Secretary praying for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the customs and institutions of the native races of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. The suggestions contained in the memorial have been approved by a large number of scientific men, and a reply has already been received by the memorialists from the Colonial Office intimating that their suggestions will not be lost sight of when the proper time arrives. The memorial approaches the subject from the scientific side. The Council believes it is only by an accurate knowledge of the customs, institutions, and superstitions of the natives that the extremely difficult problem of dealing with the native races can be satisfactorily solved, while the scientific value of the record which would be obtained by such a Commission as is suggested, would be hardly less than its administrative value.

The Council has also co-operated with the Anthropological Institute in a scheme for providing lantern slides representing scenes and objects of scientific interest. The scheme provides for the appointment of a joint Committee of Management, and the Society is very ably represented on this committee by Miss Grove. The slides are kept at the rooms of the Anthropological Institute, and are available for use by the members of the Society. They have proved indispensable to the Lecture Committee for the work they have in hand. At present the slides are comparatively few in number. For them the Society is indebted to Dr. Haddon, Dr. Oscar W. Clark, Mr. W. H. D. Rouse, and the President. It is hoped that in the course of the next few years, by the kindness of individual members, and with judicious expenditure, such a number will be accumulated as will be available for the formation of several repre-

sentative sets for lectures. With the view of securing this object the Council has lately made a small conditional grant which it has little doubt will be met by a grant of like amount from the funds of the Institute. The Council will be very glad to receive contributions either of money or of slides.

The Council of the Anthropological Institute, being in search of a new habitation, has approached this Council with a suggestion as to the feasibility of securing a common home for the two societies. The want of a local habitation for the Society makes itself felt in more ways than one. In its library the Society possesses something more than the nucleus of a collection of books which might be of much service to students. To develop it and extend its utility rooms are required, whither members might come to look up subjects of interest without feeling that they were trespassing upon the business hours and engagements of the Secretary. The desirability of a place where objects may be conveniently exhibited and temporarily housed was illustrated at the time of Professor Starr's visit. Although the Anthropor logical Institute has, with a readiness which the Counc cannot but gratefully acknowledge, shown itself willing t repeat this hospitality, the Council feel that the Socie ought not to be dependent upon acts of courtesy, howe gracious, which it is not in a position to return. Council has therefore gladly entertained the suggestio common home, and a joint committee has been ap to consider the matter. It is to be hoped that th mittee may during the year see its way to some pra recommendations.

The Council submits herewith the annual acco balance sheet duly audited, and the balloting li Council and Officers for the ensuing year.

E. SIDNEY HAR

Presid

TREASURER'S CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1900.

RECEIPTS.		£ s. d.
To Balance carried forward from 1899		206 12 1
,, Subscriptions, 1901 (8)	£8 8 0	
,, ,, 1900 (345)	362 5 0	
,, ,, 1899 (29)	30 9 0	
,, ,, earlier years (10) ...	10 10 0	
		411 12 0
To Sale of Publications, per Messrs. Nutt:—		
Third and Fourth Quarters, 1899	12 10 8	
First and Second Quarters, 1900	13 19 6	
		26 10 2
		£644 14 3

Examined and found correct January 8th, 1901.
F. G. GREEN, *Auditor*.

PAYMENTS.		£ s. d.
By Printing Account (Publications):—		
Messrs. Nichols & Sons—		
Folk-Lore, Vol. x. 2, 3, and 4, and Vol. xi. 1	£185 3 6	
Catalogue—Starr Collection ...	65 10 6	
		250 14 0
,, Miscellaneous Printing		25 8 6
,, Engraving Blocks, &c., for Illustrations ...		0 16 8
,, Postages, Despatch of Volumes, &c (Nov. 1899—Oct. 1900)		47 14 11
,, Binding Account Messrs. Nutt ...	£2 7 6	
ditto Simpson & Co.	15 10 6	
		17 18 0
,, Insurance of Stock, 1898, 1899, 1900		3 15 0
,, Packing and carriage of exhibits to Cambridge		2 2 4
,, Hire of Meeting Room (1899-1900)		8 8 0
,, Expenses of Evening Meetings		4 4 0
,, Advertising (*Athenæum*)		2 12 6
,, Indexing *Folk-Lore* (1899-1900)		10 10 0
,, Index of Archæological Papers (A. Constable & Co.)		2 10 0
,, Lantern Slides for illustrating Lectures ...		0 16 0
,, Expenses of Lantern and Operator and two Meetings		3 10 0
,, Secretary's Salary and Poundage		56 13 0
,, Petty Cash Expenses (Editorial, &c.)	£1 5 8	
,, ditto (Secretary)	6 10 0	
,, ditto Bank and other Discounts	1 4 5	
		9 0 1
,, Balance in hand:—		
On Deposit Account	£150 0 0	
On Current Account	48 1 3	
		198 1 3
		£644 14 3

E. W. BRABROOK, *Treasurer*.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER, 1900.

LIABILITIES.

		£ s. d.
Printing of Publications:—		
Folk-Lore, Vol. xi., Parts 2 and 3 ...	£77 4 6	
ditto ditto Part 4 (say) ...	50 0 0	
		127 4 6
County Folk-Lore (Yorkshire: N. Riding) (say)		100 0 0
Argyllshire Pastimes (say)		30 0 0
Secretary's Poundage		21 16 0
Messrs. Nutt (wrappering and despatch of volumes, &c.)		9 10 0
Petty cash expenses		2 0 6
		£290 11 0

ASSETS.

		£ s. d.
Subscriptions for 1900 and earlier years outstanding (38)	£39 18 0	
Less Subscriptions for 1901 paid in advance	8 8 0	
		31 10 0
Messrs. Nutt, Sale of Publications		27 5 8
Balance in Bank		198 1 3
The stock in hand, consisting of some 2,000 volumes, is estimated to considerably more than cover the difference of		33 14 1
		£290 11 0

Examined and found correct January 8th. 1901.
F. G. GREEN, *Auditor*.

E. W. BRABROOK, *Treasurer*.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

ONLY one more of the responsibilities which you laid upon me when, two years ago, you did me the honour to elect me your President yet remains to be discharged; and for that I have to make during the next few minutes what I hope will not seem an undue claim upon your indulgence. The past year has been a sad one for many of us in our personal relations. As Members of this Society, and as students of folklore, it has been not less sad. We have had to mourn the loss of some who have rendered striking service to the cause of science, and of more than one to whom we and the world at large owe much of the pleasure and interest which give zest to life.

General Pitt-Rivers had been for eleven years a Vice-President of the Society. His chief work, though outside the immediate range of our studies, was of a kind which on the one hand illustrates those studies, and on the other hand receives from them illustration and confirmation. The continuity of tradition was the leading thought of his scientific life. The noble museum at Oxford which bears his name, and is due to his munificence, grew out of that thought; and the other museum, hardly less interesting, on his estate at Farnham is penetrated with the same. If genius be properly defined as the infinite capacity for taking pains, General Pitt-Rivers was endowed with it in ample measure. His motto in everything was Thorough; and it will be of evil augury for British archæology if the example he set shall ever be lost sight of. He has left to his country and to anthropological science in the two

museums and in his writings, not simply a monument to his own fame, but a gift the value of which must grow with the rolling years and our evolving civilisation.

There is another loss which touches us in some respects even more directly, that of Miss Kingsley. Among all the victims of the war against the Boer states there has been none whose life was so precious as that of Mary Kingsley. I need not repeat the phrases of admiration and affection with which her death has been mourned from one end of the country to the other. All phrases seem cold when we think of her. She suffered the crowning tragedy of so many gracious lives in dying with her work unaccomplished. Her insight into the mind of the West African native, and her bold and humorous advocacy of careful study of and rational treatment for him, had hardly begun to impress the powers that be in the political and religious worlds. A band of friends are seeking to fulfil that task. To do so will be to perpetuate in the worthiest way, the way she herself would most have wished, the memory and the aims of one of the noblest among women.

Unfortunately General Pitt-Rivers and Miss Kingsley do not end the sad list. Ulrich Jahn, the Pomeranian collector of folklore, was known to all students. Professor Max Müller, insecure and unsatisfactory as his mythological theories were, deserves a grateful recognition from us as the first to popularise by his charming and persuasive style the study of mythological problems. From him many of us drew our earliest interest in the subject. Nor may we forget the name of that distinguished student of savage peoples, Frank Hamilton Cushing. Throughout the length and breadth of North America his premature demise has called forth the most touching expressions of regret. His constant associates, themselves men of learning and judgement, speak of him as "a man of genius," "one of the most original minds among anthropologists"; and Major Powell, the head of the Bureau of Ethnology, adds: "From

the time that we first went together to Zuñi until the day of his death, he was my companion and friend, and I loved him as a father loves his son." My own acquaintance with him was of the slightest; but what I had the privilege of seeing assured me that in him anthropology possessed, not merely a capable and devoted, but a brilliant disciple. To English readers his works are not very accessible, being chiefly embodied in official reports. No one who studies them, however, can resist the impression that their writer was endowed with all the qualities and experience which go to make an ideal investigator of archaic civilisations.

We will not dwell on the losses of the immediate past. Deeply though we may feel them, their noblest use is to inspire the activities of the present. After all, the shadows of a closing age are but the reverse side of the hopes of that which is opening. As we linger on the threshold of the twentieth century we are tempted rather to look forward into the unknown, and to wonder what new fortunes, what events, what discoveries are to glorify or bedim, at any rate to signalise, the new era. Especially with regard to anthropological science, whereof folklore is so important a branch, we desire to forecast the future. We are perhaps getting a little tired of rhapsodies on the progress of science during the nineteenth century. We are willing to take it all for granted. Yet it is well we should remember how rapid has been the rise of folklore as a serious study. A hundred years ago Brand was apologising for his investigation of the causes of "vulgar rites and popular opinions." "If," he says, "they shall appear to any to be so frivolous as not to have deserved the pains of the search, the humble labourer [namely, himself] will at least have the satisfaction of avoiding censure by incurring contempt." And he thinks it necessary to appeal, against the pride which would so treat him, to the common origin of mankind, the lowest as well as the highest. "The People, of whom society is chiefly composed, is," he pleads, "a respectable subject to everyone who is the friend of man." Before these words

were published, a greater than Brand had issued the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and the brothers Grimm had collected and given to the world the first volume of their famous *Kinder- und Hausmärchen.* With these two works and Brand and Ellis' *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, the foundations of the science of folklore were securely laid. Nearly two generations, however, were to pass away before Maine, Maclennan, Morgan, and Professor Tylor began to build upon them.

When we consider the remarkable results of the researches of the past forty years initiated by these distinguished men, we need little encouragement to anticipate an early solution of the great enigmas offered by human civilisation and the history of religion. They, however, who know the complexity of the problem will be the least sanguine. They will be more likely to sympathise with Brand's modest estimate of possibilities. "The prime origin of the superstitious notions and ceremonies of the people," he assures us, as Dr. Johnson had done before him, "is absolutely unattainable. We must despair of ever being able to reach the fountain-head of streams which have been running and increasing from the beginning of time." Then, with the true instinct of an explorer in this difficult region, he adds: "All that we can aspire to do, is only to trace their courses backward, as far as possible, on those charts that now remain of the distant countries whence they were first perceived to flow." For my own part, after the experience of what has already been discovered in this way, I am content to believe that in good time all the important issues will be determined, though that determination will have to be preceded by arduous enquiry, perhaps in directions hitherto unthought of.

Dismissing speculation, let us turn to one or two of the questions awaiting solution. Our thoughts have bee during the past year directed so continuously to Sou Africa that I shall offer no apology for considering su

questions in the light of the folklore of the South African tribes. Among the subjects that have at various times occupied the minds of the foremost thinkers throughout the world is that of the beginnings of religion. Its attraction is perennial. But not until our own time has it been possible so much as to enter on the enquiry in a scientific manner. And still, like the visionary Fountain of Youth for which the Spaniards sought so pertinaciously in the New World, the further we penetrate the wilds of savage thought and savage custom, the further off seems the object of our search. Has the search then been in vain? By no means. Only in the sweat of his brow shall man eat the bread of scientific truth. It does not drop like manna from heaven. Its clear waters will not well forth from *any* rock in the wilderness, chance-smitten by *any* rod. He who essays to reveal it must not shrink from long and painful preparation, from patient and heedful observation. It must be won by exhaustive research, by the careful framing and conscientious testing of hypotheses, and by their rejection or modification as the facts, and the facts alone, demand. This is a process of which we have already been witnesses and partakers. Hypothesis after hypothesis has been formulated, each probably embodying some aspect of the truth. Their destruction by criticism has been as inevitable and as essential as their formation. It should not dishearten us; nor should it obscure the portions of truth they have severally contained.

One of the latest contributions to the discussion was furnished a year or two ago by Mr. Andrew Lang in his book on *The Making of Religion*. The phenomena of hypnotism and the High Gods of low races were there examined; and a vigorous polemic was instituted against Huxley, Dr. Tylor, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. im Thurn, and others who denied anything like a Supreme Being to savages on a low plane of culture. Hypnotism is beyond my ken. But I ventured, as you will remember, to urge in

the pages of *Folk-Lore* some objections against Mr. Lang's presentation of the Australian evidence for a relatively supreme and moral Being. I still think those objections valid, though I have been unable to convince him. I do not intend now to return to the charge. Rather I would say: Be Mr. Lang's conclusions right or wrong, he has rendered a service to anthropology in drawing attention to evidence which has been too much overlooked.

Since *The Making of Religion* was published, another interpretation of much of the evidence concerning savage religion has been attempted by Mr. Marett in a paper printed in the last volume of *Folk-Lore*. He does not claim to have "a brand-new theory to propound." The phenomena to which he points have been observed by previous writers, and have long been admittedly an element not to be passed over in the solution of the problem. His merit is to have explained those phenomena anew, and to have recognised that they have a greater value than had been assigned to them. If his view be just, they must henceforth occupy not a subordinate, but a principal—not necessarily an exclusive—place in our explanations.

Like Mr. Lang, Mr. Marett seeks to go behind animism, and to resolve into its elements the compound of emotion and belief which we call religion. He is struck by the attitude of the savage mind in relation to the unfamiliar. That attitude he identifies, if I rightly understand him, with the attitude of the primitive savage towards the world and its phenomena. Missionaries and scientific men who have endeavoured to sound the depths of savage belief have been baffled by its vagueness. Accustomed themselves to the sharply defined affirmations of the Christian creeds, they have been perplexed by the contradictions and the want of clear and self-consistent ideas with which the savage on the theory of his religion, as on all subjects not immediately practical, is content. Therein I think they have shown a want of knowledge of human nature. If

they had recollected what many of them must have been familiar with—the mental condition of their own peasantry at home—nay, if they had looked into their own minds and asked themselves what was their own attitude with regard to everything outside a certain radius of subjects with which they were occupied from day to day, or which they were thoroughly taught in earlier life, they would have found the very same condition, the very same attitude. These contradictions, this want of clear and self-consistent ideas, is simply ignorance. Inasmuch, however, as the unknown all around the savage presses upon him unintermittently, it is regarded with a feeling best described as awe, a feeling in which fear sometimes predominates, and sometimes wonder. Portions of the unknown are from time to time conquered, or at all events parcelled out among various powers, whom the savage explains in the terms of his own consciousness, and names as beings in actual relation with himself. This explanation is called Animism, and the beings it summons into existence are spirits, ghosts, witches, gods. But they do not exhaust the unknown. Beyond and behind them the Awful, as Mr. Marett calls it, is still there, infinite as night and filled with possibilities as dreadful as death.

Now it occurs to me that here may be found the solution of the puzzle Mr. Lang has pointed out. I do not wish to dogmatise; nor do I claim credit for the suggestion, which is explicitly or implicitly Mr. Marett's. Mr. Lang's critics have missed his meaning so often that I tremble to reproduce his theory. Apparently, however, it is claimed that the belief in a Supreme Being came, in some way only to be guessed at, first in order of evolution, and was subsequently obscured and overlaid by belief in ghosts and in a pantheon of lesser divinities. Animism first, and then polytheism, supplanted theism. I think I should find myself within measurable distance of reconciliation, if for theism I might substitute that attitude of mind for which Mr. Marett

has invented the term Teratism. Defining Teratism as the sense of awe (of which "Fear, Admiration, Wonder, and the like" are, as Mr. Marett puts it, "the component moments"), I could not of course assent to the statement that it was actually supplanted by animism, polytheism and so forth. Rather, it was the soil out of which they grew. It was the dim vast background on which they were manifested. The soil was ever fertile of new growths. The sense of the Mysterious, of the Awful, might concentrate itself on a tree, or a boulder, on an amulet, or a dead man; but this would not exhaust it. Other shapes, not yet fully realised, would loom forth now and again from the background, some to become defined, to receive specific acts of homage and thus enter into relations with humanity, some to fade away once more into the gloom. At one time this process would be long, at another time it would be short. A striking exhibition of power, especially from some visible object, might cause an immediate concentration of awe and its precipitation in acts of worship. The multitude at the gates of Lystra only differed from many another multitude in identifying the new Powers revealed to them with the old ones. On the other hand, a power only exhibited occasionally, not proceeding from any visible object, and not traceable in savage reasoning to any known centre of Awe, might hover for generations or for ages in the borderland where the recognised and the unrecognised, the personal and the impersonal, meet.

South Africa does not bulk very largely in Mr. Lang's argument, probably because of the extreme difficulty in extracting from the conflicting testimony any sane or self-consistent interpretation. The largest body of evidence in regard to any one of the South African peoples is that collected by Dr. Callaway in *The Religious System of th Amazulu.* As Mr. Lang says, it is "honest but confused.' Confused! precisely. But it is more than confused; it contradictory. I invite your attention to this confus

this contradictory character of the evidence. It may perhaps be said that tradition often is confused and contradictory. So it is; but the evidence as to the traditional religious beliefs of the South African races is, whatever be the cause, more than usually confused and contradictory. One of Bishop Callaway's informants told him: "The primitive faith of our fathers was this, they said, 'There is Unkulunkulu, who is a man, who is of the earth.' And they used to say, 'There is a lord in heaven.'" Another flatly contradicted him: "The ancients did not say there is a lord in heaven (*inkosi pezulu*). As for Unkulunkulu, we do not know that he left any word for man. We worship the Amatongo [the spirits of the dead]."[1] On one thing, however, all were agreed. If there was any lord in heaven, he was not the Creator. In fact, so far as can be gathered, the very idea of creation was foreign to their minds. Unkulunkulu, or whatever was the name of the great father who gave being to man, was regarded as a man. The way he gave being to man is told differently by different informants. He begat them, he dug them up. he split them out of a stone, he made them out of a reed. Anyhow, "the earth was in existence first, before Unkulunkulu as yet existed."[2]

If we turn to the Bechuana, we find Moffat, after twenty-three years' service as a missionary, chiefly among them, emphatic as to their want of belief in a god. "No fragments remain," he tells us, "of former days, as mementoes to the present generation, that their ancestors ever loved, served, or reverenced a being greater than man. A profound silence reigns on this awful subject."[3]

Unfortunately no missionaries to any of the numerous Bechuana tribes have ever thought it worth while to collect their religious traditions as Callaway did from the Zulus.

[1] Callaway, *Rel. Syst.*, pp. 56, 44.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 41.

[3] Moffat, *Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa* (1842), p. 243.

We have, therefore, to draw our conclusions from incidental notices. There is, however, one word, common in some form to most of the Bechuana dialects, which has been much discussed: the word *Morimo*, plural *Barimo*. In the singular it has been adopted by the missionaries to translate *God*. Yet Moffat tells us expressly that it did not convey to the minds of those who heard it the idea of God, though Morimo is never called man. Morimo, as well as man and all the different species of animals, came out of a cave or hole in the Bakone country, where their footmarks are still to be seen. He appears as a malignant being—something cunning or spiteful—able to injure men and cattle, and to cause death. When hail damaged the crops, or rain fell unseasonably, Morimo would be cursed in the vilest language. "Would that I could catch it [*i.e.*, Morimo], I would transfix it with my spear!" exclaimed a chief, whose judgement on other subjects, we are told, would command attention. However, for good or ill the missionaries had adopted the word to translate their conception of God; and one day Moffat was addressing a chief, when the latter called some of his men: "There is Ra-Mary" [Mary's Father, the name by which Moffat was known], said he, "who tells me that the heavens were made, the earth also, by a beginner, whom he calls Morimo. Have you ever heard anything to be compared with this?" And he added other expressions which rendered it evident that neither he nor they had ever before heard of Morimo, or if they had, it was certainly not in the capacity of Creator or Preserver of the world. His words were received with a burst of deafening laughter, and he begged Moffat to say no more on such trifles, lest the people should think him mad.[1]

Morimo is an uncanny word. It is said to be derived from *gorimo*, above, with the singular personal prefix *mo*.

[1] Moffat, chap. 16.

It would thus signify Him who is above. The plural *Barimo*, seems to mean the spirits of the dead. The phrase "Going to Barimo," means dying. "If a person were talking foolishly, or wandering in his intellect, were delirious, or in a fit," Moffat tells us he would be called Barimo, which we may best render by "Possessed."[1] Mackenzie, also a missionary of considerable experience, gives another plural, *Merimo*, having the sense of "gods."[2] This is puzzling, because, properly speaking, the Bechuana have no gods, They invoke their ancestors, or the ancestors of their chiefs, if not too remote, and when they offer sacrifice it is to the spirits of the dead. Light is perhaps thrown upon the matter by Casalis, who, speaking of the Basuto, says that, "every being, to whom the natives render adoration, is called *Molimo*," a dialectic variation of Morimo. When a Mosuto falls sick, the first thing the medicine-man does is to divine "under the influence of what *Molimo* the patient is supposed to be. Is it an ancestor on the father's side or the mother's? According as fate decides, the paternal or maternal uncle will offer the purifying sacrifice." Here the word *Molimo* is obviously used to designate a ghost, or disembodied spirit, and nothing else. In fact, Casalis tells us plainly, and includes other Bechuana tribes in the remark: "Each family is supposed to be under the direct influence and protection of its ancestors; but the tribe, taken as a whole, acknowledges for its national gods the ancestors of the reigning sovereign."[3] Mackenzie declares *Barimo* to be a plural without a singular. And Moffat admits that, though in form it is the plural of Morimo, it is never so used; but apparently he knows nothing of the other plural, *Merimo*.

What are we to make of all this confusion and uncertainty? I am inclined to regard Morimo not as a once

[1] Moffat, pp. 260, 261.

[2] Mackenzie, *Ten Years North of the Orange River* (1871), p. 394.

[3] Casalis, *The Basutos* (1861), pp. 248, 249.

supreme divinity fading away, but as a god in process of becoming. It is I think more in harmony with all that we know of savage thought and of human evolution to suppose that out of the vague background of the unknown there was being slowly shaped the figure of a powerful being, or god, than to attribute the ambiguities and difficulties to forgetfulness. It is true that Mackenzie represents the Bechuana as saying: "Our forefathers, no doubt, knew more about Morimo than we do; but they did not persevere in speaking of him to their children." The very form, however, of this assertion shows that the speakers were merely guessing. They were trying to explain to the missionary why they knew so little about Morimo. A quick-witted race, they accounted for their ignorance as they thought the missionary thought it ought to be accounted for. And they were successful.

The same interpretation must be put on the Zulu evidence. Bishop Callaway gave it piecemeal as he received it; and it perplexed Mr. Lang, as it evidently had perplexed the bishop himself. The latest enquirer is M. Junod, whose book on the Baronga is well worth a careful study. The Baronga are a Zulu tribe. The very word *Zulu* means heaven. In the dialect of the Baronga it is *Tilo*; and concerning Tilo M. Junod has much to say. It is a place. It is, moreover, a power which manifests itself in various ways. As such, it is sometimes called *hosi*, the same word as *inkosi*, translated by Bishop Callaway as lord or chief. But it is a power, says M. Junod, "envisaged for the most part as essentially impersonal." Rain, tempest, strange diseases, infantile convulsions, are attributed to it; above all, the mysterious visitation of twins. I must refer you to the book itself for the details of the Ronga ideas concerning Tilo, and for the curious rites with which those ideas are connected.[1] I can only say that the ideas

[1] Junod, *Les Baronga* (Neuchatel, 1898), pp. 408, *sqq.*

are as confused, as vague, as contradictory as those of the Zulus. In fact, a careful comparison shows that they are substantially identical. Bishop Callaway himself in the end sums up to the same effect as M. Junod. "It appears, therefore," he says, "that in the native mind there is scarcely any notion of Deity, if any at all, wrapt up in their sayings about a heavenly chief. When it [*i.e.*, the name *inkosi pezulu*, heavenly chief or lord in heaven] is applied to God, it is simply the result of teaching. Among themselves he is not regarded as the Creator, nor the Preserver of Men; but as a power." And he adds by way of a conjecture: "it may be nothing more than an earthly chief, still celebrated by name,—a relic of the king-worship of the Egyptians; another form merely of ancestor-worship."[1] Accepting the Bishop's judgement, we may discard the conjecture as no more than an *obiter dictum*. *Tilo*, or *inkosi pezulu*, thus, like the *Ngai* of the Masai, like the Malagasy *Andria-manitra*, like the Siouan *Wakanda*, is found to be theoplasm, god-stuff, not a god fully formed and finally evolved. It is a god, or gods, in the making, not a god with one foot in the grave.

The Zulus and the Bechuana then appear to confirm the suggestion with which we started. The evidence gathered from other South African peoples is more fragmentary still than that from the Bechuana. So far as I can interpret it, the effect is the same. But the discussion would be tedious, and I want to come back to Bishop Callaway's *obiter dictum*. It is a guess founded on the deeply-rooted cult of the dead which forms the very core of Zulu religion. The worship of the dead, as it prevails among the Zulus, cannot be deemed in any sense of the word a primitive institution. The Zulus themselves are not a primitive people. One of the most advanced offshoots of the Bantu stock, they have long since, like all their congeners, taken that step, which, according to Mr. Payne's canon, divides savagery from

[1] Callaway, p. 124.

barbarism. Their social state no longer rests on a natural basis of subsistence. The Bushmen, living upon the proceeds of hunting and upon such roots and other edible vegetables as they may chance to find, are savages. Agriculture and cattle, on the other hand, afford the mainstay of Zulu economy. In other words, the Amazulu are no longer savages. They live a comparatively settled life in kraals under chiefs, and have developed a highly organised government. The development of their religion corresponds with that of their social economy; and traces of an earlier stage are few and indistinct, so far as our information extends. Yet they must have passed through the savage phases of religion usually accompanying the uncertain and wandering lives of hunters and root-diggers.

Other tribes belonging to the same stock retain traces of that earlier condition. The Bantu are an intrusive race. They occupied South Africa in successive immigrations. Wherever the original habitat whence they started for their conquests may have been, it was a country where they had already domesticated the ox and learned the rudiments of agriculture. They have now been living for ages in an intermediate state between a nomadic and a definitely settled life. The climate and meteorological conditions of South Africa have retarded the evolution of true civilisation. Tribes are compelled to remove by disappearance of wood, by want of water and pasture, exhaustion of soil and other causes. Hence, a powerful incentive to peaceful changes of settlement within a limited area, but also to wars of conquest and wholesale movements of armed populations. In the face of recent criticism, I hesitate to assert that mother-right (or kinship traced only through women) and totemism are invariable notes of savagery. There can, however, be no question that these institutions tend to disappear with the higher organisation of agricultural and pastoral life. The accumulation of property, in the shape of cattle and other food stores, the preservation intact of

the cultivated land, and its increase in proportion to the increase of the population, involve continuous and elaborate preparations for defence and for attack. The inevitable result is to unite the whole community round a permanent leader or chief, and to efface mother-right (where it subsists), and usually to change it into Agnation, or the reckoning of kinship through the father only.

Accordingly, we find the Bantu everywhere under a patriarchal rule, sometimes more, sometimes less, despotic in its character. The position of women is proportionately depressed. Though not slaves, they are held in perpetual tutelage, like the women of old Rome, where in prehistoric times a similar condition of society and civilisation gave birth to the race that conquered the world. Women, among the Bechuana, are degraded to field- and household-drudges, whose purpose in life is to rear children and till the fields.

But remains of a different state of things, in which mother-right prevailed, are not wanting. The influence of the maternal uncle is usually regarded as an index of mother-right. Among the Basuto this is well marked. The eldest maternal uncle enjoys special rights over the sister's children. His duties towards them commence with their birth, and it is he who presides at their funeral ceremonies. He is entitled in return to a share of the spoil taken by his nephews in war, as well as of the game they kill. The price of a bride is usually paid in cattle. A portion of this cattle goes to the eldest maternal uncle; and he is expected to take care of the bride and her children, and to supply her with anything she may require.[1] The Ovahereró of Damara-land, now German territory, more backward in general culture than their eastern brethren, are distinguished for the consideration paid to their women. Descent is reckoned, for most purposes, through the mother. The

[1] Casalis, *Les Bassoutos*, p. 190 (Eng. ed. p. 180). *Cape of Good Hope. Rep. of the Government Comm. on Native Laws and Customs* (1883), App. p. 22.

children belong to her *eanda*, or gens, and derive their right to property through her.[1] A man's sister's children, therefore, not his own, inherit from him. So, among the Bayeye of Lake Ngami, who like the Ovahereró have an infusion of Hottentot blood, no chief is succeeded by his son, but by his sister's son.[2] The Hottentots proper appear to represent the vanguard of the Bantu invasion. Both in their physical traits and in their language Bushman influence is apparent. They were, as might be expected, on a lower step of culture than the Bantu peoples strictly so called. Contact with civilisation, however, has greatly changed them, and our information as to their primitive condition is very fragmentary. As far as we can trace, their women have hardly entered upon that long martyrdom in the cause of civilisation which has been so sad a necessity of progress. In every Hottentot's house the wife is supreme. Her husband, poor fellow! though he may wield wide power and influence out of doors, at home dare not even take a mouthful of sour milk out of the household vat without her leave. Nor is a woman's realm limited to her husband. There seems a special relationship between brother and sister. The highest oath a man can take is to swear by his eldest sister; and if he abuse this name he forfeits to her his finest cows and sheep.[3] Women having this position, we might anticipate other remains of mother-right in Hottentot custom. There are indeed traces of it, both in their jurisprudence and language; but, whether from our imperfect knowledge, or from any other cause, those traces are too few and uncertain to lead to any definite result.

Turning now to the question of totemism, let me first observe that, whether or not it be an invariable note of

1 *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. i., p. 40. *Cape Comm. Rep.*, App. p. 401.

2 *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii., p. 37.

3 Hahn, *Tsuni-||goam*, pp. 19, 21.

savagery, totemism is a purely savage institution. Accordingly, we must not expect to find it in full force among the Bantu. All we can expect to discover are better or worse preserved survivals. The well-known passage in Livingstone's first book tells us that "the different Bechuana tribes are named after certain animals, ... The term Bakatla means 'they of the monkey;' Bakuena, 'they of the alligator;' Batlapi, 'they of the fish;' each tribe having a superstitious dread of the animal after which it is called. They also use the word 'bina,' to dance, in reference to the custom of thus naming themselves, so that, when you wish to ascertain what tribe they belong to, you say, 'What do you dance?' It would seem as if that had been part of the worship of old. A tribe never eats the animal which is its namesake, using the term 'ila,' hate or dread, in reference to killing it. We find traces of many ancient tribes in the country in individual members of those now extinct, as the Batau, 'they of the lion;' the Banoga, 'they of the serpent;' though no such tribes now exist."[1] But the evidence does not stop here. Casalis, after giving additional designations—Banare, they of the buffalo; Batlou, they of the elephant; Banuku, they of the porcupine; Bamorara, they of the wild vine—adds by way of illustration: "The Bakuena call the crocodile their father; they celebrate it in their festivals, they swear by it, and make an incision resembling the mouth of this animal in the ears of their cattle, by which they distinguish them from others. The head of the family, which ranks first in the tribe, receives the title of Great Man of the Crocodile. No one dares eat the flesh or clothe himself with the skin of the animal, the name of which he bears. If this animal is hurtful, as the lion for instance, it may not be killed without great apologies being made to it, and its pardon being asked. Purification is necessary after the commission of

[1] Livingstone, *Missionary Travels*, p. 13.

such a sacrilege."[1] Additional particulars are given by Arbousset and Daumas. The Baperi are commonly called Banoku, they of the porcupine. "Their great oath is that of *ka noku*, by the porcupine, because the majority of them *sing*, to use the consecrated phrase, intimating that they feast, worship, or revere that animal. . . . When they see anyone maltreat that animal, they afflict themselves, grieve, collect with religious care the quills, if it has been killed, spit upon them, and rub their eyebrows with them, saying, 'They have slain our brother, our master, one of ours, him whom we sing.' They fear that they will die if they eat the flesh of one."[2]

In this passage I daresay you will have noticed that not all the Baperi, but only the majority of them, are Banoku. This throws light on the loose phraseology of the missionaries to whom we are indebted for our information. The last-quoted authors on a later page explicitly define their use of the word *tribe* to mean *family*, illustrating it by reference to these totemistic superstitions.[3] Accordingly, the Baperi did not all belong to the gens or clan, as we should say, of the porcupine; it only predominated in their organisation and territory. I have not noticed in the authorities I have hitherto quoted any reference to marriage-prohibitions. Mr. Lionel Decle, however, in describing the totemism of a more northerly people of the Bantu stock, the Waganda, says expressly that "no man can marry in his own clan."[4] Among all these peoples the clan would appear to descend from father to son. The

[1] Casalis, *The Basutos* (Eng. edit.), p. 211. I cannot at this moment refer to the original French, but possibly we should read: "*Even* if this animal is hurtful," &c.

[2] Arbousset and Daumas, *Narrative of an Exploratory Tour to the North-east of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope*, translated by Brown (Cape Town, 1846), p. 176. Other particulars follow, which I have not thought necessary to quote.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 213. Cf. p. 169.

[4] Decle, *Three Years in Savage South Africa*, p. 443.

less cultured Ovahereró, as we have seen, trace descent of the *eanda* through the mother. It remains to be added that, so far as can be gathered from the very meagre reports we possess, the *eanda* is exogamic and bears the name of a totem, each *eanda* having "its peculiar rites and superstitions." [1]

In fact, the only branches of the Bantu race among which no certain traces of totemism and but few of mother-right are found, are the Amazulu and their allied tribes; and they are precisely the most advanced of all the Bantu peoples. The Bechuana yield very substantial remnants of totemism, and side by side, though not organically connected, with them traces of mother-right. While in the less advanced branches of the race mother-right is still strong and unsubdued by the patriarchal economy, and it is organically connected with totemism. Thus the Bantu present a graduated series of social stages. On the lowest of them, though the totem-sacrifice has not been reported, totemism is yet flourishing, and patriarchal and pastoral institutions are struggling with it. On the highest it has disappeared with almost all its characteristic accompaniments. There can therefore be little doubt that the Bantu race has emerged from a nomadic savagery organised on the basis of totemism and mother-right. The question is, How, if so, has ancestor-worship developed and supplanted totemism?

I answer that it is entirely dependent upon the growth of the patriarchal system. The more highly the patriarchal system is organised—the more absolute becomes the power of the head of the nation, and under him of the subordinate chiefs and the heads of families—the more the original totemistic superstitions tend to disappear, until they are altogether lost and forgotten. The Bushmen appear to believe in the continued existence of the dead, though even

[1] Anderson, *Lake Ngami*, p. 221. Cf. *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. i., pp. 40, 48.

on the most liberal construction of the word ***worship*** they can hardly be said to worship them. This belief, arising in savagery, gains in strength with favouring circumstances. It does not literally involve the immortality of the soul, for the dead are gradually forgotten. Campbell, who early in the last century took pains to obtain from the memories of the people lists of chiefs of various Bechuana tribes, succeeded in one case only in getting the names of as many as ten deceased chiefs; and these would probably not extend to more than five or six generations.[1] It is a common experience of enquirers that peoples in the lower culture when questioned on the fate of their forgotten dead, affirm that their existence has been finally terminated. But in fact very few trouble themselves about the fate of their forgotten dead; and the vagueness characteristic of their other opinions on the subject of the supernatural attaches to this also. The recently dead is alone remembered vividly and worshipped earnestly. "Black people," said one of Callaway's Zulu friends, "do not worship all Amatongo indifferently, that is, all the dead of their tribe. Speaking generally, the head of each house is worshipped by the children of that house; for they do not know the ancients who are dead, nor their laud-giving names, nor [any of] their names. But their father whom they knew is the head by whom they begin and end in their prayer,. . . . So it is then, although they worship the many Amatongo of their tribe, [thus] making a great fence around them-[selves] for their protection; yet their father is far before all others when they worship the Amatongo."[2] Behind their father stand the figures of a few others whom they remember; behind them, all is chaos. They would not think of worshipping a father in his lifetime. Then they

[1] Campbell, *Travels in South Africa*, 3rd edit., 1815, p. 206. Ibid., *Second Journey*, 1822, vol. i., pp. 179, 242.

[2] Callaway, *op. cit.*, p. 144. The words in brackets are my interpretation, not Bishop Callaway's.

can hear him, see him, they know his ways, they can take his commands from his own lips, and whether he be pleased or displeased the mood is manifested directly. But when death has conferred mystery upon him, the reverence for a father rises into worship. The chief of a tribe is but a father on a larger scale. He gives his name to the tribe, and the tribesmen are in a sense his children. Hence, when a chief takes-on the mystery of death, the whole tribe which has lately quailed before his rage or rejoiced in his pleasure and his might, believing that his anger and his power are not less than before but all the greater, because manifested by methods terrifying in that they come not under observation and their results—drought, sickness, defeat in battle, and the like—are only to be interpreted by the witch-doctor, render to him the heightened service of worship. He becomes part of the tribal religion, for the moment, perhaps, the most prominent part, until another dead chief, or some more striking personage, real or imaginary, supplants him.

Patriarchy, or government by the father or the eldest male of the family, is not identical with father-right, or the recognition of blood on the father's side only. But the two institutions tend to coincide. Patriarchal government loosens the ties of mother-right, and eventually succeeds in effacing them. It does not always succeed in substituting father-right, though the paternal blood always becomes the more potent bond. This process, as I pointed out last year, tends to collect the kin and consolidate it with the local group. When we have a totemic clan thus consolidated with the local group and under patriarchal rule, we have the conditions for the evolution of totemism into ancestor-worship. It only remains to ask by what avenue the passage from one to the other may be accomplished.

A belief in transformation and impermanence of form is one of the elements of totemism; and it is found in strong force among the Bantu. They commonly hold that men—

some men at all events—can change their shapes at will. It is their universal belief that the dead come back in brute-form, and in that form their departed friends receive reverence and offerings.

The head of the clan bears the clan name in an emphatic shape. The Bataung, as you will remember, are the Lion-clan. Accordingly their chief is the Lion-man (Motaung, he of the lion).[1] He represents, as it were, the lion. The Bakwena are the Crocodile-clan. Their chief is the Great Man of the Crocodile. We are expressly told that the crocodile is called by the Bakwena "one of them, their master, their Father;"[2] and that the Baperi speak of the porcupine in similar terms. The same is doubtless true of the totem-animal of the Bataung and other tribes. This is precisely the way in which the chief would be regarded. He too is "one of them, their master, their father." After death the chief appears in the form of some powerful animal. For example, among the Barotse he takes the form of a hippopotamus.[3] I have not indeed met with the statement that a chief comes back in the form of the totem-animal. Perhaps the dissolution of Bantu society and religion has now proceeded too far for us to recover any such belief, if it ever existed. It was the belief of some at all events of the North American tribes that a clansman after death assumed the form of the totem-animal.[4] And although we may not be able to put our fingers on any similar evidence in respect to the Bantu, I venture to suggest that this was the link, now snapped asunder, between totemism and ancestor-worship in South Africa. Once totemism began to fall into the background, the posthumous assumption of totem-form would tend to be confined first of all to the chief.

[1] Arbousset, p. 213. The Lion-clan existed as a political unit in the time of Arbousset and Daumas, though it had disappeared by Livingstone's day.

[2] Arbousset, *loc. cit.*

[3] Decle, *Three Years in Savage Africa*, p. 74.

[4] Frazer, *Totemism*, p. 36, citing several authorities.

In other words, he who was in his lifetime emphatically the Lion-man, the Crocodile-man, the Porcupine-man, the Elephant-man, the Hippopotamus-man, would longest preserve the totem-form after death, especially in the cases where the totem was a beast to be dreaded for its size, physical powers, and propensities to mischief. Ultimately this appropriation would be dropped, and a dead man, be he chief or another, would reappear in any suitable form as conceived by the survivors.

This of course is a mere hypothesis. But it has seemed worth while, in view of recent discussions, to try to show how totemism might conceivably, by the change from mother-right to father-right, or at least to patriarchy, and the consequent identification of the local organisation with the clan, pass into something like a tribal cult, and ultimately into ancestor-worship. I took up so much of your time last year in discussing questions relating to totemism that I did not intend to bore you with the subject to-night. I hope you will not think that it is like King Charles's head, and cannot be kept out of my lucubrations. In any case I offer the most humble apologies. Happily, by the constitutional practice of the Society, you will not run the risk of being troubled with it again.

I owe you these apologies all the more because I do not pretend to have solved any of the problems I have touched. That is a task far beyond what I set myself to do, probably far beyond our present knowledge, and in any case demanding the collation of evidence from all parts of the world. What I have tried to do is to suggest some ways in which the folklore of South Africa may contribute to their solution. Most of my illustrations have been taken from tribes in British territory. The vast extent of our African possessions embraces peoples in almost every stage of culture. On that continent alone, the opening of the twentieth century thus finds us in a position which is unique in its opportunities for the advancement of anthro-

pological science. As you will have read in the Council's Annual Report, the Anthropological Institute and the Folk-Lore Society have joined to urge upon the Government the importance of seizing those opportunities in the countries we have lately added to the empire. We must not think that already we know enough about the coloured peoples of South Africa. On the contrary, our information is of a very fragmentary and often uncertain character. The great blanks must be filled; it must be systematised and rendered intelligible. For such purposes a careful and comprehensive enquiry is needed. The first consideration we have put forward in the memorial we have presented to the Colonial Secretary is the proper government and well-being of the native tribes beneath our swav. This is the prime consideration to a statesman; and we believe that by no means as effectual as the methodical study of the people and their customs and beliefs can their proper government be secured. No ruler who does not understand his subjects can govern them for the best advantage, either theirs or his. Surely the time has come to abandon our old ignorant, unsympathetic, though often well-meaning, fashion of muddling along. It has led in the past to innumerable difficulties, to endless waste of blood and treasure. With the new century let us turn over a new leaf in the history of our dealings with savage and half-civilised nations, and write on an unstained page our resolution to seek a more excellent way.

But we have ventured to urge another consideration—the interests of anthropological science, interests only to be subordinated to those of actual government. For when in all directions the speculative science of to-day becomes the practical and applied science of to-morrow, who shall venture to deny such a possibility to anthropology? I read in the newspapers that the German government, clearer in perception and more prompt in execution than ours, spent in the year 1898 upon anthropological explorations no less

a sum than £25,000. The Bureau of Ethnology at Washington costs 40,000 dollars a year; and that is by no means all that the government of the United States is spending upon the anthropology of a single race. The government of India, under the guidance of Mr. H. H. Risley, and thanks to the statesmanlike grasp and energy of Lord Curzon, is taking measures for an Ethnographical Survey of that teeming empire. Among our self-ruling colonies, Cape Colony and Queensland have been foremost in recognising the political necessity of an accurate register of the customs and institutions, ay, the prejudices and superstitions, of the coloured peoples beneath their sway. And there are signs that the latter and more than one of her sister-states of the Australian Commonwealth are prepared to go further, and to assist in gathering such information for purely scientific purposes. The mother-country in her turn will surely show a just appreciation of the duties of a civilised nation. We are helping vigorously to macadamise the world for the benefit of modern commerce. The material prosperity of ourselves and others—peradventure, higher benefits too—will follow in the wake of the steam-roller. It will certainly destroy much that can never be replaced, much that is picturesque, much that is capable, rightly construed, of yielding instruction as to the past of humanity. In the "dark backward and abysm of time" before the dawn of history, the destiny of the nations was being shaped by forces which it is the endeavour of anthropology to understand and account for. The determination and the measurement of those forces can hardly fail to bring forth practical results. However this may be, I am greatly mistaken unless the intelligent curiosity of mankind will, as the ages roll onward, be more and more drawn to questions concerning it so vitally as the story of its own early struggles with nature and its first futile guesses at the unsearchable riddle of things. To have missed an opportunity like the present of accumulating a

large body of evidence within and beyond (for if the movement be once started I trust it will not stop within the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony) our new possessions, will then be seen to have incurred a responsibility and a reproach which we are seeking to spare our country and our government.

Considerations like these, moreover, touch in appropriate degree everyone of us. The unparalleled changes wrought by the nineteenth century have swept away for ever much that remained to us of the ideas and the practices of our remote forefathers. Whatever the twentieth century may do over the rest of the world, it will in Britain at least complete the work of the nineteenth. The muse of folklore is inexorable as the sibyl. Of no other science are the materials disappearing so rapidly. That for which we will not pay the price to-day will become fuel for the devouring fire of civilisation, and to-morrow we shall repent in vain our refusal or neglect. Of the two tasks before us at the opening of the twentieth century, there can be no question that the work of collection is the more pressing. For the framing of hypotheses we can wait the leisure of a later day. We cannot wait for the observation of phenomena which are rapidly passing out of existence. A single new fact carefully observed and rigorously reported is just now more than ever worth a hundred of the most brilliant hypotheses. In this Society we rightly insist upon the study of the phenomena. But I hope we shall yet more strenuously urge the prior duty of ascertaining and recording them, whether in this country or elsewhere, and the paramount necessity of literal exactness in so doing. Thus the Folk-Lore Society will fulfil the purpose of its being with more abundant success, and establish a lasting claim upon the gratitude of all serious students of the origin and growth of human institutions and culture.

President 1900.

OLD IRISH TABUS, OR *GEASA*.

BY ELEANOR HULL.

(*Read at Meeting of 28th November*, 1900.)

THOUGH a great deal of attention has been given during the last few years to the study of "tabus," and to the elucidation of their bearing upon primitive ideas of morality and religion, and though nearly every nation has been laid under contribution in furnishing examples of this curious survival of primitive custom, the literature of Ireland and the pagan ideas belonging to our own Gaelic stock have, so far as I am aware, not yet been even cursorily examined with a view to finding out what were the ideas of the ancient inhabitants of our own islands on this question. In the very able books put forth by Mr. J. G. Frazer, Mr. Frank Jevons, and Mr. Andrew Lang, the entire world is ransacked for data; but I do not think that the tabus of Scotland, Wales, or Ireland are so much as mentioned. Yet we cannot take up any ancient Irish romance without being immediately confronted by tabus of the most pronounced kind. Their influence pervades almost every piece of ancient Gaelic imaginative literature; their mysterious power encircles the life of every notable Gaelic hero. There is, perhaps, no ancient literature in which they play so conspicuous a part. Tribal, ancestral, or personal tabus (called in Irish literature *geasa*) hem in the actions of all the chief personages of Irish romance. They are imposed sometimes at or even before birth, sometimes at critical moments in the career; in either case the breaking of them portends death or disaster to the individual. In some instances every act from the moment of birth to death is determined by these solemn harbingers of destiny; whether the individual is or is not conscious of them, he cannot escape from their doom.

We must not disregard the evidence as to the existence of a complicated system of tabus in the social and political order of things in ancient Ireland, merely on the ground that our knowledge of it is derived largely from romance literature. The old romance of Ireland undoubtedly preserves for us traditions of a time anterior to the introduction of Christianity into these islands, and one of its chief claims to the attention of students is derived from the fact that it enshrines for us many of the pagan beliefs, modes of life, and customs of the early Gael.

In these romances we can study from within what Roman conquerors and Christian missionaries could only study from without; and, moreover, could only study with minds strongly imbued with the superiority of their own system of life, and incapable of comprehending, even had they wished to do so, the ideas and customs of the "barbarians" whom they came to conquer for Cæsar or for Christ.

If we would correct or amplify our superficial and often misleading ideas drawn from Latin sources, as to the religious belief and social life of the Celt, it is largely to Irish literature that we must turn. Elsewhere the primitive lore of the Western Celt, expressed in legend and story, has to a large extent died out under the influx of foreign ideas enforced by conquest and by the introduction of a more solid written literature. But in Ireland we possess a great body of material that has come down to us from a pre-Christian condition of life, and that places us in relation to a system of things dating back to a remote pagan antiquity. Roman civilisation, which eventually transformed the social and political standpoint of Gaul and Britain, made itself felt only in a minor degree in Ireland. As an educational and religious force it exercised a considerable influence; as a political and social force its influence was almost nil. Ireland retained her original tribal laws and regulations, and her ancient system of rule and l[illegible] [illegible]ver the larger portion of the country

right up to the period of the Tudors; she retains even to this day many of her primitive modes of thought.

I do not contend that Irish pagan romance has, in all cases, come down to us unchanged by later influences. Not only have the inevitable variations due to verbal repetition continued over a long space of time to be taken into account, we have also to allow for alterations and omissions purposely made by the scribes and compilers, who were in the majority of cases Christian bishops, saints, or lay-brothers, working within the walls and for the honour of their various monasteries. It is, however, much to the credit of these clerical compilers that, except in a few cases in which doctrines directly antagonistic to Christianity were conveyed by the text, these changes are so slight that they can in most cases be detected by a comparison with other versions of the same story. On the whole, we cannot too highly praise the enlightenment of monks who apparently bestowed the same care upon the collection and transcription of the tales and legends of their pagan forefathers as they did upon the religious dissertations, homilies, and lives of saints, which make up the larger part of the remaining tracts belonging to the oldest stratum of Irish literature.

Now, as we should naturally expect, it is in the more archaic romances that the greatest stress is laid upon *geasa*. Again, comparing together the two chief cycles into which the heroic romance of Ireland falls, the Cúchulainn or Conchobhar cycle, and the Finn or Ossianic cycle, we find that it is in the former cycle that *geasa* or tabus play the more prominent part. This is not to prejudge the question as to the comparative age of the two sagas, which does not concern us here; it merely serves to emphasise the conclusion that we should have drawn from other indications, that we possess the tales of the Cúchulainn saga, as a whole, more nearly in their original form than the tales of the Finn saga. The Cúchulainn stories as they have come down to us bear, with a few exceptions, the impress of hav-

ing been formed in one single stratum of social life, whereas the Finn cycle comes to us diversified by the variations impressed upon it by the handling of different epochs with different ways of thought. In the "Story of Diarmuid and Grainne," the longest and most impressive of the Ossianic tales, tabus are frequent, and of terrible import; and this story is, as we should expect, probably one of the most ancient of the cycle. Elsewhere they play a much less important part than in the Cúchulainn tales, in which the principal actors are caught round and controlled from birth to death in a web of minute observances, the omission or commission of which presaged loss of honour or life, either to themselves or to those whom they were bound to protect. They are usually spoken of as "solemn druidical prohibitions" or "fearful perilous bonds" which no true hero can avoid.

From a literary point of view, the unconscious infringement of *geasa* is the *motif* of some of the very finest scenes in the heroic romances. For instance, in the Ossianic story of "The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne," to which we have alluded, the climax of the tragedy turns upon an unwitting transgression of *geasa*. The death of Diarmuid is caused by his destruction of the wild boar of Ben Gulban, in which was the soul of his own foster-brother, unjustly slain by Diarmuid's father. Now a prohibition had been laid upon Diarmuid by one of the gods, Angus of the Brugh, his special protector, that he was never to hunt a boar; but this tabu, laid upon him in infancy, is unknown to him. Finn, his jealous rival and sworn foe, is, however, well aware of it, but he conceals the matter until, by cunning wiles, he has persuaded Diarmuid to join in the hunt of Ben Gulban. It is then too late. "By my word," quoth Diarmuid, "it is to slay me that thou hast made this hunt, O Finn; and if it be here that I am fated to die, I have no power to shun it," and he rushes forward to kill the boar whose fate is so inextricably bound up with his

own, that the death of the one means also the death of the other. As the boar falls beneath the sword of Diarmuid, the pains of death overtake the hero and he expires at his side. The sense of fatality expressed in Diarmuid's speech is an undertone running through the whole of Irish romantic literature, and it remains strongly impressed upon the Irish peasant of to-day. "It was to happen;" "what is to happen, must happen," is his belief to-day. "It is profitless to fly from death;" "there are three periods of time that cannot be avoided: the hour of death, the hour of birth, and the hour of conception," sang his forebears a thousand years ago. This sense of an irresistible necessity determining the periods of life and death, combined with the finality involved in the destruction (conscious or unconscious) of the tabus whose observance have hedged life round with safety, imparts to the tales so strong a feeling of overmastering fate that, were we to find *geasa* playing an important part only in romantic literature, we might be tempted to think that they were introduced solely with a dramatic purpose. But this is not so. *Geasa* seem to have controlled the lives, not of imaginary personages only, but of actual chiefs and rulers of Ireland, and this for a long period of time, stretching down from the unchronicled years of barbarism into a late historical period.

There is in existence a valuable tract called the *Leabhar na g-ceart*, or "Book of Rights,"[1] which contains an account of the rents and tributes payable to the kings of the provinces of Ireland. This tract, though doubtless added to and altered as necessity arose, probably dates back in its original form to the days of St. Patrick. It claims to have been part of a notable book called the *Saltair Chaisil*, said to have been drawn up in its original form by St. Benan, the friend and companion of St. Patrick and his successor in the primacy of Armagh. Now to this important work is prefixed a shorter tract which forms a sort of introduction

[1] Edited for the Celtic Society by John O'Donovan, 1847.

to the other, called *Geasa agus Buadha Riogh Éireann*, or the "Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Éire," in which those things that are forbidden to the kings of the several provinces, because the doing of them would bring ill luck—their "prohibitions," as O'Donovan translates the word *Urghartha*—are laid down with great precision. This most curious collection of kingly tabus is ascribed to Cuan O'Lochain, chief poet of Malachi II., monarch of Ireland; and regent (after the death of the king in 1022) for twenty years, during part of that troublous period that intervened between the downfall of the Danish power and the Anglo-Norman invasion. The larger number of these tabus are not only quite inexplicable to ourselves, but their meaning appears to have been doubtful even at the time they were written down, though they were probably observed none the less scrupulously for that. They evidently reach back into far anterior times. Dr. O'Donovan, the editor, remarks in his preface to the tract that the reference to the King of Leinster "drinking by the light of wax candles in the palace of Dinn Riogh," shows that this prohibition dates from a remote period in the history of this province, Dinn Riogh having been deserted by the kings of Leinster for Nas (Naas) long before the introduction of Christianity. Again, the prohibition to the monarch of Ireland "that the sun should not rise upon him on his bed at Tara" clearly refers to the period when Tara was still a royal residence, which it ceased to be about the year 565 A.D. Yet though the meaning of many of the tabus had probably been lost, the importance of observing them does not seem to have diminished. Their observance will, it is promised, make the earth fruitful and bring victory in battle, will guard against treachery and the pollution of the high attributes of the king. The poet ends with the solemn injunction: "It is certain to the kings of Éire that if they avoid their *geasa* (restrictions) and obtain their *buadha* (prerogatives), they shall meet no mischance or misfortune; no epidemic or

mortality shall occur in their reigns, and they shall not experience the decay of age for the space of ninety years. The poet or the learned historian who does not know the *adha* (prerogatives) and *urghartha* (prohibitions) of these kings, is not entitled to visitation (*i.e.* free hospitality) or to (the) sale (of his own compositions)." These tabus seem to have been hereditary, and binding on all kings. A large number are evidently precautionary, as is indeed implied in the words "if he observe them, it will guard against treachery in battle and the pollution of his high attributes." They refer, for the most part, to the danger of doing certain things on certain days or in certain seasons of the year; such as the caution to the King of Éire not to alight on Wednesday in Magh Breagh (Bregia, co. Meath); to traverse Magh Cuillinn after sunset; to go on Tuesday against North Teffia (co. Longford); to go in a ship on the water the Monday after Beltaine (Mayday); to leave the track of his army upon Ath Maighne (co. Westmeath) the Tuesday after Samhain (Hallow-e'en): this latter being no doubt a reference to the lateness of the season for warfare.

The Irish, like all superstitious people, had a great belief in lucky and unlucky days. The origin of this special form of superstition may have come in many instances from the experience that certain fortunate or unfortunate events had occurred on such days, whence arose the belief that all actions performed on the same day would turn out in the same manner. In the Battle of Magh Lena, an early semi-historical epic,[1] we read of a regular horoscope being drawn before a certain king of Munster, Eoghan *taidhleach*, the Glorious, marched to battle with all good omens. "For it is certain," says the writer, "that the calculations of the moon and of nature said that it was a lucky conjuncture

[1] *The Battle of Magh Lena*, edited for the Celtic Society by Eugene O'Curry, 1855. In *Mesca Ulad* we find Cúchulainn sending out his charioteer to "observe the stars of the air, and ascertain when midnight comes," but this does not presuppose much acquaintance with astronomy.

with a seventh, and that it was counted a foot in advance towards an eighth, and that it was a strong fifteenth towards happiness and strength for him, to have decided on gaining power over his foes at that particular time." In the old medical treatises, the cross or unlucky days of the year are all set down in order, but many of these may be of late origin. The use made by Christianity of these superstitions is seen in a marginal note to one such book bearing date 1733.[1] "The prohibited Mondays of the year. The first Monday in April, on which day Cain was born and his brother slain. The second Monday in August, on which day Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed. The thirteenth (the third Monday of?) December, on which day Judas was born that betrayed Christ." The addition of biblical events to the days of pagan observance was part of the regular system pursued and openly acknowledged by the early Christian teachers.

We have seen in the tale of Diarmuid and Grainne that at Brugh on the Boyne the foster-brother of Diarmuid was transformed into a wild boar by the power of Angus. Though the subject of such transformations does not lie directly in our course, it bears so closely upon it that I may, perhaps, be allowed to say a few words regarding the Irish belief about it. In Irish legend it is usually, if not quite always, the higher order of beings, the Tuatha Dé Danann, who are capable of undergoing transformation into birds or beasts. The daughters of Lir are turned into swans; when Fand comes to beckon Cúchulainn into Magh Mell, the Plain of Honey, the Paradise of Irish paganism, she and her companion appear to him swimming on the lake in the same disguise; so do Dervorgilla and her maiden in that tale which is so close a parallel to the classical stories of Perseus and Andromeda and of Iphigenia in Aulis.

Again, in the tale of the Origin of Cúchulainn, his mother disappears with fifty of her maidens for three years. They

[1] Hodges and Smith Collection, Royal Irish Academy, No. 65.

reappear as a flock of beautiful birds who attract the attention or the Ultonians by devastating the country and eating up every blade of grass, until they induce the warriors to come out in strength to hunt them, when they fly before them to the mysterious country in which Cúchulainn had birth. The birds, as in Northern legend, are usually yoked together with golden or silver chains; when they are wounded they resume their natural shape. In the stories of actual re-incarnation the agency of certain animalculæ is resorted to.

We must guard against the notion that the transformation into bird or beast necessarily implies to the primitive man a descent in the scale of being. There exists for him no such line of demarcation as we are accustomed to draw between the larger animal-world and mankind; he does not doubt their power of intercommunication, nor does he doubt the reasoning faculty of the beast, or its close interest in human affairs. Remembering this, the ancient tales of interchange of being between man or god and the lower animals lose half the horror with which we are inclined to regard them; they regain the poetic beauty with which the savage mind invested them. They are no longer associated exclusively with the idea of human degradation; rather they are the expression of a simple and beautiful belief that the whole creation is linked in brotherhood and gentle fellowship. In Ireland this view of their relationship is emphasised by the fact that it is rather divine than human beings who can accomplish the transformation.

There is one example of what appears to be a true totemistic idea in these stories, though, so far as I am aware, such examples are rare. It is in Cúchulainn's prohibition to eat the flesh of a hound because it was his namesake. You will remember that he gained his name of Cúchulainn, *i.e.* the "Hound of Culann," because he had slain, while yet a child of eight years, the monstrous watch-dog belonging to the

smith, which barred his way. He is frequently called simply Cú or the Hound, and in the poems detailing his feats he is renowned as the Hound of Combat. When he is going forth to his last fight, three crones, daughters of the mist, sitting by the wayside, urge him to partake of their provender. Now one of the things that Cúchulainn was bound not to do was to go to a cooking-hearth and consume food. Another thing that he must not do was to eat his namesake's flesh. Now the crones, bent on his destruction, were cooking a hound with poisons and spells on spits of the rowan-tree. He speeds on and is about to pass them, when they upbraid him thus: "It is because the food is only a hound," quoth they; "were this a great cooking-hearth thou wouldst come more readily. But because what is here is little thou condescendest not. Unseemly is it for the great to despise the small." Touched in his tenderest point, an appeal to his chivalry, Cúchulainn takes a shoulder-blade and eats of it out of his left hand, putting it under his left thigh. The hand that held it and the thigh under which he put it were stricken from trunk to end, so that they had no strength in them for his last fight.

Of that earliest form of belief in which inanimate nature as well as animate shares in sympathetic fellowship the joys and sorrows of man, we also find traces in the more archaic pieces of the ancient literature, though the Irish theory as regards inanimate nature had, as a rule, reached an advanced stage before we meet with it; and we find the underworld conceived of as mapped out and inhabited by mythical beings, just as the upper world was peopled by mankind. When, after the mythical fight of Taillte, the Tuatha gods entered the underground, each took possession of his or her own particular domain beneath the hills and vales of Éire; and there from particular centres, generally places where tumuli existed, such as New Grange and Knowth on the Boyne, they ruled and marshalled their invisible hosts,

much as the chieftains of the upper world ruled theirs.[1] We can localise a large number of these Sidh or fairy dwellings in various parts of Ireland. Later, the belief seems to have widened until every hillock was conceived of as peopled with fairy people, the modern representatives of the ancient and powerful race of gods.[2] But beyond and behind this conception we seem to catch traces of a yet more primitive idea, in which is realised a belief in a consciousness in inanimate nature itself, in the cognisance of nature and its sympathy in the affairs of man. For instance, there is a fine poetic passage in the *Second Battle of Moytura*, a very archaic piece, which describes the mythical battle of the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Fomorians, in which it is said that after the battle "The Mórrigan, daughter of Ernmas (the Irish war-goddess), proceeded to proclaim the battle and the mighty victory that had been won to the royal heights of Ireland and to its fairy host and its chief rivers and river mouths."[3] Here she addresses nature directly, as being interested in the doings of mankind. Of a similar sort is the belief in talking swords, in the harp which sounded forth melodies at the Dagda's call and which moved from the wall to greet him, or in the moaning and roaring of the shield of King Conchobhar when its master was in danger. As it cried, all the shields of the warriors of Ulster cried out likewise, and the weapons hung in the hall of Emain Macha fell from their racks. Moreover, the three sympathetic waves of Erin, surging up upon the extreme points of the coast, moaned in unison, as was their custom in times of dire distress. "As for the King" (we read in the Battle of Rosnaree) "a hundred advanced to the place where he was, and they battered

[1] See the tale entitled *Chophur in da muccida*, Irische Texte, 3te Serie. Heft I., pp. 230-278.

[2] See for example *Agallamh na Senórach* or *The Colloquy of the Ancients*, Silva Gadelica, edited by S. H. O'Grady, vol. i., pp. 94-233.

[3] *The Second Battle of Magh Tuireadh*, edited by Dr. Whitley Stokes, *Rev. Celt.* vol. 12.

his shield with murder-strokes until the shield, the Ochain, cried and roared at the greatness of the need wherein he lay. And all the shields of the men of Ulster fell from their shoulders and from their grasp and from the racks in which they were placed, at the cry of the Ochain at that hour. Then the three blue-flooded surging waves of Éire thundered mightily in lament for the unequal fight sustained by Conchobhar, to wit, the rushing ruddy wave of Rury, and the freight-bearing stormy wave of Cleena, and the swollen flood of the wave of Tuadh Inbhir."[1] The moaning of these three sympathetic waves is a very poetic survival of those earlier days when man and nature were but one; a beautiful conception which the Christian creed, the growth of an interest in man apart from the rest of the universe, the scientific and rationalising spirit, and above all the removal of the majority of mankind from those habits of pastoral and agricultural life which fostered an intimate association with nature, have done much to dispel. It is the effort of the most far-seeing of our nature-poets somewhat to revive it.

Turning now to the tabus or *geasa* of the Conchobhar and Cúchulainn cycle of tales, you will excuse me if, in order to make my meaning clear, I remind you that in general terms, many of the tabus of savage races are founded upon the idea that certain men, usually kings, have a special spiritual influence upon their fellow-men, and that the well-being of these persons is essential to the well-being of the entire tribe. It becomes, in consequence, a matter of the first importance that a life so precious to the tribe should be guarded and preserved. Any defect or illness of the king, who, in some early states of society, is regarded as a divine being, is believed to entail similar suffering on his people. So much is this the case that any serious defect is still, in some countries, sufficient to

[1] *Cath Ruis na Ríg for Bóinn*, edited by Rev. E. Hogan, S.J., Todd Lecture Series, vol. iv.

incapacitate a king from retaining his sovereignty. The king or chief has, in fact, a double existence, a personal and a vicarious one; but his personal life has to give way, as it were, before his more important function of representative of his people. To ensure their well-being, his personal life is submitted to control, even at times to the extent of entire loss of liberty or volition. In order to preserve him in perfect health and safety, his existence is compassed about with a number of minute observances, so much so, indeed, that in some cases he is reduced to a condition of perpetual confinement, or of imbecility. The life of the king or divine-man may thus become an existence of vicarious suffering for the good of his tribe. The regulations and observances which are more or less binding on every member of the society, fall with exceptional severity on the chief, so that, as has been said of a chieftain of one African tribe, "when he ascends the throne, he is lost in an ocean of rites and tabus."[1] I will not trouble you with examples, which are probably more familiar to those present than they are to myself. An immense number of instances are collected in that book of great research and extraordinary interest, Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*.

Now we find in Irish literature that the chief heroes of the Ultonian or Ulster cycle (the cycle which comprehends the deeds of Cúchulainn and his compeers) are, from birth to death, encircled by similar tabus, and that these tabus or *geasa*, while they affect more or less all the heroes, accumulate, as it were, upon the head of the two central figures, King Conchobhar and Cúchulainn. There is in the *Book of Leinster*, in the tract describing the glories and wisdom of Conchobhar's reign, a very remarkable passage, which seems to bring these kingly tabus into line with those of other races. The passage runs thus: "Sooth to say, very great was the reverence that Ulster yielded to Conchobhar

[1] Dapper, *Description de l'Afrique*, p. 336, quoted Frazer, *Golden Bough*, 1st ed., vol. i., p. 116.

. . . . . ; upon earth was not a human creature wiser than he. [Yet] never did he pass judgment, for to do so was not permitted to him; which was to ensure that never should he utter a false judgment, and so his fruit should not be any the worse. On the earth, moreover, was not a hero of might greater than his; yet never was he suffered to encounter danger; [this was done] for the preservation of the king's son. In battles and contests heroes and paladins of war and mighty men were ever in front of him, that he should not be imperilled." [1]

This passage, if we could find nothing elsewhere to explain it, would be mysterious in the extreme. We have a king whose wisdom, in the opinion of his subjects, surpassed that of every human creature, yet who was never permitted to make a decision lest he should fail when put to the test; and it is, in fact, always Sencha, Morann, or some other adjudicator who decides a dispute in the tales; never the king, in spite of his supposed wisdom. In the discussion about the bringing up of Cúchulainn the king alone gives no opinion and makes no claim. The matter is decided by others.

Again, we have a king who is counted the bravest upon earth, yet who was never permitted to enter battle or encounter danger, and though the tales give instances in which the king does take part in conflicts of importance, [2] we shall see that this was not frequently the case. Clearly his wisdom and courage were both supposititious, having never been tested by experience; and we have the curious spectacle of this all-wise and valiant chief reduced by the unwritten decree of his people to a condition of inactivity, perhaps of imbecility. The reason given for this condition of things is equally curious. It is not for the preservation of the king's own person and reputation, but for a vicarious

[1] *Book of Leinster*, fac. pp. 106a, 33-107b, 16.

[2] As in the Battle of Rosnaree and the Siege of Howth, in both of which the king took part.

purpose, namely, "the preservation of the king's son," and that "his fruit should not be the worse." It is difficult at first sight to see how the king's son could be imperilled by any danger undergone by his father, still more by any false judgment that he might utter. It seems only possible to explain it by comparison with such similar ideas as we find holding good among other primitive peoples, in which the ruler suffers vicariously for his tribe. The condition of inactivity in which the king usually remained is accounted for by a curious incident, in which it is stated that Cet, one of the chiefs of Connaught, the hereditary foes of Ulster, had in a moment of jealousy and revenge struck the king in the head with a ball compounded out of the brains of Mesgegra, the slain king of Leinster. It would seem to have been the custom of the warriors to harden the brains of their slain foes into balls, which were laid up in one of the kingly houses as trophies of valour. This ball, which had lodged in the king's head, had never been extracted, because Fingen, the royal leech, had assured the king that to take it out of his head would cause immediate death, whereas if it remained he could, if he exercised great caution, still live for many years. It was carefully impressed upon him that he must never under any circumstances whatever allow himself to be "aroused to anger or to passion, or to ride on horseback or to run." [1] "The blemish," said his people, "is a small thing for us compared with his death." So his head was healed, and stitched with a thread of gold, because the king had golden hair. "So long as he lived, namely, for seven years, he continued in that precarious condition: he was incapable of action and could only remain sitting still." It was on the occasion on which he received the tidings of the death of Christ at the hands of the Jews that, being aroused from his lethargy into sudden and furious energy by his desire to revenge

[1] L. L., fol. 79, a, b.

this monstrous act, the ball fell out of his head and he died.

The mention of riding on horseback, as well as the Christian dénouement of this story, show that it belongs, in part at all events, to a later age; it was probably an attempt to give what appeared a rational explanation of the *ces noiden Ulad* which, in all the oldest tales, is the explanation offered for the inactivity of the king at critical moments. It is of this belief that we have now to speak.

The *ces noiden Ulad* was an extraordinary weakness or prostration which at certain times, and especially at critical moments for the province, overtook not only the king, but all the grown warriors of Ulster. The only exemptions were women, children, and Cúchulainn, who is said, according to this account, not to have been born in the province. In times of great emergency the whole of Ulster's fighting men are represented as being incapable of motion or activity of any kind. No appeal or necessity could arouse them from their stupor. This "curse," as it is forcibly called, was supposed to be a punishment upon the king for an act of extreme brutality and heartlessness committed upon one of the ancient goddesses of Éire, who in mortal form had married a liegeman of the province. In the Great Defeat of the Plain of Murthemne, the final rout in which Cúchulainn fell, the monarch was unable to lift hand or foot to help him. He and all the male population of Ulster were lying in their several palaces "in the Pains," and none could go to his aid. The theme of the great epic of the Táin bó Cuailgne, the Iliad of ancient Ireland, turns upon the same incapacity of the warriors to do anything to save their province from invasion at the moment of its greatest peril from the allied forces of the South and West. Alone and unaided we find Cúchulainn month after month sustaining single-handed the unequal conflict, holding at bay by the valour of his single arm the deadly foes of Ulster. There is a fine passage in the beginning of the Táin, in which Meave, the Amazonian

Queen of Connaught, leader of the allied hosts, goes to consult a woman seer on the fortunes of the war, on the eve before the setting forth of the troops. One by one she recounts the chiefs and leaders of the Ulster host, whom her heralds have reported to be lying helpless and prostrate each within the security of his own fortress. At each warning uttered by the prophetess, who foretells the rout and final overthrow of Meave's great host ("I see red on thy hosts, I see crimson,") the Queen's anger breaks forth anew, and she cries triumphantly, "Nought is there that we need fear from Ulster." For the whole of the winter months, from November to February, in Irish reckoning from the Monday before Samhain (Hallowe'en) to the Wednesday after Imbolc (February 1st), the weary conflict goes on, Cúchulainn holding back and destroying the hosts of Meave, until, overcome by weariness, he feels his strength departing. At this moment his mortal father, Sualtach, takes it upon himself to arouse Ulster. On Cúchulainn's grey horse he pushes his way right up to the gates of Emain Macha, the palace built on the very spot on which, according to the legend, the curse had fallen, and named after the goddess who had called it down. A silence as of death reigns over the dwelling of the king.

"'In Ulster, men are slain, women carried captive, cattle driven off: '" Sualtach cries; yet from Ulster he has no answer. Close to Emanía's rampart he pressed, again repeating his warning: "Men are being slain, women carried captive, kine driven;" but a second time no answer came. Then he penetrated even to the Stone of Hostages and again gave forth his cry. "Who are taken, and who are they that take?" asked the Druid Cathbad. "Ailell and Meave are they that have harried and banished you," said Sualtach; "your women, your little boys, and your cattle, and your horses they have carried away; in the valleys and passes of Conaille-Muirthemne, Cúchulainn, alone and unaided, delays and impedes the four great

provinces of Éire, all which unto the world's utmost end never can be requited." "Death and destruction fall upon him who presumes to challenge the king," quoth Cathbad. But Conchobhar said: "The word is true that Sualtach says." "Ay, true indeed," all Ulster as one man made answer. Then Conchobhar awoke from his lassitude, and he sent a messenger of his household to number and call to arms the warriors of Ulster; but through the confusion of mind caused by his recent trance and pains as of child-birth, the king enumerated to him their dead as well as their living.' It would appear that the length of the warrior's trance depended upon the condition of the king; for when the messenger goes forth with the royal command, all Ulster springs, as one man, to arms.

From a mythological point of view this long trance, extending from October to February (*i.e.* throughout the winter season), would seem to suggest the decay and sleep of nature during these months; while the solitary conflict of Cúchulainn with the forces of Meave, the forces of death and darkness, may symbolise the solitary efforts of the sun to break through its chains. If we regard Cúchulainn as the Irish Sun-hero, such a conception would be in all respects a natural one. Probably, however, there is some physical origin also for the occurrence. Old romance writers sought to explain the curious phenomenon of the prostration of an entire province at moments of urgent need for activity by such fine imaginative conceptions as the Tale of Macha; modern theorists have ascribed it to a custom similar to that known as the couvade.[1] There is, however, no instance on record, so far as I am aware, of the couvade being extended to a whole tribe or nation; nor is there any sign in Irish literature of the prostration of the Ultonians having originated in the same cause. It has

[1] Pennant mentions an instance of the couvade in his *Tour in Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 91 quoted, by Wm. Mackenzie in his *Gaelic Incantations, Charms, and Blessings of the Hebrides.*

nothing whatever to do with the concerns of a particular family; it concerned the whole grown male population, save, by special exemption, Cúchulainn; and it lasted, according to the tale of *The Debility of the Ultonians* for five days, but actually (at least at the period of the Táin Bó Cuailgne) for about four months, during which time Cúchulainn sustained the combat single-handed.

There is in Jevons's *Introduction to the History of Religion* a passage that seems to throw a possible light on this singular matter. In speaking of Taboos of Time, he gives the following examples of inactivity of a somewhat similar sort to that which afflicted Ulster. "On the day of a chief's death," he says, quoting from Ellis's *Tshi-speaking Peoples*, "work of all kinds is tabooed; everything done on that day is defiled. The Tshi-speaking Negroes celebrate an annual feast for the dead, generally lasting for eight days, and the whole eight days are termed 'eight seats,' because it is a period of rest during which no work may be performed." Again he says, quoting from Gage's *New Survey of the West Indies*: "In the New World, the funeral ceremonies lasted five days, and in all that time no fire was permitted to be kindled in the city, except in the king's house and temples; nor yet was any corn ground nor market kept, nor durst any go out of his house." So on the Gold Coast, "on a day sacred and set apart for the offering of sacrifice to a local god, the inhabitants abstain from all work, smear their bodies with white clay, and wear white clothes in sign of mourning . . . . On the Slave Coast every tribal and local god has, with the exception of Mawn, his holy day."[1]

It is apparently, then, a common practice among certain tribes or nations to keep special periods of time with rigid abstinence from work or activity of any kind. These periods of repose are attributable to one of two causes: the

[1] F. B. Jevons, *Introd. to the History of Religion*, pp. 65, 66.

sacrifice to a deity or the funeral solemnities of a defunct chief. Now in Ireland, funeral ceremonies were most carefully observed, generally for several days at a time. As in Greece, most of the great fairs or feasts of Éire, including not only exchange of produce but games and races, as well as the promulgation of the laws, were commemorative of the death of some notable person, and took place in connection with the burial-mound. They were attended by all married men, and were days of general holiday and festivity. It is at least a curious coincidence that in the tale of Macha the debility of the Ultonians should be associated with one of these great assemblies or fairs, at which time the "curse" was said to have originated. The period of five days and nights there assigned as the duration of the *ces noiden Ulad* also curiously coincides with the term of days over which the rites mentioned by Gage extended. It was probably the real length of the Ultonian abstention from work and warfare, but exaggerated in the Táin for mythological reasons, or the more to cover Cúchulainn with glory.

If in the northern province, there were in fact such regularly recurring periods of enforced inactivity, they would naturally become known throughout Éire, and the enemies of Ulster would be likely to choose these moments as especially propitious for warfare, knowing that the Ulster warriors were unable to break through their *geasa* and enter the field against them. Macha, it is true, foretold that the "curse" would fall, not at regular intervals, but when special danger threatened the province; but it is equally simple to read the prophecy the other way, and to suppose that the enemies of Ulster waited until the moment of the *ces noiden Ulad* to begin their raids and cattle-lifting on the borders. Some such cause of the mysterious inactivity of the Ultonians seems at least to supply a more adequate explanation than by ascribing it to the couvade, in which only one special family could have been involved, and which

therefore in no way accounts for the prostration of the entire male population of the province.

As is but natural, the tabus of the Cúchulainn cycle accumulate around the head of the two chief semi-divine personages, Cúchulainn and Conchobhar. Conall, Fergus, Cormac *conloinges* (Conchobhar's son), and other chiefs are all more or less affected by them, but not to the same degree. A good number of these *geasa* may be ascribed to precaution, another series to early ideas of morality, and a large number to primitive notions of honour. They formed, indeed, a traditional code of chivalrous practice. Some, like those in the *Book of Rights* were evidently hereditary, others were laid upon the infant before or after birth, others were inspired by motives of revenge or the desire to injure their object. They were generally, especially the birth-tabus, prescribed by Druids; but anyone seems to have had the power to inflict them, and they appear to have been equally binding, however imposed. They often resulted in serious evil, as the prohibition of Fergus to refuse a feast, which led to the tragical death of the Sons of Usnach, or the strict *geasa* left by Cúchulainn with Aife for the guidance of their son Conla, which resulted in the death of the youth at the hand of his own father. A tabu of special interest is the Polluted Stream tabu, common among many nations; of which an example will be found in the Táin Bó Cuailgne, where Loch *mór* refuses to do combat with Cúchulainn at the ford at which his brother had fallen, because it had been polluted by his death. A curious tabu which appears in the Finn saga and which appears explicable by a comparison with the ideas of other nations, is that of Diarmuid O'Duibhne's prohibition to pass through a wicket-gate. When a difficulty arises as to a means of exit, he deliberately leaps over the obstacle rather than break his *geasa*. At first sight this seems a purely inconsequent prohibition, without purpose or meaning, yet similar objections to passing through or under obstacles are

entertained among some nations at the present day. The head being regarded among primitive peoples as peculiarly sacred, as the seat of a spirit very sensitive to injury or disrespect, the danger anticipated is that any drop of water, blood, or other matter falling on it from above should pollute it. Mr. Frazer gives a great number of curious examples illustrating the wide prevalence of the idea. The following is almost an exact parallel to the Irish case. He says: "Gattanewa, a Marquesan chief, and all his family, scorned to pass a gateway that is ever closed, or a house with a door; all must be as open and free as their unrestrained manners. Often I have seen him walk the whole length of our barriers in preference to passing between our watercasks, and at the risk of his life scramble over loose stones of a wall rather than go through a gateway."[1] A similar idea may very possibly have prevailed in Ireland.

The *geasa* of Cúchulainn form the substance of a special tract. Very great importance is attached to them, and they exceed in strictness and multiplicity those of any other hero of the cycle. In the tract which forms the beginning of a piece entitled, "The Violent Deaths of Goll and Garb," a list of them is given.[2] It commences thus: "The tabus and many burdens which lay on Cúchulainn, on the famous stripling of the Red Branch, on the son of Conchobhar's sister, on the bright-mantled one of Line, on the guardian of the Kine of Magh Breagh. These were his tabus: to name himself to a single warrior; to swerve a foot from his path before single combat; to refuse single combat; to enter an assembly without leave; to go with a single warrior to an assembly." These were evidently honour-tabus. Others have a moral purpose, and one seems to refer to his excessive activity as the sun-hero.

[1] D. Porter, *Journal of a Cruise made in the Pacific Ocean*, ii., 65, quoted Frazer, *Golden Bough*, 1st ed., i., 190.

[2] L. L. fac. p. 107, b. 22-30.

"A tabu of his was that the sun should rise upon him in Emain-Macha; it was he, on the contrary, who should rise before it."

More curious are the tabus of Cormac *conloinges*, Conchobhar's son, which are fully set forth in the tale of the "Destruction of the Bruidhen da Choga," at which place, one of ancient Ireland's most famous houses of hospitality, he met his death through the breaking of his *geasa*. They were laid upon him at birth by Cathbad the Druid. "Many and great tabus," says the romance, "stood against Cormac. It was tabu to him to be borne by horses yoked with an ashen yoke; it was tabu to him to swim at one time with the birds of Loch Lo; to have a stag with golden horns in front of his hounds; to have contact with the dewy moisture of Cluain-Finnabhrach. To go astray in passing out of one province into another was forbidden to him, and it was forbidden to him to listen to Craiphtine's harp. It was tabu to him to pass dry-foot over the Shannon, to be by women accompanied over old Athmore, and for his hounds to pursue the swift hare of Magh-Sainbh. These were Cormac's tabus, which on the night when he was born were laid on him by Cathbad the Magician." In the tale we find that he was obliged to break his *geasa*, and his death was the result. For instance, he had been a former lover of the wife of Craiphtine, the most noted harpist in Éire, and on the night of the attack on Cormac, Craiphtine, in a fit of jealousy, standing outside where Cormac was unaware of his presence, played an air so sweet and enervating that the youth, overcome by its melody, fell an easy prey to his enemies. Curious and fantastic as some of these tabus appear, and utterly inexplicable to us, they are not more curious than many of the semi-historic prohibitions of the *Book of Rights*. They at all events show that such ideas were familiar in Ireland.

In the same manner the death of Cúchulainn is overpoweringly certified to him when one after another his

geasa are broken. His approaching end is surrounded by omens. When he rises to go forth to the battle of Muirthemne in which he fell, "his mantle's border chanced under his feet, so that he unwittingly was put sitting. He from that misadventure upspringing rose again, red for shame, and the golden pin in his mantle flew upwards, then downwards falling, pierced his foot through to the earth. 'True,' said Cúchulainn, 'the cloak-pin is a foe, the cloak a friend, it warns me.'" When he leaps into his chariot his weapons fall down beneath his feet; his horse, the Grey of Macha, refuses to come at his call; the Mórrigan, the Goddess of War and Conflict, breaks his chariot-wheels: all this to him a "mighty foreshadowing of evil."

The "Washer of the Ford" who foretells the death of heroes, is seen by Cúchulainn washing his bloody gear. When his mother, Dechtire, meets him to offer him a cup, the drinking of which had ever presaged victory, it is thrice filled with blood. He answers: "Lady, as regards thyself, there is no fault; it is that my *geasa* are destroyed, and my life's end is near; from the men of Éire I shall not return alive to-day." [1]

There is no doubt that all the chief personages of this cycle were regarded as the direct descendants, or it would be more correct to say, as avatars or re-incarnations of the early gods. Not only are their pedigrees traced up to the Tuatha Dé Danann, but there are indications in the birth-stories of nearly all the principal personages that they are looked upon simply as divine beings reborn on the human plane of life. These indications are mysterious, and most of the tales which deal with them show signs of having been altered, perhaps intentionally, by the Christian transcribers. The doctrine of re-birth was naturally not one acceptable to them. In such stories as that which details the marvellous transformations of the two Sidh swine-

[1] *Brislech mór Maige Murthemne*, or Great Defeat of Murthemne's Plain. MS. 1712, Brit. Mus., Egerton 132, fol. 1.

herds who eventually became the two terrible bulls who play their part in the Táin Bó Cuailgne; or of the goddess Etain, who becomes the mortal wife of a king of Ireland (stories which were probably less familiar, and therefore less liable to undergo change), the re-birth doctrine is distinctly laid down; and it corresponds with the indications in the other tales. Conchobhar, moreover, is spoken of as a terrestrial god; and Dechtire, his sister, and the mother of Cúchulainn, is called a goddess. [1] In the case of Cúchulainn himself, it is distinctly noted that he is the avatar of Lugh lamhfada (long-hand), the sun-deity of the earliest cycle. Lugh appears to Dechtire, the mother of Cúchulainn, and tells her that he himself is her little child, *i.e.* that the child is a re-incarnation of himself; and Cúchulainn, when inquired of as to his birth, points proudly to his descent from Lugh. When, too, it is proposed to find a wife for the hero, the reason assigned is, that they "knew that his re-birth would be of himself."

Before leaving the subject, it may be interesting to point out, that among the Welsh Mabinogion, it is only in those in which, by the test of language, Professor Rhys discovers a Goidelic or Gaelic influence, that we find *geasa* playing a part. Out of the twelve tales translated by Lady Charlotte Guest and included by her under the general title of Mabinogion, there are five of Gaelic or Irish origin, viz. Kilhwch and Olwen, or the Hunting of Twrch Trwyth; Pywll, Prince of Dyved; Branwen, Daughter of Llyr; Manawyddan son of Llyr; and Math, son of Mathonwy. These tales stand quite apart from the others, and have peculiarities of their own. They deal with the adventures of the various children of Don, the Irish Tuatha Dé Danann, and in them *geasa* play an important part. To place a person under *geasa* is in Welsh called "swearing him a swear" (*tyngu tynghed*), but it is more usually translated "to swear him a destiny." Professor Rhys has pointed out in the volume

[1] dia talmaide, see L. U. 101b; *Cúchulainn mc dea dechtiri*, L. L. 123b.

of the International Folklore Congress, 1891 (pp. 149-152), that Lady Charlotte has not always done this phrase justice in her translation.[1] One of her notes to Manawyddan ab Llyr, taken from a Triad relating the adventures of this prince, alludes to the same matter. "Three makers of Golden Shoes, of the Isle of Britain, Caswallawn son of Beli: . . . . . ; Manawyddan, son of Llyr Llediath, when he went as far as Dyved laying restrictions, &c."

It is in these tales that we find the greatest number of resemblances to Irish romance; and whether they date from a period before the "Gael of the East of the Sea" (*i.e.* Cornwall and South Wales) parted from the "Gael of the West," or whether they belong to the period of the later immigrations from Ireland, it is interesting to find the same features predominating, features distinct in character from those found in the purely Welsh or Brythonic stories of North Wales.

[1] I am indebted to the author for these references. See Professor Rhys' *Notes on the Hunting of Twrch Trwyth*, *Trans. Cymmrodorion Soc.*, 1894-5, pp. 1-37. *The Goidels in Wales*, *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1895, pp. 18-39, and *Goidelic Words in Brythonic*, *ibid.*, pp. 264-302.

COLLECTANEA.

A Buddhist Wheel of Life from Japan.

The picture of which the frontispiece is a reduced reproduction, was given to me by my friend Professor Anesaki of Tokio, at present resident in Kiel. In the description of it which appeared in *Man* (January, 1901), was included a translation, by the late Mr. T. Watters, of the Chinese text at the foot of the picture. It will not be necessary therefore to do more here than supply a key to the picture, and call attention to the points interesting to folk-lorists.

Commencing with the nave, we find Buddha seated in the centre (the white circle showing perhaps that he is supposed to be outside the wheel; on the other hand it may be that the corporeal Buddha is regarded as a part of the illusion of this world, and therefore placed within the wheel); in the yellow circle are a dove, a serpent, and a pig, emblematic of evil cravings, malice, and stupidity. In the body of the wheel, which is conceived as continually revolving, are five "Resorts," or "Ways of Life"—Hell at the bottom, in a very simplified form, however, and hardly suggestive of the *Inferno* of Dante, or likely to have given him ideas for it; at the top is Yama, god of the dead, and on either side of him good and bad angels; below are the various punishments—on the right the hot hell, in the centre a person having his (or perhaps her) tongue torn out, a requital reserved for slanderers; on the extreme left we have perhaps the cold hell, and above it a person is held by the hair by a demon before a mirror to see his or her sins in it; the actual occurrence in the mirror seems to be a murder, committed by hurling the victim over a precipice.

In the next Resort we have the tantalised ghosts. The details are here unfortunately not sufficiently clear in the original to make a good picture. The tantalised ghosts are here represented as emaciated human beings, who, when they endeavour to eat and drink, find that everything which they touch turns to fire. They are elsewhere represented with large stomachs, mouths the size of

a pinhole, throats the size of a hair; this detail in the picture is Japanese.

The other three Ways of Life explain themselves; it may, however, be noted that in the "Resort of Man" there are four continents. Of these the Eastern one is that of "Men," *i.e.* the Chinese in this case, who apparently, like so many other peoples, apply this term to themselves *par excellence*. In the north we should find the country of horses, but what is actually represented is a man engaged in binding sheaves. It is not clear how this feature comes into the picture. The Gilyaks who live north of the Amur get their corn by exchange from the Chinese; it is true they formerly cultivated millet, and the picture may refer to this; for though drawn by a native of Japan it is clearly almost entirely under the influence of Chinese ideas. The original name—country of horses—seems equally to demand explanation; the term can hardly refer to the present neighbours of the Chinese. It would be interesting to learn how far back the name can be traced and how far there is a historical basis for it.

The same remark applies to the country on the west—the country of oxen; it is difficult to see how this can refer to any period except one antecedent to the introduction of the ox in North China, where it is employed in ploughing; and even then it is not clear to what neighbours it refers; the nomadic hordes of Central Asia would surely be too far away.

On the rim are buckets containing human beings, some disappearing head downwards typifying death, *i.e.* passing out of one form of existence, and others emerging head upwards, typifying birth, *i.e.* entering upon a new form of existence; the buckets are naturally at the end of the spokes which divide the "Ways of Life." The whole is held in the grasp of the great Demon of Impermanency, who is, unlike many of the figures, of a thoroughly Japanese type. It is interesting to note that he has points of connection with the mediæval Devil. The white circle of *Nirvāna* is at the top of the picture. The small figures round the wheel are typical of the twelve *Nidānas*, or Causes of Existence. There are eighteen pictures, five going to the twelfth *Nidāna* and three to the eleventh. The series commences with (1) the demon in the centre (typifying ignorance), then follow (2) a wheel (elemental matter), (3) a monkey (consciousness), (4) a man crossing a stream (perhaps the rise of self-consciousness),

(5) a naked man (the senses), (6) a man and woman in contact, (7) figures typifying pain and pleasure, (8) a woman with children (affection), (9) a man drawing water, (10) the God Brahma (existence), (11) three stages of life, and finally (12) scenes typifying pain and sorrow. The meaning is very often doubtful, and I therefore pass over some of the scenes without suggesting what they typify.

As I have elsewhere pointed out, we see in the three-headed figure representing Brahmā a small head above the other three; this is usually a feature of the images of Avalokita, who was in later times depicted with several heads; in view of the capricious nature, however, of Japanese art in these respects it is a question what is really intended.

The first scene of the twelfth *Nidāna* represents a funeral; on the bier supported by the bearers is a *Swastika*, for which we have in English no popular name like the German "Hakenkreuz." There does not seem to be any significance attached in the Far East to the direction of the bent arms of this emblem, which as here depicted is left-handed. I am not quite sure what meaning we should attach to it here. In China it is the custom to have it on the grave-clothes, prepared many years before the person expects to die, when its influence is supposed to conduce to longevity. This can hardly be the case here unless it is the living who are to reap the benefit of it. On the other hand there is no reason to regard it as merely decorative in its object.

The picture was the work of the grandfather of Professor Anesaki; it is dated 1850. There is another picture of the same sort in existence in Japan, dated a few years earlier. It seems very probable that both go back to a Chinese original of great age, but of this I have so far no proof. The details of three of the Resorts are distinctly old Chinese. I hope at a future period to be able to give the whole history of the picture.

N. W. THOMAS.

STRAY NOTES ON JAPANESE FOLKLORE.

The following notes of Japanese superstitions were communicated to me at various times in the course of conversation on European folklore, by Professor Anesaki of Tokio.

If a man feeds a thousand white hares in his house, one of his daughters will marry an emperor. [From *Heike-monogaturi*, a thirteenth-century poem.]

At the Oharai or great purification, (end of July and February), an idol was formerly thrown into the river as a scapegoat.

Formerly a man whose house took fire was taboo.

During drought, torchlight possessions are sometimes made to a shrine on the top of a mountain. The idol is sometimes bound with cords until rain comes (but cf. *Journ. Anth. Inst.*, xxvi., 30).

Domestic pigeons are not eaten; they are fed in the temples. The pigeon is the sacred bird of the Minamoto clan, at the crises of whose history a white pigeon appears; there are many white pigeons in the temple of the clan-god Hatchiman.

Sailors feed black cats, which can foretell change of weather. Three-coloured cats (termed *miké*) are more powerful in magic than others.

Swallows in cages are bought merely to set them free. They are also released during funeral rites. Pigeons are set free at the launch of a ship.[1]

[1] This custom being more unusual than the others noted, and in itself of some interest, I add the following parallels:

(A) The Valavé of Madagascar have each their special *Fady*; in some cases this includes all animals which have hair or feathers; in other cases only individual species. They say that the souls of their forefathers have entered these animals, and when they are kept in captivity, buy them and set them at liberty; if they are dead, they bury them (*Globus*, xliv., 284).

(B) On August 1st (New Year's Day), the Armenians set free pigeons and insects (Erman, *Archiv.*, xv., 144).

(C) At Champ d'ioux (Nivernais), the lord of the manor had to release a wren annually (Rolland, ii., 297).

(D) At Paris, swallows are purchased and set at liberty (Rolland, ii., 321. Cf. *Rev. des Trad. Pop.*, iv., 229; *Globus*, xlviii., 186).

(E) On March 22nd, cakes in the form of larks are made in the Ukraine and thrown into the air; this probably points to a similar custom (Reinsberg-Düringsfeld, *Ethnogr. Curiositäten*, i., 128).

It seems clear that these cases, in their present form, cannot be referred to a single origin. In the case of the Festival Customs it seems possible that we may regard the bird as a scapegoat (cf. *Volkskunde*, vi., 155). The Battas of Sumatra set free a swallow as a means of getting rid of a curse. (*Allg. Missions Zeitschr.*, xii., p. 478.) The Japanese custom is commonly, but perhaps on insufficient grounds, attributed to a Buddhist origin; the Madagascar custom seems clearly totemistic; the Ukraine custom may be no more than a celebration of the return of spring.

In pictures, the quail seems to be associated in some way with millet.

Carp are eaten for luck.

On May 5th a carp cut out in paper or cloth is hung on a pole. Professor Anesaki sends me a picture of this, of which he says:

"This is a picture of popular May-festival in Japan. The 5th of May is celebrated to felicitate the future career of boys. Carp, sweet-flag (in this picture), oak-leaves, are all the symbols of victory or power. This day was originally the festival celebrating the subjugation of the devils of pestilence, the reminiscence of which remains in the use of sweet-flag leaves and flowers, because this grass is believed to have medical powers. The festival is called 'Gogatz-no-sek' (May-festival) or 'Ayame-no-sek' (Sweet-flag festival)."

The intestines of executed criminals were formerly eaten; this was believed to give strength.

A person's nails were also boiled in water, which was then drunk by any one who wished to acquire his qualities.

Chips from a gravestone, (especially of a man who has been executed or died a violent death), bring luck in speculation.

A tooth falling out portends the death of a relative.

To find the body of a drowned person, a piece of paper with a magic formula is thrown into the water and stops over the spot where the body is.

The southern (?) Chinese bury one boot in the coffin and keep the other in the house; the dead will then visit the house.

N. W. Thomas.

Folklore Notes from South-west Wilts

The district from which these notes have been collected is in South-west Wilts, in a valley running north and south between the downs and ending at Warminster. Most of them come from Hill Deverill and Longbridge Deverill, two adjoining parishes about halfway down the valley. Dorset and Somerset are but a few miles off; the country is hilly; the villages are self-contained, and the population is not scattered. Longbridge Deverill is at the junc-

tion of two main routes, the Warminster and Shaftesbury road, and the road from Heytesbury to Bruton and Wincanton; but Hill till 1854 had only field roads and footpaths.

The Manor Farm at Hill Deverill, often mentioned below, has buildings going back to about 1500; it is built on the edge of a marsh made by the river Deverill, and stands by itself in a lonely and dreary situation.

The materials have been collected by me during the last twelve years, mostly from old agricultural labourers and their wives, some of whom are still living; and the information has come practically first-hand, both from the labouring class and from other natives of these parishes, except where I have noted otherwise.

It will be convenient to follow the classification of Mr. Gomme in his *Handbook to Folk-Lore* (1890). I have been scrupulously exact to preserve as far as possible the precise words and form of sentence in which the narrations were given, and not to add or edit where there were any gaps; but for purposes of convenience I have not generally attempted to keep the dialectical forms of words. The date of receiving the narration is given in every case.

I

Superstitious Belief.

TREES.—If a branch was blown down off certain old ash trees at the Manor Farm, this portended the death of one of the family living there. (1889.)

GOBLINDOM.—*Ghosts.*—The great-grandfather of my informant was driving his master to Hindon one night, and "sum'at clung on to the carriage behind. 'Drive, Jim, as hard as you can,' he said, and sum'at came out, and they never seed the going on't; and the horses ran with sweat when they got into Hindon."

"A Deverill man was courting at Hindon, and he walked home down Lord's Hill, and he seed sum'at, and he said, 'If thou be the devil, appear bodily;' and he seed sum'at as had eyes as big as a tea-saucer; he didn't know how he got home, and the sweat poured down him like rain, and every single hair of his head did stand on end; and he never seed the going on't." (1889.)

On "Midsummer night" my informant went, as a boy, about 1833, to the churchyard at Hill, "to see them come out and in;" he wanted to see the ghost of his "butty" (his companion in

fieldwork). Men without heads have been seen in the church, and a little child, and "a turr'ble sight o' galleysome (fearsome) things." (1894.)

There is a coach with a headless coachman on Lord's Hill.

A woman in white rustled past John B—— on the Manor House stairs.

A tall lady in silk rustled past my informant, "just at the turn into the turnpike road, when I was carrying some tracen (traces)." (1894.)

Round the last of the family of Coker, who owned the Manor, have gathered the following stories. (He died in 1736.)

"Old Coker" is seen sitting, or heard riding (see below); he has been seen sitting "on the dreshol (threshold) of the barn, so that they had to go in another way." (1894.)

Two children "came out and danced before" a woman working at the Manor Farm. A former tenant-farmer (Mr. C——) has been seen sitting on a stile in the Bradley Road (1889); and (1897) in Brixton Deverill a dwelling-house is haunted; "Old Coker did come again" before it was altered.

But besides these, there is invisible agency. An unseen hand pelts with stones Joe G—— as he works at the Farm. Something "galleys" (frightens) the horses ploughing. Invisible hands place a jug of drink, while men are threshing in the barn. Pots will not stay on the fire at a farmhouse at Kingston Deverill, but jump off; and apples on the floor overhead dance about. (1895.)

Where the under-carter slept, at the Manor Farm, something would "come and pull the clothes off him" (1894); "two maydens" would do this (1899). "I'll throw my shoe at 'ee," said he; and at Tytherington something would come at night in a certain house, and lay the "hangles" (pot-hooks) on a large hearth-stone. (1899.)

And (1890) one of the farm lads opened the barn early in the morning, and heard the cake-cutter going of itself.

Laying Spirits.—There was a spirit in a house at Heytesbury, and the "parsons" were summoned to "cónjure" it (accent on the ó), but they all "gied out" and were "mastered," except Parson Smith.

A spirit should be accosted thus, solemnly: "In the name of the Lord, why troublest thou here?" Spirits cannot address you, you must speak to them first. (1889.)

The spirit of Lord —— appeared to his widow in a certain room; she had wrapped herself in a lamb's skin. The "parsons went to cónjure it," but Parson S—— was the only one who succeeded; "the other parsons gied out, and if it had not been for Parson S—— they would have been torn in pieces." After conversation, the spirit asked, "What is the simplest thing in the world?" The Parson said, "A lamb." Then the ghost was laid. The Parson wanted to lay the ghost in the Red Sea, but the ghost begged not to be put there. Lady —— was dressed in a lamb's skin, because a spirit will tear you in pieces if you do not answer its questions, but it will not hurt a lamb's skin. Others say (1893) that Lady —— went once a year, wearing a sheepskin inside out, to talk with her husband.

On that night there was a fearful storm; my informant's house was "unheled" (thatch blown off). (When there was a great tempest, people would say, "They're conjuring.") This laying can be dated. "It was nine days before I had my second son, and the night when a woman named C—— at Sutton had twins;" that is, somewhere about 1854. (1894.)

Apparitions.—My informant's wife was ill of small-pox, and as he was passing by Longbridge Deverill churchyard, on his way to sleep at another house, he seemed to see a funeral, and as it were the corpse carried on men's shoulders. Soon his son came running after him to call him back, and told him his wife was dead. (1895.)

The "*Spectral Hunt*" is attached to the name of "Old Coker," who drives his hounds round "Gun's Church," the name of a round barrow on a down at the south-east extremity of Hill parish, or through his "grounds" by the house, "horses galloping and chains rattling," and the horn sounding. (1889.)

The devil appeared in the form of a hare at the hanging of two men on Warminster Down in 1813; it started out among the spectators, and no one dared stop it. (1889.)

The devil appeared in the form of a dog one Palm Sunday when there was the annual gathering on Longbridge Deverill Cowdown; some one said the devil was there in the shape of a dog. "Sum'at was there, anyhow," and they all ran away. "After that there were no more gatherings." (1898.)

A certain farmer said he would revisit his farm on a lonely moor near and run about it in the shape of a rat. (1895.) He

had a reputation for wickedness, and it is a fact that the dead of his family were buried not in the churchyard but in his fields; he died about 1860. Thus, in a thunderstorm, he would say of a peal of thunder, if his wife was frightened, "That's a good rush-bowl" (rushbowls are skittles).

WITCHCRAFT.—One old man of an older generation was spoken of as being able to "rule the planets." (1896.)

A certain thatcher, who came from Hampshire, is said to have bewitched cows. (1889.)

BURIED TREASURE.—There is treasure buried in certain fields. The view given me is, that there were not the present facilities for keeping money, and therefore the owners were reduced to hide it; and the appearances of persons are due to the owners of the buried money harbouring round the place and drawing attention to it. Or in another form, Mr. C—— sees a light by a certain old tree in "conigre" (rabbit warren) on his farm. He asks the estate-steward for the tree, and when it is grubbed, a "bushel of guineas" is found.

Silver plate is buried in a well in the field beyond Hill Church Lane; some call it the "church plate." (1894.)

And somewhere there is a golden coffin buried.

A pot jumps about in a house; they dig underneath and find money. (1893.)

GENERAL SUPERSTITION.—*The head.*—If a child had two "crowns" on his head, that is, two places from which the hair radiates, it was a sign that he would "eat his bread in two nations." (1898.)

Cock-crowing.—At night, cocks crow at the hour, and crow the number of the hour. (1898.)

II.

Traditional Customs.

FESTIVALS.—On *Palm Sunday* there were gatherings on Longbridge Deverill Cow-down to play "trap," going up by "Jacob's ladder." The young men, with the elders to watch them, would "beat the ball" up Cow-down and then play trap.

And on Palm Sunday the women and children would go out into the fields "to tread the wheat." (1897.)

Crockerton Revel (1893). (I give the information, but cannot verify the historical fact underlying it.) Thomas à Becket "used to come to Crockerton Revel dressed like a gentleman, and he would depart through the wood dressed like a beggar, in rags, having spent all his money at the Revel." He is said to have consecrated Longbridge Deverill Church, which is the parish church; and certainly the oldest stone work in it is of about his date. The Revel is on the first Sunday after the Translation of Thomas à Becket, the day of which is July 7th.

The following story is told me about Wishford, a village some twelve miles off, on the Great Western Railway line next to and north-west of Wilton. An oak-bough is cut annually on May 29th and hauled down into the village. It is then decked with ribbons and hung from the church tower, and the day is kept as a Revel. It gives the villagers the right of getting dead wood from Grovely Wood. (1896.)

Oxen were said to kneel on the night of the Nativity. My informant when a boy would propose to go out to the farmyard opposite where he lived and see them. This belief is not much heard of now. (1898.)

CHILDREN'S GAMES.—Dred-the-wold-'ooman's needle. Turn-the-barrel.

LOCAL CUSTOM.—The church land at Longbridge Deverill is let "by the candle." I am not aware of the custom anywhere else in this immediate neighbourhood, but it exists at Aldermaston, near Newbury.

III.

Traditional Narratives.

An old man would tell a story in the following way: "There were a time, 'tweren't in my time, neither in your time, nit (nor yet) in anybody else's time; 'twere when magpies builded in old men's beards and turkey-cocks chewed bacca;[1] all over hills, dales, mountains, and valleys, so far as I shall tell you to-night, or to-morrow night, or ever I shall tell you before I've done, if I can." (1895.)

[1] Apparently something is lost here.

CREATION MYTH.—This small fragment can be illustrated from other parts of the world: "I've heard 'em say that Adam were made and then put up again' a wold (old) hurdle to dry." (1895.)

FRAGMENTS OF BALLAD (?).—*The Comical Man.*

> "The comicalest man that ever was seen;
> His mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.
>
> *   *   *   *   *   *
>
> Now this comical man had a river to cross,
> And if he couldn't get over, had to stay where he was." (1895.)

A fragment not identified (1895).

> "Jack-in-bog . . . . put meat for the horse and straw for the lion."

PLACE TRADITIONS.—It is not the function of folklore to chronicle the facts of history that are known independently, but rather the popular additions to these facts. For example, the names attached to fields by which the names of former occupiers are preserved need not be mentioned, except where a story has become attached. But I give some such traditions of history (1889). The story of King Alfred and the cakes is localised at Brixton Deverill, in the grass ground south of the rectory. Alfred is called "him of Stourton." (At Kingsettle Hill, Stourton, some few miles off, is a tower built about 1722 as being the spot where he "erected his standard against Danish invaders.")

The dim past is called the time "when there was a king in every county."

In the Manor Farm Hill, "a romantic place" (1893), "traitors" were shut up (1889). Coker, the former owner (died 1736), is said to be "a robber, and many went into the house that never came out." There are blood-marks on one bedroom floor. "He was a robber, and used to go about at night with men and rob. He kept a cannon at the round window."

The house was like "a den of thieves" (1894). Some connect it with smugglers (1894).

The following traditions are preserved of the Civil Wars. The farmer's house at Hill Deverill that goes with the mill was a rendezvous or headquarters. Upon the shoulder of the hill south-east of the Manor Farm cannon were said to have been mounted, and to have battered down the "houses" which stood on the rising ground south of the church. It is interesting, how-

ever, to know that the "brows" and ridges in these fields, which this tradition calls the remains of houses, are really the site of a British village, of which traces may also be seen, though less conspicuously, in the rising ground behind the Manor House, and indeed all over the high ridge of Cold Kitchen and Bidcombe, to the western boundary of the parish (1889).

A beam in the barn at Rye Hill Farm is called "Coker's bedstead." The timber is said to have been brought from a barn that was pulled down at the Manor Farm (Coker's).

The "Devil's parrock" (dialectical for paddock) is so called, because horses when ploughing there, or when going alone in the drove hard by, would be frightened by something and run away (1894).

"Gun's Church," a round barrow on the eastern boundary, has been already mentioned as having the "Spectral Hunt" localised at it.

At Longbridge Deverill people were afraid to go up the Church Lane in the dark, lest "woolpacks should roll down from the thicket" upon them; and kegs of brandy are said to have rolled from it (1895).

A fragment of wall abutting on the road from Warminster to Longbridge Deverill, north of the churchyard, is called "the Jew's wall." The story attached is that a Jew was murdered on Lord's Hill, and that they would not bury him in the churchyard, so he was buried outside, at this spot. Historically, this wall is the remains of the wall that ran round the yard of the Manor House, which was standing in 1660.

The following is the origin of Cley Hill, near Warminster, a round isolated prominent hill with a small knob on it, and by its side a smaller hill joined to it; so that it is said—

> "Big Cley Hill do wear a hat,
> Little Cley Hill do laugh at that."
>
> (Warminster, 1874.)

The folk of Devizes had offended the devil, who swore he would serve them out. So he went "down the country" (*i.e.* into Somerset), and found a big "hump" and put it on his back, to carry it and fling it at them. On his journey back he met a man and asked him the way to Devizes. The man replied, That's just what I want to know myself. I started for Devizes

when my beard was black, and now it's grey, and I haven't got there yet. The devil replied, "If that's how it is, I won't carry this thing no further, so here goes," and he flung the "girt (great) hump" off his shoulder, and there it is. (Warminster, 1893.)

Adjoining the mill at Boreham, one mile east of Warminster, is a meadow in which, local tradition says, hay will not be made without rain; or when the grass is cut, rain will fall. The story is this: It had once been rainy for some time when the farmer wished to make his hay. A fine Sunday came, and he then hid his watch under one of the pooks (cocks). Then with his fork he turned over all *the other pooks*, and when people asked him why he was making hay on a Sunday, he explained that he had lost his watch under one of the pooks, and therefore was turning them over. So saying, he turned over the *last* pook which remained unturned, and there discovered the watch, and gained his real end.[1] (Bishopstrow, 1894).

IV

Folk-Sayings.

Rhymes.—The thumb and fingers.

"Tom Thumbkin
Tom lŏsten
Betty bŏsten
Long lŏsten
Little pig a rŏsten" (roasting).

(This comes from North Wilts, 1894.)

A lullaby.

"Hush-a-bye, babby,
The beggar shan't have'ee
No more shall the maggotty-pye (magpie);
The rook nor the raven
Shan't car' thee to heaven (carry),
So hush-a-bye, babby, by-bye."

(Heard about 1870.)

[1] Cf. vol. xi., p. 458.

Of the seasons.

" March will search
April will try
May will prove
Whether you live or die." (1898.)

Children's rhyme.

" Stare, stare, like a bear,
And then you'll know me anywhere."

(Horningsham, 1898.)

Written in pencil, 1840, upon the whitewashed church porch, Hill.

" When life is past and death is come,
Happy is thic[1] that well hath done." (1896.)

Fragment for lying-in (?).

" Pins and needles, victuals and clouts." (1889.)

A charm used when pulling out a tooth. Children look up the chimney and say.

" Burn, burn, blue tooth,
Please God send me a new tooth." (1895.)

And the tooth is thrown into the fire.

A rhyme to make a "gramfer-grig" (that is a wood-louse) curl into a ball.

" Gramfer-grig killed a pig,
Hung 'en up in corner;
Gramfer cried and piggy died,
And all the fun was over." (1894.)

Another version of line 2.

" Covered him with clover." (1896.)

A rhyme.

" There once was a man with a girt black beard;
He kissed all the maidens, and made them afeard."

[1] " That man."

A rhyme of Shrovetide.

> "Dame, is your pan hot?
> Lard and corn is dear;
> I've come a-shroving,
> 'Tis but once a year.
> So up to the flitch,
> And cut a girt stitch;
> If your hens don't lay,
> I'll steal your cock away
> Before next Shrove Tuesday." (1899.)

A rhyme for a child.

> "Draw a bucket of water
> For my lady's daughter,
> Milk the cow
> Sar' the sow (serve),
> And turn the ducks to water." (1899.)

PLACE-RHYMES AND SAYINGS.—Rhymes representing what the church bells of the neighbouring parishes "say."

Sutton Veney bells (eight).

> "Poor old John Long is dead and gone."

Monkton Deverill (two).

> "We two."

Longbridge Deverill.

> "Up on cow-down, cow-clats, and cream,
> Thy dog bit my dog and made him go leam (lame)."

Horningsham.

> "Fire-pan, poker, tongs."

The reputation of Maiden Bradley is glanced at in the lines

> "The Bradley man has gone to sleep,
> And 'tis a pity to wake him."

The Great Bear is called in Longbridge Deverill, "Jack and his team going to pit," that is, to the coal-pit to fetch coal. The explanation is this: it was the custom for farmers, and still continues, to send a waggon at night to the Radstock pits for coal, a distance of some fourteen miles. Now, roughly speaking, the Great Bear moves in the same direction as a waggon leaving the village for the coal-pits would take. Thus children, going out at

night (say to some meeting) in the school-room, would say as they went, "There's Jack and his team going to pit," and in coming out, they would notice how far he had moved. (1893.)

If anyone had not heard the cuckoo by Warminster Fair (April 23rd), people would say, "You must go to Warminster Fair and buy one." (1898.)

Flowers.—A child told my informant (1898) that with "lords and ladies," they try, by seeing which break off, which will go to hell, and which to heaven; "and even some of the little ladies go to hell."

There is a great number of fanciful flower-names in this district which contain children's folk-stories condensed, and the *Wiltshire Words* (English Dialect Society, 1893) contains many from various districts. From this district come "Granny jump out o' bed" (monkshood), "Sweethearts" (goose-grass), Granfer-griddle-goosey-gander (early purple orchis), a few miles off; Quiet Neighbours (red spur valerian); Hand of God (nipple-wort).

Proverbs.—It is not easy to define a "proverb." Lowell, in the introduction to the *Biglow Papers*, remarks that almost every country has some good die-sinker in phrase, whose mintage passes into the currency of the whole neighbourhood." The following are examples of pure mother-wit, and some are plainly original, though others are familiar:—

"Children be first a yearm-ache (arm-ache), and a'terwards a heart ache."

"She was very onkind, but God is good and the world is wide."

"We change, the seasons don't."

"'Tis no good selling a breakfast and buying a dinner."

"You can't go through the world in glassen slippers."

"Her'd lie abed till her wur vinny"[1] (one old woman of another given to shamming). "A would skin a vlint vur a varden and spwile (spoil) a tenpenny nayl in doin' on't." "More store, more stink." "A lie's a lie, though the king tell it." "What's the good o' going to law when the court's in hell?" "What be you a lookin' vor? Lookin' for last year's snow?" (said pettishly to an old woman poking about the house). "Ees, her wur a proper vool. Her wur missis of a public-house and left it for to be missis

[1] "Vinny" is used of blue-moulded cheese.

of a teaty-pit" (potato-pit) (of an innkeeper's widow who married a labourer). ["What sort of man is the new farmer?" "Oh, like a crooked road, in and out." "Our Tom he's too wuld and too stiff for a souldier; perhaps they'd have en, if a were oiled and plyed." "My uncle worked seven years o' Sundays." The meaning is that he worked for *forty-nine* years; he was a shepherd, and therefore had to work on Sundays. If the number of Sundays he had worked during his life were added together, they would make seven years; multiply 52 Sundays by 49 = 2,548; divide this by 365, and you get seven years.

Similes from Animal Life.—"They ran like two young greyhounds." "I can't get out of Dobbin's pace." "Need to have a head like a hawk." "As cunning as a young rook." "The poor baby's arm's no thicker than a lamb's tail a'ter it's been skinned."

Various.—"What, be I to be shrowded like a wuld polly?" (said by a man when told by the doctor that he would have to lose his arm, *i.e. lopped* like an old *pollard*). "These yere cats be passon and clerk" (one white, the other black). "I be just like a almanack, I can tell the changes coming" (said by a rheumatic woman). "Chatter-watter" is a good expression for "tea." Two good terms of abuse are "Thee girt maa-kin" (malkin, a long, thin baking-stick). "Thee little truckle-muxen" (little girl playing about in the mud). "Passon gied 'em a physic-ball 'smarnin' in church." (All between 1888 and 1900.)

This small collection from a small locality, though possessing little that is remarkable, still illustrates fairly well the outlines of folklore; and it is probable that much more might be gathered in other places like these, particularly in the region of popular superstition, as well as fragments of history with local interpretations and additions.

JOHN U. POWELL, M.A.

Folktales from the Ægean.

(Continued from vol. xi., p. 456.)

XV. *The Accursed Schoolmaster.* (*Lesbos.*)

In a certain town there was a schoolmaster, who was one of the Accursed. Every day he used to eat a little girl. The king's daughter was one of his pupils. One day she came to school earlier than usual, and went up-stairs and saw him feasting on a girl. She ran down quickly and said nothing to anyone about it, but she said to herself, "I will go to-morrow and see if he does this every day." She went, and found him eating another little girl. On the third morning, as she was watching, he noticed her and caught her, and asked her if she had told anyone about it. She swore she had not (if she had, he would have eaten her too); but he cut her with razors and tortured her to make her confess. When he had tortured her enough, he carried her away and put her on the roof of the palace of another king, and left her there.

This king was young, and lived with his mother. In the night he was awakened by the cries of a child overhead: "O blessed Mary, O my mother, help me: what shall I do?" He ran and called his mother, and she said, "Wait until dawn, and we will go and see what it is." In the morning they went up on the roof, and found the little girl thus vilely used and half dead of wounds and cold and hunger. They took every care of her, and in a month or two she was well. Then the king said to his mother, "I will take her to wife; she came and fell on our roof and she is my Kismet (fate)." "Marry her if you will," said his mother, "but remember we do not know what race she comes of. She may be of the Jews, or the Turks, or the Gipsies." But the king persisted in his resolve; and when the girl was old enough he married her.

She became with child, and just before the time of her delivery the king had to go away to war. He begged his mother to take every care of his young wife, and she promised him that she would cherish her as she cherished himself.

The young queen gave birth to a beautiful boy; but in the night came the Accursed One and took away the child, and persuaded her that she had eaten it. In the morning, when her mother-in-law came to see the baby, it was gone; and when she

asked after it, the young mother said, "I have eaten it." When the king arrived his mother told him what had happened, and said she supposed his wife must belong to some tribe who were accustomed to eat their children. But although the king was very sorry, his love was still in its place, and he spoke no word of rebuke to his wife.

Again the young queen found herself with child, and again the king had to go to war, and commended her to his mother. This time the child was a beautiful girl, and the queen begged them to give her a roast lamb and lots to eat. In the night, however, the Accursed schoolmaster came back and took the child, and again made her think she had eaten it; and this was all the reply her mother-in-law could get in the morning when she asked what had become of it.

The king, when he came back and heard of it, was very sorry, but still was steadfast in his love, and would not talk to his wife about it.

Again the queen conceived, and again the king had to go to war a little while before the babe was born. It was a lovely boy, and that night the mother asked them to give her a live lamb to eat, and when she was alone, she swaddled the lamb in the baby's clothes, and locked the baby up. But the Accursed, when he came, discovered the deceit, and made her bring him the child; and in the morning, when the queen-mother asked where it was, the answer was the same as before: "I ate it."

This time the king, when his mother told him that his wife had eaten the third child too, was wroth, and threw his queen into a dungeon, and gave orders that she should be starved; but from time to time her servants managed to bring her food, and so she kept her life in her. One day the schoolmaster appeared before her in the dungeon, leading three children (he had not eaten them, but taken great care of them). "Here are your children," said he; "but I will slay yourself and your husband." When the servants came to bring her food they recognised the children at once from their marks, and ran and told their master. When he came, the queen told him her whole story—how she was a king's daughter, and how the schoolmaster had ill-used her and cast her on the roof, and how he had come and stolen her children and persuaded her that she had eaten them, and of his threat to kill the king and her. "I will keep awake at night," said the king,

and never closed his eyes; and when the wall opened and the Accursed One came into their chamber, he shot an arrow at him and killed him.

XVI. *Melidoni.*[1]

(Lesbos: told by Mersini. Cf. for the incidents No. VI.)

There was once a poor fisherman who had three daughters, and they were getting old enough to want husbands; and, as is the wont of girls at that age, they were becoming very troublesome and quarrelsome. Their father was very poor; by his craft he made only just enough to keep his family alive. One day, when he was at the café, the cafezi asked him why he looked so sad. "I am thinking," said the fisherman, "how it will be possible to get a husband for my eldest daughter." Said the cafezi, "If you make yourself so miserable as that, you will have a fit of apoplexy, and your daughter will be worse off than ever. Go and pray to God, and make a cast with your net in the name of your daughter's luck." "Alas," said the fisherman, "what will a few pounds of fish be?" Nevertheless he took the cafezi's advice, and went for his nets, and made a cast in the name of his daughter's luck. Out came a great haul, 200 okes of fish! He went and sold them for 800 piastres; and taking the money in his pocket, he said, "Whoever will take my daughter with this money is welcome to her." On the road he met a youth whose appearance pleased him. "Good day," said he, "where do you come from?" "From Moria,"[2] answered the boy. "If you would like to marry my daughter," said the fisherman, "here is 800 piastres; it's all I can give you." "I may as well," said the boy to himself (he was a muleteer by trade); "it's enough for me to buy a horse and a pair of breeches for myself and a dress for my wife. So he answered, "All right," and went home with the fisherman and married his daughter.

In a year or two the cafezi noticed the fisherman looking very dismal again, and said to him, "I suppose it will be your second

[1] μελεδώνη, "sorrow," or "care": a Homeric word surviving still in this tale.

[2] A village near Mytilene.

daughter this time that you want to marry? But what is the use of sitting with a face like that? You managed to marry the first; you ought to know how to set about it to dower the second. Go again, and pray, and cast your nets for her luck." So the fisherman went and cast his nets for his second daughter's luck; and this time he got 300 okes of fish, which he sold for 2,000 piastres On his road he met a youth who took his fancy. "Good day, where are you from?" "From Thermi." "Well, if you will marry my daughter, here is 2,000 piastres; it's all I have." The young man was a grocer's assistant, and he thought, "Well, that's enough to set up a small shop." So he consented, and they were married.

When it came to the youngest daughter's turn, the favourite, the cafezi saw the fisherman looking sadder than ever. "Well," said he, "what's the matter now?" Said the fisherman, "I can't think how to get a dowry for my youngest daughter." The cafezi persuaded him to do the same as before, and again he went and cast his nets for his youngest daughter's luck. When he went to pull them up he could not move them, and he called all the boatmen and the steamer to come and help. They all pulled with all their might; and when they drew the net up, what do you think there was in it? One enormous lobster! The fisherman sent into town for two carts, and on those they put the lobster, and the fisherman took it home with him. He called his daughter and said to her, "Here, this is your luck; you must marry the lobster!" So she was married to the lobster, and her father and mother left her alone with it, and went away to another place.

The poor girl sat weeping, and had just cried herself to sleep, when she woke up with a start, and found by her side a very handsome young man, richly dressed. "Don't be afraid," said he. "I am your husband, and the lobster is my ship."[1] At his command, tables with all kinds of delicacies were brought in, and they feasted together, and then went to bed.

Thus they lived together for some time, and she was very happy, but her husband told her that if she ever saw him when her own people were with her she was on no account to tell who

[1] I note that ship in modern Greek is *καϒάνι*, and that *κάραβος*, or in modern Greek *καναvίδα*, is a kind of lobster.

he was. One day her mother and sisters came to see what she was doing, and whether she were alive or dead. They found her sitting and watching the lobster. Her mother said, "My poor child, you must be hungry. Shall we give you food?" "No," said the daughter, "I want nothing; you gave me the lobster, and I watch over it." As they were all sitting at the window, the prince came by on a white horse with all his suite in gorgeous raiment. As he passed, the mother said, "Look what a handsome prince; he must have heard how pretty you are, and that's why he comes riding past here. What would you think of him for a husband?" But her daughter said, "Do you suppose that a prince would think of a poor girl like me? I am quite content with the husband you have given me."

Next day the prince came by on his chestnut horse, and he and his attendants were more richly dressed than before. The mother said, "He must be in love with you." But her daughter answered as before. Then her mother and sisters said she must be out of her wits to care nothing about so fine a prince, and to be content with the lobster.

On the third day her husband came riding past on his black horse, and his dress and the trappings of his horse glittered with diamonds. "Just look at him now," said the mother and sisters; "how beautiful he is? He came to see you; you may be sure of it." Then her daughter said, "You are very silly. I can have him and his diamonds when I want them, for he is my husband." The prince stopped for an instant and said, "Good-bye, and if ever you see me again, you will be lucky." In a moment he was gone.

Now he had told his wife his name—it was Melidoni. Without delay she ordered for herself three leather dresses, and three pair of boots with iron soles, and a basket and an axe, and set out to look for him. On and on she went, and for a whole year saw neither man nor sheep, and fed like a beast on grass and herbs. At the year's end she came to a place with trees and a dry pond, and in the mud lay an ogress, with her eyelids hanging down over her face. Taking a piece of wood, the girl inserted it under the eyelids, and cut them short with her axe; then she threw water over the ogress' face, and ran away and hid behind a tree. The ogress had been blind for fifteen years, and when she found her blindness cured, she called out, "Come here, whoever you are!

If you are a woman I will make you a queen, and if you are a man I will make you a king." But the girl waited in hiding, and only came out when the ogress swore by her strength not to hurt her. Then the ogress asked her what she wanted, and the girl said, "I am looking for Melidoni." "Stay with me to-night," said the ogress. "I have two sisters, and we have one son between us, and when he comes home to-night I will ask him, and we will see if he can tell you." Then she turned her into a button and put her in her pocket.

At night when the ogress' son came home, he said, "Surely I smell human flesh!" "Nonsense," said the ogress, "how can any mortal come here to our land? You must have been with mankind to-day, and you have brought the scent of them away with you. And, by the way, did you hear what has become of Melidoni?" "Melidoni?" said her son. "Oh, yes, I heard he had married a beautiful girl, but she had betrayed him."

Next day, when her son was gone, the ogress turned the girl into her proper shape again, and told her, "You must journey on until you find my second sister, who is in the same state that you found me in, and from her you may find out what you want." Putting on her second dress and pair of boots (for the first were quite worn out), the girl started off and journeyed on for a year, and saw not even a bird the whole time. At the year's end she came to a tree, and beside it another slough, with the blind ogress lying in it. She cut her eyelids as she had done to the other, and cured her too. This ogress had been blind for eighteen years, and she was very grateful. "Come to me," she called out. "I will make you a queen if you are a woman, and a king if you are a man." But the girl did not leave her hiding-place behind the tree until she heard the ogress swear by her courage that she would not hurt her. "What shall I do for you?" asked the ogress. "I want to find Melidoni," said the girl. "To-night, my son is coming," said the ogress, "and perhaps he will know where Melidoni is; but I must hide you, or he will eat you." So she made her into a thimble, and put her into her pocket. When her son came in, he said, "I smell human flesh." But his mother said, "How can any mortal come here, where no bird can fly? You have been with mankind to-day, and have brought their scent with you; and, by the way, did you hear anything of Melidoni?" "Yes," said he, "I saw him in the shape of an angry black cloud,

and he spoke, and said he had married a beautiful maiden, but she had been faithless to him."

Next morning at dawn the ogress said to the girl, "Take this pan and these three apples, until you come to a well; and then knock one of the apples against the pan, and Melidoni will appear before you. He is my younger sister's son, and he will appear, not in his own form, but in many others. But don't let him persuade you to give him a kiss, for then all will be lost; but you may give him the apples if he asks for them."

The girl put on the third dress and the third pair of boots, and journeyed on and on until she came to the well. She knocked the pan once, and a man, not her husband, appeared before her, and asked her what she was doing there. "I am Melidoni's wife," said she, "and I am looking for him." "Give me a kiss," said he, "and I will take you to him." She replied:

> "Never shall Melidoni's kiss be slave to any pleading;
> For Melidoni's sake I'm lost, but now I am succeeding."

Then, as he could not get the kiss, he asked for one of the apples, and she gave him one. He began to press her more, and said, "Just let me kiss you on one cheek." But she steadfastly refused, and always answered him with the same couplet. Then he asked for another apple, and she gave it him; and then again for a kiss, but that she would not give him. But the third apple she gave him, and when he had it he said, "Now if you won't give me a kiss I'll take you to my mother, and she'll eat you up;" and he blew on her and changed her into a button, and put her in his pocket.

Then he took her to the house of his mother, the third ogress. When he came in his mother said, "I smell human flesh." "It is because I have been with mankind," he said; and they sat down together to dine. When Melidoni saw his mother was in a good humour, he said to her, "Suppose my wife were here, would you eat her?" "No," said his mother. "I'm sure *I* would," said he; "and do you mean to say *you* wouldn't?" "No, I would not," said the ogress. "Swear by your courage," said her son, "that you wouldn't eat her." His mother swore it, and he took the button out of his pocket and changed it into the girl, and said, "Here she is," and left her with his mother.

Next day his mother said to her, "I am going out, and you

must sweep the house. There are forty rooms in it, and they must all be swept and not swept before I come back." The girl sat down and cried, and as she was crying her husband (but not in his own form) stood before her, and asked her why she was crying. She told him her story. Then he promised to help her if she would give him a kiss. "Never," she said:

> "Never shall Melidoni's kiss be slave to any pleading;
> For Melidoni's sake I'm lost, but now I am succeeding."

"Well, you are obstinate," said he; "but I'll tell you what to do. First sweep the house clean, and then put the dust on the broom and scatter it about." So she did; and when the ogress came back and saw the task performed, she said, "You are either a witch or a witch's daughter, or else my son told you." She replied, "I am neither a witch nor a witch's daughter, nor did any one tell me. God gave me light, and I did it."

Next day the ogress told her to cook and not cook the meat. She sat down to cry again; and as she cried her husband stood before her in another shape, and begged her for a kiss. "Never," she replied:

> "Never shall Melidoni's kiss be slave to any pleading;
> For Melidoni's sake I'm lost, but now I am succeeding."

"Well," he said, "you are a very obstinate girl, but I am sorry for you, and I will tell you what to do. Cut half the meat and put it on to boil, and cut the rest into little bits and throw it in the pot when you see the ogress coming." So she did, and the ogress again said as before, and received the same answer.

Next day the ogress said, "My son is going to be married next week, and I want to bake bread for his wedding. You must go to my sister's and fetch yeast from her house." As the girl went crying on her way her husband met her in the shape of a boy of thirteen years, and asked her where she was going? She told him her story. "I am Melidoni's son," he said, "and my father is going to marry again. Give me a kiss, auntie, and I will help you." "No," said she:

> "Never shall Melidoni's kiss be slave to any pleading;
> For Melidoni's sake I'm lost, but now I am succeeding."

"But just let me kiss your hand," said he. "Not even my foot,"

said she. "You are not nice," said he; "but for the sake of my father's soul I will tell you what to do. You will come to a place where thorns grow in the road; and you must take off your shoes and walk over them and say, 'Why, what nice thorns; it is just like walking on cotton. I wish we had thorns like these at home.' Then you will come to a fig-tree, and its figs are full of worms; you must eat one, and say, 'What delicious figs; I wish we had a fig-tree like this at home.' Outside the ogress' house stand a donkey and a dog; the donkey has bones under his nose and the dog has straw. You must give the bones to the dog and the straw to the donkey. In the courtyard is a fountain, from one side of which flows blood and from the other pus. You must drink from it and say, 'What nice water this is. I wish we had water like it at home.' The yeast you will find at the top of the stairs. You must sweep the stairs and run off with it."

The girl did as she was bid. She passed the thorns and the fig-tree (she ate two figs instead of one), and the dog, and the donkey, and the fountain; and with her dress she swept the stair, and carried off the yeast. As she ran away with it, it called out, "Mistress, mistress." The ogress got up and saw her, and called out, "Drown her, fountain;" but the fountain would not drown her; and then, "Eat her, donkey and dog;" but they would not eat her; and then, "Fall on her, fig-tree;" but the fig-tree would not fall on her. Then she cried, "Embrace her, thorns;" but the thorns would not; so she got back safe with the yeast.

The day before the wedding the ogress said to her, "My son is to be married to-morrow;" then giving her a mattress, a loaf of bread, a donkey, and a dog, she went on, "You must fill this mattress with feathers, and give the dog his fill to eat, and the donkey must come back dancing, and you must bring me the loaf back untouched." The girl went and sat down with her back against a stone and began to cry. Then her husband appeared to her in his proper form, and said, "Behold me; I am your husband. I have been disguising myself so long to try you, and I have found you faithful. Now you may kiss me and I will tell you what to do." "No," she said, "not until we get home," and she would not yield. Then he told her to call on the birds, and say, "Melidoni is going to be married;" and they would come and shed their feathers, and she was to fill the mattress, and there would be enough over for the dog to eat. When she got near

home she was to beat the donkey and make it kick (for that is the way a donkey dances). "Next day," said he, "you will come to the wedding, and we will give you torches to hold. As they burn down you must bear the pain, but when you are told to throw them down, throw them at the bride and set her hair alight."

So the girl did as she had been told that day, and the next day, at the wedding, she was given two torches to hold. When the pitch ran down they burnt her very much, and she called out, "Oh!" The bridegroom turned round, and said, "Throw them down." But instead of throwing them down she threw them at the bride and set her hair on fire. I was there and ran like everybody else to put out the flames; but it was all of no use, and the bride was burnt up, and in the tumult the prince and his old love slipt away and went home to her father's house. There they found that her father and mother had burnt the lobster shell; so they lived always together, and her husband never left her again.

XVII. *Thirteen.*

(Calymnos: told by Yannis Kephalouchos, aged about 50, labourer.)

Once upon a time there were in Calymnos an old man and woman who had seven sons. Skilful reapers were they, and used to earn about a pound a day between them; but instead of bringing home all their earnings they spent most of them in drink at the tavern, and used to come home of an evening with little more than a couple of dollars. The mother and the youngest brother used to scold the six eldest for wasting their earnings thus; so they determined to go across to Asia Minor and find work there, but to leave the youngest at home to fetch water and do errands for the old folks. But he discovered their plan; and when they started in a boat he took another boat himself at once, and followed until he met them in Asia Minor.

They went up the country looking for work. One day they came to a great plain covered with ripe standing corn. Well, they thought, this corn wants reaping and there seems no one to do it, so they fell to, making sure that the owner would appear and pay them wages. Soon the owner, who was an ogre, did

appear, and asked what they meant by reaping his corn. They told him what they had been thinking. "Well," said the ogre, "look here; I have seven daughters. If you can reap as quickly as I can bind I will marry you to my daughters; but if I catch you up I'll eat you." The youngest, who was the clever one of the family, directed his brothers to make the trusses of corn much smaller than they were used to do at Calymnos; then, said he, he will never catch us up. All that day they reaped, and the ogre could not bind fast enough to catch them up. In the evening he invited them to his castle to dine and pass the night. In the middle of the hall slept the ogre and Mrs. Ogre, on one side of them his seven daughters, and on the other the seven reapers. The youngest very wisely kept awake; for in the middle of the night he heard the ogress say to her husband, "Now they're asleep, get up and kill them for breakfast." As many times as the ogre got up to cut their throats the youngest brother coughed loudly, and back went the ogre to bed; until at length it was morning and his brothers woke up too, and he told them what had happened. All that day they reaped; and at evening there was only one day's work left; but the ogre was behind in his binding.

That night again the youngest kept awake, and heard the ogre say to the ogress, "We'll put out the light to-night, and then I'll get up and cut their throats." The moment the light was out the youngest brother got up and took off the seven daughters' headkerchiefs, and put them on his own and his brothers' heads, and their fezzes he put on the daughters' heads. The ogre got up to cut the throats of the seven brothers; but when he felt the kerchief on the first one's head, "A pretty mistake," said he, "I was going to make," and went over to the other side, and cut all his daughters' throats, and then he went back to bed again and to sleep.

Then the youngest reaper awoke his brothers and off they started and ran for their lives. In the morning said the ogress, "Let's get up and cook them." But when they came there were their seven daughters all stiff and stark, and the seven brothers gone. Off went the ogre to catch them; but when he was close upon their heels they reached a river and crossed it, and he could go no further. From the other bank the youngest called out to him, "This is nothing, the worst is to come, and if you want to know my name, it is Thirteen."

They journeyed on until they came to a city, where they settled in a house near the king's palace. The king sent for the strangers and questioned them. Now the six elder brothers were very jealous of the youngest, and when they had told the king how he had cheated the ogre, they went on: "The ogre has a coverlet with forty-one bells, and our brother is clever enough to fetch it for you." So the king commanded him to fetch the coverlet. "How can I?" said he. But the king gave him the choice either to fetch it or be killed.

So away went poor Thirteen, and on his road he came across a cat and some mice quarrelling about the division of a carcass. He divided it for them so skilfully that they asked him how they could assist him. At first he laughed at their offer; but when they insisted, he told them of his errand. "That's a simple matter," said the mice, "we'll fill the bells up with cotton;" and off they went and did this.

Thirteen entered the ogre's castle at night when the ogre and ogress were in bed, and began slowly pulling the coverlet off. "Don't pull the clothes all over to your side," said the ogre to his wife. "I didn't," said she. "You did," said he. And they quarrelled till they went to sleep again. Then Thirteen worked the coverlet off and ran away with it. When the ogre woke, "Why, you've got the whole thing now," said he. "You've got it yourself," said she. They struck a match to see which was right, when lo, and behold, the coverlet had vanished. "It's that Thirteen," said the ogre, and off he started to catch the thief. But Thirteen had crossed the river before the ogre caught him up, and called out, from the other side, "The worst is yet to come." Then he brought the coverlet to the king.

The six brothers now said to the king, "You see now how clever our brother is. The ogre has a finer thing than that coverlet—a talking horse. Our brother could fetch you that if you want it." The king sent for Thirteen, and said, "You must go and fetch me the ogre's talking horse, or else I will kill you." Thirteen was in despair, but he was obliged to go. He found his way into the ogre's stable, and began to saddle the horse, but it called out, "Master, Master." Then out rushed the ogre and caught Thirteen, and carried him in to the ogress. "I've got him," he said, "and now we'll cook him. Light the oven, and while he's roasting I'll go and ask my brother to come and dine

with us. I shall be very hungry before I get back, so hang up one of his forequarters outside the door, ready for me to eat at once." So the ogre started for his brother's castle, and the ogress lighted an enormous fire in the oven. She put Thirteen in before it was quite hot, but he kept slipping out. "Can't you make it hotter," he said, "so that I may be roasted the moment I'm in, because this is very disagreeable?" The ogress piled on more sticks, saying, "If you don't know how to keep inside I'll show you," and in she got into the oven herself. Thirteen slammed the oven door and oasted the ogress to a turn; then he cut off her fore-quarter and hung it up outside the castle door. On the bed he piled a lot of sticks and threw the counterpane over them. Mounting the horse, away he rode.

The ogre came back with his brother, and seizing the fore-quarter devoured it. Then he went in and saw the roast carcass served up on the table, and what he thought was his wife covered up in bed. "Poor thing," he thought, "she was tired with cooking, and has gone to sleep." But when he looked at the roasted carcass he knew it was his wife's. Calling down upon Thirteen the most terrible curses, he started out to catch him. Thirteen was waiting for him on the far side of the river, and called out again, "The worst is to come, and take care of yourself this time."

When he had brought the horse to the palace, his wicked brothers said to the king, "Look how clever he is; he is so clever that he could bring the ogre himself." And the king sent for him and ordered him to do this on pain of death. There was no help for it. Thirteen begged the king to give him a sharp woodman's axe and a few dozen big nails. Furnished with these he set forth disguised as a blackamoor, and started cutting down the ogre's finest trees. The ogre hearing the crash of the timber ran out to see what was the matter; but Thirteen, as he approached, went on hacking away, all the time repeating loudly to himself, "Curse that Thirteen! Curse that Thirteen!" "What are you doing?" asked the ogre. "I'm cutting wood to make a coffin to put that Thirteen in," said he; "he has played me some nasty tricks." "And me too," said the ogre, and helped him until he had finished the coffin. "You are much of a size, Thirteen and you," said Thirteen. "Would you mind getting in and seeing if the fit is right?" So in got the ogre, and Thirteen put on the lid, and knocked in one nail.

"Can you move now?" asked he. "Yes," said the ogre. Then he knocked another nail in. "Can you move now?" "A little." Then a third nail. "Can you move now?" "Not a bit." "That's right," said Thirteen. "I am Thirteen," said he, and nailed down the rest of the lid, and carried the ogre in the box to the king.

The King decreed that the ogre should be roasted after they had had a look at him; and the six brothers said "Our brother who nailed the box down must open it." So they heated a large oven, and Thirteen went and opened the box, and out jumped the ogre; but before he was well out Thirteen got out of the way, and the ogre went for the six brothers and gobbled them up. Then he saw Thirteen and chased him; but Thirteen dodged him skilfully; and at length he so managed that the clumsy ogre in trying to catch him fell head foremost into the oven, and thus he was roasted.

Then the king gave Thirteen his daughter in marriage and made him heir of his kingdom.

W. R. Paton.

Cropping Animals' Ears.

(Vol. xi., p. 456.)

Cream-stealing cats have their left ears cut off in the Highlands. Stewart, *'Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe*, p. 238.

Among precautions against witchcraft, "as soon as a calf is dropt they immediately lacerate the ear by slitting it with a knife." (Neighbourhood of Helmsley.) Brand, iii., 20, 21, quoting *The Yorkshireman*, 1846.

"Chats entiers vont au sabat le samedi; mais si l'on leur avait coupé de la queue ou des oreilles, ils n'y seraient jamais admis." Dumaine, *Tinchebray*, p. 585, n. 112.

"Lorsqu'on conduit une vache au taureau, on ne manque jamais pour la faire concevoir . . . . de fendre en quatre la dernière articulation de sa queue." La Sicotière: *Le Département de l'Orne*, p. 339.

"Einem neugekauften Pferde wird im Frühjahr aus dem Schweif etwas Blut genommen, und dasselbe dem Thiere eingegeben . . . . damit es dableiben möge." Holzmayer, *Osiliana*, p. 109.

N. W. Thomas.

H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA.

I feel it my duty, as President of the Folk-Lore Society, to offer some expression, however inadequate, of the deep sorrow felt by the members of the Society in all parts of the Empire on the mournful occasion of the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and of the loyal and loving remembrance with which they regard Her long and glorious rule; and I cannot do so more suitably than in the pages of the Society's official organ.

It is in the British Empire, which has to so large an extent grown and been consolidated during Her Majesty's reign, and which includes within its bounds countless races of every degree of civilisation and mental development, from the lowest to the highest, that the student of folklore has to seek many of the most precious materials of his study.

Under Her Majesty's rule every religious belief of these races has been respected, their customs have been regarded with consideration, and their prejudices conciliated; and the study of folklore, a science the very existence of which is bounded by Her Majesty's reign, has thus been rendered possible.

All these races are now united in one common sorrow. The loss of the "Great White Queen" is to us and to them the same, and this is a point of sympathy between us and them not to be lost sight of by those who are brought into contact with the subject races. Mutual sympathy ought to help forward mutual understanding.

Upon all these grounds, the members of the Folk-Lore Society claim a special share in the universal grief which has fallen upon the subjects of the Queen; and on their behalf I desire to offer an expression of respectful condolence to Her illustrious Son, whose declaration when entering upon His great heritage has touched all hearts.

Long may King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra live to carry down to remote posterity the traditions of Victoria and of Albert the Good!

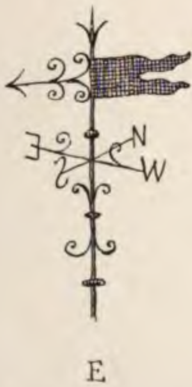
E. W. BRABROOK,
President 1901.

A

B

C

D



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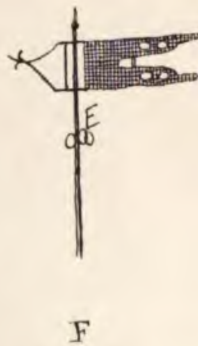

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J P Emslie, del

WEATHERCOCKS.

To face page 99.

WEATHERCOCKS.

(Vol. xi., p. 322.)

In 1870 and the few succeeding years I made about forty-five drawings of weathercocks. I knew nothing of any meaning they might have, though I used to think that there must be a meaning; curiosity of form was sufficient attraction to induce me to make a drawing. Some of those I have depicted are on buildings which, I believe, have been since pulled down. Amongst them are not a few representations of animals.

On Hendon Church (St. Mary's) a lamb and flag, which (I was told by the landlady of an inn close to the church) was said to be the only one of its kind in England; on Llanfair Caer Einion Church, Montgomeryshire, a cock; I have seen this on many churches in Wales, England, and the neighbourhood of Boulogne-sur-Mer, whatever might be the dedication of the church; on Neasdon House, Middlesex, a stag; on a stable at Neasdon, a running fox; on Bridge House, Hendon, Middlesex, a peacock (the tail not spread); on Clovelly Church, Devonshire, a bird of some kind, certainly not a cock; on the lantern of the Inner Temple Hall, London, a winged horse (the crest, I believe, of the Society); at Friern Barnet, Middlesex, a flying swallow; at Greenford, Middlesex, a bear's or boar's head (Plate II., A).

Weathercocks with representations of fabulous animals are, on Seaford Town Hall, Sussex, a horse's head and forelegs (the two feet holding an anchor) joined to a fish's body with a long waving tail (B); at Clay Hill, Beckenham, Kent, a dragon's head (C); a similar one at Caroline Mount, Chingford, Essex; on another house at Chingford, another form of dragon's head (D).

Many weathercocks have a form as of a ribbon with its end slit and waving in the wind, of which E, from Hanger Hill, Ealing, Middlesex, is a fairly typical example. But the question may arise: Is this very common form of weathercock a debased form of the dragon's head? for F, from Luccombe Church, Somersetshire, would seem to be a transition from the one to the other.

Very many weathercocks are in the form of arrows with more or less ornate feathering. The vane of the weathercock of Merton Church, Surrey, is pierced with representations of the sun, moon, and a star. On the weathercock of Twyford Chapel, Middlesex,

are the letters I H; a part which probably had the letter S has been broken away. At Bury Street, Edmonton, Middlesex, is an angler drawing a fish out of the water; the action of the figure is very good; he is in late seventeenth-century costume.

Much might be said about the fanciful scroll-work which supports the post of the weathercock and the four letters which are around it, but I suppose that this is a matter of art rather than of olklore.

At a meeting of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, held on the 13th March, 1876, a paper on the Church of St. Michael, Queenhithe, was read by the rector, the Rev. G. L. Gibbs. In his paper he stated that "it was said" that the ship forming the weathercock of the church had been used as a measure of the amount of corn which was the Queen's due from every ship entering the port of Queenhithe.

A ship in full sail was also the device on the weathercock of the now demolished Church of St. Mildred, Poultry. There are several curious weathercocks on other churches in the City of London, but I can only at present call to mind three: on St. Olave, Hart Street, a royal crown; on St. Lawrence Jewry, a gridiron, the symbol of St. Lawrence; on St. Peter, Cornhill, a single key, not the two cross-keys which are the symbol of St. Peter.

A young man in the City told me that he had once seen the dragon of Bow Church steeple in a builder's yard, where it was undergoing repairs, and that he had been told that when the dragon of Bow Church and the grasshopper of the Royal Exchange were both together in the same builder's yard the streets of London would run with blood.

J. P. Emslie.

Alphabet used in Consecrating a Church.

(Vol. xi., p. 105.)

In answer to A. E. O. E.'s question, Professor Albrecht Dieterich of Giessen, the distinguished author of *Abraxas* (1891) and *Nekyia* (1893) has sent me an offprint of his paper in the *Rheinisches Museum für Philologie*, vol. lvi., entitled "ABC-Denkmaeler." In this exhaustive study the author surveys the entire field—Greek,

Roman, Etruscan, Sanskrit, Norse, Mediæval—of monumental and literary use of the alphabet, and shows that it always has been and still is of a *magical* nature. The alphabetic series, whether simple, reduplicated, or transposed, was in itself a potent charm, and one which was handed on by Paganism to Christianity. The particular usage to which A. E. O. E. alludes will be found in the latest editions of the *Pontificale Romanum* (*e.g.* on p. 130 of the Ratisbon edition, 1891). It precedes an exorcism by the consecrating bishop, the purport of which is to keep the devil out of the precincts of the newly-consecrated church. The compilers of the Pontifical evidently thought that the Latin and Greek alphabets conjoined were enough to frighten even the devil.

ALFRED NUTT.

HUSBAND-AND-WIFE STORY.

(Vol. xi., p. 375.)

PROFESSOR SAYCE'S Cairene story, No. 11, is similar to Macchiavelli's very witty story of the Devil who married a wife. The name of this story is Belphegor. As far as I remember, it was first published in a small book of stories by Firenzuola (?), as being his, and not Macchiavelli's, but it is certainly the latter's. It is translated in *Italian Tales*, with Cruikshank's plates.

W. R. PATON.

HEAD OF CORPSE BETWEEN THE THIGHS.

(Vol. xi., p. 413.)

In Professor York Powell's review of Dr. Boer's edition of *Grettis Saga*, reference is made to an ancient custom of burying the head of a corpse between the thighs, the head being described in the *Saga* as "thigh-forked."

About three years ago I visited and examined a remarkable church near Barnsley, and immediately after my visit wrote the following note (*inter alia*):

"Built into the west wall of the tower of Royston Church, near

Barnsley, on the north side of the western doorway, and near the ground, is part of the lid of a stone coffin.

"The breadth of the stone is 1 foot 11 inches; the thickness in the middle (it slopes away to each side) is 3½ inches, so far as it can now be measured. The length is 3 feet. The cross carved on the lid is that which is known in heraldry as a cross crosslet. On making inquiry from the sexton and gravedigger, the following account was given to me. When the font was removed from its old position under the tower, and the floor of the church lowered about a foot, the excavators came upon a coffin lid, which was formed of two stones. The stones covered a stone coffin, in which lay a skeleton. The skeleton was perfect, but the head had been removed from its natural position, and lay between the thighs, near the pelvis. The stone on which the cross is carved was built into the tower by the gravedigger. The other stone which completed the coffin lid was left *in situ* when the remains were covered up. The gravedigger spoke of it with horror."

In an article called "Eaten with Honour" (*Contemporary Review*, June, 1897) Professor Flinders Petrie speaks of a civilised people of about 3000 B.C. who had exquisite handicrafts, but who "habitually cut the heads from their dead and ate some portion of the bodies." He afterwards describes bodies in tombs which had been dismembered and the flesh eaten.

The lid of the coffin at Royston is shaped like those of Roman coffins found at York. (*See* Wellbeloved's *Eboracum*.) In many old stone coffins a place for the head is cut at one end. I ought to have asked the sexton, whose name is Joseph Haigh, whether he remembered such a thing in the coffin just referred to.

S. O. ADDY.

THE DIVINING ROD IN U.S.A.

(Vol. xi., p. 434.)

In connection with Mr. Rouse's note on divining rods for metals in the last number of *Folk-Lore*, the following extract from the specification of an English patent, granted in 1889 (No. 1,919) to a Texas farmer, may be of interest: "The object of this invention is to enable precious metals to be discovered by a process commonly known as divination; and it consists in a composition which

has a strong attraction and affinity for gold and silver, the attraction resembling somewhat that of magnetism. In carrying my invention into practice, I place the composition in a vial or flask, seal it tightly, and suspend it by means of a string, The composition referred to is made up of gold, silver, quicksilver, and copper, the ingredients being placed in a small vial or flask, together with a quantity of dilute nitric or tartaric acid or pure alcohol." (An accompanying drawing shows a flask with a cord or string, about 20 inches long, secured to the neck, and the cork or stopper sealed tight, as by wax.) "In using my gold and silver finder, the instrument is held, preferably, by the thumb and forefinger of the right hand and steadied with the left hand; it should be held steady, but not cramped. Then, if there are any precious metals in the immediate neighbourhood, the flask will be attracted by such metals and will move toward them at first and will then vibrate, thus indicating the presence of the metal sought for. To protect and conceal the contents of the flask, I cover it with paper, cloth, or tin."

A. R. Wright.

The Bumble-bee in Magic.

(Vol. xi., p. 438.)

I have not met with the bumble-bee as a familiar spirit in Guernsey, though much of the folklore of the islands refers to the subjects of magic and witchcraft. But the following note from the MS. collections of the late Miss Annie Chepmell, who was a repertory of local folklore, may interest Miss Peacock:

"*Mouche*, or, as pronounced in Guernsey, 'Mouque' (cf. O. Fr. *mouskes*, *mousque*), a fly. When a man sells his soul to the Devil, a demon is given to him for his servant and familiar spirit. It waits upon him constantly in the form of a fly. A wizard is known by his *mouque* as surely as by his having no shadow."

Miss Chepmell, who was sixty-nine at the time of her death in 1899, had lived in Guernsey all her life, and as a Guernsey woman had always heard and known our island traditions. She lent me the notebook from which the above extract is taken, for use in the notes to the volume of Guernsey Folklore, compiled by the late Sir Edgar Macculloch, which I am now editing at the request of the Bailiff and Royal Court of Guernsey.

Edith F. Carey.

Customs in the Building Trade.

(Vol. xi., p. 457.)

In the December number of *Folk-Lore* I see a letter on London Building Trade Customs. I never heard before of drink being served out when the first chimney is finished, but I believe it is common throughout the country, certainly in the north, to have what is called a "rearing"—namely, a supper or "spree"—when the roof principals are fixed. I remember an amusing instance of this at Heywood, in Lancashire, where the proprietor—being a teetotaler of rather austere religious principles—on being approached for a contribution to the "rearing," would not give money to encourage drunkenness among the men, but presented each of them with a cheap copy of the Bible, which of course found its way to the nearest "pawn-shop" for what it would fetch, and the language used was scarcely in accordance with any religion whatever.

I believe that forty years ago the same custom prevailed in the vicinity of New York, I will not say in the city itself, but in adjacent districts of New Jersey, bordering on Staten Island Sound. W. Henry Jewitt.

Irish Burial Custom.

(See *ante*, p. 3.)

"I send you an Irish pipe, value a fraction of a penny. It has an interest attached to it, however, which . . . . you will appreciate, and perhaps you do not possess a specimen. In a few places in the west of Ireland the usual pipes and tobacco—universal at country wakes—are brought also to the graveyard and a fresh distribution made. Matches being not always carried by the peasantry, a lighted turf may be procured from a neighbouring cottage to supply the necessary light for the pipes. The pipes are left in the rude box beside the newly-filled grave, or if the supply runs short a few are kept to put upon it. These are religiously left alone; but I could not overcome the inclination to take specimens, one for myself and one for you, from the old graveyard at Salruck. You will find the place close to the head of Killary Harbour, or rather at the head of the Little Killary, in Murray (map, p. 226)." . . . . . . John Cooke.

66, Morehampton Road, Dublin, 8 Dec., 1900.

(To E. Sidney Hartland, Esq.)

Sacrifice to Avert Shipwreck.

There are a certain number of allusions in the Greek Romances which have interest for students of folklore. Here is a passage which recalls the story of Jonah:

Εὐμαθίου φιλοσόφου τὸ καθ' Ὑσμίνην καὶ Ὑσμινίαν δρᾶμα, vii. 12.

[During a storm, the helmsman says:]

"Fellow-voyagers, buffeted upon the waves, and about to die, fierce is the wind, the waves unceasing, and rising to the clouds. The mast is broken, the vessel full of water, and I have strength no longer to resist the mountainous waves and the violent blasts that blow against us. I have had shipwreck enough: Poseidon is wholly against us. Why not follow the islanders' law, and pour libations of supplication? To cast lots is the law; why not cast lots for the victim?" . . . . The lot fell on Hysmine for death. . . . . "Poseidon," said one, "seeks the girl: the lot fell on her: she is victim and ransom for our lives." [Then she was stript naked and cast overboard.]

W. H. D. Rouse.

Spectral Light in Corsica.

A story is told in M. Gaston Vuillier's *Forgotten Isles*, translated by Frederic Breton, regarding a light which is at times to be seen at Busso. A certain lord of sporting tastes kept a monk as chaplain, one of whose duties it was to say prayers when the lord returned from the chase. One evening he came home late; the prayers had been said, and the monk had gone to bed.

"Furious with rage the lord rushed to the chaplain's room and striped his sword through the priest's body. From that time the monk returns each night to the village, wandering about with a lighted taper in his hand, searching for the site of the chapel in order to say mass as he did in the time of the old lord."

That the light exists seems certain. M. Vuillier saw it one evening, and the next day made inquiries to satisfy himself that he was not the victim of hallucination. "Many other people," he tells his readers, "have had their curiosity aroused by this nocturnal phenomenon, but none has ever been able to determine

them so; and this volume is the first instalment of the results of two expeditions and of many months' residence among them and their neighbours the Coras.

The author here presents us with an account of the gods and goddesses of the Huichols, and a full description, accompanied by beautiful plates and other illustrations, of the various ceremonial objects connected with their cult. The Huichols are polytheists, sufficiently advanced in civilisation to carve images of their divinities and to have god-houses, dignified by Mr. Lumholtz with the name of temples. Huichol philosophy of life, he tells us, is summed up in a sentence actually uttered by his Huichol servant: "To pray for luck to Tatevali [the god of fire] and to put up snares for the deer—that is to lead a perfect life." Tatevali, Grandfather Fire, is therefore the principal god, and his mother, Takotsi Nakawe, Grandmother Growth, is the chief goddess. The number of divinities is unlimited, "since every hill and every rock of peculiar shape is considered a deity. . . . However, it would be a mistake to assume that all gods are in reality different. . . . A great number are necessarily only different impersonations of the same god." Water-holes and springs are their dwelling-places. "Women are considered as the daughters of the goddesses and men as the sons of the gods, each one belonging to a particular god. Each god has his animals, which, as an Indian once explained to me, stand in the same relation to the god as do the hens to the master of the house."

Images of the gods do not as a rule stand in the temples. They are placed in excavations beneath, or in other secret places, often in some remote cave. In the temple is found a kind of altar on which are seen sacred disks representing the god's domain, and painted or carved with symbols of his attributes and relations to the world. They are consecrated by being smeared with deer's blood. Where images of the more important gods are found, they stand on such disks. Among other ceremonial objects in the temples are votive chairs and stools for the god, arrows painted with symbols of the god and having various votive objects attached, shields (both front-shields, usually circular or polygonal, and back-shields or beds, ordinarily oblong), symbolic eyes, and votive bowls. Most of these objects indicate some prayer by the persons depositing them. The large collection made by the author furnishes abundant illustrations, which are minutely described and their

REVIEWS.

Symbolism of the Huichol Indians. By Carl Lumholtz. (Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History, vol. iii. Anthropology, ii.)

I have already had the pleasure of drawing attention in these pages to Dr. Boas' monograph on the Mythology of the Bella Coola Indians, and that of Mr. Teit on the Thompson Indians. The present work by Mr. Lumholtz deals with the beliefs of a very different people of the North American continent. It is equally the fruit of the munificence and the large comprehension of the value of the scientific study of savage peoples displayed by our cousins across the water. Naturally and properly their attention is chiefly devoted to the elucidation of human pre-history on the western continent. This is a field of the utmost importance, The unity of race amid a variety of conditions, and the development of an indigenous culture almost untouched by external influences, amid an environment of fauna and flora very different from those of the old world, may be expected to throw new and striking lights on the problems of the evolution of civilisation.

Mr. Carl Lumholtz is one of the latest recruits to the band of trained American anthropologists. His previous experience in Borneo and Australia has stood him in good stead. His quickness of observation, the minute accuracy which nothing escapes, and the insight born of sympathy with savage modes of thought, are worthy of the best traditions of American science.

The Huichol Indians were practically unknown to science until he went among them. They inhabit the southern part of the Sierra Madre del Norte in Central Mexico. Through this mountainous territory the River Chapalagana, a tributary of the Rio Grande de Santiago, runs in a deep ravine, whose sides broadening out rise to heights of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet. Here the Huichols have been able to defy civilisation. Missionaries indeed came to teach them, but they have been long since expelled. "To-day there is no priest among them, the churches are in ruins, and the Huichols are living in the same state of barbarism as when Cortes first put foot on Mexican soil." They are thus an ideal hunting-ground for the ethnologist. Mr. Lumholtz found

L'ANNÉE SOCIOLOGIQUE, publiée sous la direction de Émile Durkheim, Professeur de Sociologie à la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Bordeaux. Troisième Année (1898-1899). Paris: Félix Alcan. 1900.

THE "Mémoires Originaux" of the third volume of this valuable periodical are but little concerned directly with the study of folk-lore. The first article is by M. Frédéric Ratzel on the Soil in its relations with Society and the State. Insisting that these relations have been imperfectly taken into account by sociological students, he points out that the relation of society to the soil is always conditioned by a double necessity, that of habitation and that of food-supply; and he discusses very briefly how the evolution of the family and of the state is affected by the conditions of the soil. The essay is suggestive: it might have been lengthened with advantage.

Passing over M. Gaston Richard's article on Social Crises and the Conditions of Criminality as dealing with a subject, however interesting, with which we are not here concerned, we encounter the *pièce de résistance* in M. Steinmetz's article on the Classification of Social Types and a Catalogue of Peoples. The author contends that the great want of sociology (on the interpretation put upon this word see my notice of the previous volume, vol. xi., p. 96), which embraces ethnology and a good deal beside, is a proper classification of peoples and of cultures. The absence of a sound classification universally accepted leads to all sorts of blunders, and to the elaboration of theories which are flights of fancy and nothing more, but which by their brilliance and plausibility mislead the inquirer and delay the progress of science. From demonstrating the possibility and utility of such a classification, M. Steinmetz passes to the consideration of the various systems which have been proposed. These he subjects to a keen criticism, finally sketching the classification he himself proposes.

His system is partly psychological, partly economic. First of all, he classes human societies under four heads, according to the predominant character of their intellectual life. The first head is that of the *Urmenschen*, a purely hypothetical class, wanting religion, wanting the idea of soul, of spirit, of fetish, even wanting animism; but it must have preceded the second. The second head is that of Savages. Here animism is developed under the

form of spiritism, ancestor-worship, and fetishism. Savages have not yet felt the need of system in their conceptions; their intellectual force is too feeble for such an effort. The next head, therefore, comprises peoples who display the aptitude for systematising and unifying ideas. The great mythologies and hierarchies of superhuman beings are now produced; inventions, even of great importance, are made; magnificent philosophical poems are conceived; even a certain erudition is acquired. Egypt, China, and the Middle Ages of Europe, among others, belong to this class. The remaining head comprehends the scientific age beginning with the Renaissance and the sixteenth century. Free criticism, a methodical and scientific attitude towards the entire universe, is its essential characteristic.

This progressive series, however, does not fulfil all the requirements. It is necessary to have another division founded on the general character of the economic life. Here the first class is that of Collectors, again a hypothetical, or almost purely a hypothetical class, who collect the gifts of nature with no other instruments than the simplest tools hardly fashioned at all, and who forthwith consume whatever they collect. Next come the Hunters; third, the Fishers; fourth, the Agricultural Nomades, or Hunter-Agriculturists. The fifth and sixth classes are those of the Lower and Higher Agriculturists. The seventh class comprehends the Pastoral Nomades. The eighth is a class distinguished by complexity of conditions—division of labour, industrial progress, increased commerce; but the industries are carried on in small workshops by a few hands, and often in the household as accessory to agriculture. In this class are comprehended the European peoples during the greater part of the Middle Ages, the Chinese and others. The ninth class is the period of Manufacture, marked by greater concentration of labour and the rudimentary employment of natural forces. The tenth and last class is characterised by what M. Steinmetz terms Industry; division of labour pushed to its extreme limits, regular employment of natural forces, such as steam, electricity, and explosives, as the basis of all production, and the entire economic life founded on international commerce.

These classes, although beginning with the lowest and ending with the highest, are not necessarily like the last in an ascending series; and each of them is subdivided into various species. It will be seen that the scheme is sufficiently complex for all require-

ments. M. Steinmetz pleads for its adoption as a working hypothesis, insisting on the need of at least some system of classification of all known societies and their historical phases, if science is to make progress. Finally, he calls for a *catalogue raisonné* of peoples and of their historical phases, of the method of which he sketches an outline. It remains to be seen whether his system of classification will meet with the approval of scientific workers, and whether his call will be answered. In any case the essay is well worth reading, if only for the analysis and criticism of the systems hitherto proposed.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with excellent reviews of works interesting to students of folklore and other branches of anthropology.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

THE MAKING OF RELIGION. By ANDREW LANG, M.A., LL.D. 2nd Edition, 1900. Longmans and Co. 5s. net.

WE are glad for more reasons than one that our distinguished ex-President has so soon been called upon to prepare a second edition of the work which in *Folk-Lore* for 1898 and 1899 gave rise to a memorable polemic between himself and his successor, Mr. Hartland. In the first place, the fact indicates the growing interest of the public in the subject, which Mr. Lang treats with all the charm that his practised pen and ready wit bestow upon even the driest and most abstruse of problems. In the second place, it has given him the opportunity of adding a preface, which we think in some respects minimises the differences between himself and his critics, and removes the slight trend towards paradox that is the besetting sin of a brilliant writer.

The readers of *Folk-Lore* will recollect that the work falls under two divisions—the first eight chapters dealing with the origin of the belief in spirits, and the following nine chapters with the origin of the idea of a Supreme Being, when the notion of spirit has been attained. These two branches of the subject are sharply divided —so much so that Mr. Lang says that the students who are interested in and familiar with one of them neither know nor care anything about the other, and this he holds to be the natural result

of a too restricted specialism. In the first branch of the subject he compares the mystical phenomena of savage life with the modern instances examined by psychical research among the civilised, suggests (what we are more than ready to admit) that the evidence of the former is at least as good as that of the latter, and produces instances of clairvoyance, crystal vision, apparitions, possessions, and fetishism to prove it. In the second part, he traces the evolution of the idea of God up to a high point in very low races, analyses what is known of the beliefs of savage peoples in a Supreme Being, and solves the difficulties of the question by reverting to the old degeneration theory.

In the preface to the new edition, in dealing with the first part of the book, he urges upon such anthropologists as can observe savages in their homes the closer scientific study of those psychical conditions, as of hallucination and the hypnotic trance, in which the belief in spirits may probably have had some at least of its origins.

In dealing with the second part, he does not accredit the lower races with more than dim surmises as to a Supreme Being, and a belief in "a kind of germinal Supreme Being," and this he thinks need not at all have arisen in the notion of spirits. As soon as man had an idea of making things, he might form conjectures as to a Maker of things which he himself could not make, and gradually clothe that Maker with powers and attributes which would include the ideas of fatherhood and goodness and regard for the ethics of his children. The author sees nothing in this beyond the limited mental powers of any beings that deserve to be called human, and relies largely in support of his view upon the evidence of Mr. Howitt as to the beliefs in a Supreme Being entertained by some of the Australian tribes. This he admits, however, not to be confirmed by the recent researches of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen among the Arunta of Central Australia, and even suggests that these Arunta may have degenerated in religion and dropped the moral attributes the other Australian tribes are reputed to have conferred on their deities.

While the decline of belief in the supernatural is not necessarily a sign of degeneration, and while it is a commonplace as old as Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients* that early religious conceptions become modified in course of time into mythical beliefs, we must still hold that it has not yet been proven that any savage tribe

has lost any high ideal of religion or of morals that it had ever previously reached. The ethical teaching, such as it is, which Mr. Howitt reports to be given to the Blackfellows at their initiation, does not appear to be of great effect in the diffusion of sweetness and light among them. Perhaps, however, the same might be said of the ethical teaching current among the more civilised races.

CELTIC FOLKLORE, WELSH AND MANX. By JOHN RHYS, M.A., D.Litt. H. Frowde. 1901. 2 vols. Price 21s.

PROFESSOR RHYS is an ideal collector of folklore. To begin with, he was born and brought up in its midst. It is not given to every man to have been tended in childhood by a nurse who belonged to a family of hereditary hare-witches, so that the neighbours blamed his mother for putting her child into the charge of so untrustworthy a being; nor to have been instructed by his aunt in the history of the reaper whose soul left his body and wandered round the harvest-field in the shape of a little black man, while the body slumbered peacefully among the sheaves. Then his chosen field of work is his native country, where of course he not only speaks the language of the people, but speaks it as one of themselves: a point of tenfold importance among the Welsh, who are sometimes more reserved with a stranger who speaks their language than with one who does not. To these enormous initial advantages he adds the enthusiasm of the local patriot, the educated man's sense of the value of evidence; perseverance, sense of humour, genial *bonhomie*, and immense power of winning confidence. He elicits fairy stories from a peasant-woman casually met at a railway station, and spends a fortnight in trying to draw forth the legend of "the lord of Castellmarch who had horse's ears" from an aged blacksmith.

For more than twenty years past he appears to have been in the habit of revisiting his native country with the definite object of collecting folklore; he has corresponded with all who could help him in the work, and he has made at least one expedition to the Isle of Man for the same purpose. The matter so gathered fills the greater part of the two volumes before us.

We open them, and find ourselves transported to realms where fairies eat bread and cheese and buy and sell in markets; where church bells ring beneath the waves, and King Arthur and his knights sleep in the secret recesses of the mountains; where sacred fish are guarded in wells, where your next-door neighbour may be a fairy changeling, and where a man may die from the effect of having an oath forced upon him by a foe. And as we journey, our guide beguiles the way with racy humorous talk of all things relevant and irrelevant: of his own opportunities of collecting when a village schoolmaster in Anglesey, lost because he had grown up "without learning to observe anything except the Sabbath;" of the baleful influence of Mr. Robert Lowe on elementary education; of Welsh etymologies and the skulls of ritualistic clergy; of the unpleasantness of life when folklore was in full flower; and of the (apocryphal?) German philosopher who, ordering dinner at an English hotel, wound up by saying, "And hereafter I vill become a Velsh rabbit!" *Are* we through the looking-glass? or are we not? We do not greatly care; we yield ourselves up to hear the voice of the charmer.

But sooner or later the magic volumes must be closed, and the prosaic unromantic Sassenach rubs his eyes, shakes himself free from the glamour of Faëry, and in the clear cold light of the twentieth century begins to say disagreeable things.

Surely we have read this before! This chapter has appeared in *Folk-Lore*, that in *Y Cymmrodor*. Some were written so far back as 1881; the final chapter of all is an expansion of Professor Rhys's presidential address to the Mythological Section of the Folklore Congress. Now it is very well to collect and reprint old papers, but they ought to be reprinted *as such*. Professor Rhys does not of course imply that they are newly written, but no one would suspect from the title-page that his book is a collection of essays, "chips from a" Welsh "workshop," and not a single connected work. And the want of coherence necessarily resulting from such a method of composition cannot but detract from the usefulness of the book.

Professor Rhys begs us in his preface not to imagine that "there is no method in my madness;" and in fact, through the midst of digressions, recantations, speculations, and what we can only call "shots," we do dimly discern that he has a definite aim in view, namely, to see what light Welsh and Manx folklore throw

on the ethnology of the Welsh people. In this he would have been more successful if he had looked further afield, and by comparing Celtic and non-Celtic folklore had ascertained what features (if any) are peculiar to the former. But though he occasionally makes a good point, as when he discusses the popular calendar of the Isle of Man, the value of his inductions suffers from the fewness of the facts on which they are based. Even with regard to his favourite thesis, that the Welsh belief in fairies arises partly (for he considers that belief in water-spirits is another source of nearly equal importance) from traditional memories of an aboriginal or prehistoric race preceding the Celts, we feel that the existence of such a race may help to account for belief in the fairies, rather than that belief in the fairies is evidence of the existence of such a race; which last, if we mistake not, is what the writer would have us suppose. But Professor Rhys's naïve way of "thinking aloud" in print tends to obscure the thread of his arguments, though it gives an inimitable impress of individuality to his writings.

We will not attempt to follow him into the thorny paths of Welsh heroic legend. Some day, perhaps, he will tell a meeting of the Society definitely what he considers the Aryan and what the non-Aryan elements of Welsh tradition. Meanwhile we can but thank him for the amusing, provoking, fascinating book now before us.

GUINGAMOR, LANVAL, TYOLET, THE WERE-WOLF (BISCLAVERET). Four *lais* rendered into English prose from the French of Marie de France and others. By JESSIE L. WESTON. With designs by CAROLINE WATTS. (Arthurian Romances unrepresented in Malory, No. iii.). Nutt. 2s.

MISS Weston has again placed the public in her debt by a fresh series of adaptations of tales which, though not contained in Malory, may be held to have belonged to that stratum of mediæval romance from which the materials of the Arthurian cycle proper were drawn. In her former adaptations the author dealt with romances belonging to what may be called the period of conscious work, when the romance-writer moulded his story after a distinct literary conception of his own. In this present volume she "goes

behind the work of these masters of their craft to that great mass of floating tradition from which the Arthurian epic gradually shaped itself, and of which fragments remain to throw here and there an unexpected light on certain features of the story, and to tantalise us with hints of all that has been lost past recovery." The connection of these tales with the Arthurian legend is sometimes of the slightest. A few lines from Chretien de Troyes links the unnamed actors in the tale of Guingamor with Arthurian romance; a side hint from Malory serves to introduce the *Lai du Bisclaveret*, in which again no name is introduced. But the general principle on which Miss Weston works is a sound one. "At the time that the longer Arthurian romances took shape there were also current a number of short poems, both in Breton and in French, the latter in the precise metre adopted for the longer poems, connecting the Arthurian story with a great mass of floating popular folktale, which short poems were known to the writers of the longer and more elaborate romances. Are we seriously called upon to believe that they made absolutely no use of them? Such a solution of the Arthurian problem I can scarcely think likely in the long run to be accepted by students. The Arthurian legend has its roots in folk-tradition, and the abiding charm of its literary presentment is in reality due to the persistent vitality and pervasive quality of that folklore element." That the Arthurian story-tellers spread wide their nets is becoming more apparent by every fresh study of the subject; but what is of still greater interest is the discovery, hardly realised as yet, that the main elements of Celtic romance, wherever the tales of the disconnected cycles are capable of being compared together in their more primitive state, are found to be, to a large extent, the same. The number of parallels between Breton, Cymric, and Irish romance is constantly accumulating, and they are much more apparent in these early *lais* than in the more sophisticated romances of later date. Miss Weston has pointed out some of these; there are others overlooked not only by her, but also by Dr. Schofield, in his recent study of the Lays of Graelent and Lanval. In the story of Guingamor both these writers point out that the incident of the rape of the maiden's clothes by the knight while she is bathing is paralleled in the Norse tradition of the swan-maidens, who are forced to become the wives of the three brothers who discover them bathing in a lonely lake and get possession of their swan-garments. But

a still closer variant exists in the story of Nessa, mother of Conchobar, in Irish romance. "Once Nessa had gone upon a quest into a wilderness, and seeing a clear beautiful spring of water the maiden went off alone to bathe. While she was bathing Cathbad passed by and saw her. He bared his sword above her head and stood between the maiden and her dress and weapons. 'Spare me!' she cried. 'Grant then my three requests,' replied the Druid. 'They are granted,' she said. 'I stipulate that thou be loyal to me, and that I have thy friendship, and that for so long as I live thou wilt be my one only wife,' said he. 'It is better for me to consent than to be killed by thee, and my weapons gone,' said she."[1]

The Irish story is of interest, because it preserves the three conditions on which the garments will be returned, and the use made of them in securing the fay to wife. This, which seems to be an integral part of the original legend, and which is preserved in the kindred stories of Graelent, and the middle High German poem of Friedrich von Schwaben, who introduces it from the Eddic lay, is lost in Guingamor, in which the fay-maiden is represented as offering herself voluntarily to the knight. It is, we incline to believe, one of those incidents which have been introduced into Celtic legend from the Norse by way of Ireland. The long sojourn of the Norsemen in that country and the perpetual movement between Iceland and Ireland during that period will probably be found to have influenced Irish literature in much the same proportion as Irish literature influenced Icelandic romance. Many of the resemblances to Norse legend in the Tristan tale, and in other tales and lays of the Cymric and Breton romance, may, we believe, be thus accounted for rather than by direct transmission.

Among other Irish parallels not specifically mentioned by Miss Weston we may point out that the beautiful description of the attendent maidens in the stories of Launfal or Lanval, and Guingamor, who bring to their mistress a basin of gold finely wrought and a snow-white towel, and comb her hair as she stands half-dressed for the bath, recalls almost word for word the description of the fay in the "Wooing of Etain," while the charge of the fay to Guingamor that he shall neither eat nor drink on his return

[1] MS. Stowe, 992 Brit. Mus., and Ll., fol. 116A, 1.

to earth from fairyland, lest he be undone, reminds the reader of the return of Oisín (Ossian) from Tir na n-Óg. Many of the details of this story are reminiscent of Irish methods of description.

Of the four tales adapted by Miss Weston, two are from the undoubted *lais* of Marie de France and another, Guingamor, is attributed to her. It may be looked upon as a variant of Graelent and Lanval. This tale, and that of Tyolet, have been edited by M. Gaston Paris for Romania (viii.) from a manuscript of the thirteen century preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. (No. 1,104, of the *Nouvelles Acquisitions du Fonds Français.*)

We should prefer that Miss Weston had left untranslated the word Bretagne, which in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was used indiscriminately for Armorica and Britain. To translate it "Brittany" is to prejudice her readers in favour of her own clearly expressed opinion: "They are Breton *lais;* Arthur is a Breton king." The two of these *lais* which distinctly mention Arthur deny the latter assertion, the former is at least problematical. Out of the twenty-four *lais* in the above-mentioned collection which bears the title *Ci commencent les lais de Bretaigne*, only a portion are really Breton lays. The word was evidently loosely used for lays of a certain class which resembled Breton compositions, and it is at the present moment of the utmost importance that the mind of the reader should be perfectly unbiassed as to the Cymric or Gaelic or Armorican origin of these folk-tales. A wider study of comparative Celtic romance is requisite before any certainty can be arrived at on this point. The spelling of "were-wolf" is also open to objections. The middle English form, here the preferable one, seems to have been "wer-wolf," like the middle High German or Teutonic. In the only passage in which it is found in Anglo-Saxon, *i.e.* in the Laws of Cnut, where it applies to the devil, it is spelt "were-wulf," but we are not here dealing with Anglo-Saxon tales. Otherwise the judgment of the author is seldom at fault.

ELEANOR HULL.

Curiosités de la Vie Enfantine: Études de Folklore. Par Aug. Gittée. Paris et Verviers: Bibliothèque Gilon. 1899.

M. Gittée has printed, or reprinted, here a number of charming studies on folklore, of which the majority are devoted to the folklore of child-life. Together they form just such an introduction to the study of folklore as the ordinary reader is likely to appreciate. There is hardly any scientific work more useful just now than the popularisation of the study of folklore. The writer who with competent knowledge and discretion knows how to entice his fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen to the preservation and study of these priceless remains of the past is doing a service both to science and to patriotism. This is what M. Gittée has attempted, and he deserves to succeed. Whether he is explaining what folklore is, or pleading for a folklore museum, or discoursing on children's rhymes or children's games, he is equally interesting.

The subjects, however, which give a name to the little volume do not exhaust its contents. His chapters on Midsummer and Christmas observances are well worth reading. In the former he takes as his text a Walloon superstition that St. John does not go away without his fish, in other words, that Midsummer day never passes without some are being drowned; and he refers it to a tradition of pagan sacrifices to water-spirits. Among Christmas observances he fastens on the custom at Liège and elsewhere in Belgium of firing guns. This he contends is a relic of the termination of a midwinter feast given to the dead. When it was all over the spirits were driven away with shouts and noise.

One of M. Gittée's chapters discusses the researches of the Psychical Society with a gravity which would delight Mr. Andrew Lang. Without coming to any positive conclusion about them, he points out their importance in the consideration of many facts belonging to anthropology or to history, such as the ancient oracles and savage sorcery. Mr. Lang has himself pointed out their bearing on the miracles alleged on behalf of more than one religion.

An able article on M. Bédier's book on *Les Fabliaux* concludes the volume. M. Gittée fully accepts M. Bédier's reasoning, and recalls the fact that he had already in 1892 given expression to

the same opinions on the impossibility of determining the place of origin of most of our folktales. There can be no doubt that this is the view which must prevail; and M. Gittée is right in recognising how substantial a contribution towards the settlement of the controversy was made by M. Bédier.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

POPULAR STUDIES IN MYTHOLOGY, ROMANCE, AND FOLKLORE. Nos. 1 to 7. David Nutt. 6d. each.

1. Celtic and Mediæval Romance. By Alfred Nutt..
2. Folklore: What is it, and what is the Good of it? By E. S. Hartland.
3. Ossian and the Ossianic Literature. By Alfred Nutt.
4. King Arthur and his Knights. By Jessie L. Weston.
5. The Popular Poetry of the Finns. By Charles J. Billson.
6. The Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare. By Alfred Nutt.
7. Mythology and Folktales. By E. S. Hartland.

THESE little books should be very welcome to all who wish to begin the study of folklore. The ordinary reader, with vague ideas of the Arthurian legends or Scandinavian sagas, roused into further interest in the subject perhaps by Mr. Andrew Lang or Professor Max Müller, finds the difficulty of starting on a systematic course of study by himself almost insurmountable. The field open to him is alarmingly vast, the materials for work are most inaccessible, the information he can get hold of either vague or forbiddingly erudite. To such an one these booklets bring exactly what he needs, a chart across these untravelled seas, a map of the unknown champain. Out of the mass that comes under the name of folklore, they mark off regions, as it were, within the limits of which study and investigation seem possible even to the beginner, and give, in a simple but by no means superficial manner, such summaries of special branches of the subject as will guide the student in the choice of a line of study and show him where to seek his materials and what to look for as he goes along. The books are not of a dry text-book quality; they are pleasant reading and rouse the desire to read more. It

is no reflection on the others of the series if we say that Mr. Nutt's contributions to it are specially interesting. He has fascinating subjects in the Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare and the literature of Ossian, and he treats them as one who brings out of his treasure things new and old. The bibliographical appendices to each booklet are also most valuable as an aid to further study. The importance of a knowledge of folklore to us as Englishmen and Christians is well set forth in Mr. Hartland's lecture, contained in No. 2 of the "Popular Studies"; it is a subject to which all intelligent workers can contribute something and in which no contribution is valueless. We live among unnoticed survivals of ancient beliefs and customs, and the observation and record of these are always of worth for the science of ethnology. It is only here and there that a man of genius will arise who will know how to reveal to others the laws which underlie the strange workings of the human mind from earliest times, but the truth of his conclusions will depend to a great extent on the fulness and accuracy of the records which smaller men have collected for him beforehand, and in this collection every honest student of folklore can take a part. Such books as those before us will be of immense use if they encourage a host of workers to come into this hitherto unreaped field.

[As this series appeals rather to the general public than to members of the Society, it seemed well to depart from our usual custom and to test its suitability for its purpose by entrusting the earlier numbers to a non-member for reviewal. The above is the result of the test.—Ed.]

Man. A Monthly Record of Anthropological Science. To be published under the direction of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. Nos. 1 and 2.

A periodical such as this would certainly supply a need in this country, but it will have to be better done than these two numbers. With all goodwill to the intention, we are bound to say that they are thin. It is very doubtful whether the venture can be a success if only sixteen pages are given to a number. A single article in

foreign review of this type often fills more than sixteen pages, and here we have quite a number of different subjects attempted, not to speak of reviews. The best article is one by Mr. N. W. Thomas, on a *Pictorial Representation of the Wheel of Life from Japan*, with coloured plate. The number is worth having for this alone. Every student of Buddhism has heard of the Wheel of Life, but it was unknown until quite lately what was meant by it. Mr. Thomas gives a translation of the inscriptions and descriptions which accompany it, which in matter is full enough, if in style it is a trifle rough; but considering the rarity of these things, and their interest, we should wish for descriptions of the others, or at least references to find them by.

Messrs. Evans and Hogarth give a tantalising sketch of the Cretan discoveries, hinting at greater finds in store and appealing for money. We note that they speak of the Cnossos palace as a "sanctuary of the Cretan god of the double axe," and of the royal "throne-room." We cannot let this pass without asking for evidence (1) that the double axe, which is scratched on some of the concrete blocks in the palace was meant for a divine symbol, (2) that the room with the throne was the throne-room. It should not be forgotten that other symbols besides the axe are scratched about the palace, that there is no axe in the similar palace at Phaistos, but other symbols only, that there is nothing to show whether the marks were meant to be seen at all. They were probably all covered with stucco. As to the "throne-room," was it usual in Crete for the king to hold audience in his bath? The "royal bath" is in the same room, and we might fairly call this throne a drying-seat. The other pages of this number are notes or reviews. A quarter of the second number is filled with an obituary notice of Max Müller, and one page is devoted to an interesting tomb-find from China, one to Californian basket-work, and one to Stonehenge.

The fact is that *Man* consists of the miscellaneous minor notes contributed to the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, and here published separately for general circulation in the hope of promoting popular interest in anthropology. Such an attempt has, of course, our warmest sympathy, but we fear that the "scrappy" effect inevitably produced by the wide field to be covered in the very limited space at command will render success very difficult of attainment.

ACHTZIG MÄRCHEN DER LJUTZINER ESTEN. Gesammelt von OSKAR KALLAS. (Kaheksakümmend Lutsi Maarahva Muinasjuttu Kogunud Oskar Kallas). (Verhandlungen der Gelehrten Estnischen Gesellschaft, 20ster Band, 2tes Heft, pp. 83-405.) Dorpat: Jurjew. 1900.

THE present collection of tales was formed among a community of Catholic Esthonians who live, interspered with Letts, in the neighbourhood of the town of Liutzin, in the Government of Vitebsk, a little to the south-east of the frontiers of Livonia. An extremely interesting account of these people is given in the preface, commencing with a short *resumé* of what has been previously published respecting them. As they have been cut off from their compatriots for the last two centuries, it is not surprising that the original language is rapidly disappearing, and that in many places Lettish and Russian have taken its place. But where it still exists, not only does the language still retain its original purity, but some of the tales are almost identical with those which have been collected in Esthonia proper. Occasionally a word has acquired a special meaning. Thus we read (p. 99): "The word 'saks' is known, but no longer indicates German nationality, but, as in the Baltic Provinces, the better classes. 'Saks' also means the Devil, the Horned One." From the traditions of the people, who assert that they came from "Sweden," Professor Kallas comes to the conclusion that they emigrated from Livonia about the middle or end of the seventeenth century, and that they were probably Lutherans at that time, though they are now Catholics. Though a Catholic catechism, of which the title page is given, was published in Esthonian and German in 1771, this was for the use of the few Catholics in Esthonia itself, and nothing of the kind was found among the Esthonian Catholics of Liutzin. A few pages are devoted to the author's account of how he gained the confidence of the people; but we will now pass on to the stories. The Esthonian text of these is given in full, but twelve only are translated in full into German, only German abstracts being given of the others.

Many of the stories are familiar; thus the very first gives us a version of the hero who discomfits an impostor by showing the three tongues of the monster he has killed. Other stories belong to the Twin Brothers type; the Gold Child type; the Fortunate

Younger Son; the Devil outwitted; the Journey to Hell; the Singing Bone type, &c. There are also a few animal tales. Some of the stories, however, are more decidedly of a Finnish-Ugrian character, such as those which relate to various artifices by which God outwits the Devil, and those in which many-headed demons are introduced. Both these features are common in Tartar folk-tales.

W. F. KIRBY

SONGS OF MODERN GREECE: WITH INTRODUCTIONS, TRANSLATIONS, AND NOTES. By G. F. ABBOTT, B.A. Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.

MODERN Greece is full of interest for the student of folklore; and in spite of the labours of Schmidt and others it is an almost unworked field. A great deal may be learnt from the popular poetry. The contents of this volume have not been chosen for their bearing on folklore, yet they contain a good deal. Unfortunately, as Mr. Abbott has not indicated his sources, it is not safe to conclude that a given piece is genuine popular poetry. In fact, several of the pieces are taken from the works of Valaorites and Solomos, who were indeed inspired by the popular muse, but wrote as self-conscious artists. We can, however, praise Mr. Abbott's introductions and notes with a clear conscience. They are very interesting, and throw light on the customs of marriage and of burial, the feast and the dance. We watch the warrior in his Homeric struggles, and listen to the wandering rhapsode, who accompanies his recitations on the lyre. There is a certain amount that is new in the volume, and new or not it is all fresh, for Mr. Abbott has seen, and therefore he has spoken. We do not propose to discuss the poems from a literary standpoint; suffice it to say, many of them are graceful and stirring, whilst all have the elements of true poetry, and the translation is correct and pleasing. The book is worth getting.

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// Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XII.] JUNE, 1901. [No. II.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1901.

THE PRESIDENT (Mr. E. W. Brabrook, C.B.) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the December Meeting were read and confirmed.

The President read an Address to His Majesty King Edward VII. on the demise of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, prepared by him at the request of the Council. It was unanimously resolved that the same be adopted by the Society and presented in the usual way.

The election of the following new members was announced, viz.: Mrs A. Newton, Mr. C. H. Chase, Mr. A. Baldwin, Mr. H. A. Rose, Miss E. W. Allen, Mr. G. H. Hampton, Miss E. M. Cobham, Miss Thompson, Mr. D. F. de l'H. Ranking, and Miss C. R. Coleridge.

The resignation of Mr. J. L. André, Mrs. Morris, Mr. F. L. Gardner, Miss C. Burdon, and the École des Hautes Études (Sofia) were also announced.

Mrs. Gomme exhibited and presented to the Society a Kirn Maiden or Dolly, copied by Miss Swan from those made at Duns, in Berwickshire, fifty years ago, and Mr. Gomme read a letter from Miss Swan describing it [p 215].

Votes of thanks were accorded to Mrs. Gomme and Miss Swan.

Mr. N. W. Thomas read some notes on Animal Superstitions in Asia Minor [p. 189], upon which Mr. Kirby, Mr. Ordish, and Mr. im Thurn offered some observations.

Mr. E. F. im Thurn read a paper on the "Games of the Red-men of Guiana" [p. 132], illustrated by lantern slides, and in the discussion which followed Mr. Gomme and the President took part.

The Meeting terminated with votes of thanks to Mr. N. W. Thomas and Mr. im Thurn for their papers.

The following books and pamphlets, presented to the Society since the November Meeting, were laid upon the table.

1. The *Annual Report* (1900) *on British New Guinea*, presented by the Government of Queensland. 2 *Procès-verbaux Sommaires du Congrès Internationale des Traditions Populaires* (1900), presented by M. Paul Sébillot. 3. *Transactions of the Japan Society*, vol. v., presented by the Society; 4. *Leggende Tifernate* and (5). *Amuleti Italiani Antichi e Contemporanei*, by Giuseppe Bellucci, both presented by the Author. 6. *On Norman Tympana, with especial reference to those in Derbyshire*, by Dr. T. N. Brushfield, presented by the Author. 7. *Transactions of the Glasgow Archæological Society*, N.S., vol iv., Part 1, presented by the Society. 8. *Folklore of the Australian Aborigines*, by R. H. Matthews, presented by the Author. 9. *De Græcorum Diis non referentibus Speciem humanam*, by M. W. de Visser, presented by the Author. 10. *The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*, vol. xxiii., No. 1, presented by the Smithsonian Institution. 11. *An Etymological Dictionary of the Assamese Language* (Hem Kosha), by the late Srijut Hem Chandra Barua of Chandra of Gauhati, edited by Captain P. R. Gurdon and Srijut Hem Chandra Gosain, presented by the Assam Government.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20th, 1901.

Joint Meeting of the Folk-Lore Society and the Anthropological Institute.

Chair was taken by Mr. E. W. BRABROOK, President of the Society.

THE minutes of the previous Meeting of the Society were read and confirmed.

Dr. A. C. Haddon exhibited a Wren-bush from co. Wicklow, and lantern slides of a Wren-bush being carried round, and of a wren-box from the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Farnham. He also exhibited two specimens of Yule Doos (Christmas cakes) from Newcastle-on-Tyne. A vote of thanks was accorded to him for these exhibits.

Mr. Brabrook then vacated the chair, which was at his request taken by the President of the Anthropological Institute, Dr. A. C. Haddon.

Dr. W. H. R. Rivers then read a note on "Primitive Orientation" [p. 210], illustrated by a lantern slide. A short discussion followed, in which Mr. Brabrook, Miss Grove, Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Gaster took part. A vote of thanks to Dr. Rivers for his communication having been passed.

Mr. Wilfred Godden read a paper by Miss Gertrude M. Godden, entitled, "The Legend of the Sand-Rope and other Futile Tasks, B.C. 400—A.D. 1900," which was illustrated by lantern slides.

Miss Godden exhibited the following objects illustrative of her paper:—1. A specimen of Fulgurite from Poland, lent by Mr. F. W. Rudler. 2. Photographs of Greek vases and other classical monuments, showing futile tasks. 3. A drawing of an unpublished Greek vase recently acquired by the British Museum, showing Greek futile tasks. 4. Sketches of scenes of futile-task-stories in Cornwall, by Mr. W. Godden. 5. Photographs of scenes of futile-task-stories in Denmark, Scotland, and England.

In the discussion which followed, Mr. Kirby, Dr. Gaster, Mr. P. Redmond, Mr. N. W. Thomas, Mr. Brabrook, and the Chairman took part.

The Meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to Miss Godden for her paper and to Mr. Wilfred Godden for reading it.

GAMES OF THE RED-MEN OF GUIANA.[1]

BY EVERARD F. IM THURN, C.B., C.M.G.

(Read at Meeting of 20th February, 1901).

A SOCIETY such as this has use for two different classes of workers—for some who observe and record facts, and for others who from these recorded facts make theories. It is in the former and humbler capacity that I come before you to-night. I propose by word of mouth and by picture to set before you facts as to the games of the Red-men of Guiana, noted during a twenty years' life among them; and I leave to others the task of evolving, by the comparative method, theories as to these games—a task which can probably not be performed till much fuller records from all the world over shall have been accumulated.

My players of games are the Red-men, the so-called "Indians" of the country immediately south of the Orinoco River, who are still in much the same condition as when the sea coast and the river banks of these parts were first explored by rival Dutch and Spanish adventurers of the sixteenth century.

At that time the vast mangrove swamps at the mouths of the rivers, places where there is no dry ground, and consequently no possibility of cultivation, were occupied by the Warau Indians, who are almost certainly the remnants of the earliest inhabitants of that land of whom we have any knowledge. In the more habitable places afforded by the sand reefs which lie just inland from these swamps were the Arawaks, who had been driven southward on to this part of the mainland from the West Indian Islands in front of the fiercer Caribs, who were at the moment slowly making their way south. Various bodies of the Carib race had reached the mainland long before, and each of these under a new tribal name

[1] Considerable parts of this paper were printed in 1890 in *Timehri*, a Guiana journal.

had made its way inland and had established itself in a separate part of Guiana. Thus of these early Carib immigrants, the Akawois and the Partamonas had penetrated through the Warau swamps and the Arawak sand reefs, and had divided between them the forest country between the sand reefs and the open plains (locally called savannahs) of the far interior; and the Wapianas, the Macusis, and the Arekunas had passed up the great Orinoco river till they reached the savannahs on the right bank and had then struck across inland and had taken up distinct areas on the savannah reaching toward the Amazon. But the True Caribs—the main body, that is to say, which we now know by that name —were, when the Dutch and Spaniards came, only just reaching those parts. They were raiding in widely-scattered warlike bands among the tribes already settled, and were in the act of winning for themselves a home and country.

At that moment first came into those parts white men, Dutch and Spanish adventurers; and, as the development of a photographic negative is arrested by the fixing salt, so the spread of the Red-man over this part of Guiana was arrested by the incoming of the white man. The tribes which had already divided up the land between them remained in their places, and the wandering bands of the Caribs stood still each on the spot where it happened to be. And so, with but slight tribal movements, the distribution has remained to this day.

As a matter of fact the Spaniards never established themselves in the parts with which I am dealing, nor even penetrated into these to any considerable extent; and the Dutchmen, who established themselves in the homes of the Arawaks, made friends with that people—for which reason the Arawaks are more changed than any other tribe—but deliberately adopted the wise policy of befriending the other Red men with as little interference as possible—for which reason these other Red men remain to this day almost unaltered in habits and ways of thought. It is only

just now, when the attraction of gold and diamonds is at last spreading white men throughout Guiana, that the whole nature of the Red-man's system of life is inevitably to be effaced.

All these details are not really apart from my subject; for my fragmentary record of the games of these people will only gain full value if hereafter, when other similar records have been accumulated, the diffusion of ideas as illustrated in games can be detected as a correlative of the diffusion of the tribes themselves.

Yet another point must I deal with in this long preface. The attempt to define at all fully the connotation of the word "games" would be hazardous; but I take the risk. A game, it appears to me, is the pleasurable exercise of any of the bodily or mental faculties without any other purpose on the part of the player than either (1) developing the faculty exercised or (2) developing in the player a fervid state of mind—in this case generally for quasi-religious purposes. I do not now intend to examine or prove the truth of this definition. I only wish to point out that it includes not only all that we civilised folk class in common thought as games, but also—and this is more easily illustrated in less complex states of civilisation than ours—all simple games of imitation, whether, as in the case of many children's games, of the doings of their elders, or, as in many games both of children and adults, of the doings of animals, games of endurance, and such as evoke many other qualities, and (to come to much more complex forms of games) dances in all their many forms, uncivilised and civilised, religious and non-religious.

The simplest and earliest form of game, whether we regard the life of the individual or of the race, is the imitation by children of their elders. Without going to primitive folk, we can see such games as playing at soldiers, at marrying, burying, preaching, coaching. In a church paper a few years ago there was a serious complaint that

parents allowed their children to play at Jack-the-Ripper. In our state such games are of course survivals with the utility almost gone out of them. But among the Guiana folk such games are the education of the children. The boys' earliest and only toys are little bows and arrows, blow-pipes, and the few other things which the adult Red-man uses; his ordinary games are the use of these; and he never ceases from the practice of these games till, his implements of sport having grown with his own body, he finds that he has imperceptibly become a man, with a man's habits and utensils. The girl, on the other hand, has as her toys some clay, with which she makes little vessels of the few conventional shapes, little baskets in which she at first pretends to carry loads, and a few sticks which she makes into a frame on which she puts together a hammock; and she too grows up with such things and finds herself a woman.

It is curious, and I think characteristic, that one of the simplest of games, which has developed again and again among many different peoples and has taken on an infinity of elaborate forms—I mean ball-play—is almost unrepresented among these utilitarian Red-men. I never saw any ball-game except among the Arekunas of Roraima. There the men, not the boys, sometimes stand in a great circle beating a small ball of native rubber from one player to the other, each with his hand beating it down on to the ground in such a way as to make it rebound towards some particular player, whose duty it is to beat it to another player. The rarity of ball-play in Guiana, and the fact that it appears to be practised only by adults, looks rather as though it had not been spontaneously developed, but adopted from some other people.

But in addition to the games which are followed from babyhood to adolescence, and which are merely imitations of the adult's few serious arts of life, there are in Guiana games freely joined in by the boys and lads which are dramatic representations of the more complex doings of their

elders, or of the habits of animals. These also probably have their recognised educational value, taking the place of the story-books and natural history books of our state.

One of the most elaborate of the story-book games is played by the Macusi lads of the savannahs on the western slopes of the Pacaraima Mountains. It must be explained that a visit from those parts to town is, or was till within the last few years, a very rare event, falling to the lot of but very few, and making a correspondingly deep impression. When such journeys do occur, a principal feature in them is the purchase and bringing home of a number of small articles to which the travellers take a fancy. So this important event has given rise to a game.

The players, seated on the ground one behind the other, and each clasping the player in front of him, form a long line, which by the motion of feet and thighs drags itself slowly forward, swaying from side to side, and imitating the forward rolling motion of a long and well-manned canoe. (Plate III.) Two other players—who have not been to town —pass along the line, and as they come to each squatting figure seize a foot and make the owner name for each toe some object that he is supposed to be taking home—a razor it may be for the big toe, a gun for the next, cloth for the next, hair-oil for the next, and a "chimney-pot" hat for the little toe. The greater the imagination shown in the choice of goods, the louder are the shouts of laughter from the spectators.

Each player having accounted for his treasures, the incidents of the return voyage are acted. First, rain overtakes the travellers, that is, the two detached players seize a long pole by the two ends, and applying this to one side of the line of squatting travellers, forced them on to their sides and to the ground, as heavy rain stops the progress of paddlers. Next, the travellers turn over on to their backs, but still in line. Then the two home-stayers hold the pole longitudinally over first one and then another of

PLATE III.

MACUSI GAMES.

To face p. 136.

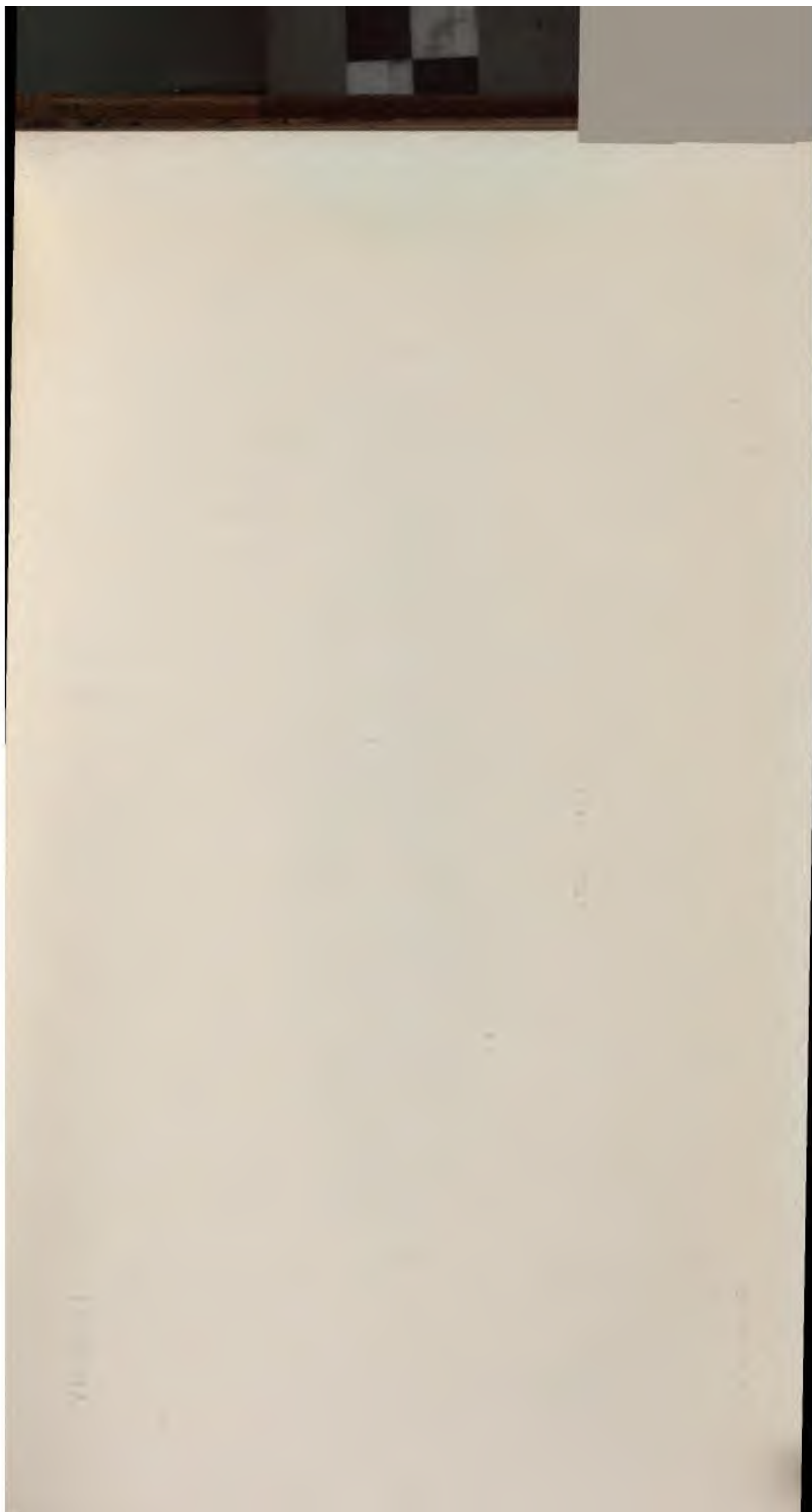

PLATE IV.

MACUSI GAMES.

To face p. 137.

the prostrate travellers, each of whom in turn seizes the pole with his fingers and toes, and is carried across the playground and placed, still flat on his back, in another place. This is portaging the boats and goods overland, to avoid the worst falls on the homeward journey. Next the two home-stayers, one after the other, run quickly along the line, finding room for their feet in among the legs of the line of prostrate travellers, who, it must be remembered, are placed as closely as possible the one beside the other, and who endeavour, by the movements of their legs, to upset the runners. The boat is being guided through the intricate groups of rocks which in the dry season block the stream. Then the home-stayers, taking each traveller in turn by the head, raise the perfectly stiffened body on to its feet. It is the fallen timber being moved from the creek up which the canoe now has to pass. This done, each player in the line falls forward on to his hands and feet, his thighs the highest part of him. Thus the closely pressed bodies of the players form a long tunnel through which each player in turn has to creep from the end of the line to take his place at the other end, as a canoe along a tree-arched creek. (Plate IV.)

The following are some of the ways in which the Macusi lads play animal. In the *kaikoosi*, or jaguar game, all but three of the players form one long procession, each player with his hands on the shoulders of the one immediately in front of him, and then the whole procession winds here and there, with rhythmic sway of bodies from side to side, and with rhythmic monotonous chanting of the words "*Kaikoosi brahma celeribè.*" ("There is no jaguar here to-day.") Then from the onlookers comes one of the three players omitted from the procession. Moving on his two hands and one leg, the other leg held high in the air to represent a tail, he is the jaguar whose task it is to catch the hindermost member of the procession before its leader, encumbered by his followers, can turn and face the dangerous beast,

and then to carry him off and place him among the spectators. (Plate V.) The next has then to be caught, and so on until all the members of the procession have been removed to the aguar's lair among the spectators. The two other players, not involved in the procession are two small boys who, on "all-threes," imitate the jaguar cubs, running here and there after the full-grown kaikoosi, doing nothing else, but adding considerably to the picturesqueness of the scene.

In the monkey game, all form in single file and move in procession, but very quickly, and with ever quicker and quicker movement, until a considerable pace is attained; they wind round and round the open space and across and across it till, at a sudden signal from the leader, the line is instantly broken; each bigger lad has one or two smaller players on his shoulders (Plate VI), all chattering and squealing and gesticulating, and running hither and thither. It is a troop of monkeys suddenly alarmed and angered.

Another game is of an *acoorie* (*Dasyprocta aguti*) in a pen and the attempts of a jaguar to get at it. The players form a ring, their faces inwards, their arms round each other's necks. Inside the circle one player crouches as an acoorie inside a pen. Outside the pen another player watches; it is the jaguar looking with hungry eye on the acoorie. (Plate VII.) He tries to get the acoorie out between the bars of its pen—that is, between the legs of the circle of players. But the living pen whirls round and round, and it is long before the jaguar succeeds in grasping the acoorie and dragging it out.

A flock of *vicissi* duck resting on the ground in a close-packed, irregular-shaped group is well imitated in another game. The leading duck, at some supposed sign of danger, starts the whole flock, which now darts backward and forward in straight duck-like flights in among the houses, imitating the curious characteristic whistling of the vicissi.

Again, a procession forms and moves, while a single

PLATE V.

MACUSI GAMES.

To face p. 138.

MACUSI GAMES.

To face p. 138.

player hovers in front of the leader of the file until, with the cry of a hawk, he strikes down one side of the file to seize the hindmost of its members, each one of whom, startled by the sudden cry, crouches as a chick behind a hen, and only the hindmost man runs up the line, on the opposite side to the hawk. If the latter is quick enough to effect this uncaught, he is safe for that time; otherwise he is carried off and placed among the onlookers, and this is continued until the whole brood of chickens has been captured by the hawk. Or, all but one of the players squat on the ground, each behind and clasping his neighbour's neck with his arms, and all forming a long line. The one man left out, representing an ant-eater, creeps up to the foremost man and, after scratching on the ground with his hands, seizes the foremost player by his feet, throws him over his shoulders, and so conveys him, head downward, across the playing ground, and places him among the spectators. This is no easy task when the prey is a well-grown boy, and if the boys are small, two are carried at once. It is an ant-eater supplying himself with ants.

Again, one boy squats in Indian fashion while the others dance round him in wild disorder and confusion, buzzing like a swarm of wasps, occasionally darting forward and rumpling the hair and otherwise worrying the sitter. The latter bears this patiently until he sees his chance, when, with the eagerness of a monkey who sees his opportunity of catching a troublesome wasp, he seizes and disposes in turn of one after another of his tormentors.

Though the games as yet described are played generally by boys, the young men join most heartily in every one of them. And among the Arawaks grown men and women, as well as children, play somewhat similar and equally simple games of imitation. The trumpet-bird or *warracaba* game is simplicity itself, and yet no one who knows the habits of the trumpet-bird (*Psophia crepitans*) could fail to recognise what is being imitated. The players in single

file, each with his or her hands on the shoulders of the player next in front, march and hop about the settlement, entering and prying everywhere, emerging from the most unexpected directions, always imitating the curious booming note of the warracaba.

I have seen adult Arawaks play a most realistic monkey game distinguished by unusually rough fun. The players in line simply rushed, sometimes over the roofs of the houses, tearing off bits of thatch and pretending to chew these, up and along the rafters of the house, throwing down the many small properties there stored, into the kitchen, upsetting the pot, devouring or destroying all food that came in the way, driving out the women who were baking bread, scattering the fire; and all the while chattering and grinning as vehemently as any troop of real monkeys. The women scuttled at the very sight of the coming troop. The old man of the settlement and his wife, in real anxiety for their goods, tried to protect what they could, tearing it even out of the monkeys' hands, or throwing food to the monkeys to distract their attention from more valuable properties. At last the old man, with the help of one or two bystanders, secured the more violent of the players, and, despite some too genuine scratchings and bitings, managed to fasten them by ropes round their loins, monkey-wise, to the posts of houses. At last five had been so caught and tied in one house; and then, if there had been uproar before, there was pandemonium now. The captives screamed and shrieked and yelled; they rolled as far as their cords would allow, and tore with their teeth everything that came in their way: food, clothes, hammocks, pans, and calabashes. With difficulty I saved a young chicken which one monkey had seized and was about to eat alive; and my camera, which unfortunately was standing by, had to be most closely guarded. One monkey took into his mouth and spat out, mouthfuls of salt and of red peppers (*Capsicums*). At last, everything within reach having been either destroyed

or removed, the captives took to fighting each other, in one heaving heap of humanity. And the whole mighty uproar only ceased when all were literally too tired to do more. Then rest and refreshment, in the shape of *paiwarie*, (the native fermented drink) followed, and the usual good humour reigned everywhere.

The games which I have hitherto spoken are of the simplest possible description, and may probably be found *mutatis mutandis* among a great many other races. But I have now to speak of a few of a highly specialised kind, and which have almost certainly been slowly developed each in the tribe to which it seems peculiar. These too seem to have lost much of the educational character of the earlier kind, and yet almost certainly wrap up a good deal of the history of the tribes that play them.

The whipping game, called *macquari*, of the Arawaks is a curious performance, the essential feature of which, the mutual whipping, is, I suppose, unique. If the purpose of the game is the cultivation of a habit of endurance, analogies may be drawn between this game and all of the many habits of self-torture practised, and most stoically endured, by almost all people below a certain stage of civilisation. But I am not aware that elsewhere than among the Arawaks this habit has taken the particular form of extremely severe mutual whipping carried on simultaneously with extreme jollification.

Brett and Schomburgk write of it as a funeral rite, practised in commemoration of some important dead Arawak; but I have never been able to confirm this statement.[1] It is true that the game is very rarely practised now, and but few Arawaks retain the correct form and ritual of the ceremony, and that in Schomburgk's and Brett's time the game must have been much more frequently practised. Their

[1] The late Rev. C. D. Dance, in his valuable if somewhat ill-arranged *Chapters from a Guianese Log-book*, attributes a funeral purpose to the macquari game, though without giving any important evidence of the fact.

chance of obtaining information was therefore better than any that can now be had. But if the game really was a funeral rite, it seems to me strange that within one generation all knowledge of this has died out from the minds of the Arawaks. Futhermore, there is a circumstance connected with the game which may easily have misled the earlier writers. A grave *is* prepared before the game begins, and in this grave, at the conclusion of the game, a burial *does* take place, attended by all the players. But the thing buried is not a corpse, but is the apparatus of the game, the whips and whistles which have been used, and which are then ceremoniously buried, to be dug up and used—all that is left of them—with the addition of whatever new material may be requisite, when the game is again to be played.

The macquari game is carried on with much drinking of paiwarie, and has at least in these latter days developed into a regular paiwarie orgy. Probably it was always so. The headman of the place where the macquari is to be held sends out his invitations long before the day appointed, each guest being given a knotted string or a notched stick, the knots or the notches on which represent the number of days before the game.[1] The time appointed is, as indeed in all their games and dances, when the moon will be full; for the proceedings are carried on steadily through day and night.

As regards the instruments to be used, I think, but am not quite sure, that the hosts always make and supply these. Possibly, however, the guests make and bring their own share.

The essential parts of the whip are the handle, which is a stout stick, some twenty inches long and perhaps an inch

[1] Early one December, stopping for the night at an Indian settlement at no great distance from a mission, the headman of the place insisted upon my preparing for him a cord knotted with a number of knots to correspond with the days before Christmas; and when, sympathising with the devotional intentions which I mentally attributed to him, I asked him why he was so anxious for Christmas, he replied that "he wanted to have a good drink."

and a half in diameter, and the lash, from two to two and a half feet long, which is made of a bundle of parallel strands of the remarkably tough fibres of the silk-grass, round which is very tightly and closely bound more silk-grass; the whole is then heavily beeswaxed, and forms as severe a cutting implement as any single lash could. But over these essential parts of the whip is put a thin covering, by way of ornament, of the far weaker uncleaned fibre (*tibisiri*) of the *æta palm* (*Mauritia flexuosa*); and the ends of this are allowed to hang loose at each end of the handle, so as to make a sort of ornamental tassel which is stained red. A touch or two of other colour is added by tying on a few bright feathers.

In the above description the essential parts of the whip have been carefully distinguished from the ornamental. It will easily be understood, remembering the nature of the materials used for these two parts, that the former, the handle and the lash, are of a very tough and enduring nature, while the mere ornamental parts are of very perishable nature. When, therefore, after the game is for the time over, the whips—or some of them, for I think only a few are ever so treated—are buried, the ornamental parts quickly decay, while the handle and lash endure. It is these latter which are dug up on the occasion of the next playing of the game, and are then, under the name of "macquari grandfathers" (*Macquareetchi*), placed (I am not sure that they are actually used on this second occasion) among the whips to be then used.

It is as though the vitality of the sport were preserved from occasion to occasion; as if the macquari of one generation, reduced we might almost say to skin and bone, looked on as a grandfather might at the play of the macquaries of the next generation—surely a curious and characteristic idea, and one which may obviously have given rise to the idea that the game has the nature of a funeral rite.

Two wooden whistles are made, about three inches long, roughly carved and painted to resemble plovers—whistling

birds be it remembered. These are, I think, used by the two chief male players. More of these instruments may sometimes be made and used, but I know of no case.

Whips and whistles are essential implements to the macquari game. Whether the other instruments which I have now to describe are also essential, or whether they really belong to some other game, perhaps more than one, which has in some way nowadays got mixed up with the macquari, I know not, but I have seen the following all used.

The *honore*—named from the Arawak name for the heron (*Ardea cocoi*)—is also a rough, very rough, wooden representation of a bird. It is used always by the women, and sometimes by the men in place of the macquari whip, the blow given with it being of course merely formal and not severe. [1]

A large bundle of *æta* fibre is tied up to imitate the shape, in natural size, of a sloth. The two front limbs of this creature are tied together at the toes, in such a way that when the loop thus made is slipped over the neck of one of the players it hangs down his back like a sloth hanging by its front legs round his neck. This seems to be a sort of badge of disgrace hung on any player who is in some way a defaulter in the game.

Rattles, or *shak-shaks*, made of small round gourds, enclosing some pebbles, are mounted at the end of very long sticks (eight or nine feet), and are adorned with tassels of *æta* fibre. One of these is provided for each female player.

For most of the other games observed, special clothing, scanty but appropriate, is provided, For the macquari I

[1] Mr. Dance, in his *Guianese Log-book*, already quoted, page 273, alludes to the "Honora, the crane or heron dance," as distinct from the macquar. He may be right; and, in that case, it must be understood that the honore element which I saw in the macquari was only accidentally mixed up with the true ritual of the latter game.

have noticed only one such preparation, which is that the women cover their heads with small pieces of white natural cotton fibre. But as the Arawaks are by far the most civilised of the tribes, and have, with very few exceptions, almost invariably adopted shirt, trousers, and, in the case of the women, ordinary dresses, we may suppose that the tradition of the appropriate dress for the macquari has been lost.

When, in addition to the things already mentioned, a sufficient quantity of paiwarie has been prepared, all is ready for the game, which will last for a day and night or more, according as the paiwarie lasts out.

The guests arrive the afternoon before the first day of the regular dance. As they arrive they are met at the waterside by the hosts, provided with whips. The guests stand to be whipped, and, in turn, the whips being handed over to them for that purpose, whip their hosts. So, whipping and being whipped in turn all the way, the procession moves up to the houses.[1]

Before daylight the next morning the women are astir, and hand to each player a small calabash of paiwarie which has been especially prepared twenty-one days beforehand. Now paiwarie is undrinkable the first two days after it is made, is in perfection on the third, and rapidly deteriorates afterwards. As a rule, no one would think of drinking paiwarie more than four days old. But on this occasion each player takes a dose of thoroughly spoiled paiwarie, and it is perhaps hardly necessary to throw light on what goes on under cover of the darkness that morning, but by dawn each player feels within himself a void which only much fresh paiwarie can fill.

Soon after, play begins. At first chiefly the men take part

[1] I remember overhearing in a discussion as to which of two settlements should be the scene of an intended macquari dance, an argument put forward that one of the two was much more suitable, as being furthest from the waterside, and therefore allowing more scope for their initial whipping.

in it, though after a time some of the women occasionally break into the line and take part. At first too the proceedings are more like that of an ordinary paiwarie dance, the players standing opposite to each other in two lines, their arms round each other's necks or waists, and these two lines approach and retreat from each other with much rhythmic stamping. Suddenly this play is abandoned and the real business of the macquari begins. This may be said to take chiefly two forms, alternating, in the first of which only the men take part, while the women share in the second.

In the former, in which the really serious business takes place, two lines of men and boys stand facing each other, each provided with a whip, and the two at one end having the two whistles. The members of the opposite rank stamp rhythmically at each other, all keeping up a constant shouting of *Yau-au* (like *au* in German *Frau*), all waving their whips. Suddenly the two with the whistles pass down from their end, between the lines, to the opposite end, the two lines meanwhile moving up in an opposite direction. More stamping follows, and then the two whistlers begin excitedly whistling at each other. This is done with the most comical vehemence, the two holding their heads in opposite directions to each other while whistling, and each at regular intervals reversing the direction in which his head is held. Then takes place for the first of many times what I may call a complimentary whipping. Each man raises his whip high over his head and brings it down with a great show of force and violence, as though bent on cutting open the calf of the opposite player's leg; as a matter of fact, however, the stroke ends in the merest, gentlest, flick of the leg. After that the whistlers rush back, as they came, to their original positions at the other end of the line. These proceedings are repeated several times, till at last the lines break up, and the women at once bring round to each player calabashes of paiwarie.

But it is also now that the serious business of the thing begins, any pair, or any pairs of the players, challenging each other to a real use of the whip. The two challengers stand apart. One puts forward his leg, planting it firmly; generally he turns his back, and consequently his calf, towards his opponent, but sometimes faces him exposing his shin. The opposite man stoops and stretches out his whip so as carefully to measure the distance to which the lash will reach, then, rising, he carefully poises it over his head, and flogs, one single stroke, but with all his might and main. The crack is like a loud pistol shot. The first time I saw and heard the blow given, seeing not the slightest flinching of the recipient's body, not a twitching of his lips, I was fully persuaded that there was some trick in the thing, that the blow was little or nothing else than mere sound and fury. Expressing something of this, the flogged man turned toward me his calf, and right across it, extending nearly round on to the shin, was a bleeding gash. The stroke having been given, the two players at once began to dance against each other for a few seconds, the flogged man during this shouting out *au* the flogger *yau*. Then the same man receives a second stroke, which is sometimes, according to a rapidly made sign, a second serious stroke like the first, sometimes a merely complimentary stroke. Then follows another few seconds of dancing and shouting. Then the one who flogged before is now flogged in the same way, either only the first or both strokes being serious, according as were those he had inflicted. Then the two returned to the body of players, in the best of humours, hang up their whips, go to the paiwarie trough, and drink together.

The whole business, the two lines of dancers, the pairs of challengers, and the flogging, are repeated again and again throughout the day and night, and, if the paiwarie lasts out, throughout the next day and the next night, and sometimes, I am told, yet longer. From time to time all the players, men and boys alike, give and take their share

of blows, some, however, being more eager than others for this part of the entertainment, in proportion, as it seemed to me, to the skill which each attributed to himself in scientifically and forcibly inflicting the cuts. Watching with the greatest care, I have never detected the slightest flinching or sign of dread of the blow, nor any sign of ruffled temper. Yet I have seen men, and even small boys, after twelve hours of this work, with their calves so cut about that they could not put their feet to the ground without pain; and in the case of one boy, whom I took into my service immediately after one of these performances, the scars lasted for months. I may add that the two challengers are in all cases suitably matched, boys challenging boys, and men challenging opponents worthy of their lash.

But the performance so far described is occasionally slightly varied, and it is in this second form that the women take part. It seems a milder, perhaps a later, form of the genuine game; and it seems itself to admit of a good deal of variation. The women who take part in it are armed, not with whips, but each either with the long *shak-shak* or rattle, which has already been described, or with the wooden figure of a heron. The leader of the men also has one of these wooden birds in place of his more usual whip.

Two lines are formed, the men and women standing indiscriminately facing each other. These two lines make the usual series of advances and retreats to and from each other, those players who have whips shaking these, those who have rattles shaking these by hitting the stick part of them at regular intervals with their disengaged hands; and those who have honores shake these at each other. Then a pause is called, the players, men and women alike, put forward their calves, and each receives either with whip or honore a quite gentle courteous tap. Sometimes, too, the players instead of dancing opposite to each other in two opposing lines within the house, vary the proceedings by

marching round and round the house in double-filed procession, stopping from time to time to give and take the complimentary strokes.

In a curious dance, perhaps a variety of the macquari, time is beaten for the dancers by two old women, or an old man and a woman, rarely two young persons, who squat opposite to each other in the centre of the dancing square with this board between them. Each is provided with a rough wooden figure of a man called *warau*, which word as thus used by the Arawaks signifies "barbarian," *i.e.* a person not an Arawak; or sometimes in place of this *warau* each has a bundle of a few straight sticks from two to three feet long. Whatever instrument is used, it is beaten by each player on the board to a sort of rough tune and with an accompaniment of rhythmic chanting.[1] The words of this chant, as I am assured, are now unintelligible nonsense; frequent reference is, however, evidently made to the *ourana*, or labba. In a circle outside these beaters of time stand a few, apparently rarely more than four or six, of the young men. Each of these is provided with his macquari whip, which he holds by its two extreme ends, his arms being thus outstretched to their full span. The extreme end of the lash, held in the left hand, is pointed toward the centre of the circle, and is held so as almost to touch the ground; the opposite end, held in the right hand, is held as high as may be from the ground. Thus the bodies of the circle of dancers are all inclined inward, the lashes of their whips pointing to a common centre, at which lies the square board. Suddenly, at a signal from the time-beaters in the centre, and always in time with this beating, the men come forward with a curious little running motion,

[1] In *Nature*, for September 5th, 1899, it is stated that the Mincopies have but one musical instrument, which consists "merely of a hard wood board, of special shape," which is used for sounding a rhythmical time for dancing. It is used only as a musical instrument, and so illustrates a step in advance of the Australian, who taps with his stick upon his "casting board" or the same purpose, without employing a separate instrument.

and the circle contracts. The time-beaters beat on, now faster, now slower, and as they beat the circle of dancers round them advance and retreat, faster or slower, and as they dance, in constant alternation, the points of the whips are now raised toward the sky, so that the men's figures are bent backward out of the circle, now are turned, as at first described, down toward the ground. Description entirely fails to give any idea of the curious gracefulness of this measured swaying backward and forward of bodies, and of the unusual grace and unusual activity of these dancers. After a time the women occasionally break in and increase the circle of dancers, to the destruction of the gracefulness and, it must be said, rapidity of the dance.

The Warau game, called *taratoo, or naha*, in which the most marked feature is that each player is provided with a large shield made of palm-leaf stalks, is both, as far as I know, unrecorded as played by any other people, and is remarkable for certain features peculiar to it. Chief of these are that it is the only game, except mere children's games, known to me which is not accompanied by drinking, and that there is a real element of contention in it, in that it is used as a practical means, a trial by ordeal, of settling disputes which may have arisen between distinct groups of Waraus, generally between two groups respectively occupying adjacent rivers or creeks.

The absence of drinking may, perhaps, be explained in this way. The usual fermented liquor used in the Indian games of Guiana is either *paiwarie* or *casiri*, both of which are the ordinary every-day drink, one might almost say meat and drink, of all the Indians of Guiana except the Waraus. The latter—of course I speak of them now in their natural state, in which they are now only found in British Guiana, near the mouths of the Barima and Amakuru rivers—have never risen to the level, if I may so speak, of a good drink; they live, apparently, curiously uncomfortable lives, hidden away between the mud and the

gloom, in dense æta-palm swamps at the edge of the sea. The ground there is nowhere dry enough for the growth of cassava; agriculture, even in the simple form practised by the other tribes, is unattempted and is indeed impossible; and consequently the great food supply which the other tribes use, in the form of cassava bread and paiwari, is unattainable and unused by the Waraus. They seem indeed, in their purely natural state—which is perhaps no longer exhibited anywhere unless on some of the more remote and intricate windings of the mouths of the Orinoco—to have been in little more enviable state than the Digger Indians of California, or the Fuegians, generally accounted the most miserable of human beings. Even game is very scarce in the sea-adjacent swamps where live the Waraus, who use instead fish and crabs. But one food supply they have of a marvellously all-sufficient, if unsatisfactory, character, the æta palm (*Mauritia flexuosa*); and on this, if we except the fish and crabs, they live exclusively. The pith of the æta palm and the pulp round the fruits of the same tree serve them as bread-stuff; the fermented sap of the æta palm alone seems to save them from quite always quenching their thirst with water. For some reason, possibly with a natural and wise instinct for the preservation of the palms, which are so much to them, they only sparingly use this liquor, the drawing of which means the destruction of the tree. Unlike the other Indians, the Waraus therefore are not naturally habituated to the incessant use of fermented liquor; and for this reason it is perhaps that, also unlike the other Indians, they do not use it at their national game. The energy, emulation, and excitement shown by the Waraus in their liquorless game, is at least equal to that shown by the paiwarie-filled game-players of other tribes.

The second remarkable feature of the shield-game is that it serves as a trial by ordeal. The Waraus of one river are accused, say, by the Waraus of a neighbouring river of

having stolen some pots, or some other such offence. The dispute between the two parties waxes hot. But instead of an interchange of blows, the headmen of the two parties meet, and these two arrange that their followers shall assemble at some appointed place, and at a date sufficently far ahead to allow of due preparation, and shall then fight it out—or play it out. A tree is chosen, and on one and the other side of this tree each of the two captains respectively make a number of masks indicating the number of days before the strife. They make the tree look, as one civilised Warau once picturesquely described to me, like a newspaper. The two parties now return each to their own homes, and there occupy themselves until the day of strife in the preparation of their shields and personal ornaments. After the strife, it may be as well here to say, the vanquished will, in the case above supposed, good-temperedly pay to the victors the amount of the damage which by ordeal they have been shown to have done.

The shields, one of which each man prepares for himself are made in this way. Three sticks of light wood, the centre one much slighter, but also nearly double the length of the other two, are laid at distances of about fifteen inches, parallel to each other on the ground. The two outer sticks are perhaps four feet long, the middle one seven or even eight feet. Across the front of these parallel sticks pieces of the leaf stems of the æta palm, all cut to one length, perhaps thirty inches, are laid parallel to each other and close together. These are then tightly bound with the fibre from the æta leaf in the place which they now occupy. The result is a compact, dense shield of æta stalks, square or oblong in shape, above the top of which the two outer of the three upright sticks projects five or six inches, while the centre of these sticks projects several feet. To give additional strength to the shield, a stick of light strong wood is bound across the top of the æta stalks, crossing the three projecting sticks at right angles, and

another stick, this time a stout piece of palm-leaf stalk, is bound on similarly at the bottom of the shield. Into three holes made in this lowest horizontal stick the lower ends of the three upright projecting sticks are inserted. Great tassels of flowing æta fibre, partly dyed red, are now bound, by way of ornament, on to the three sticks which project over the top of the shield, and the outer face of the shield, also by way of ornament, is painted in quaint barbaric patters with certain white, red, and yellow ochreous earths. The shield is now complete. It should be added, however, that each maker prepares his shield of a size suitable for himself, so that these vary in size from that of the big full-sized man to that of the small boy.

The personal adornment is of a very simple nature, its constituents, if we exclude the few beads or teeth which a very few of the Waraus are rich enough to have and to wear habitually, are only æta fibre and coloured earths. Yet it is a fact, easily paralleled among other Red-men, that a great variety of taste, and some very good taste, is individually shown. Among the group of players all individuals may be discovered varying from the sloven's state to that of the well and worthily dressed man—I had almost said gentleman. Yet the latter has nothing over his bright clean skin but a loin-cloth or lap a few inches wide, a few bunches and twisted strands of straw-coloured palm fibre—these latter sometimes partly dyed to a pretty and congruous red colour—and possibly a few patches of coloured earths, and sometimes of plant juices.

Here is the description of one special player, in a sense as well and as becomingly dressed a man as I ever saw. His waist-cloth was of clean white calico, and was the only European thing about him. It was kept in place by a thick girdle of loosely twisted palm fibres. Round each of his legs, just below the knees, and round his arms, just above the elbows, were similar girdles, each ending in a long and flowing loose end. From round his neck to below his waist hung a thick sort of cloak of entirely loose fibres; and

round his head was a fibre fillet ending at the back in a bunch of long loose ends which hung down over his neck. The whole of his hands to above the wrists, and the whole of his feet to above the ankles, were dyed of that deep Indian-red colour (procured from *Bixa orellana*) which is, strangely enough, so becoming to the red skin of a Red-man. The whole of his clothing, except the paint, I could hold in one small bundle in my hand; yet in this full dress he looked only not a dandy because perfectly becomingly dressed.

When the appointed day comes and the players are gathered together, each with his quaint shield and many flowing tassels, the group presents, as a whole, as picturesque an appearance as can well be imagined, the almost solely prevalent colours of which are soft and well-blended reds, yellows, and browns.

After all this preparation the game is simplicity itself. Each party is drawn up in a long single line, the two lines facing each other in such a way that each player has immediately facing him a player of the opposite side of about his own size. There is much stamping of feet and much threatening shaking of shields, now held high over head; and there is much shouting of the word *saki, saki, saki*, each series of shouts ending in a general roar. Then suddenly the two lines take a half turn, and march off and about in single file, but the two sides in parallel lines; the stamping, the shield-shaking, and the shouting being still kept up. Those who, judging by the unfortunate stray Red-men seen dazed in the town, think these people naturally dejected and low-spirited, would quite change their opinion did they see these same Red-men wildly excited and in the highest of spirits during this game. Suddenly the marching ceases, and the two ranks resume their places opposite to each other. Each man gets his shield against that of his opposite foe, and now in silence each pushes against his opponent, each strives might and main, heart and soul, to

push his opponent back from the line and if possible to overthrow him. Then follows more marching; and the whole thing is repeated time after time till all are too weary to do more. Then the thing ends. It would often be difficult for any but the most observant onlooker to tell which side had got the better; but they themselves know, and the vanquished admit their defeat. Forfeit is paid, or arrangement is made to pay the forfeit at some convenient time. Lastly, all separate in the best of tempers.

An account, written at the time, of a very curious ceremonial feast, which I saw held, apparently with strictest and most accurate ceremony, by the Partamonas, must bring this paper to a close. In the course of an overland journey in the interior of this colony, I, with four of my Pomeroon Indians and a large crowd of Macusi carriers, arrived at the village of Araiwaparoo before noon, and there found great preparations in hand for a dance which is called *parasheera,* and seems to be practised especially by the Macusi and Akawoi.

Parasheera seems to be the name not only of the dance but also of each of the performers, who, fantastically clothed, arrived at the appointed settlement for the dance. Even when we reached Araiwaparoo in the morning, the wooded heights round us from time to time re-echoed to frequent shouts; these, however, for some hours died away each time they were raised without anything apparently happening or anyone appearing. There seemed a good deal of hesitation and unwillingness in answering my questions about these shouts, and an air of mystery seemed to pervade the whole village. I however induced one of my Macusi travelling-companions to throw some light on the matter. He told me that it was the parasheera gathering. Each party of two or three, being the male inhabitants of one household from some part of the neighbouring savannah, as they come, shouting and yelling, to some spot in the forest, appointed as a gathering place, near the

village where the feast is to be held, hush their cries and wait till the other parasheeras, each party of whom seems to come from a separate, more or less distant settlement, come up. Only when the representatives from all the invited settlements have thus gathered together at the appointed place in the forest at some little distance from the place appointed for the feast, does the whole party move forward together When we arrived at Araiwaparoo, and for some hours afterwards, the mysterious parasheera were thus gathering in our neighbourhood, unseen, but most certainly heard, and apparently not to be talked of.

At last, just before four o'clock, the excitement reached its highest pitch, and seemed to pass into a new phase. The men and boys of the settlement rushed into one of the houses, and presently came out fantastically painted with the finest white clay. The headman had a broad band of this pigment entirely across his face so as to cover both eyes and meet the ears on either side; he looked exactly as though blindfolded with a white handkerchief. The same man had also various bands of the same white substance round his body and legs. Each of his party was also painted, but differently, with this same substance. Otherwise they had no ornament, and no clothing beyond the ordinary narrow waistcloth. Each had a whistle formed of one, two, or three very slender pieces of bamboo, arranged, when there was more than one of these, like pan-pipes. This instrument is called *kimiti*, and from this instrument the whole of the party is also called *kimiti*. Those who amuse themselves with far-fetched fancied points of analogy between different languages may be especially interested to hear that this *kimiti* performed exactly the office of a reception committee. Some of the *kimiti* frantically waved small joints of smoke-dried meat. Then, with endless wild and most fantastic caperings and posturings, and with most vehement sounding of their shrill whistles, the *kimiti* darted like a flock of wild duck down the path toward the

forest, whence the parasheera were to emerge. The approach of the latter was indicated by the growing roar which they raised, which, by the way, contrasted curiously, and doubtless intentionally, with the piercingly shrill sounds of the equally, but differently, noisy *kimiti*. At last, just as the two bodies of different noises approached and blended in a most truly marvellous inharmonious harmony, the first of the long single-filed procession of new-comers came in sight just at the edge of the forest. His entire body was concealed in a clothing of the pale yellow-green young leaves of the æta palm (*Mauritia flexuosa*). A skirt of the same, plaited together at the top, but otherwise hanging loose, hung from round his waist to his heels. A similar cloak of the same hung from round his neck so as to overlap the skirt; and a curiously plaited arrangement of the same leaves encircled his head, part serving as a far-extending halo-like crown, part hanging down visor-like over his face so as to overlap the top of the cloak. He held in his hand a long wand of trumpet-wood (*Cecropia peltata*), pierced with holes so as to serve as a rude musical instrument, and surmounted by a large flat representation of the sun or moon, or some star, or of some animal or bird, made of carved and painted soft wood.

The procession as it emerged from the bush was composed of thirty-five of these fantastic figures (*Parasheera*), each dressed exactly as above described; except that in each case the figure which surmounted the trumpet-wood dancing-stick represented some different object of the heaven or of the earth, or in some few cases was replaced by a long rattling band of rattle-seeds (*Thevetia nereifolia*). Almost all the performers were grown men, but the last half-dozen or so were boys of various sizes down to the smallest. The first three men were accompanied by their wives, who were, however, not in the rank, but walked, or rather pranced, each by the side of her husband, her hand on his shoulder. These women were

entirely without clothing or ornament except the usual small bead apron, and each had as solemn a face as if she were taking part in the gloomiest or most sacred of rites.

As the party of parasheera and the kimiti met, the former blew, though that had seemed impossible, more vehemently and more deeply through their deep-toned trumpets, the latter redoubled—nay, increased beyond the power of words to express—their ear-splitting whistling. All, of both parties, postured and capered, and stamped, and waved their sticks till the whole was welded into as strange a phenomenon of sight and sound as eye ever saw, ear ever heard, or mind ever conceived. Thus the parasheera came on, slowly but steadily, and as they did so the kimiti whirled round and round the advancing line, even while at the same time they were posturing and capering as frantically as ever. Whether by accident or design, the long procession closed around me, yelling, shrieking, and roaring, and waving their dancing sticks so closely round my head that I had continually to duck to avoid them. The headman—who had led the procession—alone remaining outside, the procession passed into the house, and there formed a circle, faces inward, round the paiwarie trough. And now, as Mr. Rider Haggard would write, a thing most surprising to me happened. The kimiti, with the exception of the leader, instead of going in to share the feast with the parasheera, retired quickly into their own house, washed off their clay adornments, and came out and, except the head man of the settlements, set about their ordinary occupations. Except as a sort of a reception committee, the men of Araiwaparoo itself—the male hosts as it were—took almost no part in the feast.

The headman of the parasheera, who, as has been told, instead of entering the drinking-house with the others remained without, now sat down outside the door and was there entertained, not for one hour or two, but until I left the place the next morning, by the leader of the kimiti with pepperpot and cassava, with much paiwarie, and

with an endless interchange of every ejaculatory conversation.

From within the house the most fiendish noise was issuing. The whole party posturing in the most curious way, going through what I can only describe as the most solemnly ridiculous and fantastic posturings, their bodies energetically, yet steadily, bent from the hips alternately backward and forward, while at the same time their stamping feet moved the whole circle of them round and round the paiwarie trough. All were chanting as loudly and sonorously as possible a short continuously repeated sentence, *erantan eworki*, which being interpreted by one of my own Macusis, was said to mean "that they had come to drink like hogs." This sentence, apparently more apposite of meaning than they intended, really signified that they, in the character of bush-hogs (or peccaries), had come to drink. And to a very large extent they justified their statement that they had come to drink like hogs, both in its apparent and in its intended signification; for while they certainly did, as a rabid total abstainer might say, drink like hogs, make beasts of themselves, they at the same time cleverly managed to keep up the whole time a somewhat close suggestion of a herd of peccaries. Their stamping was as the stamping of a herd of these animals, and every now and then they interrupted the chanting of their sentence to utter a series of fiendish shrieks, always immediately followed by a rapid and vehement imitation of the gruntings of a herd of bush-hogs when disturbed by some unexpected sight or sound. But even the monotony of the chanted sentence was occasionally, perhaps once every half-hour, altered by the adoption of new words. Sometimes it was *erantan meopoi wai ey*, "we have come to a bad place;" that is to say they had had to mount a steep hill to reach the drinking-place. This was followed by suggestions that, they having taken so much trouble, it was to be hoped that at least the drink was good and plentiful.

Sometimes it was *ewoto wai e re kay*, "we stamp the ground like bush-hogs;" and certainly they did stamp on the ground, "earth-shakers" they were like, but much more vehement than any bush-hogs. Then again, they were shouting in chorus that "hog want our dancing-sticks, but we not let hog have them."

The three women who had come with the party of parasheera were not actually included in the circle of dancers; but they solemnly pranced round just outside the circle. each behind her husband, with her hand still on his shoulder, The women of the settlement of Araiwaparoo had from the first kept within the drinking house, and were now inside the circle of dancers, where they were busily employed in handing calabashes of paiwarie or casiri to the thirsty dancers.

With almost no variation this went on all night. Every now and then two or three of the dancers retired from the circle and the house to free themselves by vomiting of the superfluity of liquor. And later on in the night a few occasionally fell down as they danced, only, however, to recover themselves in a marvellously short time and resume their places in the circle. The caperings of course got wilder, the shouts more disordered, and the dresses much disarranged. Two or three of the women of the place, one carrying her new-born baby under her arm, took part in the procession for a few minutes. Sometimes, too, nature seemed to be going to have her way and the proceedings slacked, but whenever this happened the watchful kimiti rushed into their own house, adorned themselves afresh each time with white paint, and entering the dancing house, frantically capered round outside the circle of the parasheera, stimulating the latter by frantic whistlings and shouts to fresh exertions and fresh potations—and never in vain.

When I left the place the next morning the proceedings were still in full vigour, except that the headman of the

parasheera and the leader of the kimiti no longer sat talking at the door, but lay there prostrate and overcome. I was assured that the proceedings would continue as long as the paiwarie lasted, which might be all that day and partly on into the next night, but that as soon as the liquor was finished the procession would move off, with as near the same ceremony as their state allowed, to the next settlement, and would there go through the same performance. I was fortunate in seeing them only at the first settlement, but the party was engaged to visit three others. In each case, I was told, the number of the parasheera would be swelled by the men and boys of each of the settlements at which they had already danced.

THE FOLKLORE OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

BY MABEL PEACOCK.

(*Read at Meeting of* 19*th December*, 1900.)

WHEN the popular beliefs of Lincolnshire are compared with the traditions of more picturesque districts of the United Kingdom, it is at once seen that its folklore is prosaic. The fertile stretches of agricultural land forming the three divisions of the county, known as Lindsey, Kesteven, and Holland, support a population which, taken as a whole, has little poetic susceptibility, notwithstanding its probable descent from some of the scalds of the Viking age. On the one hand, the unromantic landscapes characteristic of the shire have done little to arouse the imaginative faculty, and on the other, social disorder has but rarely been acute enough to become a mental stimulus. The traditionary superstition of the county, then, is lacking in the beauties which distinguish the conceptions of the Celtic peoples.

I have been unable to detect any near relationship between the folklore of Lincolnshire and that of Scandinavia, although our place-names and dialect still bear witness to the settlement of the Northmen between the Humber and the Fens. The folklore of the shire, as I know it, has little or no originality. One tradition has its fellow in France, another in Ireland, a third in Russia, a fourth in Denmark, and so on; but so far as yet appears, there is no continental area, the beliefs of which have a special kinship with our superstitions. Yet my experience must not be taken as altogether conclusive. Although I have spent nearly all my life in the county, my opportunities for knowing the different wapentakes into which it is divided have been very limited, and even in the district best known to me, it is certain that I have gathered but a very small part of the existing folklore. Many of the elderly people are still in the age of folklore faith, but one has to know them intimately before they will speak openly, unless they happen to betray their thoughts unintentionally in general conversation. For this reason it is scarcely possible yet to come to a definite conclusion as to a connection between Lincolnshire and Scandinavian beliefs. It is noticeable that as in other districts of England—it may be said of Europe—there is a paucity of genuine Christian mythology, for the divination still practised on the eves of certain saints' days is entirely heathen in its origin. The dispossessed nature-deities appear to have fallen out of memory soon after their overthrow. But the far older shamanism with which they had become connected has not yet entirely vanished. And after all, it may be that the gods are not so dead as they seem. A legend or two which must have once been linked with their names, still survives. The story of the farmer and the weather, for example, appears to indicate that the offended power was anciently thought of as a touchy and jealous ruler of the atmosphere, not as a deity "slow to anger and of great goodness."

"Thaay do hev it, 'at wonce, a many years back, i' a wet time, a wolds-man said 'at he did wish th' Lord ud goä tĕ sleep while (=until) harvist was well in. And as soon as he'd spokken, ye knaw, he went fast asleep hissen, as fast as a church, just as he was, oot on his land. Yonder he had to stop i' th' oppen. Noäbody could'nt wakken him, do as thaay wo'd, nor git him moved awaay. Foaks hed te build a shed ower him at last tĕ shilter him. An he niver stirred at all while (=until) his neighbours hed gotten all their corn in. Then he wakken'd, an fun all his awn stuff clear ruinaated wi' wind an raain."

Another tale, also from the wolds, affords a further instance of the folly of offending the controller of the atmosphere. A certain man was sowing beans on Fonaby-Top, not far from Caistor, on a stormy day, when the wind became so strong that it blew the beans out of the field. "Damn the wind!" ejaculated the sower. Whereon he and the sack from which he was taking his seed were instantaneously turned into stone. To confirm the truth of the story, the boulder into which the man was changed may, or might till lately, be seen at a little distance from the transformed sack. It is remarkable that a legend of a different type, referring apparently to this same sack, was related to Mr. C. F—— not many months ago. "Last week I was talking to an old man, who told me that Jesus Christ once came to Caistor, and went into a field there, and asked the farmer in it for some bread. The farmer gave him the only loaf he had. Thereupon Christ turned the stones lying near into sacks of barley, one of which lies in the field now, a huge stone like a sack tied up at one end."

There is also a third story which seems to be connected with the same stone. This tale was picked up not long since as far away from home as the Argentine Republic. One of my brothers met a member of a well-known family of Lincolnshire wold-farmers at Buenos Ayres, who told him the substance of what follows here.

On the road from Caistor to Grimsby, in a field by the highway, there stands or used to stand a stone known as the "Traveller's Corn Sack." One winter's day, many years ago, a horseman rode along the road—at that time little more than a track across the open wolds—making his way towards Grimsby. As he pressed forward he saw a man busy at work sowing grain, and drew near to ask him if he would give or sell him some of it for his horse, which like its master showed signs of a long journey.

"I am short of corn myself," was the sower's reply, "I can neither give nor sell." But the wayfarer's glance had fallen on a sack which was standing near.

"You have a sack there still full," he urged, "and you have almost done sowing. Give me something for my horse."

"That!" cried the sower; "that is a great cobble-stone, and no sack of corn!" Receiving this churlish and untruthful refusal the rider's wrath was roused, and in his anger he uttered the following words:

"Saints reward both thee and thine,
As thou rewardest me and mine.
A stone, thou sayest, I can see—
Stone for ever shall it be!"

And having spoken thus he passed on his way, leaving the startled husbandman to find that the sack had, indeed, become stone. According to the story, there it stood with its very seams and stitching, its pursed-up mouth, and the cord that bound it, even to the twist of the strands all showing, as they had shown before the spell was spoken. And there it remained through wind and weather, a thing of wonder and awe. But at last strangers came to live on the land, who put no faith in old-time tales. After a while it was found that the stone was in the way, therefore the holder of the farm on which it lay decided to have it moved, although the greybeards of the township warned him to let well alone. The task which he had set himself proved to

be not only difficult, but unlucky also. All the horses and draught-oxen belonging to the man could scarcely drag the block to his homestead, so heavy did they find it. And in a short time his live stock began to sicken, some of the animals dying. Still the farmer was deaf to the voice of the "old standards." Not till his son, an only child, lay at death's door, could he be convinced of his folly. Then his stubbornness had to yield. The stone was placed on his best wagon, and the teams brought out to be yoked to it. But scarcely was the old grey mare between the shafts when she started off alone drawing the once burdensome load with ease, although the road back to the field was up-hill. This wonder became widely known, and the old awe of the "Corn Sack" took a new lease of life.[1]

To return, however, to the first of these legends. There are other stones in Lincolnshire connected with the weather, unless they have been broken up or removed. In a manuscript collection of local rhymes formed in the earlier part of the nineteenth century the following passage occurs:

"At Ewerby Wath, near Sleaford, an ancient doggrel is extant amongst the inhabitants, which they apply to several large coffin-shaped stones that lie upon the common there—

'The Kings of England, France, and Spain,
All fell down in a shower of rain,
The shower of rain made dirty weather,
And here they all lie down together.'"

The tradition connecting the devil and the wind with Lincoln Minster has lately been recorded in *Folk-Lore.*[2] Variants are told of several foreign churches, and the allied belief that the weather is unsettled when there is a "hanging assize" at Lincoln, finds parallels in the popular lore of Germany and Austria, where the trial of a prisoner

[1] I have lately heard that the story of Christ and the sack has properly a similar ending.

[2] Vol. ix., pp. 272, 364.

for a capital offence is supposed to be accompanied by heavy gales when the result will be a conviction. Another illustration of the same idea is to be found in the story that many of the Cavaliers rejoiced over the death of Oliver Cromwell in one of the highest winds ever known in England, telling each other that the devil had come in a hurricane to fetch old Noll. The underlying conception seems to be that the god of the air and wind is claiming the spirit—the very breath of life—of the person about to die. For the same reason it is sometimes imagined that on the morning when a prisoner is to be executed at Lincoln a thunder-cloud hangs over the city: while I have lately heard that when, not long ago, an unusually violent thunder-storm followed closely on the death of two people who were much respected, it was suggested in a parish of North-west Lincolnshire that the devil was showing his fury. These good women had attained the bliss of heaven, and his rage betrayed itself in an appalling display of electric force. Had a notorious sinner been in question it would have been thought that the Prince of the Powers of the Air had come in strength to bear away a wretched soul to torment.

A lingering conviction that the heavenly bodies are awesome beings shows itself in the saying still to be heard in the wapentake of Gartree, that the sun, moon, stars, and rainbow ought not to be pointed at; [1] while on the western slope of the wolds in North Lincolnshire the flames of the aurora-borealis are, or not long since were, spoken of as "fire-drakes," a term which implies that they were once considered to be celestial dragons.

Needless to say there are many fragments of folklore connected with the moon. A girl of eighteen, who is a native of the wapentake of Aslacoe, says, for instance: "Doänt stan' i' th' dōōrsteäd tĕ see th' new moon. If yŏ stan' atwixt wood tĕ see it, yah'll soon be atwixt yer coffin-booards."

[1] Cf. C. F. Romilly-Allen, *The Book of Chinese Poetry*, pp. 70, 71.

The sun, though of less account than the changeful luminary, also receives consideration. Sunlight shining on the apple-trees at Christmas betokens a heavy crop of fruit in the ensuing autumn, and the stones of all corn-mills should be set to turn with the sun, if the miller is to thrive.[1] Many people hold the opinion that neither eggs, nor flowers, nor any green plant should be brought into a house after sunset, for fear of ill-luck, and others say that to sharpen a knife after that time, or to leave one lying on a table all night, is very rash, for if the master of the house be a farmer one of his animals will die. In this instance the knife probably prefigures the flaying of the creature.[2]

Certain seasons are connected with ancient forms of love-divination, which folklorists believe to have very unfortunate moral results. On the Eve of St. Agnes, the Eve of St. Mark, and Hallow-E'en, various rites are practised to obtain a glimpse of the spirit of the husband who has been allotted to a girl by immutable destiny, or to ensure a dream in which he must show himself. With this object "dumb-cake" may be prepared and eaten with the appropriate observances, a supper may be set out to allure the man's spirit, sage may be gathered to compel his appearance, or other spells may be used. Most of the stories connected with this kind of divination have a bad ending, and there is little doubt that young girls frequently allow themselves to be led astray from the conviction that the "true love" revealed to them by occult means is bound to marry them by a fore-doomed fate from which there is no escape.

May Eve is another season for working love-charms. A native of a village near Kirton-in-Lindsey, who is now in early middle age, affirms that one of the most successful methods of discovering the identity of the person you are to marry, is to make use of the first bunch of hawthorn you observe in the spring time, especially if you can find it on

[1] Cf. Spence, *Shetland Folklore*, p. 112.
[2] Cf. *Folklore*, vol. xi., p. 345, l. 10.

May Eve. You "crag" the spray on the bush, that is you break it partly through, and then leave it hanging. Afterwards you go home, and at night you ought to see your future husband in your dreams. When the morning comes you must gather the may; and if you have not already dreamed of him, it is certain that you will see him or his apparition ere you enter the house again.

"My gran'muther was just gooin' in at back-door efter she'd fetched th' maay. An' sh' seed sumbody as sh' knaw'd was bed-fast cross ower th' yard. Deein' he was, fooaks thowt. But awiver, he got better, an' married her. Muther tried it an' all, sh' says, an' dreăm'd o' feyther, but sh' dars'nt goa fer th' maay i' th' mornin when it cum'd to it, she was scared."

By the use of certain unholy spells, an unwilling person may be compelled to accept the yoke of wedlock. According to information acquired by a friend of mine in the little town of Winterton, in the north of the county: "If you want to marry a man when he is set against it, you can force him in this way. Go to an eight o'clock Holy Communion, and when you take the bread, do not swallow it, but keep it in your mouth till the service is over. After you come out of the church, you will see a toad in the churchyard. Well, you must spit out the bread before it, and it will eat it at once. Then your young man, the next time you see him, will be ready enough and wanting to marry you." This grotesque and sacrilegious belief finds close parallels in modern Italian sorcery.

Another charm, acquired from a girl who was born at Lincoln, some twenty-five years ago, has affinity with spells known to the ancient Romans. "If you take the breast-bone of a toad, or the whole skeleton, and bury it in an ant-hill until the ants have eaten all the flesh from it, and then throw it into a running stream, whichever way the water goes you will see it float right against it. You will find, too, that however often you throw that bone away it will always

return to your pocket, and give you power over horses, cattle, and people. My uncle told me of a young man, I forget where he lived, who had a toad's breast-bone, and the queerest-tempered horses and beasts would do just as he liked, and kneel to him. And if he went along the road, and willed it so, all the men and women passing by had to come to him and follow him." No magic flute, no lyre, not even that of Orpheus, seems to have ever possessed more compelling power. The toad's bone can hypnotise all sorts and conditions of creatures at the will of its owner. The commonest motive for the use of such a charm is, as might be expected, the desire to secure an illegitimate hold on the affections of a woman against her inclinations, but the intention may at times be less guilty, although in no case is it considered right to gain such authority over people and their possessions.

It is difficult to determine whether anyone now watches the porch of the church on St. Mark's Eve, to see the spirits of all the parishioners enter the building. But various accounts of this practice as it was observed sixty years ago are still current.

"The folks to be married came out arm-in-arm," says one story, "and those who were to die within the next twelve months never came out at all."

Unless they are summoned by love-spells, or watched for at the church porch, the spirits of living men and women rarely appear, though they have at times been seen by persons gifted with what the Scotch term "second sight," a faculty which, according to my experience, is but rarely heard of in Lincolnshire. Ghosts of the dead are, however, common enough, and apparitions of inanimate objects are not entirely unknown. Early in the nineteenth century, before the house underwent alteration, a powder-puff and its box were amongst the spectres said to haunt Winterton Hall.

At the present time fairies are seldom heard of, but in

earlier days it was not unusual to encounter them, though they do not appear to have been very numerous, even before the great agricultural enclosures. Formerly they were to be observed at their sports on Brumby Common, and about the year 1874 a certain Mrs. W. was heard to declare that she had often seen them at dusk dancing by the wood-side as she went to pick up sticks by stealth in the avenue of the park at Blyborough. She had also known a man who had seen the fairies all his life in the park. When she was a lass they were often there.

According to a writer in the *Stamford Mercury*, June 7th, 1889, fairies were once to be met with in "Fairies' Holt," a field between Bag-Enderby and Somersby, "where the ploughmen in the old days used to be regaled with hot cakes brought to them from the neighbouring coppice, Fairies' Wood."

The Scotch Brownie and the Yorkshire Robin-Round-Cap have at least one kinsman in the parts of Lindsey. He is known as the Hob-Thrust,[1] and he has attached himself to a house in the parish of East-Halton. The stories which are generally related of his northern relatives are told of him too, but he is distinguished by one idiosyncrasy. He may always be made to "walk" by stirring the contents of an iron pot in the cellar, which pot is supposed to contain "children's thumb-bones." This idea connects him with the ordinary ghostly world, for I have it on the authority of a Lincolnshire girl that "th' wäay to be shut o' ghoasts is tĕ get 'em under iron pots."[2]

Another more than natural being who once had great renown, and who still survives in story among some few of the "old standards" of the Isle of Axholme, was William of Lindholme. This William was a wizard giant, so far as can be judged, not wholly unlike the Irish Fann MacCuil,

[1] See *Hob-thrush* in *New English Dict.*, and *Hob* in Atkinson's *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect.*

[2] Cf. Patrick Kennedy, *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 13.

but with a closer resemblance, perhaps, to Michael Scott and other warlocks of fame. He used to live at Lindholme, a small hill of gravel on the turf moor near Wroot. The first and most celebrated of his exploits was performed when he was a boy. His parents went to Wroot feast, leaving their son to keep the sparrows from the corn-land. The thought of this occupation enraged him so much, however, that he snatched up an enormous stone, and cast it at the house to which his father and mother had gone; but as he threw too high, the missile fell on the further side of the building. After this feat he himself went to Wroot, and when taken to task for deserting his work, explained that he had fastened up the sparrows in the barn; where indeed they were found in the evening, all dead, except a few which had become white. The farmer on whose land the stone hurled by the boy had fallen, yoked six horses to it, but their united strength failed to move it, and they all died soon after. Before the shifting of the population, now going on throughout Lincolnshire, had filled the neighbourhood of Wroot with strangers knowing nothing of the old local traditions, it was considered unlucky to meddle with this or with other large stones in the district. Two boulders, called the "Thumb Stone" and the "Little Finger Stone," were formerly believed to owe their position to the giant. Whether any of the stones thrown by him still exist I have not hitherto been able to learn. Popular fame also formerly connected him with an ancient unfinished causeway, and a Kirton-in-Lindsey man who was in "The Isle" not so very long ago, was informed that on one occasion William of Lindholme went to borrow some straw of a neighbour. The latter told him to take as much as he could carry on his fork. No sooner said than done. The borrower stuck the agricultural fork he had in his hand into a stack and walked off with it entirely.[1] A

[1] It is probable that at the period when this story grew up, stacks in the Isle of Axholme and other parts of Lincolnshire were much smaller than they are now. Diminutive stacks may still be seen in Brittany, a part of the world which is, agriculturally speaking, behind the times.

fragmentary form of the legend relating to the sparrows occurs in another part of Lincolnshire, and other examples of the story have been found beyond the borders of the county.[1]

Supernatural beings in animal shape are now less frequently seen than in earlier days, yet their appearence is still vouched for by some elderly people. *Shag-foal,* or as he is also called *Tatterfoal,* a mischievous goblin who seems to be one aspect of Puck, manifests himself most frequently as a foal in its rough winter coat. Of late years he has seldom been met with, and it is possible that he has been disconcerted by the drainage and cultivation of fen, marsh, and low-lying moorland. It must be confessed, however, that local belief scarcely attributes to him the fondness for water which distinguishes the Irish *pooka,* the Scotch *kelpie,* and many of the goblin horses of continental Europe. Black dogs with eyes glowing like hot embers, phantom calves, white rabbits, and other eerie animals, are sometimes said to haunt places where murder or suicide has been committed. But it is by no means clear whether these apparitions are considered to be spectres of the dead in brute form, or demons from the infernal regions. After some consideration I have come to the conclusion that they are probably the former. The belief in shape-shifting still exists, that is certain. In Lincolnshire, witches can take on themselves animal guise at will. They have been known to assume the appearance of a hare, a magpie, or a cat. One of the witches whom I myself have seen, was credited with being able to change himself into a dog or a toad, that he might injure the pigs, bullocks, and other live stock of his neighbours. With us, be it observed, the word "witch" is often masculine, and it is noteworthy in this connection that Bunyan speaks of "Simon the

[1] Amélie Bosquet, *La Normandie Romanesque et Merveilleuse*, p. 219. A. C. Fryer, *Llantwit Major* (1893), p. 35. Stirling, *Artists in Spain*, quoted in Card. Wiseman's *Essays*, p. 406.

Witch," meaning Simon Magus.[1] This use is correct; the Middle English *wicche*, a wizard, a witch being both masculine and feminine; Anglo-Saxon *wicca* masculine, *wicce* feminine.

Another male witch living in the same parish with the man above mentioned, had received the evil eye by descent, and had therefore to take precautions against its blasting too freely, since if he looked at any living thing, whether animal or vegetable by nature, before eating in the morning, it straightway withered and died.

That sorcery still holds its own in the district lying to the west of the Trent is shown by the following notes on the subject sent to my father a short time ago by a close observer of folk-custom.

"The survival in England of the belief in witchcraft is sometimes questioned. Lady Rosalind Northcote[2] appears to doubt whether it survives in Devonshire. I think I may safely say that it still lingers in the Isle of Axholme. A few years ago a girl friend of mine, when staying in a farmhouse in the next village to this, noticed that before the farmer's wife began to churn she threw a little salt into the churn and a little into the fire. When asked why she did this, she replied that it was to 'keep the witch out o' churn.' She did not mean her butter to be 'witched.' Some weeks after this was told me, one of my neighbours asked me if I could take a pound or two of butter from her, as she had made more than she had customers for. I asked, jestingly, whether it was 'witched,' and was surprised to find my question taken quite seriously. The woman assured me that she 'always took care o' that,' and when I asked how, she said she always used the salt-charm just described. When I pressed her to say whether she really believed in

[1] See Precentor Venables' edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, note to p. 97 and p. 98. Cf. also a reference to the Warwickshire use, in *Athenæum*, October 13, 1900, p. 474, 3rd column.

[2] *Folklore*, vol. xi., p. 216

witches and charms she hesitated a little, but finally said that she 'wasn't sure' that she did, but she had always known this charm used for this purpose and 'thought it as well to be safe.'"[1]

"Some fifteen years since," continues Mr. Peacock's correspondent, "I communicated some notes on popular weather lore to a local paper. Shortly afterwards a man from a neighbouring village whom I knew very well called upon me. His manner was mysterious and shamefaced, and I could not at first make out what he wanted. At length, however, he said that he had read my letters about the weather and the moon and such like, and knowing that I was 'larned' in these matters he wished to lay his trouble before me, in the hope that I might be able to help him. His story was this. He had for years been 'living tally' with a woman—that is, in cohabitation without marriage—and the vicar of the parish had been 'at' him to marry her. 'He said something would happen to me, if I didn't.' He had not done so, and the 'something' *had* happened."

"'It's t'ould vicar as has witched me,' he said. I tried in vain to laugh and then to argue him out of his belief. It was well known, he said, that such things had happened and he had several instances pat. I told him that witches were usually old women, whereas the vicar—! ! ! ! But all was of no use; I must 'take it off him;' he was sure that I could.

"Perceiving that his case was one of a troubled conscience complicated with chronic dyspepsia, I prescribed a strong purgative and marriage with the woman. He took both doses and found relief."

Such is the testimony of one intimately acquainted with village life in Lincolnshire.

The work of sorcerers and people gifted with the evil

[1] Salt is thus used in North Lincolnshire, east of the Trent, also. I have often seen my mother's servants throw it into the churn and into the fire, at Bottesford.

eye may be counteracted in various ways. Sprigs of the far-famed "Wicken-tree" (*Pyrus aucuparia*), which seems to be generally so used throughout Northern Europe, are supposed to prevent all witch-work if kept about a house or farmstead, especially if tied in the form of a cross. A horse-shoe placed with the points upwards or a "witch-stone," is also effectual. Any stone with a hole through it, if found without being searched for, will serve as a "witch-stone," but the longer it has been used for this purpose the more efficacy it possesses. Old Mrs. V——, who owned one till she gave it to a correspondent of mine who makes a study of village-lore, told him that every house in the parish where she dwelt was probably provided with a stone. Mrs. M——, an inhabitant of the same village, had another of these amulets, and she was of opinion that they acted equally well whether concealed in the pocket or exposed to view. A common way of using them, I learn on the same authority, is to hang one behind the outermost door of the house which it is to protect, thus securing the entrance of the dwelling. Flints seem to be the favourite stones with us, but Mr. John Nicholson, author of *Folklore of East Yorkshire*, says (p. 87) that thin flat oolite stones having a natural perforation are found in abundance on the Yorkshire coast, and are tied to door-keys or suspended by string behind the cottage door to keep witches out. "As a relic of this custom, a reel, from which the cotton has been used, is often tied on a bunch of keys." In Lincolnshire I have noticed one instance of a perforated flint being tied to a bunch of keys, though the person who attached it to them professed ignorance of any special reason for doing so. Cotton reels are commonly thus used, perhaps simply from custom in many instances. My father has a fine neolithic stone hammer with a perforation for the handle, which was discovered in a little square chamber contrived beneath the door-stone of an old house which used to stand opposite to the Methodist chapel at Messingham.

" Greybeards," and other old-fashioned vessels, or fragments of iron, are sometimes found embedded beneath the foundation, the threshold, or the hearthstone of ancient dwellings, to hinder witchcraft. Such vessels may contain horse-shoe nails, other scraps of iron, needles, pins, and any small trifles supposed to injure sorcerers or divert their attention. An animal's heart stuck full of pins, and concealed within the fabric or under the walls of the building to be guarded, was not long ago a great protection. Whether it was a substitute serving in place of the animal or human being which in heathen days was walled up in new buildings, has yet to be proved.

Burning some of the thatch from a witch's house will thwart her; and grass from a new-made grave is also of use. Not many years ago, a man in the wapentake of Yarborough took a "stee"—that is, a ladder—to the wall of a churchyard, climbed over just after a burial, and plucked blades of grass from the sod on the freshly-filled grave. These blades were to put under his wife's pillow, because she was bewitched.

To make a witch appear, a cake stuck full of pins should be burnt on a girdle, or pan, over a fire.

People who deal in innocent magic are but rarely supposed to practise the black art also. Generally speaking, the wise-man and the witch are quite distinct and even opposed to each other; the former being employed to counteract the misdoings of the latter, and showing himself as inimical to those dealing with the powers of darkness as was the great god Thor himself. An instance of the possible combination of the two professions was, however, furnished not long since by the Rev. J. Conway Walter, who sends me the following extract from the autobiography of Thomas Wilkinson Wallis, of Louth.

" In Louth there was a man named Stainton who had the reputation of being a wizard. Prior to Mr. Brown's illness he met this man at the public-house, and said to him, 'If

yah be a wizard, wizard me.' Brown was ill soon after this and believers in witchcraft said he was bewitched. On one occasion the foreman of John Wright (second husband of Brown's mother) of Haugh came into the sick-room and said to him, 'John, I am sure you are bewitched, and you will be cured if you do what I am going to tell you. Send for this man, Stainton, and get him close to your bedside, and stick an open penknife into him. Draw blood and you will be cured.'" Brown did not try the remedy. Whether he recovered witness deponeth not.

If Stainton, the wizard here mentioned, were really, as Mr. Walter's letter to me implies, the same person as the wise man who consulted his book by the aid of a bumble-bee, of whom he was once told by his clerk at Woodhall [*Folklore* xi., 438] the case is curious and exceptional. I regard it as unorthodox and degenerate folklore.

Workers of useful magic can make charms against witchcraft, reveal the sex of creatures yet unborn, foretell future events, and perform strange cures. Within the memory of people still living, there was a wise man at Lincoln of whom the following story is told.

A Market-Rasen witch laid a spell on the cow of a neighbour, so that the animal would not go into her shed to be milked. The daughter of the owner, a woman who now lives "on the other side of Doncaster," was therefore sent to the wise man to see what he could do. She did not know in which street of Lincoln his house was, but as she was going through the city uncertain of her way, a man came out of a door and asked her name. After one or two more questions he informed her that he was the person whom she was seeking, and that he had been expecting her to come. He then took her into an inner room of his house, left her there, and in a little while returned with a red-hot poker, which he thrust into the fire-grate, kindling the wood and coal arranged in it.

"You may go home," he said, "it will be all right now."

And the spell was, in truth, broken. At the very time the fire began to burn at Lincoln the witch was heard to scream with agony at Rasen. Another person troubled by the same old woman is said to have "drawn blood" by cutting her across the fingers with a chopper, and after that she had no further power to injure him.

Sometimes people who do not practise professionally as wise men or wise women, yet have inborn knowledge by which their friends may benefit. An instance in point is the following story, which was related to me by an old woman in 1885.

"When Mrs. Blank lived i' th' Marsh, i' B. parish, she ed' a bairn 'at was overlōōked, an' hed n't noa ewse at all i' his legs. He was windlin' awaäy as fast as he could, while [*i.e.* until] th' wife o' th' captain o' a vessil 'at pot in at Whitton [on the Humber] tell'd his muther te saay a set o' words ower sum barberries—barberries is like bëans, an' thaay gits 'em at druggists—an' pot 'em i' a bag roond lad neck. Then he'd cum all raaight, sh' said. An' he did. Just th' fost week or two, he seemed to goa back'ard an' cried an' frettid at neet: bud afore very long he was as raaight as th' rest on 'em. An' noo him an' his bruthers is all preächers."

(Preaching, I may add, was an hereditary gift, for the boy's father, though said by his critics to be quite illiterate, was a "local" whose sermons and exhortations were popularly believed to have brought conviction of sin to many a stubborn heart.)

While the dread of witchcraft has even yet a far firmer hold on many people than they are willing to allow to strangers, the closely allied belief in luck and ill-luck is quite as strong and still more general.

A greater number of actions than can be counted are placed under taboo. It is, for instance, most unlucky to praise a person, or thing, very highly. And many people of good middle-class education feel that to say you have

escaped a misfortune invites it to fall on you. To turn back without fulfilling the intention with which you set forth, or to take anything out of the house before it has been applied to the use for which it was brought in, is very unwise. In sweeping a floor the dust should never be swept out of the door, lest luck should be swept away with it. A lantern left on a table all night brings misfortune; probably because lanterns are frequently used in the hours of darkness when men, horses, or cattle are ill. In a certain house in the wapentake of Manley, when one was set on the table for a very short time "there was a six-pound farrier's bill to pay for a cow." To carry all your eggs to market in one basket is foolhardy; evil will follow. And to bring the small yolkless eggs, known as wind-eggs, into the house at any time is to do a terrible thing.

No farmer should count his lambs too closely during the lambing season. This idea is, it may be guessed, connected with the notion that to reckon very accurately gives the powers of evil information which they can use against the objects under consideration. "*Brebis comptées, le loup les mange.*" I have seen a shepherd in obvious embarrassment because his employer knew so little of his own business that, though usually the most easy of masters, he would insist on learning every morning the exact number of lambs his flock had produced. For a cognate reason, it may be, some people when asked how old they are reply, "As old as my tongue, and a little bit older than my teeth. M. Gaidoz remarks in *Melusine* (ix., 35) that old people ought not to tell their age, and when importuned to reveal it they should answer that they are as old as their little finger. Inhabitants of Godarville, Hainault, reply, "I am the age of a calf, every year twelve months."

To spit for luck on the ground or on money when buying or selling is a custom still frequently observed. It is usual also for the seller to give the purchaser "luck-money." On a certain day in August, 1898, a large number of

buyers kept aloof from the auction sale in Lincoln market because "luck-money" was withheld. The Lincoln Butchers' Association asserted that the money always had been given till the auction system was introduced, and that it ought still to be allowed at the rate of one shilling on cattle and a penny on sheep. The auctioneers, who found their customers from a distance less conservative, proved obstinate, however, declaring that the Corporation of Lincoln would not permit them to make a grant of "luck-money." The old custom will therefore fall out of use.

Indeed, a large number of traditionary practices and beliefs appear to be doomed to extinction or to severe modification. Not only do gossiping newspapers and penny novelettes distract the thoughts of the young from interest in the lore of "idle-headed eld," the changing of the population also does its work of destruction. In almost every village, strangers are now replacing the old families which have lived there or in the surrounding parishes from before the time that manorial records first began. Ere many years have passed away, the old methods of thought will have dropped out of existence or have taken new shapes in accordance with the necessities of the average school-boarded intellect.

Nevertheless, at the present time much might still be done in collecting folklore. For a little while yet there will be a crop to gather in. The pity is that in Lincolnshire as in many other counties there is a dearth of harvesters to bring together what might still be stored. Every village and hamlet possesses its own variant of some of the popular superstitions of Europe, but this fact is generally unrecognised, and people with the opportunity to discover or the inclination to record, our local credulities are not easy to find.

COLLECTANEA.

Stories and other Notes from the Upper Congo.

(Collected by the Rev. J. H. Weeks, Baptist Missionary, Monsembe Station, Upper Congo River.)

It may interest you to know how these stories were obtained. Soon after we opened this station, in August, 1890, I tried to get some native stories from the boys, but failed in every attempt. I felt sure, however, that they had some, and it was not until one evening early in 1892 that I was successful. On that evening while I was writing, some boys were sitting on the floor at my feet talking. After a time I noticed that one was talking and the others listening intently. I made a mental note of it, and the next day I asked him to write out on a slate for me the palaver he had told the boys on the previous evening. He did so, and I found it was a native story. I gave him a small present and asked him to write some more, which he did, and in a short time I had four or five boys writing stories on my verandah, and very often one boy who knew a story, but could not write, sat and told it to one who could, and then shared the spoil. We have between sixty and seventy native stories, and the majority of them was handed down by one chief, who, although he died before we came here, is still spoken of with respect on account of his knowledge of the ancient myths and customs.

These stories, or most of them, have been printed in the original, to use: first, as a reading book for our school; secondly, as a storehouse of native idioms for our own use; thirdly, so as to have them in a handy and permanent form for reference.[1]

Some of the stories are witty and amusing; others are only remarkable for the way in which they account for the present state

[1] The thanks of the Society are due to Mr. Weeks for the copy of this work which he has kindly presented to the library.—Ed.

of affairs in the physical and moral worlds: others give a clear insight into the native mind and his view of the spirit world.

In the following translations I shall try as much as possible to keep to native idiom, but here and there for clearness, and also to avoid unnecessary detailed explanations of words, I shall have to depart from that rule a little.

I.—Lo la motu wawi. (Miketo, p. 2.)

Concerning a Person.

His name was Mokwete. He possessed a number of wives, but he lived in a hunting camp. He made traps with twisted cane. One day he went to look, and found an animal trapped; when he had taken the animal, he said to his wives: "My wives, take this animal and cook it." They cooked it, and when it was finished they divided it into two portions: one they took to him, and the other they kept for themselves. The husband took it, and ate it, but was not filled.

By-and-by he caught another animal; then he said: "I have caught plenty plenty animals, but I myself have never eaten to repletion, because of my numerous wives." Another day he went and found another animal trapped, and then he deceived his wives by calling out: "Wives of Mokwete, wives of Mokwete!" They answered: "Yes." He said: "Should your husband come with meat, you must not eat; if you eat, you are dead." They answered: "Very well." The wives waited a little, and, looking, saw their husband coming with an animal. He put it down, and told his wives to take and cook it. The wives cooked all the meat, and brought it all to him. The husband said: "Why have you not taken some meat?" They said: "A person told us just now, 'Should your husband come with meat, you must not eat it.'" Then he ate it, and sang.

He went to look at his traps and found another animal. He started again for that place from which he had called to his wives. A boy was visiting the place, who when he saw him, hid himself in a hollow tree. He looked, and saw a person come staggeringly along and throw something heavily down, then he said: "Wives of Mokwete!" They answered: "Yes." "Should your husband come with meat you must not eat it, if you eat it you are dead." The boy looked and found that it was his father who was deceiving

his mothers. He went at once and told his mothers that "the person who is calling now is father." His mothers said: "It is untrue." He answered: "You doubt it, come and look then." They went and beheld their husband standing calling to his wives. When they saw their husband there they returned, and afterwards when he came with meat they cooked it for him.

He went again, then the wives said: "Let us run away." They fled, they broke the saucepans, they put out the fire, and ran to their towns and told the people: "We would have stayed if we could have eaten of the animals our husband killed; he killed one and we ate of it, he killed another and refused us; we felt angry and ran away."

You see women got the habit of running away from this, and in the same way people became liars.

The last two lines contain the moral to the story. They are very fond of rounding off their stories with reasons for the present state of things.

There is only one remark to make on this story. The women would have the full sympathy of all who heard the story, and the man would be condemned for his selfishness, but applauded for the cunning way in which he tried to deceive his wives. Voices telling them what to do would be accepted as very probable, for they come quite within the sphere of their philosophy.

II.—Lo la Ensulunkutu na Lokanga. (Miketo, p. 4.)

Concerning the Owl and the Partridge.

They had been fishing in a pond when the owl killed the partridge, skinned it, dressed himself in it, and so, changed into a partridge, went to the town. The partridge's son asked the owl, saying: "Where is my mother?" The owl, deceiving him, said: "Why, I am your mother." The young partridge cried: "Those are the arms of my mother." Then his grandfather said to the owl: "Why did you kill the partridge? Behold, you now wear the skin of the partridge, and why are you deceiving the partridge's son?" They killed the owl, he died in revenge for the partridge, and they buried him in the road on the way to the well.

The little boys [*i.e.* little partridges] went to draw water; they passed along in numbers, having with them the partridge's son;

when they reached the place where the owl had been buried all the boys passed without spitting, but the partridge's son spat on the grave. They drew the water and were returning to the town, when the owl stopped them and asked each one: "Did you spit here?" But each one denied doing it. When the partridge's son was passing, he who spat there, the owl asked: "Did you spit here?" and he answered: "Yes." Then the spirit [mungoli = disembodied spirit] of the owl tied him and killed him.

For this reason the people are afraid of spirits, because he [the owl's spirit] killed the partridge's son.

This story illustrates two customs and one belief among these people.

1. *The law of revenge.* An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, is carried out literally. When A. wounds B., B.'s only desire is to wound A. to the same extent; but should he go beyond, A. has the right to square the account by wounding B. again. Should A. wound B., and B. in return wound A. so badly that he dies, then A.'s family will use every effort to either kill B. or one of his family. In the eyes of the natives the one who killed B. or one of his family would be held guiltless. They would say that he was simply doing his duty by a member of his family. Should a slave kill a chief, the death of the slave would not square off the death of a chief, so the slave's master would be held responsible, and either he or one of his family would have to pay the balance due. We have had examples of each of these points here.

2. *The respect due to the dead.* The owl had paid the debt of his crime, therefore why insult his grave? The custom was very prevalent when we came here, not to mention a dead person's name directly; but if it were necessary to speak about him, some little characteristic was mentioned. As we talk so freely about our dead, they are not now so careful as formerly.

3. The spirits of fairly good people go to "Longa" (the nether region), but specially bad ones wander through the forests or remain about their graves. Such spirits are invested with all kinds of power. (*a*) They bring sickness on a town, but can be driven out by proper means through the agency of a "medicine man." (*b*) They bring sickness on an unfavoured individual, but the medicine man has power, under conditions, to drive the sickness thus caused away. (*c*) They sometimes take possession of a man

and talk through him, telling the people what they are to do. The signs of such possession are: the body quivering, the eyes frenzied, the language obscure—being generally the ancient obsolete language of the elder folk. When under the sway of the spirit [*mongoli*] they deliver messages from some well-known deceased person to some living person. This has, however, quite recently fallen into disrepute here, because it has been used as a means to get slaves, &c., by the person so possessed out of others.

SUNDRY NOTES.

1. Charms are used to protect inanimate objects from malign influences.

Among the Bangalas it is the custom to tie a small palm-plant to the central post when building a house, otherwise some enemy will bewitch it, and cause it to leak badly, or throw it out of the perpendicular, or spoil it in some way or other. The palm-plant is always used, but frequently it is supplemented with other charms, according to the experience or predilection of the builder. Canoes are protected, during construction, from cracks, bad shape, &c., by a seed pod or a piece of *candelabra euphorbia* tied to them. The man while making the canoe will abstain from water, and drink only sugar-cane wine, or from some particular food. Should he through carelessness happen to partake of the tabooed article something will spoil the canoe. There is scarcely a thing manufactured except under the protecting influence of a charm. Fishing-nets, smithy-work, stools, houses, canoes, pottery, all have their own special charms; and those who make them also have each his own charm to protect his skill from the malign influence of any witchcraft that may be exercised against him by his enemies.

2. Charms are used in dealing with living things.

No attempt is made to capture elephants until an elaborate ceremony, lasting from one to three days, has been performed. When elephants are known to be in the neighbourhood, a man will call a fetish-doctor to impart to him the necessary skill to ensure success. The fee to the "doctor" will be either a lump sum down or a commission on the sale of the slaughtered animal's flesh, or both. Sometimes a "doctor" will visit a town in the vicinity of elephants, and after performing certain rites will sally forth with people from the town to trap and kill. Helpers will

take a part of the flesh if the hunt is successful, but if otherwise the "doctor" excuses himself by saying that a more powerful charm than his has been used by an enemy to counteract his and bring about failure.

As hippopotami are more plentiful than elephants, the requisite ceremony to ensure success in killing them is neither so elaborate nor so long; crocodiles, however, being very cunning, no attempt is made to catch them without much ceremony. As fish are very common, no specially prepared charms are necessary to catch them, unless large quantities are wanted, or expeditions of an extensive kind are made.

The first fish caught by a lad is given to his parents, or those who stand in that relationship to him, otherwise he will fall under the ban of a curse. The first fish caught in the season is given to the person who greets the owner first on stepping ashore, or he will have no further luck. The giving away of the firstfruit of skill in manufacture, in farming, in hunting, &c., is widely observed.

3. "Likundu" is the native term for an occult power supposed to be possessed and exercised by many individuals; both its possession and exercise may be without the knowledge of the person who is supposed to possess it.

A person is accused of possessing "likundu" when he or she is extraordinarily successful in hunting, fishing, skilled labour, or the accumulation of wealth. There is apparently only a certain amount of skill extant, only a certain number of fish to be caught, only a certain amount of wealth to be gained; and for a person to excel all others is a proof that he is using evil means to his own advantage, and in thus defrauding others of their share he lays himself open to the charge of possessing "likundu."

The charge of having "likundu" is sometimes brought playfully against a person, and is then simply equivalent to our phrase "you are too clever," but when used seriously against one it causes much annoyance, and can only be disproved by either drinking the ordeal or refraining from doing that which has brought the charge. There is a man in this town who will not set traps for the palm-rat now, because his success has laid him open to the charge of having "likundu." A person who possesses this "likundu" may unconsciously cause the hunting skill of any hunter in his family to fail. There is a hunter of hippopotami in

this town who for a considerable time was very successful in his expeditions. Soon after we started our mission work he utterly failed in his hunt for them, and could not kill a single one. He returned to the town after one of his unsuccessful hunts and accused his nephew, a lad of ten or twelve, of having exercised his "likundu" against him. The lad denied the charge, but on having the "ordeal" administered it was satisfactorily proved to those concerned that he had "likundu," consequently his brother paid a heavy fine to the disappointed hunter who had been the supposed victim of his evil through unconscious machinations. He has done little or no hunting since.

It is a common belief that girls and lads "have plenty likundu." This belief perhaps originated, but is certainly strengthened, by the fact that the ordeal-drink is an intoxicant, and as girls and lads are not inured to its effects they become quickly intoxicated and fall, but after having taken it a few times they are able to resist its effects, or as the natives say: "they have no more 'likundu.'"

4. Ordeals used are as follows:—

The most common one in this district is "nka," on the Lower Congo "nkasa." It is the outer skin of the rootlets of a certain tree; when the skin is scraped off it looks like the combings from plush velvet. A piled teaspoonful is given. If the person is guilty he will soon fall intoxicated; should he not fall intoxicated his innocency is proved. If two persons, the accused and the accuser, take it, as often happens, the one who falls first is the guilty party. Should the accused fall he is guilty, should, however, the accuser fall first his accusation is thereby proved false.

The next in favour is the "lilela" or wild yam. About a pound is boiled and administered in lumps to the subject. The "nka" is never given in sufficient quantity to kill, but the "lilela" is very often fatal in its action.

"Mokungu" is very seldom used. The bark of a certain tree is broken off, and the inner skin of the bark carefully scraped; the juice from this skin is pressed and dropped into the eye. If the eye is blinded the person is guilty.

5. A few years ago, it was the custom in this district that when the fishing season began badly, the parties interested contributed towards the purchase of a slave, generally an old person, who was bound hand and foot, and thrown into the river to propitiate the water-spirits. As the people who contributed the necessary

amount fished continuously and zealously to gain as much benefit as possible from the appeased disposition of the water-spirits, they of course were very successful, and put to the credit of their sacrifice what was really due to their zeal. There is to-day in the district above this, a man with one eye who was sacrificed in this way. While in the water his bonds became unfastened, and on swimming to land he told the people that the water-spirits had sent him back because they did not want a one-eyed man. His wit saved him.

6. I will close with two or three observations on the drinking customs of these people. The liquor generally used is fermented sugar-cane water. (Palm wine is drunk, but is very scarce.) The canes are cut into lengths of two feet, stripped of the hard outer skin, put into heavy canoe-shaped troughs, and pounded with heavy pestles until the fibres are crushed and separated. The mode of pressing the juice out is one that I have seen illustrated as an old Egyptian one. Two strong uprights are fixed in the ground, and at a convenient height a horizontal cross-piece is placed. Rope a quarter of an inch thick is plaited into an oblong web two feet long by about one foot three inches wide, with loops at each end; the cross-bar is threaded through one end, and a short stout stick is passed through the loops at the other or lower end; a large handful of juicy fibre is placed on the web and held in position while the lower stick is turned two or three times until the fibre is enclosed in the web, then the lower stick is turned repeatedly until the fibre is pressed dry; the juice runs into a slanting canoe beneath, and is drained off into jars. This process generally takes place in the morning, some fermented wine is added to the fresh juice, and by the early afternoon the whole is effervescing and ready to be drunk. A jar of about three gallons can be bought for a couple of yards of calico.

A man buys a jar of wine, beats his drum in a certain way to call his friends, who, after a few minutes, begin to gather from various parts of the town, often followed by a wife carrying a stool and some article out of which the man is to drink. One has a bottle, another a saucepan, another an old coffee-pot, another a jug, another an enamel mug or a glass. A man is chosen to dole out the wine. The majority drink in the ordinary way, but some drink in a manner peculiar to themselves. One draws his wine through a tube; another has a cloth dropped over his head while

drinking; another places some fine-shredded grass over the mouth of his bottle and draws the wine through that; another takes a part of a plantain leaf, makes a channel down the middle, puts one end into his mouth, and pours the wine out of his cup on to the top end of the leaf, from whence it runs down the groove into his mouth. All these various modes of drinking are rigidly followed out of regard to the strictest injunctions of some medicine-man, who has told them that in order to prevent the return of a sickness from which they have suffered or to escape some disease they must drink wine in such and such a manner or not at all.

When a man is "on the booze," he sticks a leaf in his hair to show it, and then no notice is taken of any stupid or insulting remark he may make, or any business transactions he may enter upon.

John H. Weeks.

Animal Superstitions.

I. *From Symi, Asia Minor.* (*Ante*, p. 129.)

[The following are a selection from the notes collected for me by Mr. Demosthenes Chaviaras, and translated by Mr. W. R. Paton.]

1. The sponge-fishers think it an evil omen if they see an octopus at the first place they touch at on their way to their fishing; they refrain from catching it.

Children's clothes on which a cat kittens are thrown away, as are those over which a bitch that has just littered passes.

When they hear the owl's cry they think it a good omen; the women say to it: *ἐμανᾶς καλὰ χαμπάρια καὶ σουνῶυ καλὰ μαντάτα*, "Good news for us and good messages from you."

Children who catch an owl hold it by the beak and say these verses:

> *Κουκκου βάδα βαιανὴ πῶς χορεύει ἡ μαννα σου;*
> *Τόυρικα κί ἀρμένικα κί ἀρμενοπολίτικα.*

> "Palm-Sunday owl, how does your mother dance?
> Turkish and Armenian, Constantinople-Armenian."

And then the owl shuts its eyes and goes round like a top.

When the crow caws it is considered a bad omen, and they say to it: *νὰ φάῃς τὴν κεφαλήν σου λάκερα*, "Eat your head whole."

The *συγχαιριαστής* (?), when it enters a house and goes buzzing round, is looked upon as a good omen; the person round whom it flies will have good news.

The grasshopper is considered lucky; they do not kill it.

The *ἀλοατάκης τοῦ χρεστοῦ* (Christ's little horse) is caught and put on the palm of the left hand and the following verse said:

"If you are Christ's, stay;
If you are the devil's, away!"

It is lucky if it remains, and *vice versâ.*

[The creature—a kind of large grasshopper—is called in Calymnos "The Virgin's little horse"; the children when they find it say the Paternoster; if it flies away it is unlucky.—W. R. P.]

Moths and butterflies which come into the house are looked upon as lucky and are not hurt. [In Calymnos the humming-bird hawk-moth is regarded as presaging good tidings. It is perhaps the *συγχαιριαστής* mentioned above. In Calymnos it is called "extinguisher," *καν ηλοσβόστης*.—W. R. P.]

The "little bird of the house" (cricket), which usually lives near the hearth, is considered lucky when it chirps at night.

Swallows bring luck, and are respected.

Pigeons bring ill-luck and dearth; any one who eats nothing but pigeons for a fortnight will die. [Pigeons are also unlucky in Calymnos.—W. R. P.]

When a hen crows like a cock it is an omen of death; its head must be cut off with a chopper on the threshold *ἀνωπίσω*, *i.e.* striking it on the upper part of the neck. The fowl is eaten.

The howling of a dog is a death-omen.

When the *ἄπλια* (migratory birds) pair in autumn, girls say to them:

ἄπλια μου κατάπλια μου
ξέρανε τὴν πλάκαν μου
δέσε κόμπον καὶ θειλιάν
στου τσουλλιοῦ μου τὴν μεριάν.

"My aplia, my kataplia,
Dry my washing-stone,
Tie a knot and an end knot,
In my braid of hair."

The seal is regarded as unclean.

The *ὄφιας*, a large snake which lives near houses, was formerly looked on [as in Lesbos, W.R.P.] as the guardian of the house. It is not killed nor persecuted much, as other snakes are.

The colour of an animal seen in a dream decides whether the omen is good or bad. Black dogs or pigs seen about midnight or before cockcrow are regarded as demons or vampires; any one who sees them leaves his boots outside the threshold till dawn to prevent the ghosts entering the house. (The *χιλιαντρισσα*, a terrible apparition, was believed to traverse the town after midnight, howling savagely and accompanied by a number of pigs grunting loudly. She disappeared, like other ghosts, at cockcrow).

The *ναφαντάρης* (spider—literally weaver) must not be killed. A man was once unjustly pursued and hid himself in a cellar; over the door a spider spun its web and saved the man.

2. To protect children from the evil eye, they hang on them the largest claw of the crab, known as *ζερβὸς* or left.

The flesh of the tortoise and blood of the turtle give strength.

A little bone of a bat brings luck.

When a man suffers from night-blindness they say he has *ορνιθοσκουτοφλιὰν* (chicken-blindness). He must eat the head of a black she-goat roasted and wash his eyes in the morning in the chickens' water-dish.

Those suffering from stone drink the stone from the gall-bladder of an ox.

Those who have a wound let a dog lick it.

Those who suffer from heart-disease should eat the heart of a live pigeon.

They pound the frog in a mortar in spring and apply it to a hand which *κάνει μονάχη της* (suffers without having been injured).

The fat of a kind of vulture and of the *μακρὴ ὄρνιθα* is used against rheumatism and colds.

The hair of the dog which has bitten a man is used to cure the bite. The hair must be removed together with a portion of the skin; the dog cures the wound so caused by licking it. Therefore they say ironically to some one who has been ill-used by a bad man, "Cut a hair off him."

To cure a person in danger of being choked by a bone they

hold the muzzle of a puppy not yet weaned to his mouth, and its breath helps him to swallow it. For a fish-bone they use a cat. [Also in Cos and Calymnos.—W. R. P.]

With the prickle on the back of the *δράκαινα* (a sea-fish) they prick those suffering from toothache.

To cure a bruise, a person is put naked in a warm sheepskin.

3. At Easter they make *κουλλούρια* (a cake) in the shape of snakes; in his mouth they put a red egg and peppercorns or cloves for the eyes.

On the *αὐγοκόλλας*, large twisted Easter *κολλόυρια*, they put little birds made of the same dough.

4. After the funeral salt fish, bread, and wine are served to the grave-diggers; meat was formerly forbidden at the *μακαρίαι* (the ancient *περίδειπνα*), the feast given to the relations and friends of the deceased.

5. Skulls of animals are put in the garden as scarecrows. The horns of stags or oxen are sometimes seen over the doors of houses.

II. *From Aidin, Turkey.* Collected by Mr. J. Kletropoulos.

The vulture (*kartál*) is not killed by Turks; the swallow, crane, large snake are also respected; so is the *kaplan*, or panther of West Asia Minor. It is regarded as the king of beasts; whoever kills one is imprisoned for twenty-four hours and then rewarded.

The camel is only killed and eaten on solemn occasions in Asia Minor.

The partridge is killed because it once betrayed the prophet; its legs are red because they were dipped in the blood of Hassan-Husein.

The pig is not called *tomūz*, but *hinzir*, "demon." Greeks call the wild pig *μουχτερὸν* (*i.e.* *μοχθηρὸν*) instead of its proper name.

The dog is often called *kelp* (scurfy) instead of *kiotek*, its proper name.

[At weddings in Aidin a pigeon is eaten by the bride and bridegroom.—W. R. P.]

III. *From Sieradz, Poland.* Collected by M. I. de Piatkowska.

A goat is kept for luck. A wolf, crow, pigeon, or magpie in he house bring ill-luck.

A stork seen for the first time in flight is lucky, on the ground unlucky.

There will be a good millet year if many cockchafers are seen.

Earth taken from the ground on which wild geese have rested, and put under a tame goose when it is sitting, will ensure a good brood.

When you see the swallow for the first time in spring, you must sit down; this prevents sore feet in summer.

The first butterfly should be caught to ensure riches; you should turn your money when you hear the cuckoo, the frog, or the stork for the first time.

The swallow, nightingale, lark, stork, and owl are not killed, nor their nests touched. Bees and ants are also spared, and the word used for "die" is the same for them as for human beings. The spider is not killed. Sparrows are killed with whips.

At Christmas and during the Carnival, young men disguise themselves as animals—bear, horse, or monkey—and go round the village. They also appear at weddings disguised as bears.

Owl-feathers burnt in charcoal are good for fumigating rheumatic limbs; the flesh of the owl is also good for rheumatic patients; so is that of the stork, but you are not allowed to kill it.

A tree-frog held in the hand cures excessive perspiration.

To cure consumption you should eat the flesh of a cat and wear its skin on your chest.

Cataract is called "hen-blindness"; to cure it, take a black cock, hold it in a riddle, make it look at the setting sun, and look at the sun yourself; then throw the cock on the ground, jump on the top of a hedge, and imitate the crowing of a cock three times.

On the eve of St. Andrew, girls who wish to get married take a black cat and hold it over the fire; then they throw barley on the fire and say: "Barley, burn; cat, mew; and let my dear one come." To divine which will be married first, girls put bread before a dog and see which piece it eats first.

Clay whistles are made in the shape of cocks, dogs, and pigs.

The souls of the drowned take the form of a horse or dog.

Witches appear as frogs, wild geese, black cats, and crows.

The bear was once a human being; he frightened Christ by his growling, and received his present form. The cuckoo was formerly a girl; she disturbed Christ by crying "cuckoo" and was turned into a bird. The cuckoo becomes a hawk in winter. The swallow was once a girl who was made captive by the Tartars; she prayed to be allowed to return to her country and was changed into a bird.

The stork brings children out of a well (? spring).

A woman was once carried off by a bear and produced two young bear-cubs.

Cocks, owls, and stags' heads made of wood are found on the houses. Eagles, owls, and hawks are killed and nailed to the front of the house.

N. W. Thomas.

Vine-grafting in Southern France.

My authority for the following is Madame Gasquet, wife of Monsieur Joachim Gasquet of Aix-en-Provence, formerly Mademoiselle Marie Girard of Saint-Remy-de-Provence. She is a singularly intelligent woman, and possessed of a retentive and accurate memory. She is (I may also mention) a beautiful woman, tall and well formed, and as a girl had a remarkably pure and sweet expression of countenance. In April, 1894, Mlle. Girard, as she then was, was aged about nineteen, and was staying with her foster-mother, Liso Gonfaut, at her *mas*, or farm, the Mas Pelissier, or Viret. It lies at the eastern end of the northern slope of the Alpilles, a chain of sharp, peaked, rugged, low mountains, running eastward from the Rhône near Tarascon. Formerly they were well wooded, now the upper part is almost all bare rock, but the slopes or foothills grow almonds, olives, and vines, according to the altitude. Mlle. Girard told me of the vine-grafting when I first met her in the autumn of 1894, but not wishing to trust to my memory only I wrote to her last autumn (1899) for exact details, and in reply she sent me a copy of a letter written by her at the time to her *fiancé*, M. Gasquet, from which I quote the following passages:

Mlle. Girard to M. Gasquet, 12 *Avril*, 1894.

"J'etais dans les environs de Romanin[1] depuis déjà une quinzaine de jours. Je m'étais melée le plus possible à la vie simple des paysans. Puérile un peu, j'avais voulu errer dans les ruines vêtue de blanc; une vieille robe de bure blanche, belle de ligne, mes cheveux épandus, un immense béret blanc, me composaient la toilette revée.

'Un matin, la *neblo d'abriéu* (brumes d'Avril) m'avait forcée d'errer un peu à l'aventure sans point de repaire bien distinct. Je courrais de morne en morne, tandis que, semblable à d'énormes flocons de lumière, des lambeaux de brouillard trainaient partout. Les amandiers à perte de vue s'évaporaient dans le soleil. Je m'étais eloignée beaucoup, sans doute, car déjà les terres rosâtres de la Vallongue étaient là. Un dernier amandier gigantesque terminait le sentier, que de nouveaux défrichements avaient sacrifié. J'allais résolument partir à travers la terre labourée, quand des aboiements furieux retentirent, partis d'un groupe de chênes-verts où je distinguais vaguement la forme de trois hommes couchés. 'Sounas li chin!'[2] m'écriai-je. Obéissant, les chiens retournèrent près du maître, qui, impérieux, les fit s'étendre.

"Il y avait un grand vieillard maigre, à barbe blanche, l'allure superbe et presque théâtrale, tant les moindres gestes étaient soignés; un homme de vingt-cinq à trente aus, nerveux, et à l'air sombre,[3] et un enfant de seize ans. Le vieillard me salua d'un large geste de la main, et me dit avec un inexprimable mélange de fierté et d'émotion :—

"'Je suis le maître greffeur des 30,000 pieds de vigne qui sont là. Dans mon pays,[4] pour que la vigne soit prospère, il faut que la sort conduise la fille la plus saine, la meilleure, et la plus belle, de la commune. Cette fille doit greffer le plus beau pied de

[1] The ruins of a castle that belonged to the Seigneurs of Les Baux.—C. A. J.

[2] "Call off the dogs!"

[3] "Le baile [bailiff] du marquis de Pazzi, propriétaire des vignes et de Romanin."—M. G. to C. A. J., 10 Mars, 1900.

[4] "Il ne me par la pas on bon Provençal, mais en languedocien de Toulouse; puis en français, quand il devina la difficulté que j'avais à comprendre. Il s'exprima correctement et pompeusement."—M. G. to C. A. J., 10 Mars, 1900.

chacun des côtés d'où peut venir le malheur. Du midi il n'y a rien à craindre, c'est le soleil, mais de ci et de là, c'est le phylloxèra, le mildieu, la ruine ! Jamais dans cette vallée perdue je n'aurais cru rencontrer la vierge qui doit donner ses vertus à la vigne, et j'étais inquiet tout au fond de moi. Voudrez-vous, belle enfant, que par vous la récolte soit abondante le vin plus généreux ?' "

" 'Je veux bien, mais je ne sais pas.' "

" 'Qu' à cela ne tienne, nous allons vous montrer.' "

" La leçon fut courte, et dès que j'eus compris, nous partions, le vieillard, l'enfant, et moi, car 'l'homme' était parti marquer d'une branche de romarin fleuri les trois plus beaux pieds des trois côtés à préserver.

" Arrivés prés du cep, le vieillard étendait gravement sa limousine[1] à terre, pour m'y faire m'agenouiller, et je greffais le premier plant; puis, là-bas au versant *uba dis Aupiho*,[2] le second. Au troisième, comme je penchais un peu trop la tête pour nouer d'aplomb la ligature, mes cheveux glissèrent. Prompt comme l'éclair, l'enfant arracha la branche fleurie marquant le cep, et d'un geste adorable maintint mes cheveux, en s'écriant, '*Anavon touca la terro !*' "[3]

" Le vieillard me dit simplement, '*Enfant, vous gràmaci, fugues urouso.*' "[4]

Mlle. Girard inquired some time later how the vineyard had fared, and heard that only the plants she grafted had flourished; the rest were not dead, but had failed owing to the carelessness of the farmer.

Madame Gasquet to Mrs. Janvier.

" Aix-en-Provence, 14 Decembre, 1899.

" Je ne sais d'où peut venir cette légende adorable. La greffe des vignes américaines est toute récente, et, hélas ! le peuple a perdu l'habitude de donner un sens symbolique à ses actes, et la vivante poésie de la terre vit sur son passé. On garde bien la tradition, mais on ne crée pas de nouveaux mythes.

[1] A striped wrap, a sort of blanket.

[2] The northern slope of the Alpilles.

[3] " It was going to touch the ground !" [Cf. *Folk-Lore*, vol. xi., p. 448, l. 24.—ED.]

[4] " Child, I thank you ; may you be happy !"

"Dans le Lot-et-Garonne, j'ai entendu dire à une vieille femme très intéressante et un peu sorcière, avec laquelle j'ai causé des journées, que, pour greffer les vignes autrefois (alors que l'on greffait un malaga sur d'anciens pieds français, de même pour les pêches que l'on greffe sur des arbres sauvages), une jeune fille *pubère* (condition absolue) doit greffer le premier plant de chaque rangée. Dans le pays l'usage n'est plus observé, et quand j'ai demandé pourquoi à la vieille Peirusseto, elle n'a su que me dire 'Les vieux avaient dit qu'il fallait le faire.'"

Peirusseto lived near Monerabeau, in that corner of the department of Lot-et-Garonne which is between the departments of Gers and Les Landes (ancient Gascony). Mme. Gasquet visited the district in November, 1899.

Mr. Fernand Lundgren told me a few days ago that among the Navajo Indians (North America) it is the custom that the first row or planting of maize shall be done by young girls. This custom is falling into disuse, but at one time it was considered absolutely necessary.

CATHARINE A. JANVIER.

March, 1900.

FOLKTALES FROM THE ÆGEAN.

(Continued from p. 97.)

XVIII. *The Woodcutter Lad.*

(From the same source as No. XIV.)

There was a poor woman who had one only son. One day she found she had no meal to make bread, but her boy had to go and cut sticks on the hill, and he must have something to eat to take with him. She made him a cake out of ashes instead of flour, and told him, "Do your work first and then sit down and eat," for she was afraid he would get angry when he saw the black ashen bread, and come home and scold her and cut no sticks.

Away he went to the hill and cut himself a big bundle of sticks, and then sat down with the other woodcutter boys to eat. When he untied his napkin and produced his black bread, the other boys laughed at him and bade him get away, and he sat down to eat by himself. As he was eating, an old monk appeared and begged to share his meal. "I have nothing but this black bread," said the boy, "but share it if you will." Now this monk was Christ himself, and he had gone to the others and asked for food, but they had laughed at him and chased him away. He sat down and they began to eat, and lo, the ashen cake became a beautiful white loaf, and as they ate, it never diminished. The monk rose and took his leave, and blessed the bundle of sticks, and the boy tied the white loaf in his napkin and put the bundle of sticks on his back and started off home, and the bundle seemed no heavier than a feather. When his mother noticed the napkin and saw the white loaf, she asked him how he came by it, and he told her all that had befallen him. She gave him some incense, and bade him return next day to the same place to cut sticks, and when he had finished his work, to burn the incense. So he did, and the old monk appeared, and asked him what he could do for him. "I want nothing at all," said the boy; but the monk said, "You may have anything you want; you have just got to ask for it and it will be yours." The boy began to trudge home with his bundle, and as he went he all of a sudden said to himself, "Why should these sticks ride on me, and why shouldn't I ride on them?" Instantly he found himself mounted on the faggot and rode merrily home. On his way he had to pass the king's palace, and the princess was standing on the balcony. When she saw the bumpkin riding on the faggot she burst out laughing, and he looked up and said, "Laugh away, but may you grow with child."[1] Sure enough after a few months the princess found herself pregnant; and one month passed, and another, and she gave birth to a boy.

The king was deeply troubled, and questioned her again and again as to the father of the child, but she persisted in saying that she knew nothing of it. Then the king said, "We will do this: I will give the child an apple, and I will send and summon all my male subjects to pass before the palace window, and whomsoever he hits with the apple is his father." For three days the procla-

[1] The same incident occurs in one of the stories in Basile's *Pentamerone*.

mation was made, and all the men of the kingdom passed under. Only the old woman's son said, "What is the use of my going?" and stayed at home. The baby threw the apple at no one, but he was allowed to keep it, and one day the boy chanced to pass by and the baby threw the apple at him and hit him.

They ran and told the king, and when he saw this ragged boy, he called his daughter and asked her what she knew of him. She said, "Nothing at all;" but her father would not believe her, and had a box made into which he put his daughter, the boy, and the baby, and cast them adrift on the sea.

As they sat shut up in the box, the princess began to cry, and said to the boy, "Speak to me." He said, "I won't. I don't know anything about you, and you have got me into a pretty scrape." But she and the baby cried so much that he was softened, and said, "Do you want to get out of this box?" "How is that possible?" said the princess; "here we are on the sea, and who can save us?" "If you *want* to get out, we *will* get out," said the boy, and wished the box to be landed on a desert island opposite the city and there to open. His wish was performed, and they found themselves on the shore. "But what are we to do here," said the princess, "without house, or food, or water?" "Trust me to make you comfortable;" and he wished for a great palace with male and female servants, and beds and everything, and as he wished, it arose. Next morning the king's servants came running to tell him, "There is a great palace bigger than yours on the island," and the king got up and looked, and said, "I must go over and see what all this means;" and he ordered his boat to be got ready, and started in state to visit his new neighbour. The old woman's son, dressed in royal robes, came down and received him courteously. The king said, "May I ask if you are married?" "Yes," said the boy, "but you must excuse the absence of my wife. She has just had a baby; and if your majesty would come next Sunday and stand sponsor to it, I should be greatly honoured." The king consented, and they sat and talked. When the king was about to leave, the prince (for now the bumpkin has turned into a prince) said to him, "Why did your majesty come here by sea and not on dry land?" The king was a little taken aback by this question, but concealed his embarrassment and said, "We were just taking a little trip in our boats, and we happened to pass here and thought we would call

upon you." "But you may as well go back by land," said the prince, and he wished for a bridge and a carpet on it stretching to the king's palace door.

The king went back across the bridge to his palace, and that night he told his wife all that had happened, and said he was puzzled. On Sunday he took his councillors with him and recrossed the bridge, and came to baptise the prince's son as he had promised. "Is the baptism to be at once?" he asked. "No, we will dine first," said the prince, and led the king to the banqueting hall, where the table was furnished with a splendid service of gold plate. After dinner the prince wished all the gold spoons and forks and cups to go into the king's bosom, and they did so. When the servants came to clear away, they said, "All the plate is missing." The councillors were loud in their assurances that they had taken nothing, and the prince said: "This is awkward; your majesty will permit me to search my guests, and of course I will begin with yourself." The king readily consented, and out of the bosom of the king's shirt the prince pulled his whole service of gold plate. The king was not a little crestfallen, but the prince said, "You have never seen these cups and spoons, yet they are in your bosom. I never touched your daughter, yet she conceived, and for this you put us in a box and sent us to be drowned."

The king recognised his fault, and the poor old woman's son was married to the princess.

XIX. *The Three Sisters.* (Cassabá.)

There were three girls sitting spinning with their mother, and they agreed that whosesoever thread broke first they should kill and eat. Their mother's thread broke, but they said, "Let us spare her for having carried us in her womb," and went on spinning. When the mother's thread broke a second time, they said, "Let us spare her for having suckled us from her breast." But when the mother's thread broke a third time, she had to be killed. The two eldest killed her, cut her up, cooked her, and eat well of the flesh, but the youngest would not join them, and when they had finished she collected the bones and put them in a large earthenware jar. Every day for forty days she incensed them. After

forty days she went to the jar and found within it three dresses (one, the plain with its flowers; another, the sea with its fish; and the third, the heaven with its stars), and a pair of beautiful slippers and a splendid horse. On Sunday she put on the first dress and went to church. There the king's son saw her and fell in love with her, but she ran away before he could catch her and speak to her. So it was the next Sunday, when wearing the second dress she came to church again. On the third Sunday she put on the third dress. As she was returning from church she stopped to let her horse drink, and one slipper fell into the drinking-trough. The prince, who was following her, stopped his horse too, and it was frightened at the slipper, and would not drink. So he saw the slipper and knew to whom it belonged, and went round to all the houses in the town trying to fit it. The eldest sister had put the youngest under a basket, and on this the prince sat down to try the slipper on. It would not fit them, and he asked them if they had no other sister. They said, " No," but the youngest took a pin from her hair and pricked him with it, and so he lifted up the basket to see what was under it.[1]

When it was lifted, the eldest sister said, "She is a poor outcast, our servant, whom we put there that you might not see her." But the slipper fitted her, and the prince recognised her, and they were married.[2]

XX. *The Ring.* (Mytilene).

There was once a poor boy who found a ring lying in the road, and took it home to his mother, and she said, " What is the use of that ring? It is a pity it was not at least a piece of money." But the boy said, " Let us keep it and see what luck it brings us," and he put it on his finger and wore it. He called on the ring one day, " My ring, my little ring, now I want to see you;" and forty ogres presented themselves and did all his behests, and he

[1] The same incident occurs in a Cinderella story in Miss Wardrop's *Georgian Folk-tales*.

[2] *Calymnos variants*.—The mother, before she is killed, tells the daughter to collect her bones, &c.

The slipper is dropped on the road.

The incident of the horse drinking in the Cassabá version seems to come from the same narrator's *Kasidiako*.

became as rich as he wanted by calling on the ring. When he grew up, he sent his mother to the king and asked for a measure to measure his money with; and the king lent his measure, and was very much astonished when it was returned to him with a large gold coin in it, and asked, "Who is your son that he measures his money in a measure?" "He is richer than you," said the mother. Next time the young man sent his mother to ask for a still bigger measure, and this, too, was sent back with a coin in it. Next time he sent her to ask for the hand of the king's daughter. The king said, "If your son wants my daughter, he must make this hill near my palace flat, and plant trees on it, and after forty-one days I must eat their fruit." The young man said, "My ring, my little ring, now I want to see you," and there were the forty ogres, and they went to work with such a will that next morning the mountain was level, and planted, and after forty-one days the fruit was ready for the king to eat. "Now," said the king to the woman, "I want your son to make this other hill before my palace flat, and to bring the sea to my palace-door, and make a beautiful garden at the seaside." Next morning it was done; but the king still demanded that his daughter's suitor should separate the corn in his barns from the grist and stones, and make separate heaps of each. When this task had been performed the king yielded, and the marriage took place, and the bridegroom brought his bride such dresses and jewels as she had never seen in her life.

Now there was a Jew who knew the young man had that ring, and he went and bought a lot of beautiful diamond rings, and went about the town crying, "Rings, rings to sell." As he passed the palace the princess saw the rings. Her husband was asleep; so, taking his off his finger, she exchanged it for one from the Jew's basket.

As soon as the Jew had the ring, he called on it and wished that the palace and the princess and himself should be out at sea, and that her husband should find himself in the street in his drawers. This was done in a minute, and when the young man found himself in this plight, and his ring and his wife and all gone, he ran off to drown himself in the sea; but once he had seen a man taking a dog and cat down to the sea to drown them, and he had asked him why he was going to do so. "They are bad beasts," said the man, "and do us damage." "Don't drown

them," said he, "I will give you 100 piastres and take them home with me," and he had done so and taken care of them; and now the dog and cat came to him, and the dog said, "Don't drown yourself; let us go and look for the ring;" and the prince let them try. So the dog took the cat on his back and swam over to the palace, and sent the cat up to do her best to get the ring. The Jew was so afraid of losing the ring that he kept it always under his tongue. The cat caught a mouse in the palace and said, "I will eat you." "Please don't; what will you gain by eating me?" said the mouse. "I will spare you," said the cat, "if you will go and dip your tail in oil and then put it in the Jew's nose when he is asleep." This the mouse did, and the Jew sneezed violently and out dropped the ring. The cat was ready and grabbed it, and rushed out of the palace and on to the dog's back, and they started for the land. As they were crossing the dog said, "Give me the ring. I am afraid you will run off when we get to land and give it to our master and get all the reward." The cat said, "No, I won't." But the dog insisted, and said he would put her off his back if she didn't. As she was trying to transfer the ring from her own mouth to his, it dropped into the sea. They came and told their master what had happened, and he said, "Now I *will* drown myself." But the cat said, "Wait a bit, who knows, a fish may have swallowed the ring and may be caught, and we may find it." Sure enough it was so. That very day some fishermen caught this fish amongst others and cleaned it, and threw its entrails on the beach, and the cat went to eat them, and found the ring, and brought it to her master.

Then he wished the palace back in its place, and his wife and the Jew in it. He took the Jew and tied him on a wild horse with a sack of walnuts, and he was knocked to bits; and the princess and her husband lived happily ever afterwards.

XXI. *Kyra Florou.* (Cassabá.)

There was a certain queen who had two children, a son and a daughter. The princess was very beautiful; when she combed her hair pearls fell from it, and flowers from her lips when she laughed, but when she cried it thundered and rained. The queen lay dying, and called her son to her, and bade him never leave his sister alone to grow sad and cry and bring storms of rain, but he

must always remain with her. For some months after their mother's death the prince did as she had commanded, but one day he said, "I must go out and look after my servants, who are storing the corn in my granary." "Go" said the princess. When he was gone an old beggar woman carrying a distaff came to the palace and sought alms. The princess called her in and gave her coffee and bread and a new dress, and the old woman sat spinning and chatting for a time and then went away. Next day the prince went out again, and again came the old woman and sat spinning and talking with the princess. "Why," she said, "should such a pretty girl as you, and a princess too, sit here alone? It is surely time for you to look out for a husband;" and more words of like effect; so that when she had gone away the princess grew melancholy and began to cry. All at once it began to thunder and lighten and rain, and the prince ran home to see what had happened. His sister (her name by-the-bye was Kyra Florou), told him, and he bade her, should the old woman return, ask her if she had said this thing of her own accord, or if someone had sent her to say it. So next day, when the old woman began again, "Ah, you will never be happy, my child, until you find a handsome young man for a husband," Kyra Florou asked her, "Tell me, didn't some one send you to say this to me?" "No," said the old woman, "but I know it is your Kismet to wed the King of Rhodope's son."

When the princess told her brother, he started off to find the King of Rhodope, and offer his sister in marriage to the King's son. He journeyed on and on, and on the fifth day he met a monk, who asked him where he was going. "To find the King of Rhodope," said the prince. "It is a far road and perilous," said the monk; "but I will guide you." After many days' travel they came to a plain full of horses and flocks and herds grazing. "Whose are these?" asked the prince. "The King of Rhodope's," answered the monk. "Here I must leave you, you must go on alone and do as I bid you. When you come to the palace you will see it has three gates, and each gate is guarded by a beast. You must catch a horse and three sheep from those you see feeding on the plain, hang the sheep on the horse, mount it, and ride on. When you come to the first gate, throw the beast a sheep and ride quickly through, and so do at the second and third gates. In the doorway of the king's presence-chamber is a sword which

keeps descending and ascending. You will say as it rises, 'Steady, sword, now I want to pass,' and you will rush through before it falls. Then the king's servants will call out that a stranger has entered, and the king will ask you forty times who you are and what you want, but never a word must you answer. Then the king will say, "Tell me your trouble, and you may abide here with me in safety,' and then you may speak and tell him your mission."

It all fell out as the monk had said, and the prince told the king that he was come to offer his sister in marriage to the Prince of Rhodope. "Would you know your sister if you saw her?" said the king. "Of course I would;" said the prince and the king led him into a room all hung with portraits of maidens, but his sister's was not among them. They passed into thirty-nine other rooms full of the pictures of all the girls in the world, and in the last picture of the fortieth room the prince recognised his sister. "If that is your sister," said the king, "then she is my son's destined wife. I will give you ships to go and fetch her." "I am afraid," said the prince, "because my sister, when she goes to sea, turns into an eel, and takes to the water." "I will make you a glass box," said the king, "and into that you must put your sister, and set a woman to watch her during the journey." So all was prepared, and the prince sailed to his home and bade his sister make ready to return with him. One day, a little before they were to sail, the old woman came to the princess and begged to come too. "You have no mother or grandmother," she said; "take me, and call me granny." Kyra Florou obtained her brother's consent to this. Now the old woman had a daughter who was blear-eyed and very ugly, and next day she came and begged the princess to take her daughter too." "You will tell them she is your cousin," said she, and the prince and princess agreed to this too. The princess was put in the glass box and the old woman was set to watch her. As they were nearing the coast of Rhodope, while everyone slept the old woman opened the glass box, and out slid the princess and into the sea. Then the old woman put her own ugly daughter in the box. When they reached the city the king and his son and all his courtiers came down to receive the bride; but when instead of the beautiful girl he expected, the blear-eyed girl was presented to the king, he grew very wroth, and ordered the prince to be loaded with chains and put in prison. The Prince of Rhodope, however,

had to marry the old woman's daughter, as he had given his promise, and could not break it. After a year the king had forgotten all about the young prince in prison, and when one day the prince begged his gaolers to take him to the king and then begged the king to be allowed to go down and walk near the sea, the king did not know who he was, and gave his consent. So the prince went down to the beach and began weeping and calling on his sister, and cried himself to sleep. As he slept the eel came out of the sea and coiled itself round his neck. When he awoke and found something strangling him, he started to his feet and ran up the beach trying to tear it off. Then, when he was at some little distance from the sea, the eel spoke and said, "I am your sister. You must kill me and take me to the king, and tell him I am very good to eat, and ask to be allowed to cook me for his table. You will cut me into three pieces and make three dishes, *plaki*,[1] roast, and boiled. When the king and his court have eaten me, you must collect my bones and bury them. Then a rosebush covered with beautiful rosebuds will come up. The old woman will ask the king to have it cut down, and when this is done take care of the stem, for I am in it." The prince did as he was bidden. The king, his vizier, and courtiers entirely finished the three dishes and sucked the bones, which the prince collected and buried. Next day there was a beautiful rosebush growing inside the palace. As the king stopped to admire it, one of the branches waved towards him and scratched him. "What is this?" said the old woman, who was walking with the king. "Are we going to have your palace made into a thicket where you can't walk without scratching yourself? Cut the nasty thing down at once," and this was done. The prince secured the stem, and taking it with him started off and walked until he came to a monastery where lived a monk with no other companion than a cat. He asked the monk to give him a dish of soup. "I have nothing to make it of," said the monk, "and no wood to cook it with." "But I," said the prince, "have meat, and rice, and firewood too. Give me an axe and a room to myself, and I will prepare it." When he found himself alone he took the rose-stem and struck it three times with the axe, and out of it stepped his sister as beautiful as ever. She told him, "You must ask the monk to give you a room which you may keep closed, and there I will stay, and you must ask him

[1] A stew.

for a comb." When she had the comb, she combed her hair, and out fell quantities of pearls. These she bade him give the monk to take to the king, and the king gave him a handsome present of money. This she did several times, and then bid her brother tell the monk that he wished to rebuild the monastery. He was to order all the wood and stones and two hundred masons, and he was also to get her an embroidery-frame and silks and stuff. All this was done, and in a month the monastery was magnificently restored. "Now," said Kyra Florou, "tell the monk that to celebrate the completion of the work he must give a banquet, and invite the king and court, and you must find means for me to lay the table." The king and his vizier and courtiers came to the banquet and each had a beautiful embroidered napkin set before him. The vizier's napkin and all the others had each something appropriate worked on them. But when the king unfolded his, he saw on it the portrait of Kyra Florou. Then he asked, "Who made this?" and when no one could answer, the princess came out of her hiding-place and saluted him. So he took her home with him and she was wedded to his son. The wicked old woman was cut to pieces, and the pieces put in one of a pair of saddlebags, the other of which was filled with nuts and set on the back of a wild horse, and as the nuts were scattered, so were the fragments of the old woman. But her blear-eyed daughter was sent to wash the dishes in the scullery.

XXII. *Fox-skin.* (Cassabá.)

There were three princes whom the king their father bid shoot their arrows, and each prince was to take a wife from the house on which his arrow fell. The first prince's arrow alighted on the roof of the Vizier's house, the second prince's on that of the Nadir's house, but the youngest could not find his arrow at all. Coming to a tower, he went in, and found an old woman, who told him that his arrow had alighted there, and that he was to marry her daughter. Her daughter was a fox. They were married and started off for another palace. From here the fox sent her husband back to tell her brother the cat to bring her dresses. The cat obeyed, but when he brought them he tore the bridegroom to pieces. The old woman, who was a witch, put him together and brought him to life again. The fox took off her skin and became

a beautiful girl. She gave the skin to her husband and begged him never to burn it, for if he did, misfortune would befall them. She then caused in one night a splendid palace to be built in the sea opposite her father-in-law's house, and there she and her husband went to dwell. The king was angry when he saw the palace, and sent to ask whose it was. When he heard it was his son's, he begged him to bring his wife and introduce her at court. The prince first burnt her fox-skin. As they were dining with the king, she spilt a spoonful of pilaff in her bosom and it all turned into pearls. Her sisters-in-law were jealous of her, but she charmed the king so much that he fell in love with her and wanted to marry her. His daughter-in-law now said to her husband, "Ah, why did you burn my skin?" and they started off together to escape. The king sent after them an old woman, who was a witch. The girl turned round and saw a black cloud following them, and said to her husband. "You must become a cypress-tree, and I a bird sitting singing on you," and the old woman passed on. But no sooner had the pair resumed their form and continued their flight than there again was the black cloud following them. "You must," said the girl, "become the sea, and I a sea-gull swimming on you," and then the old woman passed on again. When the black cloud appeared for the third time, the girl said, "You must become a church and I the Virgin Mary sitting in the middle of you;" and so they escaped from the old woman, and came to a castle, in which, however, they found the prince's father, who killed his son and took his daughter-in-law to wife.

W. R. PATON.

CROPPING ANIMALS' EARS.

(*Ante*, p. 97.)

Among the Hudson's Bay Eskimo "the dogs must not be allowed to get at deer-meat, lest the guardian spirit of the deer be offended and refuse to send further supplies. If by some misfortune the dogs get at the meat, a piece of the offending dog's tail is cut off, or his ear cropped." *11th Ann. Report Bur. Ethn.*, p. 201.

N. W. THOMAS.

Here is a curious illustration of this practice. In the reign of Claudius, by the request of a section of the Parthian nobles,

Meherdates, who had been brought up in Rome, was sent to assume the crown. He was defeated and captured by the reigning King Gotarzes, and Gotarzes instead of killing him cut off his ears. The words of Tacitus distinctly imply that Gotarzes inflicted this punishment on him as a trespasser: "ille 'non propinquum neque Arsacis de gente sed alienigenam et Romanum' increpans, auribus decisis vivere jubet, ostentui clementiæ suæ et in nos dehonestamento." (Tac. *Ann.* xii., 14).

Unless one had these words of Tacitus, one might be inclined to regard the mutilation as similar in motive to the putting out the eyes or cutting off the nose of pretenders to the throne, so extensively practised in the Byzantine Empire; viz., to render the claimant unfit to be king, since a king must be complete (ὁλόκληρος), like a priest. I daresay both notions were present to the mind of Gotarzes, who seems to have been as humane as he could be under the circumstances.

From my infancy I have thought that when Simon Peter in the garden of Gethsemane drew a sword "and smote the servant of the high priest and cut off his right ear," as narrated in all the four gospels, he made a bad shot at the man's head; but it seems not unlikely that he caught hold of the man by the head, and cut off his ear purposely.

W. R. PATON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRIMITIVE ORIENTATION.

(*Ante*, p. 131.)

WHEN in Torres Straits with the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition, I used a method of testing acuteness of vision in which the natives had to place a letter E held in their hands in a given position. In the island of Mabuiag, definite names were given to different positions of the letter, the normal position being called "paipakit" and the reversed position "pòpakit." These words mean "windward" and "leeward" respectively, and the E was said to be windward when the open side was towards the direction of the prevailing south-east trade wind. In describing direction and locality, the terms "windward" and "leeward" were constantly used by these people, and also by various Melanesians living on the island.

Cohn,[1] who used the same method of testing acuteness of vision in Heligoland, had a similar experience. He found that the fishermen of that island described the position of the E as north and south in place of right and left, and Cohn had considerable difficulty in getting them to give up the habit. I have recently met with a similar custom among the fellaḥin of Upper Egypt. In testing the colour-vision of these people, I used a box within which two patches of light could be seen. A native had to say whether the right or left patch was coloured. Instead of the Arabic words for right and left, the people invariably used the terms baḥari and qubli (the local pronunciation of baḥri and qebli). These words are those commonly used in the colloquial Arabic of Egypt for north and south respectively.

Rink[2] states that the Eskimo of Greenland use the same words for right and left as for north and south.

I believe that the custom of using the points of the compass

[1] *Deutsch. medicin. Wochensch.*, 1896, s. 698.

[2] *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, vol. xv., p. 244, 1886.

for indicating direction, and for orientation generally, still exists in Yorkshire and in many parts of Scotland. An interesting indication of the custom is to be found in Barrie's *A Window in Thrums* (p. 26), in which Hendry has his east-trouser pocket filled with dulse. Dr. C. R. Browne informs me that the islanders of the west coast of Ireland direct by compass points, and that the same custom is found all along the Irish sea line, while inland one is directed by right and left or by pointing.

In several languages the word for right or left is the same as for one of the cardinal points. Mr. Sidney Hartland and Professor Skeat have called my attention to the fact that in Welsh "deheu" means both "right" and "south," and the same association is found in the Irish "deas" (old Irish, dess). Professor Skeat has also pointed out to me that the Sanscrit "dakshina" (related to Greek δέξιος) also means both "right" and "south," and in the term "Deccan," applied to the southern part of India, we have the same word. Mr. W. W. Skeat has called my attention to the fact that in both the vernacular and ceremonial dialects of the Javanese, in the vernacular dialect of the Sundanese, in the ceremonial dialect of Bali,[1] and in the Patani dialect of Malay,[2] the word "Kidal" used for south is certainly connected with the Malay word "Kidul," meaning left or left-handed. Crawford[3] states that the Javanese usually employ the Sanscrit terms for the cardinal points in the sense of beginning, end, right, and left.

The instances which I have given are sufficient to show that there is a tendency among savage and semi-civilized races to orientate by means of the cardinal points or by reference to natural features (prevailing winds), and that this custom still lingers in many parts of our own country. In other cases, the existence of the custom in an earlier stage of culture seems to be shown in language.

It is probable that man's primitive orientation was by means of the objects around him. Nearly all races have an idea of the cardinal points in some more or less developed form, and it is probable that man first orientated in reference to these, and that orientation in reference to himself, which is implied in the ideas of right and left, came later. Rink[4] believes that, in the case of

[1] *See* Crawford, *History of the Indian Archipelago*, 1820, vol. ii., p. 127.
[2] *Ibid.* vol. ii., p. 101.
[3] *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 316.
[4] *Loc. cit.*

the Eskimo, the distinction between right and left was the original method, and the words for the right and left sides came to signify at the same time "north" and "south," but it is far more probable that the latter were original. I think it is in accordance with what one knows of the psychology of primitive man that he should have originally orientated in reference to his surroundings rather than in reference to himself.

It is perhaps worth noticing that two of the instances which I have given (Mabuiag and Heligoland) are derived from seafaring people, and that Dr. Browne believes that, in the case of the Irish, the custom is limited to the inhabitants of the coast.

I should be very much obliged if members of the Folk-Lore Society could give any information as to the existence of the custom in the British Isles or elsewhere, especially in relation to one point about which I am at present uncertain, viz., whether the association between a given point of the compass and right or left is a fixed one. Most of my informants are inclined to think that in the British Isles an object is only called east when it is actually on the eastern side at the moment of speaking, but in Welsh and other languages there must have gradually come about a fixed association between south and right, and it is possible that one may find a similar association between a given point of the compass and right or left side in different stages of fixity and constancy. The use of such an expression as "doing her hair east," which I have been informed is to be met with in Perthshire, certainly suggests a definite association of such a kind.

W. H. R. Rivers.

P.S.—Since writing the above, Miss Burne has called my attention to references to the custom in Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" (22nd Edition, p. 179, 1874). One of the instances given by Ramsay is that of a man whose medicine "wadna gang wast." Ramsay states that in this case the man would be lying with his feet to the west. If this statement is correct, it would imply that the term "wast" was used on account of the man's position at the moment of speaking. Mr. P. Redmond, however, informs me that in Ireland "west" is used in a bad sense as in the sayings "the inflammation has gone west on his stomach," "a cold has gone west on him."

HUSBAND AND WIFE STORY.

(Vol. xi., p. 375; vol. xii., p. 101.)

This story recurs in Carnoy and Nicolaides' *Traditions populaires de l'Asie Mineure*, p. 173. There the wife is always demanding jewels and fine clothing, and is enticed by her husband, when his patience is worn out, into the well, under pretence that that is where the jewels and so forth are to be found. In a Sicilian story given by Pitrè (No. 54, *Biblioteca*, vol. v., p. 18), the Lame Devil, having been told by all the men who come to hell that they come through the women, determines from curiosity to go to earth and marry. So, clad as a cavalier, he arrives at Palermo. He is pleased with a girl, whom he marries on a bargain that he shall take her without dowry, provided that she is to ask for all she wants before marriage, and that she shall ask for nothing after. After marriage he takes her one day to the theatre, where she sees a dress she has not got. As she may not ask for it, she falls into a bad humour. When her husband at last gets her to tell him what is the matter, he exclaims: "Ah! then it is true that the men go to hell on account of you women." He leaves her in a trice, and presently meets an old comrade, to whom he tells his story. They then concoct a scheme by which the Lame Devil is to enter into the daughter of the King of Spain, and the other devil is to exorcise him. The plot is put into execution, but the Lame Devil finds himself in such comfortable quarters that he refuses to leave, until the second devil tells him that his wife is coming. Hearing this, the Lame Devil is off like a shot, leaving the princess; and his comrade marries her, in accordance with her father's offer to any man who could cure her. The tale also appears in Straparola, and in Bernoni's *Fiabe popolari veneziane* (No. 3). It is found in the *textus ornatior* of the *Çukasaptati* (*Tales of a Parrot*), where the demon dwells in a pipal-tree at the door of a certain Brahman's house. The demon is driven away by the eternal brawling and wrangling of the Brahman's wife. Finally, the Brahman himself is driven away by the same cause, and picks up the demon of the pipal-tree. The tale then follows the course of the Cairene story. A Bihar proverb, given by Christian, p. 182, refers to a version where the demon originally occupied a pipal-tree. The village termagant,

having driven all her fellow-villagers away, and having none left to quarrel with, vents her rage on the pipal-tree every morning with broom and voice. The proverb in question is used, Mr. Christian says, as an invocation to exorcise evil spirits, for the termagant's name is sufficient to make any demon flee. It is also used in joke when someone noted for an evil temper is coming. It looks as though the story originated in the East.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

JAPANESE NOTES: CORRIGENDA ET ADDENDA.

(*Ante*, pp. 67—71.)

Professor Anesaki tells me that a thousand white *hens*, not *hares*, should be fed (p. 70).

The Oharai is now in June and December.

The magic formula (p. 71) was the name of Suitengû, the god of water and of heaven, corresponding to the Hindu Varuṇa.

Since writing my description of the Wheel of Life, I have observed that the figure in the bucket between the abode of animals and the abode of gods is not human; it is most probably that of a fox.

I am informed that the *Swastika* is known to English heralds as a *Fylfot*.

N. W. THOMAS.

CUTTING OFF THE HEAD OF A CORPSE.

(*Ante*, p. 101.)

In East and West Prussia, if a family is visited with diseases after the death of one of its members, it is believed that they are caused by the deceased sitting up in the grave and eating his shroud. To stop him from doing this, he must be dug up, and his head cut off with a spade. What is done with the head I do not know; almost certainly it is replaced in the coffin. (Tettau und Temme, *Die Volkssagen*, p. 277; *Globus* xix., 96; where references to prehistoric evidence will be found.)

MÄDI BRAITMAIER.

STONE-CATCHING GAMES.

(*Ante*, p. 106.)

I should advise Fraülein Lemke to communicate with Mr. E. Lovett, of 41, Outram Road, Croydon, England, who has made a study of the subject, and who exhibited, and read descriptive notes on, his collection of Astragali at the Society's meeting on April 17th. I venture to express a hope that we may be privileged to see these extremely interesting notes reproduced in *Folk-Lore*.

F. A. MILNE.

A BERWICKSHIRE KIRN-DOLLY.

(*Ante*, p. 129.)

The "Kirn-dolly," or maiden, I exhibited on Wednesday evening, Feb. 20th, was made and given me by Miss Swan, of Duns, Berwickshire. The following notes extracted from correspondence I have had with Miss Swan may be of interest to members. Miss Swan says:

"In talking with our young folks about old customs last harvest (1900) [I called to mind the kirn-dolly] such as I used to see in my childhood's days fifty years ago and more, when they were constantly made." When harvest was proceeding "the last handful was left standing and was eagerly competed for by the great bands of harvesters. The men, standing at a certain distance, threw in turn their sickles at this last bunch of the standing corn. The man who was successful gave the cut corn to one of the women employed, any one he preferred. This girl then arranged the corn in the shape of the 'dolly' shown, and dressed it. It was then taken to the farmhouse and hung up. Here it remained until the next harvest, when another would take its place." Miss Swan adds: "I am sure there was a good-luck superstition attached to the making and preserving it, although it was not much talked about. The kirn sent you, though a modern dolly, is a faithful reproduction of those I have seen and helped to dress 'lang syne.'"

I have asked Miss Swan for further notes about harvest customs in Duns long ago, and will communicate any I receive.

I hope to send photographs of this and other harvest-dolls which I have collected for reproduction in *Folk-Lore*, and the "dolly" itself I have pleasure in presenting to the Society's museum.

ALICE B. GOMME.

24, Dorset Square, N.W.

SUN CHARMS.

In his argument for the magical nature of fire festivals and midsummer fires, Mr. Frazer has not, I think, alluded to the practice of certain tribes of firing flaming arrows into the air during eclipses of the sun. This can hardly be anything but a magical rite intended to rekindle the dying light and heat. It might indeed be argued that it is, like the clang of gongs and similar usages, a device for scaring away the monster who is devouring the sun. This interpretation, however, will not apply to a custom of the Lenguas in the Gran Chaco. I recently saw at the rooms of the South American Missionary Society a photograph of an Indian holding towards the sun, which was obscured, a flaming torch, with the object, as I was informed, of enabling it to pierce the clouds.

N. W. THOMAS.

RAIN CHARM IN ASIA MINOR.

Owing to the drought, the Turks from the villages of this neighbourhood assembled yesterday on the seashore to the number of four or five hundred. They collected (at least they say they did, and they meant to do so) 77,000 stones and threw them into the sea. A certain number of stones are assigned to each man, and he has to lick each stone. I have heard of this practice also in the interior, where the stones are thrown into rivers; but I did not know that the stones must number 77,000. The performance of the charm would be a trying task for a single individual, nearly as bad as having to stamp 77,000 circulars!

W. R. PATON.

Myndus, Asia Minor.
7th April, 1901.

Sacrifice at York, 1648.

In Whitelock's *Memorials of the English Affairs*, ed. 1853, vol. ii., p. 291, under the date of 3rd April, 1648, there is an entry stating that "a woman [was] executed at York for crucifying her mother, and sacrificing a calf, a cock, &c., as a burnt sacrifice, and her husband was hanged for having a hand in that fact."

In the *Criminal Chronology of York Castle*, 1867, p. 29, this tragedy is mentioned, with the addition that the name of the woman who committed the crime was Isabella Billington, aged thirty-two, and that the deed was done at Pocklington.

I have tried to recover further details but have not been successful. I shall be pleased if any one can throw further light on the subject. The act must have been a folklore survival, not the result of madness, for it is noteworthy that two persons—husband and wife—were concerned in it.

Edward Peacock, F.S.A.

Blacksmiths' Festival.

I find in an old note-book the following cutting from the *Guardian* of December 23rd, 1891:

"Can any of your readers explain why St. Clement's Day, November 23rd, is observed as a festival by blacksmiths, and whether the same custom prevails in other counties besides Hampshire? They explode powder on their anvils and fire off guns, and certainly at one village (Twyford, near Winchester) there is what is called a "Clem Feast" for the smiths;—a dinner, at which is read a curious story of Solomon's having given a banquet to all the labourers of the Temple, from which the blacksmiths were excluded till they proved their claim by pointing to their work. They were then admitted after washing off their smuts."

The note is signed "C. M. Y.," the initials, obviously, of the late Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge. It is not, I think, generally known that among Miss Yonge's many literary and intellectual interests was numbered a keen interest in folklore. Her little story "The Christmas Mummers," which deserves a place among

the classics of village fiction, includes one of the first versions of the Mummers' Play ever "collected;" and the pages of the *Monthly Packet*, which she edited for so many years, were always open to articles on folklore (a point to which I may perhaps draw the attention of the Bibliography Committee). I owe my own first acquaintance with the subject to this source; and the late Mr. Henderson, many of whose earlier writings, besides those of the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, appeared in this way, mentions his debt to Miss Yonge in the Preface to *Folklore of the Northern Counties*. I am glad to have the opportunity of thus recording the name of one of the earliest of folklore collectors. She is no doubt right in her suggestion, made in the letter I have quoted, that St. Clement's anchor accounts for his connection with the blacksmiths, of which various instances have been given in our earlier volumes, but the Solomon story has not, I think, been mentioned before. Probably some of our members can trace its source.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

THE MILL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

Last September I was travelling in a third-class railway carriage between Buxton and Ashbourne when a fat, middle-aged woman carrying butter to market got into the carriage and sat opposite to me. It was a hot day, and she had a very red face. As the train moved on a man who sat next to her said to her suddenly, "Missis, if your face keeps as red as that you'll never die." She laughed, and her face grew redder still; and then, as if to make that face grow paler, the man, who carried a basket of tools and appeared to be a joiner, told a story about a woman whose husband had died. It seemed to be a folktale, but there was so much talking and noise that I could hardly hear a word. But I heard him say that the dead man was now "grinding snuff with the Twelve Apostles." As he told the story she ceased to laugh and her face grew paler. Can anyone supply the rest of the story?

S. O. ADDY.

REVIEWS.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH, A STUDY in MAGIC AND RELIGION. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2nd Edition. 3 vols. Price 36s.

SINCE the first edition of Dr. Frazer's work appeared he has greatly expanded it by the insertion of much fresh illustrative matter, drawn chiefly from further reading. It now fills 1,476 pages, of which nearly one-half is new matter. Nothing could more strikingly attest the extent and value of the additions that are daily being made to our knowledge by the activity and intelligence of observers in all parts of the world; and nothing could more clearly illustrate the effect which has been produced by Dr. Frazer's original and inspiring researches than the fact that the new matter thus collected fits in so aptly to the scheme of his work. The central theme of it was, it will be recollected, the priesthood of the groves of Aricia:

> "Those trees in whose dim shadow
> The ghastly priest doth reign,
> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain."

The author explained the priest of Aricia— the King of the Wood —as an embodiment of a tree-spirit, and inferred from a variety of considerations that at an earlier period one of these priests had probably been slain every year in his character of an incarnate deity. A curious illustration of this theory has been afforded in an unexpected quarter by the publication in 1897 of the *Martyrdom of St. Dasius* by Professor F. Cumont, showing that in Lower Mœsia the Roman soldiers celebrated the Saturnalia by the creation of a mock king, who perished by his own hand on the day of the festival, which indicates that though the custom had even before the classical era fallen into disuse in Rome, it lingered on to the fourth century of the Christian era in remote parts. Dr. Frazer proceeded

in his first edition to discuss, by means of his absolutely exhaustive knowledge of all the facts known at the time of its publication, the ceremonies observed by the European peasantry in spring, at midsummer, and at harvest. Since then the splendid researches of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen among the native tribes of Central Australia have furnished fresh and striking analogies; so that, as the author observes, we find at the other side of the world an exact counterpart of those spring and midsummer rites which our own rude forefathers probably performed with a full consciousness of their meaning, and which many of their descendants still keep up. With regard to the harvest rites, not applicable to the Australian aborigines, who do not till the ground, equally close parallels have been traced in Malaysia by Mr. W. W. Skeat and in Sumatra by Mr. van der Toorn.

When it is remembered to how large an extent the work consisted of novel and startling hypotheses, it is distinctly noteworthy that the lapse of ten years and the collection of so vast a number of additional facts should have done so little to displace the particular arrangement and co-ordination of the then known facts by which the hypotheses were deduced. It is very possible that among so many observations there may be some which are less authentic than others, and that here and there a false analogy may have been drawn, but it is impossible not to feel that the sceptic is borne down by the very weight and bulk of the evidence.

It is to be observed that the second title of the work is "a study in magic and religion." When Dr. Frazer first wrote the book he was disposed to class "magic" loosely as one of the lower forms of religion. He now recognises that there is a fundamental distinction and even an opposition of principle between the two, and that in the evolution of thought magic has probably everywhere preceded religion. To understand this change of view it is necessary to define the terms used. Dr. Frazer understands by religion a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man which are believed to direct and control the course of nature and of human life. It is opposed to magic, and equally in his opinion opposed to science, because conciliation implies that the being conciliated is a conscious or personal agent, whose conduct is in some measure uncertain, and who can be prevailed upon to vary it by a judicious appeal to interests, appetites, or emotions. Magic and science assume that the course of nature

is determined, not by the passions or caprice of personal beings, but by the operation of immutable laws acting mechanically. On this question of the essential distinction between magic and religion the author adopts views similar to those enunciated by Sir Alfred Lyall and Mr. Jevons; but it is probable that neither the definition nor its consequences will obtain universal acceptance. To the objection that in magic spiritual agents are often dealt with, it is answered that they are treated in the same way as inanimate agents, that is, constrained or coerced, not conciliated or propitiated.

It may be convenient to readers who are at a distance from libraries if we briefly recapitulate the main contents of the work. Passing from the discussion of Magic and Religion generally, the second chapter is devoted to the study of the perils of the soul, as sought to be avoided by royal and priestly taboos, which are traced to the belief in a separate soul, that can only be kept in the body by excessive precaution. Examples of this are given from all parts of the world, from the Flamen Dialis of Ancient Rome to the Kafirs of the Hindu Koosh. The savage dislike to being photographed is based on the same principle. These conceptions of the soul and of the dangers to which it is exposed lead to a great variety of strange customs and prohibitions.

The third chapter completely fills the second volume and goes halfway into the third. It relates to killing the god, and investigates the case where a king, being divine, had to be put to death in his prime, before decay set in, the ultimate substitution of a mock human sacrifice for a real one, and the many ceremonies connected with death and resurrection. The myths of Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Dionysus, Demeter, Proserpine, and Lityerses are passed under review. The various customs relating to the cutting of the last sheaf of corn, in which the embodiment of the corn-spirit is supposed to lurk, the sacramental eating of it and the sacrificial ceremonies connected therewith are studied. The superstitions connected with transference of evil and expulsion of evil by means of a scapegoat are investigated. The religious customs of the Ancient Mexicans are compared with the Saturnalia and kindred festivals.

The fourth chapter relates to the Golden Bough itself, which had to be plucked by the candidate for the Arician priesthood before he could slay the priest, and which is correlated with the

mistletoe by which the Norse God Balder was slain: the explanation being that Balder's life was in the mistletoe, which was called the Golden Bough as analogous to the mythical fern seed. "The result of our enquiry," concludes the author, "is to make it probable that, down to the time of the Roman Empire and the beginning of our era, the primitive worship of the Aryans was maintained nearly in its original form in the sacred grove at Nemi, as in the oak woods of Gaul, of Prussia, and of Scandinavia; and that the King of the Wood lived and died as an incarnation of the supreme Aryan god, whose life was in the mistletoe or Golden Bough."

In reviewing the first edition in *Folk-Lore* (i. 384) Mr. Joseph Jacobs described the work as "a series of monographs on folklore and mythological subjects," and wrote in terms of just admiration of the literary skill with which it had been fashioned. This appreciation is not less but more applicable to the revised work. The spirit in which it is written may be stated in the author's own words, "Whatever comes of it, wherever it leads us, we must follow truth alone; it is our only guiding star."

E. W. BRABROOK.

I HAVE read Mr. Frazer's new edition of the *Golden Bough* with care, and I need not say with how much pleasure and profit. There was all the old charm and fascination which I remember when first of all I dipped into the original two volumes. If I now venture to say a word of criticism as a folklorist it is only in the hope that Mr. Frazer may prove me and others all wrong. Of course he has gone through the whole process of observation, research, and deduction, in all its stages, and therefore knows his case so much more thoroughly than any one of us, that he will at once appraise the value of each criticism and put his finger on the weak spot. But I think this process will strengthen us all. If Mr. Frazer is right and Mr. Lang is wrong, if Mr. Frazer is right and Mr. Hartland wrong, then we have this grand study of a great subject left intact to us. And just where Mr. Lang is right and Mr. Hartland is right, if they are right, it is necessary to understand what part of the *Golden Bough* is thereby affected and has to be rewritten or amended. The subject matter is, in point of fact, too important to be left to the ordinary channels of literary criticism, and hence I venture to add my small mite to

the additional studies which some of my fellow-members of the Folk-Lore Society's Council have supplied in connection with this monumental work.

Let me first of all state broadly my conception of Mr. Frazer's process. He notes the famous rite of the Arician priesthood, and seeks to explain it: first, by endeavouring to understand the conditions of human thought which could give rise to the rites at the Arician grove; and, secondly, by endeavouring to trace the rites corresponding to those of Aricia in other parts of Europe. The first process is necessary if we would view these rites from the point of culture at which they started instead of from the altogether misleading standard of our own time; the second process is necessary if we would place these rites in their proper relationship to the culture of early Europe, of which they must have formed a part. It is essential to note this. The rites of Aricia must have formed part of the culture of early Europe, or else they are of no value in the history of culture. If they spring from the fancy of their literary observers or from the brutal instincts of Roman consul or emperor, they are not landmarks of culture, but examples of human folly or crime. This, shortly stated, I take to be Mr. Frazer's position. And a most admirable position it is. It is supremely logical, and can be the only scientific method of reaching a result.

I shall not concern myself here with Mr. Frazer's first process. My concern rather is with the second—the identification of the rites of Aricia with the rites of early European people. I at once admit that Mr. Frazer has made good his point that the rites of Aricia are to be traced in rites surviving in other parts of Europe, but I do not think that Mr. Frazer's methods have produced the best proofs of this. In the first place the rites of Aricia themselves are not minutely stated and examined. The authorities are twofold. Greek and Latin writers—Virgil, Servius, Strabo, Pausanias, Solinus, Suetonius, and Ovid—and archæological discoveries of considerable magnitude. Now the evidence from these diverse authorities is not exactly consistent. Archæology tells us of female votaries devoted to chastity and hunting, magnificent temple buildings and vast treasures, the result of offerings by the rich and noble. The texts tell us in varying language of the priest who was succeeded by his slayer, and of rites which are inconsistent with the archæological evidence. Before, then, we can properly

seek for analogues to the rites of Nemi we want a critical examination of each element of those rites, the determination of the relationship of each element to each other, the reconstruction of the whole with a view of showing, if possible, what parts are archaic and in survival and what parts are developed and in accord with the religion of Imperial Rome. And we want explanations of why one portion of the rite was left in its archaic form, and that portion the most brutal and barbaric, and other portions were allowed to develop, and finally, whether the answer to this query is one of non-development and development of different parts of one whole, or of survival of an original rite and the intrusion of later rites.

All these things seem to me to be absolutely necessary before we are entitled to use these several rites as a whole, the parts of which properly fit into each other, and to take them all over Europe in search of their counterparts.

Now though, as I have said, I think Mr. Frazer conclusively shows that in Europe there exist the analogues to the Nemi rites, he fails to show that in Europe there existed in any one place, either in survival or in tradition, one set of parallels to the differing rites at Nemi. One parallel is found in one group of peasant customs, another is found in another group, and so on. And hence it appears to me that the true force of these analogues is not properly seen in Mr. Frazer's study of them.

That Mr. Frazer considers them as parts of one whole is seen by his method of treating them. Everywhere in Europe they are referred to as Aryan custom; custom, that is, of the Indo-European peoples who have governed Europe under their several names of Celts, Teutons, Scandinavians, and so on. The inference is purely gratuitous, and is due to Mr. Frazer's initial conception of the rites as belonging to a homogeneous original.

In any less skilled hands than those of Mr. Frazer the method of comparison adopted in the *Golden Bough* would have led the author to almost hopeless confusion. Mr. Frazer, imperceptibly as it seems to me, comprehends the difficulty, and as imperceptibly corrects it by elaborate and careful explanations all along the line. The result is a very lengthy study through which we wend our way, charmed by the wealth of illustrations brought forward and the many sidelights of the most suggestive kind which are constantly developed. But a simpler method of re-

search would have been far more satisfactory, and would have left Mr. Frazer material enough for other studies which I personally should have welcomed from his pen. As it is, everything seems to be sacrificed to the one object of bringing the comparative results of the Latin and European customs into effective line. Too much is thus sacrificed for one study. There are many European customs which do not really belong to the subject, but which are nevertheless necessary to prove the desired results by Mr. Frazer's method. If the method of analysis had preceded that of comparison, many of these European customs, thus apparently forced into a setting to which they do not really belong, would have been left untouched, and I think to the benefit of science. It will be hard work for us more humble students to detach a custom, or set of customs, doing duty in Mr. Frazer's work, from the surroundings into which he has built them. We shall have to explain why it is that a custom successfully used in the *Golden Bough* as a part of a particular survival-group may also be used as a part of an altogether different survival-group. And in the study of survivals too much care cannot be taken, I think, in using each example exactly where it should be used—with its fellows of the same group either in study of culture or in connection with given peoples. And in this respect, therefore, I consider Mr. Frazer's great book sins against the canons which govern, or should govern, our use of survivals of ancient culture.

I hope I have not said anything to make it appear that my methods, here noted, are accepted methods to which there can be no possible objection. I put forward no such claim. Mr. Frazer is of course more likely to be right than I am. I put them forward as the result of a study of his great book. I think I can discern that the study of survivals has hitherto proceeded upon no settled lines. Mr. Frazer uses them in one way, Mr. Lang in another, Mr. Hartland in another, Mr. Clodd in yet another, and so on, each scholar according to the immediate needs of the moment. But this must be wrong. If one of these methods is right all the rest are wrong. And I claim it to be not the least important result of Mr. Frazer's study that it would seem to bring before our minds the imperfection of the present methods of using survivals in illustrating facts of culture.

G. LAURENCE GOMME.

I INTEND singling out one small chapter in the book. The historical and literary value of the subject treated therein transcends to my mind in importance all the rest; not to speak of the theological question connected with it, which I leave out altogether. In theology and politics the most sane men will disagree, and I have moreover no desire to introduce any of the old, but not yet extinct, *odium theologicum.*

The historical facts considered in this chapter, as they present themselves to me, are diametrically opposed to the ingenious suggestions which Mr. Frazer manipulates into reliable materials. When there are no known facts he is not slow to suggest possibilities which have never existed. One can not protest too strongly against a system which allows a promiscuous use of late and recent facts in juxtaposition with the oldest on record, which attaches the same value to mediæval excrescences and imitations of strange habits as to old originals, and deduces from them results explanatory of very old ceremonies and beliefs. I am referring to the equation: Saturnalia, Sacaea, Zakmuk, Purim, and the crucifixion of Jesus (vol. iii., chap. iii., p. 138 ff., § 17).

The central idea of the book, restated in a few words, is the "one-day" or "one-year king," who must depart by that time, in order to insure by his voluntary departure or violent death the future happiness and prosperity of the vegetable and animal world in the course of that year. Round this idea every possible parallel is grouped. The net is spread so wide, that even the most improbable is drawn into it and has to serve as an argument to prove this theory. Thus, the merry-making and the temporary freeing of the slaves on the Saturnalia is a mere later humanised form of the ancient more cruel custom. According to that custom in ancient times, a god or the god was yearly put to death; his place was afterwards taken by a substitute, who as a representative of the god, wherever the worship of Saturn prevailed, enjoyed for a time the privileges of Saturn, and then died, "whether by his own or another's hand, whether by the knife or the fire or on the gallows-tree, in the character of the good god who gave his life for the world" (p. 142). In the same breath we are told, however, that already in the Augustan period the old stern and barbarous practice had been suppressed, and that it lingered on in the emasculated form of the Saturnalia as recorded by the classical writers. This is mere hypothesis, without a

tittle of justification for the identification suggested, especially as not a single trace of any evil consequences to the revellers can be found. No one was killed or hanged at the end of the Saturnalia. The explanation of the Oriental custom told by Dio Chrysostom regarding the Sacaea rests on a still more flimsy basis, and the attempted identification with the Babylonian Zakmuk has not a single item in it to suggest any identity. The Zakmuk was merely the beginning of the new year, pregnant with omens for the coming season. On that day the great gods assemble in the Temple to determine the fate of man in general, and that of the king, the first person in the kingdom, in particular. The meeting takes place under the presidency of the god Marduk, and the season chosen for the new year is the month of Nisan, on which, by the way, the Jewish year also begins. That is all that is known of this festival, except that rich offerings were made on that day. Quite natural, when one thinks of the result to be obtained by properly propitiating the gods, and influencing them to take a favourable view of the man who brought those offerings. Mr. Frazer feels that there is apparently little in common between the two festivals, and owns that the "identity with the Sacaea must remain for the present a more or less probable hypothesis" (p. 152) The dates do not coincide either, and yet "it would be premature to allow much weight to the seeming discrepancy in the dates of the two festivals" (p. 153). Not a single word of substitution or of a vicarious death, or of expiation, or of the renewal of the king's reign after the lapse of one year, in fact not one of the characteristic elements of the central idea, so carefully worked up by the author, appears in the Babylonian records or in the Babylonian Zakmuk, and yet it is afterwards treated as identical with the Sacaea; and we are led one step further in this extraordinary chain of reasoning. For the festival of Purim as related in the Book of Esther is now identified with this new-year festival of Marduk. I say nothing of the identification of the chief personages, such as Mordecai with Marduk, and Esther with Ishtar, or the still more doubtful identification of Haman with a mythical Elamitic god, and Vashti with—? To prove anything by the identity of the name ought by this time to be considered as an exploded fallacy. Not one single old name of kings or of great men is known, which is not directly derived from that of a god. The king is merely called by a sacred name, probably for

the purpose of placing him under the direct protection of that deity, but not in order to identify him with this or that god. Even granted that the names are identical, the identity in character has still to be demonstrated. This demonstration is absolutely wanting. Not the wildest stretch of fancy can detect in Mordecai any single trait of Marduk. The problem gets more complicated, for we deal in the Book of Esther with a differentiation of the *dramatis personæ*. Instead of one temporary king, instead of the Zoganes or the Marduk of the Babylonians, we have not one, but two, pairs, in the figures of Mordecai and Esther and in those of Vashti and Haman. There is no longer a question of one and the same person who is to enjoy the temporary privileges of the king, and then to die after the short enjoyment of them, but two doubles, in fact four persons, of whom two are quite unlike anything yet mentioned, as female characters are added to the impersonation of the one god. Between the Babylonian and the Jewish tradition, assuming it all to be actually as imagined by the author, lies a Persian intermediary, for the Jews have derived their Esther festival and merrymaking through the medium of the Persians.

The Persians know of an old ceremony of the "Beardless-One," who rides naked on an ass on the first day of the first month of the year. He is first honoured, in a very limited fashion, and is afterwards left to the tender mercies of the rabble. This buffoon is then connected with the old rite of the Sacaea! We might just as well adduce the English "Guy Fawkes," who is afterwards burned on a bonfire, as a proof that this local and quite modern ceremony is a remnant of the old Zoganes festival. Before proceeding further, attention must still be drawn to the double interpretaticn of the figures in the Book of Esther. They represent, according to the author, the killing of the old king and the crowning of the new (but also) temporary king, and they represent the victory of the Babylonian gods over the Elamitic gods. Both explanations are given by the author, who decides for the first alternative, for he says (p. 185), when discussing the duplication of the pairs, that "the old decrepit spirit of the past year is personated by one pair, and the fresh young spirit of the new year by another." A long way indeed from the primitive sacrifice of the god or his representative at the end of his year of office, which is later on curtailed to a much shorter period.

Purim then is to offer the explanation of the liberation of Barabbas and the crucifixion of Jesus. A custom thus far known to the imagination of the author alone is to have prevailed in ancient Jerusalem. The Jews are said to have celebrated a life-like personation of Haman and to have hanged the man then on the cross after mocking him. Not a trace of anything like such a custom is known to have existed. Not the remotest hint in the gospels and not a word in the old writers of such barbarous merrymaking, either in ancient or in later times. To drink, to feast, and to offer gifts is all that has been enjoined and carried out throughout the ages. The discrepancy between the dates—Purim is four weeks before Passover—is again banished by a dexterous sleight of hand. Where is the proof of such an astounding assertion? one might ask. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries some such Biblical representations have taken place in Europe, after the model of the mediæval Mystery Plays! And this is the proof!! Nothing else to justify this curious identification, unless it be the other "beardless one," a caricature in which the Greek rabble in Alexandria indulged to spite King Agrippa on a casual visit to that town. As if every caricature carried with it a deep mystical significance, and were the reflex of old forgotten customs and beliefs! I refrain from pursuing this special point further; it is not here the place to tread so dangerous a ground.

This chapter is sufficiently instructive. A chain of argument, as loose as in fairy tales; the most improbable taken as real. Distances vanish. Everything stands on one and the same level. No discrimination between the modern and the old, between the true and the doubtful statement, a ready admission of the most hazardous identifications and of hardly verified conjectures; hypotheses from beginning to end; plausibility making the proof of the unsatisfactory logical sequence very difficult; the reduction of the whole primitive human life and thought to almost one single notion—the dying and the quickened god—coupled with a brilliant style, wonderfully wide and comprehensive reading, are the characteristics of this book; the conclusions of which have so readily been accepted by many, but which lack still the confirmation of the critical inquirer. Far be it from me to belittle the astounding achievement in the world of fiction. Reading the book as such, I owe the author sincere thanks for

the delight and pleasure with which I followed up the plot from beginning to end.

M. GASTER.

LIKE all other anthropologists I am immensely impressed with the great value of *The Golden Bough*, not only as a synthesis but also as a mine of facts and references. I do not, however, propose to criticise the book in bulk or in part, but merely to allude to a subject that has interested me.

The section on totemism has been increased slightly by footnotes, notably by that on p. 416 (vol. iii.), in which Dr. Frazer admits that the theory previously adopted is at most only a partial solution of the problem. The theory was as follows. A tribe revere a particular species of animal or plant and call themselves after it, from a belief that the life of each individual of the tribe is bound up with some one individual of the species, and that his or her death would be the consequence of killing that particular animal or destroying that particular plant. Thanks to the memorable investigations of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen in Central Australia, a further explanation of totemism is forthcoming which indicates that, at least among these tribes, its aim is to provide the community with a supply of food and all other necessaries by means of certain magical ceremonies, the performance of which is distributed among the various totem-groups.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to adduce further evidence on this aspect of totemism from the Western tribe of Torres Straits. On certain occasions each of the dugong-men of Mabuiag was painted with a red line from the tip of his nose up his forehead and down his spine to the small of the back. (I obtained in this island a model of a dugong which was used as a charm, which was correspondingly painted with a red line.) The men's foreheads were decked with upright leaves to represent the spouting of the dugong, and leaves were also inserted in the armbands like water splashing off the dugong when it comes into very shallow water. This decoration was made when the dugong-men performed a magical rite in the *kwod* (or taboo-ground) that was situated in their particular region of the island. A number of different plants were put on the ground and a dugong placed on the top. Several men took the dugong by the tail, which they hoisted up in such a way as to make the dugong face the rest of the island—for the

kwod was near the seashore and faced the great reefs on which the dugong abound. There can be little doubt that this was a magical rite performed by the dugong-men to make the dugong come towards the island of Mabuiag. The dugong used in this ceremony was given to the turtle-men. When only one turtle was obtained on a turtle expedition it was taken to the *kwod* of the turtle-men, who performed a pantomimic ceremony which symbolised the increase of turtle. The social, as opposed to the magical, aspect of totemism was also well developed among these people, and on another occasion I shall have something to say about their incipient evolution from a totemistic cult.

Dr. Frazer (vol. iii., p. 418) also regards the totem as a receptacle in which a man keeps his life, that is, his soul or one of his souls. I have no further evidence on this point, but on the island of Yam I discovered that the life of an *augud* (totem) might reside in a stone. In the *kwod* in this island there was an enclosed spot which contained the shrines of two great auguds of the island, the crocodile and the hammer-headed shark. Each was represented by a large tortoiseshell mask, below which was the stone in which its life resided. Although the same term *augud* was employed for the mask as for a totem species, it is evident that true totemism is merging into something else.

I did not find a personal totem among the Papuans, either on the mainland of New Guinea or in Torres Straits, but I did discover its occurrence among the Yaraikanna tribe of Cape York, who are true Australians. One informant told me he had three *ari*, one which fell to him through blood-divination at the ceremony of knocking out a front tooth, the two others given as the result of dreams. It appears that if an old man dreams of anything at night, that object is the *ari* of the first person he sees next morning; the idea being that the animal, or whatever appears in the dream, is the spirit of the first person met with on awakening.

The personal totem of the Omahas, which has been described so graphically by Miss Alice C. Fletcher (*The Import of the Totem*, American Association for the Advancement of Science, Detroit Meeting, 1897), is somewhat similar to the *Nyarong* or spirit-helper of the Sea Dayaks of Sarawak (C. Hose and W. McDougall, *Report*, *British Association*, Bradford Meeting, 1900, p. 907), in which "every Sea Dayak hopes to be guided and helped all through his life by a spirit which announces itself to

him in dreams, and takes up its abode in some peculiar natural object or in some animal. In the latter case the Dayak will never kill or eat one of the same species of animal, and will lay the same prohibition on all his descendants, so that a whole family may come to pay especial regard to one species of animal for many generations." The personal totem, or *ari*, of the Yaraikanna is different from either of these, and so far as I am aware has no equivalent among the Papuans, but it has occasionally been recorded for other Australians.

Dr. Frazer promises us a second edition of his excellent little book on *Totemism*, which will be eagerly welcomed by students. It is probable that what is described as totemism in one place may be different in its origin from that which is called totemism elsewhere. Should this prove to be the case, the term should be restricted to practices and beliefs which are undoubtedly similar to those of the Ojibway cult.

Dr. Frazer rightly lays great stress in *The Golden Bough* on the importance of Spencer and Gillen's study of the Arunta tribe, in their masterly book, *The Native Tribes of Central Australia*. I should, however, like to add a word of warning, that although most of the customs and beliefs of nomadic savages may be what is termed "primitive," it does not follow that all are really primitive; indeed the evolution of customs is clearly stated by Spencer and Gillen in their tenth chapter, where three phases of evolution are described. Might I suggest that it would be well for students to face the probability of what may be termed "differential evolution;" that is, there may be a lagging behind, or an acceleration, or an entire omission of certain customs and beliefs in even allied tribes which belong to the same general level of culture. For example, we are told that in Alcheringa, the mythical antiquity of the Arunta, each of the wandering companies was composed of a certain number of individuals belonging to a particular totem (p. 120). Judging from the authors' remarks on pp. 73 and 74, there was a closer connection between the Alcheringa ancestors and their totems than exists at the present day. The Alcheringa ancestors passed into the ground, and each spot or area became infected with the respective totem of the ancestor. Thus the totems are at the present day territorial, which does not strike one as being a primitive concept, quite apart from the tradition that it was not so.

I have pointed out that the marriage restrictions of the Yaraikanna tribe are territorial and not totemistic (*Report, British Association*, Dover, 1899, p. 585). Dr. Rivers has shown (*Journal Anth. Inst.*, xxx., 1900, p. 78) that in Murray Island, Eastern tribe of Torres Straits, "marriages are regulated by the places to which the natives belong. A man cannot marry a woman of his own village or of certain other villages. The totemistic system which probably at one time existed in this island appears to have been replaced by what may be called a territorial system." I found that a similar custom occurs in the Mekeo District of British New Guinea, and it is probably still more widely distributed. I have collected evidence which proves that there is a territorial grouping of totemic clans among the Western tribe of Torres Straits. At Kiwai, in the delta of the Fly River, where, by-the-by, plant totems largely predominate, all the members of a totemic clan live together in a long house which is confined to that clan.

It would seem that the members of a totemic clan tend to live together and have lands in common, but on the weakening of the totemistic system the social restrictions come to be associated with the lands or villages. Among the Arunta, the totems have now no relation to marriage restrictions, nor indeed does it appear that there ever was a time when marriage was regulated by the totems (pp. 121, 393). This may very well have been a really primitive custom, and hence there is no territorial marriage restriction among the Arunta.

A. C. Haddon.

I invoke *The Golden Bough*, vol. iii., pp. 458-461.

In the beginning there was Thought and there was Void. And Thought conjured up out of the Void an unsubstantial world—earth and sun—an ever-shifting phantasmagoria of thought, with the high-sounding names of the world and the universe. Having done this, without reason assigned, Thought proceeded to try and explain (presumably to the Void) what it had done, and devised hypotheses, three in number, successively—magic, religion, and science. By their aid, Thought—quite unnecessarily—registered the shadows on the screen, *i.e.* registered the unsubstantial world and ever-shifting phantasmagoria, already mentioned. But having conjured them up and registered them, Thought has come

to the conclusion that they (somewhat superfluously, for unsubstantial things), may melt into air, into thin air—in fact that there is nothing in them. In these circumstances Thought feels that it is making an infinite progression towards a goal that for ever recedes, and that great things will come of that pursuit, though we may not enjoy them. Indeed, as Dr. Frazer says in his Preface, "we cannot foresee, we can hardly even guess, the new forms into which thought and society will run in the future." They will be an ever-shifting phantasmagoria, with high-sounding names, but thin, very thin; in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, unsubstantial, not to say void. We shall be making infinite progress from nowhere to nowhere, in a purely hypothetical way, and we may enjoy ourselves—in a phantasmagorical manner, of course.

This is "the lesson of hope and encouragement to be drawn from the melancholy record of human error and folly which has engaged our attention" in *The Golden Bough.* It is the consequence of "rejecting the religious theory of nature as inadequate and reverting in a measure to the older standpoint of magic." What hope or encouragement is to be got out of unsubstantial hypotheses, like science, conjured up out of the void only to melt into thin air, I cannot say. I only wish to make one or two remarks about the older and equally unsubstantial hypothesis of magic.

In the beginning, according to Dr. Frazer, man was absolutely destitute of religious belief, which "explains the succession of natural phenomena as regulated by the will." Man begins by finding himself in presence of "a certain established order of nature on which he can surely count and which he can manipulate for his own ends" by means of magic, which no more implies a belief in the existence of spirits than science does. This view is of course incompatible with Dr. Tylor's theory of Animism; and one or other of the two theories must be wrong (or perhaps both are phantasmagorical). According to Dr. Tylor, man in his dealings with nature is dealing with bodies supposed to be animated by spirits like man's. According to Dr. Frazer, man knows nothing of spirits whatever in this stage; he simply knows the succession of events, "a certain established order of nature," which, however, he (and the man of science) believes that he can vary and alter, and "manipulate for his own ends"—so that the "established order" is not really established but is perpetually

being altered by man, by will. But man does not jump to the conclusion that the changes which take place around him are also produced by other wills or by other spirits or by other beings. If he did, Dr. Tylor's theory of Animism would be right and Dr. Frazer's theory of Magic would be wrong.

This is rather *a priori* speculation. As a matter of fact, do we come across instances or survivals, of a period when man believed in magic, but knew nothing of spirits? Now "beneath a superficial layer of Christianity," we are told, we do find "a faith in magic and witchcraft." Indeed "the common herd never really abandon their superstitions." The superstitions in question are a belief in magic, which we have learnt is a good deal nearer the truth of science than religion is. Now, what the argument requires is, that primitive man should believe in magic, and should not even so much as know that there are spirits. What Dr. Frazer tells us is something quite different, viz. that the "omnipresence and malignity of spirits" is a belief of "the primitive mind;" and primitive man is dated as being in the hunting or pastoral stage. Thus it appears that spirits were omnipresent to the primitive mind, which is just what Dr. Tylor has taught, and what Dr. Frazer has denied.

I submit then that the omnipresence of spirits to the primitive mind is fatal to the theory that the primitive mind recognised only "an established order of nature" and knew nothing whatever of spirits. Dr. Frazer himself has shown that primitive man recognises and deals with spirits, good as well as bad; I do not therefore understand his belief "that in the evolution of thought, magic, as representing a lower intellectual stratum, has probably everywhere preceded religion," and that "magic is probably older than a belief in spirits." If it is, then, on Dr. Frazer's own showing, it is prior to primitive man, which is difficult to understand.

That magic is distinct from religion, I hold with Dr. Frazer. But that magic is prior to religion, Dr. Frazer produces no evidence to show.

Nevertheless, whatever criticisms we may make, we are all indebted more than we can well say for the second edition of *The Golden Bough*—

"venerabile donum
Fatalis virgæ longo post tempore visum."

F. B. Jevons.

I HAVE written elsewhere on the new edition of *The Golden Bough*. Here, however, I may say that I cannot accept the hypothesis on which Mr. Frazer's argument as to the Crucifixion depends. He is obliged to postulate a Persian custom of annually sacrificing the king at Babylon. I say "Persian," because I am not privileged to find any tittle of evidence that the feast of the Sacaea was old Babylonian. Mr. Frazer argues that, in time, a son of the king died as his proxy, and finally a criminal was selected. This man, after five days of royalty, was stripped, scourged, and hanged. He is sometimes said to die to save the king's life, and at other times he dies as a representative of Tammuz, or Adonis, a god of vegetation. I do not think he can be either alternately, or both at once. From this execution, the Jews are supposed to have borrowed the custom (unproved) of crowning, robing, stripping, scourging, and hanging a man at Purim, or, as Mr. Fraser also conjectures, *not* at Purim, every year. Our Lord was one of these men.

I can accept no step in the argument. I entirely decline to believe that ever, anywhere, a king, let alone the king of Persia, was annually "sacrificed." No mortal would take the crown on the terms. No royal house could stand the drain on its members. No example of such an idiotic practice is anywhere proved to exist. Nobody who knows human nature could dream that the Persians would find kings ready to take the crown on the alleged conditions. Moreover, the supposed substitute is not "sacrificed" at all; he is stripped, scourged, and hanged, if our solitary evidence—a speech attributed by Dio Chrysostom to the humorous cynic Diogenes—*is* evidence, which I doubt. Kings, if the victim represents a king, gods, if he represents a god, are not put to death or "sacrificed" by scourging and hanging!

The custom, if it existed, has an easier explanation. At the Persian Sacaea, as at the Roman Saturnalia, and in many other cases, each household, during a brief period of license, had its King of Unreason, in Persia a slave. To play the king in the real king's house was, technically, treason; and was treason nowhere else. But, as it would have been a shame to punish a slave who, in acting king, only obeyed custom, a condemned criminal took in the royal household the rôle of King of Unreason. He was then stripped to show his mockery of kingship, whipped, to prove his servile status, and hanged, on the technical count of

treason, and on the real charge for which he had already been condemned to death.

This, of course, is a guess, but it does not involve the fantastic theory that Persian kings were once *annually* "sacrificed;" or that a sacrifice is ever whipped and hanged; or that once they were burned, but later were whipped and hanged by way of mitigation of their sufferings!

As I have criticised portions of *The Golden Bough* (*Fortnightly Review*, February, April, 1901), and as my book on these themes (" Magic and Religion ") is in the press, I need not occupy much more space in *Folk-Lore*. But I may point out that while Our Lord, by Mr. Frazer's theory, derives his "halo of divinity" from his succession to a long series of criminals, recognised and sacrificed as divine, he also assures us that nobody recognised the god in these unlucky characters (Vol. III., p. 120). Of course this looks to me like a contradiction in terms. It is as if Mr. Frazer said, "Jones was universally known to be a pauper," and also that "Jones was knocked down and robbed, because of the universal belief in his opulence."

I need scarcely add that, though unconvinced by Mr. Frazer's logic, I have the highest sense of his industry and erudition, and of the value of his collection of evidence. Oddly enough, while describing the Ashanti custom analogous to the Sacaea, he omits the circumstance that in Ashanti, as at Babylon (if Dio Chrysostom makes Diogenes tell truth), a *criminal* is sacrificed on the *fifth* day of the feast (Ellis, *The Tshi-Speaking Peoples*, p. 229). If, by the way, the word *Sacaea* is derived from the verb whence comes *Sáki* (Persian, the wine-pourer) then *Sacaea* is a Semitic word and therefore cannot be Persian, and may suggest a Babylonian origin. This suggestion is not made by Mr. Frazer.

ANDREW LANG.

MR. FRAZER'S work has exerted an influence over and won an authority among his fellow students denied to any since the appearance of Professor Tylor's *Primitive Culture*. There are reasons why this should be so, over and above the author's immense range of reading and great literary skill in handling and displaying to the best advantage a mass of facts which, presented otherwise, would be simply unreadable. But it does not seem to

me that any of Mr. Frazer's reviewers have adequately recognised the force and cogency of his appeal to folklorists.

I speak of Mr. Frazer's appeal, but, as he himself has insisted, the hypotheses which he has so ably championed are originally due to Mannhardt. It would be unfair, however, to separate master and disciple, discoverer and expositor. Whatever may be the final decision of advancing knowledge upon their hypotheses, their names will remain indissolubly linked together in the history of folklore scholarship.

The Mannhardt-Frazer hypothesis has won such immediate and widespread recognition because it satisfies psychological requirements of which every student is conscious, although very few are at the trouble of formulating them. It supplies, what it was dimly felt the earlier hypotheses did not supply, an *adequate* explanation of the facts involved. This does not of course prove that it is true; no one knows better than the student of folklore how far apart adequacy and truth may be. Ninety-nine per cent. of humanity have accepted and acted upon the most grotesquely absurd explanations of fact because they were nevertheless felt to be adequate.

What then briefly speaking is the nature of the facts which the hypothesis essays to connote and interpret, and wherein does its special adequacy lie?

The customs and beliefs involved are in the first place widespread, covering as they do not only the Europæo-Asiatic area in which all the higher civilisations have developed, but being met with also in districts and among cultures historically unconnected with that area. In the second place, they are found at all stages of recorded history, their range in time being as wide as their range in space. In the third place, they are singularly persistent in outline and animating spirit. Fourthly, unlike certain products of folk-fancy—story, song, riddle—they do not impress one at first sight as possessing an inherent capacity for wandering, for passing from one people to another. This impression may be wrong, but I believe that the most determined transmissionist, who is quite convinced *e.g.* that Cinderella originated in one definite centre whence it spread around, would hesitate to explain the prevalence of May-day or harvest customs in the same way.

We may fairly conclude that the appeal and sanction of these beliefs and customs must have their roots in something practi-

cally common to all mankind, seeing that they are met with almost *semper et ubique.* These roots are, according to the Mannhardt-Frazer hypothesis, the overpowering interest felt by mankind in the germination and growth of the food-crop, and the anxious desire to promote processes recognised by experience as uncontrollable by purely material means, but upon the proper completion of which depends the welfare of the community.

The adequacy of the hypothesis is self-evident. Nearly every race of mankind has passed, or is passing, through an agricultural stage, and whilst agriculture, as it is in all early communities, is a self-contained and empiric craft, the welfare of the crop is of absolutely paramount importance. If, as the hypothesis assumes, certain practices do promote that welfare, they *must*, for the average man and woman, have a significance, an import, transcending every other body of practices. Thus the ritual possesses the most awful of all sanctions—dread of starvation; thus the mythology which informs and animates the ritual appeals to everyone, and not merely to the higher minds of the community. If any ritual, if any mythology, could count upon persistent survival after what may be called their social and economic justification has ceased to be operative, it would be these. And as a matter of fact, of all survivals of lower into higher culture these are the most marked and the most persistent.

What may be termed the central, the essential, adequacy of the hypothesis is reinforced by secondary considerations. The animating spirit of the practices is influence exerted by imitation, mimetic magic. But this forcedly originates and develops the dramatic faculty. And if the craving for food be the most insistent physical demand of man, delight in dramatic representation is one of the most potent of his psychical emotions. Man lives by bread—man does not live by bread alone: these two statements contain in germ the Mannhardt-Frazer hypothesis, the one which I firmly hold to explain most adequately the largest body of those diverse and well-nigh innumerable practices, opinions, and fancyings designated folklore.

If this be so, Mr. Frazer can regard with perfect equanimity the bulk of the criticisms passed upon his work. For it so happens that his avowed object is, comparatively speaking, unimportant. He essays to show that the facts involved in the Arician custom are best explained by reference to the great

body of agricultural ritual of which Mannhardt and he have traced the outline and interpreted the spirit. Interesting if true—if not true, the failure of the essay in no wise discredits the main hypothesis. It is the exposition of facts necessitated by the attempted solution of the problem that constitutes the value of the work ; the solution itself is of little moment.

Personally I keep a very open mind regarding Mr. Frazer's solution of the Arician problem, as I also do regarding his explanation of many of the subsidiary questions which arise therefrom. The point I wish to emphasise is the psychological adequacy of the main hypothesis ; it not only fits the facts, it arises naturally and unforcedly out of the facts.

ALFRED NUTT.

FOR a woman to have the last word is perhaps not an unprecedented event in the history of the world, yet I should not have attempted to say anything on this subject had it not been suggested to me by one to whose opinion much deference is due, that it would be part of my editorial duty to close the discussion.

Not even the most adverse of critics can fail to admire the extraordinary erudition, the skill in weaving fragments together, the intuition, insight, and originality, displayed by Dr. Frazer. Nor is it possible to read his great work without feeling that in the courtesy he shows to his opponents, the good taste with which he touches on "burning questions," and the candour and humility with which he acknowledges former mistakes, he sets us all an example worthy of imitation. But I am very glad to observe that there seems to be no disposition in the Society to take his views for granted, or to accept his theories without a close individual examination of his grounds for them. There is a natural tendency among students to confuse theories with discoveries, and to work from the theories of a great master as if they were axioms of science; to mistake them for proven facts, and to reason from them as a starting-point instead of from the evidence on which they rest, or which other inquirers have brought to light. It is a tendency against which all honest seekers after truth will rightly be on their guard. "*Magister dixit*" is a principle fatal to the advancement of science. Especially it is so to a science such as ours, which is incapable of practical demonstration like the physical sciences, but (to borrow

Mr. Hartland's quotation), deals with matters 'in the dark backward and abysm of time," of which our knowledge must always be more or less scanty, vague, and uncertain, liable to be interpreted in different ways and modified as fresh evidence comes to light. It would be a great misfortune if the study of folklore were ever to become cramped by a blind following of the leader, or if its students were to be classified as the orthodox adherents of such a teacher and the unorthodox dissenters from his doctrine. The amount of independent criticism that has been called forth by the *Golden Bough*, both in these pages and elsewhere, is then a healthy sign, of good omen for the future.

In one case Dr. Frazer seems to me to have laid himself open to criticism by himself starting an unnecessary difficulty and then inventing hypotheses to get over it. I mean as regards the Purim and Passover celebrations. If, as he suggests and as Dr. Gaster and others deny, it was the custom of the Jews to slay a human victim at Purim, the fact that our Lord was crucified at the Passover and not at Purim would not, I think, be a valid objection to the idea that some of the ceremonies attendant on such a custom may have been carried out in His case. It is not at all necessary for those who like to accept this view to assume a mistake as to the date in the Gospel narrative. The transference of customs from one date to another is an everyday occurrence: witness, for example, our English customs of lighting bonfires on the *fifth* of November and carrying oak-boughs on the *twenty-ninth* of May. Nor do our populace wait for Guy Fawkes' Day to mark their opinion of offenders against domestic peace by "riding the stang" for them (a custom, by the way, to which I think Dr. Frazer nowhere refers). Moreover, any expression of popular feeling is apt to reproduce old traditional forms. I remember being much struck with this on seeing a form of Fifth of November celebration at Folkestone in 1893, which closely resembled an old Corpus Christi civic trades' procession. I made inquiries, and found it had been newly introduced within the last few years; and in this case the "reversion to type" was quite an unconscious one on the part of the performers.[1] *If* a custom of showing mock honour

[1] Full details of this will be found in *Folk-Lore*, vol. v., p. 38. An account of a Provençal May Festival which I expect to turn out to be another case in point will, I hope, appear in a future number of *Folk-Lore*.

to a condemned criminal at the Purim feast existed at one time among the Jews, it might easily suggest a similar treatment of our Lord to the minds of His captors at the Passover; supposing always that the nature of the accusation against Him were not sufficient by itself to suggest it to them. But in neither case ought we to assume that the whole procedure must necessarily have been carried out, because a resemblance to certain features of it can be traced. By doing so, Dr. Frazer has involved himself in a whole web of conjectures, possibilities, and imaginings.

This may seem like criticism of a detail, but it leads up to my main point. The recrudescence of old folklore in modern shapes, and still more, the assumption of a common form by practices having different origins, are subjects which call for more attention than they have yet received, and which are of first-rate importance in arriving at a correct interpretation of folklore. Long ago I urged that "the sources of folklore are not one but many," and I have since seen no reason to alter my opinion. With some, Animism seems to fill up the whole range of vision; with others, Totemism; with others, the Evil Eye and its kindred superstitions; with others, Agricultural Sacrifice. But the fate of the solar mythologists should be a warning to us. There is no master-key.

Dr. Frazer acknowledges this in his preface; but he is greater at synthesis than he is at analysis: he catches at points of likeness, and does not seem sufficiently to recognise the possibility of varying origins underlying similar externals. If we add to this, that like almost all thinkers possessed with a great idea, he sometimes pursues his speculations without pausing to consider the difficulties his theories would involve in practice, and even allows himself to make one hypothesis the groundwork of another, I think we may see the causes to which the various criticisms directed against his work may be traced. But it is one thing to destroy and quite another to build up; and Dr. Frazer's severest critics are perhaps the best able to appreciate the labour, the research, and the constructive skill displayed in his building. We may disagree with him as to the distinctive features and relative positions of Magic and Religion; we may show that one piece of evidence is unduly pressed into his service, and that another has no trustworthy basis of fact; we may feel that he is rather a speculative philosopher than a sound historical critic, and that it is difficult to correlate his notions of early political institutions with the results of other

researches into the subject; we may even think the Golden Bough itself too slender a twig to sustain the weight of learning hung upon it; but *at present* we have not found a more satisfactory explanation of our popular annual customs than Dr. Frazer's theory that a large proportion of them (though perhaps not so many as he thinks) originated in rites—call them magical or call them religious—intended to promote the fertility of Nature.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

DE GRAECORUM DIIS NON REFERENTIBUS SPECIEM HUMANUM. Marinus Willem de Visser. Lugduni-Batavorum, G. Los, 1900.

THE extent to which scientific anthropology has penetrated classical studies, and is helping to revolutionise and reconstitute our knowledge of pagan antiquity, is illustrated by Dr. de Visser's thesis for his degree at the university of Leyden. The body of the work is a collection from classical and post-classical writers, and from coins and inscriptions of all kinds, of references to Greek superstitions concerning plants, animals, stocks, and stones directly or indirectly indicative of the worship of divinities having other than human forms. This collection is preceded and followed by an interesting introduction and comments. Approving Schultze's definition of fetishism, which extends not merely to the worship of terrestrial objects like rocks, trees, animals, mountains, seas, and rivers, but also of the sun, moon, stars, and clouds, Dr. De Visser goes on to discuss totemism. The explanation of totemism which he accepts is that of Wilken, namely, that particular species of animals and plants are venerated because it is believed that the souls of departed clansmen have passed into them. This theory, whether true or not, has the advantage of yielding an intelligible connection between totemism and the cult of the dead. The author favours the opinion that many Greek superstitions are ultimately referable to totemism.

Discussing the questions why many deities have incongruous attributes, and why several kinds of animals or plants are often under the tutelage of one and the same deity, he contends that there is no difference of kind between the higher gods and the lower orders of spiritual beings, and suggests that a definite deity of a lofty personality has in these cases taken the place of an anonymous demon, or that the latter has become absorbed by the new and higher divinity. This theory of conflation, as it may be called, has been heard of before. The process is, indeed, well known to have gone on in connection with the conversion of the barbarians to Christianity, and its results are visible in the folklore of all Europe. Yet I am not sure that it has received enough consideration at the hands of anthropological students for the purpose of explaining the characteristics of the classical gods.

Dr. De Visser regards animism as the savage philosophy of religion; and in discussing the various causes of reverence for animals, trees, stocks, and stones he refers them all in the last resort to animism. Now the degree of accuracy with which this theory represents the facts very much depends on the definition of animism. It must at least be made to include that presumably earlier habit of regarding all external objects as endowed with personality and consciousness similar to human, without raising questions as to a soul. But this is a larger range of meaning than Dr. De Visser gives it. He even makes fetishism dependent on animism, since he holds it to be the worship of an object because it is the abode of a spirit (*quia animi domus est*).

His discussion of the steps by which anthropomorphism conquered is very interesting. He is undoubtedly right in his contention against Bötticher that the worship of stocks (ξόανα) is only due in part to their being relics of trees. Idolatry, he thinks, arises from the union of fetishism (as above defined) with anthropomorphism. In the final chapter he turns to answer the question why are there more traces of the worship of stones, stocks, trees, and animals in Greece after the Christian era than before. It is curious at first sight that both the later monuments and the later literary sources are more productive of evidence than the earlier. Dr. De Visser accounts for this phenomenon by a general reaction against anthropomorphism. Anthropomorphism, which began by raising the divine ideal to a height of majesty and beauty hitherto unattained, ended by degrading the gods to the condition of mere

humanity. Aphrodite lost all sublimity when she lasciviously displayed her charms to every eye. Apollo was shorn of dignity and glory when he became, in marble or in bronze, a mere youth playing with a lizard. The consequent reaction was reinforced by the superstitions of all kinds that spread through the Roman empire on the break-up of the ancient local and tribal faiths, and in the universal ferment that preceded and accompanied the advent of Christianity. This subject, however, is beyond the scope of Dr. De Visser's thesis, and he does no more than indicate the solution of the problem.

Dr. De Visser's book, as this sketch will show, is a valuable contribution to anthropology. His collection of texts will be very useful to students. And the accompanying commentary, though it may not approve itself in all details, is the work of one who is thoroughly versed in the literature of his subject, and has carefully weighed the various theories between which he has had to choose. English anthropologists share with Wilken and Marillier the foremost places among his authorities.

E. Sidney Hartland.

Res Indicæ.

1. *The Jātaka, or Stories of the Buddha's former Births.* Vol. IV. Translated by W. H. D. Rouse, M.A. Cambridge. 1901.
2. *Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folklore.* No. 9. *The Rigveda.* By Professor E. V. Arnold. D. Nutt. 1900.
3. *Occasional Essays on Native South Indian Life.* By S. P. Rice, Indian Civil Service. Longmans. 1901. 10*s.* 6*d.*

We have here three works on Indian subjects of varying interest and value. I need hardly recommend to readers of *Folk-Lore* the new Cambridge translation of the Jātaka, of which this, the fourth instalment, translated by Mr. Rouse, is quite up to the level of its predecessors. He has given us a readable English version of the crabbed Pâli text, and has been particularly successful in the metrical versions. He has added some valuable notes, and we can only regret that the plan of this edition did not admit of more ample annotation. None of the stories in this instalment

are of special novelty, but there are some interesting examples of familiar folktales and incidents. Thus, in No. 439, we have the Indian form of the Jonah legend, and the incident of the ship impeded in its course by the ill-omened passenger, for which there are many Indian parallels, as for instance in the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* (i., 139; ii., 629). No. 472 is a variant of the Potiphar's wife saga, which is also common in other Indian collections. In No. 481 we have the incident of the goat knocking down the knife with which her own slaughter is to be accomplished—the Αἲξ τὴν μάχαιραν of the Greek tale from Zenobius and Strabo. In No. 489 the tale of the man who could not be made to laugh or fear appears in a shape somewhat different from the form familiar to us in Grimm (No. 4). In Nos. 454 and 461 we have interesting variants of the Krishna saga and the Râmâyana. Among other interesting points incidentally referred to, I may note tree-worship and tree-marriage (pp. 97, 294); an annual ploughing festival, as in China (104); the birth-tree and the naming of a child from it (188); the juggler disappearing into the sky by climbing a rope, of which the *locus classicus* is Yule's *Marco Polo*, i., 308; the wearing of leaves as clothing, like the Juângs of our own day (269).

Professor Arnold has made the most of the scanty space at his disposal in his study of the Rig Veda, which forms a useful introduction to the more detailed treatment of the subject in Professor Macdonell's *Vedic Mythology* and Dr. Oldenberg's *Die Religion des Veda*. The study of Vedic mythology is now being conducted on saner lines, as the solar-myth interpretation is giving place to an investigation of the connection of the hymns with local Indian belief, and the stratification of the collection is being more closely examined.

Mr. Rice has broken fresh ground in his studies of the South Indian races, but his book is not likely to be of much service to students of folklore and anthropology, with the problems of which he exhibits only slight acquaintance. We should have welcomed a more detailed study of the Savaras and kindred jungle tribes, of whom little is known. But Mr. Rice's account of them is too slight to be of much practical use. At the same time the book contains some matters of interest. Thus, in founding a new village the ground is ploughed and sown with a little grain (p. 39). Mr. Rice can suggest no reason for this; but it is almost

certainly a fertility charm. And so with the mock struggles and games which are leading incidents in the marriage rites (p. 47), which are probably some form of mimetic or sympathetic magic. In one of the Uriya States there is a curious mode of counting the period of the Raja's reign which deserves investigation. "The first year of the reign is called not *one*, but *labho* or 'gain.' The counting then proceeds in the ordinary course, but, with the exception of the figure 10, all figures ending with 7 or 0 are omitted. This is called *onko*. Thus, if a Raja has reigned 21½ years, he would be said to be in the 25th *onko*, 7, 17 and 20 being omitted" (p. 96). Thus, all years ending in 7 or 0 are apparently unlucky, except 10. The rule is a curious one, if correctly reported, and in default of further investigation I hesitate to suggest an explanation.

W. CROOKE.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA: A CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF THE LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY, ARCHÆOLOGY, GEOGRAPHY, AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE. Edited by Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, M.A., D.D., and J. SUTHERLAND BLACK, M.A., LL.D. Vol. II. London: A. and C. Black. 1901. Subscription price for the whole, £3 3*s*.

LAST year in these columns (*Folk-Lore*, xi., 99 *seq.*) I called the attention of students of anthropology to the first volume of this important work. The new instalment is of equal if not greater value. With the literary and critical articles we have no immediate concern, but scholars will hardly find elsewhere a more exhaustive discussion of biblical problems of the greatest moment than in the articles on the *Gospels*, by Dr. Abbott and Professor Schmiedel; *Egypt*, by Dr. W. Max Müller; *Eschatology*, with special reference to death and mourning customs, by Dr. Charles; *Genesis*, by Dr. Moore; the *Hexateuch*, by Professor Cheyne; *Israel*, by Professor Guthe; *Jerusalem*, the joint work of Dr. G. A. Smith, the late Dr. Robertson-Smith, and Colonel Conder; *Job*, by Professor Cheyne; *John, son of Zebedee*, by Professor Schmiedel; and *Judith*, by one of our members, Dr. Gaster, who has discovered at least one very early version of the story.

Of more immediate interest to readers of *Folk-Lore* are the articles which deal with anthropological matters. I can only refer

briefly to some suggestive contributions. Thus, Dr. Moore deals with the curious divination by means of the Ephod, which was probably some form of idol; when Jacob seeks the paternal benediction he wears the skins of sacrificial animals, of which many instances are collected; in the story of Tobit we have the use of fish-gall in the treatment of eye-disease, and the same remedy appears to be still used in Persia; the worship of sacred fish is discussed by Mr. Stanley Cook; the avenging of blood by Dr. Driver; Dr. Cheyne's investigation of the story of Hiel and the foundation-sacrifice, and the same scholar's article on Jonah, where he accepts Dr. Tylor's suggestion that it is connected with the Semitic Dragon-Myth. He also regards the story of Jephthah's daughter as a case of human sacrifice connected with the Tammuz-Adonis Myth.

Of special importance are the purely anthropological articles, particularly those by Dr. Benzinger on the *Family*, with a discussion of birth and marriage rites and legal obligations; on *Fasting* as a preparation for the sacramental meal; on *Government*, including the sept and tribe, and on *Kinship*. Dr. Morris's article on *Idolatry and Primitive Religion* is interesting, but a little thin. Folklore students will turn perhaps with most interest to Professor Nöldeke's article on *Esther*, which has been used by Dr. Frazer in the new edition of *The Golden Bough*.

The book is admirably printed, and the means adopted to economise space are most ingenious. It is supplied with good maps and all really necessary illustrations. The new Encyclopædia is certainly far ahead of anything of the kind at present available for English readers.

W. Crooke.

The English Dialect Dictionary. Edited by Joseph Wright, Ph.D., D.C.L., Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford. Parts IX. and X.: Flyer—Gyver. 15s. net.

We should not ordinarily notice a work of this sort, but the *Dialect Dictionary* contains a great deal of folklore. We propose therefore calling attention to such parts of it as are important for our members, and leaving aside the purely linguistic parts. As

for the latter, a few words will suffice; to the student of the English language the book is indispensable. The clearness of its arrangement, its thoroughness, and the editor's sobriety of judgment make it worthy to rank in its own department with Dr. Murray's great work.

For ourselves, the *Dictionary* is valuable in two respects. In the first place, it contains a good deal of matter not elsewhere published. Take the children's games, for example. Mrs. Gomme's delightful volumes have recorded the best of them, but there are many which do not come within the scope of her work. Every game, however, has a name; and under that name in the *Dictionary* the game will be found. The descriptions given are brief, of course, but sufficient for their purpose, and in the case of games not hitherto described the accounts given are full enough to explain them to those who do not know. When they have been described, a reference will be found to the authority. There is new matter under *Fox*, *French*, *Frincy-Francy*, *Funny*, *Gaff*, *Gegg*, *Green Grass*. And secondly, the *Dictionary* gives at a glance the geographical distribution of the games, which may turn out sometimes to be a matter of some importance. Turning now to other subjects, we find a great deal of interest touching feudal customs and others connected with the tenure of land. The ancient *Forrep-land* is still known in Sussex; the Great *Foude* is, or lately was, the King of Norway's representative in Shetland. Under *Free-bench* will be found the description of a rite, by which a widow who had proved too frail recovered her claim to her husband's copyhold lands, and which is ill suited to the dignity of a manor court. Rural custom is described under *Fond-plough*, *Fool-plough*, *Geese-dance*, *Guiser;* social custom under *Feet-washing* (447), *Gooding*, *Griggling*, *Groaning-cake*. Lastly, for quaint superstitions we may consult *Forspeak*, *Frog*, *and Gabriel Ratchet*. These items do not by any means exhaust the interest of the book, which we cordially recommend to our members as a useful guide until Mr. Gomme has given us his *Dictionary of British Folk-Lore*.

L'ORIGINE DELLA FAVOLA GRECA E I SUOI RAPPORTI CON LE FAVOLE ORIENTALI. Del Dr. MICHELE MARCHIANÒ. Trani: V. Vecchi. 1900.

SINCE the "discovery" of the Sanskrit language by Sir William Jones, the origin of fable has been a favourite battlefield of the scholars. First come the Indianists in a compact phalanx, long to remain in possession of all the strong places. To them enter, with fanfare and taratantara, with thunder, stormwind, day, night, and dawn, the Mythologists, headed by that redoubtable warrior, now at rest, Max Müller. Lastly, like a cloud of light cavalry and mounted infantry, the Anthropological host, Mr. Andrew Lang in the van on a wiry Basuto pony or an Australian charger, and attended by totems, fetiches, hobgoblins, and high gods. And now, from a well-defined battlefield the theatre of war has become a scene of inextricable confusion, every leader harrying the rest on his own account, or holding some isolated kopje with his own devoted commando. Like the Pythagorean world, all was chaos, until Dr. Marchianò, like Nous, strides in and attempts to set things in order. Hence this book.

It must be admitted that the earlier parts of it produce a melancholy impression. Author after author, book upon book, one theory after another, marches past in state, only to be inspected, reprimanded, and sent to his own place. Fables Greek and fables Indian, fables Hebrew, Egyptian, Arabian, Syriac, Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Cilician, Cyprian, Carian, Lydian, Phrygian, Sybaritic, Sicilian, Milesian, all come in for their turn; their resemblances are examined, their divergencies ticketed, and each is put in its own appropriate pigeonhole for future use. The amount of labour unwisely applied, by those who start with a fixed idea, and work everything round to it, makes one weep. Yet after all, even these have done their part; each has his measure of grain, even when Dr. Marchianò has blown away the chaff. He is no merciful critic, and men who like Lévêque have been rash and too ready to jump to conclusions make but a sorry figure before him. We would pay a tribute of respect to the great learning and accuracy shown in this section; nothing seems to have been omitted, and the student could find no more satisfactory collection of facts than he will find here.

When we come to the author's constructive part, he is less satisfactory. In tracing the fable to a very remote origin, he is

no doubt right. There was doubtless a time when men lived not otherwise than the beasts of the field, when they understood the beasts better, and when it was natural to suppose them endowed with speech and thought. These fables may have been taken in earnest, and the type may have then originated. But when he speaks of the beasts influencing men's language by their cries, so that a large part of it is based upon them, or when he assumes that the earliest dramatic representations of the human race were a kind of beast-life mimicry, Dr. Marchianò goes beyond his evidence. It is comforting to find, though, that in spite of an imagination somewhat too luxuriant, Dr. Marchianò comes to much the same conclusion as Mr. Jacobs in his Æsop; viz., that the literary fable, as we know it, was first born in Greece. He examines its traces in Greek literature, and its connection with myth and proverb, with acuteness and in a most interesting way; and his conclusion may be regarded as a step onwards in the history of the question. We very fitly end with his final words, which on the evidence we cannot but agree with:

"Modern criticism, then, must reconsider its judgment as to the origin of fable; and regarding its many independent origins as the incipient and rudimentary expression of human thought, and as a confused detritus of popular wisdom, it must restore that literary form to Greece; arguments irrefutable support the claim; it is well suited to the Greek genius; and a long tradition has never denied it."

DEVIL TALES. By VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, illustrated by A. B. FROST. Harper Brothers, New York and London.

THOUGH these tales profess to be such as used to be told to the children of planters by their Negro nurses when slavery still prevailed in the Southern States of America, from their form they cannot be strictly speaking regarded as a direct contribution to Negro folklore. Nevertheless they are capital stories and very well told. The title is perhaps a little misleading. The devil that figures in these pages is not of the awe-inspiring kind; he is more inclined to make us laugh than to make the skin creep. Even when so serious a matter as lack of wood to keep the fires

of hell burning causes the fire to go out, the trouble the devil has to get a fresh light is amusing. And the fire went out because the devil was so long away courting a very pretty Negro girl.

The authoress has certainly interwoven into the woof and web of these tales a great deal of folklore, of which it is only necessary to give a few specimens. The hoodoo or Negro wizard figures largely, and generally as a beneficent personage that gives his neighbours charms to counteract the machinations of the devil and the spells of other hoodoos. He can even combine this function with the office of exhorter or evangelist. No hoodoo can withstand a man that strikes him with a rod of green grape-vine, cut when the sap is flowing. But then the hoodoo must be on his own ground, not in a strange place. He may possess the power to give the devil a human heart, the better to torment him. But a hoodoo, however great, cannot cross running water without breaking the spell that gives him power, and his charms, too, cannot take effect across running water. Yet he can sometimes evade this obstacle by drying the water up.

The jay sold itself to the devil for a half-filled ear of corn, and henceforth is bound to bring loads of wood to keep the fire of the infernal regions in full blaze every Friday. The crow, too, has to serve the devil in the same way, but only once a week, and can refuse to work oftener.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

PAUL SÉBILLOT—CUENTOS BRETONES—CUENTOS POPULARES DE CAMPESINOS, PESCADORES Y MARINEROS. Traducidos por MANUEL MACHADO. Paris: Garnier Hermanos. 1900.

A TRANSLATION into Spanish of a selection of M. Sébillot's Breton tales. Wherever I have tested it the translator has done justice to the sense of the very charming originals, but the style has, perhaps inevitably, acquired a slightly more literary flavour. The introduction includes a short sketch of the life and an enumeration of the writings of M. Sébillot, which give some idea of the extraordinary industry of one to whom folklore owes much.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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Madras Government Museum. Bulletin iv., 1. *E. Thurston*, Todas of the Nilgiris. Meriah Sacrifice Post. Walking through Fire (Hot Ashes). Malaiális of the Shevaroys. Sorcery in Coimbatore. *S. Appadorai Iyer* and *E. Thurston*, Nayádis of Malabar. [Mr. Thurston's anthropological bulletin is always good. His researches and those of his assistants among the less known tribes of Southern India have been continued, and we here get some of the results. Of special interest are his notes on a visit to the Todas, his account of a Meriah Sacrificial Post (probably the only one now in existence), which he has obtained for the museum, and the details relating to the customs of the wild mountain-tribe of the Nayādis. Among the last the ceremony of choosing a husband by the marriageable girl presents some very curious features.]

Man, March. *F. Fawcett*, Notes on the Dômbs of Jeypur. *Edge-Partington*, Note on a Matuatonga [Maori sacred image]. **April.** *N. W. Thomas*, Animal Folklore in Georgia.

Mittheilungen des Seminars für Orientalische Sprachen, vol. iii., 1900. *R. Lange*, Japanische Kinderlieder. *P. H. Brincker*, Charakter, Sitten, und Gebräuche der Bantu Deutsch-Süd-west Afrikas. *C. Velten*, Die Spitznamen der Europäer bei den Suaheli.

Monthly Review, April. *E. S. Hartland*, The Native Problem in our New Colonies.

Notes and Queries, January 5th. The Danaids. Northumberland Marriage Custom. A Devil's Dam in a Cossack Stanitza. Counting Buttons. Smock Marriages. **January 12th.** Flower Divination (daisy-picking). Nature Myths. **January 19th.** Gipsy Wedding. Cure for Sterility. Lights and Buried Treasure. Evil Eye. **January 26th.** Mussulman Legend of Job. Lizard Folklore. Water in Death Chamber. Corpse on board Ship. **February 2nd.** Corpse Superstition. Ram-hunting at Eton. The Ladybird. Keeches (Christmas cakes in bird-form). **February 9th.** Superstitious Cures (S. America). White Marks on Horses (Hindustan). **February 16th.** Nature Myths. Wedding Custom. Boulder Stones **March 9th.** Ram-hunting at Eton. **March 16th.** Yorkshire Marriage Custom. **March 23rd.** Lizard Folk-lore. Animal Superstitions (Hindustan). **March 30th.** Mock Bull-fight on Christmas Eve (Bolivia). Nursery Rime.

Popular Science Monthly, lvii., 7. *F. Boas*, The Religious Beliefs of the Central Eskimo.

Revue de l'Histoire des Religions, xlii., 3. *L. Leger*, Introduction à l'Étude de la Mythologie Slave. *S. Reinach*, L'Orphisme dans la IVe Eglogue de Virgile.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature religieuses, vi., 2, *F. Cumont*, Le Taurobole et le culte de Bellona.

Taveta Chronicle, January, 1901. *A. C. Hollis*, A Wataveta Ngasu [marriage feast]. **April.** *A. C. Hollis*, Laws of Divorce and Inheritance; Criminal Law of Wataveta.

Zeitschrift für Socialwissenschaft, iv., 2. *R. Lasch*, Die Anfänge des Gewerbestandes.

Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

VOL. XII.] SEPTEMBER, 1901. [No. III.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17th, 1901.

MR. ALFRED NUTT (Vice-President) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the previous Meeting were read and confirmed.

The Chairman laid on the table a copy of Dr. Maclagan's *Argyllshire Pastimes*, being the extra volume published by the Society for the year 1900.

The Chairman also read the formal acknowledgment received from the Home Office of the address presented by the Society to His Majesty King Edward VII. on the occasion of the death of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

The election of the following new members was announced, viz.: Messrs. Hirschfeld Brothers, Mr. S. E. Bensusan, Mr. A. E. Swanson, Mr. T. V. Holmes, Mr. E. Lovett, Professor A. Dietrich, and the Fulham Libraries. The resignation of Miss R. Higford was also announced.

Mr. E. Lovett read a paper on "The Ancient and Modern Game of Astragals" [p. 280], in illustration of which he exhibited the following objects, viz.:

Ancient:

1. Photograph of Tanagra Group in British Museum representing Girls playing Astragals, B.C. 300.

1A. Ditto of Marble Figure, full size, later Greek period. British Museum.

2. Roman Bronze Astragali.
3. Astragalus of Bison, rubbed down as a die. Mound burial, N. America.
4. Ditto of *Bos longifrons*. Lake dwellings, Switzerland.

Modern:

5. Typical set of bone Astragals.
6. Set of four bones and ball. Gironde, France.
7. "Set" of foot bones of pig. "Five Bones." Kent.
8. "Five stones" of Diorite (road metal). Croydon.
9. "Fivies." Quartzite pebbles. Scotland.
10. "Five stones." Drift pebbles. Essex.
11. Five wooden cubic astragals. Worcestershire.
12. Five discs of potsherd. Norfolk.
13. Ditto. Yorkshire.
14. Four pebbles and ball. "Cobbles." Kent.
15. "Marble and dubbs" (made in Germany). Houndsditch.
16. Nine quartzite pebbles, as played at Neuchâtel, Switzerland.
17. Five stones called "Jacks." Warwickshire.
18. Five stones called "Jack o' five stones." Worcestershire.
19. Tamarind stones from Gujerat, as played in India.

Miss Violet Turner gave an exhibition of the game of Astragals (locally known as *Snobs*) as played in Derbyshire.

Mrs. W. Price exhibited (1) a photograph of the Graveyard at Salruck, Connemara [reproduced, Plate viii., cf. p. 104], and (2) a photograph of a Wedding-dance Mask of plaited straw, used in County Mayo, Ireland, of which a specimen may be seen in the Society's case at the Archæological Museum, Cambridge [Plate ix. See vol. iv., p. 123].

Miss Ella Sykes read a paper on "Persian Folklore" [p. 261].

A discussion on Mr. Lovett's and Miss Sykes' papers followed, in which Dr. Gaster, Mr. Longworth Dames, Dr. Ranking, Mr. Gomme, Mr. Letts, Mr. P. Redmond, and the Chairman took part.

PLATE VIII.

GRAVEYARD AT SALRUCK, SHOWING PIPES ON GRAVES.

[*To face p.* 258.

PLATE IX.

WEDDING DANCE MASK, COUNTY MAYO.

[To face p. 258.

The Meeting terminated with votes of thanks to Mr. Lovett and Miss Sykes for their papers, and to Miss Violet Turner for her exhibition.

The following books and pamphlets which had been presented to the Library since the last Meeting of the Society were laid on the table, viz.:—

1. *Schweizerisches Archiv für Volkskunde*, March, 1901. 2. *Y Cymmrodor*, vol xiv., presented by the Cymmrodorion Society. 3. *Archivio della R. società Romana*, vol. 23, parts 3 and 4, presented by the *Società*. 4. *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, vol. xxx. (new series iii.), 1900.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15th, 1901.

The PRESIDENT (Mr. E. W. Brabrook) in the Chair.

THE minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of the following new members was announced, viz.: Mr. J. L. Freeborough and the Reading Public Library.

The Chairman referred in sympathetic terms to the loss the science of Anthropology and Folklore has sustained by the deaths of the Rev. Dr Chalmers and Miss Christian Maclagan.

Mr. E. Lovett exhibited some crescents and discs used as amulets and charms in various parts of the world.

Miss Burne also exhibited some charms against the Evil Eye from Portugal and Italy.

Mr. F. T. Elworthy read a paper entitled "Dischi Sacri," of which he exhibited a number of specimens, and illustrated his lecture by lantern slides, from the figures given in his work *Horns of Honour*.[1] A discussion followed, in which Dr. Gaster, Mr. Kirby, Dr. Ranking,

[1] Reviewed in *Folklore*, vol. xi., p. 402.

Miss Burne, the Rev. — Cornish, and the President took part.

The Meeting terminated with votes of thanks to Mr. Lovett and Miss Burne for their exhibits and to Mr. Elworthy for his paper.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19th, 1901.

Joint Meeting of the Anthropological Institute and Folk-Lore Society.

The Chair was taken by Dr. A. C. HADDON, the President of the Institute.

THE minutes of the last Meeting of the Institute having been read and confirmed, Dr. Haddon vacated the Chair, which at his request was taken by Mr. Brabrook, the President of the Society.

The Chairman referred in sympathetic terms to the loss the Society has sustained in the death of Miss Florence Grove.

A collection of Musquakie beadwork, presented by Miss M. A. Owen to the Society, was exhibited, upon which Mr. E. S. Hartland offered some observations, the *catalogue raisonné* promised by Miss Owen not having yet reached England. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Henry Balfour (Curator of the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford), Dr. Haddon, Colonel Temple, the Rev. J. Sibree, and the Chairman took part.

At the request of the Chairman Mr. Hartland undertook to convey to Miss Owen the expression of the very deep sense of gratitude the Society was under for her munificent donation.

A paper on "Japanese Gohei," by Mr. W. G. Aston, was read by Mr. Balfour, and a paper on "The Spirit of Vegetation," by Mr. E. Tregear, by Mr. N. W. Thomas.

The Meeting terminated with votes of thanks to Mr. Aston and Mr. Tregear for their papers.

PERSIAN FOLKLORE.

BY ELLA C. SYKES, AUTHOR OF *Through Persia on a Side-saddle*, AND *The Story-book of the Shah*.

(*Read at Meeting of 17th April*, 1901.)

I MAKE no pretensions to possess any special knowledge of this interesting subject. My only claim on your attention is that, during a residence of over two years in Persia, I collected various items of folklore, which may perhaps be new to some of those present.

Strabo says: "Man is eager after knowledge, and the love of legend is but the prelude thereto. This is why children begin to listen (to fables) and are acquainted with them before any other kind of knowledge." Persians of all ranks are like children in their love of stories. From the Shah downwards they listen with delight to the public story-tellers, most of whom belong to the order of dervishes, and make the round of the country, always drawing small crowds in every town.

Some eight hundred years ago the poet Firdusi collected all the old legends referring to the rise of the Persian nation, and made from them a fine epic poem, entitled the *Shah Nameh*, or *Book of Kings*. The principal character, however, is not a king, but a hero, the mighty Rustum, who is the Hercules of Persia, and whose wondrous exploits rival those of that illustrious Grecian hero. So much a part of the national tradition is Rustum, that a specially strong man, if referred to in conversation, would be at once compared to him, and all over the north of Persia, the scene of his exploits, villages named Rustum-abad frequently occur.

Scarcely less celebrated is Sohrab, Rustum's ill-fated son; and the fine passage in Firdusi, where the champion of the world, unwitting of the relationship, kills his own child in single combat, is well known by every Persian possessing any claim to culture. Time fails to tell of Prince

Isfundiyar, whose deeds of valour equalled those of Rustum, with whom he had a celebrated fight, lasting two days. The old champion, now aged some hundreds of years, was pressed so hard by his youthful opponent, that he was obliged to have recourse to the aid of the Simurgh, a creature half-bird, half-beast, before he could vanquish the prince.

It is but a step from these legends to the *ghouls, divs, jinns, and afreets*, in which all Persians, even those who are well educated, have a firm belief.

The *Ghoul* haunts lonely places, and its aim is to lure travellers from their path and then devour them. Its real form is monstrous beyond words, and it indulges in blood-curdling yells and shrieks; but it has the power of assuming any shape it pleases, and often appears in the guise of a camel or mule, or even in that of its intended victim's relatives or friends. Both Rustum and Isfundiyar had repeated combats with these appalling creatures, which now specially haunt the "Valley of the Angel of Death," not far from Koom. They are supposed to be the attendants of Azrael, or Death, and feast on the departed. Persians say that a true believer, who utters the name of the Prophet in all sincerity, can never be harmed by a ghoul; but all the same, no one will run the risk of going into a graveyard or of wandering among ruins if he can possibly avoid it. A Persian gentleman of my acquaintance confessed to being afraid of these horrible chimeras, but said that in my company he would venture into the most deserted ruin, because he knew that no ghoul would appear were an European present. The reason he gave was that these Persian bogies only revealed themselves to those who believed in them.

Divs or Demons are supposed to take the form of cat-headed men with horns and hoofs, and the hero Rustum's most celebrated exploit was the slaying of the great White Demon which lived in a cave on Mount Demavend. No

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PLATE VIII.

PLATE IX.

It is a usual custom to slay a goat in order to ensure prosperity to any personage on entering a town. On the approach of the traveller, the goat is killed in the middle of the road, then its head is placed on one side and its body on the other, the man thus honoured riding between the different parts of the animal and across its blood. Sometimes sweetmeats are thrown under the hoofs of the rider's horse for the same purpose. Morier mentions that in travelling through a disturbed part of Persia his muleteer happened to kill a snake. The man cut it in half, and throwing the two parts on different sides of the road, he explained to his master that this act would save them from any marauding band that might be on their track.[1]

It is unlucky to commence walking with the left foot, or for a gazelle to cross on the left of a rider, and all Persian women consider that disaster is sure to overtake them if they start off on a journey without giving some money to the poor. Once my horse, shying, was within an ace of precipitating us both into the moat round Kerman, and a Persian gentleman with our party told me that the incident was owing to my lack of charity as we started. A way of ensuring a successful journey, which is common to both Persians and Parsees, is to show a mirror to the traveller, and at the same time to offer him a glass of water on which floats the head of a flower, or to burn certain herbs before him. During our journeys in Persia my brother and I have been speeded on our way in this manner two or three times both by Parsees and by Persians. My little Parsee maid also used often to wave the smoke of a burning herb before me when we left one camp to go to another. She would assure me that this ceremony would guarantee me against all kinds of accidents.

To sneeze *once* when starting on any expedition is an evil omen, and as far as I could make out it is equally unlucky whether the traveller himself or anyone else per-

[1] Morier, *A Journey through Persia in* 1808 *and* 1809, p. 316.

petrates the sneeze. Persians in such a case will stare hard at the sun in order to induce a second or third sneeze. If they are unsuccessful in doing this, they can betake themselves to repeating a certain invocation to Allah; but most Persians will give up the expedition, believing firmly that it can only end in disaster. Curiously enough, however, Persians believe, on the other hand, that if they are desiring anything ardently, and someone sneezes at that moment, that their wish is sure to be granted. My brother's Persian secretary always attributed a bad accident to the fact that someone had sneezed just as he was mounting his horse. As his companions were Englishmen, he felt ashamed to decline the ride, but the sequels of a bolting horse and a broken arm made him chary about giving up his superstitions from that time. He also assured me that he owed the schooling he had had in England to the fact that when, as quite a child, he was wishing to go to that country, someone had sneezed. On investigation, I found that a lapse of several years had occurred between this lucky sneeze and its consummation, and I pointed out this fact to him. It made no difference, however, in his belief in that particular sneeze.

It is unlucky to name a horse after a Persian, as if any evil befalls the animal, the same injury will overtake the man after whom it is called. This fact was brought home to me in a curious way. We had bought a horse from a Persian gentleman, and had, in ignorance of this superstition, called it after its former owner. When I met this latter after a lapse of some two years, I was struck by his eager inquiries as to the health of this horse, and at last elicited the real reason of this unusual interest.

If any accident occurs to a rider, his horse being hurt but he himself escaping unscathed, the Persians say, "The horse has become a sacrifice," meaning that the injury meant for the rider has descended on his steed. During our travels in Baluchistan an incident of this kind happened to

my brother, and the horse which he was riding was killed. As the animal was a great pet with us both I felt the loss keenly, greatly to the surprise of our servants, who considered that I ought to have rejoiced, as the horse had averted the evil intended for my brother.

Throughout Persia there is a very strong belief in the *Evil Eye*. Every European on entering the country is warned never to admire anything belonging to a Persian without using the expression "Mashallah" (God is great) to avert it. If this be omitted harm is sure to follow.

Rich Persians frequently dress their children in shabby clothes in order to avert the Evil Eye. A friend of mine once took her children by invitation to visit a Persian lady of rank in Tehran who had one small son. The child did not make its appearance for a considerable time, and then was carried into the room dressed in clothes no better than would be worn by a peasant's baby. This was because the mother feared that the European lady might admire her son and so bring illness upon him. A few days after this my friend's Persian nurse came to her in great agitation, saying that some Europeans had admired one of her charges and had omitted to say "Mashallah." Oddly enough the child fell ill the next day, proving to the satisfaction of the nurse that the evil eye had been cast upon it.

Old hags are popularly credited with this unpleasant power, and no superstitious Persian will look at one if he can avoid it.

Blue is the favourite colour to ward off the Evil Eye, and camels, horses, and mules have beads fastened on their tails, or even wear blue necklaces in the case of highly valued animals. Children frequently wear a sheep's eye brought by a pilgrim from Mecca who has been there on the day of the great holocaust of sheep. A turquoise is stuck into this eye, and the whole, put into an amulet-case, is sewn on to the child's cap. Another powerful charm is a verse from the Koran, placed in the *bazu-band* or amulet-box, which is

then bound on the fore-arm. A metal hand with one finger extended is also used for the same purpose. A wild pig kept in the stables is supposed to keep the evil eye off the horses, who seem to be peculiarly liable to this malign influence. A groom who broke the knees of one of our horses was sharply reprimanded by my brother for his careless riding. He answered promptly that the accident was no fault of his, because a man had admired the horse, and as he did not add the word "Mashallah" it was not surprising that the animal came to harm. This is only one of dozens of examples that came under my notice, showing the deeply-seated belief in the evil eye.

Curiously enough, a stable constitutes *bast* or sanctuary in Persia. While living at Kerman, we frequently found some refugee or other in our stable, come to implore my brother's good offices with the Governor. On one occasion, when we were in Baluchistan, the Governor of the province threatened to bastinado his soldiers for misconduct. We were in camp at the time and our horses were tethered in a grove of palm-trees. To my amusement the soldiers repaired in a body to this grove, and refused to move from among our horses until the Governor promised to overlook their offence.

While on the subject of sanctuary, I may mention that every shrine has this privilege, and in most Persian towns there are quarters in which any malefactor is safe, notably at the sacred city of Koom. To hold on to the English flag-staff, or to grasp the coat of any great personage, also confers sanctuary.[1]

[1] [SANCTUARY. "Among Bedouin tribes there is an ancient law called the law of 'dakhal.' An escaped prisoner, or a man in danger of being captured by an enemy, may by this law claim refuge in the tent of an Arab, even in the encampment of an opposing tribe. The refugee enters the tent, takes hold of the robe of the occupant, and exclaims: 'Ya dakhaliek,' and thus becomes a 'dakhiel,' or protégé. A true Arab will defend his 'dakhiel' with his life. The law of 'dakhal' is, however, only in full force among those tribes who are, by their strength or geographical position, independent of the Turkish Government. Among tribes in which the law is maintained a

Medicine in Persia is more or less a question of charms. A hot disease requires a cold remedy, and vice versâ. The advice of the astrologers is always taken as to summoning the doctor, and they are again consulted before his medicine be swallowed. The doctor's principal stock-in-trade is a brass bowl with the signs of the Zodiac and texts of the Koran engraved outside. The inner surface is incised with a mass of short prayers—a prayer for each disease. To each prayer belongs a small key with the name of the disease. The method of procedure is simple in the extreme. The doctor fills the bowl with water, makes a feint of unlocking with one of the keys the prayer alluding to his patient's disease, and tells the sick man to swallow the water. If this be done in a believing spirit, a cure is sure to follow.

Here is another example of a faith-cure. A European lady-doctor was asked by a Persian patient for a token in order that she might be admitted to her presence. For lack of anything better the lady-doctor gave a safety-pin, but her patient did not appear at the appointed time. Shortly after, however, the token was returned with thanks, the patient alleging that she had been cured by drinking the water in which she had placed the safety-pin.

Many other remedies are resorted to. If anyone is at the point of death, a pearl ground up will act as a powerful restorative, while powdered rubies and emeralds are

man who proved false to his dakhiel would be disgraced for life. The expression 'Ya dakhaliek,' is used by town Arabs as a term of endearment, implying perfect reliance and trust."—M. E. ROGERS, *Domestic Life in Palestine*, p. 391 (published by Bell and Daldy in 1862, and probably long since out of print). Miss Rogers, the sister of the well-known "Rogers Bey" (Mr. E. T. Rogers, H.B.M. Consular Service), had unusual opportunities of observing Palestinian life and manners. In the preceding pages she describes how the young sons of an Arab chieftain of Djebel Nablous, who had been worsted in a local strife in which the Turkish authorities took sides with the opposite party, sought her protection at the British Vice-Consulate at Haifa, clinging piteously to her skirts with cries of "Ya dakhaliek!" and entreaties to be kept from falling into the hands of the Turkish Governor. C. S. BURNE.]

administered as tonics, and to sew a patient up in a raw hide is another remedy. If a person is badly burnt, the wounds are sometimes smeared over with soot from the bottom of the cooking vessels, and to drink quantities of pomegranate juice is another cure for the same thing.

A child suffering from water on the brain was brought to a Persian doctor, who assured the parents that it was possessed by a demon. He advised them to lay it in a newly-dug grave during the night, saying that in the morning it would either be cured or the demon would have made away with it. The parents followed the prescription faithfully, and their surprise was great to find their child next morning sleeping soundly in its strange cradle, neither better nor worse.

When the child of one of my friends was very ill, the servants implored her to allow them to try a charm in order to cure it. They mixed grease and charcoal, with which they made crosses on the child's forehead, the palms of its hands, and the soles of its feet. Then one of them took a roasted egg, and holding it in his two hands, raised them towards heaven, invoking at the same time the names of all the people whom he especially loved and respected.

Another charm used when a Persian is ill, and his disease does not yield to the remedies of the doctor, is to bring eggs into his room and plaster them over with mud, calling each by the name of some possible enemy. The eggs are then baked on the hearth, and the one that cracks first tells which enemy it is that has bewitched him. To escape from his power, the egg must be thrown into running water at a cross-road if possible.

Another method used to cure a sick man supposed to be bewitched, is for his wife to beg for fragments of food from all his acquaintances. This she does in the belief that if her husband can eat of the food of his enemy he will be cured. She makes a kind of porridge of all the pieces that

she has collected, and when the sick man has swallowed it he is supposed to recover.

One of our Persian servants, whom we had taken with us from the capital to Kerman, became very queer in his behaviour, and one day he took French-leave, and made his way back to his home, some six hundred miles away. The other servants were at no loss for an explanation of his conduct. They said immediately that his wife at Tehran had bewitched him in order to get him home again.

Near Kerman a small stream trickled out of a well of rock. Popular superstition ascribed this to a blow from the hand of Ali, and women desiring to become mothers would drink the water and hang candles and rags on the bushes near, in order to attract the notice of the saint. Not far from this was a cave in which sick women put food. If this were eaten during the night, it was a sign that the *Peri-banou* or queen of the fairies would cure them.

Some families possess a stone as an antidote against scorpion and tarantula bites. They say it is formed of the hardened tears of a certain Persian prince, who was turned by enchantment into an ibex, and wandered among the mountains, eternally bewailing his cruel fate.

Throughout Baluchistan are *ziarats*, or shrines, consisting of small enclosures of rough stones. In the middle of these is always a heap of boulders, among which sticks fluttering with rags are placed. These rags are pieces of the garments of devotees, who imagine that in this way they are calling the attention of the holy man who is buried there, and who will cure their complaints and intercede for them with Allah. Often fine ibex or moufflon horns are placed on the stones to do honour to the saint, and usually there are camel-bells, presumably to attract his attention.

As these shrines are extremely common in Baluchistan, I used to wonder what qualities went to make a saint, and was interested when at a place called Manish to find that the

late Governor was buried under a huge cairn of stones with the usual accompaniments of fluttering rags and ibex horns. The Baluchis informed us that this man's claim to saintship consisted in the fact that he had never robbed the poor. From an Oriental point of view, the man who has it in his power to oppress and to amass money as a result of his oppressions, and refrains from doing so, is worthy of every possible honour. The natives themselves were often not very clear as to the saintly personages buried beneath the innumerable cairns of stones. In reading Mr. Floyer's book, *Unexplored Baluchistan,* I noticed that he says (p. 39) that he sometimes started a *ziarat* or shrine himself by collecting together a small heap of stones as he walked on ahead of his caravan. His camel-drivers, when they came up to the spot, imagined that this must be the grave of some dervish, and at once cast their quota of boulders on the cairn.

Occasionally I noticed a shrine walled round with upright slabs of a sort of shale, on which were scratched animals and figures; a proceeding quite contrary to the tenets of Mohammedanism, which does not allow anything human or animal to be depicted.

In some *ziarats* the head and feet of the saint were marked by slate monoliths, and these were often placed several yards apart; the idea being, I believe, to give an impression in this way of the grandeur of the departed.

Often I observed large round places swept clean of the black shingle and formed into a circle with low upright stones, a small pile of stones being left in the centre. Dr. Bellew, in his book *From the Indus to the Tigris,* says (p. 54) they are called *chaps,* a word meaning "clapping of hands," and that on the occasions of weddings the Baluchis dance here, keeping time to the music by clapping their hands, and the musicians take up their position on the stones. The explanation, however, given to me about these places was, that they were used as points for the people to

assemble and hear parts of the *tazieh* or passion play recited, the dervish who conducted these religious exercises sitting in the centre. Perhaps both explanations are right.

The folklore of places is interesting. For example, the fort of Aibi in Baluchistan had a stuffed dummy warrior always hanging over the parapet. We were informed that the figure had been placed there by a dervish, who had assured the Baluchis that by this means their castle was rendered impregnable.

The volcano Demavend in the Elburz Range is the scene of many of the Persian legends, and was the home of demons and genii, besides being the resting place of the blessed on their way to paradise.

Kuh-i-Shah, or "The Mountain of the Saint," in S.E. Persia, a peak 13,700 feet in height, is dedicated to a holy man who is supposed to cause explosions in the mountain during the summer months. Whether these explosions take place or not I am unable to say, but my brother's huntsmen firmly believed in them. My brother and I ascended this mountain in July, 1895, and found a heap of stones at the summit, on which was laid a large collection of coins, beads, brass rings, and, odd to relate, a Queen Victoria token. As the mountain was not a volcano there was nothing to account for the theory of these supposed explosions.

Kuh-i-Chehel-Tun or "The Mountain of the Forty Beings," in Baluchistan, is supposed to be haunted by forty children, turned by enchantment into goats, which ceaselessly fling down stones on all who dare to climb their fastnesses.

We will now turn to the subject of *Games.*

1. A ball is hit into the air with a gaudily-painted stick. Whoever catches it calls out *Goal geriftun*, a corruption of *Gul geriftun* (I have taken the flower.) Who misses is pelted.

2. A row of walnuts are put on a ridge and knocked off by another walnut thrown at four to five yards' distance.

3. A chain gathered up in the hand is thrown out so as to touch another player.

4. An oblong is drawn with divisions, and stones are kicked into them, each division counting so much.

5. The *Jereed*, in which horsemen throw javelins at one another; the men aimed at, ducking to avoid the missile.

6. The *Doghela-Bazi* (throwing game) is played on horseback. The players fling a stick on the ground with great force and catch it up as it rebounds.

7. A lemon is thrown into the air and then fired at from horseback.

8. An egg placed on a little mound of sand is fired at by horsemen passing it at full gallop.

9 Chess, a kind of draughts, pitch and toss, marbles (played with pebbles), and a species of rounders and fives, are all known in Persia, as well as card-games.

10. My brother, Major Sykes, has had some success in reviving *polo*, which is said to have had its origin in Persia. In the *Shah Nameh* is an account of a game played by the Persian hero, Siawush, before Afrasiyab, King of Tartary. My brother has sent home copies of old tiles on which the game is depicted in a spirited manner. The originals are about the date of Shah Abbas, and the king is introduced as watching the game.

No rúz, the Persian New Year's Day, which takes place about March 21st, as the sun passes into Aries, is a day of general rejoicing, marking the end of winter and the beginning of spring. It is a festival dating from remote antiquity, and has nothing to do with Mohammedanism. Every Persian dons new clothes, all servants being given new costumes by their masters. There is a feast in every house, and among the food are dishes of springing barley and lighted candles. On this day the Shah shows himself to his subjects, gives *Kalats* or robes of honour, and distributes largess; while ceremonious visits of congratulation are paid to him and to his representatives in all the

cities in Persia. Persians have a superstition that whatever a man is doing on this day, he will be fated to do the same thing throughout the whole year; therefore they are always anxious not to be travelling at *No rûz*, not wishing to be unsettled for a twelvemonth. At this season, according to Dr. Wills,[1] the dervishes or professional beggars erect tents before the houses of prominent personages, make a pretence of a garden by sticking twigs in the ground, and then blow a cow's horn incessantly with the cry "Ya huc!" (my right). They refuse to leave until they have been given a good present of money.

A Persian bride is given a piece of gold for luck. She carries bread and salt into her husband's house to ensure plenty, and kisses her father's hearth as she leaves her old home.

The Shah has the right to see every woman in his kingdom unveiled, and the royal glance is believed to bring good luck to those on whom it is cast.

I will now say a few words about the *Gabres* or Fire-Worshippers, commonly called Parsees by Europeans, the word Parsee or *Farsi* merely meaning *Persian*. These are the descendants of the old inhabitants of the land, who clung to their faith when Persia was overrun by the conquering Arabs. They are to be found at Tehran, but are principally at Yezd and Kerman, and also in the villages near these latter cities, and of course at Bombay. They are looked down upon by the Persians, who will not allow them to ride through the towns, and restrict the townsmen to ugly mustards and browns in their costumes, not allowing them to wear the flowing Persian *abba* or cloak. The peasants wear curious helmet-shaped felt caps. Moreover the Gabres are restricted as to what trade they may follow, and in consequence the race has taken to agriculture, all the best gardeners in Persia being fire-worshippers. The women go about with their faces uncovered, and have a

[1] Dr. Wills, *In the Land of the Lion and the Sun*, p. 46.

picturesque dress composed of a gay chintz jacket, full trousers which are embroidered in many coloured stripes, and half a dozen wraps for the head; the fifth consisting of a white veil falling in graceful folds down the back, but not concealing the face, and the last being a large checked cotton sheet worn over the head and wrapt round the body for out-door use. Little Gabre girls wear a small coif, and the hair falls from it in long plaits, but the women would look upon it as immodest to allow anyone to see their head without its coverings.

The Gabres, as is well known, follow the tenets of Zoroaster, and have the Zendavesta as their Sacred Book. They believe in Ormuzd, the Good Spirit, and in Ahriman, the Principle of Evil, and worship fire as a deity. At the city of Yezd is the chief temple of the fire worshippers, who believe that the flame which burns on the altar there has never been extinguished through the centuries. When Gabres settle in any other part of Persia they always get some of the sacred fire from Yezd to place in their temples. The priests who attend to this fire wear a veil over their mouths in order not to pollute the holy flame with their breath, and it is on account of this that no Gabre will blow out a flame. My little Parsee maid always extinguished a candle with her fingers when she entered my service.[1]

The Gabre men wear a threefold cord round their waists, signifying good thoughts, good words, and good deeds. This they untie and retie five times daily at the hours of prayer.

They reverence the dog, which in the Zendavesta is the special animal of Ormuzd, and a dog is often called in to decide whether a man be dead or not. If it eats the bread laid on the breast of the supposed corpse, life is extinct, but if it refuses the food there is still hope.

[1] The Shah's band plays at sunset every day at Tehran, and this performance is supposed to be a Zoroastrian custom, surviving from the times when the sun was worshipped.

Herodotus says that the corpse of every male Persian had to be torn by a dog or by a beast of prey. At the present day the dead are exposed on towers to be eaten by vultures and crows. If the birds pick out the right eye of a corpse first, it is a sign that the soul has gone to the Zoroastrian Paradise. If, however, the left eye is attacked first, the fate of the departed soul is a gloomy one.[1]

There is considered to be such defilement in touching a corpse, that a special class of Parsees do all the burying, and even relatives will not assist a man if they think he may breathe his last while they are touching him.

Close to the *Dakhma*, or Tower of Silence, at Kerman, in S.E. Persia, was a house with unglazed windows. The relatives of deceased Gabres were in the habit of setting out a substantial meal in the upper room of this house, affirming that the spirit, just after its separation from the body, was greatly in need of nourishment.

The Parsees never wash anything on a Tuesday, saying that no article can be cleansed on that day.

My Parsee maid used to hang a small white shell on any possession that she was afraid of losing, affirming that it was an infallible charm.

I have selected a few *Proverbs and Saws* which are characteristic of the country.

Here is a beggar's refrain :—

"Khoda guft, 'bidde,'
Shaitan guft, 'nidde.'"

It means, "God says 'give,' but Satan says, 'Don't give.'"

"Stretch your legs no further than your carpet," is equivalent to our "Cut your coat according to your cloth."

[1] [At the end of the 17th century, it was the custom in Kebraboth, a suburb of Ispahan, to let a cock out of the house in which the dead body lay. If it was caught and carried off by a fox, it was believed that the deceased person would be happy in the next life. If this test failed, or was ambiguous in its issue, the corpse was decorated and hung up on the wall of the cemetery with wooden forks for the test related by Miss Sykes. (Olearius, *Persianische Reisebeschreibung*, p. 295.) N. W. THOMAS.]

"The jackal dipped himself in indigo, and then thought he was a peacock," explains itself.

"This camel is at your gate," is the same as "This sin is laid at your door."

"When you are in a room be of the same colour as the people in it," is the Persian for "Do at Rome as the Romans do."

"The swiftest horse is apt to stumble," is "More haste worse speed," and our familiar proverb, "Don't look a gift-horse in the mouth," is found also in Persia.

"A cut string may be joined again, but the knot always remains," is used in speaking of a broken friendship.

"Only a Mazanderani dog can catch a Mazanderani fox," is the equivalent to our "Set a thief to catch a thief."

"Often to be kind to the tiger is to be cruel to the lamb," seems to have no equivalent.

"If you have a fine horse it becomes a gift, or *pishkash*." This proverb alludes to the way in which princes and those in authority despoil those under them.

"A Persian receiving a *toman* (a coin worth about four shillings) at once buys a led horse," is a saying satirizing the national love of *tashakhus* or show.

"Our fathers never saw this even in a dream," is a common expression denoting astonishment.

"All pains can be forgotten in forty days, but the pain of being deprived of food lasts forty years."

"A fool said, 'My father was vizier to the Sultan,' and I answered, 'What is that to you?'" This is a Persian way of snubbing anyone who may boast of his ancestry.

"War at the outset is good if it ends in peace," is the Persian manner of saying that it is good to begin a friendship with a little aversion.

"Man is the slave of his benefactor."

"The innocent man may go to the foot of the scaffold, but he will never ascend it."

"If you become rich and your head is not turned, you are a man."

"New sleeves get a good dinner." This proverb alludes to the story that a shabbily-dressed *mollah* was turned away from a feast. On returning in a new coat he was given the place of honour at the entertainment, and repeated the saying at intervals during the evening in a bewildered manner.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN GAME OF ASTRAGALS.

BY E LOVETT.

(*Read at Meeting of* 17*th April*, 1901.)

A FEW years ago, during a visit to Holland and Belgium, I noticed in the poorer parts of some of the towns children playing a game upon doorsteps with small metal objects, which upon investigation proved to be white metal copies of the Astragalus or knuckle-bone. I soon found some of these for sale in the toy shops, where I purchased them at prices ranging from three a penny to about a penny each.

They were of great interest to me, as they seemed to be a direct descendant of the bronze Astragali of the Roman period, and they prompted me to collect a few notes and specimens to illustrate the devolution and differentiation of this very ancient game.

The game of Astragals, so called because it was played with the Astragalus or knuckle-bone of an animal, usually a sheep, is of great antiquity. A beautiful group (one of the Tanagra terra-cottas) in the British Museum, representing two girls playing the game, is recorded as B.C. 800, and a marble figure of an astragalus player, life-size, of later date,

may also be seen there. There are also other figures and pictures, Pompeian and others, of which I hope to give a detailed list in later notes. In Horace's *Satires*, Book II., we read: "Servius Oppidius, a rich man according to ancient reckoning, is said to have divided his two farms at Carnucium between his two sons, and when dying to have said this to his boys, after they had been called to his bed-side: 'Ever since I saw you, Aulus, carrying your knuckle-bones and nuts in the loose fold [of your toga], giving them away and playing with them, but you, Tiberius, counting them and solemnly hiding them in holes, I have feared that different kinds of madness may seize you, and that *you* will follow Nomentanus and *you* Cicula.'"[1]

In the British Museum are several Astragali in bronze, rock-crystal, agate, &c., of ancient Greek and Roman times, together with certain dice of which they are doubtless the origin. But it is to their use in games of skill rather than as gambling dice to which I have devoted these notes, and unhappily I have not been able, so far, to ascertain any details as to how the game of skill was anciently played, beyond the figures and mural designs already referred to.

I take the following from the Report of National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S., for 1896:

"Knuckle-bones have been used as implements in games from remote antiquity. There are several distinct ways in which they are thus employed. One was as Jackstones, described by classical authors as played principally by women and children with five bones. Among the Syrians at the present day they are used by children in games resembling marbles, being knocked from a ring drawn on the ground with others which are sometimes weighted with lead.

"A favourite and almost universal use of knuckle-bones in games was as dice in games of chance. Among the

[1] Nomentanus, used by Horace as a type of a prodigal and spendthrift; Cicula, a very cautious money-lender.

Greeks and Romans numerical values were attributed to the four long sides, the two pointed ends not being counted. The two broad sides, respectively convex and concave, counted three and four, while of the narrow sides, the flat counted one and the indented six. The numbers two and five were wanting. Several names, both Greek and Latin, are recorded for each of the throws. Two persons played together at this game, using four bones, which they threw into the air or emptied out of dicebox (*fritillus*). The numbers on the four sides of the four bones admitted of thirty-five different combinations. The lowest throw of all was four aces, but the value of a throw was not in all cases the sum of the four numbers turned up. The highest in value was that called *Venus*, in which the numbers cast up were all different. Certain other throws were called by particular names, taken from gods, illustrious men and women, and heroes. These bones, marked and thrown as above described, were also used in divination.

"Among the Turks, Arabs, and Persians, the four throws with a single knuckle-bone receive the names of the four ranks of human society. Thus among the Persians, according to Dr. Hyde, they were called as follows:

Supinum :—Dudz = 'thief.'
Pronum :—Dihban = 'peasant.'
Planum :—Vezir.
Fortuosum :—Shah.

"The Arabic name for the bones is *Kāb* (plural *Kabat*), meaning *Ankle*, referring to their source. Two bones are now commonly used—one from the right and the other from the left leg of a sheep. I regard them as the direct ancestors of cubical dotted dice, the name of which in Arabic is the same as that of the bones. The dice used in Arabic countries are made in pairs, and the most popular and universal game is one with two dice, *Kábatam*.

"Games with knuckle-bones are a favourite amusement in Spanish-American countries, and it is claimed that they

existed among the Indians before the discovery. Dr. Carl Lumholtz found them among the Tarahumara, who attribute numerical values to the different sides. Among the Papago, in Arizona, Mr. W. J. McGee found a single knuckle-bone of a bison, used in playing a game called *Tan-wan*, of which a specimen collected by him is exhibited in the U.S. National Museum. In Costa Ríca, Dr. T. M. Calnek states that the Indians in the vicinity of San José continually play with the Astragalus of an ox or cow, using a single bone: they call the game by the name of *Choque suelo*. They are also used by the Indians in Peru. Their Quichua name *tava* would appear to be derived from the Spanish *taba*, but this is contrary to the opinion of Dr. Emilio Montez, who exhibited a prehistoric copy of a knuckle-bone in terra-cotta, from Cuzco, in his collection at the Columbian Exposition. There are nine Astragalus bones from the Lengua tribe, Chaco Indians, in the Hossler collections from Paraguay, in the Field Columbian Museum.

"Knuckle-bones of various animals, some worked and showing wear, have been found associated with Indian remains in various parts of the United States. Mr. C. B. Moore found a fossil llama Astragalus in a mound on Murphy Bland, Florida, and a large fossil Astragalus, not identified, in a mound on Ossabow Island, Georgia. They are also reported from stone graves, Tennessee. They were always found in pots, and in the case of children's graves the bones as well as the pots were always smaller. All showed wear and polish. There are also numerous records from earth mounds in Arkansas, the bones being those of deer and bison; some have been squared for use as dice, others showed the high polish of much wear."

This concludes the Washington report, except in the ramifications of the use of the Astragalus as a die pure and simple.

My inquiries as regards our own country have yielded very poor results very few of our museums preserving any

records of the game, either ancient or modern. I have been able to gather, however, a few very interesting specimens showing considerable variety in the objects used in the game.[1]

The classical name "Astragals" seems to be entirely unknown. None of my correspondents had ever heard of it. Instead of it we get Knuckle-bones, Knuckle-downs, Five-bones, Five-stones, Jacks, Jack o' five-stones, Fivies, Dibs, Dabbers, Chuckies, Chuckie-stones, and "Marbles and Dubs," the latter word seeming to be a corruption of Dibs and Dabbers. The word "Jack," too, is curious, more especially as in the Swiss form of the game we get a King, Queen, Jack (or knave), and pawns—a remarkable mixture of Cards, Chess, and Astragals.

The materials employed in the game of Astragals of to-day differ almost as much as do the names themselves, and are equally devoid of any marked local feature or peculiar character. For example, in my small collection I possess the Astragalus bone series, which is the type; another from near Bordeaux, in which the unjoined ends of the metatarsal bone of a lamb are used; and a third from Faversham, Kent, of the short phalanges of a pig. Pebbles of suitable shape are very widely used, and I have them from Suffolk, Worcestershire, and Kent, besides records from Scotland, Ireland, and Cornwall. I have seen small selected pieces of diorite, used for road-making, turned into Astragals in London and in my own town, Croydon; whilst trimmed pieces of potsherds are employed in Yorkshire, Suffolk, and Sussex. In Worcestershire I found small home-made cubes of wood thus used, merging thereby into dice; and the Belgian and Dutch metal ones already referred to are a pleasing illustration of an attempt to perpetuate the Greek and Roman Astragali. It has, however, been reserved for Germany to produce the most prosaic and uninteresting machine-made materials for this ancient game.

[1] See list of exhibits, *ante*, p. 257.

This consists of a stone marble and four little fluted stoneware cubes in assorted glazed colours. This "up-to-date" monstrosity is sold largely in Houndsditch by the name of "Marbles and Dubs," and in my many local inquiries this has frequently been the sole result, correspondents sending me sets of these "made-in-Germany" knuckle-bones, as of local interest.

Another curious aspect of the game is the use of a ball, or marble, and four bones or stones, instead of five bones or stones and no ball. I am inclined to think that this is a somewhat modern modification of the game, to enable young children or unskilled players to the more enjoy it. It is very widely spread, for I saw it played thus in Belgium, and I have a set from Bourg, near Bordeaux, another from Kent, and the "made-in-Germany" variety from many places.

A Parsee friend of mine tells me that so far as he knows the only game played in India at all corresponding to *Astragals* is played with tamarind seeds (Chinchora), and the game is called *Oochardáo*. It occurs chiefly in the province of Gujerat. The game is played chiefly (as might be expected) by women and children, and by from two to six individuals, arranged equally, of course. Adults use one hand only, but children are allowed to use two. A great number of seeds are used, and the winner is the one who succeeds, when throwing up, in catching the greater or greatest number upon the back of the hand. This aspect of the game appears to me to be a very degraded form of Astragals, to which it seems to have many similarities, differing only in being made exceedingly easy for the benefit of a race to whom an easy game of skill would naturally appeal.

The following is a description of the game as played in Scotland under the name of "Chuckies."

Onesey.—Take five white stones in the palm of the right hand, toss up and catch one on the back of the hand, toss it up and quickly catch up one of the

fallen stones and catch the one you have tossed up before it falls to the ground. Put one aside and do as before till all are caught up.

Twosey.—Take up one, throw it up and quickly, catch up two and the falling one, put two aside, toss up one and catch up the other two and the falling one.

Threesey.—Same as before, but catch up three, then one.

Foursey.—Same as before, only catch up four and the falling one.

Sweep the House.—Place four stones in a square, then say while you toss up the fifth, "Sweep the house." Draw your forefinger in front of one stone and catch the falling one. Toss again and say, "Lift a chair," catch up one from the square and the falling one. Keep one in hand, toss up one again and say, "Sweep below," draw finger over the corner where you lifted stone from and catch falling one; toss again and say, "Put it down," put down the supposed stone and do the same at all the corners.

Danger.—Scatter stones, take one, toss it up, catch up one and the falling one; toss up both, catch up one and the two falling ones, and so on till all five are in your hand.

Crawly.—Toss up five, catch as many as possible on back of hand, then keeping them there cautiously gather in the scattered stones under the hand.

Catch Fishey.—Toss up five, catch as many as possible on back of hand, then by a quick movement throw forward and catch in palm again.

Catch Flukey.—Throw up one and catch up all four, and then catch the falling one without turning up palm, but with the same forward movement, with a grab as it were.

Cows in Byre.—Place tip of left-hand fingers on ground, put one stone between each finger. Toss up the fifth and say, "Put the cows in the byre," push one stone under the hand and catch the falling one. Repeat till all are pushed under the left hand,

Loup the Dyke.—Place four stones in line, toss up the fifth, catch up the first and the third and the falling one. Toss up again and catch up the other two.

Deaf and Crack.—Same as in first movement, only in catching the first it must crack on the caught up one in the palm of the hand, the second must not touch, the third must not, and so on.

This ends the game.

My friend M. Alfred Godet, Curator of the Museum of Neuchatel, Switzerland, sent me specimens of the game as he knows it, and writes me as follows:

"This game has replaced, if I mistake not, here the game of Hockeets or Osselets, similar to the Dutch example of which you sent me a specimen. I do not think anything

like it has been found here. The game I can remember as far back as between 1840 and 1850.

"The game consists of nine stones: The *King*, black; the *Queen*, white; the *Knave*, brown or green; and six Pawns of yellowish white quartz.

"A flat surface is generally selected upon which to play, if possible rather soft or elastic, a hard cushion or a dress stretched across the knees. There may be several players.

"Let us suppose two players, A. and B.

"A. takes in his right hand all the stones and throws them up, not too high, and catches them upon the back of his hand. Then three alternatives present themselves.

"1. He catches one stone only, the others have rolled off to the right or left. In this case the player A. continues (see later);

"2. He fails to catch any of the stones, in which case B. continues to play; or

"3. He has caught *most* of the stones, the others having rolled off. In this case the player can, 1st, work the stones close together by means of the muscles on the back of his hand; 2nd, throw down some and take care that the others do not fall; 3rd, only retain one upon the back of the hand, and proceeds to the next part of the game; but it is very important that he retains in any case at least one stone upon the back of his hand, otherwise the play reverts to his opponent.

"A. now throws up, by a rapid movement, the one or more stones resting upon the back of his hand, and must catch them in his palm. If he fails, the game passes to B.

"A. then takes one of the stones (if he has caught more than one he selects that of least value), throws it up, rapidly gathering with a stroke of the hand as many of the stones as possible resting on the cushion or ground, catching in its fall the one he threw up. This continues till he has

picked up all the stones, but failure consists in missing the stone thrown up or dropping one of those picked up. Sometimes a good player will gather up all the stones at one *coup* if they happen to be in a group, which does not often occur. If he does, however, he has won the first part of the game.

"Now suppose A. at his first throw picked up a pawn, and with this thrown up, the king, then the queen, then the knave, then one or two pawns, and then misses his fifth or sixth try. B. then takes the rest of the stones that are on the cushion, throws them up as at the start of the game, and catches them on the back of his hand, dropping those which inconvenience him and only taking care of the one or more which suit him. This he throws into the air, catching it in the palm of his hand, and with this stone he gathers those which rest upon the cushion (as before). When he has collected all of them, supposing that he has succeeded in doing so, the first player, A., places upon the cushion one of the stones which he has won. This will be of the lowest value he has, a pawn for example.

"B. tries to take it by throwing one of his pawns up (in the usual way).

"A. then throws down his second pawn, B. tries to take it as before, after the pawns (B. still winning) A. gives up his jack. B. then throws up two stones in order to be able to take this piece. A. then yields the queen and B. has to throw up three stones in order to capture it. Lastly, A. yields his king and B. has to throw up and catch four pawns to enable him to pick up this piece. Should he succeed in thus picking up all the stones without dropping any he wins.

"In the other event, A. again takes up the game with the stones left upon the cushion, B. in his turn giving up one by one his pawns, jack, queen, and king.

"Sometimes the game lasts a long while. It is very

easy to learn and to play; some pick it up upon seeing it once, and with a little exercise soon become proficient."

I have obtained a few other descriptions of the playing of this game, but they differ only in minor points from those mentioned. As these few remarks are intended more as an introduction to the subject than a treatise thereon, I shall be greatly indebted to any members of the Folk-Lore Society for any future assistance in recording and collecting notes and specimens, so that a fairly comprehensive history of the ancient game of Astragals with all its recent ramifications may be thus obtained.

Note I.

I have in my possession a knuckle-bone of a very similar type to Mr. Lovett's Greek and Roman exhibits, which was dug up at the ancient site of Akra in the Bannū district on the North-west Frontier of India. It is of bronze, or perhaps copper, and is a very fair imitation of a real knuckle-bone. Judging from the evidence of sculptures, coins, engraved gems, &c., found on the same site, it probably may be referred either to the Greek kingdom of Bactria and N.W. India (B.C. 250 to B.C. 50) or to the Scythic kingdoms of the Sakas and Kushans which followed immediately after it.

At the present day gambling by means of knuckle-bones (of sheep) is extremely common on the N.W. Frontier, especially among the Baloches, and the legendary ballads allude to it. Dilmalikh, a very lavish hero of one story, laments that he was reduced by his extravagance to cutting grass for his livelihood and being called "Uncle" by the Rind maidens. All his horses and their trappings have, he says, "gone with the coloured knuckle-bones." The story will be found in the "Legend of Mīr Chākar," of which I contributed a translation to Colonel Temple's *Legends of the Punjab*.

M. Longworth Dames.

Note II.

This game is well known among schoolboys under the

name of "knuckle-bones," or "dibs." When I was at school at Aldenham, in Hertfordshire, in 1860-67, it was played principally from October to April. The great ambition of every player was to possess a set of knuckle-bones, but as a substitute cubes cut from the horse-chestnut were often used. The mode of play was identical with the description of the game as played in Scotland, with some additions and variations.

It may be conceived that the knuckle-bones were originally used as a means of divination, and afterwards degenerated into a child's game in the same manner as the present use of playing cards arose from the ancient "Tarots" used for divination. In this connection it might be of importance to notice the numerical values which Mr. Lovett mentions as being ascribed to the different sides of the bones, in case it should appear that they in any way correspond with the Pythagorean system of numbers which was so largely used in divination.

D. F. DE L'HOSTE RANKING.

NOTE III.—THE GAME OF "SNOBS" AS PLAYED IN DERBYSHIRE. (See p. 257.)

Five snobs are used—the manufactured cubes—but no marble. Any number of people can play, and when one player fails in any action the next one goes on. Whoever gets to the end first, wins.

I. *Single ones.*—Take five in your hand, throw them up, and catch as many as you can on the back of your hand. Throw those up from the back and catch in the palm. Put down all you catch except one.* Throw that one up, and while it is in the air pick up one of those you did not catch on the back of hand, and catch the one thrown up. Put it down and repeat from,* till you have finished the balance you did not catch.

II. *Single twos.*—Take all five in your palm, put them on the table again,* throw up one, and while it is up, pick up two of the others, catch the thrown one, put down two, and repeat from* till you finish.

III. *Single threes.*—Take all in your palm, put them carelessly on the table, pick up one, throw it up and pick up three while it is in the air, put three down and throw one up, and pick up the remaining one.

IV. *Single fours.*—Take five in your hand, throw up one, put down four, and catch the thrown one.

V. *Double ones.* Take up five, throw up and catch on the back of the hand as many as you can, throw up those you catch, pick up another, catch all, and so on till you have picked up all five.

VI. *Double twos.*—Like single twos, as double ones are like single ones, except that you do not put down again those you take up, but keep them in your hand and throw them up with the others.

VII. *Double threes.*—Put all on table, take up one, throw it up and take up three; throw up four and pick up the fifth.

VIII. *Double fours.*—The same, only take up four instead of three.

IX. *Jinks.*—Exactly like single ones, only that you have to make each stone clink against the other in your hand as you catch it.

X. *No Jinks.*—The same, only don't let them clink.

XI. *Creeps.*—Take all in hand, throw up and catch on back of hand, take those not caught between fingers, throw up those on back of hand, and catch in palm without letting the rest drop from between fingers.

XII. *Potato Sets.*—Take all in palm, throw up, catch on back of hand, throw up those caught, and catch in palm, throw up one, put down rest while it is up, and catch again in palm; throw it up again, and pick up another, catch it again, throw up second, put down first by the rest, catch second, pick up third, throw up third, put down second, catch third, &c., till all four are put down in a heap, throw up fifth, pick up the fourth, catch fifth, and end with all in your hand.

XIII. *Snaps.*—Exactly like the single sets (i-iv), except that you catch over-hand instead of with palm uppermost.

The game may, at pleasure, be continued through "double snaps," as v-viii, but catching over-hand.

C. VIOLET TURNER.

The name "Snobs" has been noted at Derby and Matlock, and in South Notts, but at Tutbury, Staffordshire, about ten miles south-west of Derby, the game is called "Jacky-five-stones," and generally in South Staffordshire "Jacky-stones."

NOTE IV.—ABSTRACT OF INFORMATION RECEIVED BY MR. LOVETT SINCE THE MEETING.

1. "*Knuckledowns.*" Buckhurst Hill, Essex. Played with five marbles or stones.

Fourteen complete "games" (or rather figures) are played with the right hand and fourteen with the left. The names of the figures are in the order given: First Sum, Second Sum, Third Sum; Onesey, Twosey, Threesey, Foursey; Bonks, Creeps, Cracks, No Cracks, Everlastings, Changelings, and Amens. They correspond very nearly with the first eleven figures of the Derbyshire variant, adding the following figures:

Bonks.—Four in palm, one between finger and thumb, throw up latter, and while in air put down remaining four on ground and catch No. 1. Place No. 1 againbetween finger and thumb, throw it into air, while in air pick up remaining four again and catch No. 1.

Everlastings.—Five in palm, throw all up and catch on back of hand; if five so caught, throw up all from back of hand and catch in palm; if less, throw up those caught and catch in palm. Retain these in palm, then throw up one from finger and thumb, picking up one from ground while in air, catch falling one. Again throw up one and pick up another, repeating process till all are recovered.

Changelings.—Five in palm, throw all up and catch on back of hand; if five so caught, throw up all from back of hand and catch in palm; if less, throw up those caught, and catch in palm, picking up one from ground at same moment. Repeat.

Amens.—Four in palm, one between finger and thumb; throw up the one and catch in palm. E. LINDER.

2. "*Dabbers.*" Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks. Played with four stones and a marble. The figures are given in full, to show the variant induced by the use of the marble kept constantly bouncing.

Pinks. (To find order of players).—Throw up *four* stones and catch as many as possible on back of hand. Throw up and catch in palm. Each player has three throws. The player who catches most stones in the three throws starts first, and so on in order.

Ones.—Throw down four stones. Bounce marble, pick up one stone without touching the rest, and catch marble. Repeat for each stone.

Half-twos—Throw down *four* stones. Bounce marble, pick up two together and catch marble. Pick up the other two separately.

Twos.—As in "ones," but pick up two stones each time.

Threes.—As in "ones," but pick up three stones together and then one.

Fours.—As in "ones," but pick up all four together

Upsets.—Take four stones in hand, bounce marble, put down stones and catch marble. Bounce marble again, pick up stones, and catch marble.

Creeps.—Throw up four stones and catch as many as possible on back of hand. Those which fall, to be picked up between fingers. Throw up those on back of hand and catch in palm, retaining those between fingers.

Clicks.—As in "ones," but each stone and marble must click.

No Clicks.—As in "clicks" but stone and marble not to click.

Little Maids.—Three stones taken. Throw up and catch as many as possible on back of hand. Throw up and catch in palm. Throw up again, pick up others and catch.

Big Maids.—As in "little maids" but four stones used.

First Everlastings.—As in "big maids" but no stone caught must afterwards be dropped.

Second Everlastings.—Throw down four stones. Bounce marble, pick up one stone, and catch marble. Bounce again and pick up number two, still holding number one, and repeat until all four are picked.

Third Everlastings.—Throw out four stones, and play as in "second everlastings," putting down number one and picking up number two whilst marble was bouncing.

Longs.—Place two stones about a yard apart. Bounce marble, pick them up together.

Shorts.—Two stones a foot apart, then as in "longs." E. LINDER.

Compare the Wakefield variant, Gomme's *Traditional Games*, i., 125.

3. Other correspondents describe "Jacks," played at Whitefield and Haslingden, near Manchester, with four cubes and a "dobber," or marble; played in youth at Bolton-le-Moors, by Mrs. Hannah Woodcock, born 1814, with four bits of wood and a dobber. The game played was the Westminster variety described in *Traditional*

Games, i., 126, but the last part was called "Driving Pigs to Market."

The playplace is generally mentioned as the doorstep or the hearthstone.

Some account of the classical game will be found in *Traditional Games*, i., 239, s.v. "Hucklebones," and references to the several British variants recorded by Mrs. Gomme have already been given, *ante*, p. 106.

4. The game is known in Persia, where, says my informmant, it is played by boys of the lower classes.—E. C. SYKES.

THE PAGANISM OF THE ANCIENT PRUSSIANS.

TRANSLATED BY FRED. C. CONYBEARE, M.A.

THERE was printed at Spiers (*Spiræ*) in the year 1582 by Barnardus D'Albinus a volume, now become infinitely rare, of which the contents are thus described on the title page: "About the religion, sacrifices, wedding and funeral rites of the Russians, Moscovites, and Tartars, by various authors." Mr. Arthur Evans possesses a copy, which he has kindly lent to me. All the pieces are in Latin, and the first is a long controversial dialogue in which are discussed the respective merits of the new Lutheran religion and the faith of Muscovy. The discussion was held in Moscow early in the year 1570, and no less a personage than Ivan the Terrible is put forward to assail the Lutheran faith, which is defended by the minister of Christ, John Rohita. Many cruelties perpetrated by the Muscovite tyrant against Lutherans are detailed in the course of the dialogue, and serve to dispel the opinion one often hears expressed, that the history of the Russian State has never, like that of other countries, been sullied by purely religious persecutions.

The gem of the collection, however, is the tract about

the superstitions of the Borussi or Prussians, which fills pp. 257-264. It is so little known, that I have thought it worthy to be translated. It was written about 1553, and affords us a pleasing picture of the old paganism of Prussia, which in that age still survived, hardly touched, in remote country places. The Borussi or Prussians were, of course, Slavs by race and akin to the Rutheni.—F. C. C.

About the Religion and Sacrifices of the Ancient Prussians.

An Epistle of John Meletius to George Sabine.[1]

My son Jerome, who is usually very much delighted with your writings, gave me to read that elegy of yours which you wrote to the Cardinal Peter Bembo, and in which you mention the custom of sacrificing a goat and of worshipping snakes found among some ot the Sarmatian races. I could not help writing to you details I have ascertained of the vain cults of those peoples. Indeed, I expect you will not be sorry to understand more fully the customs and idolatry of tribes among which a certain destiny has summoned you, and in the neighbourhood of which you are passing your life. For many superstitious rites and idolatrous cults are still kept up in these regions, which as a fresh-comer you may not yet have learned about. This is why I have made up my mind to communicate to you whatever I have found out about them.

Not to trouble you with a longer preface, I will begin by describing the sacrifices with which formerly the Borussi, Samogitæ, Lithuanians, Ruthenians, and Livonians worshipped the demons as if they were gods, and still continue to do so in secret in many places. Then I will describe

[1] Meletius was arch-presbyter of the Ecclesia Liccensis in Prussia. Sabinus was a poet. Johannes Lasicius (Lasitzki), in his tract *De diis Samagitarum*, (Basil, 1615), reproduces the book of Meletius. It was reprinted by Michael Neander, *Orbis terræ Succincta Explicatio* (Lipsiæ, 1597), p. 573 foll., and in this century by Haupt, vol. i., p. 146 foll.

certain superstitious rites usual among the same races in celebrating weddings, funerals, and wakes.

On St. George's Day they are accustomed to offer a sacrifice to Pergrubrius, who is believed to be the god of flowers, plants, and of all seeds. This is how they sacrifice to Pergrubrius. The sacrificing priest, whom they call Vurschayten, holds in his right hand a dish (*obda*) full of beer, and after he has invoked the demon's name, chants his praises. "Thou," he says, "drivest away the winter; thou bringest back the pleasures of spring; through thee the fields and gardens grow green; through thee the woods and groves get their leaves." When he has finished this hymn, he takes the dish in his teeth, and drinks down the beer without touching it with his hand; then he throws backwards over his head the dish which he has drunk up, touching it only with his teeth. Next the dish is picked up off the ground and filled afresh, and all present drink out of it in order and sing a hymn in praise of Pergrubrius. After that they feast the whole day long and dance.

Similarly when the crops are ripe the rustics meet together in the fields for sacrifice, which in the Ruthenian tongue is called *Zazinck*, that is the beginning of spring. When this rite is finished one of their number is chosen and takes a forecast or augury of the harvest by cutting down an armful of corn, which he carries home. On the morrow all, first the members of his household, then of the rest all who will, get in the harvest.

When, however, that is done they offer up a solemn sacrifice by way of giving thanks. This is called in the Ruthenian language *Ozink*, that is to say the completion of the harvest. In this sacrifice the Sudine peoples of Prussia, among whom amber is collected, sacrifice a goat, as you write in your elegy to Bembo.

The ritual of this sacrifice, however, is as follows. The people congregate together in a barn, and a goat is brought forward, which the Vursichaytes (*sic*), or sacrificer, is to slay.

He lays both hands on the victim and invokes in order the demons whom they believe to be gods, to wit: Occopirn, the god of heaven and earth; Antrimp, the god of the sea; Gardoaet, the god of sailors, such as of old among the Romans was Portunnus; Potrymp, the god of rivers and springs; Piluit, the god of riches, whom the Latins called Plutus; Pergrubrius, the god of spring; Pargn, the god of thunder and tempests; Poccl, the god of hell and of darkness; Poccoll, the god of the spirits of the air; Putscaet, the god that protects the sacred groves; the god Ausceut, of health and sickness; Marcoppol, the god of magnates and nobles; the Barstuccæ, whom the Germans call *Erdmenlen,* that is to say, the subterranean ones.

When the demons have been invoked, those who are present in the barn raise aloft, all together, the goat, and hold it up over their heads while a hymn is sung. When that is finished they put it down again to stand on the ground. Then the sacrificer admonishes the people to conduct this solemn sacrifice, instituted by the piety of their ancestors, with the most entire veneration, and to treasure up religiously the memory of it for their posterity. When he has delivered himself of this little homily to the people, he himself slays the victim and sprinkles about the blood, which has been caught in a patin. The flesh, howover, he hands over to the women in the barn in question for them to cook. They meantime, while the flesh is being cooked, get ready cakes of siligineous flour. These they do not put into the oven, but the men stand round the fire and turn them over and over in the fire without ceasing until they grow hard and are cooked. All this discharged, they feast and carouse all day and night, drinking till they vomit. Then the drunkards, at the top of the morning, go forth outside the village, where they choose a spot, and cover up with earth whatever is left over and remains of their feast, so that it may not become the prey either of

birds or of wild beasts. After that they dismiss the gathering, and each returns to his home.

For the rest, out of all the tribes of Sarmatia above mentioned, many still worship with particular veneration Putscaet, who presides over trees and groves. He is believed to have his dwelling under the tree Sambuc. Men everywhere in their superstition make him offerings of bread, beer, and other sorts of food, which they lay under the Sambuc tree, praying of Putscaet that he will appease and make friendly to them Marcoppol, the god of magnates and nobles, to the end that their lords may not oppress them and make their servitude heavier to bear. They also pray that the Barstuccæ may be sent to them, which are, as I said before, called the underground spirits. For if the latter are tenanting the house, they believe that the owners are in good luck, and they place at eventide for them in the barn, on a table spread with a cloth, bread, cheese, butter, and beer. Nor do they doubt that it will bring them good luck, if next morning they find the food left there taken away. But if it ever remains untouched on the table, they are in great distress and fearful of some calamity.

The same people worship certain spirits that can be seen with the eye, and which are called in Ruthenian *Colfy*, in Greek *Coboli*, in German *Cobolds*. These spirits they believe to dwell in hidden places in their houses or in the network of the timbers; and they feed them handsomely on all sorts of food, because they are wont to bring to them who so feed them wheat which they have carried off by stealth from other men's stores.

When, however, these spirits desire to take up their residence and be fed somewhere or other, this is how they make known their disposition towards the father of a family. They heap together by night in the house chips of wood, and place on the milk-pails full of milk different sorts of animals' dung. As soon as the father of the family

perceives this, and instead of scattering the chips or throwing the many of the milk-pails, portions of the tainted milk along with all his family, then the spirits are said to appear and remain with them.

Moreover, the Lithuanians and Samogitæ keep snakes warm under the stove, or in a corner of the steam-room where the table stands. These snakes they worship as they would a divine being; and at a regular season of the year the sacrificers summon them forth to share the meal. But they come out and climb up over a clean cloth and sit on the table. When they have there tasted the several dishes, they go down again and hide themselves in their holes. When the snakes have gone away the men gladly eat up the dishes of which they have had a first taste, and expect that for that year all things will turn out happily for them. If, however, the snakes have not come out in answer to the prayers of the sacrificer, or have refused to taste the dishes placed on the table, then they believe that in that year they will suffer some great calamity.

Besides this the same races have among them fortune-tellers, who are called in the Ruthenian tongue *Burty*. These, invoking the white Potrimp, pour wax into water, and according to the figures and images into which it runs, shape their predictions in regard to all matters they have been asked about. I myself knew a poor woman who had for long been awaiting the return of her absent son; for her son had left Prussia and gone to Denmark. She consulted a fortune-teller, and he told her that he had perished by shipwreck. For the wax, when poured into the water, took the form of a broken ship and the shape of a man floating flat on his back close by the ship.

Among the Samogitæ there is a mountain situated by the River Nauuassa, on the top of which formerly a fire was kept perpetually alight by a priest, in honour of Pargn himself, who is still believed by superstitious people to control thunder and tempest. So much for their sacrifices.

Now for their marriage rites, funerals, and wakes, about which I can tell you things as laughable as they are superstitious. Among the Sudini, Curonenses, Samogitæ, and Lithuanians, girls of noble birth in places carry a bell, which is tied by a string to the girdle and hangs down to the knees. They are not led in marriage, but are carried off after the old Lacedemonian manner instituted by Lycurgus. They are, however, carried off not by the bridegroom himself, but by two of his kinsmen. And when they have been carried off, and not before, the consent of the parents is sought and the marriage contracted.

When the wedding is actually being held, the bride is led three times round the hearth, and is then placed in a chair by it. As she sits on the chair, her feet are washed; and the water in which her feet are washed is sprinkled over the marriage bed and over all the furniture of the home. In the same way the guests, who have been invited to the wedding, are sprinkled. After that the bride's mouth is smeared over with honey and her eyes are hidden with a veil; and with her eyes thus veiled she is led to all the entrances of the house and is told to touch and beat them with her right foot. At each entrance is scattered around wheat, siligo, oats, grain, pease, beans, and poppy. For the man who follows the bride carries a bag full of all sorts of fruits, and as he scatters them about declares that none of these shall be wanting to the bride, if she reverently follows her religion and looks after her household affairs with all due diligence. This done, the veil is taken off the bride's eyes and the feast is held.

In the evening when the bride is going to be led off to bed, in the course of the dancing her hair is cut off, and when that is done the women put a garland on her, decked with a white kerchief, which wives may wear until they have borne a son. For until then wives conduct themselves as if they were virgins.

In the end she is led into her chamber, where, after being

struck and beaten, she is thrown on to the bed and handed over to the bridegroom. Then, instead of wedding-cakes, are brought the testicles of a goat or of a bear, the partaking of which together on the very day of the wedding is supposed to render the wife fecund. For this reason also, no castrated animal is slain on the occasion in view of the wedding.

At funerals the following rite is observed by the country folk. The bodies of the dead are dressed up in their coats and trousers and are placed upright on a bench. Then their nearest relations sit down by the body and drink and carouse, swilling beer and raising a funeral lamentation, which in the Ruthenian tongue has the following sound:

"Hale le / le le / y procz ty mene vmarl? ii za tii nie miel szto nesty albo pity? y procz tii vmarl? Ha le le / le le ii za tii nie miel krasz iie mlodzice? ii procz tii vmarl?" That is to say: "Ah, ah me! Why hast thou died? Was there lacking to thee food or drink? Why then hast thou died? Ah, ah me! Hadst thou not a beautiful wife? Why then hast thou died?"

With such lamentations as this, they enumerate in order all the external blessings of the one whose death they deplore, to wit, his children, sheep, oxen, horses, geese, cocks, &c. And as they enumerate each item they chant this refrain: "Why then hast thou died when thou hadst these?"

After the lamentation is done, presents are given to the corpse, namely, to a woman a thread and needle, to a man a linen cloth, which is folded round his neck. When the body is carried out for burial, many follow the funeral on horseback and drive chariots towards the place whither the body is being carried. And they draw their swords and smite the winds, crying aloud: "Sey geythe begaythe peck elle." That is: "Flee, ye demons, into hell." Those who conduct the funeral throw down coins into the grave, as if to help the dead on his way with journey-money. They

also place bread and a pitcher full of beer at the head of the corpse brought to the tomb, that the soul may be neither thirsty nor hungry. A wife, early and late, at sunrise and sunset, sits or lies on the tomb of her lost husband and laments for thirty days. The kinsmen, however, hold banquets on the third, sixth, ninth, and fortieth days after the interment. To these banquets they invite the soul of the deceased, praying in front of the door. In these banquets, in which they toast[1] the dead, they sit in silence at a table as if they were dumb, and use no knives. At table, however, two women wait and put food before the guests and also forbear to use a knife. They each throw something from every dish under the table, upon which they believe the soul feeds, and they pour out drink for them [*i.e.* for the dead souls.] If perchance anything drops off the table on to the ground, they do not pick it up, but leave it to be eaten by the deserted souls—such is their phrase for such souls as have neither kinsmen nor friends living, by whom they could be entertained at the feast. When the meal is finished, the sacrificer rises from the table and clears out the house with brooms. And he casts out the souls of the dead along with the dust, as if they were fleas, and prays them in the following words to quit the house: "Iely, Pily ducisse: nu wen, nu wen." That is: "Ye have eaten and drunk, beloved souls; go ye forth, go ye forth." After that the guests begin to talk to one another and vie in their cups each with his fellow. The women drink first before the men, and the men in turn with the women, and they kiss one another.

Of this oblation of food over the tombs of the dead Augustine also makes mention in his 15th Discourse, concerning the Saints, and his words are these:

"I wonder why among some infidels of to-day so pernicious an error has become so common, I mean of putting

[1] The writer has the Latin word *parentant*, and uses the word *parentalia* to describe the whole ceremony of the wake.

together food and wine on the tombs of the dead, as if the souls come forth out of the bodies and wanted carnal food. For it is only the flesh which wants banquets and refections; but the spirit and soul do not want them. Anyone will tell you he is preparing for his dear ones what he devours himself. What benefits the belly he sets down to piety, &c." So far Augustine.

These details about the superstitions, rites, and ceremonies of these races I relate, having witnessed some of them and having heard others from men worthy of credence. Do you, however, my most distinguished friend, as one accustomed to be delighted by a knowledge of various things, take in good part this poor essay written by one most attached to your person.

PLATE X.

TOMB IN BRENT PELHAM CHURCH, HERTS, 1901.

(*By kind permission of Mr. E. Exton Barclay*).

To face p. 303.

COLLECTANEA.

A Hertfordshire St. George.

Dragon legends are, I think, somewhat uncommon in the eastern and southern parts of England. Perhaps the dense woods and morasses formerly existing in the northern portion of the kingdom, in which all kinds of wild beasts could find a refuge, may have produced such stories in greater abundance and detail.

In the church of Brent Pelham, or Pelham Sarners,[1] Herts, a small village situated about ten miles from Bishop's Stortford and five from Buntingford, is a semi-effigial monumental slab, thus described (1631) in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*. "In the North Wall of this Church lyeth an antient Monument of Stone, wherein a Man is figur'd, and about him an Eagle, a Lyon, and a Bull, all having Wings; and a fourth of the Shape of an Angel; as if they should represent the four Evangelists; under the Feet of the Man is the Cross Fleurie, and under the Cross a Serpent."

"Simple and beautiful as these symbols are," says our most recent county historian, Mr. Cussans (1872), "they have given rise to the most absurd traditions. The most popular is, that Piers Shonkes [in whose memory the monument is said to have been erected] was a mighty hunter, and was always accompanied in his expeditions by one attendant and three favourite hounds, so swift of foot that they were said to be winged, and are so

[1] Brent Pelham, or Pelham Arsa, from a fire which destroyed it in the reign of Henry I.; Pelham Sarners, from the name of a grantee of the Bishop of London shortly after the date of *Domesday*. These *cognomina* are needed to distinguish the place from its neighbours, Pelham Furneaux and Pelham Stockin. But at the time of the Conquest, says Sir Henry Chauncy (*Hist. Herts*, i., 276), "These several Mannors and Parcels of Land made but one Parish, known in Domesdei Book only by the name of Pelham," when they formed an estate of the Bishop of London. The three parishes are collectively known as "the Pelhams" to this day. The *Domesday* Church seems to have been at Pelham Furneaux.

represented on the tomb.[1] Chancing one day to kill a dragon, which seemed to have been under the immediate protection of Satan, the latter declared that he would be revenged on Shonkes, and would have him at his death, whether he was buried within or without the church. Shonkes, to avoid his fate, directed that he should be buried neither within nor without the sacred building, but in the wall, and feeling perfectly secure in that position ordered that a representation of his achievement should be carved on his tomb. On the wall at the back of the tomb is painted this inscription :

> " ' Tantum fama manet Cadmi sanctique Georgi
> Posthuma; tempus edax ossa sepulchra vorat.
> Hoc tamen, in muro tutus, qui perdidit anguem
> Invito positus Dæmone, Shonkus erat.
> O, Piers, Shonks
> Who died, Anno 1086.'

> " ' Nothing of Cadmus nor St. George, those names
> Of great renown, survives them but their fames ;
> Time was so sharp set as to make no Bones
> Of theirs, nor of their monumental stones.
> But Shonks one serpent kills, t'other defies
> And in this wall, as in a fortress, lies.'

"It is possible that the last couplet may have given rise to the tradition." [2]

[1] The four Evangelistic symbols as above.

[2] The epitaph is said (by Salmon) to have been composed by the Rev. Raphael Keen, who died in 1614. He was vicar of Brent Pelham for 75½ years ! Chauncy, writing in 1700, gives the inscription and also a variant of it, and speaks of it as "formerly" over the tomb. Mr. E. E. Barclay, of Brent Pelham Hall, has kindly shown me a copy, made 1806, of a copy of both variants made by Tho : Jugge, Vicar 1683-1725, which also speaks of them as "formerly" there. That now existing must have been repainted before 1728, when Salmon saw it. The other runs thus :—

> " Cadmi Fama manet, tantum tua Fama Georgi
> Posthuma, Tempus edax Ossa, Sepulchra vorat :
> Attamen hoc Tumulo, Shonkus qui perdidit Anguem
> Invito Satano caute sepultus erat."

> " Cadmus his Fame, St. George his Fame alone,
> Their Tombs and Ashes all are gone :
> But Shonks who valiantly ye Serpent wounded
> In spite of Satan, here he lies entombed."

[The tradition must be older than the epitaph which embodies it.—Ed.]

Salmon, writing in 1728, winds up his account of the place "with the relation given to me by an old farmer in the parish, who valued himself for being born in the air that Shonk breathed. He saith 'Shonk was a giant that dwelt in this parish who fought with a giant of Barkway, named Cadmus, and worsted him; upon which Barkway hath paid a quit-rent to Pelham ever since.'"[1]

It is hardly necessary to state that the Cadmus referred to was no local giant, but the fabled Phœnician dragon-slayer mentioned in the epitaph, while the quit-rent was the usual copyhold tenure.

The accounts given locally vary greatly, as is usually the case. The chief variant is, that when Piers was on his death-bed he called for his bow and an arrow and shot it at random from his window, commanding that he should be buried where the arrow fell.[2] The arrow passed through one of the church windows and transfixed itself in the wall where the tomb now is.

Some thirty or forty years ago, a patriarchal old villager told Mr. W. H. N. of Watford that he either remembered or heard that on an excavation being made under the wall near the monument, bones, supposed to be Shonkes', were found, and from their proportions would have belonged to a man from nine to ten feet high. Whether these were replaced in the tomb or not he did not know.

An old man named Thomas Tinworth, who died a septuagenarian in 1899, told Mr. E. E. Barclay, of Brent Pelham Hall, that his father was the person who explored the tomb during some repairs to the floor about 1835. He found that the recess went a long way down, and in digging into it he found some very large human bones, evidently belonging to a man of great stature.

The following account written some years ago by the Vicar of Brent Pelham (the Rev. W. Wigram, M.A.) is worth quoting here. He says: "The tomb is in the north wall of the church and is of thirteenth-century[3] work. . . . . The staff of the cross is driven like a spear through the mouth of the dragon, the emblem of the human soul [?]. The chancel of the church was rebuilt about forty years ago and is now in a straight line with the nave. Formerly it inclined so much to the north that room for a small

[1] Salmon's *History of Herts*, p. 289.

[2] This resembles an incident in the Robin Hood hero-tale.

[3] More probably fourteenth century.

vestry was gained between the original north wall (which was left as it stood) and the line of the existing north wall; hence the south window of the chancel looked through the chancel arch, and an arrow entering at the window could have struck the north wall of the nave.

"A terrible dragon kennelled under a yew tree which stood between what were afterwards two fields called Great and Little Pepsells; and the stile in the pathway which crossed them was set up in the stem of this tree when it was split open, as such trees do, with extreme old age. This dragon was killed by Shonkes, and as it was dying Satan himself arose and claimed Shonkes' body and soul for slaying his dragon. The Christian knight defied him, promptly replying that his soul was in the keeping of Heaven, and that his body should rest where the arrow then upon his bowstring should fall. He shot accordingly, and the arrow entering the south window of the crooked chancel passed through the chancel arch and struck the north wall of the nave at the spot in which Shonkes still rests, *invito Dæmone*.

"In subsequent ages the yew tree was cut down by a labourer well known to my informant, the parish clerk. The man began his work in the morning, but left it at breakfast-time, and on returning found that the old tree had fallen, collapsing into a large cavity underneath its roots."

As to the real history of the hero, little can be said. Weever, who gives neither legend nor inscription, says (*loc. cit.*): "He is thought to have been sometime the Lord of an old and decay'd House, well moated, not far from this Place, called *O Piers Shoonkes*.[1] He flourish'd Anno à Conquestu vicesimo primo." In Salmon's time (*loc. cit.*) there was a barn standing on this moated enclosure, and he also states that this manor (Beeches) pays castle-guard to Bishop's Stortford, a relic of the feudal system which is, I believe, paid to the lord of the manor of Stortford to-day. Mr. Wigram (*ut supra*) says: "The site of the hero's house is marked by the moat which once surrounded it, in a pasture still called 'Shonkes' Garden,' upon Beeches' Farm." "Batches *alias* Beaches" was a distinct manor in Brent Pelham parish; and of another manor, "Graies," Sir Henry Chauncy

[1] *Sic*. The next sentence is not borne out by Domesday Book, still less so is the statement of the inscription that Shonkes died in that year.

(1700) says it was "become a decayed Farm and now annexed to Beaches." Among the endowments of the church is a parcel of woodland called "Beches and Shonks."

The only other person of the name in the neighbourhood of whom we have any record is Gilbert Sank, who in the sixteenth year of Edward I. was distrained upon by Simon de Furneaux, Lord of the Pelhams, for his "Homage and service and forty shillings and sixpence rent by the year, Fealty and Suit at Court at Pelham Arsa, from three weeks to three weeks."[1] Salmon suggests that he might be the father of Peter or Piers Shonks.

As to the dragon, fossil remains of extinct animals have often been found in the clay-pits of Hertfordshire, none of which, however, are of so recent a date as the mediæval period. But the story may be very much older, dating possibly even from prehistoric times, and thus handed down from father to son it has become connected in the usual materialistic way with the monumental slab, assisted during the past two centuries, as Mr Cussans says, by the epitaph.

W. B. GERISH.

"GRATEFUL FRÉJUS."

(*Quoted by permission from the "Guardian," 22nd August,* 1900.)

It is not often, even in Provence, which has kept much simplicity and the beauty born of simplicity, that we have the opportunity of taking part in a festivity entirely popular in its character, which has been celebrated for several centuries with the same details as it is to-day.

But on this sunny May morning the high road to Fréjus is gay with bright faces, and many a family group of gaily dressed girls, white-capped mothers, and red-sashed, blue-trousered fathers, goes chattering along the boulevard under its young-leafed plane-trees, their French greetings seeming almost out of keeping with their dark, handsome Italian faces. French greetings for us only,

[1] Chauncy, *Hist. Herts* (1700), vol. i., p. 278.

however, for we find it hard to follow their pretty Provençal tongue, with its soft diminutives and drawn-out vowels. Fréjus, the sleeping city that dreams alternately of Roman Empire and mediæval ecclesiasticism, is half awake this morning, and has hung her steep streets and old-world houses with flags.

Down a side-street, where the interest seems gathering, a little crowd of women is watching the assembling of some strange little figures. Little boys, from about twelve years old down to mites of three or four, trot up one after the other *inside* cardboard horses, adorned with long lace frills, that do not quite hide the little running legs of the rider. These hobby-horses have the small heads of their kind, above which are the tiny round serious faces of the younger and the laughing mischievous faces of the elder boys, all dressed in gay coats and caps with flowers and ribbons.

Anxiously careering round them on, or rather we must say *in*, a hobby-horse of a larger growth, is a "Capitano" of so humorous and yet earnest an aspect that one can but wonder what other part in life he could ever play. Dressed like the boys in ribbons and laces, he wears on his head a large white hat, with long coloured feathers, rosettes on each ear, and an elastic under the chin, which gives a peculiarly innocent look to his wrinkled old face. Flourishing right and left with his sword, encouraging here and urging there, he gets them at last into procession, and they set off for the "Chapelle de St. Roche"—a small, dilapidated building just outside Fréjus.

There a larger crowd is assembled outside the door, by which stand two barefooted monks and a charming old lady in a large straw capeline, or Provençal hat, black tippet, and distaff in her hand. These three wait patiently, their eyes on the ground, till the music is heard and the procession of hobby-horses, headed by a few young soldiers and sailors and a band, comes winding between the high white walls over which the fresh young fig-trees are peeping. The door of the chapel then opens, and there is carried out a small boat, which is placed on wheels, and by which the monks and the old lady take their places and head the procession, which moves gaily up into the town and into the big square in front of the cathedral.

Here all Fréjus is collected round the barrier that rails in the square, and all the windows of the four or five-storied old houses

are full of faces looking on. The little hobby-horses manifest a disposition to prance round and show themselves off, but are soon recalled by the Capitano, who wildly waves his sword and forms them again into line preparatory to leading them round the square with a dancing step in time to the music. Suddenly all the chattering and laughing is hushed, every one presses forward round the railings, the little hobby-horses retire into a large circle, and in the centre of the square three figures stand alone—the two monks and the old lady, whose name, we are told, is Santa Brigitá. The elder monk, reverent and serious of face, and dignified in bearing, now comes forward, and, addressing the old lady, who stands with her hands clasped round her distaff, asks her in Provençal why he, a stranger, just arrived by sea in Fréjus, finds the city empty and forsaken, doors and windows shut, silence in the streets, and no children at play.

She answers him in the same soft tongue, and in a clear, pathetic voice, that Fréjus is ravaged by the plague, that many of the inhabitants are dead, others sick unto death, and that those who are still in health have fled to the country and carried off all the children in fear of their lives. On hearing this he bows his head in silence, then, turning to her again, he requests her to lead him to the cathedral. Amid perfect silence around, the two cross the square and disappear within the great doors, and only the splashing of the stone fountain at the corner disturbs the hush of expectation until the two quiet figures reappear and take up their position again in the middle of the square.

Stretching out his hand to her, the monk then cries in a loud, clear voice, "I am François de Paule. God has sent me to Fréjus to stay the plague and heal this suffering people." Stooping down he then draws a circle on the ground with his staff and kneels down to kiss the centre of the circle. Then, laying down his staff, he lifts his hands to heaven and cries aloud upon God to look down on this poor Fréjus and to have mercy on her. This cry he repeats three times, each time in a louder voice, more and more thrilled with passionate supplication. Rising to his feet he. then takes up his staff and turns again to the over-awed woman. "Go," he cries, "and tell the inhabitants of Fréjus that God has stayed the plague and healed their sickness." He continues with a solemn command that in all ages to come Fréjus should remember this great mercy, and that each year a solemn remembrance

and rehearsal of his coming by sea to Fréjus and this miracle that God has wrought by him be enacted. Nor must Fréjus ever cease to carry out this custom, for, should it ever fall into neglect, the plague would surely return to the city.

After the solemn adjuration he turns and leads the way to the cathedral, followed by old Santa Brigitá, the procession of boys, and the crowd of onlookers, who soon fill the dark old church, where the priest is waiting to say mass at the side altar of St. François, which blazes with lights. The mass is long, the crowd pass silently in and out of the great doors, and the little hobby-horse boys sit down for very weariness in rows on the steps of the high altar, the little brown heads of their horses appearing through the gloom, at that distance, quaint appendages to the solemn service. We stay to see no more, but feasting and frolic fill up the two following days till the third evening, when St. François de Paule and his boat are conducted back to the little chapel of St. Roche, and grateful Fréjus subsides into its calm life of every day.

Valescure. E. M. J.

The following further notes have been kindly sent us by the writer of the above article, Lady Jones:

The fête is an entirely popular one, and has no connection with the Church, though sanctioned by the celebration of mass at the altar of St. François de Paule. The priests do not seem at all interested in the ceremonies; they evidently treat them as amusements for the people. The correct date of the fête is said in the local history to be the third Sunday after Easter; hence it is a moveable feast. But it is changed to suit the convenience of the people. I saw it on the 27th May, 1900, in which year it was not held on the right day, as there were municipal elections going on. This year (1901) it was perpetually being put off on account of the extraordinarily bad weather. The following extracts from *L'Histoire de Fréjus*, by J. A. Aubenas, Honorary Curator of the Museum of Antiquities at Fréjus, published at Fréjus in 1881, give the local tradition as to the origin of the festival (pp 276-279):

La Peste et St. François de Paule.

La ville se vit plus cruellement éprouvée encore par un fléau qui s'était abattu sur la Provence en 1480, en même temps que

mourait le roi Réné,[1] et dont les ravages n'ont été depassés que par ceux de la peste de 1720. . . . . C'est dans ces circonstances, qu'au commencement de l'année 1483 la tempête jeta sur la plage voisine un homme, un Saint, le célèbre François de Paule, appelé du fond de la Calabre par le roi Louis XI. agonisant, pour lui rendre, par un miracle, la santé que la science humaine ne pouvait plus lui donner. Cette guérison d'un vieillard cruel, en même temps habile et profond politique, n'était pas dans les desseins de Dieu; mais la tradition et la foi contemporaine attestent le miracle non moins grand, accompli, à cette occasion, par le saint anachorète en faveur de Fréjus. Girardin[2] est le plus ancien historien qui ait recueilli par écrit cette tradition, unanimement proclamée jusqu'à lui : il convient de le laisser parler.

"Le serviteur de Dieu," dit-il, "ne sachant pas que notre ville fût infectée, s'approche de nos murs, accompagné de plusieurs personnes, et s'avance dans les rues sans trouver qui que ce soit. Enfin, une femme âgée se trouve par hasard sur ses pas; il lui demande pourquoi on ne voyoit personne dans la ville : 'Hé! mon Père,' dit-elle, 'c'est parceque la peste est ici. La moitié des habitants a péri, et la plupart des autres se sont enfuis, ou se tiennent enfermés chez eux.'

"À cette nouvelle, Saint François de Paule, plein de charité et de confiance en Dieu, se jeta à genoux pour se recommander avec sa troupe au Seigneur, et pour le prier qu'il voulût bien éloigner ce terrible fléau d'une ville où sa providence l'avoit conduit. La prière de ce juste eut un effet singulier, car, depuis ce moment, le mal contagieux cessa, non seulement de faire des progrès, mais encore on vit ceux qui en étaient attaqués recouvrer la santé. Bien plus, depuis cet heureux jour, la peste n'a jamais osé approcher de cette ville, et semble encore aujourd'hui respecter un lieu d'où ce grand saint l'a chassée une fois.

"Notre tradition nous apprend que le saint entra par la porte de

[1] [Réné of Anjou, Count of Provence, titular King of the Two Sicilies and Jerusalem. It should be noticed that the independence of Provence expired with the death of King Réné, and that Louis XI. was the first French sovereign ever acknowledged there.—ED.]

[2] [M. le Curé Girardin wrote about 1750, but his works, *Histoire de la Ville et de l'Eglise de Fréjus* and *Description historique du Diocèse de Fréjus*, were only printed in 1872, when they were edited by M. l'Abbé J. B. Disdier and published at Draguignan.—ED.]

Méons, et que, prenant d'abord à droite, il venoit à l'église par ces petites rues qui, après quelques détours, aboutissent à la Place—que c'est dans ces quartiers-là qu'il rencontra cette femme, et qu'il prià à genoux pour la prospérité de notre ville. Elle nous apprend encore que le serviteur de Dieu logea dans la maison canonicale de M. le Prévôt Antelmi, aujourd'hui évêque de Grasse, et qu'on lui donna une chambre vers le coin qui répond à la porte du cloître de l'Eglise.

"Une preuve évidente de la brusque cessation du fléau, de la coïncidence de ce fait avec le passage de Saint François de Paule, et en même temps, de la croyance des contemporains en sa miraculeuse intervention, c'est la construction presque immédiate de l'église et du couvent élevés à Fréjus pour perpétuer la mémoire de ce grand bienfait. Quelque temps après la mort du roi Louis XI., et grâce aux liberalités de son fils Charles VIII. le saint Calabrais venait de fonder, à Plessis-les-Tours, le premier monastère, en France, de son ordre, que, dans son humilité, il avait voulu appeler l'Ordre des Minimes (les plus petits de tous). Commencé dès 1490, sept ans seulement après les faits accomplis, le couvent des Minimes de Fréjus, aujourd'hui disparu, et sa remarquable église qu'on voit encore, étaient complêtement achevés en 1509. Cette maison prit, dès l'abord, une grande importance, et trois chapitres généraux, ayant mission d'élire le chef de l'Ordre y furent tenus, en 1547, en 1556, et en 1565.

"Depuis, la population de Fréjus, dans une fête annuelle, n'a cessé de renouveler l'expression de ses actions de grâces envers celui qui fut son protecteur et qu'elle a choisi pour son second patron." [1] [St. Leonce, Bishop of Fréjus in the fifth century, is the original patron.]

[1] La fête commémorative de Saint François de Paule se célèbre le 3me dimanche après Pâques et dure plusieurs jours. L'espace nous manque, à notre grand regret, pour décrire ces manifestations touchantes de la reconnaissance populaire, et nous ne pouvons que renvoyer le lecteur à la relation si complète et si heureusement réussie que vient d'en publier M. l'Abbé Paul Terriss, Sécrétaire de Mgr. l'Evêque et Chanoine honoraire de Fréjus, *La fête de Saint François de Paule à Fréjus* (typ. L. Leydet, imprimeur de l'Evêché).

I have been unable either to buy or borrow a copy of the last mentioned work, and the following version of the dialogue recited on the occasion is translated from the Provençal notes given me

by one of the Curés. The dialogue, however, is far more dramatic than it is possible to convey.

DIALOGUE DE S. FRANÇOIS DE PAULE ET LA FEMME DE FRÉJUS.

St. François: Femme, d'où vient qu'en arrivant dans cette grande ville, je ne rencontre personne? D'où vient que portes et fenêtres sont fermées, que l'herbe croît entre les pierres? D'où vient une si grande solitude?

La Femme: Comment! vous ne savez pas que la peste désole notre pauvre ville depuis très longues années! Vous ne savez pas que presque tous les habitants sont morts et que les rares survivants sont dans leurs maisons de campagne ou cachés au fond de leurs maisons de ville?

St. François: Femme, par la charité de Dieu, enseigne-moi l'église!

La vieille femme mène St. François à l'eglise, etc. . . . . Revenant à la Grande Place de Fréjus. St. François se prosterne, et s'écrie par trois fois:—

St. François: Miséricorde, Seigneur, pardonne au peuple de Fréjus! (*Puis il s'adresse à la Femme, et, obéissant à une voix intérieure qui lui dit que sa prière est exaucée, lui dit*): Femme, vas annoncer au peuple de Fréjus que la colère de Dieu s'est apaisé, que la peste ne reviendra plus jamais á Fréjus—et qu'ils se souviennent de St. François de Paule!

There is something left out at the end, for I distinctly heard the St. François say that if ever the fête were forgotten the plague would return.

I was certainly told at the time of the fête last year that the woman represented St. Brigitá, who has a chapel near Fréjus, at which an interesting ceremony takes place every May, which I attended this year, namely, the blessing of the *bétail*, who are brought to the chapel early in the morning for the purpose. But the priest who officiated told me that the woman of the dialogue is simply " une vieille de Fréjus."

EVELYN M. JONES.

[The harbour of Fréjus, which in the time of Augustus sheltered 300 galleys after the battle of Actium, was still in use in the tenth century, but during the Middle Ages it gradually silted up, owing to the soil washed down by the River Saint Argent, so that by 1555 it had become useless, and the stagnant pools and marshes which formed around the city in consequence of the loss of the outlet for the water rendered it exceedingly unhealthy. The Chapel of St. Roch, whence the festival procession starts, is situated on the quay of the old harbour. (D'Aubenas, *op. cit.*, map 3.) The visit of St. Francesco di Paola to France during a

time of plague, at the request of the dying Louis XI., is an actual historical event, but the saint landed not at Fréjus, but at Bormio, (*Acta Sanctorum*, April 2nd, ed. 1675). Here, so say the Bollandists, he visited the church of St. Roch, the first to be reached on arriving, the doors of which opened to him of their own accord; and by his prayers caused an intractable beam in the new roof to fit into its place. Here also he caused the plague to cease. The next day he went on to Fréjus, where took place the circumstances commemorated in the festival. The house of his order of Minimes, built by the city in honour of the event, was finished in 1509, but was handed over to the order of Cordeliers in 1571.

St. Roch of Montpellier (1295-1327) is related to have healed plague-stricken folk in North Italy, and to have died in prison in his native town after five years' unjust detention. When the plague broke out at Constance during the sitting of the Council (1414), processions and prayers in honour of St. Roch were ordered, and the plague was stayed; hence a great increase of devotion to him. His relics were translated, part to Arles, 1399, part to Venice, 1485. While living as a hermit in the forest near Piacenza, the wild beasts, plague-stricken, came to him for healing, and were cured by his blessing. "Hence the habit in certain places of blessing domestic animals and flocks on the Feast of St. Roch, and of having recourse to his intercession in time of murrain." (*Lives of the Saints of the Order of St. Francis* [of Assisi], Franciscan Convent, Taunton, 1886, vol. ii., pp. 17, 18.)

It may be noted that St. Raphael, the name-patron of the port at the mouth of the river, four miles from Fréjus, is the Angel of Healing.

There were two St. Bridgets; the famous early Irish saint, and St. Bridget of Sweden (1302-1373), foundress of the Brigittine Nuns, who in her widowhood made a pilgrimage to Rome, took up her abode there, and eventually died at Avignon. She is the Santa Brigitá usually honoured in Italy and Southern France, but her legend has no reference to cattle, while of the first St. Bridget it is related that the cattle stolen from worshippers at her convent at Kildare ran to the convent with the thieves in pursuit of them. But the blessing of cattle on the feast of a patron saint seems to have been a common mediæval custom.

St. Francesco de Paolo had a sister Brigitá, who was married to Antonius de Alesso (Alassio?), and their son Nicholas is said

(*Acta Sanctorum*, *loc. cit.*) to have been the young man whom the saint miraculously restored to life, and whose parents then consented that he should "enter religion." Can the silent younger monk in the festival ceremony be meant for him? And can some confusion between his mother and her patron saint account for the vague association of St. Bridget with the festival? We do not know; and it seems impossible, with the information at present at our disposal, to carry the fête beyond the fifteenth century. But the boat and the hobby-horses suggest a far earlier date than the dialogue, and we must hope that some of our French or Provençal brethren will be induced to undertake a search in the municipal archives of Fréjus in order to ascertain if possible what annual ceremonies were customary there before 1483.

Festival processions with ships or boats are known at Brussels and Mannheim and probably other Continental towns; as well as at Luxor. Detailed descriptions by recent eye-witnesses of any of these would be welcome.—Ed.]

Midsummer in the Pyrenees.

On Midsummer Eve, some ten or eleven years ago, I was present at the ceremony of the *Brandon*, at Bagnères de Luchon, in the department of Haute Garonne, in France. The town stands in the heart of the mountains, close to the highest point of the Pyrenees, and almost in the country of that rather mysterious people, the Basques. The custom is so ancient that no Luchonnais questions it. They tell you that it has always been so, and that appears to them to be a perfectly satisfactory explanation.

I watched the building of the *Brandon* from the first. It was erected on the *Quinconce*, that shady plantation of trees in rows forming a square, which is a special feature in most provincial towns in France. The *Quinconce* at Luchon is unusually fine; the trees are grand, and many of them are trees that blossom. The *Brandon* was placed in the centre of a wide gravelled area which extends from the outer row of the *Quinconce* to the *Établissement* at the base of the beautiful wooded hill. It was composed of thin laths of wood, nailed in network fashion, and it was stuffed

with shavings and straw, soaked in some inflammable liquid. It was shaped like a mummy, or perhaps a cigar set on end, as it was so long in proportion to its breadth. The base was certainly narrower than the centre. It rose to the height (so far as I could judge from comparison with the trees behind) of about twenty feet.

After the Angelus on Midsummer Eve, a priest, accompanied by some choir-boys bearing lighted candles, and followed by a multitude of the Luchonnais of both sexes and all ages, came in procession to the *Quinconce*, chanting solemnly; and after sprinkling the base of the *Brandon* with the *goupillon* or *asperge*, as the holy-water sprinkler is named, he set fire to the shavings and then returned by the way he came. The wood crackled, and the whole huge torch was soon a roaring pillar of fire, with a fine plume of mounting sparks against the deep blue dusk of the summer sky. As it burned, it bent and broke, and fragments fell to the earth. There was a rush each time, and the blazing piece of wood was snatched by some member of the crowd. Then ensued the most picturesque night-scene of weird and rather perilous revelry. A dance began in and out amongst the trees. It seemed to have no set step and no figures, but the effect was a continuous and rhythmical whirl; each dancer whirled alone, as he whirled his flaming torch above his head. It was wonderful that no accident happened, but it must have been owing to the dexterity of long practice. The whole *Quinconce* was full of whirling separate flames, and yet the dancers seemed to keep clear of each other and of the stems of the trees. As the torches burned down, and threatened to burn fingers, they were carefully extinguished and carried home. I was told that the blackened and charred wood is carefully preserved till the next *Brandon*, and that some mysterious virtue is supposed to be attached to it.

I was also told that until very recent times it had been the custom to imprison *couleuvres* (a non-poisonous snake), and toads, and even apes, within the *Brandon*, which caused great entertainment (!) by their efforts to escape this horrible death, jumping out in all directions and wriggling higher and higher as the flames approached them, only to be caught and cast back into the fire. And it seemed that no human feeling of pity for the reptiles would have caused a cessation of the hideous sport, but on one occasion a large *couleuvre* in agony leapt upon the back of a woman who stood unwarily near, and the woman died on the

spot from fright. So henceforth the *Brandon* lacked its living sacrifice.[1]

JEAN CARLYLE GRAHAM SPEAKMAN.

July 2nd, 1901.

FOLKTALES FROM THE ÆGEAN.

(Continued from p. 208.)

XXIII. *Ulum-Sefer.* (Boudroum: told by the daughter of the narrator of No. XXV. Both are illiterate.)

There was once a priest who possessed many camels, oxen, and sheep. One day the keeper of his camels came to him bringing their bells and saddles, and told him that they were dead, every one. Another day his shepherds and neatherds came with the news that all his flocks and herds had perished. So he and his wife were left in poverty, and had scarcely bread enough to eat. The priest resolved to go out into the world to seek his fortune, and leaving home arrived in the evening at a spring, where he sat down to soak and eat the stale crumbs of bread he had brought for provision. To the same place came a carpenter and a tailor, and when they had all become acquainted, they agreed to go on in company.

At nightfall they reached a large house, and entering found a beautiful room, with the table laid and the dinner cooking, and narghilies ready to be smoked; but no one was there. They were all exceedingly hungry, and after waiting a little while in patience began to discuss the question whether it would not be best to wait no longer, but to sit down and dine. The carpenter and shoemaker were afraid, and said, "If this house belongs to a gentleman he will excuse us, but if the owners happen to be ogres they will certainly kill us." The priest, however, replied, "It will be all right." So they sat down and dined sumptuously. The priest then said, "Now we will go to bed, but each must watch in his turn while the others sleep, so that we can apologise to the owner when he comes." They drew lots, and it fell to the carpenter to watch first.

[1] See a much less detailed account in *G. B.*, iii., 324, quoted from the *Athenæum*, 24 July, 1869, at which date the snakes were still sacrificed.—ED.

He sat down admiring the woodwork of the house, a beautiful piece of walnut-wood particularly pleasing him. He thought to himself, "I could make anything out of that wood." Then to pass the time he commenced carving the figure of a girl. By the time his share of watching was over he had completed his task. He awoke the tailor, whose turn came next, and went to bed.

The tailor on getting up was surprised to see a beautiful girl in the room, and began paying his respects to her; but when she did not answer, he approached nearer, and found she was made of wood. "Ah!" cried he, "that's the carpenter's work;" and rather than be beaten he set to work and made a dress for the girl, so lovely that all the room shone.

By the time he had finished it was the priest's turn to watch. When he saw this lovely and splendidly-dressed young lady he made his bow and addressed her, but received no answer. Approaching her, he discovered what she was, and said, "Ah! that's the carpenter's and tailor's work; but I won't be beaten." So he went to work with his holy water and prayer-book, and read and read and sprinkled and sprinkled her until he put a soul into her.

In the morning, when his companions awoke, the question was, "Whose daughter is she to be?" Each of the three stoutly maintained his claim to her, and at length they agreed to go to the town and have the matter decided there by the Cadi.

It was decided that the girl was to belong to the priest, who had given her a soul. When the beauty of the priest's daughter became known, there were many suitors for her hand, but she said, "I will marry no one but the man who will bring me from the *Ulum-sefer* (Road of Death) the kerchief that the princess is broidering."

No man in his senses could be found to venture to the place of death, but a poor man who got tipsy undertook the task and started on his journey.

As he became sober he began to repent, but was ashamed to return. At nightfall he lay down to rest under the tree in which the eagles had made their nest. The parent birds were away, and in the middle of the night came the monster with the seven heads to eat the young ones. The sleeper awoke at the noise, and, drawing his sword, cut the creature through the middle. "Hit me again," it said. "But once my mother bore me and but

once I strike," he answered, and, dragging its carcass away, threw it into a gully and went to sleep again under the tree.

In the morning came the two old eagles, and, seeing him said, "Ah! this is he who comes and takes our young every year," and were just going to kill him when the little ones all called out, "Don't, don't; he killed the beast that was going to eat us." Then the eagles thanked him and covered him with their wings, and begged to know what favour they could show him. He told them that he was on his way to the *Ulum-sefer*, and they said, "It is a fearful place to go to, but we will take you. But you must get a sheep, kill it, and cut it in pieces to take with you, also a pitcher of water, and on the journey when we say 'Kra' you must give us meat, and when we say 'Kroo' you must give us water." He did as they commanded, and the eagles carried him and set him down outside the city of the Road of Death, and gave him a feather which he was to burn if he wanted help.

Close by was a shepherd keeping his flock, but when he went up and said, "Good day," never a word spoke the shepherd, nor did he move, he or his sheep, but they were as dead. Entering the town the man went first to the baker's shop. There stood the baker with his peel putting loaves into the oven, but he neither answered nor moved. So our friend took a loaf and went on to the confectioner's to buy some *halvá*.[1] There was the confectioner cutting a slice of *halvá*, and all the people round, but they neither spoke nor moved. Our friend cut as much as he wanted and breakfasted. Then he went on to the palace. There was a staircase of forty-one steps, and on each step stood a soldier with his sword drawn. Climbing the stairs, he pushed the soldiers over, and they all lay in a heap at the bottom like sardines. At the head of the staircase was a door, and opening it he entered a great chamber, where sat the princess's father, smoking a chibook with a stem as long as a beam and a bowl as big as a caldron, and with him the princess herself broidering the kerchief. He drew his knife and cut the kerchief from the frame, and taking it set out on his journey home. On his way to the city gate he passed a church and heard chanting within. Entering, he found the church full of people, but they were all still and mute. Only the priest was just coming out of the sanctuary with the elements

[1] A well-known Turkish sweetmeat, one variety of which is like *nougat*.

in his hand and called to the stranger, "My blessing and the blessing of God be on thee, my son. Go and tell that bitch[1] to come back here, for she has tormented us enough." For it must be known that the soul of the wooden girl was the soul of the princess and of all the people of Ulum-sefer, and that is why they were dead.

Our adventurer found his way back to his city and took the kerchief to the priest's daughter. She asked him what he heard and saw, and he told her all his adventures, and the moment he came to the message with which the priest of Ulum-sefer had charged him, she turned into a partridge and flew away through the window, calling out, "If you want to marry me, come and find me."

He was in such a hurry to follow her that he even forgot to burn his feather and summon the eagles, but away he ran and never rested till he came to Ulum-sefer. There he found the shepherd keeping his sheep in the same place, and said to him, "Why, the last time I came you were dead, and I might have driven away all your sheep." The shepherd thought he was mad, for he did not know he had been dead, and giving him some food sent him away. He went to the baker's and said, "Oh, you are alive now; the last time I came I might have stolen all the bread in your shop." The baker laughed at him and gave him a loaf, and when he told the confectioner the same thing he also thought the man mad, and gave him a piece of *halvá*. So he breakfasted well this time too, and then went on to the palace. As he was about to mount the stairs, the soldiers (now in their places again) were about to kill him, but the princess from above called out, "Let him come, he is my betrothed." Her soul had told her this when it came back to her. So they were married with great rejoicings, and I wish I had been there, but I was not.

XXIV. *Donkey-Skin.*[2]

(From the same source.)

There were once in the same city a poor woman and a noble lady, neither of whom had children. The noble lady one day

[1] This word, as in ancient Greek, is not used in so opprobrious a sense as in English. Helen calls herself a bitch.

[2] Cf. *Pumpkin*, vol. x., p. 500. The type is common.

said, "If I could only have a girl I would not mind marrying her to a donkey." The poor woman also said to herself: "Ah, could I but have a son, even though he were a donkey."

Soon afterwards they both grew big with child, and a beautiful girl was born to the lady; but the poor woman gave birth to a donkey. He was her son, and she had to bring him up. When he went to school all the girls made fun of him, especially the lady's daughter. One day he said to her, "You had better take care what you say, because I am going to marry you." This made the girl cry, and she told it with tears to her mother, who remembered her vow, and replied, "Who knows? It may be your fate." When the donkey grew up he said to his mother, "You must go and ask for that lady's daughter in marriage for me," and insisted until she went.

The noble lady, when the poor woman came, ashamed at making such a request, answered, "Yes; if God has not written it, let Him write it now," and consented. She talked to her husband, and they agreed that it would be quite easy to let their daughter marry the donkey and to kill him the day after the marriage. So the marriage was made, and the bride and bride-groom retired for the night. When they were alone the donkey took off his skin, and lo! he was a beautiful young man.

The next morning the bride's parents came, expecting to find their daughter in tears, and ready to kill the donkey, but they found her looking quite cheerful. "Do you mean to say," said her mother, "that you like the company of that donkey?" "Oh, yes," said she; "he may be a donkey, but I find him very nice." They were very much surprised, but thought no more of killing the donkey, since their daughter liked him. Soon afterwards there was to be a great wedding, and sweets were sent to the donkey and his wife as an invitation. Her mother, however, said, "You cannot possibly come with the donkey." He said to her, "You must go alone, but I will come afterwards and dance with you; only if you tell them that I am your husband you will lose me."

She went to the wedding, and the beautiful young man, whom no one knew, came and danced with her. All thought what a handsome pair they were, and what a pity it was she was the wife of the donkey. After the ball her mother questioned her so closely about her partner that at length she told her the whole story. "You must prevent him becoming a donkey again," said

her mother. "When he is asleep, go and get his skin from the cupboard where he keeps it, and burn it." So the next night the girl got up and burnt the skin, and instantly came the three fairies, her husband's sisters, and took him away with them.

The poor girl set off to find him, and came to a deep spring in which a rope was floating. She took hold of the rope to pull it out, but it pulled her down and down to another country. There, hard-by, she saw a great castle, and on going in found it empty and unswept. In a little while came her husband. She did not know him, but he knew her and revealed himself. He told her that his three sisters, the fairies, would come soon. "You must sweep the house and go to the garden and get roses to decorate the table, and when my sisters come you must beg the eldest for her handkerchief, the second for her head-kerchief, and the third for her apple." When the fairies came they were very pleased at the work the girl had done for them, and the eldest said, "Ask for what you want. Do you want money? do you want long life? Ask." "No," said the girl, "but will you give me that pretty handkerchief." "Anything else," said the fairy, "but not that. I must have it to wipe the sweat from my face." The second sister also begged her to ask for money, or many years of life, or what she liked. "I should like your kerchief," she said. "Oh, I can't give you that, it's the only one I have." When she asked the youngest for her apple, the fairy threw it to her, but, alas! she missed it, and in a moment she was lying at the bottom of the spring, and the palace was gone. She took hold of the rope and it pulled her up, and above was her husband turned into stone. He said to her, "You must watch here for forty days, forty nights, and forty sand-glasses,[1] and then you will get me back." She had nearly finished her watch when a ship with a cargo of negresses came sailing there, and the captain sent his men ashore for water. They came and found the girl and asked her where they could get the water. "There is none," she said, but she had been weeping all the time and had filled a bottle with her tears, so she gave that to them. The captain, when he heard of it, said, "We must do something for her, as she has been so kind to us," and sent her one of his negresses to wait on her.

[1] *Sand-glasses.* The word is *mantserolaïs.* I do not know the derivation. These glasses are used by sponge-divers at Boudroum for reckoning time.

She told the negress her story, and how she had watched the forty days, forty hours, and thirty-nine sand-glasses. "Go to sleep now," said the negress, "and I will watch it out." So the girl lay down and slept, and the negress hid her, and when her husband awoke, instead of his beautiful wife he found a negress. "Don't you know me?" said she. "I have got so black sitting here in the sun." He was obliged to believe this and took her home with him.

When his wife awoke she knew she had been betrayed, and going down the spring again came to her husband's castle and begged for shelter. The negress shut her up in the donkey's stall, and there she lived. One day they came and told the negress that the girl in the donkey's stall had got a gold hen and chickens, "but she will give them to no one but your husband."

The negress very much wanted to have them and said to herself, "If I give my husband a magic draught and send him to her, she will be obliged to give them and no harm will come." So they did this. A little time after they told the negress, "The girl has got a gold table, but will only give it to your husband." So the negress prepared another magic draught.

Now the keeper of a café to which the young man used to go, had heard the girl in the stable telling all her story to herself, and he told it to her husband. Then her husband felt sure she must be his wife, and when the magic draught was brought him this time he poured it away and went to seek the girl. He found his wife, and the negress was tied on a horse with pepper in his nose and two bags of nuts hung on him, and she was dashed to pieces.

XXV. *The Jealous King.*

(Told by an old woman from Boudroum.)

Once upon a time there were a king and his queen. One day the king said to the queen, "Let us go and lunch in our garden." So they went and lunched on the platform of the garden-tank under the shade of the trellised vine. For dessert, the king commanded his negro slave to pick grapes from the vine. The slave picked them and put them on the table in a golden platter. The king was in great good humour, and ordered the negro to undress

and swim in the tank to make sport. The queen, as they watched him swimming, said, "Why! he looks just as pretty there in the water as these grapes in the golden dish." This made the king very angry, and he at once ordered the negro to be killed and flayed. He had his skin stuffed, and every night he laid the queen on the stuffed negro and scourged her until he had broken forty switches, saying all the time, "Is there any one handsomer than your husband?"

There was in the town a woman whose babies never lived, and she was advised to get clothes for her last baby from a woman who had no sorrow, and then it would live. All her friends had some sorrow, and she thought to herself, "The best thing I can do is to go to the queen, who is so rich and happy and can have no sorrow, and ask her to do me this kindnesss." So she called on the queen, and made her request. "Sit down," said the queen, "and we will make you a cup of coffee. I want you to stay with me to-night, and to-morrow I will give you the clothes. The king, my husband, has not yet returned, and in order that he may not see you I will put you into this closet So don't be afraid." So the woman went into the closet, and through the keyhole she saw how the king laid his wife on the stuffed negro and scourged her till he broke the forty switches, saying all the time, "Is there any one handsomer than your hus-hand?" In the morning the queen called out the woman, and said to her, "You see that I have my sorrow. I wanted you to see it with your own eyes, or you would not have believed it." The woman said, "Now I see that there is no woman in the world without sorrow; but to-night, when the king uses you so and says, 'Is there any one handsomer than your husband?' you must say to him, 'Yes, the king of the seven veils (*ἐπτάσκεπος*),' and then he will go to find the seven-veiled king and will be eaten by the beasts that guard his palace, and you will be well rid of him."

So the queen took her advice, and when the king received this answer he left off scourging his wife and said to himself, "I must find this seven-veiled king." So he took ship, and where he landed he asked about the seven-veiled king. They told him, "It is very difficult to come to him, for his palace is guarded by three savage beasts, a lion, wolf, and panther; but if you will venture you must take with you three roast lambs stuffed with spices, and throw one to each of the beasts. So the king did, and thus gained

entrance to the presence-chamber of the seven-veiled. When the seven-veiled saw him enter he called to his guardian beasts and asked, "How is it that ye allowed him to enter?" They answered, "He is a king like you, and we never in our lives ate anything so nice as what he gave us." Our king was sitting in great trepidation in the presence-chamber; but when the beasts gave this answer, the seven-veiled lifted his veils, and asked him why he had honoured him by the visit. Then the king told his story. "Was it so lightly," said the seven-veiled king, "that you punished your wife? I had a wife, whom I detected in adultery with my slave, and she, from her shame, was changed into a mare. She is a woman down to her waist, but the rest of her is a mare. She is in my stable, and every day, when they take corn to my other horses, I send her, instead of corn, a basin of pearls to eat. And is your wife very pretty?" "There is none like her," said our king, and the seven-veiled clapped his hands and a lovely girl entered. "Is she like this?" "This is like the girl who makes her bed." Then he clapped his hands again and a still more lovely girl entered. "Is she like your wife?" "She is like her tiring-woman." Then the third time he struck himself on the breast and there entered one loveliest. "Is this like her?" "More or less," said the king. "Then," said the seven-veiled, "I congratulate you. You will go back and make your peace with your wife and give her this carpet as a present from me, and ask her sometimes when she goes to the bath to sit on the carpet and remember the giver."

The king went back with the carpet, and gave it and the message, and his apologies for his harshness to his queen; but the first time she sat on the carpet, away went the carpet with her to its master, the seven-veiled, and her original husband could not call her back, though he called as loud and long as he had strength.

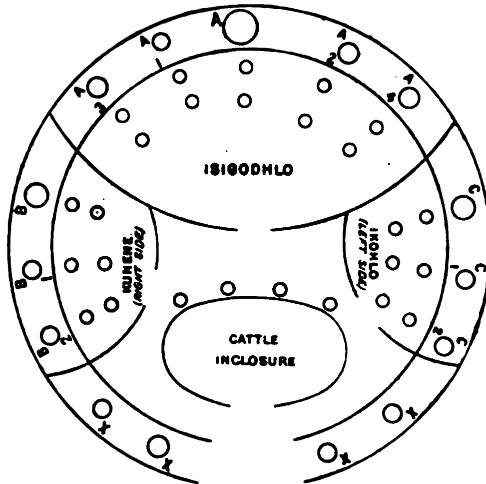
W. R. Paton.

THE KRAAL FAMILY SYSTEM AMONG THE AMANDEBELE.

(*Quoted by permission from the* "*Zambesi Mission Record,*" *Vol. I., No.* 13, *p.* 442.)

Although the Amandebele have considerably departed from the customs of the Zulus, their ancestors, still they retain in many ways their usages as the basis of their present mode of living. One of these is the family kraal system.

It may as well be stated at once that the word kraal denotes the domestic establishment and usual place of residence of natives.



OA Indhlunkulu (the great house)

OA 1, 2, 3, 4, houses affiliated[1] to the Indhlunkulu.

OB Chief Kunene house.

OB 1 and 2, houses affiliated to the chief Kunene house.

OC Chief Ikohlo house.

OC 1 and 2, houses affiliated to the chief Ikohlo house.

OX huts in the kraal, but not having the family status.

The *Isigodhlo* is the upper part of a great chief's kraal, occupied by his wives and secluded from common contact.

[1] Affiliation denotes the attachment of a junior house to a senior house for the purpose of providing against the failure of an heir in the latter.

The smaller huts in the *Isigodhlo*, as also in the *Kunene* and *Ikohlo*, represent the dwellings of the children of the various houses, the girls having their huts nearest to their mother's hut, while the boys have theirs in front of the girls' habitations.

The *Isigodhlo* was found only in the great chief's or king's kraal, as also in kraals of indunas, where a wife or wives of the great chief resided.

The above diagram shows the plan of construction of the leading kraals in Matabeleland under Lobengula. It must not be supposed that the kraals were circular in shape, nor that regularity or symmetry were observed in the arrangement of the various sections. The kraals were sometimes oval, and often irregular in their outer boundary; still the internal disposition of the sections was always observed in the kraals of the leading families of the country.

This construction was noticeable at:

Bulawayo,	induna,	Umakwekwe
'Mhlahlandlela	„	Ulutuli
Emagogwene	„	Ugambu
Amanguba	„	Mapela
Inyati	„	Ishibini
'Mtemba	„	Ucugutwayo
Umuzinyati	„	Uzulu
Nena	„	Umgandeni
Mambanjeni	„	Ujosana
Usizindene	„	Mapisa
Ujingeni	„	Usikwamulala
Induba	„	Uloje
Ingwanga	„	Ugodo.

Others might be added, but these were some of the principal kraals of the country, together with their indunas.

It will be observed that a kraal consisted of four sections—the *Indhlunkulu* (the great house), the *Kunene* (the right side), the *Ikohlo* (the left side), and the portion allotted to mere retainers.

The sides of the kraal are, as viewed from the *Indhlunkulu*, facing the *isango* or main entrance by which the cattle walked into their enclosure, each kraal being provided also with smaller openings, called *intuba*, for the convenience of the inhabitants.

○A in the diagram represents the *Indhlunkulu*, and ○1, 2, 3.

and 4 represent the houses of the wives taken by the head of the kraal. By marriage these houses are affiliated to the *Indhlunkulu.*

OB stands for the chief house on the right-hand side of the kraal, and is called the *Kunene.* OB 1 and 2 are houses affiliated to the Kunene house.

OC represents the chief house on the left-hand side of the kraal, and is known as the *Ikohlo.* Except in the case of great chiefs, and others of position and who also were rich in cattle, the establishment of this house was unusual.

Kraals were sometimes formed of houses not known as the *Kunene* and *Ikohlo.* When this was the case houses not affiliated were independent of each other. In kraals thus formed, if the chief wife died during her husband's lifetime, the wife next in rank succeeded her, but without prejudice to the surviving children of the deceased.

The affiliation of houses was brought about by the giving of cattle or other property, generally goats, if cattle were wanting, by and on behalf of an intended husband to the father or guardian of an intended wife. This delivery of cattle or property is called *amalobolo*, frequently contracted into *lobolo.*

In Matabeleland, marriage entered into between natives, according to native law, is not an act of religion. It is merely a civil contract entered into by and between the two parties, assisted when necessary by their respective fathers or guardians, which contract is made valid by the delivery of *lobolo.* In practice, it is frequently not distinguishable from the purchase of a wife by a man for the purpose of begetting children, among whom the girls when marriageable are disposed of to obtain *lobolo*, which is used again to purchase other wives, the final object being to acquire position and substance through the possession of women and children. . . . . . .

In Matabeleland, then, the native, in many instances, enters into marriage as a business speculation, and to acquire wealth through the medium of women, just as the white man engages in and carries on commerce through the medium of money. This is the conclusion I have arrived at after eighteen years of residence among natives. One day, when I was expressing my disapproval of and aversion to polygamy to an old man verging on seventy, who had recently taken a young wife, he said : "Look here, we black people are not like you white people, we cannot

get rich by trading in goods; where are our articles to trade with? We have only our women, we can only get rich through them."

This statement, at once candid and instructive, left no doubt as to the true nature and operation of *lobolo* in the case of this individual, and in all probability his case is that of many others.

P. PRESTAGE, S.J.

STORIES FROM UPPER EGYPT.

(Told by a Copt of Assiut, on board a Nile steamer, January 1901.)

I. One night a man, when walking down a street of his village, saw a giant before him with a face of fire and his legs planted one on each side of the pathway. The man turned and ran back, only to find the same giant once again similarly facing him. Thereupon he cried out. Some friends came to his aid, and the giant suddenly vanished. (Assiut.)

II. There was an unusually fine donkey for sale, and a man, who wished to purchase it, mounted the animal to give it a trial ride. It began immediately to grow taller and taller. But the man, who was very strong and was possessed of a knife, displayed the weapon and threatened to kill the donkey if it did not at once return to its former size. The beast consented, and the man was able to dismount again. (Assiut.)

III. A fellah (peasant) of Upper Egypt wished to marry, but, having no money, applied to his neighbour for a loan. The latter replied that he was too busy preparing to go to Cairo, and that he would lend him money upon his return. Accordingly the rich neighbour's boat, laden with corn, started down the Nile towards Cairo, and pursued an uneventful voyage until it reached the cliffs of Abdul Fûda. There it stopped, and, after using every effort, the Reis (captain) told his master that he could not make his ship move. Suddenly a man appeared on board. The owner asked him his business. The stranger replied, "At how much do you value your corn?" "Why do you ask?" said the owner. "I want to buy it," came the answer. The owner said, "I value my corn at five hundred guineas." "Then," exclaimed the stranger, "throw it into the Nile." This was done; and thereupon the stranger gave the owner a paper, saying, "Take this to the

slaughter-house in Cairo. You will find there a very dirty dog in front of the house sitting on its hind legs. Give it this paper, and it will procure you the money." Although he disbelieved all this, the man took the paper, and when he reached Cairo went to the slaughter-house, where he found several clean good dogs, and finally a dirty one sitting on its hind legs. He gave it the paper. The dog read it, and said, "I will give you the money to-morrow. Return here at this time." The next day, when the man revisited the dog, he was told, "Come again to-morrow for the rest. I give you now half the money you require." On the morrow the dog said, "To-day I can complete three-quarters of the full amount. You shall receive the remainder to-morrow." On the following day the last instalment was paid. "Tell me," inquired the man of the dog, "who are you, who was he who gave me the paper, and how did you procure the money?" The dog replied, "The man whom you met is my king, and I am his slave. It was my king that wished to marry, but he had no corn. On the first day after you came here I could not find sufficient money for you. When a thief stole money, I also stole. Where he stole one guinea,[1] I stole six. Thus I obtained for you the money." (Nile Valley, between Assiut and Luxor.)

C. S. Myers.

Rhymes, English and Hindu.

I. 1. From Mr. Hills, a very old labourer, of Compton, near Newbury, June, 1900.[2]

Churn, butter, churn!
Come, butter, come!
Peter stands at our gate,
Waiting for a butter-cake.
Churn, butter, churn!
Come, butter, come!

[1] The word "guinea" has become universally Arabicized in Egypt. It means an Egyptian pound, *i.e.*, 100 piastres = £1 0*s.* 6*d.* It is the only common Egyptian word for such a coin, which is, as a fact, very rare, English gold being used (with the additional pence), as the equivalent of it.

[2] Ellis's *Brand*, iii., 313. It is interesting to find a charm in use 350 years ago still extant, and in a more complete form than that originally recorded.

2. From the same.

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And three thieves came to rob her,
She cried out,
And made a great rout,
For the thieves had a mind to stab her.

She ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind her.
She got in a wood,
And there she stood,
And the thieves could never find her.

3. From the same.

There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
And how to keep her he didn't know.
He built up a barn to keep his cow warm,
And a little more drink it will do you no harm!

There was an old man, and he had an old cat,
And she kep' herself most wonderful fat.
And always was catching the mice in the barn,
And a little more drink will do us no harm.

4. From Mrs. Shaw, an old woman since dead. Pinkney's Green, 1898.

Cicely Parsley lived in a den,
She brewed good ale for gentlemen,
Gentlemen came there twice a day,
Yet Cicely Parsley ran away!

5. From the same.

Little pretty Nancy girl,
She sat upon the green,
Scouring of her candlesticks,
They were not very clean.
Her cupboard, that was musty,
Her table, that was dusty;
And pretty little Nancy girl, she was not very lusty!

6. From the same.

Green sleeves, yellow lace,
Maids, maids, many a pace,
The bachelors are in a pitiful case.
They kiss away all their money O!

7. From a MS., dated 1740, lent by the late Mrs. Samuel Plumbe, High Street, Maidenhead. Supposed to be Wiltshire.

"I prithee, Molly, whistle,
And you shall have a cow."
"I fear I cannot whistle,
I cannot whistle now."

"I prithee, Molly, whistle,
And you shall have a man."
"I fear I cannot whistle,
But I'll whistle as well as I can."

(See variants in Northall's *English Folk-Rhymes*, p. 295.)

8. From the same.

Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee!
The wasp has married the humble bee!
Puss came dancing out of the barn
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm.
One for Johnnie and one for me,
Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee!
The bull's in the barn, thrashing the corn,
The cock on the dunghill is blowing his horn.
I never saw such a sight since I was born!

9. From the singing, or rather chaunting, of children in Norfolk.

I had a little nabby colt, (?)
His name was Dapple-grey,
His head that was made of pease-straw,
His tail that was made of hay.
I had a little nabby colt
No bigger than my finger,
I bridled him and saddled him,
And sent him in to town.
I sent him to the garden
To pick a little sage,
He popped into the kitchen
And kissed the pretty maids.

KATE LEE.

II. Heard at Wensleydale, Yorkshire.

Shak' a leg, shak' a leg,
Where will t' gang?
Gang wi' me mammy,
When days is lang.
When days is lang
And loans is dry,

Gang wi' me mammy
To milk cushie kye.
And when we come to t' sty'e
Then we *joump* o'er 't!

MARGARET EYRE.

III. A riddle, from Morley, near Wakefield.

Peter Flickem had a barn [child],
It had neither leg nor arm,
It had neither back nor belly,
Eh, poor thing! they called it Nelly.

Answer. An umbrella.

S. O. ADDY.

IV. From Secunderabad, Deccan.

"Konga, konga, ammavari gudilo, poovaisi po,
Konga, konga, ammavari gudilo, poovaisi po."

"Crane, crane, put a flower in the goddess's temple."

Thus repeat boys and girls in a sing-song tune on seeing a flight of white cranes in the skies, rubbing at the same time the nails of the four fingers (but not the thumb) of one hand with those of the other, with the hope that white specks, which they compare to a flower, will appear on the nail, which they call a goddess's temple, from its shape. The figure is very apt. No speck appears there and then, but on seeing a speck which they have not noticed before, they contend that it appeared there and then.

2. A boy's riddle.

"Eka, eka, kai,
Paka, paka, kai,
Kuloo, bundoo kai,
Naila burdoo kai,
Jagat jhoti kai."

Eka, eka, fruit,
Ripe, ripe fruit,
Joint-fastening fruit,
Naila burdu fruit,
Light-unto-the-world fruit.

The meaning of the words in italics is difficult to trace; they are not found in a dictionary.

[The answer to the riddle, if we understand Mr. Venkataswami's notes rightly, is "Man."]

3. "Chunda mama, Chunda mama, chhakanga rayai!
Golakonda pothamoo,
Gorraini testamu.
Gorrai buddaidu pálu ichhay
Pálu teesookoni komatodiki ichhai;
Komatodoo cobbaira bellamu ichhai;
Cobbaira bellamu teesookoni swamilli ichhay;
Swami poovoo ichhay,
Poovoo teesookoni ma akka koppulo pettinanu."

"Uncle moon, uncle moon, come straight!
[We] shall go to Golconda,
[And] bring an ewe.
The ewe gave a bottle of milk;
Taking the milk [we] gave it to [the] Komati;[1]
The Komati gave cocoanut and *jaggery*;[2]
Taking the cocoanut and *jaggery*, we gave to God;
The God gave [a] flower;
Taking the flower [I] put it in my sister's braid of hair."

Thus repeats the father or elderly person, pointing out the moon to the crying child, and soothing him to quiet.

4. Bâvâ, bâvâ, bullairu,
Bâvani putti tunnairu,
Eedi eedi tippairu
Era gundum poosairu.

"Brother-in-law, brother-in-law, is a *bulli* root.
Brother-in-law is caught and kicked,
Paraded from street to street,
And rubbed [with ?] dirt-paste."

Thus repeats the younger sister-in-law, with a view to deride her brother-in-law.

5. Ā pancha voka kookka,
E pancha voka kookka,
Nadi pancha ma bâvâ kookka
Vundaina voka vailla vonto kookka.

"On this side of the *piyal*[3] there's a dog,
On that side of the *piyal* there's a dog,
In the centre of the *piyal* there's my brother-in-law dog,
[Who] was at one time a solitary dog."

[1] *Komati*, a shopkeeper, merchant.
[2] *Jaggery*, juice of the sugar-cane, unrefined sugar.
[3] *Piyal*, a roof on posts. erected over a platform.

So says the younger sister-in-law, in a sing-song tone, contrasting the condition of her brother-in-law before he had married her sister; a condition which she regards as that of a dog snarling at everything. Amongst Hindus celibacy is looked down upon. Every Hindu is a married man.

6. Nagi, Nagi, nullairu,
Nagini puttu tunnairu
Cheekati kottulo vaisairu
Chuppidi gungi posairoo.

" Nâgi, Nagi is a *nulli* root.
Nâgi is caught and kicked ;
[She is] put in a dark room
And given *conjee*[1] without salt."

Thus repeats one female playmate of another by way of a taunt. *Nâgi* is the name of a girl. It is not known what is meant by *nulli* root.

M. N. VENKATASWAMI.

24th August, 1900; 7th February, 1901.

[1] *Conjee*, porridge, any kind of sloppy food.

CORRESPONDENCE.

History, Tradition, and Historic Myths.

Professor Ridgeway's recently published *Early Age of Greece* raises questions the correct answer of which is of much interest to folklorists, and which admit of discussion apart from any special reference to the author's thesis and to the arguments by which he supports it. Stated generally, this thesis is that the present Greek-speaking area has been inhabited as far back as we know, by populations speaking varieties of that form of Aryan designated Greek; that these populations, called Pelasgian in the earliest times to which we have access, developed the civilisation known as Mycenæan, a civilisation which owed little to the older cultures of the Euphrates and Nile Valleys or to the cultures influenced by them; that this civilisation was, in the period 1500-1300 B.C., influenced by the incursions of a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed race, speaking a variety of Aryan akin to Celtic, and possessing a culture substantially similar to that revealed by the Hallstadt cemeteries, a culture which had for its distinctive sign the use of iron, by which the far ruder invaders were enabled to overcome the more highly civilised Pelasgians, who only used bronze weapons. These invaders, the Achæans of the Homeric poems, adopted the language of the Pelasgians, upon which, however, they imposed phonetic changes, and they ultimately became entirely fused with the earlier populations. The Homeric poems are the work of a Pelasgian court bard, attached to descendants of the invading Achæan chiefs, and the civilisation he describes is that of the Achæan Celts, partly modified by that of the older Pelasgians they had subdued. Historic Greece derives its culture, blood, and speech substantially from the pre-Achæan Pelasgians, but with modifications due to the Achæans.

Professor Ridgeway's arguments are chiefly archæological; with these I have nothing to do. But he also relies largely upon the traditions concerning their origin and early history found among Greek writers from the time of Hesiod (*circa* 800 B.C.) onwards. He practically assumes the substantial value and accuracy of

these traditions; and his work marks the high water of a period of reaction from the critical scepticism, inaugurated by Niebuhr, which dominated scholarly research throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century. I say "practically *assumes*" because the author makes no attempt to discuss the nature and import of such traditions. The test he applies is, whether they accord with the theories he bases upon archæological, anthropological, and general historic evidence. Is this sufficient?

Let me put a case. If Western Europe had been overwhelmed in the fifteenth century by a Turkish invasion, if the monuments of its culture had been largely destroyed, if the chief representatives of that culture (the priestly and warrior classes) had been driven into holes and corners but not extirpated, if after a lapse of centuries the wave of barbarism had receded, leaving West European culture sadly mutilated, wofully diminished, but still persisting, what account would the intelligent Aztec or New Zealander have found concerning its earliest origins? Alike in the British Isles as in France, in Italy as in the remotest north, he would come across stories of wanderers from the Far East to whom the chieftain classes were proud to trace their descent, and concerning whom the priestly antiquary class had traditions based upon writings which had disappeared, but which were asserted to have been universally accepted as true. Here the eponymous hero-founder would be called Francus, there Brutus, nor could our Aztec *savant* fail to note that traces still remained of national and tribal designations obviously related to the names of these heroes. Assuming that fragments of any historical works of the pre-invasion period were discovered, say fourteenth-century compilations based upon Geoffrey or Fredegarius, or an Icelandic chronicle on the lines of the Prologue to Snorre's Edda, they would definitely confirm what had been recovered from oral tradition.

Now *we* know that the *Troy Saga*, the legend which places a fugitive from Ilium at the outset of some of the chief nations of modern Europe, is destitute of any and every kind of basis, historical, racial, archæological, or linguistic. We know it to be sheer, absolute fiction. Yet for centuries it was regarded as gospel truth; it was embodied in every national chronicle, in every princely genealogy; it was relied upon by statesmen and monarchs; it was accepted by the learned cleric and by the wandering minstrel. The profoundest acquaintance with the facts disclosed by archæological

or anthropological research could furnish our hypothetical Aztec *savant* with no reasons for disregarding traditions so widely spread and supported, apparently, by so many concurrent strands of evidence.

I do not for one moment assert that the Greek traditions are to be placed on the same level as the mediæval fables concerning Brutus and Francus. That would be begging the question which has to be answered. What I do assert is that any scholar who intends to rely upon tradition should as an indispensable preliminary make clear to himself and to his readers what opinion he really holds concerning its nature. Especially when, as is the case with Professor Ridgeway, the tradition is sometimes accepted, sometimes disregarded. He argues strongly for the original, non-derivative character of early Greek (pre-Achæan) civilisation. But most undoubtedly the historic Greek had very strong and very definite traditions to the contrary. If these are to be disregarded as completely as they are by our author, I, for one, should require better warrant for the acceptance of other traditions than their accord with theories based upon archæological evidence. Again, Professor Ridgeway treats the Achæan invasion as a mere episode in the evolution of Greek culture. The Achæans, he tells us, were probably few in number, they do not seem to have brought their women with them to any extent, they merged with comparative rapidity into the conquered population. Large portions of Greece (*e.g.* Arcadia) remained unaffected by them, their own language died out utterly, their funereal rites and conception of life after death (after finding a record in the Homeric poems) died out also, their influence upon Greek art was transitory and unessential. All this may be true, but it would most assuredly have astounded a contemporary, whether of Hesiod or of Herodotus; *he* would have stoutly protested that it ran counter to all his traditional views, and indeed we, Professor Ridgeway's readers, are left wondering why on earth the Hellenic world should have accepted a set of stories about alien barbarians as an almost sacred record of its most famous past. There is a valid psychological justification for the fabrication and belief in the *Troy Saga* and similar mediæval fictions: namely, the tendency which leads the Mullins family to swallow the ingenious fables of Garter King at Arms concerning that doughty companion of the Conqueror, De Moleyns, from whom he traces their descent; the natural desire, that is, to

believe that one is connected with a person or society of higher standing than oneself. But *ex hypothesi Ridgewayii*, the Achæans were the low-class parvenus.

Professor Ridgeway, I have said, accepts such Greek traditions as fit in with his thesis as being substantially valuable and accurate. I do not mean that he necessarily pledges himself to the actual existence of the heroes or to their sequence. Sometimes he appears to do so, but sometimes he seems to treat the traditions as historic myths. By this I mean that a story is regarded not as the actual record of the adventures of a hero named A or B, but as summing up in concrete form the relations of groups of men represented, for the sake of convenience and picturesqueness, by A and B. Here, I venture to raise a question which I raised nine years ago at the Second International Congress of Folklore: Is there such a thing as historic myth at all? Do men commemorate tribal wanderings, settlements, conquests, subjugations, acquisitions of new forms of culture, or any of the other incidents in the collective life of a people in the form of stories about individual men and women? I do not for one moment deny the possibility of their so doing; all I ask for is evidence of the fact. Obviously this evidence cannot be furnished by any examination of the legendary traditions of byegone peoples, Greeks or Celts, or Teutons, or Aztecs, or even Maoris; it can only be furnished by the examination of the legends of such barbaric peoples as are still living in an oral-traditional mythopœic stage of culture. I ask again, do such peoples, apart from stories about actual men and women and their achievements, yield examples of "historic myth"—of an historic process, that is, involving the fortunes of a collective group translated into the terms of individual lives? I believe in naturalistic myths, that is in natural processes translated into the terms of human life, because I find barbarian and savage races all over the world, not only relating and accepting such myths, but still engaged in their fabrication. I am quite willing to accept historic myths on the same evidence.

To any folklore student eager for a fruitful line of research I would recommend, firstly, a methodical examination of the nature and value of tradition, especially of historic or pseudo-historic tradition; secondly, an endeavour to determine whether "historic myth" is a substantial fact or a mere figment of mythologists.

ALFRED NUTT.

Customs relating to Iron.

(Vol. x., p. 457. Vol. xi., p. 105.)

The late Miss Florence Peacock had observed that a nurse sometimes heated the water in which a newly-born child is washed by plunging into it a red-hot poker, and supposed that the virtue of this act resided in the iron. I, who had observed midwives heat water for a likę purpose by casting into it red-hot cinders, suggested that these customs were a survival of the use of "pot-boilers," viz. the practice of raising the temperature of water by putting hot stones into it.

I have recently come upon a passage in the Saxon Leechdoms, (Rolls ed., ii. 218-219), which confirms the latter view :—

"Eác hylpð gif món	"Also it helpeth if one
mid ea stanum	with water-stones[1]
onbærnedum, oþþe mid	fired, or with
hatene isene, þa meolúc	heated iron, the milk
geþyrð 7 selþ drincan."	turneth and giveth to drink."

[1] Understand such stones as would bear to be heated and plunged in water.—[*Editor's note, op. cit.*]

Here the iron is to be used simply as an alternative to "pot-boilers" for the purpose of heating milk, and not because it possessed any magical virtue. But it affords an illustration of the influence of ferric metallurgy on the early customs of mankind, and makes it probable that the method of tempering iron by heating it and plunging it into water had long before been discovered.

On the other hand the Leechdoms (vol. i., pp. 244-245) furnish a pretty example of the superstitious use of iron; especially when a necessary correction has been made of a mis-writing by the scribe and a corresponding mistake of the editor and translator. "This wort which is named *μανδραγόρας* is large and noble of aspect, and it is beneficial. Thou shalt in this manner take it when thou comest to it. Then thou understandest it by this that at night it seemeth all like a light-vessel (lamp)."

"þonne þu hyre heaford	"When thou its head
ærest geseo	first seest
þonne beþrit [beþrið]	then inscribe [encircle]
þu hy þel hraþe	thou it instantly
mid iserne	with iron
þy læs heo þe ætfleo."	lest it flee from thee."

"Its might is so great and so marvellous that from an unclean man, when he cometh to it, it will instantly flee. So therefore

þu hy beþrit [beþrið]	do thou it inscribe [encircle]

as we before said, with iron; and thou shalt so about it dig that thou *touch it not with iron.* But thou shalt carefully dig the earth with an ivory staff (spade)."

This last injunction, that the mandrake must not be touched with iron, shows that the instruction to inscribe it with iron must be erroneous. The change of a single letter, *th* for *t*, *bewrith* for *bewrit*, makes everything clear. The iron was to be used for surrounding the wort with a magic circle. This is evident from Pliny's account (*Hist. Nat.*, xxv., 13), which relates that persons about to obtain the mandrake first of all draw three circles round it with a sword, "tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribunt, portea fodiunt ad occasum," and afterwards dig it up at sunset.

Here, too, we perhaps reach the origin of the Saxon writer's confusion; he may have taken *circumscribunt* for *inscribunt.*

H. Colley March.

The Transition from Totemism to Ancestor Worship.

(*Ante*, p. 36.)

Facts are in ethnology very apt to upset theories. It does not always fall to the lot of the ethnologist to find that a hypothetical stage of development postulated by his theory actually exists. Mr. Hartland is, however, in this happy position. In his Presidential Address he suggested, but without being able to cite any actual case, that from the additional emphasis laid on the clan

name in the case of the chief it would result that he would longest preserve the totem form after death. The following facts seem to supply the missing link in his chain of evidence. The Betsileos and other tribes of Madagascar seem to be, like the Bantu people, emerging from a stage of totemism. It is, or was, universally believed that the souls of members of certain clans passed after death into the bodies of animals. Each person seems to have known beforehand into what animal he would pass, the nobles into a snake, the middle-class into a crocodile, and the lower classes into an eel. It was not, however, the privilege of every noble to occupy a separate snake. The chief of the clan afforded accommodation in his totem-animal to the souls of his nobles, to the women, to the children, &c. (*Les Missions catholiques*, 1880, p. 550.)

The process of transmigration is too long to describe in detail, but an interesting point in connection with the metempsychosis of the lower classes may be noted. The soul passed into the first eel which took a bite at the corpse after it was thrown into the sacred lake.

How far the facts I have quoted may be taken to support Mr. Hartland's theory is of course another question. There may have been an earlier stage, but totemism in South Africa, as we know it at present, is, I submit, a form of ancestor-worship. If I have not misunderstood Mr. Hartland, his initial assumption is that the souls of the clan pass into some species of animal, which is respected on that account. This may not be ancestor-worship pure and simple, but still it *is* ancestor-worship, I submit; and if this is so, does not Mr. Hartland's theory begin where it should have ended? Surely, in tracing the development of ancestor-worship from totemism, we must not assume the belief that the souls of the dead pass into animals which are therefore respected.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Hartland's theory is intended to show how South African ancestor-worship may have lost its totemistic features, it is not clear why we should lay stress on the totem-form being confined to the chief. The germ of ancestor-worship is already present in the respect paid to the animals. When the social side of totemism fell into the background in the manner described by Mr. Hartland, the religious idea would hardly remain unchanged. It may well have happened that the sojourn of the soul in the body of the animal came in process of time to be

regarded as temporary, and for the period of the animal's life only. After the death of the animal the soul reached its final resting-place and received the honours and offerings characteristic of a cult of ancestors. If the social side of totemism had fallen into the background, the intermediate stage might well drop out. Whether this was the case, or whether the dead were believed to return in the form of any animal at will, it does not seem necessary to lay stress on the part played by the authority of the chief. The Madagascar facts show us, as I have said, the stage postulated by Mr. Hartland, but I suggest a different interpretation of them from his. To me they seem rather to point to the way in which totemism may have been transformed into the cult of animals.

N. W. THOMAS.

SPECTRAL LIGHTS.

(*Ante*, p. 105.)

It is not necessary to look abroad for "spectral lights." In the sea loch which severs Appin from Mamore, and between Ballachulish Hotel and Glencoe, the lights abound. There they are seen (by educated Lowlanders, too) on the Isle of St. Mun, an old place of burial, and on the opposite side of the loch, on the road to Callert. When I was at Carnoch House last year, opposite Invercoe, an English friend of mine observed the light closely, and about 10.30 p.m. in late August, the Ballachulish villagers turned out to stare and wonder. The lights moved rapidly down the road to Callert, then climbed the hill side, then went down to the shore of the loch. My friend could form no theory to account for their nature and movements, which are rapid. The country people have various hypotheses, all supernormal. No doubt there is a natural explanation, but, so far, conjecture has been baffled. They are *not* corpse lights, for they are visible to all, not merely to the second-sighted.

The late Dr. Stewart (Nether Lochaber), who lived near Onich, on the further side of the loch, told me that a woman called him out one night to see a bright light on a rock on the shore.

"Phosphorescence from decaying seaweed," said the doctor.

"There will be a corpse there to-morrow," said the woman. And a corpse *was* landed under the rock, from a boat.

The doctor looked for the decaying sea-weed of his explanation. He found none.

The local second-sighted man, a most interesting person, is wont to find the bodies of the drowned by the lights above them. He kindly gave me an account of the beginning of his powers. The whole story was "weird" enough, but I fear this is not folklore, is it?

A. LANG.

MISS WESTON'S "GUINGAMOR."

(*Ante*, p. 116.)

May I point out in reference to Miss Hull's review of Miss Weston's *Guingamor* that, as the title plainly states, the *lais* are "rendered," not "adapted." Miss Weston's rendering is in fact exceedingly close, and represents the twelfth-century French as faithfully as is possible save in an avowed crib.

A. NUTT.

BLACKSMITHS' FESTIVAL.

(*Ante*, p. 217.)

The following appeared in the *Church Times* on November 23rd, 1894, in "Peter Lombard's" notes.

"St. Clement is held to be the patron saint of blacksmiths. . . . Readers of Dickens will remember how Joe Gargery and his assistants hammered away at their forge to the musical accompaniment of 'Old Clem.' A year ago, *apropos* of St. Clement's Day (23rd inst.), a correspondent sent me the following, which he says used to be read, with accompanying song, in some Hampshire villages, *e.g.* Twyford and Hursley, on this day:—

"It came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the Temple of Jerusalem that he called unto him the

chief architects, the head architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver and gold, in wood and ivory, and in stone, yea, all who had aided in rearing the Temple of the Lord, and he said unto them, 'Sit ye down at my table. I have prepared a feast for all the cunning artificers and chief workers. Stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat and drink and be merry. Is not the labourer worthy of his hire? Is not the skilful artificer worthy of his honour? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn.' And when Solomon and the chief workers were seated, and the fatness of the land and the wine and oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door and thrust himself into the festal chamber. Then Solomon the King was wroth, and the stranger said, 'When men wish to honour me they call me the Son of the Forge, but when they desire to mock me they call me the blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in the fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt, and in that thy servant desires no better.' 'But,' said Solomon, 'why come ye thus rudely and unbidden to the feast where none but the chief workers of the Temple are invited?' 'Please you, my Lord, I came rudely,' replied the man, 'because thy servants obliged me to force my way, but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the Temple were invited with the King of Israel?' Then he who carved the cherubim said, 'This fellow is no sculptor.' And he who inlaid the roof with pure gold said, 'Neither is he a worker in fine metals.' And he who raised the walls said, 'He is no cutter in stone.' And he who made the roof cried out, 'He is not cunning in cedar wood, neither knoweth he the mystery of knitting strange pieces of timber together.' Then said Solomon, 'What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged by the scourge, and stoned to death with stones?' And when the Son of the Forge heard this, he was in no sort dismayed, but advancing to the table snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine and said, 'O King, live for ever! The chief workers in wood and gold and stone have said I am not of them, and they have said truly. I am their superior. Before they lived I was created. I am their master and they are my servants.' And he turned him round, and said to the chief carver in stone, 'Who made the tools with which you carve?' And he said,

'The blacksmith.' And he said to the chief mason, 'Who made the chisel with which the stones of the temple were squared?' And he said, 'The blacksmith.' And he said to the chief worker in wood, 'Who made the tools with which you felled the trees of Lebanon and made into the pillars and roof of the temple?' And he answered, 'The blacksmith.' 'Enough, enough, good fellow,' said Solomon, 'thou hast proved that I invited thee, and thou art all men's father. Go and wash the smut of the forge from thy face and come and sit at my right hand. The chief of workmen are but men, thou art more.' So it happened that the feast of Solomon and the blacksmiths has been honoured ever since."

T. W. E. HIGGENS.

A Sussex version of the story is given in a paper entitled "Sussex Songs and Music," by Mr. F. E. Sawyer, printed in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, vol. xlii., pp. 306-327 (1886), besides other notes relating to the blacksmiths' festival. Mr. Sawyer prints two or three special toasts that were used at the annual dinner held in honour of "Old Clem."[1] I wonder if anybody has ever made a collection of toasts that were formerly used in connection with trades, &c.

Perhaps the following rhyme, if unrecorded, may be interesting.

"'Little Billy Shortcoat, can you make a nail?'
'Yes, master, that I can, as well as any other man.
Smite, Jack; hit, Tom;
Blow the bellows, old man.'"[2]

It was repeated to me by an old farmer, a native of West Sussex, from whom I have recently noted a good many folk-songs.

W. PERCY MERRICK.

[1] See also *Folk-Lore Journal*, ii., p. 321.
[2] *Cf. F. L. J.*, iv., p. 146, and *Shropshire Folklore*, p. 571.

"The Golden Bough": Moab or Edom?

(*Ante*, p. 219.)

In vol. ii., p. 50, of *The Golden Bough*, Mr. Frazer, discussing the supposed Semitic practice of sacrificing the first-born son as substitute for the father, refers to the incident recorded in 2 Kings iii. 27 as a definite instance of such a sacrifice. Some years ago this passage attracted my attention, and, studying it in connection with Amos ii. 1, I came to the conclusion that the interpretation which, on a casual reading of the verse, one would most readily assign to it was not the correct interpretation, *i.e.* it was the son *not* of the King of Moab, but of the King of Edom, who was sacrificed.

The grammatical construction of the passage in Kings admits of the pronoun *his* being applied to either king, while Amos directly states that Moab "burned the bones of the King of Edom into lime." As I understand the passages, the position was this: the King of Edom, Moab's old ally, had taken part against this latter; Moab endeavoured to reach him directly, but failed to do so; he therefore adopted an indirect means of breaking off the alliance with Israel by slaying the King of Edom's son, who by some unexplained means was in his power. The result was exactly what was aimed at, "there was great wrath against Israel" (not, as we might have expected, against Moab), and the siege was raised, *i.e.* the King of Edom saw he had gained nothing by changing sides; the loss of his son was more to him than that of a tribute of sheep to Israel, and he broke off the alliance.

If these two passages are really connected with each other, it follows that the incident is not one which can fairly be quoted in support of Mr. Frazer's argument; yet it is the only definite case of such sacrifice which he produces; otherwise the practice is only a matter of inference.

Jessie L. Weston.

The Luck of Mycenæ.

It may interest readers to quote a curious passage from Accius. In a fragment of his *Atreus*, he speaks of a "golden lamb, the

mainstay of my rule," preserved in the palace, which Thyestes stole away:

> Adde huc quod mihi portento cælestum pater
> Prodigium misit regni stabilimen mei,
> Agnum inter pecudes aurea clarum coma,
> Quondam Thyestem clepere aurum ex regia.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

HORSES' HEADS.

(Vol. xi., p. 322.)

I do not know if the following cutting from the *Pembroke County Echo* is worth anything, but I enclose it on the chance.

FLORENCE GROVE.

"*A Strange Discovery at Jordanston.*

"To the Editor of the *County Echo.*

"Sir,—Some time last year a paragraph appeared in your paper to the effect that a horse's head had been found under the flooring of a room at Poyston, near Haverfordwest, and it was suggested—whether by an archæologist or a reporter I do not know—that as Poyston was the birthplace of the late Lieutenant-General Picton, G.C.B., who fell at Waterloo in 1815, that the find was the head of his 'favourite' charger. I very much question this theory myself. In laying down a new floor here last week twenty horses' heads were found. I believe it was customary very many years ago (I may say this house dates back to the Elizabethan era, over 300 years ago) to put horses' head under the flooring to cause an echo in the room. At any rate I do not think anyone would have the temerity to say that Colonel Vaughan, who died here in 1798, caused the heads of twenty 'favourite' chargers to be interred under the flooring of a room—with all due solemnity of course. I have had all the heads put back, not from any fear of a visit from the colonel for disturbing the resting place of his 'favourite' chargers' heads, but to cause an echo, and I have no

doubt that should the flooring be taken up in any very old houses that like discoveries would be made.—I am, &c., H. W. THOMAS.

"Jordanston, *May*, 8*th*, 1901."

[The above possesses a melancholy interest as the last communication we shall receive from Miss Florence Grove. But a few days after despatching it, Miss Grove died very suddenly in her rooms at Chelsea, on the 14th June last. The main work of her life lay in philanthropic labours, in connection with the Board of Guardians and otherwise, for the benefit of the poor of Chelsea, where she had lived since her father's death some eight years ago. She only joined the Folk-Lore Society in 1895, but she took up the subject with her accustomed energy, and her work in connection with the Lecture Committee, the idea of which she originated, and of which she was always the leading spirit, soon won for her a place on the Society's Council. She was one of the most regular and business-like attendants at the Council meetings, and the gap she leaves there will be sensibly felt by all who were her fellow-workers in the Society.—ED.]

NEW YEAR CUSTOMS IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

The enclosed cutting from the *Daily Graphic* of 1st January, 1898, has been sent me by a correspondent. The custom described is new to me, and I hope you will give it a place in *Folk-Lore*.

J. G. FRAZER.

"A strange custom still lingers in out-of-the-way country places in Herefordshire. On New Year's Day, very early in the morning, the farm boys go out and cut branches of the blackthorn, which they weave into a kind of globe of thorns. Then a large fire of straw is made in the farmyard, in which the globe of thorns is slightly burnt, while all the inmates of the farm stand, hand in hand, in a circle round the fire, shouting, in a monotonous voice, the words "Old Cider," prolonging each syllable to its utmost

extent. When the globe of thorns is slightly charred, it is taken indoors and hung up in the kitchen, when it brings good luck for the rest of the year. Old people say that in their youth the practice was general in all country places in Herefordshire, and it was a pretty sight on New Year's morning to see the fires burning all over the neighbourhood. Another custom still in use is, to take a particular kind of cake, and on New Year's morning to bring a cow into the farmyard and place the cake on her head. The cow walks forward, tosses her head, and the cake falls, and the prosperity of the New Year is foretold from the direction of its fall."

[The above passage was alluded to by Miss Mabel Peacock in *Folk-Lore*, x., 489 ("A Crown of Thorns"), referring to the *Antiquary*, February, 1898, where it is quoted in full, with a reproduction of the cut depicting the "globe." The latter appears to consist of two transverse circles placed perpendicularly, and another placed horizontally across them, like a hollow globe formed of four lines of longitude and the equator. This, with or without the "equator," is a common form of decorative "garland" in the Western Midlands, where it may be seen on festive occasions made in flowers and leaves, and hanging from the cross-staves of maypoles, the centres of triumphal arches, and the ceilings of farm-kitchens.

We are indebted to Miss M. C. Ffennell for unearthing the following additional particulars from the *Daily Graphic* of January 8th, 1898. Two other letters appeared on the same date, but need not be reprinted. In one, the cry "Old Cider!" is derived from Osiris!—Ed.]

"Will you allow me to suggest that your correspondent's account of the 'strange custom which still lingers in out-of-the way places in Herefordshire' scarcely represents the actual facts? In the first place, the blackthorn 'bush' is more like a crown than a globe, and the fire is not made in the farmyard, where it would endanger the buildings, but on the 'headland' of one of the wheatfields; and the bush to be burnt is not a newly-cut one, but an old one which has been hanging in the farm kitchen for the past twelve months, its place being supplied by a new one every year. The bush when well lighted is usually carried across several ridges of newly planted wheat; the number which can be traversed while the bush still remains alight being considered an

omen or forecast of the number of successful (farming) months in the year . . . .—E. L. CAVE."

"Bromyard [Herefordshire], *1st January*, 1898."

WHITSUNTIDE FATE AND MOCK BURIALS.

As I understand that some interest has been excited by a paragraph on "Whitsuntide Superstitions" which I contributed to the *Daily Chronicle* of the 27th May last, I write to say that the belief that a prayer offered at sunrise on Whitsunday morning cannot fail to be granted, will be found in Arise Evans's *Echo to the Voice from Heaven, or a Narrative of his Life*, 1652, p. 9, quoted in Ellis's *Brand*, i., 283. My authority for the rest of the paragraph is the following passage from the autobiographical reminiscences of Mary Leadbeater, a Quaker lady of Ballitore, county Kildare, 1758-1826:—

[1821.] "On Whit-Sunday a child was born to Pat Mitchell, a labourer. It is said that the child born on that day is fated to kill or be killed. To avert this doom a little grave was made, the infant laid therein, with clay lightly sprinkled on it and sods supported by twigs covering the whole. Thus was the child buried, and at its resurrection deemed to be freed from the malediction." (*The Leadbeater Papers*, 1862, vol. i., 403.)

M. F. JOHNSTON.

A district visitor in Newton Abbot, Devonshire, on visiting an old man who suffered from rheumatism, found him unusually spry and cheerful. "Oh, yes'm," he said, "I be better, sure. I knew I should be if I took the right remedy, though 'tain't a pleasant one." The lady asked him what the remedy was, and after some pressing he said that he had "made it all right with sexton," and had gone up at night to Woolborough churchyard, and had laid himself down in a new-made grave, "and of course if I did *that*, I knew my rheumatis would be cured, and *so it be*."

This happened two years ago, The only point on which my memory fails me is that I cannot be certain whether anything was said about "the full of the moon," but I think not.

The district visitor told the incident to my sister-in-law, who came back from Newton Abbot and told it to me.

Torquay. CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE.

I know personally a man, now, I think, between thirty-five and forty years of age, who as a very little child was buried up to the neck in the ground to cure him of small-pox. He was then living in Gloucestershire, where, by his mother's account, this method of medical treatment was frequently resorted to. She did not state with what percentage of fatal results!

Stoke-on-Trent. ALICE A. KEARY.

[See a Persian instance, *ante* p. 271. Mr. Black gives two examples, *Folk-Medicine*, p. 101.—ED.]

BORDER MARRIAGES.

It may not be generally known how recently Lamberton Toll-bar, Berwickshire, "the Gretna Green of the eastern Borders," (*Denham Tracts*, i., 289), has been resorted to for irregular marriages.

A friend of mine, who lately had to investigate a claim under the Workmen's Compensation Act, on behalf of the widow of a man who had lost his life in an accident in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, discovered that the parties had been married at Lamberton Toll; and on pursuing his inquiries upon the spot, he was informed that so lately as the middle of the nineteenth century there were eight or nine "toll priests" who took acknowledgments at the toll, which up to that date operated in Scotch law as valid marriages. As the result of his investigations, however, he was forced to the conclusion that the lady had no legal claim to compensation, as her marriage had been celebrated since the Marriage Act of 1856, and both she and her husband were domiciled in England, and neither of them had been resident in Scotland for twenty-one days previous to the date of the ceremony. The "toll priest" before taking the acknowledgment had inter-

rogated the husband pretty closely as to his domicile, but he appears to have given answers which, if not absolutely untruthful, were at any rate evasive.

F. A. MILNE.

THE POWER OF SPEECH.

(*Translation.*)

There are in many places wells, springs, chapels, tombs, dolmens, woods, trees, &c., to which the people have resorted from time immemorial to be either cured of, or preserved from, some sickness or infirmity.

The Director of the Institution for Stammerers at Paris would be grateful for detailed information about the rites, ceremonies, and offerings customary at such places as are visited specially for the cure of dumb or stammering children, or of those who are backward in speaking; and, in fact, for any popular traditions relating to the power of speech. Address

M. LE DR. CHERVIN,
Institut des Bègues de Paris,
82, *Avenue Victor Hugo, Paris.*

[A few examples from Great Britain may be given as specimens. If a woman hears her banns of marriage proclaimed, her children will be deaf-and-dumb (England), *Common.* An aspen leaf under the tongue cures dumbness, *C. Mery Talys,* quoted in Black's *Folk Medicine,* 203. Infant's mouth must touch the earth to ensure well-chosen language (Hebrides), *Folk-Lore,* xi., 445. Deaf-and-dumb fortune-teller infallible (Greenock), *Choice Notes,* p. 247. Legend of Caedmon, in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History.* Legend of True Thomas, in *Border Minstrelsy,* iii., 125. Communications on this interesting subject will gladly be inserted in *Folk-Lore,* but any further references to accessible printed books had better be sent direct to Dr. Chervin.—ED.]

REVIEWS.

MAGIC AND RELIGION. By ANDREW LANG. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

IN the form of a set of essays, chiefly new, but in some cases reprinted from various periodicals, Mr. Lang here sets forth a further study in what he aptly calls (p. 5) "the nascent science of the anthropological study of religions." This science, he tells us, has now been before the public for thirty years, since the first publication of *Primitive Culture*. *Principles of Sociology* succeeded that, and two editions of *The Golden Bough* have followed since, not to mention countless other books on the same subject. But the new science has not attracted the amount of attention either from the world of scholars or from the general public which it seems to us who pursue it to deserve, and which was foretold for it twenty years ago. Dr. Tylor then wrote that it was calculated to create a general sensation compared to which that caused by Darwin's theory of the Origin of Species would be insignificant. And yet the world at large remains unmoved, uninterested. Why is this? Many of us must have asked ourselves the same question. Mr. Lang answers it thus.

Science, he says, observes facts and reasons from them. The result is the discovery of the laws of cause and effect which produce and govern them. Superstition also observes facts, but combines them with preconceived opinions and reasons from the combination. The result is the barren practices of magic. Hence Superstition remains stationary while Science progresses. Furthermore, the present age, an age of science, "more and more . . . . insists on strictness in appreciating evidence and on economy in conjecture" (p. 8), while students of the evolution of myth and belief, now as always, fail in both. Hence we neither command the general attention we might have looked for nor make the progress we should desire. "We are all, we who work at these topics, engaged in science, the science of man, or rather we are

nfully labouring to make good the foundations of that science. . . . But our science cannot 'expedite progress' if our science not scientific" (p. 9). And it is not scientific if it fails to preciate the true value of evidence, if it overlooks or disregards vidence, if it builds on hypothesis, if it leaves some of the facts ut of account.

Thus far Mr. Lang's opening essay; the rest of the work is mainly occupied with an examination of the recent work of the principal writers on the subject. Mr. Frazer, Mr. Hartland, Mr. Jevons, and ("with the greatest diffidence and while awaiting the publication of his *Gifford Lectures*"), Mr. Tylor, are all passed under review, and all found wanting in one or another of these particulars. Mr. Frazer comes in for by far the largest share of attention, the most caustic and unsparing criticism; prefaced, we are glad to see, by a bit of warm and ungrudging praise, which in justice to both parties we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting. Mr. Frazer's speculations, says Mr. Lang (p. 76), "are based on an extraordinary mass of erudition. We are not put off with vague and unvouched-for statements, or with familiar facts extracted from the collections of Mr. Tylor, Lord Avebury, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Frazer does not collect knowledge, as his Babylonian kings are supposed by him to have been sacrificed—by proxy. No writer is so erudite, and few are so exact in their references. While venturing to differ from Mr. Frazer, I must often, as it were, make use of his own ammunition in this war. Let me say sincerely that I am not pitting my own knowledge or industry against his. I rather represent the student who has an interest in these subjects, and peruses 'The Golden Bough,' not as 'the general reader' does, but with some care and with some verification of the citations and sources."

The principal counts of the *acte d'accusation* against Mr. Frazer are three: that he omits such evidence as tells against his theory of the priority of magic to religion (a question which, moreover, "cannot be historically determined"[1]); that the chain of hypotheses by which he connects the Saturnalia, the Sacea, and Calvary is inconsistent with history and reason; and that his proposed explanation of the origin of the Arician priesthood depends for its final proof on a series of unverified assumptions:

[1] Page 47.

a heavy indictment! We cannot but feel, however, that Mr. Frazer would have escaped much of this criticism if he had adopted the method of work advocated by Mr. Gomme at page 223 of the present volume, and had begun by giving a critical study of the whole of the authorities for the ritual of Aricia and its reputed connection with the golden bough of Æneas, and had then sought in his vast storehouse of facts for parallels and analogues of the various points. His conclusions would have been likely to meet with much more general acceptance when reached by such a course than when attained by the adoption of the opposite plan, namely, by working from the earliest point of culture which the author's mind could conceive or his studies suggest to him, down to the solid historical ground of the priesthood of Nemi.

But Mr. Lang weakens his position and mars the effect of his vigorous and earnest plea for trustworthy evidence rightly used, by his "guess" (he is careful to call it no more) that the Tree of Nemi was a sanctuary tree. In support of this suggestion he brings forward three present-day instances of such trees in Samoa. But here there is none of that "coincidence of testimony" from various nations and widely distant regions on which he elsewhere lays so much stress. To substantiate this "guess" we should need an exhaustive study of the subject of Sanctuary—from Leviticus to Westminster Abbey, from the immunity of the guest among Eastern nomads to the gradual spread of the King's Peace from the court and the highway over the length and breadth of the realm—placed in juxtaposition with an equally exhaustive study of sacred and guardian, magic, and taboo trees in all times and places. Meanwhile we can only say, "Not proven." He himself calls it "a problem which I think we have not the means of solving" (p. vii.).

We do not propose to enter into the merits of the particular controversies in which Mr. Lang engages. We prefer to make some remarks on the main theme of the book, the needs and methods of the scientific study of the evolution of religion. In the first place, one cannot but observe that the absence of accepted definitions forms one most serious obstacle to progress. Take the word Religion itself. Mr. Frazer defines it (*G. B.*, I. 63), as "*a propitiation or conciliation* (the italics are ours) of powers superior to man which are believed to direct and control the course of

nature." This definition identifies Religion with Worship. Mr. Lang (pp. 48, 69) contends that there may be Religion, (that is to say, Religious Faith), without Worship. This is a legitimately arguable question, though not a new one, (we know what St. James thought on the subject!); but so long as two different definitions of Religion are current, progress can hardly be hoped for.

Leaving the preliminary question, whether belief without worship should be called religion or not, the next point is, when belief in a vague unworshipped deity is found among savages, did they borrow the deity from the white man? Mr. Lang says, had they done so they would have borrowed the white man's ritual of worship also. Does not this depend a good deal on the white man? To acknowledge a Deity without worshipping him is a phenomenon not unknown in European countries. Savages brought into contact with white traders and sailors long before the arrival of the missionary, might conceivably borrow the idea of an unworshipped deity from them, and report it to the missionary in after years; but where the missionary has followed closely on the heels of the trader, or (as in some of the islands of the Southern Seas) has actually preceded him, one would expect to find that if borrowing took place at all, ritual, or at any rate prayer, would be borrowed as well as belief. And not only would one set of missionaries import a veneration for beads and images, as Mr. Lang suggests on p. 11, but another set would import veneration for printed books. It is a case in which one cannot generalise, but in which each instance needs to be considered on its own merits. Moreover, it is one of those cases in which one indisputable piece of evidence would be as good as a hundred. *One* absolutely unimpeachable case of a borrowed faith engrafted without worship into a native cult, would suffice to establish that such borrowing *can* occur; and *one* equally unimpeachable case of an unworshipped "high god" of native growth would suffice to prove, not that such gods are never borrowed, but that such a god *can* occur where no borrowing has been.

It is to be observed further that the question of borrowed religions is only a part of the great question of borrowing *versus* independent origination, whether of folktales, customs, or other things, and ought to be studied in connection with it. Some students have formerly contended that the contact of races has tended in many cases rather to crystallise than to obliterate national

distinctions, and that such modification as has taken place has not unfrequently affected the higher race rather than the lower, especially in the matter of magical practices. This is a point on which we ought to have the definite evidence of trained observers whose lot is cast among clashing cultures. Conceivably, the effect of one culture on another varies with the relative positions of the races. Buyer and seller may be expected to influence each other differently from ruler and subject. Different departments of culture—arts, philosophy, handicrafts, social organisation—are likely to be differently affected. Some races, again, are more impressionable than others. No one, we believe, has yet set himself seriously to observe and unravel the laws which govern the development or the dying-out of the creeds and cultures. We know in a general way that wars and conquests, climates, famines, migrations, and so forth affect them, but these things must work according to law. A writer in this year's *Année Sociologique* warns us, not without cause, that we cannot hope for progress so long as we attempt to discover origins before ascertaining laws.

Then there is the question of evidence. Every one cries out, as every one has cried out for the last twenty years, for more evidence. But the question of what is trustworthy evidence is a very difficult one. The ordinary difficulty of proving a negative is increased and complicated in our case by the question of personality. It happens at home as well as abroad that one folklore collector will elicit a host of information on a certain point, and another will hear little or nothing, nay, will even meet with denials. The fishermen of South Uist, questioned by a visitor who "had the Gaelic," "just all had a heavy silence like mist on us," said one of them. "For we knew that though he had the Gaelic tongue, he had not the Gaelic heart. For sure it was not for love and kinship, but just to find out and to speak scornfully to others about our ways, that he asked." When denials did not suffice, too close a cross-examination naturally produced fictions. "At first I told them nothing," said another, speaking of other inquirers; "and then when they bothered me every hour, I told them a little that was nothing at all, and they were pleased; and at last when they wanted more, and spoke of things I did not wish to speak about, I told them a fathom o' nonsense, and the older man, he put a net into my words, and took out what he fancied, and told his friend to write them down as he said them

over." What was the effect on these tourists we are not told, but the inquirer first mentioned "found the people strange and quite unlike what he had read about them . . . . dull and prosaic, with interests wholly commonplace and selfish."[1] It is not close questioning, but interested and sympathetic listening, that wins confidence and elicits truth. Any one living in a country, or even passing through it, may observe more or less of the customs, but the belief is another matter. A great deal of mutual knowledge may exist among people who nevertheless remain "strangers yet." Lord Wolseley has been in the army all his life, but one hardly credits him with the insight into the mind of the private soldier possessed by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Nor is it only personality which tells; the collectors' sex, natural powers, circumstances, employments, all affect their opportunities of information and their qualifications as witnesses. The unmusical man collects no songs, the busy man of affairs has not time to listen to folktales, the clergyman rarely hears anything that he is supposed likely to think superstitious. Papers on Wiltshire and on Lincolnshire Folklore respectively were read at the same meeting of the Society last winter, and it was observed that the difference of the matter recorded was due not so much to the difference of the two districts as to the differing sex and consequent opportunities of the two collectors, Mr. Powell and Miss Peacock.[2] In fine, if caution is necessary in accepting positive evidence, it is tenfold more necessary where negative evidence is concerned.

Then there is historical evidence to be considered. What are the relations between folklore and recorded history? The great question of the amount of credit which may be accorded to tradition has never been really thrashed out from our point of view. Much has been written on individual traditions, but little has been ascertained on the whole subject. There is hardly anything that would be a more valuable contribution to the "nascent science" than an examination and determination of the conditions favourable and unfavourable to the maintenance of a trustworthy historical tradition. Would that some of our romance students would address themselves to the comparison of oral historical traditions

[1] Fiona Macleod, "The Gael and His Heritage," in *The Nineteenth Century*, November, 1900.

[2] See *ante*, pp. 71, 161.

with the contemporary records of the events to which they refer! By then examining the social and other conditions under which each tradition has been preserved, we might arrive at some approximate determination of the law which governs their credibility in general.

In the meantime it is remarkable how many people fail to discriminate between authorities, or to appraise an author's possible sources of information. Some even seem unable to realise that a tradition when written down does not cease to be a tradition, and that because a tradition was recorded some generations or even centuries ago, it does not thereby become authentic history. Others, again, seem to forget that oral tradition, when rejected as evidence of fact, ranks with folktales as evidence of the ideas and manners of the time—or succession of times—in which it took shape or grew. A knowledge of the methods of historical criticism is really a necessary part of the equipment of the folklorist.

These are some of the reflections to which Mr. Lang's new book gives rise. They may seem truisms, but it is good sometimes to be recalled to first principles and forced to consider how far our actual practice agrees with the elementary maxims which in theory we all accept.

THE EARLY AGE OF GREECE. By W. RIDGEWAY, Disney Professor of Archæology in the University of Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. 21s.

PROFESSOR RIDGEWAY is a most inspiring writer. One might say of him what was said of another, *nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.* He is also a first-rate fighting man, and we like him best when he is flourishing his shillelagh in the face of what we may call the archæological ritualists. He has a great advantage over other scholars in his knowledge of ethnology and folklore, and, indeed, it is his application of these to classical subjects which have made his reputation. Our readers will all be familiar with that brilliant essay, the *Origin of Coin and Weight Standards*; and although there is less room in the present volume for comparative folklore, it is used on occasion with effect.

Greek archæology is outside our province, and we will do no more than indicate the lines of the argument. Professor Ridgeway first collects and condenses all the notices of Mycenean finds over the Mediterranean area. Their range is remarkable, and no less so their uniform character. He concludes that these are the products of one race. Next he examines tradition and history, and finds that both point to a race, known to the Greeks as Pelasgian, which attained to great power in the period before either Achæans or Dorians had entered Greece, and which had its centre in the Argive plain and in Crete, where the most remarkable finds have turned up. He then examines the claims of the Achæans, the Dorians, and other races, to be the authors of the Mycenean culture, and decides against them. The Pelasgians are left. We are struck by the cogency and lucidity of the argument, and no less by its fairness in meeting difficulties. The main theory has been before the world of scholars for some years, since it was originally published in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, and there has been no attempt to answer it until Mr. Hall's book was brought out last month. Mr. Hall does not make out a good case, and has evidently not mastered the Greek side of the question.

We need not enter into the points which crop up by the way—Homeric armour, the Homeric dialect, the relations of Achæan or Dorian to Mycenean; but we proceed to those which interest us more closely. First comes the question of religion and custom. Religion is only touched on occasionally, as it is to form the subject of the second volume. But burial customs are an important link in the argument of this. Professor Ridgeway is not of Mr. Hall's way of thinking, who pooh-poohs the difference between burial and burning, and suggests that since they existed side by side they could be used indifferently by the same people. Professor Ridgeway points out that they imply two opposite conceptions of the world of the dead. Those who bury, believe that the dead man abides near his body; they wish to locate it and preserve it, that they may keep it in good humour by sacrifice and offering. Those who burn, regard the world of death as shadowy, unsubstantial, afar off; and they burn the offerings which they desire the dead to have, that they may get them the easier. Burial is a mark of the Myceneans, burning of the Homeric age, which he assigns to the Achæans. He uses this custom as a criterion

of race, and explains the fact that burning and burial were used together by assuming that two races existed side by side, one having conquered or superseded the other. This theory he illustrates from the tombs of Central Europe. This argument leads him to ethnology; and he gives reason for holding that the Pelasgians were a small, swarthy race, the Achæans a tall and fair one. We may regard this as proven, not only by the distinct statements of Homer and Hesiod, but by the measurements of sword-grips and the actual remains of the dead. The culture of the two races is examined, and a great deal of evidence taken from the types of brooches, cups, and armour: from the number of spokes in the wheels of the chariots; from the use of iron or bronze; from the breed of cattle. Some of this is new; and there is no other book which brings it together.

We shall look forward with special interest to the next volume; but enough has been said to show that the student of custom or ethnology cannot afford to ignore this. It appeals in the first place to the classical student, but no less truly, if less completely, to the student of folklore.

MYTHS OF GREECE. By GEORGE ST. CLAIR. 2 vols. Williams and Norgate.

MR. CASAUBON, with the aid of the beautiful Dorothea, spent his life in searching for a Key to All the Mythologies. He was not the first, nor will Mr. St. Clair be the last, to undertake the search; but the result is always the same. One key will not fit all the problems of a single mythology, much less those of all. Mr. St. Clair has opened up Egypt with his key, and he now applies it to Greece. If you allow his method, he will in due time open all the rest; but unfortunately his method is wrong. It is briefly an attempt to prove by the use of metaphor—as unscientific as it would be to hold that the sun is alive because we can say he shines.

Mr. St. Clair's explanation of Greek mythology is, that every legend refers to the calendar, and usually to some reform of the

calendar introduced by astronomical priests. We do not find historical persons who have reformed the calendar using this method. Julius Cæsar was more simple, and he was a priest, but we will not insist on that. We will content ourselves with pointing out that Mr. St. Clair's theory assumes that the Greeks conceived of astronomy as the one thing which mattered, and that the priests were undisturbed in their efforts through thousands of years. If the first supposition were true, it is odd that so little of their information leaked out, and that after so many reforms Hesiod could write in so childish a fashion about it. The second, in view of the eternal wars, raids, and invasions of Greek lands, is clearly impossible. History is completely neglected by Mr. St. Clair, with all the evidence accumulated of recent years to show that incoming conquerors brought their gods with them, that these gods superseded the old, or by some fiction were combined with them, and that legends often preserve a record of the fact. One such is the legend of the strife of Athena with Poseidon, to explain which we have the known fact that a people who worshipped Athena got hold of the power in a place which had formerly worshipped Poseidon. Mr. St. Clair thinks that Athena, in the year 2418 B.C., effected a reform by which "the Horæ were born and adopted into the year of Poseidon beginning in the autumn." Archæology will hardly carry Athena beyond the eighth century in Athens, literary evidence beyond the eleventh, but that is a trifle. Archæology might also help in explaining the ages of man. But for Mr. St. Clair, the four ages of gold, silver, brass [*sic*], and iron are the four seasons.

Mr. St. Clair's theories are all put as statements, more or less confident. In place of logic we have such phrases as "this may well be," "may we not suspect," "more likely," or "the heroic deeds of Perseus and the gigantic labours of Hercules are really allegorical descriptions of great reforms." When the legends do not fit, the heaven is shifted round until they do—an easy thing when we deal with milleniums. In the heavens are mythological towns and rivers; but Mr. St. Clair is good enough to say, "We need not doubt, however, that Arcadia and Argolis, Argos and Thebes, although celestial and belonging to the myths, had a geographical existence as well."

It would be too long a task to examine all Mr. St. Clair's explanations; but one or two may serve as examples. The pecca-

dilloes of Zeus are not unknown to us. Here the god appears like a sailor who has a wife in each port of call: borne on the bosom of Oceanus, he travels round the Zodiac, finding his wives ready for him at 90 degrees apart (p. 240). It was prudent of Mr. St. Clair to put ninety degrees between the ladies. Mutilated Cronus is "the year of 365 days, deprived of that small member the six hours, a loss which gives rise to the Sothic Cycle" (p. 224). We should like to quote a longer passage as an example of Mr. St. Clair's logic (p. 166); but enough. He is quite equal to proving that King Arthur's Round Table is the Zodiac. Multiply the 150 knights by two and you get 300, which is only 65 short of the reformed calendar. If the Sothic Cycle cannot explain away these 65 we are much mistaken.

Mr. St. Clair comes to his task insufficiently equipped in scholarship. *Quam longe intervalla*, he ejaculates in one place; and a certain author is always called Pausanius. The etymologies are as wild as Mr. Robert Brown's: *εὐρώεις* is derived (after Gladstone) from *ἠώς*, regardless of form and meaning. Athena, or Athana, "the only form used in tragedy" (p. 490), is "suggestive of *Athanes*, undying" (a word not known before 150 B.C.). The vowel "a" is long in Athana, and short in *θάνατος*—of course that does not matter. Athena is immortal because "the lunar year, and every year that was too short, ended before the next [lunar?] year began. . . . The year of full and true length was said to be re-born in the moment of its death, like the phœnix; but that was like saying that it never died at all." Odd, is it not, that no one ever said that of the phœnix? "Bosphorus" is explained as an astronomical "bull-that-carries;" but here Mr. St. Clair trips, for the ancients called it Bos-poros, the Oxford. No less remarkable are the *obiter dicta*. We learn that *baitulia* (*sic*) are stones with wings, and for authority are bidden "see Cory's Fragments"; the *phallus* is said to be an "emblem of life and truth." This book has made us melancholy; so much hard work and so misspent.

THE REALMS OF THE EGYPTIAN DEAD. By K. A. WIEDEMANN. London: David Nutt. 1901.

THIS is the first volume of the translation of an excellent series of little books that are being published in Germany under the title

of *The Ancient East.* They are written by competent scholars, and are intended to popularise the most recent discoveries and conclusions of oriental archæology. Their handy and compact form and absence of technicalities ought to make them as popular in this country as they are at home.

The name of Professor Wiedemann is a sufficient guarantee that the account he gives of ancient Egyptian beliefs about the next world is accurate and scholarly. There is no one who is better acquainted with the subject, and he enjoys the rare distinction among Egyptologists of being thoroughly familiar with classical literature. It is really astonishing into how small a space he has packed a complete review of the various doctrines held in ancient Egypt concerning the life after death, without any sacrifice of lucidity. All is clear and complete, and at the same time brief.

He emphasises the fact that a systematic account of ancient Egyptian theology is impossible, as the Egyptians themselves never possessed what we should call a theological system. Opinions, utterly inconsistent with one another, were held by them without any apparent perception of their inconsistency. They were too conservative to discard a belief or practice which had come down from the past, however little it might harmonise with the theology of a later day. But in this they were not peculiar. The views held by a good many modern Europeans about a future life would be found, if closely examined, to be similarly full of inconsistencies. In such matters the majority of mankind are not inclined to be strictly logical. It is probable that some at least of the different beliefs and practices which were thus mingled together in the official or popular religion of Egypt were derived from different elements in the population.

Another fact which has to be emphasised is the great antiquity of the beliefs in question. Most of them go back to a period long before the earliest monumental records, when those who professed them were still but partially civilised. They have been already incorporated into the state religion when our first knowledge of it begins. Menes and his immediate successors were already followers of Osiris, with all that the Osirian form of faith involved.

Professsor Wiedemann has been unfair, however, to the Osirian religion, which was that of the great mass of the Egyptians throughout the historical period. The need of being brief has made him slur over the moral element that is so remarkable a feature in it,

and the reader who is unacquainted with the subject would conclude from his words that the follower of Osiris, like the follower of the Sun-god, looked for salvation merely to magical charms and spells. But this was not the case. The passport to the heaven of Osiris was not the potency of magic, but a righteous life. It was only after the heart or conscience had been weighed in the balance of truth, and proof was thus given that the dead man had spoken truly in declaring that he had lived in accordance with one of the highest of existing moral codes, that he was admitted to the fields of paradise. The test of admittance to the heaven of sunlight and happiness over which Osiris ruled was a moral one, and the morality was of a very high order indeed. It was the follower of the Sun-god, who looked forward to sharing with him the solar bark, that put his trust in spells and incantations, and the solar creed, with its books of Am-Duat and the Gates, does not seem to have been older than the age of the eighteenth dynasty. The Osirian creed, on the other hand, has its roots in the very beginning of Egyptian history.

The translation of Professor Wiedemann's work is excellent and free from Germanisms. Type and paper are also good, and I have noticed only one misprint—the omission of "with" near the foot of page 22.

A. H. SAYCE.

THE ETHNO-BOTANY OF THE COAHUILLA INDIANS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. By DAVID PRESCOTT BARROWS. Chicago University Press. 1900.

THIS dissertation forms a valuable contribution to our too scanty knowledge of the aboriginal peoples of Southern California. The Coahuilla (pronounced *Kau-wei-yah*) belong to the great Shoshonean family which formerly wandered over the Rocky Mountains and the arid lands to the east of the range. How far they are purely Shoshonean may be a question, for they speak an idiom which is probably that of the Californian tribes into whose territory they have intruded at some unknown period. Their habitat is desert-country, sandy, mountainous, broken by cliffs and gorges, and having a flora rich in the number of species, but

wanting in foliage, while fruitful in thorns and prickles and stiff hairs, with thick stalks and trunks suitable for retaining and utilising every drop of the scanty moisture which the climate affords; in short, a desert-flora of yuccas, cactuses, agaves, and so forth. The cañons, however, are often watered by streams, and there a luxuriant vegetation of palms and other tropical and sub-tropical trees and plants is found. On emerging from the cañons the rivers lose themselves in the sands of the desert, in the remote past an extension of the Californian Gulf. Beneath the sand-drifts, therefore, often lies a reserve of water; and perhaps quite alone among the American tribes the Coahuillas have learnt to dig wells.

In a district like this, where white men could hardly live, the inventive and adaptive powers of the natives have been exercised to the utmost. The terrible struggle with nature has sharpened their wits, and, as in the search for water, has led to developments of great interest. These Dr. Barrows has here undertaken to describe and discuss, so far as they concern the flora of the country. House-building, basket-making, and other manufactures; food-plants, their collection, preparation, and storage; drinks, narcotics, and medicines, come successively under review. There seems to be no detailed scientific account of the organisation and traditions of the Coahuillas; hence much of Dr. Barrows' account is less intelligible than it might be. Even his careful description of the construction of the dwellings would be more easily understood if we knew what was meant by the term "family." Similarly, much light would have been thrown, not indeed upon the species and qualities of the plants used as intoxicants and medicines, but upon their use, by a discussion, which the author avoids as no part of his subject, of the position and practice of the shamans of the tribe. And an acquaintance with the religious beliefs might easily lead to a better comprehension of the attitude of the Coahuillas to many of the plants employed for these and other purposes. Dr. Barrows' treatise thus reminds us of a modern development of the art of writing books, according to which the first volume is not necessarily the earliest in the order of publication, though the others may be mere fragments without it. He has done his work so well that we regret all the more that the groundwork was not first provided in a general study of the tribe.

In substance, the monograph is an enumeration and description

of the different vegetable products used by the Coahuillas. The author has not been able to identify the scientific name of every species, for they are very numerous, and supply a great variety of food at times, and in some districts in great abundance. Without pretending to have exhausted the list, Dr. Barrows claims to "have discovered not less than sixty distinct products for nutrition, and at least twenty-eight that were utilised for narcotics, stimulants, or medicines, all derived from desert or semi-desert localities in use among these Indians." His observations on the problem of the search for food in such places, where a white man would die of starvation, and on the part played by the women in this work, are most instructive; and perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that which relates to the food-plants and to their ingathering, preparation, and storage.

The tribe, once the most powerful in Southern California, is now dying out. Change of food, new diseases, and other incidents of European domination have all contributed to the result. The author's concluding paragraphs describing and deploring the rapid extinction of the tribe are fraught with suggestive reflections on the patience and powers of adaptation displayed by the people, the advance they had made in culture, and the influence of the desert on the development of civilization.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

INDIAN STORY AND SONG FROM NORTH AMERICA. By ALICE C. FLETCHER. Boston: Small, Maynard, and Co. 1900.

MISS FLETCHER is well known for her careful investigations into the life and culture of the aborigines of North America, especially of the Omahas, among whom she has lived and worked for a considerable period. One of the subjects to which her attention has been directed has been the native music, and the investigations she carried on in conjunction with the late Professor Fillmore have led to the production of the volume before us. For it was felt that in dealing with savage music, as in dealing with savage beliefs and savage institutions, inquirers were driving a shaft down into a more archaic stratum of culture. Vistas appeared to be opened in the history of the evolution of music. Both for purposes of science and as materials for the civilised

composer, it was obvious that the songs would be better understood if they could be presented "in their matrix of story" or ceremony.

This then is what Miss Fletcher has attempted here. "In Indian story and song," she says, "we come upon a time where poetry is not yet differentiated from story and story not yet set free from song. We note that the song clasps the story as a part of its being, and the story itself is not fully told without the cadence of the song. Yet in even the most primitive examples a line of demarcation can be discerned; and when this line has deepened and the differentiation has begun we are able to trace the formative influence exerted by story upon song and by song upon story, and can observe what appear to be the beginnings of musical and poetical structure." Accordingly she not merely gives the song, she narrates also the story, or describes the scene or the ceremony she has witnessed, of which the song is an integral part. So simple are the words of most savage songs—indeed they are often mere vocables to float the voice—that they have little if any meaning apart from their setting of tale or rite. When that is known, the emotion it is sought to render becomes intelligible, the song completes the story, the story interprets the song.

Most of the songs are printed with harmonies by Professor Fillmore, whose views on the subject of Indian music, put forth shortly before his death, excited some controversy among musical critics. It certainly seems a questionable method, to render with modern scientific harmonies, however simple, the melodies of a people "practically without musical instruments," who sing always in unison, accompanied only by the monotonous beat of a drum or the harsh sound of a rattle to mark the rhythm. But as they have in many cases been noted down by the aid of the graphophone, the airs themselves are safely put on record for the use of future investigators. The words have been translated wherever that was possible. Many of the songs are now printed for the first time, but others have already appeared in scientific periodicals on the other side of the Atlantic. All have been gathered directly from the people themselves, and thus a valuable contribution has been made to the study of savage music and ceremonial. The intimate connection between music and religion, amounting even to a belief that song is in itself a means of communicat-

ing with the unseen, is very strikingly brought out; and Miss Fletcher's remarks on the relation of story to song, and on the place of music in Indian life, are well worthy of the attention of folklore students. E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

CONTES DES LANDES ET DES GRÈVES. By PAUL SÉBILLOT. Rennes: Hyacinthe Caillière. 1900.

LES COQUILLAGES DE MER. By PAUL SÉBILLOT. Paris: Maisonneuve. 1900.

LE FOLK-LORE DES PÊCHEURS. By PAUL SÉBILLOT. Paris: Maisonneuve. 1901.

M. SÉBILLOT's folktales seem inexhaustible. It is true that most of those in the first volume before us have been already printed in periodicals. But he has done well to reproduce them together; and he has added some which have not been previously published. Tales of Moor and Strand, as he calls them, they are gathered chiefly from the department of Côtes du Nord, and display similar characteristics to the other stories of Upper Brittany that we owe to his patient zeal and admirable power of reproduction. For the most part, he tells us, he has endeavoured here to give tales which have no parallels in his previous collections. He could not of course altogether avoid drawing on the common stock. What he has done is in such cases to give stories which, though composed of the common incidents, take a new and unexpected turn. The story of the magical bird, whose head eaten destines the eater to become king, and whose heart eaten makes the eater wealthy, may be taken as an example. The two boys who have eaten the fatal portions are abandoned by their father and adopted by a lady. One of them is married and taken away by the Queen of Spain. After three years the other goes to seek his brother. He falls into the power of a man-eating giant, from whom he escapes by robbing him of his invisible mantle, taking at the same time his inexhaustible purse. In turn he is robbed of these objects, and of the bird's head, which he had eaten, by three girls, and conveyed by means of the mantle, which has also the power of transporting the owner whither he will, to an island in the ocean. There of course he finds the two kinds of carrots which effect transformations into animal form and back into human. Escaping from the island, he

recovers by their aid his mantle and purse and the bird's head. He, however, makes no further use of these magical objects, but sets out on horseback to find his brother. Coming to a cave in the mountains, he stays there, and at the end of twenty years his corpse is found by his brother, who falls dead also at his side.

The collection includes some apologues, beast-tales, and drolls. Episodes from the epos of Reynard the Fox appear among them, and some more adventures of the famous Jaguens. The Jaguens are always entertaining. Some of the other drolls are very funny.

The frontispiece is a delightful portrait of M. Sébillot.

The two remaining works are collections of folklore, classified, not by its place of origin, but by its subject. *Les Coquillages* is the initial monograph of a series, projected by the author and M. Jules Vinson, of little volumes of 64 to 120 pages, containing dissertations or collections too short for an ordinary volume and yet too long for a magazine article. To judge by the present specimen, they are likely to be of considerable use to the student. Here both the living mollusc and the shell are treated under appropriate headings. M. Sébillot draws not only on his own investigations in Brittany, but also on his wide reading, and the references are always given.

The Folklore of Fishermen is a volume of the same general character, but much longer. It forms one of the volumes of *Les Littératures Populaires de toutes les Nations* published by M. Maisonneuve. The two together make a tolerably complete collection of folklore relating to fishermen and their quarry. Not the least interesting of the chapters in the latter volume is that on whalers. It is not confined to the whalers of civilised countries. The very remarkable customs, especially the burial customs of the Kaniagmioute whalers of the Aleutian Islands, are described from an article by M. A. Pinart in the *Revue d'Anthropologie*, which supplements in important details that given by Mr. W. H. Dall in the first volume of *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, p. 90, apparently referring to the same people.

The two English place-rhymes quoted by M. Sébillot on the last page illustrate the great difficulty of translating such amenities into a foreign language. Neither of them seems quite accurately reproduced, though the translations are sufficiently close for practical purposes, except that M. Sébillot is evidently and pardonably unacquainted with our vulgar corruption of *taters* from *potatoes*.

An index would have been useful. And those readers who are familiar with the earlier dainty volumes of *Les Littératures Populaires* cannot but regret the deterioration in paper and printing of the later volumes. Paper and printing count for something, even in the eyes of a scientific student.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

TRADIZIONI POPOLARI PISTOIESI. RACCONTI POPOLARI PISTOIESI IN VERNACOLO PISTOIESI. Raccolti e pubblicati da RUDOLFO NERUCCI. Pistoia. 1901.

SIGNOR NERUCCI has in this volume begun the publication of a collection of traditions collected at Pistoia. Drolls are by no means the most interesting species of folklore, but they are often very amusing; and this at least may be said of the collection here presented to us. Some of them, of course, are old friends, such as that of the peasant who outwits the devil, with whom he has to divide what he sows (No. 21). The devil figures in many of the tales. I do not remember to have read before the version (No. 3) of the favourite subject of the devil outwitted by a woman, which represents the contest as one of sewing. The devil was beaten because he forgot to knot the thread.

Many of the stories, as we might expect, are satires on the priests and other churchmen; but they are not lashed with more than ordinary severity. Allied to these are several stories about commissions given to artists to paint pictures of the saints. In one of them (No. 41) we find a variant of the story by Hans Andersen, doubtless of traditional origin, about the Invisible Clothes. In this case the figure of the saint cannot be seen by persons in a state of sin.

An example of the rapid spread of modern stories is that (No. 15) of the boots sent by telegraph, which is found in more than one European country. Some of the stories illustrate or contradict proverbs. "He who sleeps does not catch fish" (*Che dorme 'un piglia besci*) is, it seems, the Pistoian version of "The early bird catches the worm." The tale (No. 6) proceeds to tell of a lazy boy whom his father could not cure of his lie-abed habits. One day he heard of a purse full of money found upon the road. He promptly told his son, improving the occasion to

point out that if the latter had been up early that morning, instead of snoring in bed, he might have been the lucky finder. When he had finished, the boy simply remarked that a bigger fool than the finder had been up first; if he had stayed in bed, he would not have lost the purse! "Serves the worm right!" as we say.

It is to be hoped that Signor Nerucci will complete his scheme by issuing the other volumes of traditions in due course.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE; ITS SOURCES AND ANALOGUES. By G. H. MAYNADIER, Instructor in English at Harvard University. (Grimm's Library. Vol. xiii.)

IN this study Mr. Maynadier examines the various versions of a popular and wide-spread tale, the testing of the courtesy of a hero by a "Loathly Lady," who is either a fairy, or a maiden in bespelled form. Variants of this tale are found in Irish, English, Scandinavian, and Teutonic literatures. Whether a genuine French version ever existed is doubtful, although a "Loathly Lady" is a figure of French romance, and certain characteristics of her appearance may have influenced the English tales.

The hypothesis eventually offered by Mr. Maynadier (he does not claim to have arrived at a certain result) is that the tale, in its origin Celtic, relating a test imposed by a beneficent fairy upon the hero, is found in its earliest form in the Irish versions; from Ireland it came to England *probably* by direct transmission, but *possibly* through a Scandinavian channel. The earliest English form has been lost, and the extant versions all present features unknown to the Irish tales. Some of these features Mr. Maynadier considers to be of Scandinavian origin; the source of others he does not specify. The relation of the Teutonic parallels he does not attempt to establish, merely deciding that they are offshoots of the Irish tale.

With the main conclusion, that of the Celtic origin of the story, I entirely agree, but there are certain points overlooked by Mr. Maynadier which I think may usefully modify the rather confused hypothesis which is the outcome of his study. The "question *motif*" should, I think, be ascribed to northern influence. All students of Scandinavian and Teutonic literature must have been

struck by the frequent recurrence of "riddling" contests, in which life depends upon the correct answering of a question, as in *e.g.* the *Vafthrudnismal*, *King Heidrik's Riddles*, the *Wartburg-krieg*, etc. The *motif* is of course found elsewhere, but nowhere does it seem to have been so popular as in the north. I should consider such features as the question, appetite of the lady, and rape of maiden, as all indicative of *indirect* transmission, and most probably dependent upon a northern source.

Again I should connect the tale with Gawain as a *Celtic*, rather than as an *Arthurian*, hero. As I pointed out some years ago, he is certainly closely connected with early Irish tradition; his love was as certainly an unearthly lady; and in some instances, as in *Diu Crône*, he has to undergo a severe test before winning her. As the Gawain versions now stand they possess this striking peculiarity, that in them alone is the *rôle* of hero and question-answerer separated; is it not possible that in the earliest form of the *Marriage of Sir Gawain* the question found no place, that it was introduced later under the influence of versions affected by Scandinavian transmission, and that the appearance of Arthur as question-answerer was due to a desire to harmonise the story with the more popular form, while at the same time the chivalry of the hero was emphasised by making him undergo a double test, that of devotion to his king, as well as courtesy to the lady? Mr. Maynadier rightly recognises that it was Gawain, rather than Arthur, who was the hero of the early English tradition. I would therefore suggest that for Mr. Maynadier's hypothetical lost English source we substitute the earlier form of the *Marriage of Sir Gawain*, derived directly from an Irish source and *minus* the "question," and probably also the "appetite," features.

The Wife of Bath's Tale, which possesses both "question" and "rape," points to a different line of transmission.

As to the supposed *Wolf-Dietrich* parallels, they do not, I think, all come from the same source; *die rûhe Else* may be a connection of this "Loathly Lady," but the *Meer-Wib* stories are more suggestive of a sea monster of the Grendel and *Diu Crône* type, complicated in one instance by a transformation *motif*.

Mr. Maynadier's study is extremely interesting and suggestive, but it would have been improved by a more discriminating method. Similarity of incident does not always constitute parallelism, much less identity, but Mr. Maynadier too often argues as if it did.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

THE JUNIOR TEMPLE READER. By CLARA L. THOMPSON and E. E. SPEIGHT. Horace Marshall. 1s. 6d.

O to be a child again! If children do not learn to love fine literature now-a-days, they are Philistines bred and born. Here are fairy tales, myths, legends, and lays from all parts of the world: from ancient Greece and modern Lapland, from Germany and New Zealand—historical deeds like the last fight of the *Revenge*, Roland and his Oliver at Roncevaux—fables by Æsop and nursery tales—poems by Stevenson, Allingham, and Blake, riddles and nursery rhymes, what a feast! And told so well, in the simplest of vigorous prose, no meretricious tricks, no laboured pretiosities. This is hardly a book for the Folklore Society as a society; but as human beings, produce the man whom it would not charm, and there stands a dullard. We lay it down with a prayer that it may fall into the hands of some of our popular novelists, and give them a first glimpse of what good writing is. There are many pictures in the book, some really good, but some rather hard to understand; and why are the women twelve heads high? That is the only fault we have to find. We hope that such books as this may be adopted in every elementary school. The elementary schools have almost killed our idiomatic English. and with it the traditional culture of the people; the least they can do is to revive it before it is too late.

POPULAR STUDIES IN MYTHOLOGY AND FOLKLORE. NO. 10. THE ROMANCE CYCLE OF CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS PEERS. By JESSIE L. WESTON. D. Nutt. 6d.

THE romances of the Charlemagne cycle, although to English readers not so interesting as the Arthurian, have an importance of their own as showing how the popular fancy deals with historical facts. Since we can here compare the fact with the fancy, we find parallels and criteria which may be applied to prehistoric legends in order to extract their truth; as Professor Ridgeway has shown in the book which we review elsewhere. In literary value this cycle is perhaps not equal to the legends of Arthur, but in character-drawing it is superior; and we point to these as a possible source for future poets to draw from. Miss Weston gives a lucid account of the divisions of the cycle. Of course she has no space for details; but the pamphlet, with its bibliography, will serve well as an introduction to further study, which is all it professes to do.

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Folk-Lore.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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NOTES AND QUERIES ON TOTEMISM.

TOTEMISM is the name given to a religious and social system which has been found amongst savages in many parts of the world, especially Australia, North America, and Africa. A totem is a sacred object, generally an animal, less often a plant, an element, or even an inanimate object, of which the whole species is revered by a tribe or clan. The tribe or clan generally takes its name from the totem. Thus if the totem is a wolf, the tribesmen or clansmen call themselves wolves, and they will not kill or injure wolves or eat wolf's flesh. Often the clansmen think they are descended from the totem, but sometimes they explain their connection with the totem in other ways. Where totemism exists in full force, a man may not marry a woman of the same totem as himself; thus, if he is a wolf he may not marry a wolf, but may marry a bear, &c. Where this rule of exogamy (*i.e.* marrying out of the clan) exists, we necessarily have two or more totem-clans existing side by side; and generally there are many different totem-clans living together. In some clans the children are of their mother's totem; thus, if the father is a wolf and the mother is a bear, the children will be bears.

In other clans the children are of the father's totem; thus, if the father is a raven and the mother a dog, the children will be ravens.

Totemism in some places tends to become territorial. The members of the same totem-clan may live together in the same house or in a group of houses, and there may be definite clan-lands. This leads to other developments.

In some rare cases, the totem to which an individual belongs is determined by the part of the country in which his mother was at the time when conception is thought to have taken place; different districts being the supposed sites of the death of different totem-ancestors, who are supposed to reincarnate themselves in the children conceived in these localities. (Central Australia.)

Among some of the Australian tribes, the male members of a totem-clan believe that by magical rites they have the power of ensuring a plentiful supply of their particular totem-animal, plant, or whatever it may be. This economic aspect of totemism has been recognised only quite recently; it is known to extend to one Papuan tribe, but it may be more generally distributed. It is possible that when rain-making, for example, is restricted to a certain group of people it may have had a similar origin.

Besides totems proper (*i.e.* animals, plants, &c., revered by a whole clan) there are also what may be called personal totems and sex-totems. Thus, besides the totem of his clan, a man may have a private totem of his own; if he is of the Wolf clan, he may have snakes for his personal totem.

Among certain American tribes, various animal figures are successively drawn on the floor of the hut and rubbed out while parturition is proceeding, the animal represented by that figure which was unobliterated at the actual moment of the child's birth being called his *nagual*. Again, among certain Australian tribes, there is some evidence to show that subsidiary personal totems may be, and are, acquired

at puberty, while among the Omaha and other North American Indians, the personal totem is not received from an ancestor, was not the gift of any living person, but was obtained through a certain rite by the man himself.

In Australia, besides the clan-totem and personal totem, each sex has, in some tribes, a totem; the men calling themselves by the name of a particular bird, and refusing to injure any bird of that species, and the women doing the same with another sort of bird. It is, however, doubtful how far a personal totem, or a sex-totem, can properly be considered a totem. It is true that, as with a totem strictly so called, the whole species stands in some relation to the person who honours it. Where the personal totem is an animal, the animal is regarded as a tutelary being. In the case of sex-totems the relation is one of fraternity rather than protection. Other characteristics of totemism (marriage-taboo, name, &c.) seem to be unknown.

Amongst certain Papuans, the representation of a man's totem is painted on his chest or back, and it is a fixed law in battle that no man shall attack or slay another who bears the same cognisance as himself. A stranger from hostile tribes can visit in safety villages where the clan of his totem is strong, and visitors from other tribes are fed and lodged by the members of the totems to which they severally belong.

It is also important to determine whether ancestors or ancestral spirits to whom reverence is paid, or who are regarded as capable of influencing the course of events, are associated in name, form, or attribute, with animals, plants, or natural objects (among certain Papuan tribes there is a stone-clan). The precise nature of such association, should it exist, can, however, only be guessed at by analogy with the beliefs of other savage tribes; and the following questions (many of which, together with the definition of totemism, are taken from *Notes and Queries on Anthropology*, published by the Anthropological Institute), may re-

quire to be supplemented by other questions, which should readily suggest themselves to investigators on the spot.

1. Are the natives divided into tribes, clans, or castes? Enumerate these tribes, clans, or castes, with their subdivisions, as far as you can ascertain them, giving in each instance the native name and its English equivalent, so as to make it clear whether any of these tribes, clans, or castes are named after animals or plants.

2. Do the members of each tribe, clan, or caste, &c., revere any species of natural objects, as a particular kind of animal, or plant, &c.? If so, in what way do they show their respect for the animal, plant, &c.? Are they forbidden to kill and eat it? What do they do on meeting one of the sacred animals, &c.? What do they think would happen to them if they were to act disrespectfully to it; as, for instance, if they killed and ate the animal or plant? If a man inadvertently killed an animal whose name he shared, what would happen? And should he find such an animal dead, would he show signs of grief or mourning, and would any attempt be made on his part to perform over the animal's body the rites he would perform over the dead body of a clansman? If a man of another clan killed an animal whose name a clansman bore, would the latter in any way dissociate himself from the act and express sorrow or horror? Enumerate all the kinds of animals, plants, &c., thus revered by the tribes or clans.

3. Do all the members of each tribe, clan, &c., call themselves by the name of the totem (sacred animal or plant), &c.? If they do, how is each individual distinguished? Are individuals called after parts of the sacred animal, as the tail, shoulder, tongue, &c.? Is a clansman ever cut, tattooed, or painted with a realistic or conventionalised design representing the animal or vegetable whose name he bears? Sometimes the clan is named after one kind of animal, but reveres an animal of different species. Where

this happens, in what relation do these two kinds of animal or plant, &c., stand to the tribe and to each other? Is the animal whose name the clansman bears ever called 'father' or by any other honorific title? Is it sworn by? And is a design representing it or any of its salient characters ever carved or burnt on the property or cattle of the clansman? Is there any special title by which the oldest man, or the most important man, in each clan is called? And if so, has his title any suggestion of special relationship or influence with the animal whose name the clan bears? For instance, is the man who is the head of the lion-clan—supposing that such a clan exist—known or regarded as *the* lion-man? And if so, is he in this capacity supposed to be able to exert special powers against or to show a special knowledge of the habits of lions? Would he, in the event of man-eating lions becoming troublesome, be specially appealed to? Would the necessary killing or driving away of such animals be entrusted to him? Or would he carefully abstain from taking part in any such proceeding?

4. What stories do the natives tell of the totem (sacred animal, plant, &c.) of the tribe? How do they explain its sanctity? Do they think that they are descended from it? Is a clansman ever supposed to change his form and to take on that of the animal whose name he bears, or any other? Are there legends relating that in olden times this occurred? And especially were the founders of different clans able to exert this power?

5. May a man marry a woman of the same totem as himself, or may he not? Thus, if he is a wolf, may he marry a wolf? If he may not marry a woman of his own totem, is he free to marry a woman of any other totem? or are there certain other totem-clans beside his own into which he may not marry? May a clansman marry into a similarly-named clan of another tribe, or have connection with a woman of such a clan? Enumerate as many of these prohibitions of marriage as you can ascertain. Is kinship reckoned through the mother or the father? Is

the influence of the maternal uncle especially strong? Does the latter present a youth with his first weapon, inculcate tribal morality, or assume a position of special responsibility towards his nephew at puberty or any other time? Does a nephew as a matter of custom present his maternal uncle with a portion of loot taken in warfare, or of animals killed? Does a nephew inherit property or office from his maternal uncle, and does the latter take a prominent part in exacting vengeance or receiving cattle equivalent to blood-money, should his nephew be killed?

6. If a man may not marry a woman of the same totem as himself, is he allowed to have sexual intercourse with her, either generally or at stated times? If at stated times what are these times, and what reason is given for this license?

7. What do they think would happen to them or to their children if they married, or had sexual intercourse with, women of a forbidden totem? Does the tribe punish such breaches of tribal law? and if so, how?

8. How does a man ascertain whether he may marry or have intercourse with a stranger woman, especially when they speak different dialects?

9. Are the tribes, clans, castes, and their subdivisions distinguished from each other by badges, or by differences in dress, the mode of wearing the hair, tattooing, chipping or filing the teeth, &c.? Distinguish carefully the national badge (*i.e.* the badges worn by *all* the people) from the tribal or clan badges (*i.e.* the badges worn by different subdivisions of the people, namely, the tribes, clans, &c.). Do the tribal or clan badges ever consist of representations of the totem tattooed, painted, or carved? Does a clansman wear a portion of the totem-animal or plant about his person on all or on special occasions, or does he carefully avoid doing so?

10. Are any special ceremonies observed by each totem tribe, or clan, at the birth of a child? Describe such ceremonies.

11. Are initiatory rites performed on boys or girls at puberty to admit them to the full position of tribesmen and tribeswomen? Describe such rites fully. Is there any pretence of killing the boys and bringing them to life again?

12. During and for some time after these initiatory rites are the lads forbidden to see women? If so, why?

13. What is the relation of children under puberty to the totem? May they eat the totem-animal or plant? Are they absolved from the other restrictions which are imposed upon grown members of the clan in regard to the totem?

14. Have the ceremonials at the death and burial of a member of a totem-tribe any reference to the totem? Describe such ceremonies. What is supposed to happen to the spirit or soul of a member of a totem-tribe at death? Is it thought to migrate into the totem? Or is the dead man himself thought to be transformed into a member of the totem-species?

15. Are omens drawn from the appearance, motions, cries, &c., of the totem?

16. Is the totem supposed to help the tribe, clan, or clansman in any way?

17. Is food offered to the totem-animal? Is it caught and kept in captivity?

18. Is the totem ever treated like a human being, dressed in clothes, prayed to, &c.?

19. Is constraint ever placed on the totem, in order to compel it to grant the wishes of the tribe?

20. Are there totem-dances, *i.e.* do the members of the totem-tribe or clan dress up in the skins of the totem animal and represent its movements and cries? On what occasions, and with what object, are such dances performed?

21. Does each tribesman or clansman revere all members of the totem species equally? or does he suppose that he has a special connection with one particular individual of the species, *e.g.*, if he is a wolf does he respect all wolves

equally? or does he think that one particular wolf is his special friend, and that his fate is bound up in that particular wolf so closely that if it dies or is killed, he must himself die at the same moment?

22. In addition to the tribal or clan-totem, has each man a totem of his own? *i.e.* an animal, plant, &c., which he specially reveres and with which he conceives that his fate is bound up? How does he acquire his personal totem? is it chosen for him at his birth by his parents or the priest? or does he choose it for himself, and if so, how, and with what ceremonies? Does he take for his personal totem a whole species of animals or plants, &c. (as all eagles, all turtles), or only one individual of the species (as a particular eagle or turtle)?

23. Are there any traces of the transitions of totemism into a more advanced worship? *e.g.*, are there any gods worshipped in human form with the heads of animals, or in animal form with human heads, &c.? Are gods in human form supposed to have certain animals or plants specially connected with their worship? Do these animals or plants appear to have been once the totems of tribes or clans? Are the dead, or the spirits of the dead, worshipped? If so, what is their name (Zulu *Amatongo*)? And have these any relation to animals, and especially to snakes (Zulu *Ihlozi*), or to those animals whose name the clan bears? Are such animals considered to bring luck or to represent ancestral or guardian spirits? Is there a supernatural being, a kind of great father, who first gave being to men? And if so, what is his name (Zulu, *Unkulunkulu*)? How did he beget them? Were they dug up, or split out of wood, &c.

24. Is the totem-animal ever slain sacrificially? If so, what is done with the various portions of the carcase, such as head, various organs, bones, flesh, &c.? Do the clansmen consume the flesh, or any portion of it? And are any other persons admitted to share the meal? What, if any, superstitious beliefs are annexed to the act, or to the dis-

posal of any part of the body not wholly consumed? Is the observance of any such custom periodical? Is the slain animal supposed to revive? And what, if any, precautions are taken for that purpose? When the totem is a plant, is it ever eaten ceremonially by members of the totem-clan?

25 Are there any traces of territorial totemism? Do the members of the same totem live together? Have they common lands? Are there any land or village restrictions which may have had a totemistic origin?

26. Has each totem-clan a special burial-ground of its own? If so, is the place or the district sacred to the clan and not to be inhabited, or used for common purposes? Does the place become a sanctuary or refuge where animals and men are safe from violence?

27. Do the members of any totem-clan believe that by magical ceremonies they can ensure a constant supply of their particular totem for the good of the community? Give the native explanations of the symbolism employed.

28. When the totem happens to be a noxious or dangerous species of animal (*e.g.*, crocodiles, serpents, locusts), do the members of the totem-clan perform any ceremonies to appease, avert, or destroy such animals? When the totem happens to be a harmful or dangerous thing, (*e.g.*, snow, or thunder and lightning), do the members of the totem-clan perform any ceremonies to avert such dangers or to prevent, abate, or remedy the harm resulting from such things?

29. Can a man belonging to a particular totem-clan visit with safety a man of a non-friendly tribe who belongs to the same, or an associated, totem? Would a man intentionally kill, in battle or otherwise, another belonging to the same totem-clan as himself?

*** Information on any of these points will be very welcome, and may be forwarded to the Secretary of the Society.

Copies of these Notes and Queries may be obtained separately from D. Nutt, 57, Long Acre, price 6d.

GARLAND DAY AT CASTLETON.

BY S. O. ADDY, M.A.

I.

BEFORE describing the ceremony which forms the subject of this paper, let me first say something about the district in which it is performed, and about the inhabitants and their traditions and customs.

The village of Castleton, in the High Peak of Derbyshire, lies at the bottom of an amphitheatre of steep and lofty hills thinly covered by grass, limestone crags protruding here and there from its slopes. It is difficult of access except on its western side, in the direction of the adjacent village of Hope. Before the opening of the Dore and Chinley Railway a few years ago it was visited chiefly for its well-known caves, and for the ancient and once impregnable castle which frowns over the village, and which has been made widely known by Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*. In 1851 it had fewer than 900 inhabitants, and since the decay of the lead-mining industry the population has become still smaller. Last April the census showed that there were 547 inhabitants. Parts of the church are old, the chancel arch being round, and of Romanesque or Norman work, with chevron ornamentation.

The parish consists of the townships of Castleton and Edale, which contain together about 10,000 acres, Edale being a small village which is separated from Castleton by a range of hills. The township of Castleton contains about 2,900 acres. "The Duke of Devonshire has the nominal appointment of Constable of the Castle, and is lessee of the honor, or manor, and forest of the Peak, of which Castleton was till of late years esteemed a member. Courts are held for Castleton as a distinct manor, extending over many of the townships of the Peak. . . . . The civil subdivisions of

Derbyshire, like those of most other northern counties, were anciently called wapentakes. In the Domesday Survey we find mention of the wapentakes of Scarvedale, Hamestan, Morlestan [*sic*], Walecros, and Apultre, and a district called Peche-fers (Peak Forest), but we gain no information from it as to the extent of the several districts.[1] . . . . The Wirksworth division still retains the name of a wapentake; the other modern divisions, Appletree, High Peak, Scarsdale, Repton and Gresley, and Morleston [*sic*] and Litchurch are called hundreds. . . . . The Duke of Devonshire is lessee, under the Duchy of Lancaster, of the hundred of the High Peak."[2]

Domesday Book says: "In Pechesers Terram castelli Will'i Peuerel tenuerunt Gernebern et Hundinc." The Pipe Rolls show payments of salary to the *custodes* of the castle for many years, proving that in the twelfth century it was Crown property. In 1374 it was granted by Edward III. to John of Gaunt, with the Honour and Forest of Peak, and became parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster. I have been unable to discover at what place the Hundred Court was held in the High Peak. The Great Barmote Courts for the district which includes Castleton, were held at Monyash (=many ashes) near Bakewell, on the first Tuesday in April and the first Tuesday in October, at which all pleas of debt and disputes as to title relating to lead-mines within the hundred of High Peak were determined. Other Barmote Courts were held at Ashford, Eyam, Stoney Middleton, Crich, and Wirksworth. No Barmote Court appears to have been held at Castleton. The village of Bradwell and the hamlets of Pindale and Smalldale, mentioned in the following pages, are in the parish of Hope. It appears, however, that the manor and the parish of Castleton were by no means co-extensive. The castle gave to the town

[1] [Say rather, no one has been at the pains to trace the areas of these districts from the particulars given.—Ed.]

[2] Lysons's *Derbyshire*, 1817, pp. 72, xi.

of Castleton an importance which its neighbours did not possess.[1]

That the inhabitants have been clannish, and have freely intermarried, may be shown perhaps by the great prevalence of the surname Hall. The churchyard seems full of Halls. So common is this surname that the various persons who bear it have been popularly distinguished by nicknames. Thus there are the Hall-Baileys, so called because one of them had held the office of bailiff; the Hall-Chips, so called because one of them had been a cooper or "tub-thumper;" the Hall-Frenches or French-Halls, so called because they are maternally descended from a Miss French; the Hall-Stones, from a place called Stones in the neighbourhood where they lived; the Hall-Chorltons, of unknown origin; the Hall-Cotes, from Cotes Green in the township of Bradwell; the Hall-Blacksmiths, from the family trade, and so on. The second name is commonly used. Thus Nancy Hall, or Chorlton, would be called Nancy Chorlton. I heard it said of a woman in Castleton that "she couldn't call folks by their right names if she tried."

Till of late years, a considerable part of the inhabitants have been engaged in lead-mining. This is a very ancient industry both in the High Peak and in the wapentake of Wirksworth. The lead-mining population of the district have, or rather had, some peculiar customs. Two or three years ago I was talking to Mr. Bagshaw, a farmer about sixty years of age, who lives at Shatton, three miles to the east of Castleton. He mentioned a tradition that if a man could build a hut on the moors in that neighbourhood in a single night, and make a fire so that the smoke would go up in the morning, he would obtain the right of following a vein of lead on those moors. I immediately wrote this down,

[1] A trace of this dignity may appear in a proverb which the Castleton boys repeat when they go to play football in other villages: "Castleton for honour, Hathersage for wit, Derwent for water," &c.

and, as I was lodging at Mr. Bagshaw's house at the time, I had good opportunities of judging as to the source of the tradition. I was satisfied that it was not derived from books, nor am I acquainted with any book which mentions such a custom in Derbyshire in the way in which Mr. Bagshaw put it. The tradition is confirmed by the former existence of a similar belief in Sheffield. On the edge of Crookes Moor, near that city, a house called Mushroom Hall, long ago rebuilt, still exists. Its name was derived from the fact, or from the belief, that the original house sprang up in a night like a mushroom. "The story was," says the Rev. Joseph Hunter (1783-1861), "that it was built, covered in, and a pot boiled, between sunset and sunrise, and this, it was alleged, gave a right to the ground on which it stood, according to the custom of the manor."[1]

One of the most interesting of the Derbyshire lead-mining customs was that which enabled the finder of a vein to set a mark of possession called a "stowe" upon it, and to build a "coe" or hut over the "grove" or pit. This practice is well explained by the opening lines of Manlove's *Liberties and Customes of the Lead-Mines within the Wapentake of Wirksworth*, first printed in 1653:

> "By custom old in Wirksworth Wapentake,
> If any of this nation find a Rake,
> Or Sign, or leading to the same; may set
> In any Ground, and there Lead-oar may get:
> They make crosses, holes, and set their Stowes,
> Sink Shafts, build Lodges, Cottages or Coes.
> But churches, houses, gardens all are free
> From this strange custom of the minery."

That the practice of building a hut over the pit leading into a newly-opened lead-mine is ancient, may perhaps be inferred from a folktale belonging to the district. I have published a tale called "The Little Red Hairy Man,"[2] in

[1] MS. Glossary in the British Museum.

[2] *Household Tales, &c.*, p. 50. The first part of the tale has a strong resemblance to Grimm's *Golden Goose.*

which the sons of a poor Derbyshire lead-miner meet, each in turn, "a little red hairy man, covered with hair, and about the height of nine penn'orth of copper."[1] The little man, in the course of the story, directs one of the sons to an old lead-mine. "The opening of the mine," we are told, "was inside an old hut." The son goes down the pit, and finds himself in a beautiful country.

In Castleton and in the adjacent village of Bradwell, and probably also in other villages of the High Peak, the garden or yard belonging to a house is known as "the privilege." Thus one may hear a man say, "He's got a nice bit o' privilege at the back of his house," or, "I'll not have thee on my privilege." This word is either a reminiscence of the time when a man's house and garden were free from the invasions of lead-miners, or of squatting on the waste and obtaining a title by prescription. It is commonly said that everybody in Bradwell has "a bit of a house of his own." One of my informants said, "There never was a place with so many little freeholders as Bradwell." Another said that "Bradwell has more freeholders than any village in England." Some of the houses are very small, and within my knowledge have been sold for small sums. The Bradwell people have been described as "independent paupers." The houses are built in a most irregular way on a hillside. It is a common thing on the sale of any of these "privileges" to reserve a "ladder-stead," *i.e.* a right for the seller to put a ladder on the sold "privilege" to repair windows, spouts, &c. The people have the reputation of being extremely thrifty and industrious, hating nothing so much as debt. Like the people of Castleton, they are very fond of music, and generally are intelligent and refined. Old lead-miners still remember an ancient technical vocabulary, of which only a small portion has found its way into word-books. I have been overwhelmed sometimes by

[1] In Sheffield they say of a small man "He's a little Hop o' my Thumb, no bigger than nine penn'orth o' brass.

quite a torrent of these words, and found it impossible to write them down.

The name-system at Bradwell resembles that at Castleton. The great prevalence of a few surnames, such as Bradwell, Middleton, and Hallam, has led to the invention of distinguishing cognomina, or to the substitution of bye-names. Thus Jack Clarry was so called because his mother's name was Clarissa Middleton. The real name of Bob Shoemaker was Robert Middleton; Joe i' t' Meadow, Tom i' t' Meadow, and Tom o' th' Island were also Middletons. (The Island is the name of a knoll in Smalldale.) Sam o' th' Hatter was the son of a hatter in the village.

The ceremony at Castleton which I am about to describe takes place annually on the 29th of May, and as that was the day of the Ambarvalia it would perhaps be to the point if I said a few words about the vestiges of the Romans in this district. Two miles to the east of Castleton, and one mile to the north-east of Bradwell, are the remains of an unexplored station or town called Brough, formerly Burgh. The once paved Roman way known as Bathom Gate,[1] which extends between Buxton and Templeborough, and which goes from the the latter town towards the Humber, passes through Brough, and through Smalldale adjoining Bradwell, which is an old lead-mining village in the manor of Castleton.[2] By this means there was direct communication between the Derbyshire lead-mines and the Humber. That the Romans worked the lead-mines of this district is proved by the discovery of inscribed pigs of that metal. In 1894 a pig of lead was discovered near Matlock with an inscription which Mr. Haverfield interpreted to mean "the lead of P. Rubrius Abascantus, of the mine of Lutudarum," which was already known as a lead-mining town or district near Matlock and Wirksworth. "It may be worth noticing," says Mr. Haverfield, "that three of the four men whose names

[1] The *a* in Bathom is sounded like the *a* in late.

[2] But in the parish of Hope, see p. 395.

have come down to us as private miners at Lutudarum have Greek cognomina, Abascantus, Protus, and Trophimus (if that be the correct expansion). This may show that here, as elsewhere, trade was to some extent in the hands of Greek freedmen. It is more important to add that Lutudarum is the only mining district in Britain where we find private enterprise active, according to our remains."[1] Lead was worked in Britain in the time of the Venerable Bede, and the evidence of Domesday Book and many later records proves that it has been worked continuously in Derbyshire from the eleventh century to the present day.

Mr. Bagshaw, of Shatton, said to me some years ago that the old inhabitants of Bradwell were of short stature. Mr. Marrison, of Castleton, whose evidence about the garland ceremony is given further on, told me last September that the old inhabitants of Bradwell were the descendants of "transports, like the people sent from Russia." He said he had heard that these "transports" built themselves little stone huts without mortar, "and settled down in Bradwell." He had heard about the "transports" all his life; "it was quite true, and had been handed down." He "had heard scores and scores of people talk about it." They were transported to work the lead-mines. Some of them came out of Italy and France, and they used to call them "part-bred Italians." Some of these "old originals were half-blacks when he was a lad," and he had known some people at Hucklow whose hair was "as black as a sloe." They were "little folk, strip-made. They had little short legs, and their knees were low down." Mr. Marrison was careful to add that "as a rule they were honest, hard-working people." He afterwards said they were "long-headed" (which he explained as meaning "witty") people. He said that he was born in Castleton, and his father before him.

Mr. Henry Ashton, of Castleton, told me that he had heard that the lead-miners of Castleton, as well as Bradwell, were

[1] *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries*, May, 1894.

the descendants of convicts. He thought he had seen that in a book, but could not remember where. Mr. Joseph Dalton, of Aston Hall, farmer, said to me that the old inhabitants of Bradwell were short and thick-necked (what I have noticed is that they are short-necked). Mr. George Barber, of Castleton, mentioned below, said there were "plenty of people in Bradwell not more than 4 foot 8 inches high." They were "podgy little things," and he observed that a well-known man in Castleton, now deceased, said they were "nothing but Hottentots."

Robert Bradwell, of Bradwell, formerly a lead-mine owner, aged 88, told me last September that he was the oldest inhabitant of Bradwell, and was descended from the old stock of Bradwell people. He had heard that the lead-miners of Bradwell were sent there as convicts—that was his word—from a foreign country a long time ago. He had heard that from his father. It was an old tradition. He had never seen it in print, but he believed that many people in Bradwell were descended from those men. "We're descended from a nice lot, aren't we?" said he. He said that the Castleton people used to say that the Bradwell people were descended from convicts, whilst the Bradwell people retorted that the Castleton people were descended from slaves. Mr. Bradwell said that these convicts lived in stone huts near the mines. He was not aware that the Bradwell people had dark hair, and I asked no questions about stature. He said that the Castleton people used to reproach the Bradwell people because they had "no steevelin'" (stabling). Mr. Bradwell's daughter-in-law said that the old Bradwell people were "transports," sent over by some foreign power, and "that is why they differ from other people."[1]

Mary Barber, of Castleton, mentioned below, said that the old inhabitants of Bradwell rarely married out of their own

[1] [Compare the "Biddle Muir men of North Staffordshire, *Folklore*, vii., 78, 379.]

village. She said that they were short and thick-necked, and she thought that the thick necks were caused by the women carrying buckets of water on their heads, water being scarce in Bradwell. These buckets stood on "rows," *i.e.* on padded rolls of old stockings or some soft material. They were made like crowns, so as to fit their heads.[1] Some people attributed the short stature of the lead-miners to working in the mines.

I have seen enough of the old inhabitants of Bradwell to enable me to confirm these statements about their short stature. Many of them are strikingly little, and considerably below the middle height. Their faces are of an intellectual type. Their hair is generally dark, but I have seen no case of black hair. It is necessary to distinguish the old inhabitants, nearly all of whom have been lead-miners, or are the descendants of lead-miners, from the inhabitants who have settled there of late years. The railway has brought a new population from Sheffield and elsewhere.[2]

As this remarkable tradition may have arisen from the opinion of some antiquary or writer, I have searched in county histories and guide-books for some account of these so-called "transports" or convicts. I find that Glover, in his *History of the County of Derby*, 1829, offers the extraordinary conjecture that some of the terms used by the miners can be traced to an Asiatic source, and this, he says, "seems to go far in proving that the mineral treasures of the county were, at a very early period, wrought either by a colony of foreigners from the East or under their direction." I have also come across the following passage in W. Wood's

[1] "Derbyshire neck" (*i.e.* goitre) was a common ailment of the women.

[2] I was told at Bradwell that the people of Little Hucklow, two miles from Bradwell, "were left to themselves, more so than at Bradwell. Little Hucklow is locally called "flea-town," and the people are said to be "half-gipsies." People there are called "strangers" if they have not lived in the village for several generations. I have not visited the place myself. I am told that many gipsies have encamped there. "Flea-town" is said to be a modern name.

Tales and Traditions of the High Peak, the preface to which is dated from Eyam, where the author lived, in 1862, that village being four miles from Bradwell:

"The inhabitants of Castleton, and the Peak in general, are now distinguished by a many excellent traits, of humanity, kindness, and social importance. That the inhabitants of this mountainous locality, generations back, should have been rough, uncouth, yea, even savage and ferocious, may be accounted, if not apologised for, by the generally stated fact that the north of Derbyshire was, during and after the Septarchal ages, a penal settlement; that criminals were sent to work in mines (under captains) as a fit punishment for certain crimes" (p. 57).

I take it that the words "generally stated fact" mean a tradition which Wood had heard, and that the words "Septarchal ages," "under captains," and "certain crimes" are embellishments of his own. It seems strange that Wood, who mentions Brough and the Roman settlement there in this same book, should never have mentioned the fact that under the Roman Empire the workmen employed in mines were often slaves, soldiers, or criminals, and that where the miners were criminals there was always a military station near them. But let us not forget the Greek freedmen whose names seem to appear on the Derbyshire pigs of lead.

The "Hundred of the High Peak, that is called the King's Field, is divided into several divisions or liberties, and every one of those liberties is governed by a person called a Bar-master."[1] The barmaster (minemaster) was assisted by a grand jury of 24 men, and he and the jury held a Barmote Court, which settled the customs of the liberty. In this court all actions relating to the mines were to be brought. The barmaster held a court every three weeks if required, and two great barmote courts every year. He sat as coroner in cases of fatal accidents in the mines. He was arbitrator between miner and merchant. He gave possession to the discoverers of veins, inspected the mines, and set out roads. He could put offenders into the

[1] Hardy's *Miners' Guide*, 1748, p. 6.

stocks, and he administered a curious and elaborate body of customary rules.

In the High Peak the barmaster is "first chosen by the lord of the field or his farmer."[1]

In Castleton there is an ancient lead-mine which in county histories and other books is described as "Odin Mine." But old lead-miners in Castleton and Bradwell speak of it as Owdane Mine, accenting the second syllable. A Castleton man said to me that this mine "formerly belonged to the Danes," and an old Bradwell lead-miner said that "the Danes hid themselves in it," afterwards remarking, "We've mixed with the Danes." I think there can be no doubt that the true name of this mine, in which many ancient tools have been found, is Owd Dane (Old Dane) Mine, for prehistoric and Roman work is often in this country attributed to the Danes. For example, at Eckington, in Derbyshire, the Roman road is known as Dane Balk. There seems to be no trace of the Scandinavians either in the place-names, the dialect, or the people of the High Peak. The usual name for ancient lead-workings in the Peak is "owd mon workings." Less than a quarter of a mile from the north-eastern side of Bradwell, and between that village and Brough, is a straight embankment of earth which runs from a very steep hill, called Rebellion Knoll on the ordnance map, to another very steep hill on the opposite side of the valley. It is called Grey Ditch on the ordnance map, and the people know it as Grey Dych (with a long y). This earthwork cannot have been a road, but its perfect straightness affords some evidence of Roman origin. It looks like a military work extending from a cliff on one side of the valley to a cliff on the other side, and forming a barrier between Bradwell and Brough.[2]

[1] *Ibid.*

[2] The course of Grey Ditch is not continued over the cliff in the direction of the north-west; but on the other side of the cliff it goes on again for a few hundred yards, and is abruptly terminated by two short embankments at right angles to the long one. The earth has been thrown up

The Peak of Derbyshire is mentioned in the *English Chronicle* for the year 924 under the name of Peáclond. And in Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus* (1, 14, 7.) the inhabitants are called Peác-sǽtan, Pec-sǽtan, the district being described as containing 1,200 hides. In Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle (Hearne, p. 7) the eminence on which the castle stands is called "þe hull of þe pek." Whatever be the meaning of this *peâc* or *pec*, it can hardly mean a "peak" in our sense of the word, for there are no such things in the district, and the hill on which the castle stands has a truncated top.

That an open-air court was once held in this neighbourhood seems proved by the existence of a place described on the ordnance map as Laughman Tor (Lawman Rock) four miles to the south-west of Castleton. (Tor is pronounced *tur* in this neighbourhood.)

Castleton, like other villages in the High Peak, has its wakes. They begin on the first Sunday in September, and last till the following Sunday. During this week natives of the place who have gone to live elsewhere come back to see their relations. There were few wakes without a quarrel. The Castleton people quarrelled with the Bradwell people, and fought with knobsticks in the fields between

from the north-eastern side of the embankment, or the side facing Brough. "It is about twelve feet broad at the top. . . . . There is no tradition concerning it; but pieces of swords, spears, spurs and bridle bits have been found very near it." (Pilkington's *Derbyshire*, 1789, ii., 403.) I found that the width of the convex surface is 45 feet, the height, measured from an imaginary line drawn at right angles to the base, being about 10 feet. The one-inch ordnance map shows the portion of the earthwork which extends from Rebellion Knoll to Bradwell Brook, but does not show its continuation across Stretfield, where the Roman road is, to Far Coates or Meadow House. Mrs. Middleton, mentioned below, whose house in Smalldale is on the Roman road, and on the Bradwell side of the embankment, said there was a tradition that her house was once a prison. It was not so in her time, and she cannot fix a date. A few yards to the north of the embankment is a place which the inhabitants call the "Idden Tree." They speak of a man being "down at t' Idden Tree," and their fancy connects it with hiding in a tree. There is no tree there now. (See more about this place in Wood's *Tales*, &c., pp. 182 *seq.*)

the two villages. They also fought in a croft behind the Bull's Head Inn.

Forty years ago it was said of Bradwell that, "like all other mountain-hid villages, it contains a population strongly marked by peculiarities of custom, and most pugnaciously tenacious of their numerous, time-honoured, and antique usages. Here, to a deplorably excessive degree, intermarriages exist, and have existed for ages."[1] In this and other villages of the High Peak a fine, sometimes called "foot-ale" ("foot" being sounded like "boot"), was exacted by the populace from a stranger who came to woo a girl in them. At Bradwell the fine was 1*s.* 6*d.*, and if the interloper would not pay, a halter was put round his neck and he was driven round the village. Mr. Sidebotham, of Castleton, whose evidence about the Castleton garland I shall give further on, told me that if a suitor of this kind would not pay "they put him into the mere," and "covered his clothes with mud." But he said that such rough treatment would not now be permitted, and that the police "would run people in" who attempted it. Mr. Potter, whose evidence as to the Garland I shall also give, told me in August, 1901, that if a stranger came to court a girl at Chapel-en-le-Frith forty years ago he was expected to pay a small fine. If he refused "he was dragged through the water—a sort of christening." He remembered a girl at Chapel whom a number of young men "wanted." But a man from another village came to court her, and, because he would not pay, they first of all dragged him through a pool of clean water, and, as that did not make him pay, they dragged him through a dirty horse-pond. Mr. Robert Evans, of Bradwell, whom I saw there in August, 1901, told me that he once lived at Deepcar, between Sheffield and Penistone, where this custom was known as "pitchering." My friend Mr. Joseph Kenworthy, of Deepcar, tells me that the word "pitchering" simply means that the fine, which

[1] Wood's *Tales*, ut supra, p. 182. I was told at Bradwell, in August, 1901, that "nearly all the old people are related."

varied according to the means of the person accused, was spent in drink (in a jug or pitcher), and has some affinity to the custom of footing or "foot-ale." He says that the custom is remembered in Deepcar by a few people. Every village in this neighbourhood seems to have some predominant surname. Thus, at Tideswell (popularly known as Tidsa or Tidsa-God-bless-you)[1] they say "Tidsa for Bramas," Bramwell being the most common surname. At Bradwell Mr. Evans remembered the custom of "cucking" (compare "cuck-stool") or tossing up the young women at Easter, if they refused to kiss the men.

Mrs. George Middleton, mentioned below, told me that on Christmas Even, as they call it, when the lead-miners came out of the mines, they left half a candle burning for the "owd man," this being the collective term by which they describe the men of bygone times who have worked in the mines.[2] In another part of Derbyshire colliers have been known to leave pieces of coal in the pit for the fairies, but I am not aware that they do this on Christmas Eve. In their houses on Christmas Eve, Mrs. Middleton said, the miners burnt a Yule candle, which is much bigger than an ordinary candle, ate a Yule loaf, and drank posset. "The Yule loaf," she said, "is like a round cake put on a square loaf, and pricked with a fork." Another informant told me that "they all sit round the table whilst the candle is burning, and put spoons into the bowl [of posset] as it is passed round. It is done yet, and the grocers give the candles to their customers for this purpose."

II

About five years ago my wife and daughter were staying

[1] This is the common taunt of poverty, as in Tickhill-God-help-you, near Rotherham.

[2] Mrs Middleton afterwards said that they also left a portion of their dinner. I mentioned this to Mr. Robert Bradwell, who said he did not remember it, but that he had seen them leave a whole candle "for the old ancient man to have his posset by." I had not mentioned posset to him.

in Castleton at the house of Mrs. Jacob Eyre, who lets rooms. On the evening of the 29th of May there was so much noisy merriment that they were kept awake half the night. On inquiring what was the cause of the noise, Mrs. Eyre said it was made by the Morris-dancers. My wife then wrote down the following note of what Mrs. Eyre told her.

"On the 29th of May the church bell rings at two o'clock to call the ringers together to make a garland of May-flowers and ginger-flowers (wild geraniums)[1], the flowers having been gathered by the people in the village.

"At six o'clock the king and queen go round the village, and the king carries a garland. They dance, and any one that has a bit of oak can join in it. It is said that the oak is used in memory of King Charles II. The dance is kept up till a late hour on a fine night, and after it is finished the king, queen, and dancers go to a public-house and have a feast. Castleton is a noted place for singing, ringing, and playing."

Mrs. Eyre told me on the 30th of last May that the 29th of that month is known as Garland Day, and from further inquiries which I have made from the inhabitants I have no doubt that such is the fact. She also said that when she was young, more than fifty years ago, the king and queen were called "the man and woman."

Last April I got some further particulars of this ceremony from my brother-in-law, Mr. Barton Wells, and on the 10th I went over to Castleton to make preliminary inquiries, intending to see the ceremony myself on the 29th of the following month.

I soon found out who took the leading parts in the ceremony, and my first informant was George Potter, aged 57, a native of Chapel-en-le-Frith (six miles from Castleton),

[1] Red Campion, *Lynchnis diurna*. There is a field in a swampy hollow at Deepcar called Ginger Bottoms. I have often heard these flowers called "ginger-flowers" at Castleton.

who keeps a shop and lets rooms in the village. He said that Castleton people called the 29th of May Royal Oak Day. A garland is made "in the fore part of the day," and "they reckon to finish it about two o'clock." The framework of the garland is kept at the parish clerk's house, to be used every year. It is like a beehive in shape. On the top of it they fix a large bunch of choice flowers which they call "the queen" (locally pronounced "quane"). This bunch of flowers is fastened to a stick which fits into a round hole in the top of the garland frame. The garland itself is made chiefly of wild flowers, each bunch of flowers being tied on with string. They begin fastening the flowers at the top, and gradually get down to the bottom. Formerly the ringers alone made the garland, and they have now more to do with it than anybody else. There are people in Castleton who still grow tulips and other flowers for the garland; especially for "the queen." Some of these are ringers, and others are not. Before the garland is put on the king's head, the king and queen ride round the village, dressed in their costume, to "advertise themselves," and to show the people that the ceremony is about to begin. Having done this the garland is put over the king's head by two strong men, who stand on two barrels or stools, and lift it up by "fork-stales," *i.e.* fork-handles. The king then rides from one inn in the village to another, with the queen and the Morris-dancers. The garland covers him down to the hips, so that you can see nothing of him but his legs. His arms are inside the garland, steadying it. It is so heavy that it makes him sweat. The part of king, which requires great bodily strength, is taken by Thomas Hall. He is so encumbered by the garland that he cannot use the reins, and his horse has to be led. He can move aside some of the leaves in one "quarter" of the garland in order to see through.

The woman, lady, or queen, taking part in this ceremony, is a man dressed in woman's clothes. The present queen is Arthur Whittingham. The queen now wears a jewelled

crown, bought a few years ago; formerly it was an old bonnet.

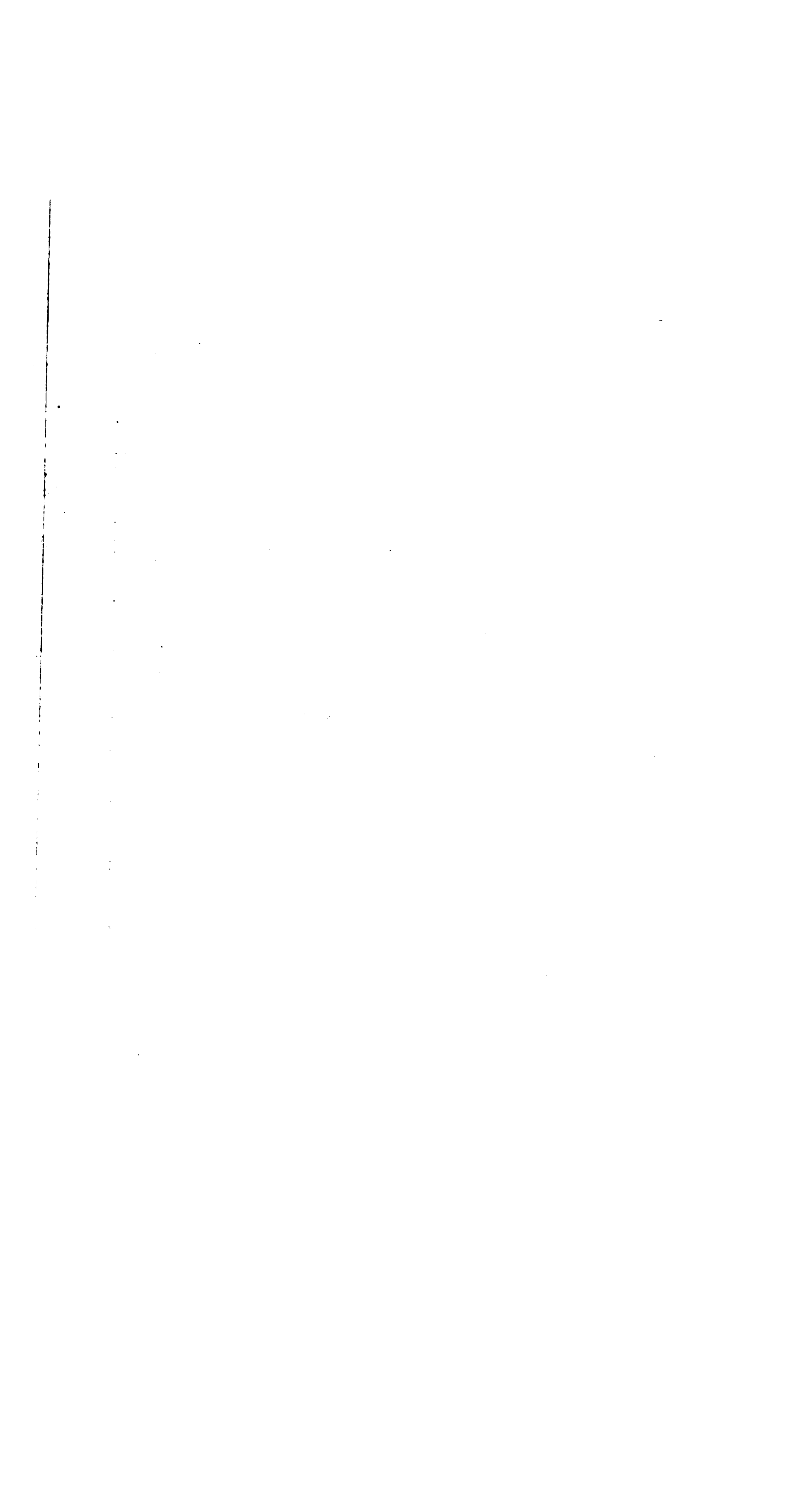
As the king and queen ride round the town they are accompanied by a band of music, which now comes from Bradwell. The queen rides behind, and keeps the ground clear for the Morris-dancers, who go in the middle of the procession. Formerly a man with a besom went before it, to clear the way. The queen's horse has been led for the last ten or fifteen years by John Nall, parish-clerk and sexton. It is safer to lead the horse, because a strange horse might not stand the noise. The Morris-dancers are now young girls.

The band plays as they go round the village, and the Morris-dancers dance before every public-house in the village, and after they have done riding round, the king rides alone into the churchyard. He sits on his horse, close to the south wall of the tower, when the ringers remove the nosegay called "the queen" from the top of the garland, and a rope is let down from the summit of the tower, put through the hole left by the removal of "the queen," and fastened inside by the king. Six or eight men are standing on the top of the tower; less than six could not manage it. The rope goes over a stone which projects from the leads of the tower, and serves for a pulley. The men pull the rope, the garland is lifted from the king's head, and raised to the top of the tower. It is then fixed "on the pike," *i.e.* on the middlemost of the three pinnacles on the south side, a "pike" being a pinnacle.[1] The ringers and their friends sometimes get a little money as they go round collecting flowers, and the bunch of flowers called "the queen" is given to some prominent inhabitant at the end of the day. It is not sold, but the recipient usually makes a present, varying from 5s. to £2, to the ringers. Mr. Potter is not elected by the ringers; the king knows that he is always ready to lead the horse. Mr. Potter has seen the late Mr.

[1] Between my first and second visit the western pinnacle on this side fell.

CASTLETON CHURCH, THE GARLAND ON THE TOWER 1901.

To face p. 410.



Robert Howe, barmaster, and other well-to-do inhabitants, dancing as ringers and Morris-dancers.

On Garland Day, everybody is supposed to have a bit of oak, and the Morris-dancers, who were formerly the ringers, tossed their pieces up in the air as they danced, first in one hand and then in the other. The children, in imitation of what the men did, " dance two steps out and two steps in, and then they twist round." Thus far George Potter.

Mrs. Wood, of Castleton, said that she knew James *Marr* Deakin, an old man who took the part of queen and rode on a side-saddle. He had a wide strip of needlework stitched at the bottom of his trousers, and he wore the oldest shawl that could be found. He wore a large yellow Tuscan bonnet, sometimes called a Quaker or "entry" bonnet, with a broad blue ribbon on it. Flowers for the garland, such as tulips, were often cut some days before the 29th of May, if they were likely to be overblown by that time, and kept in a dark place, such as under the stairs or in the cellar, to keep them in bloom. Sometimes they were put into salt and water for that purpose. All work was at a standstill, except a bit of milking of the cows, the old folks danced, and it was a high feast. There was more laughing and squealing in those days than there is now. James *Marr* Deakin's wife used to brew what she called "yarb beer" (herb beer) to be used on Garland Day. She said that there were twenty-four sorts of herbs in it, such as dandelion, Robin-run-i'-t'-hedge (ground ivy), foal-foot, &c. It was " as black as black treacle," and was good for the blood. There wasn't so much doctoring then as there is now. I could not ascertain that the beer was made by anybody else in Castleton for Garland Day, and Mrs. Deakin was said to have made it for the benefit of some regular visitors, who came over from Chesterfield on that day. Mrs. Wood said that most of the inhabitants grew flowers for the garland, and flowers were often stolen for it.

I was told by another informant that tulips "are very

nesh (tender) in the stem, and won't stand tying," so that they are put in the "quane."

Mr. Potter's daughter kindly took us to see the frame of the garland. On our way she showed me the spout or gargoyle over which the rope goes when the garland is pulled up to the top of the tower. She said that the garland is taken down in two or three weeks, when the flowers are withered. Sometimes it is blown off by violent winds. Photographers don't like it because it spoils their view of the church. We found the frame of the garland at Mary Barber's, Primrose House. Passing through a long disused rope-walk, with a very low ceiling, we mounted a ladder at one end, and got into the chamber in which the frame of the garland was hung by a chain from a balk of the roof, the chain going through a round hole bored through a round piece of wood which formed the top. The frame consists of a round hoop, with a diameter of 2 feet 5 inches, from which seven curved strands or pieces of wood rise and meet in the apex formed by the round piece of wood just mentioned. The height of each curved piece of wood is 1 foot 8 inches, and the the whole framework is neatly wrapped by straw. The round piece of wood forming the top is 6 inches in diameter, and the round hole at the top to hold "the queen" is 1 inch in diameter. Miss Barber, who is 76 years old, said that many of the flowers are gathered the day before Garland Day. Formerly, she said, they were gathered by the eight ringers. She remembered the garland hanging on the tower all the year round. She said that the frame of the garland was brought to her house last year, because some repairs were being done at the parish clerk's house. Her brother Edwin, who lives with her, is now the oldest ringer. She had heard that King Charles took an eagle up into the oak-tree with him, to deceive his pursuers. She called the Morris-dancers "molly dancers." She said that most people in Castleton grew flowers for the garland.

PLATE XII.

THE FRAME OF THE GARLAND.

To face p. 412.

Thomas Hall, a native of Castleton, aged 48, formerly a lead-miner, but now a labourer, said that he had taken the part of king for the last thirty years, having begun at the age of eighteen. He is not a ringer. George Watts, who was king before him, had taken that part for many years. Watts was coachman to the late Dr. Winterbottom, of Castleton, and the coat which he wore on Garland Day was an old livery coat of drab colour, reaching down to the heels, with a red lining. This coat was afterwards worn by the said Thomas Hall, and every year they put fresh ribbons and rosettes or "May-bunches" on it. He said that the ringers "uphold" the garland, meaning that they keep the ceremony up. They meet in the belfry or in a public-house a week or two before Garland Day, and ask the man who was king last year if he will be king again. Formerly he was not paid for his services, but now he gets a small sum. Four years ago the ringers bought a new coat for the king, and Mr. Hall keeps it at his own house. The ringers also bought a crown for the queen at the same time. The hat which the king formerly wore before the garland was put on was black, with a broad brim. He said that James *Marr* Deakin (commonly known as James Marr), was queen along with him for many years. He was a clean-shaven man, and was called *Marr* because his father's name was Marriott Deakin.

Mr. Hall said that the band plays "the old original tune" as the procession marches round the village, and a different tune in front of the public-houses. Formerly, two or three men carrying besoms used to go before the procession to sweep people out of the way. Before they went round the town they used to go to the old vicar's house at Goose Hill Hall. Mr. Hall was chosen king on account of his bodily strength, for the garland is very heavy when the flowers are wet, especially when there are such flowers as "May-blobs"[1] in it. He fixes a round pad on his head before they

[1] Marsh-marigolds (*Caltha palustris*).

put the garland on, and when it is put on he makes a hole in the garland with his hands to see through. The king always rides first in the procession, and Mr. Hall has never heard any other names than king and queen used on Garland Day. His family of Hall is popularly known as the Hall-Pees. This nickname is said to have been given at school, the Castleton schoolmaster having said to a boy of this family, "Well done, Bob, thou'll soon be as clever as Bobby Pee" (the local p[illegible]nciation of Peel). Mr. Hall said that they once tried to [illegible]e a garland at Bradwell out of a hamper, "but the man's [illegible]ad went through, and they jarred one another about it." He said that he had missed being king two or three times in the thirty years owing to his absence in India. Mrs. Hall said she had seen the late barmaster and his brother dancing among the ringers.

Arthur Whittingham, carriage-driver, aged 20, and a native of Castleton, said that he had taken the part of queen for the last five years. His brother had been queen before him for one year, but "could not settle down to it." He said that he was chosen by the ringers every year. The ringers meet in the belfry first, and then at the public-house where the garland was to be held for any particular year. They write down the names of those who have been chosen at the public-house. He gets a shilling for his services.

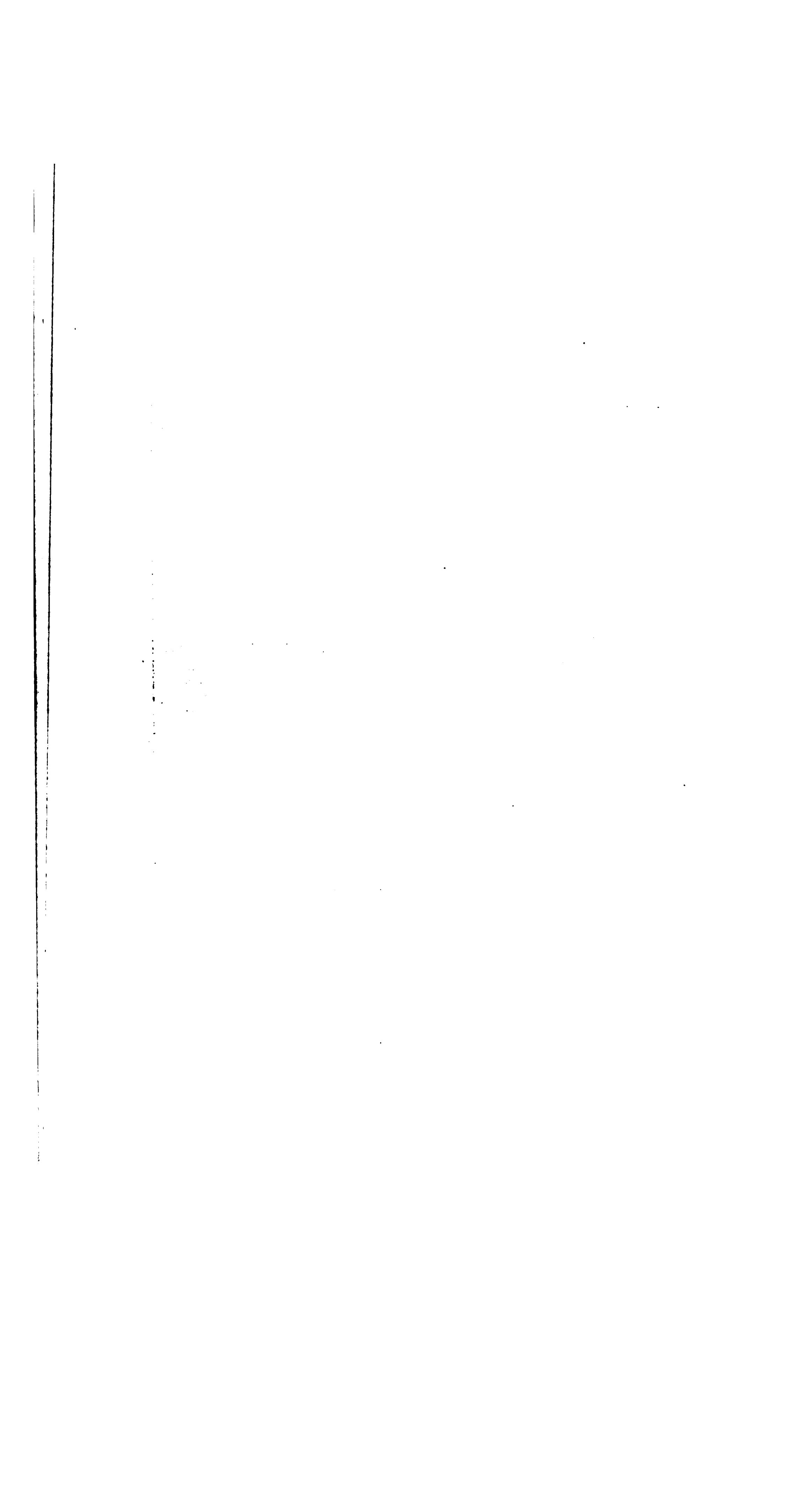
John Nall, parish clerk and sexton, said that he leads the queen's horse, but does not remember how long he has led it. Formerly the man who led the king's horse carried a besom, but he has not carried one himself. The king rides first.

Ann Nall, aged 69, widow of Nathan Nall, late parish clerk and sexton, said that she was born in Castleton, like her father and grandfather before her. Her late husband had at one time "led the garland," which she explained as meaning "led the king's horse." She lives with her son, John Nall, the present parish clerk. She showed me the queen's new crown and false hair, which are kept at the

PLATE XIV.

THE QUEEN, 1901.

To face p. 414.



parish clerk's house. The old shawl formerly worn by the queen belongs to her. She said that her son now leads the queen's horse, and lately had a coat made for him, but would not wear it, preferring to keep to the old style. She said that Samuel Howe or Cooper, grew "a square of tulips" for the garland. Formerly the queen had a new bonnet every year, which was provided by the inn at which the garland was held for that year. A man carried a besom before the garland, and "used to clear people away with it," and sometimes hit them on the legs. He usually carried the besom over his shoulder. The king's old coat was scarlet with ribbons attached to it. She said that the frame of the garland has always been kept at the parish clerk's house. She called the Morris-dancers "molly dancers." She said the ringers used to dance themselves and throw pieces of oak up.

George Barber, tailor and draper, aged 65, was born in Castleton, and is now one of the churchwardens. His father, who lived at Castleton, and was born in 1792, remembered the Garland Day in his time. He said that there are now seven public-houses in Castleton, the garland being held at each of them in turn, so that it takes seven years to go round. The king and queen are dressed up, and they start from the public-house where the garland is made in any particular year, and ride round the town to show themselves. Then they go back to the public-house, where the ringers put the garland on the king's head. He was sure that king and queen are the old names. The garland has always been made by the ringers, and the king's horse was formerly led by a ringer, but George Potter, who now leads it, is not a ringer. The Morris-dancers were formerly the ringers, joined with some others. They were men, and the elderly people once took much more interest in the affair. When the band goes round the town it plays the tune of "A feberry loaf, &c.," and they get a drink at each public-house. One of Mr. Barber's

sons, who was one of the ringers, with others who were mostly ringers, went into the fields about four o'clock on the morning of the 29th with baskets to get flowers for the garland. Mr. Barber's son said that the present frame of the garland was made last year, the old frame being quite rotten. It is "made of laths like the strands that go round an apple barrel." The new frame cost 2*s*. Mr. Barber said that the ringers meet a week or two before Garland Day, sometimes in the belfry and sometimes in a public-house, to settle who is to be king and queen that year. This year he was making Arthur Whittingham some clothes, and when he came to have them tried on he said he had been chosen queen again. Mr. Barber also said that he had seen the late Mr. Robert Howe, barmaster, who was one of the ringers, dancing as one of the Morris-dancers, and also his brother, Mr. Edmund Howe, and Mr. James Hall.

Samuel Sidebotham, of Castleton, grocer and draper, apparently aged about 60, said that the old people who knew most about the ceremony were dead. Formerly the eight ringers had sole charge of the affair, and even yet they had more to do with it than anybody else. When he was a boy the king and queen were called "the man and woman." The Morris-dancers were formerly all men. The person taking the part of queen had always been a man. He could not remember when the ceremony first began. It was before his father's time.

Samuel Marrison, aged 86, retired farmer and cattle dealer, said that he had lived in Castleton all his life, and remembered the garland since he was a child. When he was young they played clarionets, French horns, and a serpent, as they went round the town. He said that the garland was bigger than it is now, but it was made in the same way and hung on the church tower. He remembered a shoemaker who grew tulips in his garden for the garland, and he knew an old man who used to boast that he had taken part in making the garland for 70 years, and had

never missed. He connected the garland with Charles II., and said that when Charles was followed with bloodhounds he took an eagle up into the oak-tree to deceive his pursuers. The pursuers knew by that that the king could not be in the tree, for no bird would have remained in a tree if a man were hidden in it. The men saw the eagle fly out, and so the king was saved.[1] Mr. Marrison remembered no other names but king and queen on Garland Day. It took a strong man and a strong horse to carry the garland. The Morris-dancers were old men dressed in their Sunday clothes. Two of Mr. Marrison's sons agreed in saying that the king and queen were elected every year, but the ringers always paid the same men the compliment of re-electing them. Mr. Marrison had never seen a maypole at Castleton.

Samuel Barber, of Castleton, aged 59, said that the "queen" on the top of the garland was a bough of green oak covered by flowers, and that many people in Castleton grew flowers for the garland, lilies and "gillivers," but mostly tulips.

Edwin Barber, aged 57, said that he was now the oldest ringer in Castleton, and had rung for 36 years. The ringers arrange the garland ceremony a week or two before Garland Day. They see that horses are bespoken for the carrier of the garland and for the "lady," and their custom is to ask the two men who have acted before to act again. The ringers do not use the words "king and queen." They speak of the "man that carries the garland," and the "lady." They have £2 2*s*. a year paid out of a voluntary church rate. They spend one-quarter of this on Garland Day, another quarter on the 5th of November for their "suppering" at one of the inns, another quarter on Christmas Eve in plain loaf and warm ale, and the remaining quarter on New Year's Eve, when they ring the old year

[1] Mr. Robert Bradwell, of Bradwell, had also heard that King Charles took an eagle up into the tree, to deceive his pursuers.

out and the new year in. The queen rides round and round the Morris-dancers to keep people out of the way. Formerly a man with a besom walked before the king. The Bradwell band only plays because they cannot now maintain a band in Castleton. The musicians used to be Castleton men, and the procession used to go to the old vicar's house first. They fix boughs on the church tower on the 28th, about seven in the evening. The garland is lifted upon the king's head by a "fork-stale."

I went to Castleton again on the 28th of May and remained two nights at Mrs. Jacob Eyre's. About seven o'clock on the evening of that day the ringers fastened green boughs to all the pinnacles on the church tower, and some of the Castleton people were out all night in the fields gathering wild flowers and sprigs of oak in baskets. The garland was to be held this year at the inn known as the *Cheshire Cheese*. It was composed, as far as I could tell of blue hyacinths, water lilies, and ferns, together with lilacs and other garden flowers. I am told that "lady-grass," or "ribbon-grass," is also used. The garland was hung from the roof of a stable by a rope, and as one bunch of flowers after another was tied on, and the superfluous stalks trimmed off, the weight became considerable. It is said to weigh about 12 stone when complete. In a building adjoining the stable I saw them making the large nosegay called "the queen."

The day seemed wasted, but I was told that most of the ringers were farmers, who could not leave their work until the cows had been milked. At five o'clock young men were going about with oak branches, and distributing pieces to those who had none, and girls dressed in white and crowned with wreaths of flowers appeared in the streets. It was said that sods would be thrown at those who had no oak.

At half-past five I saw the king and queen leaving the *Cheshire Cheese*, which is near the *Peak Hotel*, where the garland was held last year, to ride round the town and show

themselves. The king was dressed like a cavalier, in a blue velvet tunic and cape trimmed with gold lace. He wore a slouched hat with a red feather, and big top-boots. The queen, who rode on a side-saddle, wore a crown and a shawl, and had a long white veil and streaming false hair. Both carried branches of oak in their hands. The queen's crown was adorned with imitations of pearls and precious stones.

At six o'clock the king and queen returned to the *Cheshire Cheese*. Shortly afterwards a band of music, which came from Bradwell, met them, and the huge garland having been put on the king's head, they rode through the town. First came the king, and then a procession of young girls, who were dressed in white and crowned with flowers, each carrying in her hand a stick with ribbons of different colours streaming from one end. Last of all came the queen. As the girls danced they waved their sticks about so rapidly that a photographer said that he could not take a snap-shot at them. I noticed that drink was given to the performers at two of the public-houses, and I am told that all the public-houses give it to them on Garland Day. I did not follow the procession through the town, for a heavy thunderstorm came on, compelling the people to take shelter. But at eight o'clock, when the rain had ceased, I went to the church and found that the garland was already hung on the middle pinnacle of the south side of the tower. I had been told that everybody had gone home, and regret that I did not see it hoisted up. I was told that the rope is let down from the tower and fixed to the garland by the sexton, assisted by the man who leads the king's horse. A good strong rope is borrowed from somebody in the village.

I had hoped to get instantaneous photographs of the procession as it moved along, but owing to the late hour at which the proceedings began and to the thunderstorm it was impossible. The photographs of the king and queen here reproduced were taken at my request by Mr. H.

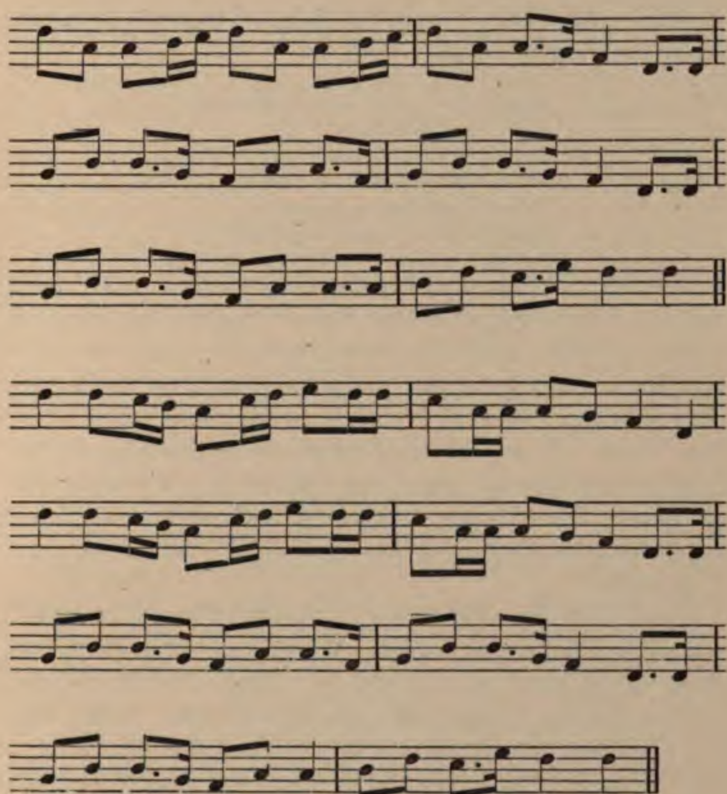
Bamforth of Holmfirth, whilst their horses were standing, and Mr. Bamforth took the photograph showing the garland on the tower on the morning of the 30th of May.

As the king wore it in the streets, the garland was not a beautiful object, and of course photography does not represent the different gradations of colour correctly. It looked more like a very large beehive moving above the heads of the people than anything else. The band played in the streets long after the garland had been hung on the tower. There was a dance at the *Cheshire Cheese*, and that inn had obtained leave to remain open till midnight on this day. I tried to discover whether any superstitious belief was connected with the ceremony, but without result.

Being in Castleton again on the 21st of August I found that the garland had been removed from the tower. Mr. Barber's son, who is one of the ringers, said that it is now taken down in about three weeks, when the flowers are withered. On the 23rd I found the frame of the garland, still covered by withered flowers, at the parish clerk's house, which adjoins the churchyard. I carried it to the steps at the foot of the south side of the church tower and photographed it lying on its side, so as to show the strands, and the very numerous pieces of string by which the bunches of flowers were tied on. I was often at Castleton during the months of August, September, and October last, and some part of the foregoing evidence was written down by me during that time.

III.

The tune played as the procession goes round the town was kindly written out for me by Mr. Horace E. Middleton, of Bradwell, teacher of music. It is as follows:—



Mr. Middleton knows no other name for the tune but "Rowty Tow."[1] In Castleton they sing no words to it during the garland ceremony, but many Castleton people whom I have questioned on the subject agree in saying that the following words belong to the tune:

> "A feberry loaf and an oakum pie,
> And what there is i' Brada', [Bradwell]
> An old cow's yead [head] and a piece o' bread,
> And a pudding baked in a lantern.
> A bit for me and a bit for thee,
> And a bit for t' Morris-dancers.
> Ra di da, diddle diddle dum, rowty, towty, tow."

[1] See Note I.

One of the witnesses said "cinder pie" instead of "oakum pie." Another version is:

> " Thou doesno' know, and I dono' know
> What they han i' Brada';
> An owd cow's head, and a piece o' bread,
> And a pudding baked in a lantern.
> If thou'd been wed as long as me,
> T' pudding would ha' been wanted."

Feberry (*i.e.* gooseberry) loaves are eaten at Bradwell wakes, which begin on the second Sunday in July. A feberry loaf is a gooseberry pasty made in a pie-dish. It is like an ordinary gooseberry pie, except that the crust goes all round it, so that the "loaf" can be taken out, and cut into slices. Plum pies could not be cut in this way, for the juice would ooze out. At Bradwell wakes this feberry loaf is usually eaten with set custard, *i.e.* baked custard. I have often heard feberry pronounced "fayberry," or even "fayverry."

As regards the "old cow's head," Mr. Robert Bradwell, mentioned above, told me that the lead-miners made cow's-head broth when he was young. They used to club together and buy a cow, feed her up, and after killing her, hang up the salted portions of the beef on the balks of their houses. Mr. Bradwell had seen beef procured in this way hung up in his own house, where he had lived for seventy years. As regards the "pudding baked in a lantern," Mr. Bradwell said that kettle-pie was a favourite dish in Bradwell. It was made with potatoes "slashed into thin slashes," and covered by a "male" (meal) crust. At Bradwell they had also a kind of meal porridge which they called "lenten dick." This was more frequently called "lumpy tums," both in Castleton and Bradwell. These "tums"[1] are lumps of oatmeal caused by the pot being imperfectly stirred. At Bradwell they called water-gruel "cobbling-knife water."

[1] At Bradwell they call a foolish person "a tum i' t' wa'" (wall).

Mr. Robert Evans of Bradwell told me that the lines about "a feberry loaf, &c.," were intended by the Castleton people as an insult to the people of Bradwell, and I heard the same thing at Aston, a hamlet about two miles off. But I could never get anybody in Castleton to admit this, or to explain why the Bradwell people should be insulted on Garland Day, especially as the Bradwell band now plays the tune to which the offending lines are alleged to be set. The village of Bradwell, the hamlets of Smalldale and Pindale, and the village of Castleton are described thus:

Brada' rappers,[1]
Sma'da' smokers,
Pinda' pipers,
And Castleton swill-tubs.

When a fever was prevalent in Bradwell a few years ago a Bradwell woman said in Castleton that if she could send the fever to Castleton in a piece of paper she would. Notwithstanding this animosity between the two villages the Castleton people used to beg flowers from the Bradwell people for their garland, and Mrs. Harriet Middleton, of Smalldale, aged 83, told me that Edward Middleton, of Bradwell, "would have stripped his garden" of tulips for the garland.

IV.

I thought it desirable to inquire whether other villages in the neighbourhood of Castleton had a Garland Day. The nearest village with an old church is Hope, two miles off.[2] James Proctor of that village, saddler, aged 60, told

[1] The meaning of this word is unknown in the neighbourhood. An ingenious native of Bradwell suggests *rapparee*, an Irish robber. A Castleton man will say to a Bradwell man, "Thou'rt nought but a Brada' rapper." This is said "to aggravate him."

[2] ["Mony a one lives in Hope as never saw Castleton." Local proverb referring to the stay-at-home habits of the people.—*F. L. J.*, vii., 293.]

me that about forty years ago they had a garland on the 29th of May, but the ceremony was only performed twice. He was the "man," and Joseph Holmes, blacksmith, was the "lady." They made a heavy garland of various kinds of flowers on a frame of wicker work, went round the village with a drum-and-fife band, and at the end of the proceedings fixed the garland on the old chancel, which was pulled down about twenty years ago. There are no pinnacles on the church tower, and if fixed on the tower at all the garland could only have been put on the top of the spire. He was sure that the ceremony was not an old custom in Hope, and he had never heard his father or mother or any old people speak of a garland at Hope at an earlier time. He said that the members of the drum-and-fife band got it up. He rode on horseback, as they do in Castleton.

Henry Shirt, mason, whom I saw on the 9th of October, said that he was a native of Hope, and 56 years of age. He played in the drum-and-fife band when a garland was held at Hope on the 29th of May, about 1861 and 1862. He thinks that it was not held more than twice, and that it was not an old custom as it was in Castleton. The garland was made of boughs of green oak and wild flowers with some garden flowers, such as "laylacs" (lilacs) with marigolds and lady-grass among them. The king and queen rode on horseback, as they did at Castleton. The queen was dressed in woman's clothes, and rode on a pony belonging to Mr. Robert Middleton, who was churchwarden for many years. They went round the village, and got a drink at each of the public-houses. There was a crown, made of choice garden flowers, at the top of the garland, and this crown was given away after the garland was over. The garland was pulled up to the top of the church by a rope let down and "threaded" where the crown had come off. There was a hole at the top of the garland into which the crown fitted. He did not remember that anybody in Hope grew

flowers for the garland. It was fixed somewhere in the middle of the church, and he thought, but was not quite sure, that it was fixed on a pinnacle on the north side. He said that the band played the same old tune that they played at Castleton, and he whistled it to me exactly. He thought that on the first occasion the crown was given to a former vicar, Mr. Daniels. He had been a ringer for thirty years, and said it was chiefly the ringers and bandsmen who got the garland up. He did not remember that there were any words to the old garland tune. He had never heard his father or mother speak of a garland being held at Hope before the time mentioned, and he thought that the Hope garland was a copy of the Castleton ceremony.

Joseph Holmes, aged 62, Charles Hadfield, grocer, Henry Ashton, owner of a saw-mill, George Ashton, aged 75, and Mrs. Shirt, wife of Henry Shirt, and also a native of Hope, corroborated this account. Mrs. Shirt used the names "gentleman and lady," and Mr. Hadfield "king and queen." Mr. Holmes, who took the queen's part, believed it was not an old custom in Hope, but did not seem quite sure.

Benjamin Wilson, of the parish of Hope, farmer and landowner, aged apparently about 65, said that the children of Thornhill, a hamlet in the same parish, used to erect a maypole there on the 29th of May. It was a piece of wood three or four yards long, set up somewhere in the village and fixed in a heap of stones. They used to go round gathering flowers, and said some verses containing the words "a posy for my meepow" (maypole). The practice has been discontinued for many years.

Mr. Middleton, of Bradwell, postmaster, said he remembered children in that village on the 29th of May carrying branches of flowers tied to the end of sticks. "They used to carry them about like umbrellas, and some of them were very elaborate affairs." Harriet Middleton, of Smalldale, adjoining Bradwell, remembered the same thing in Bradwell

on the 29th of May. She said that the flowers used were chiefly "may-blobs" and "frumity-flowers."[1]

Mr. Bradwell, of Bradwell, mentioned above, said he remembered an attempt to hold a garland at Bradwell on the 29th of May less than fifty years ago. It lasted for two or three years, and was not continued. There was no church at Bradwell then.

None of the persons with whom I talked could remember a garland at Eyam or Hathersage, but I have made no personal inquiries in those villages. I was told at Tideswell that they had no garland there, and no ceremony of any kind either on the 1st or on the 29th of May. The Morris-dancers dance at the wakes in June and at the Kettle Fair in September.[2]

The above-named Mrs. George Middleton, of Smalldale, aged 43, said that she was born at Abney, a hamlet two miles south-east of Bradwell. The place is shut in by hills on all sides, and difficult of access. When she was young every house in Abney had a garland hung above its door on the *first* of May. She had helped to make these garlands herself. They were round like hoops, and made of "bits of green things," primroses, Mary-blobs (*sic*), &c. She said that people "would plod through snow" to get flowers for them. They were about a foot in diameter, and were left hanging over the doors till the flowers were withered. She thought they were intended to welcome the spring. She spoke of the Garland Day at Castleton as Oak-apple Day, and said that "when the oak is coming out a little tiny crab comes with the leaf."

[1] Old Mr. Bradwell had heard of frumity-flowers "hundreds of times," but could not describe them to me. I found that other people in Bradwell knew them, and I ascertained eventually that frumity-flower is a name for the cuckoo-flower or lady's smock (*Cardamine pratensis*). Can we connect it with the Latin *frumentum*? and was it once intended to have a magical influence on the harvest?

[2] Till of late years Derbyshire men believed that Morris-dancing was borrowed from the fairies. I have elsewhere published the tune which these dancers used at Eyam and Tideswell. (*Household Tales*, &c., 1895, p. 136.)

V.

We have seen that the people of Castleton speak of "holding the garland" at this or that inn. Here, by an easy transference of meaning, "garland" has come to mean "feast." This sense of the word is not recorded in dictionaries, but it is neither local nor modern. In the years 1600 and 1608, two Kentish innkeepers were presented in the court of the Archdeacon of Canterbury for holding "garlands" in their houses on holy days and Sundays, and permitting dancing, music, tippling, and drinking there.[1]

A few lines about the Castleton garland are given in Cox's *Churches of Derbyshire* (ii. 132). The author observes that "in the churchwardens' accounts for the year 1749 is the following item: "Paid for an iron rod to hang ye ringers' garland in [on ?] 8*d*." The item is valuable as showing that even then the church took official cognizance of the ceremony.[2]

Now, as we have seen, the festival is undergoing change. The queen's crown is a novelty. The Morris-dancers are no longer men, and the women who have dressed up their children in lieu of them are talking of introducing a well-dressing. But the striking feature of the May celebration at Castleton is that it still remains the act of the whole community, and not that of a special trade or of scattered parties of idlers in search of gain. The ringers, who have the principal management of it, are evidently the agents of the community. Till quite lately the Barmaster, the most important official in the neighbourhood, took part in it,

[1] Mr. Arthur Hussey in *N. and Q.*, 9th ser., vi., 245.

[2] Brand's *Popular Antiq.*, 1849, 248. Old churchwardens' accounts often record payments for the garments and tinsel of Morris-dancers. "In the later mediæval period Morris-dancing was associated with churches, that is in the nave or west end, the mummers not going forth on their Whitsuntide round until the first dance had been given within the sacred fabric." ("Sports in Churches," by the Rev. Dr. Cox in Andrews's *Curious Church Customs*, 1898, p. 10.

though not perhaps in his official capacity. Mr. Potter, who leads the King's horse, is the owner of the house in which he lives. The parish clerk takes part in the proceedings, and the frame of the garland and the queen's garments are kept at his house. Further, the inhabitants still grow flowers specially for the garland.

VI.

I beg leave to quote the following very striking parallel from the second edition of Dr. Frazer's *Golden Bough*:

"At Grossvargula, near Langensalza, in the eighteenth century, a Grass King used to be led about in procession at Whitsuntide. He was encased in a pyramid of poplar branches, the top of which was adorned with a royal crown of branches of flowers. He rode on horseback with the leafy pyramid over him, so that its lower end touched the ground, and an opening was left in it only for his face. Surrounded by a cavalcade of young fellows, he rode in procession to the town hall, the parsonage, and so on, where they all got a drink of beer. Then under the seven lindens of the neighbouring Sommerberg, the Grass King was stripped of his green casing; the crown was handed to the mayor, and the branches were stuck in the flax-fields in order to make the flax grow tall." [1]

I have elsewhere (*Evolution of the English House*, p. 176 *sq.*) tried to show that an English parish church was substantially a basilica, or town hall, the place where the local council met for the transaction of business, and the place where justice was administered.

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[1] Vol. i., 218, referring to F. A. Reimann, *Deutsche Volksfest eim neunzehnten Jahrhunaert*, pp. 157-159; Mannhardt, *B. K.* p. 347 *sq.*; Witzschel, *Sagen, Sitten, und Gebräuche aus Thüringen*, p. 203.

NOTE I.—THE AIR "ROWTY TOW."

The above Morris-dance tune bears a considerable degree of resemblance to others formerly current in different parts of the country.

A Cheshire Morris-dance printed in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, vol. ii., page 369, may be compared, as also a Lancashire specimen, used at Rush-bearings on the outskirts of Manchester, which is noted in my book *Traditional Tunes*, 1891, page 184. This latter has many points of similarity with the Derbyshire one, and I have also come across a traditional Sword-dancers' Song used in the North Riding of Yorkshire, built upon a like melodic basis.

Hal and Tow, the Helstone dance, is a very good example of typical Morris-dance tunes, which are generally in a form requiring the repetition of the first strain as a conclusion. They are all, properly, in two-four time, commencing on the accented note of the bar. I take it that they are the survival of the original *country dance* (not the exploded *contre danse*); and in Oxfordshire, if in no other county, they are danced to their original music, that of the pipe and tabor.[1] The pipe, though it has but three holes (two in front and one at the back for the thumb), is equal to most simple tunes, and by clever management of the breath can be made to cover more than an octave. Some of the 18th century country-dance books bear upon their titles the statement that the tunes are "adapted for the violin, German flute, and tabor and pipe," and some bear representations of the instruments themselves.

The Morris-dance tune was not necessarily one especially composed for the dance, but some suitable popular air was most frequently used. A comparison with the old Scottish tune "The Breast-knot," as given below, will show that both the Derbyshire tune and the others quoted owe much of their melody to it.

The earliest copy of this tune I have seen occurs in a volume of Walsh's *Caledonian Country-Dances, circa* 1753, under the title "The Ladies' Breast-knot," and it is practically the same as the following from Bremner's *Reels*

[1] *Cf. Folklore*, viii., 308.

and Country Dances (Edinburgh, 1758). I should not think it is much older than about 1740-50.

THE LADY'S BREAST-KNOT (*Bremner's Reels*, 1758).

At a later date the air, with a song attached to it, appeared in Johnson's *Scot's Musical Museum*, vol. iii., 1790. The late Mr. Chappell, in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1856-9, p. 681, mentions that the air was then common as a Morris-dance in Derbyshire and Lancashire.

To prevent confusion, it may be as well to state that another song, "Hey the Bonnie Breast-knots," with a different air, composed by John Sinclair, was published in 1826, and that this is the one most frequently reprinted.

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[1] (Member of Committee; Folk-Song Society.)

THE SILVER BOUGH IN IRISH LEGEND.

BY ELEANOR HULL.

IN the early chapters of Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* the author, following the Commentary of Servius, connects the rites performed at Nemi with the allusion of Virgil to the bough plucked by command of the Sibyl and carried by Æneas into the under-world. So far as the present writer is aware, there is no other and no better ground for the connection than this one passage from Servius. The references given by the author to Pausanias, Strabo, and Suetonius, do indeed bear upon the legend and the rites of the Grove of Aricia, but none of them suggest any further tradition connecting the bough broken off by the runaway slave within the sanctuary of Nemi, with the Golden Bough plucked near the entrance to Avernus from the wondrous tree sacred to "Infernal Juno" (*i.e.*, Proserpine), without which none might enter the realm of Pluto. Is there, in fact, any likelihood that such a connection really existed?

Without unduly emphasising the fact that Servius lived nearly 400 years later than Virgil, we would remind the reader that Servius is a voluminous writer, who drags in every possible and impossible allusion collected in the course of a laborious life, however remotely bearing upon the matter in hand, which can by any means be used to illustrate his subject. He is quite devoid of the power of discrimination, and his work is rather to be regarded as a repository of legends, many of which might otherwise have been lost, than as a trustworthy guide to the origin of any particular tradition. Nothing indeed could better illustrate his system of gathering together and setting down every allusion occurring to his well-stocked mind, which bore in the most distant way upon the subject in hand, than his treatment of this very point. Here is the

passage: "Licet de hoc ramo hi qui de sacris Proserpinæ scripsisse dicuntur, quiddam esse mysticum affirment; publica tamen opinio hoc habet. Orestes post occisum regem Thoantem in regione Taurica cum sorore Iphigenia. . . . ." (Here begins the story of the flight of Orestes with Iphigenia and of the carrying off of the statue of Diana, as related by Mr. Frazer.) ". . . . Nunc ergo istum inde sumpsit colorem. Ramus enim necesse erat ut et unius causa esset interitus unde et statim mortem subiungit Miseni: et ad sacra Proserpinæ accedere, nisi sublato ramo, non poterat. Inferos autem subire hoc dicit sacra celebrare Proserpinæ. . . . ." (Servius, *Æn.*, vi., 136 sqq.) After which, Servius wanders into a discussion of the doctrine of Pythagoras that life is like the letter Y, in which he finds again the symbol of the branch in the dividing ways of good and evil.

We may read the passage in English as follows:—

"Although such as are said to have written on the rites of Proserpine assert of this branch that there is something mystic in it, the current view is as follows. Orestes, after the slaying of king Thoas in the Tauric district, fled with his sister Iphigenia. . . . Now therefore he (*i.e.* the poet) has coloured his story from this source. The branch had to be the cause of one death; wherefore he adds at once the death of Misenus: and he could not join the rites of Proserpine without having the branch to hold up. And by 'going to the shades' he (the poet) means celebrating the rites of Proserpine." [1]

[1] I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. W. H. D. Rouse for the above translation. With reference to the phrase "non poterat," Mr. Rouse adds: "I think *poterat* is used loosely, as if Æneas had been meant, when the writer should have said 'a man.' Æneas was to pluck the bough because he could not join, &c., to imply that none could. Not Misenus, certainly, is meant; grammatically, the poet; by intent, Æneas; by implication, anyone."

Miss Burne suggests that Servius must have seen in his own lifetime the last days, perhaps the final extinction, of the "Rites of Proserpine," *i.e.* the famous Eleusinian Mysteries. This throws an interesting light on his use of the imperfect, *poterat.*

It will be seen that Servius endeavours to rationalise the story by connecting it with the Orestes legend and the death of Misenus, adding that he derives the former connection from a current tradition, popular in his day. That there was some such confused popular tradition is likely enough, but it seems to have had as little foundation in the thought of Virgil as had the further suggestion that the bough represented to Virgil the diverging paths of virtuous and evil living, represented by the letter Y of Pythagoras. As explanations of the bough of Æneas, both seem to be equally far-fetched ideas.[1]

The point in no way touches Mr. Frazer's main line of argument, derived from a consideration of the rites of Nemi, and it might not have been worth while to call attention to it, but that it would seem a pity that a modern scholar should give prominence to a far-fetched theory of post-classical origin, to explain an episode so full of beautiful and mystic meaning as the plucking of the bough before entering the under-world. It certainly had no such cut-and-dry rationalistic meaning in the mind of the poet. Even Servius recognises an older meaning, though it had become faded and obscured in his day, when he says, "Such as have written on the rites of Proserpine assert of this branch that there is something mystic in it." And again, "He could not take part in the rites of Proserpine without having the branch to hold up, and by 'going to the shades' he means celebrating the rites of Proserpine;" that is to say, the well-known and constantly recurring Mysteries of Eleusis, in which the disappearance of the Maiden into

[1] Since writing the above, my attention has been drawn to the passage in Mr. Andrew Lang's recent book *Magic and Religion*, pp. 207-9. In the main his view of Servius' methods agrees with the above, but he does not appear to be aware of the Irish folklore belief. It is far more likely that Virgil took his legend from prevalent tradition than that he "invented" it. I can see no connection between the Golden Bough and the drawing of Arthur's sword, which belongs to a different set of legends, viz. the hero-test series.

Hades was continually re-enacted. Here Servius endeavours to explain away the supernatural element in the history of Æneas, and to that end credits Virgil with an allegorical method of relating history. Again, the branch could not have caused the death of Misenus, as Misenus was dead before the bough was plucked. This seems a wholly gratuitous addition on the part of Servius to support his theory. Nor can it be said that the branch had a connection with the burial, for the surprise of Charon at the sight of the Bough, "so rarely seen" in Hades, shows that it was only those who entered the realms of the dead during life who presented the branch to Proserpine. She herself was a native of the upper world, dwelling in the shades, but able to return to earth at intervals. Hence, no doubt, the need that the living man who would enter Hades and return, should appear there in the character of her votary. The connection with the death of Misenus was simply that the truth of the Sibyl's announcement with regard to Misenus strengthened the belief of Æneas in the righteousness of her further command to pluck the bough.

The idea of the poet is wholly different from that of his commentator. In Virgil, the Golden Bough, which grew concealed in the shades of gloomy woods, and could only be gathered "the fates permitting," was dedicated to Proserpine. It was to be presented to her as her peculiar gift. It could never come to an end, because no sooner was one bough broken off than another succeeded it. It was this shining bough, plucked by Æneas, and carried by the Sibyl, that gained them admission into Hades. When Charon withstood their passage, refusing to ferry living beings across the Stygian lake, the Sibyl "showed the shining bough, concealed within her breast."

> "Nor more was needful; for the gloomy god
> Stood mute in awe to see the golden rod;
> Admired the destined offering to his queen,
> A venerable gift, so rarely seen."
>
> ...*n's Translation.*)

With limbs and body cleansed with water, Æneas later approaches the gate of Pluto's palace, and "fixes the fatal bough required by his queen above the porch." The Golden Bough was thus plainly a talisman, empowering the bearer to enter in safety during his lifetime the under-world. It was the property of the queen of the unseen abode.[1]

Now it is interesting to find the same idea running through a number of very early pagan legends derived from Gaelic or Irish sources. We propose to throw together a few of these examples, gathered out of that large storehouse of visions regarding the unseen world which Irish literature provides us with. Probably these surviving visions or voyages are only the remains of a body of legend originally extending far beyond Ireland, though some of the conceptions which we find in them seem special to the Western Gael. The bough in Irish legend was not intended to avert the anger of the gods of the under-world, who are always represented as craving for the presence of the chosen being; it is rather the gift of the queen or presiding genius of the Land of the Ever Living and Ever Young, to draw to her domain the favoured mortal on whose companionship her heart is set. For the mortal generally enters by invitation, and the branch is held out as a clue binding the desired one to enter her abode. It acts the double part of a link to the unseen world and of a means of sustenance while there. Often also it produces sweet and soothing music, which both allures the mortal, and wiles into forgetfulness the bereaved who are left behind. The Irish conception of the unseen differs so entirely from the classical, that it is only to be expected that the functions of the bough should differ slightly also. The idea of torture, pain, or expiation for sin never enters into the Celtic future. His Elysium is wholly happy; the Plain of Flowers, the

[1] In *G. B.*, iii., 455, *n* 5, Mr. Frazer seems suddenly to revert to this idea, though the whole of his previous argument hangs upon the bough bearing a different signification.

Land of Youth, the Country of the Ever-living, the Plain of Honey, these are his names for it. It is only after the introduction of Christianity that these joyous ideas become overshadowed by gloom, and the conception of guilt and expiation fills the canvas.

Let us take first a vision which in its structure and substance retains, with very little infusion of Christian elements, its pagan form and feeling. The *Voyage of Bran, Son of Febal*, describes the visit of Bran to the Elysium of the pagan Celt. It begins thus: "It was fifty quatrains that the woman from the unknown land sang on the floor of the house to Bran, son of Febal, when the royal house was full of kings; they knew not whence the woman had come, for the ramparts were closed. This is the beginning of the story. One day in the neighbourhood of his stronghold Bran went about alone, when he heard music behind him. As often as he looked back it was still behind him the music was. At last he fell asleep at the sound of the music, such was its sweetness. When he awoke from his sleep he saw close by him a branch of silver with white blossoms, so that it was not easy to distinguish the blossoms from the branch. Then Bran took the branch in his hand to the royal house. When the hosts were in the royal house, they saw a woman in strange raiment on the floor of the house. 'Twas then she sang the fifty quatrains to Bran, the host listening, and all beholding the woman. And she sang:

> 'A branch of the apple-tree from Emain
> I bring, like those we know;
> Twigs of white silver are on it
> Crystal brows with blossoms, &c.'

Thereupon the woman went from them and they knew not whither she went. And she took her branch with her. The branch sprang from Bran's hand into the hand of the woman, nor was there strength in Bran's hand to hold the branch."[1]

[1] Edited by Dr. Kuno M yer in Mr. Nutt's *Voyage of Bran*, vol. i.

We would note, in passing, that the branch is always said to be the bough of an apple-tree, and we shall see in future extracts that the apples of the branch served for meat and drink in the Land of Promise. They tasted of every sort of delicious flavour, and their sustenance lasted during the whole sojourn of the visitor to the invisible world. The tree is described in the *Sickbed of Cuchulainn* as growing in Magh Mell, "the Plain of Honey," another name for the Irish Elysium.

> "There is a tree at the door of the Court,
> It cannot be matched in harmony,
> A tree of silver upon which the sun shines,
> Like unto gold is its splendid lustre.
>
> "There are at the eastern door
> Three stately trees of crimson hue,
> From which the birds of perpetual bloom
> Sing to the youth from the kingly rath."

Mr. Frazer takes it for granted that the Golden Bough of Virgil, and also that cut by the fugitive at Nemi, which in his view were the same, but to our mind were probably unconnected, was the mistletoe.[1] This is possible, but it is worth remark that this plant, though we learn from Latin authors that it played a part in the religious ceremonies of the pagan Celts of Britain and Gaul, is seldom if ever mentioned in Irish literature. The ceremonial cutting of the mistletoe bough either belonged to a later system of things than that described in Irish Gaelic literature, or it was confined to the more Easterly branches of the Celtic race.[2] The yew was the tree from which the Irish Druid's wand of divination was made, and it is the apple-tree that plays the greatest part in his romance. In the *Voyage of Bran* the talisman given by the unknown

[1] It is nowhere stated that the bough of Æneas was the mistletoe. Virgil *compares* it to the mistletoe, which, as Mr. A. Lang remarks, argues to the contrary.

I believe the mistletoe was rare in Ireland.

woman to Bran, is said to be "a branch of the apple-tree from Emain," *i.e.*, the kingly residence of the Kings of Ulster, the earthen ramparts of which still exist not far from Armagh. Now the three halls or forts of this ancient palace were called the Royal Branch (*Craebh Ruadh*), the Red Branch (*Craebh Derg*), and the Speckled House (*Teiti Brec*); while the bodyguard or knights of the king were styled Champions of the Royal Branch. It was only by special proficiency in the arts of combat that admittance into this order was gained. So far as is known to the writer, the origin of these names is lost: could we regain their significance, some light would probably be thrown upon the choice of the "apple-tree of Emain" as the magic talisman insuring safety and nourishment in the invisible world.

But to turn to another story. We meet the silver branch again in a tale entitled *Cormac's Adventure in the Land of Promise.*[1] The youth who acts the hero of this tale was one of the most famous kings of early Ireland. The portion of the tale bearing upon this point runs as follows:—"One day at dawn in May-time, Cormac, grandson of Conn, was alone on Mur Tea in Tara. He saw coming towards him a sedate, grey-headed warrior. A branch of silver with three golden apples on his shoulder. Delight and amusement to the full was it to listen to the music of that branch, for men sore wounded, or women in child-bed, or folk in sickness, would fall asleep at the melody which was made when that branch was shaken." The warrior tells Cormac that he comes from a land wherein is naught but truth; where is neither age nor decay, nor gloom, nor sadness, envy nor jealousy, hatred nor haughtiness. Cormac begs the warrior to give him the branch. This the unknown consents to, on condition that he receives in return any three boons that he shall ask.

[1] Edited by Dr. Whitley Stokes, *Irische Texte*, vol. iii., pp. 183-229.

On getting Cormac's promise, he gives the branch to the young prince, and disappears, Cormac knows not whither. Cormac returns to his palace. He shakes the branch and deep slumber falls on all. But at the end of a year the warrior returns and demands in succession the three boons promised him by Cormac. They are Cormac's daughter Ailbe; his son, Cairpre Lifechair; and finally Cormac's wife, Ethne the Tall. Twice Cormac uses the magic bough to sooth the grief of the survivors, but the third time he follows the messenger into the invisible land, where he finds his wife, and sups with her and his children in a country of wonderful happiness. He finds that it was Manannan mac Lir who drew away his wife, the same god who interferes between Cuchulainn and Fand in *The Sick-bed of Cuchulainn*, and who probably was conceived of as the ruler of the unseen world. In the latter story it is a cloak that he shakes between the seen and unseen to hide the invisible world from Cuchulainn. The cloak seems here to have for some reason replaced the branch. The close of the story of Cormac's adventure in the Land of Promise is that Cormac gets the Cup of truth and the Branch of music and joy, and returns home.

The branch performs the double function of sustaining life by providing nourishment and of producing sounds of entrancing harmony. There may be a connection, conscious or unconscious, between this latter power possessed by the branch and the symbolic branch carried by the bards as a sign of their profession. The purpose of the branch (*Craebh Ciuil*) was exactly the same as that described above; it was used to bring about peace and order in moments of excitement, and its authority seems never to have been questioned. The shaking of the bardic wand, which seems to have been a little spike or crescent, with gently-tinkling bells upon it, quieted the most turbulent assembly. For instance, in the piece called *Mesca Ulad*, in the midst of a bloody fray, the chief poet of Ulster,

Sencha, arose "and waved the peaceful branch of Sencha, and all the men of Ulster were silent, quiet;" while in another passage in the same piece, he is described as "bearing a bronze branch at the summit of his shoulder." His title of "pacificator of the hosts of Ulad" probably comes from this. In another piece entitled *Agallamh an dá Shuadh* or the Dialogue of the two Sages, the symbol is thus described: "Neidhe" (a youthful bard who aspired to succeed his father as chief poet of Ulster), "made his journey with a silver branch over him. The *Anradhs*, or poets of the second order, carried a silver branch, but the *Ollamhs*, or chief poets, carried a branch of gold; all other poets bore a branch of bronze." The King of Ulster also had in his palace, at the right hand of his seat at table, a bronze post, which he struck with his wand or sceptre of silver, and which had the same instantaneous effect of pacifying feuds between his followers. In the tales of the Irish Elysium, there may be some remembrance of these well-known kingly and bardic boughs of Peace.

In the story of *Conla Ruadh*, the maiden who calls him away uses a single apple as a bait to draw him to fairy-land. He is the son of a famous monarch of early Ireland, Conn, the fighter of a hundred (Cet-da-thach) and the story seems to have been told to explain why his brother Art, the succeeding king, should have been named "the Solitary." Conn and his son Conla were seated together one day on the hill of Usnech in Meath, when Conla perceives a beautiful maiden, visible only to himself, who speaks to him and invites him to join her in *Magh-Mell* (viz. the "Plain of Honey," one of the Irish names for Elysium). The king is startled at the abstraction into which the vision has thrown Conla, and frightened at hearing him converse with an invisible being. He hastily sends for his Druids to exorcise his son and chant their incantation against the invisible syren, who disappears. "But when the chant of the Druids was driving her away, she threw an

apple to Conla. For a full month Conla ate nothing but this apple; no bit nor drink beside it passed his mouth, for he deemed all other food poor and unworthy beside that apple. Yet, however much he ate of it, nothing was gone from the apple; it was still quite whole." At the end of a month the lady appears again, beseeching him to come and reign as King over the Ever-living Ones, the people of Tethra, Ocean King. Conla is grieved and perplexed between his duty to his kingdom and his strong desire to go; and seeing him wavering, the lady breaks out into song, describing in terms so ravishing the joys and glories of the Land of the Living, that he gives one spring into her "very strong, well-balanced, gleaming curach" and disappears. "And it is not known whither they went."[1]

In the next story that attracts our attention, however, we learn "whither they went." In it the same hero plays a part. We meet Conla again in the semi-Christian tale of *Teigue, Son of Cian*. It is, like so many of the Irish stories of the unseen world, thrown into the form of a voyage. The invisible world is conceived of sometimes as being beneath the hills, and entered through the tumuli that in several places in Ireland mark the burial places of early heroes or gods; or as being far over the seas, and approachable either by boat or by means of a magic horse which rides across the waves, and which carries the chosen hero to the land of happiness. There is quite a large literature, full of imagination and romance, dealing with these voyages; a literature that is exceptionally interesting as showing the gradual modification of thought brought about by the infusion of Christian ideas. The two most important points regarding the pagan conception, unadulterated by Christianity, are (1) that the Irish unseen world was a land of absolute delight, unclouded by any idea of pain or expiation

[1] Edited by O'Beirne Crowe, *Kilkenny Archæological Journal*, 1874-5, p. 118, etc.

for sin; (2) that it was not attained through death: but generally at the call or invitation of an inhabitant of the invisible world, often a woman who sets her love upon some human being and entices him away. The passage from the story of *Teigue, Son of Cian*, bearing on our point is as follows:—

"Now for all they had suffered of cold, of strain on their endurance, of foul weather, and of tempest, yet after reaching the coast on which they were thus landed, they felt no craving at all for fire or for meat; the perfume of that region's fragrant crimsoned branches being meat and satisfying nourishment for them. Through the nearest part of the forest they take their way, and come by-and-by upon an orchard full of red-laden apple-trees, with leafy oaks too in it, and hazels yellow with nuts in their clusters. They quit this spot and happen on a wood; great was the excellence of its scent and perfume; round purple berries hung on it, and every one of them bigger than a man's head. Birds beautiful and brilliant feasted on these grapes; they were fowls of unwonted kind: white, with scarlet heads and golden beaks. As they fed, they warbled music and minstrelsy exquisitely melodious, to which the sick of every kind and the many times wounded would have fallen asleep, and Teigue hearing, chanted this melody: 'Sweet to my fancy, as I consider them, the strains of this melody to which I listen.'"[1]

They advance over a plain, clad in flowering clover all bedewed with honey, and enter a fort with a silver rampart in the "Earth's Fourth Paradise," where they find a charming youthful couple, with torques of gold about their necks. "Now the youth held in his hand a fragrant apple having the hue of gold; a third part of it he would eat, and still, for all he consumed, never a whit would it be diminished. This fruit it was that supported the pair of them, and when

[1] Edited by Dr. Standish Hayes O'Grady, *Silva Gadelica*, pp. 342-359.

once they had partaken of it, nor age nor dimness could affect them."

The youth explains that he is Conla and that he has been drawn away by the girl of many charms who sits beside him. Then as they wander round the splendid mansion, now empty, but reserved "for the righteous kings who after acceptance of the Faith shall rule Ireland," Teigue looks away across the capacious palace and "marks a thickly furnished wide-spreading apple tree that bore both blossoms and ripe fruit at once. 'What is that apple tree yonder?' he asked, and she made answer: 'That apple tree's fruit it is that shall serve for meat for all who come to this mansion, and a single apple of it was that which coaxed away Conla to me.'"

The pagan idea of the apple-branch as a talisman is, in such semi-Christian visions as the above, evidently becoming confused with the idea derived from Biblical sources of the tree in the midst of the Christian Paradise; yet its original meaning is not entirely lost. In the visions in which the Christian idea is paramount, such as the *Vision* ascribed to Adamnán, or the piece entitled the *Two Sorrows of Heaven's Kingdom*, the notion of the talisman is altogether lost, while the idea of the tree of nourishment, which is pagan and Christian alike, remains. The birds of pagan legend inhabiting its boughs become in the later visions the souls of the righteous in the form of birds. In the *Voyage of Brendan* we find, amid many details inspired by Christian tradition, a confused remembrance of the fair maiden of the pagan tales, in the monstrous maiden, "smooth, full-grown, yellow-haired, whiter than snow or the foam of the wave" who is found floating dead upon the ocean, and is brought to life by Brendan in order that she may be baptised and receive the Sacrament, "before going at once to Heaven."

In the Ossianic tale of *Oisin in Tir-na-nog*, the wanderers, Oisín (Ossian) and the beautiful maiden who entices him

away, meet, twice in their voyage "a lovely young maiden riding the waves on a brown steed, with a golden apple in her hand, followed by a young warrior on a white steed, who closely pursued her." In the *Voyage of Maelduin* a similar idea is latent in the rod plucked by the voyager from the wood as they were passing, which sprouted on the third day with a cluster of three apples, and each of these apples sufficed them for forty nights.

Putting together all these examples, which no doubt might be added to from other sources, may we not ask, is not the Gaelic Apple-Bough of entrance into the unseen world nearer in idea to the conception of Virgil than the legend of the bloody sacrifice within the groves of Nemi, or the story of the flight of Orestes from which this is supposed to have had its origin? In both, the mortal entered alive into the unseen world, guided by the bough; in both, the bough, though in classic tradition it grew above Avernus, while in Irish tradition it grew in the invisible land itself, was the special property of the presiding goddess of that world. It would be curious if a folk-belief, once perhaps widely-spread, had been retained only in the verse of Virgil, and the folk-tradition of Ireland.

[Miss Hull suggests that her examples of Magic Boughs may be added to from other sources. The following passage from Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie* seems pertinent to the subject. (Stallybrass' translation, vol. iii., pp. 971 *sqq.*) He is dealing with the widespread German legends of departed heroes slumbering in hidden caverns, and of white ladies inhabiting the recesses of the mountains, with whom is usually commonly associated the notion of an enchanted yet recoverable treasure.

"To get into the mountain in which it is concealed, one usually needs a plant or root to clear the way, to burst the door. The folktales simply call it a beautiful *wonderflower*, which the favoured person finds and sticks in his hat; all at once entrance and exit stand open for him to the treasure of the mountain. If inside the cavern he has filled his pockets, and bewildered at the sight of the valuables has laid aside his hat, a warning voice rings in his ear as he departs, *Forget not the best!* but it is then too late, *the iron door shuts with a bang, hard upon his heel*, in a twinkling all has disappeared and the road is never to be found again. The same formula comes up regularly every time

in the legends of the Odenberg, of the Weser mountains, and the Harz, and in many more (*D. Sag.*, nos. 9, 303, 314. Bechst. 1, 146, 3, 16, 4, 210-1. Dieffenbach's *Wetterau*, pp. 284-5, 190); it must be very old. The flower is commonly said to be *blue*, the colour most proper to gods and spirits, yet also I find '*purple* flower' and '*white* flower' mentioned. Sometimes it is called *Schlüsselblume* (keyflower) because it locks the vault, and as symbol of the key-wearing white woman whom the *bunch of keys* befits as old mistress and housekeeper, and who has likewise power to unlock the treasure; also *luck-flower* (Bechst. 3, 212), but most frequently *wunderblume*. When three *wonder-flowers* are named, it seems to mean three on one stalk (*ib.* 1., 146, 4, 209)."

Instead of wonderflower or keyflower, other stories name the *springwurzel* (explosive root) supposed to be the *euphorbia lathyris*, which the Italians call *sferra-cavallo*, because its power over metals is so great that a horse stepping on it has to leave the shoe behind. A foot-note refers to the rock-splitting plant *Shamir*, of Rabbinic legend. From this he passes to the use of the wish-rod, or divining-rod, called in the description of the Hoard of the Nibelungs (*Nib.* 1064) "a rodling of gold." Additional references are given in vol iv., pp. 1596, 1597.

We naturally think of "Open, sesame!" in this connection, but *cf.* Mr. Hartland's remarks, *Report of the Folklore Congress of* 1891, pp. 28-30.—Ed.]

COLLECTANEA.

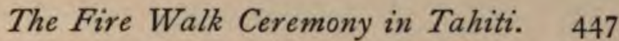
The Fire Walk Ceremony in Tahiti.

(*Quoted by permission from "Nature," 22nd August,* 1901.)

The very remarkable descriptions of the "Fire Walk," collected by Mr. Andrew Lang and others, had aroused a curiosity in me to witness the original ceremony, which I have lately been able to gratify in a visit to Tahiti.

Among these notable accounts is one by Colonel Gudgeon, British Resident at Raratonga, describing the experiment by a man from Raiatea, and also a like account of the Fiji fire ceremony from Dr. T. M. Hocken, whose article is also quoted in Mr. Lang's paper on the "Fire Walk," in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, February, 1900. This extraordinary rite is also described by Mr. Frazer in the *Golden Bough* and by others.

I had heard that it was performed in Tahiti in 1897, and several persons there assured me of their having seen it, and one of them of his having walked through the fire himself under the guidance of the priest, Papa-Ita, who is said to be one of the last remnants of a certain order of the priesthood of Raiatea, and who had also performed the rite at the island of Hawaii some time in the present year, of which circumstantial newspaper accounts were given, agreeing in all essential particulars with those in the accounts already cited. According to these, a pit was dug in which large stones were heated *red hot* by a fire which had been burning many hours. The upper stones were pushed away just before the ceremony, so as to leave the lower stones to tread upon, and over these, "glowing red hot" (according to the newspaper accounts), Papa-Ita had walked with naked feet, exciting such enthusiasm that he was treated with great consideration by



the whites, and by the natives as a god. I found it commonly believed in Tahiti that anyone who chose to walk after him, European or native, could do so in safety, secure in the magic which he exercises, if his instructions were exactly followed. Here in Tahiti, where he had "walked" four years before, it was generally believed among the natives, and even among the Europeans present who had seen the ceremony, that if anyone turned around to look back he immediately was burned, and I was told that all those who followed him through the fire were expected not to turn until they had reached the other side in safety, when he again entered the fire and led them back by the path by which he had come. I was further told by several who had tried it that the heat was not felt upon the feet, and that when shoes were worn the soles were not burned (for those who followed the priest's directions), but it was added by all that much heat was felt about the head.

Such absolutely extraordinary accounts of the performance had been given to me by respectable eye-witnesses and sharers in the trial, confirming those given in Hawaii, and, in the main, the cases cited by Mr. Lang, that I could not doubt that if all these were verified by my own observation, it would mean nothing less to me than a departure from the customary order of nature, and something very well worth seeing indeed.

I was glad, therefore, to meet personally the priest, Papa-Ita. He is the finest looking native that I have seen; tall, dignified in bearing, with unusually intelligent features. I learned from him that he would perform the ceremony on Wednesday, July 17, the day before the sailing of our ship. I was ready to provide the cost of the fire, if he could not obtain it otherwise, but this proved to be unnecessary.

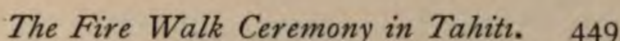
Papa-Ita himself spoke no English, and I conversed with him briefly through an interpreter. He said that he walked over the hot stones without danger by virtue of spells which he was able to utter and by the aid of a goddess (or devil, as my interpreter had it), who was formerly a native of the islands. The spells, he said, were something which he could teach another. I was told by others that there was a still older priest in the Island of Raiatea, whose disciple he was, although he had pupils of his own, and that he could "send his spirit" to Raiatea to secure the permission of his senior priest if necessary.

In answer to my inquiry as to what preparations he was going to make for the rite in the two or three days before it, he said he was going to pass them in prayer.

The place selected for the ceremony fortunately was not far from the ship. I went there at noon and found that a large shallow pit or trench had been dug, about nine feet by twenty-one feet and about two feet deep. Lying near by was a pile containing some cords of rough wood, and a pile of rounded water-worn stones, weighing, I should think, from forty to eighty pounds apiece. They were, perhaps, 200 in number, and all of porous basalt, a feature the importance of which will be seen later. The wood was placed in the trench, the fire was lighted and the stones heaped on it, as I was told, directly after I left, or at about twelve o'clock.

At 4.0 p.m. I went over again and found the preparations very nearly complete. The fire had been burning for nearly four hours. The outer stones touched the ground only at the edges of the pile, where they did not burn my hand, but as they approached the centre the stones were heaped up into a mound three or four layers deep, at which point the lowest layers seen between the upper ones were visibly red-hot. That these latter were nevertheless sending out considerable heat there could be no question, though the topmost stones were certainly not red-hot, while those at the bottom were visibly so and were occasionally splitting with loud reports, while the flames from the burned wood near the centre of the pile passed up in visible lambent tongues, both circumstances contributing to the effect upon the excited bystanders.

The upper stones, I repeat, even where the topmost were presently removed, did not show any glow to the eye, but were unquestionably very hot and certainly looked unsafe for naked feet. Native feet, however, are not like European ones, and Mr. Richardson, the chief engineer of the ship, mentioned that he had himself seen elsewhere natives standing unconcerned with naked feet on the cover of pipes conveying steam at about 300 degrees Fahrenheit where no European foot could even lightly rest for a minute. The stones then were hot. The crucial question was, *how* hot was the upper part of this upper layer on which the feet were to rest an instant in passing? I could think of no ready thermometric method that could give an absolutely trustworthy



answer, but I could possibly determine on the spot the thermal equivalent of one of the hottest stones trodden on. (It was subsequently shown that the stone might be much cooler at one part than another.) Most obviously, even this was not an easy thing to do in the circumstances, but I decided to try to get at least a trustworthy approximation. By the aid of Chief Engineer Richardson, who attended with a stoker and one of the quartermasters, kindly detailed at my request by the ship's master, Captain Lawless, I prepared for the rough but conclusive experiment presently described.

It was now nearly forty minutes after four, when six acolytes (natives), wearing crowns of flowers, wreathed with garlands, and bearing poles nearly fifteen feet long, ostensibly to be used as levers in toppling over the upper stones, appeared. They were supposed to need such long poles because of the distance at which they must stand on account of the heat radiated from the pile, but I had walked close beside it a moment before and satisfied myself that I could have manipulated the stones with a lever of one-third the length, with some discomfort, but with entire safety. Some of the uppermost stones only were turned over, leaving a superior layer, the long poles being needlessly thrust down between the stones to the bottom, where two of them caught fire at their extremities, adding very much to the impression that the exposed layer of stones was red hot, when in fact they were not, at least to the eye. These long poles and the way they were handled were, then, a part of the ingenious "staging" of the whole spectacle.

Now the most impressive part of the ceremony began. Papa-Ita, tall, dignified, flower-crowned, and dressed with garlands of flowers, appeared with naked feet and with a large bush of "Ti" leaves in his hands, and after going partly around the fire each way uttering what seemed to be commands to it, went back and beating the stones nearest him three times with the "Ti" leaves, advanced steadily, but with obviously hurried step, directly over the central ridge of the pile. Two disciples, similarly dressed, followed him, but they had not the courage to do so directly along the heated centre. They followed about half-way between the centre and the edge, where the stones were manifestly cooler, since I had satisfied myself that they could be touched lightly with the hand. Papa-Ita then turned and led the way back, this time

with deliberate confidence, followed on his return by several new disciples, most of them not keeping exactly in the steps of the leader, but obviously seeking cooler places. A third and fourth time Papa-Ita crossed with a larger following, after which many Europeans present walked over the stones without reference to the priest's instructions. The natives were mostly in their bare feet. One wore stockings. No European attempted to walk in bare feet except in one case, that of a boy, who, I was told, found the stones too hot, and immediately stepped back.

.The *mise en scène* was certainly noteworthy. The site, near the great ocean breaking on the barrier reefs, the excited crowd, talking about the "red-hot" stones, the actual sight of the hierophant and his acolytes making the passage along the ridge where the occasional tongues of flame were seen at the centre, with all the attendant circumstances, made up a scene in no way lacking in interest. Still, the essential question as to the actual heat of these stones had not yet been answered, and after the fourth passage I secured Papa-Ita's permission to remove from the middle of the pile one stone, which from its size and position every foot had rested upon in crossing, and which was undoubtedly at least as hot as any of those trodden on. It was pulled out by my assistants with difficulty, as it proved to be larger than I had expected, it being of ovoid shape with the lower end in the hottest part of the fire. I had brought over the largest wooden bucket which the ship had, and which was half-filled with water, expecting that this would cover the stone, but it proved to be hardly enough. The stone caused the water to rise nearly to the top of the bucket, and it was thrown into such violent ebullition that a great deal of it boiled over and escaped weighing. The stone was an exceedingly bad conductor of heat, for it continued to boil the water for about twelve minutes, when, the ebullition being nearly over, it was removed to the ship and the amount of evaporated water measured.

Meanwhile others, as I have said, began to walk over the stones without any reference to the ceremony prescribed by Papa-Ita, and three or four persons, whom I personally knew on board the ship, did so in shoes, the soles of which were not burned at all. One of the gentlemen, however, who crossed over with unburned shoes, showed me that the ends of his trousers had been burnt by the flames which leaped up between the stones,

and which at all times added so much to the impressiveness of the spectacle, and there was no doubt that any one who stumbled or got a foot caught between the hot stones might have been badly burned. United States Deputy-Consul Ducorran, who was present, remarked to me that he knew that Papa-Ita had failed on a neighbouring island, with stones of a marble-like quality, and he offered to test the heat of these basaltic ones by seeing how long he could remain on the hottest part of the pile, and he stood there, in my sight, from eight to ten seconds before he felt the heat through the thin soles of his shoes beginning to be unpleasantly warm.

A gentleman present asked Papa-Ita why he did not give an exhibit that would be convincing by placing his foot, even for a few seconds, between two of the red-hot stones which could be seen glowing at the bottom of the pile, to which Papa-Ita replied with dignity, "My fathers did not tell me to do it that way." I asked him if he would hold one of the smaller, upper hot stones in his hand. He promised to do so, but he did *not* do it.

The outer barriers were now removed, and a crowd of natives pressed in. I, who was taking these notes on the spot, left, after assuring myself that the stones around the edge of the pit were comparatively cold, although the centre was no doubt very hot, and those below red hot. The real question is, I repeat, how hot were those trodden on? and the answer to this I was to try to obtain after measuring the amount of water boiled away.

On returning to the ship this was estimated from the water which was left in the bucket (after allowing for that spilled over) at about ten pounds. The stone, which it will be remembered was one of the hottest, if not the hottest, in the pile, was found to weigh sixty-five pounds, and to have evaporated this quantity of water. It was, as I have said, a volcanic stone, and on minuter examination proved to be a vesicular basalt, the most distinctive feature of which was its porosity and non-conductibility, for it was subsequently found that it could have been heated red hot at one end, while remaining comparatively cool at the top. I brought a piece of it to Washington with me, and there determined its specific gravity to be 0·39,[1] its specific heat 0·19, and its conductivity to be so extremely small that one end of a small frag-

[1] *Read*, 2·39.

ment could be held in the hand while the other was heat indefinitely in the flame of a blow-pipe, almost like a stick sealing-wax. This partly defeated the aim of the experiment find the temperature of the upper part of the stone), since or the mean temperature was found. This *mean* temperature of t hottest stone of the upper layer, as deduced from the above da was about 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit, but the temperature of t surface must have been indefinitely lower. The temperature which such a stone begins to show a dull red in daylight is, so f as I am aware, not exactly determined, but is approximately 1,3 to 1,400 degrees Fahrenheit.

To conclude, I could entertain no doubt that I had witness substantially the scenes described by the gentlemen cited, and have reason to believe that I saw a very favourable specimen of "Fire Walk."

It was a sight well worth seeing. It was a most clever a interesting piece of savage magic, but from the evidence I ha just given I am obliged to say (almost regretfully) that it was not miracle. S. P. LANGLEY.

Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.,
August 7th, 1901.

Mr. Lang has published some remarks on the above accou (*Morning Post*, 21st September) which we summarise as follow omitting his observations on the extraordinary lightness of t stone, which have proved to be based on a misprint in *Natu* ("specific gravity, 0·39" for "2·39"):—

The test applied was so "rough" as to be inconclusive. T quantity of the water is not given, nor are we told whether a allowance was made for the water likely to be absorbed by t porous stone. In any case, only the mean temperature, not th of the upper surface, could have been discovered by this mean Nor do we hear how long a time elapsed before Europeans pass through, shod, without harm.

A comparison of the affair with other accounts brings out t following points.

1. It was undertaken as an exhibition, not, as in the originals, religious ceremony preparatory to cooking the first-fruits. The is certainly no such rite in Tahiti, where the performanc occurred.

2. The stones used were noted by Dr. Hocken as basaltic (as above), and by Mr. Gorten as lava rocks. Other witnesses omit the point. "In Asia and India stones are not used, but what is described as red-hot charcoal, as in ancient Italy."

3. The tests of temperature attempted by previous witnesses all fail in some respect.

4. The trousers of an American were burnt by the flames between the stones (Langley). The dry fern anklets of the natives were not burnt (Thomson).

5. Thomson and Hocken examined the feet of the "native' fire-walkers, and found them not insensitive, but unburnt. Colonel Gudgeon (though a European) himself, with several others, walked barefoot, and unhurt.

6. The furnace was only lighted four hours before the performance; not, as in Hocken's case, 36 to 48 hours before, or, as in Gudgeon's, from dawn till 2 p.m.

"Here I leave the matter, not, of course, claiming a 'miracle,' but hopeful of more exact tests, both as to temperature and 'native feet.'"

Mr. Lang writes to us that he does not desire to engage in further controversy on Mr. Langley's case. He adds:—

I am glad that *Folk-Lore* is turning its attention to the Fire Walk. Its interest is religious, apart from the problem of the immunity from blisters. In the Oceanic area, the rite appears to be one of the sanctifying of First Fruits. In the Asiatic area the rite, at least in some cases, is one of purification. Mr. Frazer suggests that, in ancient Italy, "the passage of the priests of Soranus through the fire was a magical ceremony designed to procure a due supply of light and warmth for the earth by mimicking the sun's passage across the firmament," that is, if Soranus (Apollo) was a sun-god (*Golden Bough*, iii., 312). I have not observed this magical purpose asserted where the rite is still practised. Mannhardt thinks that perhaps the Italian fire-walkers (*Hirpi*, wolves) represented the Corn Spirit,—not the Sun. This is not the case where the fire-walkers have no corn, but perhaps they then represent the *masawe* spirit?

As to the immunity of the fire-walkers, I cite many examples, and good European reports, in *Modern Mythology*, and in *Magic and Religion*.

The best authorities are Mr. Basil Thomson, when a British

official in Fiji, Miss Teuira Henry, a learned lady of Polynesia extraction (Honolulu), Dr. Hocken of New Zealand, who made very careful examination, using a thermometer, Colonel Haggar (Japan), Colonel Gudgeon, Governor of Rarotonga (who, with other Europeans, performed the walk barefoot and unhurt), and Mr. George Ely Hall, Turkish Consul-General at San Francisco who did the walk in company with Commodore Germinot, commander of the French cruiser *Protet*, last year. His account is in the *Sunday Examiner Magazine* (San Francisco) for December 1900, and brief extracts appeared in the *Journal of the Polynesian Society*, March, 1901.

In my opinion these and other versions, cited by Mr. Frazer in *The Golden Bough*, and by myself in the books mentioned, need to be compared with the description by Mr. Langley. It is true that the other authors offer no *explanation*. The only explanation which I have ever offered (in *Magic and Religion*) is that "perhaps we can all do the fire-walk." One never knows till one tries!

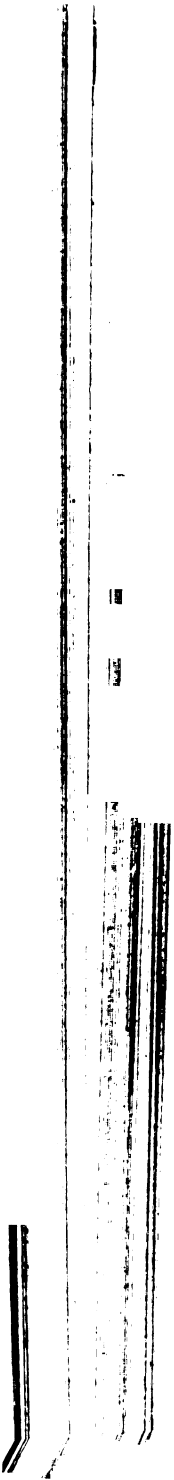
A. LANG.

We have to thank the proprietors of *The Wide World* Magazine for the use of the illustration, (Plate xv.), one of five photographs taken by Mr. Frank Davey, ("the well-known Honolulu photographer"), of the exhibition given by Papa-Ita at Honolulu on Saturday, January 19th, 1901, which are reproduced in the June (1901) number of *The Wide World*, with an accompanying description by Mr. Davey.

With regard to the points emphasised by Mr. Lang, Mr. Davey's evidence is as follows. 1. The ceremony as performed by Papa-Ita has "degenerated into a mere show," with a "manager" and gate-money. 2. "The peculiarly-mottled lava-stones which are necessary for the ceremony were easily found. . . . . Ita was greatly pleased, for they were just what he wanted." 3. No test of temperature is described; but "you could hear the stones splutter as the rain (which began to fall at the moment) struck them." 4. *Nil.* 5. "I personally examined his feet with scrupulous care, and found they were intact." Their callosity or otherwise is not mentioned. 6. The furnace was lighted ten hours beforehand. Ita said "the stones were not hot enough," and that he would give another performance, which he did the following Thursday, when 500 dollars was offered to any one who would *precede* him, but not

PAPA-ITA PERFORMING THE FIRE-WALK AT HONOLULU.

To face p. 454.



aken. Mr. Davey speaks of the "red-hot" stones, the flames leaping up between them, and the men who (in ordinary European dress, according to the photograph) turned them over with long poles, "so as to get the greatest heat uppermost"; but neither he nor any narrator previous to Mr. Langley explains whether or not he means the epithets "red-hot" and "white-hot" to apply to *the upper surface of the topmost layer of stones at the moment of being trodden on!* If *not*, then the witnesses are substantially agreed on this point. However, we are not dealing with conflicting accounts of the same event, but comparing the accounts of different events.

It is perhaps worth while to point out that in all Papa-Ita's performances of which we have particulars, the fire was made *under* a cairn of stones, and continued to burn during the exhibition, which must have added not a little to the exciting nature of the scene; while in other cases (New Zealand, Fiji) the pit, appears to have been lined with the stones and the firewood placed *on* them; what remained of it being removed (in Dr. Hocken's account) when they were sufficiently heated, after the manner of an old-fashioned bread-oven in England. ED.

A Survival of Tree-worship.

(*Communicated by Mr. J. G. Frazer.*)

In this little-visited corner of Tuscany I have come across what appears to me a curious survival of tree-worship, or rather, worship of the spirit of the woods. I am spending the summer in a little village on the edge of the great chestnut forests which cover Mount Amiata, an isolated mountain rising from the Maremma. All summer a movement has been going on; the peasants going away by twos and threes at night, and returning the next day, tired, but with a queer excited visionary look which was so marked that it excited my curiosity. At first they were unwilling to say much, only that they had been to visit a Madonna in an oak-tree; but as I have become well known they grow more communicative and enter into particulars. They walk to a certain valley, and there they

assert that a lady (the Madonna, as they believe) appears in an oak-tree. They spend the night in a sort of ecstasy, of which they can tell little except that it leaves them "*contentissimi.*" This has been going on all summer, and sometimes there are several thousand people on the spot. When one sees them going off after their hard day's work under the Italian sun, to take first a walk of four hours from here (many come from much further), and then to spend the whole night in this way, one cannot help feeling that some strong instinct or feeling must draw them.

The Church discourages the whole thing; the arch-priest of Santafiora goes so far as to assert that it is a work of the devil, but that would be his view of any survival of the worship of the wood-spirits. The people, though pious Catholics, will not be prevented from going to their oak-tree; they are persuaded it is the Madonna. The government, which dislikes any religious ferment among the people, has sent the *carabinieri* once, who tore off the offerings which the poor people had hung on the tree, and threw down and trampled on the candles they had fixed on it; but this has only irritated the believers. They threaten now to cut down the oak and post *carabinieri* on the spot, so the whole thing may soon be put down, and you may like to know about it while yet going on.

Peasants are not good hands at describing sensations; about their visions they can only say they see a strange light and the Madonna appears, and they see, or she tells them, wonderful beautiful things. It is all vague as to detail, but not as to the sentiment, or belief in the vision. Owing to its isolation, surrounded by the deadly Maremma, the people of this mountain are peculiarly primitive; but an electric tram is threatened, so one had better study them at once, as that will banish the spirits.

MARY LOVETT CAMERON.

Le Bagnore, Arcidosso, Prov. di Grosseto, Italy.
12th August, 1901.

The Rice Harvest in Ceylon.

(*Communicated by Mr. Andrew Lang*).

Let me give you an account of a Hindu festival that occurs here, in Ceylon, annually. The Tamil coolies have a god Mareii, that they carry in an ark, shaped *so.* [Here follows a small rude pen-and-ink outline: a figure (the god) under a segmental arch supported on pillars, out of which spring lines explained to represent "peacock's feathers, hair, &c."] After the harvest of rice is gathered, any time in May, June, or July, and *before* the burst of the south-west monsoon, which occurs in May or June, they take this god and throw it into the river; and then fifteen or twenty-one days after they go to the same spot, and look about for the new god; pretend not to find it, and go through a pantomime; and then find a *new god* in the water, with great rejoicing, &c. I asked the man,[1] why find a new god? Would not the old one do, washed and dried? No, he said, after the rice is harvested the "god must be killed," and a new god found like a new-born baby come to life, and it must be found, or the "great rain" (the south-west monsoon) will not come, and the sowing of rice (for the second crop) will fail.

Note the variable date of doing this. This depends entirely on the harvest date, late or early, according to the weather and the heaviness of the crop. And here in Ceylon we have two or three different dates for harvesting produce, entirely depending on the rain and sunshine being different in different parts of Ceylon. In one place you will have drenching rain, wind, and cold, and on the same day you go five miles or so, across a range of hills 6,000 feet high, and you go into a fine climate like Italy: no rain, no cold; all sunshine and drought. The harvest time is opposite to harvest time on the other side of the range. One must live in the tropics to understand this.

Another very interesting ceremony among the Singhalese is Thrashing the Rice. I found an account of it in the *Monthly Literary Register, or Notes and Queries of Ceylon* (Ferguson, *Observer* Office, Colombo), 1896, p. 149, as follows.

[1] Presumably a Tamil coolie previously mentioned.

They choose a lucky day and hour, and then draw in wood-ashes on the floor of the thrashing-place this picture. [Here follows a rough diagram : a cross with equal arms having trident-shaped extremities, intersecting three concentric circles, the arms projecting well beyond the circles.] They then put in each of the six arcs of the two outer circles [*sic*] the following : 1, a broom ; 2, a winnow ; 3, an ear of corn ; 4, a flail ; 5, the bow and arrow of Vishnu ; 6, a new moon. The two latter [figures ?] are to keep off evil spirits. Then turmeric and cow-dung are mixed in water and spread all over it, and in the centre is put (1) a piece of margosa-wood, (2) a sea-shell, (3) a piece of iron. The first is to keep off the special corn-devil, the second is an emblem of the purity of Sakkeya, and the third is to ward off general devils.

Then some one lucky and wealthy carries in a handful of ears on his head, walks three times round the thrashing-floor, places the corn in the centre, kneels down and folds his hands before it, and bows down to it with uplifted hands ; and then he makes a litter of the stack, and thrashing begins. While they are thrashing, "tee" or "dummy" names are used for all tools, &c. ; and no one may swear, or say devil, tiger, fire, &c., or the corn will be spoilt.

R. J. Drummond, M.D.

Belgravia, Talawakelli, Ceylon.
13*th September*, 1901.

Stories and other Notes from the Upper Congo.

(*Continued from p.* 189.)

III.—Motu Moko. (Miketo, p. 36.)

About a Certain Person.

He lived and worked a farm, and planted a large number of plaintains in it. They ripened very well.

One day he went and found that the matured plantains had been entirely broken off their stems. He said : "Who has

broken my plantains thus? Alas! for mercy." Every morning and every day it was thus; however, it was the Above-folk who came down on purpose to steal them. One day he laid in ambush, and saw them descend in numbers and give themselves up to eating the ripe plantain. The man rushed out and chased them, and caught one woman. He brought her with him and put her in his house, and gave her a name—Mwila-ndaku.

Mwila-ndaku had much intelligence. She set fire to the wood, did work, and knew things like a member of the human race, and was every day charming her friends, and afterwards she brought a great many of them to her husband.

By-and-by this woman became possessed of a covered basket, and thereupon she said to her husband: "As we live here, if I go to the farm, you must not open my basket, and if you open it, then consequently we shall all go away." The husband answered: "All right, then I will not undo it."

Every day he was very happy because he had plenty of people. But one day the wife went to the farm, and the husband said: "Every morning why does my wife say, 'You must not open the basket?'" The husband opened the basket, looked inside, and shut it again. When his wife returned she entered the house and said: "My husband, why did he open the basket?" The husband sat perfectly quiet. One day the husband went into the bush, and the wife called all her tribe and returned above.

Moral: You see when a friend admonishes you not to touch his things, then leave them alone.

1. *Ba-Likolo* or *Bai-Likolo*. Likolo = sky, place above; ba or bai = people of; hence the people of the place above, or for short, the Above-folk. This I acknowledge is an awkward phrase; perhaps a better will suggest itself some day. One is restricted to this narrow view of Likolo because they have the word *Bolobo* = happiness, as describing a place where some of their ancestors are. Bolobo is from the verb *loba* = to rejoice. Their notions regarding this place (Bolobo) are very nebulous.

Some other stories give other phases of the powers of these folk who descend from above.

2. *Mwila-ndaku.* This was one of the names given to a slave-wife who was set apart to be buried with the dead husband. If she gave birth to a child before her husband died, she was freed

from this doubtful honour. The woman was often buried alive. During the first year or two of our residence here we were enabled to stop this cruel custom.

3. *Set fire to the wood.* The belief is that there was no fire on the earth, but that originally it came from above. In another story it is related that these Above-folk brought down the fire, and taught the folk on earth the use of it.

IV.—Lo La Nkengo.

Palaver of Nkengo.

The son of Libuta lived in a town. When he saw the people dying in numbers, he said: "You Above-folk, throw me down a rope." The Above-folk heard, and threw him down a rope. Nkengo held the rope, and they pulled him up above. When he reached above he waited one day.

When the day was gone, in the morning, they asked him, saying: "You come here in order to receive salvation, the appointment is for seven days, but you must not sleep; should you sleep, then you will not receive salvation."

Nkengo was able to remain sleepless for six days, but on the next—the seventh—he was not able, but nodded in sleep. They roused him up, saying: "You came that you might receive salvation, you had an appointment for seven days, you were able to keep six well, why did you abandon salvation on the seventh?" The Above-folk were angry, they drove him away, saying: "Get out, and go with your dying." They lowered him to the earth.

The people left on the earth asked him, saying: "Tell us what happened when you were up above to receive salvation." Then Nkengo said: "When I went above to receive salvation, they gave me an appointment, saying, 'You have come to receive salvation, but you must not sleep for seven days.' I was able for six, but the next—the seventh—I abandoned it. Thereupon they were angry, and drove me away, saying, 'Get away with your dying, you shall not receive salvation; every day you shall be dying.'"

His friends who were left laughed at him, saying: "Nkengo, the son of Libuta, was receiving salvation, and ran away quickly, d so lost it."

This story I have had for several years; in fact there are many reasons to believe that its conception is purely native. Nkengo is often blamed for so nearly gaining salvation, and yet losing it.

V.—The Two Bundles.

On one occasion while a man was working in the forest, a little man with two bundles, one large and one small, went up to him and said: "Which of these bundles will you have? This" (taking up the large bundle) "contains knives, looking-glasses, cloth, &c. This" (taking up the small bundle) "contains immortal life." "I cannot," said the man, "choose by myself; I must go and ask the others in the town." While he was gone, some women arrived, and the choice was put to them. They tried the edges of the knives, decked themselves in the cloth, admired themselves in the looking-glasses, and, without more ado, selected the big bundle. The little man, picking up the small bundle, vanished. On the return of the man from the town, both little man and bundles were gone. The women exhibited and shared the things, but death continued on the earth.

This legend was told me by a brother missionary who had lived some years among the Balolo tribe, five miles south of the Equator (long. 18° east), as being generally accepted among his people to account for the continuance of death on the earth.

My friend told me that he had heard the people say frequently: "O, if those women had only chosen the small bundle we should not be dying like this!"

Sundry Notes.

1. The Ngala language, with small dialectical differences, is spoken by the tribes living on that portion of the right and left banks of the Congo River that has the large state station of Nouvelle Anvers (the native name is Bangala) as its centre. Lat. about 1° 40′ north, long. 18° east. The Ngala language is used for 100 miles west and 150 miles east of that point. Both the language and the tribes are chiefly confined to the river-

banks. The hinterland folk speak a different language, and have different tribal marks. Stanley mentions these Bangala (*Dark Continent*, ed. 1878, ii., 300). They were a warlike people; they fought Stanley several times during his first journey down the Congo.

Whence these tribes come, and why they have come, in the memory of men now living, to inhabit the main banks of the river, are questions of great interest, which I must try to answer another time. Suffice it to say they belong to the great Bantu family, come probably from the direction of the Mobangi River, and have for their principal tribal mark the Likwala (= cock's comb) running from the middle of the head down the forehead to the bridge of the nose. The more dandyish a person is the more prominent is his or her Likwala.

2. There is no objection whatever to naming a child after the dead. It is often done when there is a similarity between the child and the dead person, and sometimes it is done when the dead person was a man of some distinction and wealth. The motive then is either to bring similar good fortune on the child so named, or to keep green the memory of a chief who has brought distinction on a family. The name would then be that of the child, and to call him by it, no matter how frequently, would not be considered wrong.

3. As to belief in the rebirth or reincarnation of a dead person, preferably an ancestor. A few years before Stanley descended the Congo there was a general belief extant in this district that many of their ancestors would appear in another form, and yet would be recognisable by similarity of features to those whose spirits the "appearances" took. When the white men came, this belief seemed to be confirmed by the fact that they often thought they saw a likeness in the features, walk, or gestures of some white men to dead men whom they knew. I myself have often been surprised and amused when a motion, a glance, or some little peculiarity among these folk has called vividly to mind some person I know at home. There was one man (now dead) I never met without having a certain uncle of mine recalled to mind, and another person (a girl) always by an indescribable something reminded me of a girl I knew at home. When we came here in 1890, my colleague was thought to resemble a chief who had died some [illegible]e before, and I was thought to be like another who had died

belonging to a family that has a hippopotamus for its omen (not totem, that is another word), and this view was confirmed by my firing on two successive nights at a hippo that came prowling about our beach. After the second night the hippo sent me a message to say that it was little use my firing at it as it was impossible for me to kill it, as it was a spirit. The message was sent through a member of the family to whom the hippo acted as an omen. However, after this the hippo gave our beach a wide berth, and so I lost a chance of distinguishing myself by killing a spirit. The members of the above family used to put a pot of sugar-cane wine out in the town every night, while the hippo was in the neighbourhood, for it to drink.

Our small steamer, the *Peace*, was the first to pass near the towns in this bay, and as the people could not see any reason for the rapid progress of the "big canoe," there being no paddles visible, they believed that the water spirits (some of their ancestors) were pushing it along from below. Many thought that the steamer was Libanza (God) on his way to Tinge-Tinge (Stanley Falls) to visit his sister Nsongo. You will see on page 11 of *Miketo* Nsongo mentioned several times, but that story I must tell you another time.

There is no belief in reincarnation among these people, and the above slight suspicion of it may, I think, be accounted for by rumours of the white man having filtered through from both coasts. The Bangala fifteen or twenty years ago were a strong war-loving people who travelled far and wide on the river. Then again slaves were bought and exchanged from widely distant parts, and of course carried with them the news and rumours, true and false, of their last residence. This factor in the disseminating of religious belief, and the interweaving of those beliefs into what is often a patchwork whole, has not been properly allowed for in dealing with the superstitions of African races.

Bamaleli is a word for a sickness in which a man is supposed to be possessed by many spirits. When the afflicted person eats, he divides his food into two portions, one he scatters in various directions around him for the spirits to eat, and the other he eats himself. It is a very common custom here and on the Lower Congo for a sick man to remove secretly in the night to another town so as to outwit the spirit that is supposed to be troubling

him. A few weeks ago a sick man came to me attired in a woman's dress, and trying to speak in a woman's voice. He was attempting by these means to make himself other than he was in order to cheat the spirit that had made him ill.

Abnormal events are frequently placed to the credit of the spirit of a man recently dead. A few hours after the death of a young man who died about three months ago a furious storm broke on the town, blowing down plantain trees and working havoc in the farms. It was stated in all seriousness by the old folk that the storm had been sent by the spirit of Mopembe. We have had for dinner to-day a shoulder of antelope, the history of which will further illustrate the above statement. Three days ago Mumbamba, an old head-man, died. Since his death his relatives have been coming from various towns to mourn at his grave. This morning three canoes of men and women were coming up river, with the object of expressing their grief at the grave, when they happened upon a large antelope caught in the grass of an islet that had lodged against a fallen tree in the river. The mourners dragged the antelope into one of the canoes, and gave Mumbamba the credit of sending them an antelope as an expression of his favour.

JOHN H. WEEKS.

SUPERNATURAL CHANGES OF SITES.

(Vol. viii., pp. 177, 279.)

The *Sporting Magazine* for April, 1813, p. 21, contains a story relating to a knightly effigy which was then, and I trust still is, in the church of Tolleshunt Knights, Essex. When I first read it I had thoughts of sending to *Folk-Lore* a full transcript, but it is so clogged with needless verbiage that I am sure students will prefer a condensation. The writer, who signs his communication L., says that he had heard the tale told more than fifty years before sending it to the *Sporting Magazine*, and was evidently of opinion that it had not been recorded elsewhere. It was, he says,

"honoured with entire credence by some . . . . and half believed by all" the old people who told it.

A long time ago the landowners of Tolleshunt Knights had a dispute as to where a certain manor-house, to be called Barn Hall, was to be built. An attempt was made to erect it near the church, but as soon as any part thereof was to be seen, it was torn down "and carried clean away by night," and this damage was not done silently but accompanied by terrible sights and sounds. At length a knight was found sufficiently heroic to undertake to encounter the evil spirits who impeded the work, the townsfolk went to bed, and at about midnight the knight fully armed "and attended only by his two faithful spayed bitches" sallied forth. There was a violent storm—thunder, lightning, and a whirlwind, and in the midst of the elemental disturbance the devil appeared. He was armed with an immense club. After some hard fighting in which neither the knight nor the spirit of evil was victorious, the latter was for a time out of breath, so he paused, and, resting on his club, said to his antagonist, "Who helped you?" To this question the knight gave answer, "God and myself, and my two spayed bitches." The fight was again renewed, but soon the Devil was once more exhausted, so he paused as before, the same question was asked and received a like reply. The encounter was renewed for a third time, and the Devil once more put his former query. Hitherto the knight had done well, but now he made a fatal blunder by putting in his reply his own name before that of God, his answer running, "Myself and God and my two spayed bitches." The result of this verbal error was terrible. The knight was at once overcome and slain, and the victorious demon exclaimed in an earth-shaking voice, "Be you buried by land or by sea, in church or churchyard, I will have you." Then he whirled his club five miles away saying, "Wherever you drop, there Barn Hall shall be built," and so it came to pass. Barn Hall was built on the very spot where the club fell, and of the club was made the main beam of the house. The villagers had too much admiration for their fallen hero to be willing that the Evil One should possess his soul, so they buried his body neither in the church nor the churchyard, but in the church wall itself, and set up near his place of rest his effigy clad in armour with his two faithful hounds at his feet.

The writer says that there was another form of the tale in which

it is set forth that it was the building of the church, not of the hall, that the demon was bent upon frustrating.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

[This is evidently the version of the Barn Hall legend known to the late Rev. J. C. Atkinson in his boyhood (see ref., *supra*). The version given in Mr. Gomme's *Folklore Relics of Early Village Life* was told to Mr J. H. Round "by a person well acquainted with the locality," and recorded by him in the *Antiquary*, vol. iv., p. 279.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

HISTORY, TRADITION, AND HISTORIC MYTH.

(*Ante*, p. 336.)

MR. NUTT's criticism raises the general question, whether we are justified in accepting a part of any group of traditions as evidence and rejecting the rest. This is too large a question to be discussed fully here; but perhaps I may point out that there are certain kinds of accretions, (for instance, the miraculous element, or exaggerations of numbers), which are apt to add themselves to stories told by tradition; these may be eliminated without discrediting the rest. So, too, whole episodes based on local prejudices may often be traced to their origin, though with less certainty. But those parts of a body of tradition which are possible in fact, and consistent together, stand on a different basis from isolated episodes. In such a case it may be unsafe to base theories upon these alone; but if it be found that they support theories which are based on archæological or other evidence, they may be added as confirmatory evidence, and will be cogent in proportion to their mass and consistency. Professor Ridgeway has used the Greek traditions in this way. He deduces his theory from archæological and ethnological evidence, and then points to the remarkable fact that the traditions in the main agree with the evidence. It follows, then, that the traditions are in the main trustworthy. But Professor Ridgeway does not assume their trustworthiness, and then deduce a theory from them. After his demonstration, however, we are justified in giving weight to the traditions.

Those which Mr. Nutt adduces as examples of what might have happened are not parallel to the Greek traditions. He chooses one which is "destitute of any and every kind of basis, historical, racial, archæological, and linguistic." If there are such amongst Greek traditions, it would be rash to base theories upon

them; and Professor Ridgeway has not done this at all. Moreover the conditions are different in a world which has been accustomed to the common use of writing for two thousand years; and in the world of two thousand years B.C., where writing was known indeed, but was certainly not common.

Genealogical legends were of supreme importance to the Greek, who so often traced his descent from gods or demigods, and whose religion was bound up with his family. It was of importance to him to be accurate in this, although the tendency to self-glorification no doubt was present; and it was possible to carry much historical fact by tongue-tradition when family bards existed, whose life-work it was to preserve and, it must be admitted, to embellish this. I do not offer any opinion on the question of "historic myths," but my own studies lead me to think that there is a personal basis for heroic legends, and that Asclepius and the Dioscuri were not the only divinities who were human to begin with.

On the whole, I think Professor Ridgeway has treated the legend fairly; but if he has not, I fail to see why all traditions should be discarded as worthless for evidence, as Mr. Nutt seems inclined to do.

W. H. D. Rouse.

The Ethnological Significance of Burial and Cremation.

(*Ante*, p. 361).

Is Professor Ridgeway on firm ground when, pointing to differences of custom in the matter of disposal of the dead as indicating a different conception of the world of the dead, he argues that this difference of mental attitude is due to difference of race? I venture to think that we have no solid grounds for supposing that where one custom has succeeded the other, this result may not be due, as Mr. Hall suggests, to other causes than the presence in later times of a people of alien race. Surely we have no reason whatever for believing that the religious creed of a people can only be changed by an admixture of foreign blood. It is not even proved that difference of race is the cause of the varying

standard of culture of different strata of the population. The parishioner may locate the ghost of a dead man in the churchyard and the parson believe it to be further away, without their being of different blood. If contemporaneous divergences are not incompatible with racial unity, still less are the differences of custom of successive ages a proof that one race has succeeded another.

In examples drawn from European peoples, however, it is always possible to argue that racial diversity lies at the root of divergences of mental attitude. It may therefore be well to give an example in which this cause is practically excluded. Collins (*Account of the English Colony*, p. 601) informs us that the natives of New South Wales buried their young people and burned their old. No one will assert that the difference here is due to racial diversity; it points to a difference of intention with regard to the dead, rather than to the different conception of the world of the dead, for which Professor Ridgeway argues. I do not of course argue that a similar custom prevailed in Greece; it is quite possible that Professor Ridgeway is right, but the burial-cremation test does not prove him to be so.

N. W. THOMAS.

"MYTHS OF GREECE."

(*Ante*, p. 362.)

The able classical scholar who has noticed my book is unfair to me. For example, I have quoted from a writer of the folklore school a paragraph containing a bit of bad Latin, and the error in the Latin is charged upon me, without any mention of the quotation marks. Most of the other errors could be just as easily explained. But what I want to say is that my book is the outcome of years of investigation and ought not to be damned for a trifle. *The Times* has said that "there is some truth in Mr. St. Clair's explanations," and *Literature* allows that I have at least "advanced the study of one factor, perhaps a large factor, in the growth of Greek legend." Why, then, cannot the folklorists accept me as a co-worker, instead of depreciating the work of

years because my method is not the same as theirs, or becau my assumptions are not the same as theirs?

Now really my method has been scientific. My critic says th I "attempt to prove by the use of metaphor." He is mistake That there is figure and symbol in the myths is, I suppose, inco testable. Pausanias, for one, tells us that the wise among tl Greeks spoke of old in riddles.

To discover the meaning of any symbol or phrase I have co lated the passages in which it occurs and then asked myself wh sense would fit them all. This is the inductive method. Ne like any man of science, I have framed a "working hypothesi and tried the application of the meanings thus arrived at. The "fables" are prehistoric in origin. Where, then, is the sense asking me to furnish historic record or foundation for everythi I put forth? "Literary evidence will not carry Athena beyo the eleventh century." How far will literary evidence carry tl existence of the Greeks themselves? And do the Greeks on begin when the literary evidence begins?

My working hypothesis connects the myths with the seasons the year and the measurement of time. What more likely? Ar if true, there would of course be something like system and co tinuity. My critic says I assume that the priest-astronomers we undisturbed in their efforts through thousands of years, and th this is impossible in view of wars and invasions. Let me remin him that Julius Cæsar reformed the calendar, and Pope Grego sought to perfect it, after 1,500 years, notwithstanding wars an invasions. But in presenting my working hypothesis as a whol I have, in some places, been able to offer nothing better than guess. It is only what a classical scholar does when he seeks t translate a mutilated manuscript; when he fills in the *lacunæ* co jecturally. Where is the fairness—either to me or your readers— in singling out such a passage as "an example of Mr. St. Clair logic"?

As to the strife between Athena and Poseidon—"Where Pose don had been worshipped, the worship of Athena supplanted i Incoming conquerors brought their gods with them." Of cours they did; but you don't account for the origin of a tribal cult, an more than for the tribe itself, by saying that it is an immigran from another country.

Lastly (on account of space), the reference to the four ages i

unfair. It is matter of fact that the ancients spoke of a Great Year. The Sothic Cycle was one Great Year and the Precession Cycle another. These "years" of course had their quarters; and a quarter of the precession cycle would be 6,467 ordinary years. What is there ridiculous in surmising that the notion of these was what underlay the tradition of Four Ages—of gold, silver, bronze, and iron? In describing the Four Ages of the Aztecs, Humboldt says, "They are fictions of the astronomical mythology." (*Researches*, xiv. 23.) I am not speaking of the seasons of the common year, as my critic represents.

GEO. ST. CLAIR.

[*Securus iudicet orbis terrarum.*—YOUR REVIEWER.]

THE TRANSITION FROM TOTEMISM TO ANCESTOR-WORSHIP.

(*Ante*, pp. 36, 341.)

The close connection between the aboriginal inhabitants of Madagascar and the South African races renders the comparison of their beliefs and practices important. I feel, therefore, much indebted to Mr. N. W. Thomas for calling attention to the very interesting Betsileo example of transmigration.

His remarks, however, open a wide field of controversy, and one into which I cannot here enter. I must content myself with disclaiming (*a*) the "initial assumption" which Mr. Thomas attributes to me, (*b*) any definite opinion on the origin of totemism (a subject on which the evidence at present accessible does not, I think, warrant our pronouncing), (*c*) the intention to trace the development of ancestor-worship elsewhere than among the Bantu from totemism, and (*d*) the assumption of identity between the totemism of South Africa and that of any other part of the world. My suggestions were entirely confined to South Africa. We are likely to make better progress with the investigation of totemism if we begin by dealing with the problems of each area separately.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

Customs Relating to Iron.

(*Ante*, p. 340.)

I scarcely think that heating water with a red-hot poker for washing new-born infants is generally practised in this neighbourhood. C. B., a well-known nurse who lived in a village on the Nottinghamshire side of the Trent, near Gainsborough, and died in 1863, was accustomed to use nothing else until the navel had healed; but probably the custom is dying out. A. H., a Lincolnshire woman of experience, tells me now that she never heard of heating water by means of a red-hot poker for this purpose; but she adds, unprompted, that *cinder-tea* is believed to be good for curing flatulence and colic in young children. A correspondent at Epworth, (Mr. C. Bell, chemist), informs me that water heated with hot iron is commonly used in Notts and Leicestershire for bathing infants suffering from "thrush."

At Scotter, in North Lincolnshire, some years ago, bandages soaked with water in which iron had been slaked by the village smith were applied successfully to a "bad leg." In like manner, in Swabia, water into which a smith has plunged iron at red heat is used for washing purposes by people suffering from the itch. (Birlinger, *Volksthümliches aus Schwaben*, 1861, i., 486. In Derbyshire, a spoonful of water in which a hot iron has been cooled is administered to a baby shortly after birth (*Shropshire Folklore*, p. 285.) And according to the Rev. S. Baring Gould (*Gent. Mag.*, Dec., 1889, art. "Coffin-Nails") the Romans, when affected by dysentery, drank water in which glowing iron had been quenched.

As to heating water with cinders, Dr. H. Ploss mentions the custom of dropping red-hot coals into the water in which a new-born child is to be washed. (*Das Kind*, i., 140, 141, 143.) In Scotland a glowing ember was anciently put into the first draught of water given to a cow after calving. (*F. L. J.*, vii., 278.) And among the Magyars, a child injured by being stared at may be cured by throwing a live coal into the water and making him drink the fluid and bathe his eyes with it, while you wish the injury back to the person from whom it came (Jones and Kropf, *The Folk-tales of the Magyars*, lxv.). My friend Miss W. M. E. Fowler tells me the following story, the place at which it happened being Wakefield.

"When one of my brothers was a few weeks old—in 1867—he was suddenly seized by an attack of convulsions during my parents' temporary absence from home On my mother's return, the nurse rushed to meet her and told her of the baby's illness, continuing, however, to say that the infant was now sleeping quietly, and would certainly recover, as she had done all that was necessary or possible in such a case—namely, had dropped a hot cinder into a cup of water, with which she had baptized the child by making a cross on his forehead, afterwards giving him the remainder to drink; thus, apparently, in her own eyes bringing both religion and science to bear on the case. The nurse was, I believe, an Irishwoman, who had been brought up in Yorkshire, where she would have many opportunities of learning the well-known healing power of 'cinder-tea.'"

A curious distinction between iron and copper came under my notice the other day. Only a short time ago one of my neighbours said to her cook, "What is the good of my buying that new copper kettle if you do not use it?" The girl, a native of Bigby in North Lincolnshire, answered that a copper kettle must be baptized before it could be used, and, on being questioned, explained that the baptism was performed by heating beer or spirits in it. Iron kettles, it appears, need not undergo the rite.

One wonders whether the precious cauldrons of the Scandinavian sea-rovers were similarly hallowed. Miss W. M. E. Fowler tells me that she considers this belief far more like the superstitions current in Yorkshire than in Lincolnshire. Yorkshire folk are addicted to analogous ceremonies, which do not seem common south of the Humber.

MABEL PEACOCK.

Kirton-in-Lindsey.

In the west and south-west of Scotland, among those who are rather more than less tenacious of the old customs, red-hot cinders are considered to have a mysterious efficacy in the matter of tempering or seasoning new cooking utensils. A new teapot or one that has been out of use for some time is placed on the hob filled with cold water. Into this are thrown some red cinders. It is allowed to remain for several hours, after which tea made in the pot is supposed to "mask," *i.e.* infuse, satisfactorily. On questioning the advantage of this over simply scalding with boiling water,

I was told, "My grannie and her grannie before her did it, and the auld folks kenned many things we dinna, an' I ken tea is nae guid in a teapot seasoned ony ither way." With some housewives all the pots and pans undergo this baptism of fire within, with the idea of cleansing properly before putting to domestic uses; with others it is now only retained in the case of the teapot.

The favourite panacea for all ordinary physical ills among the rural population of Scotland is tea or gruel seasoned with whisky. The whisky is always referred to as "a cinder."

KATHERINE CARSON.

I have always been familiar with the use of water heated by putting hot embers into it, (1) for removing any taint from over-kept meat, (2) for cleansing musty vessels, (3) for administering to infants suffering from flatulence. Two questions suggest themselves: can dropping hot iron or cinders into water form any solution possessing antiseptic or medicinal qualities, or do the gases given off act merely as deodorants? and, secondly, what is used in wood-, peat-, or charcoal-burning countries for the various purposes mentioned? *Wood*-ashes, in England, were an old-fashioned substitute for soap, and were supposed to be a stronger detergent. Coarse linen, much soiled, was not soaped and rubbed with the hand, but boiled in a "lye" or decoction of wood-ashes, beaten with a wooden bat, and rinsed in a running stream. See the description of a "buck-wesh" in Miss Jackson's *Shropshire Word-book* (*s.v.*); evidently the same process that was being carried on in Mrs. Ford's household when Falstaff paid her his famous visit.

I have communicated with Mr. Seligmann on the former point, thinking that the queer combination of sense and superstition which we so often find in folk-medicine rendered it worth while to ascertain the facts of the case. He tells me he has tried dropping fragments of (1) completely red-hot and (2) partly-burnt coal into cold water. (2) was slightly sulphureous in taste, and there was evidence of dissolved sulphides, presumably sulphuretted hydrogen (H_2S). (1) gave no traces of H_2S or other sulphide. Although H_2S kills germs, Mr. Seligmann does not think it would be present in strong enough solution to have the least effect on tainted meat, &c. On metal articles, if present in sufficient quantities, it could have only a bad effect, nor does he think that minute amounts of H_2S would affect a flatulent babe

one way or another. Possibly traces of potash, lime, or magnesia present might be beneficial; but probably not.

Iron, on being dropped into water, would partially oxidise, but no soluble compound would be formed.

Wood-ashes contain much soluble caustic alkali (potash principally), which would destroy the tissues if applied to them.

Apropos of ashes, Mr. Seligmann adds that he has come across one or two out-patients at St. Thomas's Hospital who believed that cigar-ash mixed with water was profoundly narcotic.

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BLACKSMITH.

(*Ante*, p. 344.)

I state at once that I know no parallel to this legend in either old or modern Oriental literature. It seems, however, to be a complement to another legend, and purposely invented as a set-off against the legend intimately connected with the history of the "Shamir," which has been treated so profoundly by the late Professor Paulus Cassel. The gist of this legend is, that in conformity with the Biblical prescription (Exodus xx. 25: "And if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of *hewn stone:* for thou hast lifted up thy *sword* [or *tool*] upon it and thou hast defiled it"), no iron was allowed to be used by Solomon in the building of the temple. He had therefore recourse to a miraculous plant, or worm, which split stones and thus made it possible to erect the building. Evidently, then, the blacksmith had no place and could have no place at the banquet of King Solomon. This legend, then, is the afterthought, invented to correct the deficiency of the other, and to bring home to Solomon and the other masters how utterly they depended for their tools on the craft of the blacksmith. The original author of this legend must have been well acquainted with the older tale that no iron was used in the building of the temple, but either for the purpose of enhancing the value of his own craft, or because he really did not know of the full Shamir legend (which I am loth to believe, as it is always connected with the other, being, in

fact, the necessary complement of it), invented this legend for the glorification of the blacksmith. As it stands, the legend has a Western ring about it, and reminds one somewhat of the Freemasons' Solomonic legends, which centre in the figure of the chief builder, Hiram.

M. GASTER.

MOAB OR EDOM?

(*Ante*, p. 347.)

Miss Weston will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that in the ingenious suggestion of connecting the two passages, 2 Kings iii. 27 and Amos ii. 1, and considering both as referring to one and the same incident, she has been forestalled by some of the most famous Jewish commentators of the Bible, such as Abraham ibn Ezra in the twelfth century, David Qimhh in the thirteenth century, and Levi ben Gerson in the fourteenth century. Far from being a mere surmise, therefore, we may consider this identification to have the authority of tradition to back it.

M. GASTER.

SHIP PROCESSIONS.

(*Ante*, p. 307.)

An account of a ship-carrying procession will be found in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association*, xv., 104. It appears that the ceremony took place in Plymouth at Corpus Christi in mediæval times. At Devonport it was brought from Millbrook on May-day within living memory.

Usener (*Die Sintflutsagen*, pp. 116, 126) deals with the ship. It was borne in Dionysiac processions at Smyrna and Athens, and at the Panathenaion; also in the Carnival procession in Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal (*ibid.* p. 120); and occasionally in Germany (Panzer, *Beitrag fur d. Myth.* ii., 250; Meier, *Deutsche*

Sagen aus Schwaben, p. 374). I need hardly recall the ship of Nerthus (Mannhardt, *Wald. u. Feldkulte*, i., 593). Other references will be found in Hahn, *Demeter u. Baubo*, p. 38 *seq.*

N. W. THOMAS.

A "NABBY" COLT.

(*Ante*, p. 332.)

I think this word is correct. In this neighbourhood a young foal of the male sex is often addressed as "Nobby"; whether a female is too, I am not sure.

M. PEACOCK.

EARLY-RISING JEST.

(*Ante*, p. 373.)

The story told in the review of *Tradizioni Popolari Pistoiesi* occurs (according to John Ashton) in "*England's jests Refin'd and Improv'd*," &c., &c. (*London*. Printed for *John Harris*, at the *Harrow* in the *Poultry*. 1695.) "A young lad being chid by his uncle, for lying a Bed so long in a Morning, telling him that such a one had found a Purse of Money by rising early in the Morning: I, says the Lad smartly, but he rose too early that lost it."

W. HENRY JEWITT.

DR. FEILBERG'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Since *getheilte Freude ist doppelte Freude*, I would ask for the insertion in *Folk-Lore* of the following slightly-abridged translation by Mr. Thornton of the account given in *Höjskolebladet*, 16th August, 1901, of Dr. H. F. Feilberg's seventieth birthday.

By this means the communication I have received will interest many another reader, and will especially gratify those members of our Society who, like myself, know Dr. Feilberg as a lavish giver of his vast learning and his untiring labour for the service of the humblest student of folklore. One and all will assuredly join in the congratulations to Dr. Feilberg on the completion of his great work, the *Dialect Dictionary of Jutland.*

MARIAN ROALFE COX.

On behalf of the Council of the Folk-Lore Society, I desire to associate myself with Miss Roalfe Cox in congratulating our valued member Dr. Feilberg, who has more than once contributed to the gratification of the readers of *Folk-Lore*, on the pleasant celebration recorded below, and in wishing him many years of continued activity in the promotion of our science.

E. W. BRABROOK.

"The flags waved all over Askov on the 6th of August; people in their Sunday clothes flocked thither from all around, and everything was at its gayest. At eight o'clock in the morning, a deputation from the Church and neighbourhood assembled in Feilberg's garden, where they sang a morning hymn. Knud Pedersen, schoolmaster from Skibelund, then stepped forward and thanked the old pastor for his helpful Church-work, prayed that for a long time to come he might live and work among them, and desired his acceptance of a sum of money as a token of their gratitude. The Principal of the Askov High School being away from home, Jacob Appel, one of the teachers, speaking in his stead, thanked Feilberg for all he had done for the school, and especially because on his retirement from pastoral work he had determined to fix his abode among the teachers, far from the capital and its libraries, so helpful to him in his researches. He also presented a money-gift. Feilberg thanked all gracefully and cordially for the great kindness and affection he had ever met with.

"Professor Otto Jespersen and Docent Axel Olrik had arrived the day before from Copenhagen, to brir[illegible] eting from the learned folk of the University in the sh[illegible] al Number of the scientific journal *Dania*, issue[illegible] nd con-taining a sketch of Feilberg's [illegible] s hand-

writing and a striking portrait. Professor Jespersen has also brought out a treatise on the teaching of languages, to which is prefixed the following birthday dedication to Feilberg:

"'You were young with the young and eager with the eager at the Stockholm meeting of 1886. Permit me now, on the day you complete your seventieth year, to dedicate to you in fuller form the thoughts we then strove for, with hearty thanks for all I owe you; thanks for your splendid Jutland Dictionary, for your works on common life and common beliefs, which we so much enjoy, but most of all for the beaming kindliness which has made every visit to you and every visit from you a red-letter day in my calendar.'

"In the afternoon Feilberg's children and friends met for dinner at his house, when many speeches were made; and although most of them were of a domestic nature, yet the work of the philologist and folklorist was not forgotten by the Copenhagen scholars. In the course of the afternoon and evening people came flocking in to bring their congratulations, and although Feilberg's house is small his heart is so large that they all passed a most happy evening. Letters and telegrams, bringing greetings from friends innumerable, kept coming in; from Slesvig and from all corners of the land; from mansions in Copenhagen and from huts on the Heath; from the most learned of the land and from the small peasants of the barren west: all joined in honouring and con gratulating '*den gamle Feilberg*.'"

RAINBOW MAGIC.

In the late sixties I was a schoolboy in Greysouthen, near Workington, Cumberland. At that time it was a custom amongst my companions, upon the appearance of a rainbow, to pick up two straws, cross them upon a stone, and then by means of a second stone to strike and break them at the middle of the cross. In this way the rainbow was supposed to be destroyed, and as it always, of course, disappeared within a short time of the ceremony we never had any reason to doubt its efficacy. I distinctly

remember that the first time I broke the straw cross I did
with feelings of impious daring such as no doubt Ajax had wh
he defied the lightning.

FREDERIC J. CHESHIRE

BELL-LORE.

1. In East Anglia there is an almost universal demand that t
Passing Bell should be tolled either exactly twelve or exac
twenty-four hours after the death of a person. Why is this?

2. It was remarked by the ringers here on Sunday, July 21
that the tenor bell "roared" to such an extent that "it drown
all the others;" and the clerk gave it as his opinion that som
one in the parish would die in the course of the week. I nev
heard anything about one particular bell "roaring" elsewhe
but this is an old bell-ringing parish, and superstitions ling
Can you tell me anything about it?

E. FARRER, F.S.A.

Hinderclay Rectory, Diss.

[1. We need not remind Mr. Farrer that the practice of tollin
a bell after death has gradually replaced that of tolling it while th
sick man is *in extremis*: still less, probably, need we refer him
the 67th Canon as the Anglican post-Reformation authority f
the Passing Bell, nor to Ellis's *Brand* (ii., 202) for details ar
records of the custom. But the particular rule he mentions
curious, and has not, we think, been noticed before. What reaso
do the people themselves give for it?

2. In several collections of local English folklore (Henderso
Northern Counties, p. 50; Latham, "West Sussex Superstitions
Folklore Record, i., 51), Mr. Farrer will find it said that a peculi
heavy dull sound in the funeral bell is supposed to portend anoth
funeral shortly. This sound (be it real or imaginary) is doubtle
what the ringers meant by the term "roaring," and the clerk inte
preted it accordingly. The tenor bell, of course, would be the on
tolled at a death or funeral.—ED.]

REVIEWS.

L'Année Sociologique, publiée sous la direction de Émile Durkheim, Professeur de Sociologie à la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Bordeaux. Quatrième Année (1899-1900). Paris: Félix Alcan. 1901.

The high standard of learning and criticism set up by Professor Durkheim and his collaborators in the first year's issue of *L'Année Sociologique* has been fully maintained, though only one of the "Mémoires Originaux" comprised in the fourth volume is directly interesting to students of folklore. The subject of sociology is a wide one; and students of the folklore side have no ground for complaint that other aspects than that in which they are specially interested are also studied here. The second part of the volume contains, among other things, the best annual bibliography of folklore with which I am acquainted; and critical analyses of most of the important books and articles in periodicals are also supplied.

The "Mémoire" with which we are immediately concerned is that by M. Bouglé on Caste. The author sets himself to inquire, first, whether Caste is a phenomenon peculiar to India, or whether it is universal; and, secondly, what are the relations between it and analogous social forms, such as the guild, the clan, the class. He begins by citing the Abbé Dubois, Professor Max Müller, Mr. W. Crooke, and other authorities who insist on the analogy between Caste and the social institutions and class hatreds of other countries. In opposition to them he sets the opinions of M. Senart and Mr. Risley, for whom Caste is, at least in its developments, purely Indian. To decide between these two views it is necessary to define accurately what is meant by Caste. He decides that Caste is distinguished by three characteristics: mutual repulsion, a hierarchy of class privileges and responsibilities, and hereditary specialisation. Mutual repulsion of castes implies that within the caste men are drawn together, and that the caste is endogamous. Hereditary specialisation means that the occupations of the parents descend to the children, and are

obligatory upon them. Such occupations entail a certain rank. They entail also on the one hand monopoly, and on the other, obligations towards other Castes and occupations. Status is inexorably determined from father to son by Caste. Heredity is of the essence of the system, and it is impossible to escape from it.

Caste as thus defined is found only in India. But this is not to say that there are not elsewhere elements and scattered traits of it. The exclusiveness of classes and coteries in western society, the clergy with their vast claims and close corporate selfishness, the feudal system, all betray in various ways traces of the spirit of Caste. In none of them, however, is the rule of Caste complete. The exclusiveness of classes and coteries is in nowise consecrated by law, and in practice is breached in a thousand places. Clerical succession is not perpetuated by heredity. The feudal system was erected not on an original ancestral or social distinction, but on the relation of the individual to the land. This might change. Throughout the Middle Age, when feudalism reigned, it did change often. The tendency of the system was not to cut society up into small, compact, mutually repellent, groups; it was individualist. Even ancient Egyptian society, which of all known societies bears most resemblance to that created by Caste, does not seem in the light of recent discoveries to be a case of perfect analogy. Hereditary specialisation, if usual, was not absolute; and the social hierarchy was far from being petrified. From early times examples are found of men rising by talents or by favour from one rank of life to another. The king always had it in his power to upset the ordinary course of things. As a rule the transmission of land and of titles was hereditary; but in the feudalism of Egypt, investiture by Pharaoh was an indispensable condition to the status of baron. Pharaoh, by granting lands or appointing to office, could create nobles. Moreover, so far from the history of the Egyptian civilisation revealing that mutual repugnance of classes which has proved the political and social bane of India, nothing is more certain than that Egypt is one of those countries where the administrative organisation most quickly effaced the spontaneous divisions of the population. The necessities of the country demanded a strong central government, with efficient and cohesive organisation, which could never have been attained under the rule of Caste, and in fact was contrary to its spirit.

In India, on the other hand, the reign of Caste was opposed neither by a strong monarchy nor by a strong democracy. Nowhere is there greater specialisation. Nowhere are the distinctions so wide. Nowhere do they entail so much either of contempt or of respect. Every observer is struck by the fact that the force which animates the entire system is one of repulsion. This it is which maintains the isolation of the different groups. In the eyes of an orthodox Hindu every caste but his own is in a sense impure. It is impossible of course for men of different castes entirely to avoid coming into contact with one another; but there are certain acts which, more than others, imply contamination, that of eating, for example. The scruples in this respect are naturally more lively in the higher castes, but they pervade the whole of Indian society from the top to the bottom. In time of famine, a Santal would rather die than touch food prepared by Brahmans. To eat food prohibited by one's caste is to become an outcast. Still higher barriers prevent the intermarriage of caste and caste, in spite of the exceptions introduced by the custom called by Mr. Risley "hypergamy," and by that of the Jâts, noted by Mr. Crooke. Jâts frequently marry girls of low caste. But girls chosen for this purpose are first of all made to pass for maidens of their own stock. This very fiction is thus a testimony to the potency of Caste.

Anthropometry shows that in spite of prohibitions the mixture of blood has in fact been very great. Yet it remains true that the separatist tendency is inherent in Indian society; and the best proof is the multiplicity of the groups into which it is divided. The witness of the sacred books as to the number of castes in antiquity is not to be trusted. Mann declares there are only four castes—Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras; but there are indications of a much larger number even in those times. An examination of Buddhist and other ancient literature yields the same results. Moreover, of the four castes just named, three have practically disappeared, for the pretensions of the Rajputs, who claim to represent the Kshatriyas, are manifestly false. The Brahmans are the only caste which retains any semblance of continued existence, and even they are divided up into a crowd of castes, all closed one against another. The fact is that the castes have to be reckoned not by the unit but by the thousand.

A long and interesting argument follows, to show that Caste h received, not its origin, but its special orientation, from industr that a number of economic causes, similar to those which produce the guild in Mediæval Europe, have been operating from tim immemorial in India, to unite together all whose occupation w the same. It is pointed out that the guilds were organised like large family with common worship, sacrifices, feasts, and buria The form which they then took was not indeed economic. It w determined by tradition, and was due to the influence of religio Powerful, however, as was the guild, it never obtained over i members the absolute empire of Caste. If it be impossible t explain all the peculiarities of the guild from economic cause *à fortiori* it will be impossible thus to explain all the peculiaritie of the caste system. The survivals of family religion, not th exigencies of industry, are responsible for the features of resem blance between the guild and the caste. The guild was organise like a family, or rather perhaps like a clan. But it was neve pretended that its members, though they regarded one anothe as brethren, were literally akin. The caste, on the other hand is founded on the clan. Not that the members are in realit consanguine. According to primitive ideas actual consanguinit is not necessary to kinship. It often seems to be derived fron union in one cult, from simple identity of name, or even fron dwelling together in one place. All that is necessary is the senti ment of relationship. It is on this sentiment of relationship, an not on actual blood-kinship, that the caste is founded.

The weak spot in the theory which derives the caste from th clan is, that the caste is endogamous while the clan is usuall exogamous. M. Bouglé is conscious of the difficulty, and h endeavours to meet it by arguing that, strictly speaking, it is th family only that is exogamous. The *gens*, like the *gotra* of India is exogamous. But the caste is an assemblage of *gotras*, as th clan and the tribe are an assemblage of several families or *gentes*. They are thus endogamous, while the families, the *gotras*, are exogamous. This is a question to some extent of terminology. But M. Bouglé seems not to have a very clear notion of clan-organisation, or of the very wide differences of custom in respect to marriage characteristic of savages, even within comparatively limited districts. And he expressly declines to determine whether the true germ of the clan is to be found in the clan or in the

tribe, on the ground that the different types of primitive society are not yet clearly enough defined for this purpose. The main point is, he says, that the caste is animated by the spirit of these primitive (by which he means savage) societies, and that the religious scruples and the taboos of all sorts which lead these savage societies to repel one another, explain, in a natural manner, such customs as operate to-day in India to isolate the castes.

The domination of archaic exclusiveness may thus prevent the castes from mingling and producing a firmly welded society: it does not explain the hierarchy of castes. The chief riddle after all is, why the Brahmans are at the top? Nor is it a difficult riddle to read. Given the hereditary priest, given the preternatural seriousness with which he takes himself, as all priests do, and the exaggerated and, according to our view, topsy-turvy value he sets on ceremonial purity, given savage ideas on the nature of sacrifice and the qualities of the officiant, leading to an elaboration of rite surpassing that of most other peoples—given all these, and the wonder would be if, among an ignorant people largely preoccupied with religious matters, the Brahman did *not* "come out on top."

The rule of Caste, as thus defined by M. Bouglé, bears all its fruit only in India. Its roots, however, are to be found in savage society everywhere. When society attains a certain degree of civilisation, Caste begins to bud. But everywhere else than in India various causes have combined to stunt its development and to cause its decay. India alone has suffered a sort of arrested sociological development. What has elsewhere dissolved she has ossified. Where other peoples have unified, mobilised, levelled, she has continued to divide, to specialise, to hierarchise. To what concourse of circumstances this special direction of Hindu civilisation is due, what influences, ethnic or telluric, and what historical occurrences, have determined this social evolution, the author does not venture to say. Science has as yet no answer for these questions.

M. Bouglé's is thus a very interesting article. It is lucid and judicial, and if not so important as some of its predecessors, it will help to clear the minds of students and prepare the way for further inquiries.

E. Sidney Hartland.

THE LEGEND OF SIR LANCELOT DU LAC. By JESSIE L. WESTON. (Grimm Library, vol. xii.) D. NUTT. 1901.

THE able study of the Gawain legend which appeared a few years ago from the pen of Miss Weston, should insure among all interested in Arthurian criticism an eager welcome for the present volume, in which the author has made bold to attack what is, alike from its intrinsically complex nature and from the comparative inaccessibility of some of the texts, perhaps the most formidable of the branches of Arthurian romance. The present study may at once and unhesitatingly be pronounced fully worthy of the wide knowledge and sound critical instinct of its author, and the results attained are none the less important from the fact that they are necessarily in many cases of a tentative character. That on certain points it is impossible to speak with any attempt at finality Miss Weston fully recognises. "Until a critical text [of the *Lancelot*] based on a comparison of *all* the available versions is in our hands, it will be quite impossible to do more than form a tentative hypothesis, or advance a guarded suggestion as to the gradual growth and formation of the completed legend." This is alike modest and critically sound, and it would be an admirable thing were writers on the Arthurian romances generally to adopt an equally guarded attitude. But if in the very nature of the case it is impossible to arrive at results which shall have the quality of finality, there is yet room for good work in the way of clearing the ground and presenting in orderly form such evidence as is at present available, and much good work of this nature will be found in Miss Weston's book.

It is impossible here to do more than pass in review the general results, and call attention to a few points which appear for one reason or another to possess particular importance. In the course of doing so I shall, however, I believe, be able to bring to bear on the question of the relation of the texts of the prose *Lancelot* some items of evidence which have somewhat unaccountably escaped the attention of the author.

The extant literature dealing with *Lancelot* may be roughly divided into two classes: on the one hand the vast compilation known as the prose *Lancelot*, consisting of the two parts of the *Lancelot* proper, the *Queste* and the *Mort Artur*; on the other, various smaller romances or independent *lais* which sometimes

present a very different legend from that of the great cyclic compilation. Of these two divisions, the former may be held to be of demonstrably late origin, the distinctive features being unknown to earlier Arthurian tradition; though it is probable that some of the other cyclic romances, such as the *Merlin* and the *Grand S. Graal*, have been at least worked over with a view to making them agree with the *Lancelot*. The independent romances offer a rather more hopeful field of investigation as regards the original legend, though the inquiry still presents very considerable difficulties.

The first romance examined by Miss Weston is the *Lanzelet* of Ulrich von Zatzikhoven, a work the exact date of which it is impossible to fix, but which probably belongs to the opening years of the thirteenth century, and is consequently later than Chrestien de Troyes. It is, however, highly probable, if not exactly provable, that the tradition represented is as a whole earlier than that of any other romance dealing with the hero, since the story of his *liaison* with Guenevere, which later obtained such universal popularity, is wholly unknown. The poem contains the *enfances* of the hero in a primitive though probably not original form, followed by a variety of adventures relating to his later life which in all probability represent the working over of a number of independent *lais* so as to form something of a biographical romance. It is very doubtful whether any of these *lais* were originally connected with Lancelot at all; in any case they form a highly incongruous whole, and involve the preposterous supposition that the hero was at least three, probably four, times married, one of the ceremonies taking place after his union with the lady who retains the position of wife at the end of the poem. The portion dealing with the *enfances* is important, since Miss Weston adduces strong reasons for supposing that in it we find the real aboriginal germ of the Lancelot legend. Throughout Arthurian tradition—and unlike other legends, we have no literary remains of the Lancelot legend in the stage before it became connected with the court of Arthur—Lancelot remains Lancelot *du Lac*. It is the one attribute which never varies, and the one feature common to all versions of the *enfances* is his residence in the kingdom of the mysterious Lady of the Lake. In Ulrich's poem the lady is represented as a water fairy (*mer-feine*), and her domain is the land of maidens, the *Maide-lant*. This has the appearance of an original or at least a primitive trait, but the

character of the Lady of the Lake is perhaps the most puzzling of the whole cycle, and the probability of the influence of Gawain's Castle of Maidens warns the critic to be careful. In its origin there is a good reason to believe that the land in question was an other-world kingdom, and Miss Weston puts forward the suggestion that Lancelot may in the first instance have been the lover of its queen, a connection which, supposing its existence and survival, may have recommended him to fill the *rôle* of lover to Guenevere. One of the later portions of the poem relates how, when a certain King Valerin or Falerin lays claim to Guenevere, he is challenged and defeated by Lanzelet; when, however, he afterwards carries off the queen, Lanzelet is by no means particularly instrumental in recovering her; unless indeed one could identify the mysterious Malduz, the magician who helps to that end, with the other magician Mâbûz, the son of the Lady of the Lake, whom Lanzelot had previously benefited. This incident has an obvious likeness to the Meleagant adventure, though the similarity with that related in the *Tristan* (a character known to Ulrich) bids us again beware how we consider it as in any way particularly connected with Lancelot. On the other hand, it is rather difficult altogether to agree with Miss Weston, who in her anxiety to show that Ulrich knew nothing of the distinctive *liaison motif*, endeavours to minimise Lanzelet's share in the rescue.

The next romance to be examined is an episode, only known as occurring in the Dutch *Lancelot*, but which there can be little doubt represents some French *lai* of an episodic character. Miss Weston calls it the *Cerf au pied blanc*, and points out that in it we find the thoroughly 'Arthurised' form of the well-known *lai* of *Tyolet*, which she regards with great plausibility as a transformation legend; while the special form which the adventure assumes involves the widely-diffused 'False Claimant' *motif*, which is well known from the *Tristan*, and actually occurs a second time in the Dutch compilation, namely in the Morien adventure. In any case the *Cerf au pied blanc* represents a late and debased version, and the existence of the *lai* enables us to state definitely what we might in any case have surmised with probability, namely, that the adventure cannot have formed any part of the original Lancelot tradition.

Next comes Chrestien de Troyes and his *Chevalier de la Charrette*, the earliest text which knows anything of the love of

the hero for the wife of his lord. The manner in which this romance is regarded will depend largely upon the view taken of Chrestien's methods of authorship generally; and in the fifth chapter Miss Weston descends into the arena of controversial criticism on the question of the relation of that writer's work to his sources, and attacks the theory advocated by Chrestien's most recent editor, Professor Foerster; a theory which has met with a good deal of favour among German scholars, namely that which would regard Chrestien as largely an original author and place the genesis of the *romantic* as opposed to the *historical* Arthurian tradition on continental ground. Miss Weston enters into a careful examination of the evidence of names and places with respect to the light they throw upon the locality of *cristalisation*, and endeavours to show the impossibility of regarding Chrestien's work as original, owing to the marked folklore features it contains; a line of investigation which has only recently been applied to the legends, and which promises some interesting results. A good deal of clear logic, too, is brought to bear on some of the arguments of the advocates of the 'continental' theory, in particular Professor Foerster's; with a total result that a very fair case is made out for the insular origin of most of the romances refashioned by the French poet.

We now pass to the great prose *Lancelot*. As already stated, Miss Weston points out that a thorough investigation of the legend is impossible until the Herculean task of preparing a critical edition of this compilation, involving the comparison of innumerable and widely-scattered MSS. and printed editions, has been undertaken and brought to a satisfactory conclusion. At present it is only possible to treat detached sections of the story, and these only tentatively—a general criticism is out of the question. The *enfances*, the Guenevere *liaison*, and the Grail adventure, are the points chosen for special study by Miss Weston. The second of these possesses the most general interest, and is dealt with in a singularly able chapter. The following points seem established as surely as the nature of the evidence available in such cases admits. In the first place, the loves of Lancelot and Guenevere form part neither of the original Arthur nor the original Lancelot legends. Secondly, Lancelot does not, as Miss Weston in her earlier work supposed, take over the *rôle* previously belonging to Mordred. Thirdly, the story appears to have been

introduced in accordance with the taste of contemporary court life, and to have been developed under the influence of the popular Tristram legend, which in its turn was influenced by the *Lancelot*. The chief difficulty is to find any reason for Lancelot being selected for the post of lover, and on this point it is only possible to offer a more or less plausible conjecture.

Leaving on one side the Melwas-Meleagant abduction episode, rightly regarded as an other-world rescue tale, Miss Weston gives the following sequence among Guenevere's lovers. Original lover Gawain, replaced by Mordred, probably created for the purpose when the position was regarded as inconsistent with Gawain's high reputation as a knight. Later, the queen is represented as repulsing the advances of Mordred, her character undergoing the same process of clearing as Gawain's. Lastly comes the introduction of the Lancelot *motif*, due to social conditions, and to the popularity of the *Tristan*. Miss Weston also suggests that to the intermediate whitewashing stage belongs the introduction of that mysterious character, the 'false Guenevere,' but the evidence available is of far too scanty a nature to allow of much importance being attached to the suggestion. With regard to the position ascribed to Gawain, it also behoves us to be cautious. He is essentially a folklore character, and it is quite possible that he may represent a Cuchulinn-Diarmid-Conlaoch hero, and as such belong to the family of the Arician priest; but even if the two characters are not exactly incompatible, it is not very easy to see how this would come to be combined with the position of sun-hero ascribed to him in Miss Weston's former study.

We pass on to the very intricate subject of *Queste* redactions and at once find ourselves in a maze of hypothesis—for the most part, it must be admitted, *not* of Miss Weston's devising. The general transition from a Perceval to a Galahad *Queste* has of course been long recognised, but the present author brings forward strong reasons for supposing the existence of a Perceval Lancelot *Queste* intermediate between the two. One point on which Miss Weston very rightly insists is the absolute futility of the Galahad Quest, *quâ* quest, and consequently the necessity of regarding it as a mere branch of the legend of Lancelot, for whose glorification alone it was composed. It *can* only have existed in the cyclic form, although its aggressively conventual tone stamps it as the work of a different hand from the *Lancelot* proper and the *Mort Artur*.

The remainder of the volume is devoted to a detailed comparison of the various versions of the great cyclic romance of Lancelot, including as it does nearly the whole of the later history of Arthur and the Round Table. This is important as being the first attempt at a scientific examination of the legend; and the results being of a less hypothetical character than those of the other portions of the volume, they deserve somewhat closer consideration in this place. The basis of comparison is afforded by the following texts: first, the Dutch *Lancelot*, an analysis of which is also given in the appendix (referred to as D. L.); secondly, the Lenoire edition printed at Paris in 1533, preserved in the Bodleian, and unknown to Dr. Sommer (referred to as 1533); thirdly, Dr. Sommer's analysis of the prose Lancelot founded on the edition of 1513, said by him to correspond with the versions contained in the twelve MSS. and two other printed editions in the British Museum, and compared with Malory's text in the third volume of his edition of the *Morte d'Arthur* (S.); fourthly, the *Queste* edited by Dr. Furnival for the Roxburghe Club from MS. Royal 14 E iii. (Q.); fifthly, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (M.); and sixthly, the Welsh *Queste* in the Rev. R. Williams' translation (W.).

At the outset Miss Weston announces what she conceives to be the result attained by this comparison. "The point I desire to prove is that the versions D. L. and 1533 represent a text radically different from that consulted by Dr. Sommer, and that, in conjunction with Malory, they may be held to represent a family of MSS. hitherto unregarded or unsuspected." Thus it appears that the only knowledge Miss Weston possesses of the text represented by Dr. Sommer's analysis, and from which, according to him, the twelve Museum MSS. and other printed editions *differ in "details of style and phraseology" only*, is derived from the Doctor's analysis itself. However, a few pages further on Miss Weston writes, "I assume throughout that Dr. Sommer's summary correctly represents his text, but I admit that I have my doubts on this point; certainly in the *Queste* section he gives some most mistaken readings." One would have thought that under the circumstances Miss Weston would have found it worth while to check Dr. Sommer's analysis by a few test-references to such an accessible work as the 1513 *Lancelot*; had she done so the result might well have surprised her. What is the position as represented by her comparison? We find, as above stated, a general agreement between D. L., 1533, and M., as against the twelve MSS. and

three printed editions in the British Museum examined by Dr. Sommer. Now, that a version, or more properly a type, of text of such wide diffusion as to underlie three texts in three different languages, between which there is no external hint of connection and each of which introduces matter not found in the other two—that such a version should be represented by no single text among the fifteen preserved at the Museum is in itself all but an impossibility, and should have at once aroused suspicion. Having had experience for my own part of the singular blunders of which Dr. Sommer was capable in critical work unconnected with Arthurian romance, I determined to consult some of the editions and MSS. which he claimed to have examined, and very soon became convinced that for purposes of comparison his analysis was worse than useless. Here, in the first place, are a few of the results obtained by bringing that analysis alongside of his original of 1513. It must be understood that the comparison was only made as regards certain test points; the results obtained show that further comparison would be waste of time, the whole work requires doing afresh. Thus at the top of page 181 of Dr. Sommer's *Studies* we read of "forty 'glaives,' forty-five shields, and five spears." Miss Weston notes (p. 152) that D. L. speaks of "lx. (? xl.) shields and helmets and xl. swords", 1533 of "forty-five helmets, forty-five swords, and more than forty-five shields." Malory merely mentions "many fayre sheldes." Now will any serious reader believe me when I say that the text of 1513, that which Dr. Sommer is supposed to be representing, reads "plus de quarante et cinq glaiues & plus de quarāte & cinq escus et plus de quarante & cinq heaulmes & quarāte et cinq espees"? Again (p. 153), Miss Weston points out that both D. L. and 1533 differ from S. (p. 183) in saying that it was the Queen and not the King of Sorestan who had seized the lands of the daughter of the Duke of Rochedon. Here again Dr. Sommer has misrepresented his original, which distinctly speaks of the queen. On p. 154 Miss Weston remarks that when Lancelot and his companions separate in search of Hector and Lionel there were seven knights in the company and not six as S. represents. This is true; but here, however, Dr. Sommer is merely following the 1513 text which says 'six.' On p. 187 of the *Studies*, on the other hand, Dr. Sommer asserts that the 1513 text agrees with Malory in saying that Lancelot h[illegible]rse rides off on that

of Gaheret after the slaying of Turquyne. This is incorrect; 1513 agrees with D. L. and 1533 as against M., in making Lancelot ride off on his own horse, no mention being made of Gaheret's. Again, on the same page Dr. Sommer's analysis is, as Miss Weston suspects (p. 154), a "hasty summary which does not represent the text." S. has, "the knights exchange Terriquen's castle for horses, though not very good ones." Here D. L. evidently has an abridged version which may be left out of account. 1533 "says that 'Keux du Parc' has a 'brother' prisoner: delighted at his safety he gives them all horses, very good to Arthur's knights, not so good to the others. Out of gratitude they offer him the castle." This really agrees with 1513, in which 'lreu (an evident misprint for Keu) du parc,' whose brother had been prisoner "si fist venir a chascun cheualier ung cheual de la maison du roy artus bon & fort & donna aux aultres des cheuaulx, mais ilz nestoyent point si tres bons," after which Arthur's knights give him the castle in guerdon. Slightly different is the text presented by MS. Royal 19 C xiii.: "si fist uenir a ceaus qui estoient de la meson lo roi artur cheuax & armes & il li donent ꝑ lō comun conteil ceu chastel en geredon de ceu seruise qui estoit beaus & forz." The reading of this MS. is very interesting in another way. The 'Keux du Parc' appears in D. L. as 'Die grave van den Pale,' and Miss Weston conjectures that in *Keux* we should see some equivalent to *grave* (= count). Now this MS. verifies her conjecture and puts the matter beyond doubt by reading "li qn̄s (*i.e.* quens) deu parc." It may be mentioned incidentally that Dr. Sommer finding himself confronted by the obviously corrupt *lreu* of 1513, omitted all mention of the name.

To pass to another section of the work, namely, the *Mort Artur.* On p. 223 of the *Studies*, Dr. Sommer says that at the tournament at Winchester "The people think the two knights cannot be the sons of the lord of the castle of 'escalot.'" Miss Weston (p. 195) remarks that in D. L. and 1533 it is Gawain who doubts. With this agree both 1513 and MS. Royal 14 E iii., the magnificent illuminated MS. (the *Quest* section of which was edited by Dr. Furnival), of which the *Mort Artur* section is unfortunately imperfect. Lower down on the same page S. says that Gawain meets a wounded knight: 1513, however, describes the knight as "mort nouuellement," which agrees with 1533. With regard to the words of Arthur a few lines later, "it was not the first time he took trouble

without result," Miss Weston points out that 1533 and D. L. add "through that knight." The text of 1513 reads, "pas la premiere peine que vous *en* auez eue," which comes to the same thing. On p. 228 of the *Studies* occurs an important passage concerning the manner in which Lancelot hears of Guenevere's danger from Madoc de la Porte. According to S., Lancelot meets a knight who informs him of the situation. "A day after this conversation Lancelot meets Hector by chance, and reveals his intention of going to Kamalot." This is pure fiction on Dr. Sommer's part. The edition of 1513 has "et quant le cheualier fust eslognie de luy il regarde entrauers et vit uenir ung cheualier arme et lancelot la deuisa congneut tantost que cestoit hector du maris son frere;" it is also Hector, not Lancelot, who "reveals his intention of going to Kamalot." With 1513 and 1533 agrees MS. Add. 17443. MS. Royal 14 E iii. on the other hand says, "mais il not gaires cheuauchie qn̄t il en contra boort et hestor. &. ii. escuiers auoec eus." They tell him the news and he says he already knows it. This agrees with D. L. as summarised by Miss Weston (p. 198); a noteworthy point, considering the general agreement reported between 1533 and D. L. as against the *Quest* section of the MS. edited by Dr. Furnival. On p. 255 of the *Studies* occurs, however, the most astounding and damning of Dr. Sommer's blunders. He here makes Lancelot send messengers to King Ban of Benoyc. As Miss Weston points out (p. 200), King Ban (Lancelot's father) had died long before, and D. L. and 1533 have "the barons of Benoyc." By this time it may *not* surprise readers to learn that the edition of 1513 (that, remember, summarised by Dr. Sommer), reads "Quāt lancelot entendit ces nouuelles il print ung messaige et enuoya au royaulme de benoic & manda a ses barons que ils garnissent les chasteaulx." &c.! With this, MS. Royal 14 E iii. agrees, and breaks off abruptly a few columns further on. Is it necessary to quote further instances? I will only refer to one or two more particularly blatant errors. On page 256, at the bottom, S. asserts that 1513 agrees with M. in making Boors overthrow Arthur. It does nothing of the kind: it agrees with 1533 and P. L. in ascribing the feat to Hector. Finally, on the opposite page, S. makes 'Ector' offer to fight Gawain, while 1513 again agrees with the othe[illegible]ns in ascribing the challenge to Boors'

This then is the famed German Criticism, this is the kind of investigation on which other critics, such as Professor Foerster, possessed of no first-hand knowledge, rely, when they announce that "Der überall seine Quellen und zwar nur seine Quellen und obendrein noch treu wiedergebende Malory ist ein Phantasiegeschöpf der Walliser und Engländer"! German scholarship has an honoured name the world over; how many of its followers of to-day, one begins to wonder, are going to make it their life's work to trail that name in the dust?

The result of the inquiry has so far been to make the divergence between the texts of 1513 and 1533 far less than Miss Weston, relying on Dr. Sommer's analysis, was led to believe. It must not, however, be supposed that the divergence does not exist, or even that it is of minor importance. For instance, the note in 1533 recorded by Miss Weston (p. 160), "Ainsi prend fin le premier volume," &c., finds no parallel at this point in 1513, while in the account of Elayne's leaving the court (Sommer, p. 196; Weston, p. 161) 1513 and M. agree in making Arthur escort her, as against D. L. and 1533, in which he does not, and which latter at this point apparently have the support of MS. Royal 19 C xiii.

Nor must it be supposed that the various MSS. agree in any constant or consistent manner with either of the printed texts. There are twelve MSS. in the British Museum which represent either the whole or parts of the 1513 text. Of these Dr. Sommer gives a table showing the correspondences, which he is careful to inform us was set up in type from the original drawn by himself. This is well, and the result is useful, only he might certainly have drawn it with greater care. Thus in the numbers of the various books of Malory given at the top of the table, "Book xviii." is apparently a misprint for "Book xix;" Book xi., chapters 1-3, should be inserted between the two portions of Book vi. to correspond to folios 313-315 (1513, vol. ii., folios 105-107), as appears from page 190 (note) of the *Studies;* MS. Royal 14 E iii. should be marked as breaking off in the middle of the *Mort Artur*, and the dotted lines between volumes i. and ii. of the 1513 edition should be drawn at folio 208, not about folio 195.

I do not pretend to have examined all these MSS., but one or two points will make it clear what may be expected from a careful comparison. It will be noticed that there are two MSS., Royal

14 E iii. and Add. 17443, which correspond to the *Quest* and *Mort* only. These appear to agree closely together, and I have already quoted readings from them. I will only add here that they usually agree with 1513 and 1533 in points where D. L. differs, and also against M., as where (Sommer, p. 230) they and 1513 give Guenevere forty days' respite against M.'s fifteen. In MS. Add. 17443, however, there is an interesting variation, the exact bearing of which I leave to more expert students than myself to determine. Dr. Sommer notes on p. 209, that in 1513 there is a contradiction, Galahad being spoken of as the son of "la fille le roy pescheoure" and "la fille au roi pelles" within the compass of a few lines. The MS. in question reads "la fille au riche roi pescheor" in *both* cases, which, however, is such an obvious correction that it by no means makes it certain that the printed text is not really the more original.

A yet more interesting MS. is Royal 19 C xiii., which covers the whole of the prose *Lancelot* text, though in parts it appears to offer a very condensed version. Thus when Lancelot leaves the castle of Turquyne, according to 1513 and 1533, "si virent venir troi varletz qui amenoiēt trois sommiers chargez de venoison," while M. and D. L. agree in speaking of "a foster with four horses lade with fatte veneson." Here the MS. merely says, "si uoiet uenir .ii. roncins chargez de uenoison." Again, when Arthur announces the tournament at Winchester, (Sommer, p. 195), the MS. makes no mention of the news spreading to Scotland, Ireland, &c., though a few lines further down it clears up a confusion in M. We there read how Elayne took with her twenty knights and ten ladies "to the nombre of an hondred horses," while 1513 merely speaks of ladies and damsels to the number of eighty. The MS. is unfortunately a very difficult one to read, but it certainly adds "& seriāz (*i.e.* serjants) asez," together with some hieroglyphics which I interpret to mean "et c. cheuaux." Later on (Sommer, p. 201, Weston, p. 163) we find the MS. agreeing with D. L. and M. as against 1513 and 1533 in making Lancelot strike the shield as if *ten* and not *twelve* knights did it, and further down on the same page of the *Studies*, where D. L. differs from 1513 and 1533 in representing Lancelot as chained by the ankles and not feet and hands, the MS. speaks of "petiz aneaul es jambes" only.

Thus it appears that the theory of the opposing groups of D. L.

1533, and M. on the one hand, and all the B. M. texts on the other, is a pure phantasm, the result of imperfect comparison and careless analysis on Dr. Sommer's part. My own impression is that the MSS. and printed editions alike are full of the most puzzling cross links which it will take a vast deal of labour and care to unravel.

So far then as concerns the acceptance of the results arrived at by Miss Weston in the ninth and eleventh chapters of her study (for the tenth she luckily had Dr. Furnival's edition of the *Queste*), caution will be needed. Of her work as a whole, as a piece of patient, careful, and honest investigation, it is not easy to speak too highly, and such is the value of these qualifications in all literary inquiry, that it is impossible not to regret that the author should have allowed herself to be misled in an important section of her work, when a very few hours spent in examining the British Museum texts would have revealed to her the true character and value of Dr. Sommer's analysis.

WALTER W. GREG.

STORIES OF THE HIGH-PRIESTS OF MEMPHIS. By F. Ll. GRIFFITH. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1900.

MR. GRIFFITH'S handsomely got-up book will interest two classes of readers. One is the philologist, the other is the folklorist. For the one, there are the best translations yet produced of two demotic Egyptian texts; for the other, fragments of the ancient folklore of Egypt. Both "stories" relate to Setne Khamuas, the priestly son of Ramses II., whose later fame rested on his supposed magical knowledge and powers. The first of them is contained in a papyrus which was first edited and translated by Brugsch, the second is written on the back of two Greek documents which are dated in the seventh year of the Emperor Claudius (A.D. 46-47), and has not been published before.

The first tale describes the efforts of Khamuas to get possession of a magic book which gave the owner power over the whole universe. It had been written by Thoth himself, and had been stolen from its original resting-place by a certain Ne-nefer-ka-Ptah, the son of an early Pharaoh, who had in consequence been drowned in the Nile along with his wife Ahure and only child.

The ghost of Ahure endeavours to dissuade Khamuas from fol lowing the example of her husband by relating his disastrous fate All was in vain, however, and Khamuas succeeded in identifyin and entering the tomb of Ne-nefer-ka-Ptah ; but the ghost of th latter refused to give up the book unless Khamuas won it fron him at a game of draughts. But so far from doing this, Khamua lost game after game and found himself in consequence sinkin into the ground "up to his ears." From this perilous situatio he was rescued by his brother, who brought him the "amulets c Ptah" and his books of magic.

After this Khamuas carried away his prize in triumph. But terrible misfortune soon overtook him. The ghost of Ne-nefe ka-Ptah assumed the form of a beautiful girl with whom Khamua fell in love. At her bidding he gave her all his possessions an put his children to death. Then suddenly she vanished, an behold, it was all a dream. But Khamuas was lying naked o the ground in the presence of Pharaoh and his court.

The second tale records how "Setme" Khamuas had a so whom he called Si-Osiri ("the son of Osiris"). The son gre rapidly in wisdom and the knowledge of magic. When he wa still but a child he transported his father to Hades in order th he might see there the rich and the wicked tormented, while th virtuous poor were rewarded for their deeds.

When Si-Osiri was twelve years old he was wiser than the wise of the scribes. Then there arrived an Ethiopian magician wi the object of humbling Egypt. Si-Osiri, however, read the writi that was within his unopened letter, which described the contes in magic that had been carried on in old days between the mag cians of Egypt and Ethiopia. Of the three Ethiopian magicia the most formidable had been "Hor the son of the Negress But he was defeated by the Egyptian Hor the son of Pa-nesh when the final struggle took place between them in the presen of the Pharaoh, and among other miracles the Ethiopian ha caused a thick darkness to overspread the land. Eventual "Hor the son of the Negress" engaged not to come again Egypt for 1,500 years.

The fifteen hundred years were now fulfilled, and the Ethiopia messenger was "the son of the Negress" himself. As soon his real character was unmasked he was destroyed by magic fire, and then Si-Osiri revealed himself as a re-incarnation of H

the son of Pa-neshe, who had been allowed by Osiris to return to this earth in order to overthrow the designs of the Ethiopian enemy. The revelation having been made, Si-Osiri disappeared from view and went back once more to Hades.

Setne or Setme is a priestly title, the old Egyptian *Sem*, and Mr. Griffith suggests that we may see in it the name of Sethôs, who, according to Herodotus, defeated the army of Sennacherib with the help of the mice. If, however, we are to identify Sethôs with a prince of the 19th dynasty, it would be simpler to make him Seti, the feeble grandson of Ramses II. More attractive are the parallelisms that have been pointed out between certain incidents in the story of Si-Osiri and passages in the Old and New Testaments. The account of the rich and the poor man and their respective fates in the next world curiously resembles the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and the contest between Si-Osiri and the Ethiopian sorcerers reminds us of that between Moses and the Egyptian magicians. We know from the reference to Jannes and Jambres in 2 Tim. iii. 8, 9 that a similar story must have been current among the Jews before the time of St. Paul. That the Hebrew narrative of the Exodus was not unknown to the writer of the Egyptian tale is clear, not only from the mention of the plague of darkness which was brought upon Egypt by the sorceries of the Ethiopian, but still more from the words put into the mouth of Si-Osiri: "Ho, thou impious Ethiopian, art thou not Hor the son of the Negress whom I saved in the reeds (?) of Ra, as well as thy companion of Ethiopia that was with thee, when ye were drowning in the water, being cast down from upon the hill on the east of On?" Long before the reign of the Emperor Claudius a large population of Jews had settled in Egypt, some of them being established as far south as Assuân, and the Greek language which they used enabled any educated Egyptian who chose to become acquainted with their literature. It is generally recognised that the parable of Dives and Lazarus is derived from Jewish sources. As for the assertion that when Si-Osiri was twelve years of age his wisdom already exceeded that of the most learned scribes, little can be inferred from it. Twelve is the age at which the Oriental boy begins to ripen into manhood, and it is therefore the period of life at which he would naturally be considered first fit to associate and argue with older men. The doctrine of re-incarnation was probably derived from India; it

differs essentially from the old Egyptian belief in the power of
soul, or indeed of the magician himself, to assume other for
Re-birth was an Indian and not an Egyptian idea.

A. H. SAYCE

DE DIIS IN LOCIS EDITIS CULTIS APUD GRÆCOS. Casparu
Albers. Zutphaniæ, W. J. Thieme & Cie., 1901.

LIKE Dr. de Visser, whose thesis on the Greek gods having ot
forms than human was noticed in these pages a few months a
Dr. Albers has recognised the validity of the anthropologi
method of approaching questions relating to mythology a
religion, and has chosen for his thesis for the degree of docto
similar subject. The custom of worshipping in high places
very widespread. Dr. von Andrian in his work, *Der Höhencu
Asiatischer und Europäischer Völker*, treated of the cult of h
places among many peoples, but he unaccountably neglected amo
European peoples the Greeks and Romans. Though Beer aft
wards attempted to fill the gap thus left, he did so in a perfunct
manner. Dr. Albers, therefore, found the material practica
untouched, and he determined to devote his inquiries to
Greek divinities, using the Roman customs merely by way
illustration. In a few words, before plunging into his theme,
repudiates the interpretation of the myths as humanisations of
story of the heavens, of day and night, summer and wint
tempest and sunshine, and the narrow school of Indo-Germa
scholars who wielded the philological method; a method whi
as he notes incidentally, is still in favour in Germany. Dr. Albe
however, avows himself a disciple of the school founded
England by Professor Tylor, and now slowly but surely extendi
its influence over the rest of the learned world, the school tl
seeks to reach the origin and meaning of myths by the histori
and comparative method, not divorcing mythology from worsh
nor custom from belief and story, but bringing them side by si
in order to ascertain what light every one of these can throw up
the others.

Guided by the principles of the anthropological school, I
Albers passes in review the references in classical authors and

inscriptions exhibiting the cult of the various Greek divinities practised on mountain-tops or declivities, or other high places. From this inquiry references to gods having temples in the citadels of the Greek cities are excluded, for the obvious reason that the citadel was simply the safest and most conspicuous position for the temple of a great deity, and therefore was not of necessity chosen as the site of his shrine on account of its height. In the course of the examination many shrewd observations are made. The uncertainty of the identity of Mount Olympus is ingeniously made an argument to prove that the worship of a god who was held to rule the world from some mountain height was very widespread among the Greek peoples. The god named Zeus absorbed the cult of all other such gods and effaced the memory of most of them, but probably each locality had originally its own high divinity. In a similar spirit the author deals with the Arcadian worship of Artemis and other goddesses identified with her. Arcadia was the most backward country of Greece. And it is there that we find the worship of Artemis most firmly established in high places, with every mark of barbarism and antiquity.

From his collection of examples Dr. Albers concludes that the Greeks worshipped from immemorial time on high places, that such worship was chiefly dedicated to gods thought to dwell in heaven, and that it was not derived from Semitic or other foreign intercourse, but was indigenous. For the last-named of these conclusions he also adduces the authority of Mr. Lang. The original god worshipped in many of the shrines can, he thinks, be identified. Many monasteries throughout Greece dedicated to the prophet Elias are found on the mountain-tops or ridges. Of these a large number occupy the sites of shrines of Zeus. Some of the sites, however, were dedicated to the Sun, Ἥλιος. That dedication, indeed, is known to have been in many cases superseded by Zeus, or other divinities, as in the case of Acrocorinth, by Aphrodite. Dr. Albers adopts Wachsmuth's conjecture, which is now generally accepted, that St. Elias was substituted by Christianity for Helios as an object of adoration; and he is of opinion that wherever a shrine of St. Elias is found occupying a site once sacred to some other god than Helios, we may suspect an original dedication to the Sun. The cult of Helios, he thinks, probably lingered on among the country people in spite of the supersession of his place by Zeus or any other deity, and when in the decline

of paganism the splendour of these great official gods began t
wane, the pristine worship revived, to be finally merged or meta
morphosed into the new cult of St. Elias. It seems to me, howeve
that this hypothesis will have to be considered in connection wit
the Russian cult of St. Elias. The Russians, of course, receive
the saint with Byzantine Christianity, and his cult is now ver
widespread. But the old Slavonic god, whose attributes an
legends have been transferred to St. Elias, was Perun or Perkuno
In such a case there could have been no similarity of name t
facilitate the supersession. And it may very well have been tha
in many Greek examples the change took place without any suc
aid.

Dr. Albers has done excellent service to students by his com
pilation of references and by his comments upon them. Work
like those of Dr. de Visser and himself are to be welcomed a
evidence that the influence of the philological school of litholog
is giving away among continental scholars to a more truly scientifi
method.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

FABLES AND FOLKTALES FROM AN EASTERN FOREST. By W. SKEAT. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE Folklore Society knows that Mr. Skeat has recently returne
from an exploring expedition in the Malay States. He and hi
company have brought with them, we understand, large collection
of the kind which interest us; and whilst these are being got int
shape, Mr. Skeat has kindly presented us with this pretty book
containing twenty-six stories and legends. To students we ca
cordially recommend them. The stories have not received an
doctoring, and they appear exactly as they were told, although i
one case the *disjecta membra* of a story had to be recovered fron
different sources. Mr. Skeat got them all at first-hand, and w
believe none of them have been printed before.

A few notes are added, which give the source of each tale, an
a good classified index completes the book.

It will not be out of place briefly to indicate the contents. Th

reader will be interested to find a new variety of Brer Rabbit in the skin of a pretty little creature called the Mouse-deer. Though weak in body, he is great of wit, and nearly always gets the better of crocodiles and such monsters if they try conclusions with him. Some of the stories have parallels in the Indian peninsula. *The Pelican's Punishment* reappears in the Jātaka as *Nandajātāka*, No. 39. *The Tiger gets his deserts* turns on the same point as *The Foolish Fish* (cf. *The Talking Thrush*, p. 65); and in the same book (p. 130) is a variant of the *Tiger and the Shadow*. In *Father Follow-my-Nose* comes the episode of a man who was induced to bury four priests, by the pretence that the corpse had returned from the grave; this is widespread in the Levant and the East. King Solomon appears in one tale; there is a Deluge Legend, and several which are intended to account for natural phenomena, the shape of plants, and so forth. Indeed, there is a taste of everything, and all good. It should be mentioned that the book is daintily got up, and illustrated with a number of capital pictures.

INDIAN FABLES. By RAMASWAMI RAJU. Swan Sonnenschein. 5*s*.

THIS is a delightful gift-book for children, who will enjoy the stories and their morals none the less for a trifle of sententiousness. The morals, indeed, are generally pithy and often proverbial in form; but the tales are not quite naturally expressed to an English ear. A fuller command of strong colloquial English would have made a better book of it, but who can now step into the shoes of L'Estrange? We hasten to add that readers may be daunted by the preface, which is verbose, and not quite intelligible; but if they read further they will be rewarded. From our point of view the book is not adequate, since it gives no authorities. There is one of the Gotham stories on p. 61 (which turns on counting a dozen), a Jātaka story on p. 88 (the Crane and the Crab), and one on p. 83 with the same motive as the *Talking Thrush*, p. 65, but there is nothing to show where the variants come from.

RECORDS OF WOMEN'S CONFERENCE ON THE HOME LIFE OF CHINESE WOMEN. November, 1900.

WHEN, last year, missionaries from all parts of China fled to the treaty ports, advantage was taken of the presence in Shanghai of workers from all parts of China to hold a Conference of English-speaking ladies, Chinese as well as foreigners, to compare notes on the home-life of Chinese women. It was, of course, essentially a missionary Conference, and the scientific interest of its records is therefore subordinated to the missionary interest. In other words, the attention of those who took part in it was directed rather to the way to remedy, or at all events alleviate, the evils complained of than to describe the customs and superstitions minutely or dispassionately. Still a considerable amount of information was brought together and is placed on record in the pamphlet containing the transactions of the Conference. Certainly much of the information is not new. This was to be expected. Moreover, the Records require to be used with discretion. China is an enormous country, consisting of many provinces, the customs of which have a general likeness but very many differences of detail. The speakers, men as well as women (for the Conference was not entirely confined to women), coming from various districts, all relate their experiences, and care must be taken by the reader to discriminate the localities of the observances mentioned. These observances are necessarily dealt with, too, in a fragmentary way, and much is assumed to be already known. An illustration of this is found on p. 70, where a Chinese lady, reporting a custom presumably belonging to Honan and Hupeh, says, "A man with a big hat [Why a big hat? How is it significant, and what is its form?] asks each one in the crowd, 'To what tribe, or stem, do you belong?' Chinese don't ask, 'How old are you?' but what is your tribe—dog, monkey, rabbit, dragon, or other of the twelve stems." The explanation is here only half given. It is referable to the custom of naming the years, and has no relation to the clan or family of the person addressed. This may be inferred from the sentence following; but it is not made clear in the report, and hasty reading might lead to misunderstanding.

As against criticisms of this kind, however, it must be remembered that for the primary purpose of the Conference they are comparatively unimportant. It is only when the Records are

used for scientific purposes that the criticisms become serious. The chief value of the Conference lies in the fact that its success determined the promoters to organise a permanent committee for the purpose of collecting information all over China. This was a decision of the most happy augury; and the ladies chosen on the committee, so far as can be judged from the parts they took in the Conference, are admirably qualified for the work. I should like to urge upon them that in order that their publications may have real value, it is of the first importance that the customs and beliefs they record should be set down accurately and minutely, that the locality should always be specified, and that the aboriginal tribes should by no means be neglected in the survey. The only real knowledge is accurate knowledge. If the object be to understand the native women, their customs, traditions, and conditions, for the purpose of facilitating Christian work among them, then vague, inaccurate information will very often be worse than none at all. If, beyond that, the committee wish the record to be of scientific value, and to serve as a monument for future ages of the state of things in China when Christian missions entered there, the duty of exactitude and fulness, glossing nothing and shirking nothing, is not less plain. *Notes and Queries on Anthropology*, issued by the British Association, would afford them valuable hints; and both the Folklore Society and the Anthropological Institute would doubtless be glad to render them, if they need it, assistance, such as has been recognised as useful by many missionaries in various parts of the world. Finally, the information thus collected and compiled should be issued in a form which will render it accessible to all who may be interested in the subject, whether from a missionary or a scientific point of view.

I congratulate the organisers of the Conference on its success, and on the beginning of a work the value of which, if carried out in the manner I have indicated, it will be difficult to overestimate. With energy, care, and determination on the part of the committee, and the willing co-operation they are hoping to secure "all over China," the task, though laborious, will be amply repaid by its results and by the gratitude of those who succeed them in their devoted efforts for the benefit of the millions of China, as well as by the students of civilisation and of man.

E. Sidney Hartland.

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As amended by Special General Meeting held on the 17th January, 1900.

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II. The Society shall consist of Members being subscri to its funds of One Guinea annually, payable in advanc the 1st of January in each year.

III. A Member of the Society may at any time comp for future annual subscriptions by payment of Ten Gui over and above the subscription for the current year.

IV. Every Member whose subscription shall not be in a shall be entitled to a copy of each of the ordinary w published by the Society.

V. Any Member who shall be one year in arrear of subscription shall cease to be a Member of the Society, u the Council shall otherwise determine.

VI. The affairs of the Society, including the electio Members, shall be conducted by a Council, consisting President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, Secretary, and eigh other Members. The Council shall have power to fill up vacancies in their number that may arise during their of office.

VII. An Annual General Meeting of the Society shall held in London at such time and place as the Council, from t to time may appoint. No Member whose subscription is arrear shall be entitled to vote or take part in the proceedi or the Meeting.

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IX. The accounts of the receipts and expenditure of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, to be elected at the General Meeting.

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XI. The property of the Society shall be vested in three Trustees.

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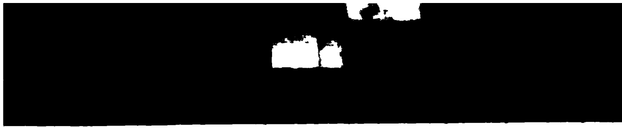

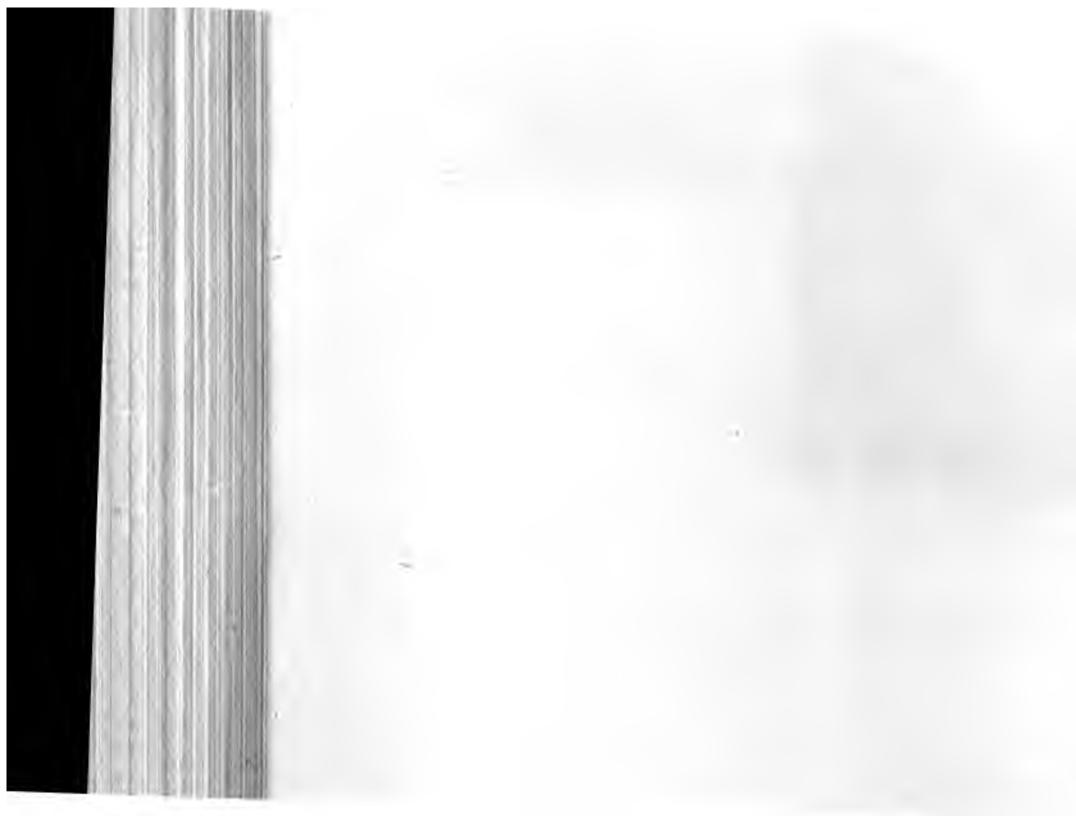

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