

HERODOTUS IN SAINT ANDREWS

BY ANDREW LANG

156. **T**HE tribes which inhabit Saint Andrews are many, not all wearing the same dress nor using the same speech. Now, contrary to what we know of other nations, the Priests are more numerous than the people, being both young and old. Of the young, some wear red cloaks, and others black; they also wear square caps like the tribes on the Isis, of whom we have spoken elsewhere. They who wear red cloaks are extremely proud, and of those the proudest are the tribe called *Bejants*. Now, as to the meaning of the name, many accounts are given; but that which I prefer I come telling. Of old the chiefs of these tribes were

called *Regents*, but they were overthrown in a sedition. So, as it appears to me, the Bejants are descended from the Regents, for B, in their language, resembles R, and the words are otherwise akin and of similar sound. Hence, therefore, the Bejants are proud, they having no other reason to show for their haughtiness.

157. They who wear black gowns are more instructed than the other tribes, having knowledge of the mysteries. Now, the god of this people is the Lynx, which I did not myself see. For indeed he comes to them very rarely, at intervals, as the Kâdis say, of five hundred years. And these say he comes regularly when his father dies, and if he be like the painting of him, he is green, in this differing from other Lynxes. His priest is called "The Tommoris," and is greatly revered by all the tribes, dwelling in a small

chapel hard by the sea. He, however, offers no sacrifice, nor does he chant hymns, but remains absorbed in contemplation of the Lynx. There are some who say that the Tommoris, when once he has been chosen, never grows old, nor does he take odds from any one. Others, however deny this. Some report that he is a Scythian, being descended from Tomyris, the Queen of the Massagetæ, whereof I make mention in my Muses. Concerning the Tommoris, then, let this be sufficient.

158. There is another tribe of Saint Andrews called the Clubmen, who dwell opposite the chapel of the Tommoris, and still nearer the sea. Their manner of life is this: Having built a large house, wherein also is a great hall, they fill it with ladders and paint it with paint, so that it smells grievously, as Homer also says of the skins of the seals. The Clubmen then perform lus-

trations, setting urns of water in the Hall, but they do not drink of this water. They consider it better to die than to live, as is proved by an inscription in Cadmeian letters, which I myself read :

HANGING ACCOMMODATION ROUND THE
CORNER.

There, then, the Clubmen hang themselves, being vexed by the ladders and and the paint. Some of the survivors wear scarlet chitons, not made like the cloaks of the Priests, but otherwise, for they are by no means of the same tribe as the Priests, though they also worship the Tommoris, making him offerings of silver. Among them is a Priest who instructs them in the oaths which it is customary to employ when they lose themselves in the sands of the desert. Concerning this Priest, it is said that he is acquainted with the oaths of the Barbarians. The Oracle, however, is in the

chapel of the Tommoris, who interprets such questions as are asked by the natives.

159. In respect to animals, dogs are an abomination to the Clubmen. The dogs, therefore, gathering in great numbers outside the house of the Clubmen, can hardly be prevented from entering, behaving like the cats of Egypt on the occasion of a fire. The reason why the Clubmen abominate dogs is known to me, and the reason why they sprinkle cayenne pepper on the threshold of their dwelling, and to what god; but it is not fit that I should mention these things in this place. He, however, who has been initiated into the mysteries of the Tommoris knows what I mean.

160. The Women of the Saint Andrews are somehow wont to be excessively beautiful beyond those in other cities. There is, however, a certain holy place where they are not permit-

ted to walk. Concerning this they tell a sacred story. When Io came to Saint Andrews in the shape of a cow, she was grazing in the field. Now, one of the Clubmen was endeavoring to strike a ball into a small hole, as is the custom; and having struck the cow, she instantly became a woman again, whereon the Clubman imprecated a curse upon any woman who entered the sacred place, averring that he had been put off his play by the circumstance which I have mentioned. This, then, became the law, even to this day.

161. The largest tribe of those which I have not mentioned is called the Kâdis. They are the attendants in the chapel of the Tommoris, and are greatly respected by all the tribes, who make them daily offerings of silver. This they do by way of expiation. For, when any men would strike balls in the ground where women are not permitted

to enter, the Kâdis are obliged to accompany them, and judge concerning their skill. This they do not willingly, but unwillingly, for the performances of the other tribes are an abomination to the Kâdis, who are far more skillful than to rest. To appease them, then, the tribes make offerings of silver. The young Kâdis are much more severe than the old, mocking openly at such as are not skilled in their art. The Kâdis, moreover, do not wear red robes.

162. To the north of the Saint Andreans dwell the Dundæi, a strong tribe, but very ignorant and foolish. They are said to be entirely ignorant of the Greek speech, which the Saint Andreans know—some, but not all. The Dundæi then they speak of as Barbarians—reasonably, for they are indeed a very foolish people, living after the manner of the Sidonians. Some of them, however, having been instructed

by the Saint Andreans, worship the Lynx. Horatios, the traveler, the son of Hutchi, having, as *he* says, visited Saint Andrews, declares that the Lynx is not a beast, but is the place where women are not allowed to enter. He also says in his *Periplous*, that "the Links are a noble ruin,"—most manifestly confusing it with the remnants of ancient temples whereof I have spoken. On this matter, then, being at Saint Andrews, I myself consulted the Oracle of the Tommoris. He answered me in the hexameter meter as is usual :—

" Stranger, if these be the words of the King,
the descendant of Hutchi,
Him from the shores of the South, and the
Ho! they denominate " Westward,"
Answer him thus, No man, if the Links are
indeed but a Ruin,
Skelps them with iron as freely as thou—De-
scendant of Hutchi."

Having said this he burned a certain weed in a small vessel, inhaling the smoke, and cursing Horatios the Hutchid.