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THE
FOLK-LORE JOURNAL.

VOL. II.

(JANUARY—DECEMBER 1884.)



Alter et Idem.

45284
26/6/99

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY
BY ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1884.

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1884-1885.

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SUSSEX "TIPTEERERS" PLAY.

IN connection with the celebration of Christmas in Sussex, a rude outdoor play is still performed on Boxing Day (December 26th). One version of this play has been published by the Rev. W. D. Parish in the appendix to his *Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect*, but this is not so complete as some other versions. I have therefore endeavoured to collect and collate all the versions of the play used in Sussex; and through the kindness of several correspondents I am now able to give the full text of a very complete version, with full explanatory notes. I am indebted for the words to Edmund Young, Esq., M.R.C.S., of Steyning, Sussex, who obtained them from William Turrall, Captain of the Steyning "Tipteers" (or Tipteerers).

The origin of the name *Tipteers* or *Tipteerers*, as the Sussex mummers are termed, appears to be obscure, unless it is derived from their obtaining "tips" in recompense for their performance.

The play is probably a corruption of "The Seven Champions of Christendom," as is shown by the following note kindly furnished by James Rock, Esq.:*—"Within my recollection a party of mummers used to go about the streets of Hastings performing 'The Seven Champions of Christendom.' Of this play I only remember that one of the performers stepped forward saying, 'I am St. George for England'; another then said, 'I am St. Denis for France,' whereupon a terrific combat ensued. Sword-dances were also performed, in which the dancers tripped about between swords laid on the ground. Something of the same kind is, or was lately, practised by boys at Christmas-time in the village of Hollington, near Hastings. The

* Of Tonbridge, but who formerly resided at Hastings.

party asked permission to enter the houses, and performed their rude play in the entrance-hall."

As regards costume, Mr. Young writes :—"Glazed calico of decidedly pronounced colours, with a sprinkling of spangles and ribbon, formed the basis. The Turk was, when I last saw the show, the best dressed as regarded nationality, with short skirt, very baggy trousers, and an impromptu turban. The prevailing sword was an ingenious arrangement of laths. Their stage was 'the Queen's highway.'"

With these explanations we may now proceed with the play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.	VALIANT SOLDIER.
ST. GEORGE.	BOLD PRINCE (<i>a fancy character</i>).
NOBLE CAPTAIN.	DOCTOR.
TURKISH KNIGHT.	PRINCE OF PEACE.
LITTLE JOHNNY JACK.	

Enter FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Father Christmas. In comes I, Old Father Christmas,

Am I welcome or am I not?

Sometimes I am cold, sometimes I am hot,*

I hope that Old Father Christmas will never be forgot.

Room, ladies and gentlemen, room I pray,

While I lead St. George and all his noble men this way.

Walk in St. George and act thy part,

And shew the ladies and gentlemen thy valiant art.

Walk in, St. George.

Enter ST. GEORGE.

St. George. In comes I St. George,

That man of courage bold;

With my sword and shield

I have won ten thousands of gold.

* One Sussex version of the play adds here, "Sometimes sober and sometimes not," and this is doubtless not unfrequently the case with the performer.

I fought the fiery Dragon, and brought him to great slaughter,
And by that means I gained the King of Egypt's daughter.

Father Christmas. Walk in, you Noble Captain.

Enter NOBLE CAPTAIN.

Noble Captain. In comes I the Noble Captain, * lately come from
France ;

With my broad sword and jolly Turk

I'll make St. George to dance.

St. George. Neither to you I am bound to bend.

Noble Captain. Why, sir, did ever I take you to be my friend ?

St. George. Yes, you saucy coxcomb.

Noble Captain. Coxcomb is a glorious name.

St. George. You are right to be stabbed.

Noble Captain. To be stabbed, sir, is the least I fear.

St. George. Appoint a place and I'll meet you there.

Noble Captain. The place is appointed on this ground,

Where I mean to lay thy body down.

St. George. I will cross the water that is so wide.

Noble Captain. Done, sir, I'll meet you there if I am alive.

I will cross the water with our ten,

I will meet you there with ten thousand men.

St. George. I'll cut, I'll slay you, I'll let you know

I am St. George the Briton oh.

Noble Captain. I will cross the water with our four,

And meet you there with ten thousand more.

Oh, St. George, hold thy hand,

While I send in my Turkish man.

Walk in, you Turkish Knight.

Enter TURKISH KNIGHT.

Turkish Knight. In comes I the Turkish Knight,

Come from the Turkish land to fight.

I will fight St. George, that man of courage bold ;

If his blood is hot I will quickly make it cold.

* Possibly this character represents St. Denis.

St. George. Oh Turk, oh Turk, do not boast,
Or I will cut you down as small as dust.

Turkish Knight. Oh, St. George, do not threaten,
Or I will cut you down with my rusty old weapon.

St. George. Oh Turk, oh Turk, do not caper,
Or I will cut you down with my old rapier.

[*They fight and St. George falls slightly wounded.*]

Father Christmas. Oh Turk, oh Turk, what have you done ?
You have wounded my beloved son.

Turkish Knight. Well, didn't he give me the challenge to do it, and
how could I deny it ?

See how high he was, and now see how low he is.

[*Turk falls on one knee slightly wounded.*]

Father Christmas. Arise, St. George, and do not refrain,
But boldly rise, and fight that dreadful Turk again.

[*St. George rises and fights Turk again.*]

Turkish Knight (on one knee). Down on my bending knee,
A poor Turkish slave, I crave to thee.

St. George. Get up, you Turkish Knight,
Go home to your Turkish land and fight ;
Go home and tell them what champions there is in Old England
dwells.

I will send in my Valiant Soldier.

Father Christmas. Walk in, you Valiant Soldier.

Enter VALIANT SOLDIER.

Valiant Soldier. In comes I the Valiant Soldier,
Bold Slasher is my name,
My head is crowned in iron,*
My body is cased in steel,†
And with my sword into my knuckle-bone
I will fight this Turk all in this field ;
I will pull out my sword and fight, pull out my purse and pay,
For satisfaction will I have before I go away.

Turkish Knight. No satisfaction shall you have,
No satisfaction will I give,

* A helmet.

† Armour.

For in a moment's time, you rascal,
I will bring you to your silent grave.

Valiant Soldier. I have travelled England, Ireland, Scotland,
France, Spain, and Wales, for what St. George shall have his
will,

You Turkish dog I soon will kill.

Enter BOLD PRINCE.

Bold Prince. In comes I Bold Prince, with spear in hand,
Bid thee thy foes to fear not. Stand,
Stand St. George, that great man of command,
The ruler over the British land,
Advance the power this very hour;
Gallant sons you must obey,
Let fly your hands, and fight on my lads, with a good huzza!
hooray! [*Fierce fight, Turk killed.*]

There, ladies and gentlemen, see what I have done,
I have cut him down like the evening sun.

Noble Captain. Oh fie! oh fie! my man is slain,
And on this ground his body laid;
Oh, for some doctor I must seek
While my man lies bleeding here so deep.
Oh doctor, doctor! come with speed
To heal the sick, and raise the dead:
Oh, is there a doctor to be found
To raise this dead man from the ground?

Father Christmas. Oh, yes, here's a doctor well and good,
With my hand I am endeavouring to stop the blood;
Stop the blood, and heal the wound,
And raise that dead man from the ground.

Enter DOCTOR.

Father Christmas. Well, Doctor, what can you cure?

Doctor. Cure the hipsy, pipsy, palsy pains, and the gout,
All raging pains both in and out,
A broken leg, or a broken arm;
And if that man's neck was broke

I'll be bound to put it together again,
Or else I would not charge you one farthing to be paid.

Noble Captain. Well, Doctor, what's your fees?

Doctor. My fee is nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and eleven pence
three farthings,

And half that money I demand to-day.

Noble Captain. Stop, Doctor, stop! I will pay you in the morning.

Doctor. Morning? what's the morning to do with me?

I will take my horse and be gone.

Noble Captain. Stop, Doctor, stop! here's an ass for you to ride.

Doctor. An ass! go ride your ass yourself;

A horse I rode here, and a horse I will ride away.

Noble Captain. Here; stop, Doctor, stop! I'll pay you in the evening.

Doctor. Now you talk something like a man.

Noble Captain. Well, Doctor, try your skill.

Doctor. Well, I have a small box of pills by my side called the
Junipers;

I have also a small bottle of drops called the Golden Gloster
Drops;

I'll put one drop on his temple, one on his nose,

Put a pill in his mouth, and strike a light all over his body.

Why you see he begins to move already. [*Turk revives.*]

Noble Captain. Arise, young man, and try to stand,

And see how gently you can walk.

Doctor. And now all for your Noble Captain I have cured your man,

I am one of the sons of the seventh son,*

Born in High Germany. I am not one of these runabout doctors.

What I do, I do plainly before your face,

And if you can't believe that, it is a very hard case.

Enter the PRINCE OF PEACE.

Prince of Peace. In comes I the Prince of Peace :

* The healing powers of a seventh son are well known. See *Folk-Medicine* (W. G. Black), pp. 136, 137, &c. The writer's brother, Frank J. Sawyer (of New College, Oxford), is a seventh son, and, when a child, it was often remarked by Sussex friends that "he was born to be a doctor." The prognostic has been fulfilled in a singular way by his recently graduating as Doctor of Music!

The very first year that I was born,
 A cruel Russian war begun.*
 Peace! ladies and gentlemen, peace! I call,
 For I am come to save you all.
 Ladies and gentlemen, let your voices ring,
 Clap your hands together, and let us all sing.

Enter JOHNNY JACK.

Johnny Jack. In comes I little Johnny Jack,†
 With my wife and family at my back.
 Money I want, money I crave,
 If you don't give me that I wish you in your grave.

Mr. Young says the last character "did not occur in the regular 'mum,' but was added to draw coin." He further remarks: "In reference to the 'Prince of Peace,' I think I recollect reading that it was not uncommon to introduce sacred personages by way of moral into these outdoor plays, such as are still represented on the Continent in 'Passion Plays.'"

Much of the original has no doubt been lost or corrupted, and the gaps filled up with incidents suited to the times in which they lived. In each version "St. George" appears as "King George." This no doubt originated during the last century from a confusion of the saint with the reigning monarchs.

It will be seen on comparison that the Sussex play resembles in outline the Hampshire "Christmas Mystery," published in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, xii. 493. In the Sompting version (kindly sent by Mrs. Pullen-Burry, of Rectory House, Sompting, Sussex) St. George, after referring to "having won the King of Egypt's daughter," goes on to say:—

"Therefore if any man dare to enter this place,
 I will cut him and hack him as small as dust;
 And afterwards send him to a cook's shop
 To be made into mince-pie crust."

* This allusion is obscure.

† In some places the Christmas mummers are called "Johnny-Jacks."

It is very singular that in the remarkable application, in the spring of 1883, by the Duke of Vallombrosa for a criminal information against the editor of *Vanity Fair* for libel in stating that the Duke's father (who was an army pork contractor) had put the bodies of dead soldiers into the meat casks, counsel should have mentioned to the Court that a similar accusation had been made against St. George, who was an army bacon contractor (vide *Times* report).

The conclusion of the Sompting version is not so threatening, for the speech of "Johnny Jack" proceeds after the second line :—

"My family is large, but I am small,
So every little helps us all.
So ladies and gentlemen, just at your ease,
Put your hands in your pockets
And give the poor little Christmas boys just what you
please."

Whilst in a third version (supplied by a Brighton *Tipteerer*) the last character says :—

"In comes I the little Sweep,
All the money I gets I keep ;
In my pockets bread and cheese,
Ladies and gentlemen, give me what you please.
Christmas comes but once a year,
But when it comes it brings good cheer:
Roast beef, plum pudding, and mince-pie,
No one likes it better than I.
Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy new year ;
Not forgetting old Father Christmas,
And the merry Tipteers."

It seems not improbable that this play is sometimes performed at other times of the year, and especially on May Day.

FREDERICK E. SAWYER, F.R.Met.Soc.

[Compare a paper on Christmas Mummings in Dorsetshire, by J. S. Udal, in *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iii. part i. pp. 87-116.]

PRINCE UNEXPECTED.

[The story "Prince Unexpected" is from the Polish. I met with it among *A Hundred Simple National Slavonic Tales and Stories in the Original Dialects*, which were published in 1865 by the late K. J. Erben, Archivarius of the old town of Prague, with an explanatory vocabulary in the Bohemian (Czech) language, as a "Reading-Book" for Bohemians wishing to make themselves acquainted with the other Slavonic dialects. "Prince Unexpected," *O Królewiczu Niespodzianku*, is taken from A. J. Gliniski's *Bajarz Polski* (Polish Storyteller). "Immortal Bony" appears again in a Russian story from the Government of Perm, in which the secret of his immortality is discovered, and he is put to death.—A. H. WRATISLAW.]



HERE was a king and a queen who had been married for three years, but had no children, at which they were both much distressed. Once upon a time the king found himself obliged to make a visit of inspection round his dominions; he took leave of his queen, set off and was not at home for eight months. Towards the end of the ninth month the king returned from his progress through his country, and was already hard by his capital city, when, as he journeyed over an uninhabited plain during the most scorching heat of summer, he felt such excessive thirst that he sent his servants round about to see if they could find water anywhere and let him know of it at once. The servants dispersed in various directions, sought in vain for a whole hour, and returned without success to the king. The thirst-tormented king proceeded to traverse the whole plain far and wide himself, not believing that there was not a spring somewhere or other; on he rode, and on a level spot, on which there had not previously been any water, he espied a well with a new wooden fence round it, full to the brim with spring water, in the midst of which floated a silver cup with a golden handle. The king sprang from his horse and reached after the cup with his right hand; but the cup, just as if it were alive and had eyes, darted

quickly on one side and floated again by itself. The king knelt down and began to try to catch it, now with his right hand, now with his left, but it moved and dodged away in such a manner that, not being able to seize it with one hand, he tried to catch it with both. But scarcely had he reached out with both hands when the cup dived like a fish, and floated again on the surface. "Dang it!" thought the king, "I can't help myself with the cup, I'll manage without it." He then bent down to the water, which was as clear as crystal and as cold as ice, and began to drink in his thirst. Meanwhile his long beard, which reached down to his girdle, dipped into the water. When he had quenched his thirst, he wanted to get up again—something was holding his beard and wouldn't let it go. He pulled once and again, but it was of no use; he cried out therefore in anger, "Who's there? let go." "It's I, the subterranean king, immortal Bony, and I shall not let go till you give me that which you left unknowingly at home, and which you do not expect to find on your return." The king looked into the depth of the well, and there was a huge head like a tub, with green eyes and a mouth from ear to ear, which was holding the king by the beard with extended claws like those of a crab, and was laughing mischievously. The king thought that a thing, of which he had not known before starting, and which he did not expect on his return, could not be of great value, so he said to the apparition, "I give it." The apparition burst with laughter and vanished with a flash of fire, and with it vanished also the well, the water, the wooden fence, and the cup; and the king was again on a hillock by a little wood kneeling on dry sand, and there was no thing more. The king got up, crossed himself, sprang on his horse, hastened to his attendants, and rode on.

In a week or may be a fortnight the king arrived at his capital; the people came out in crowds to meet him; he went in procession to the great court of the palace and entered the corridor. In the corridor stood the queen awaiting him, and holding close to her bosom a cushion; on which lay a child, beautiful as the moon, kicking in swaddling-clothes. The king recollected himself, sighed painfully, and said within himself: "This is what I left without knowing and found without expecting!" And bitterly, bitterly did he weep. All mar-

velled, but nobody dared to ask the cause. The king took his son, without saying a word, in his arms, gazed long on his innocent face ; carried him into the palace himself, laid him in the cradle, and, suppressing his sorrow, devoted himself to the government of his realm, but was never again cheerful as formerly, since he was perpetually tormented by the thought that some day Bony would claim his son.

Meanwhile weeks, months, and years flowed on, and no one came for his son. The prince, named "Unexpected," grew and developed, and eventually became a handsome youth. The king also in course of time regained his usual cheerfulness ; and forgot what had taken place, but alas ! every body did not forget so easily.

Once the prince, while hunting in a forest, became separated from his suite and found himself in a savage wilderness. Suddenly there appeared before him a hideous old man with green eyes, who said : " How do you do, Prince Unexpected ? You have made me wait for you a long time." " Who are you ?" " That you will find out hereafter, but now, when you return to your father, greet him from me, and tell him that I should be glad if he would close accounts with me, for, if he doesn't soon get out of my debt of himself, he will repent it bitterly." After saying this the hideous old man disappeared, and the prince in amazement turned his horse, rode home and told the king his adventure. The king turned as pale as a sheet, and revealed the frightful secret to his son. " Don't cry, father !" replied the prince, " it isn't a great misfortune ! I shall manage to force Bony to renounce the right over me, which he tricked out of you in so underhand a manner, and if in the course of a year I do not return it will be a token that we shall see each other no more." The prince prepared for his journey, the king gave him a suit of steel armour, a sword, and a horse, and the queen hung round his neck a cross of pure gold. At leave-taking they embraced affectionately, wept heartily, and the prince rode off.

On he rode one day, two days, three days, and at the end of the fourth day at the setting of the sun he came to the shore of the sea, and in the self-same bay espied twelve dresses, white as snow, though in the water, as far as the eye could reach, there was no living soul to be seen ; only twelve white geese were swimming at a distance from the

shore. Curious to know to whom they belonged, he took one of the dresses, let his horse loose in a meadow, concealed himself in a neighbouring thicket, and waited to see what would come to pass. Thereupon the geese, after disporting themselves on the sea, swam to the shore, eleven of them went to the dresses, each threw herself on the ground and became a beautiful damsel, dressed herself with speed, and flew away into the plain. The twelfth goose, the last and prettiest of all, did not venture to come out on the shore, but only wistfully stretched out her neck, looking on all sides. On seeing the prince she called out with a human voice: "Prince Unexpected, give me my dress; I will be grateful to you in return." The prince hearkened to her, placed the dress on the grass, and modestly turned away in another direction. The goose came out on the grass, changed herself into a damsel, dressed herself hastily, and stood before the prince; she was young and more beautiful than eye had seen or ear heard of. Blushing, she gave him her white hand, and, casting her eyes down, said with a pleasing voice: "I thank you, good prince, for hearkening to me: I am the youngest daughter of immortal Bony; he has twelve young daughters and rules in the subterranean realm. My father, prince, has long been expecting you and is very angry; however don't grieve and don't be frightened, but do as I tell you. As soon as you see King Bony, fall at once on your knees, and, paying no regard to his outcry, upbraiding, and threats, approach him boldly. What will happen afterwards you will learn, but now we must part." On saying this the princess stamped on the ground with her little foot; the ground sprang open at once, and they descended into the subterranean realm, right into Bony's palace, which shone all underground brighter than our sun. The prince stepped boldly into the reception-room. Bony was sitting on a golden throne with a glittering crown on his head; his eyes gleamed like two saucers of green glass and his hands were like the nippers of a crab. As soon as he espied him at a distance, the prince fell on his knees, and Bony yelled so horribly that the vaults of the subterranean dominion quaked; but the prince boldly moved on his knees towards the throne, and, when he was only a few paces from it, the king smiled and said: "Thou hast marvellous luck in succeeding in making me smile; remain in our subterranean realm, but before thou becomest a

true citizen thereof thou art bound to execute three commands of mine ; but because it is late to-day, we will begin to-morrow ; meanwhile go to thy room."

The prince slept comfortably in the room assigned to him, and early on the morrow Bony summoned him and said : " We will see, prince, what thou canst do. In the course of the following night build me a palace of pure marble ; let the windows be of crystal, the roof of gold, an elegant garden round about it, and in the garden seats and fountains ; if thou buildest it, thou wilt gain thyself my love ; if not, I shall command thy head to be cut off." The prince heard it, returned to his apartment, and was sitting mournfully thinking of the death that threatened him, when outside at the window a bee came buzzing and said : " Let me in ! " He opened the lattice, in flew the bee, and the princess, Bony's youngest daughter, appeared before the wondering prince. " What are you thus thinking about, Prince Unexpected ? " " Alas ! I am thinking that your father wishes to deprive me of life." " Don't be afraid ! lie down to sleep, and when you get up to-morrow morning your palace will be ready."

So, too, it came to pass. At dawn the prince came out of his room and espied a more beautiful palace than he had ever seen, and Bony, when he saw it, wondered and wouldn't believe his own eyes. " Well ! thou hast won this time, and now thou hast my second command. I shall place my twelve daughters before thee to-morrow ; if thou dost not guess which of them is the youngest, thou wilt place thy head beneath the axe." " I unable to recognize the youngest princess ! " said the prince in his room : " What difficulty can there be in that ? " " This," answered the princess, flying into the room in the shape of a bee, " that if I don't help you, you won't recognize me, for we are all so alike that even our father only distinguishes us by our dress." " What am I to do ? " " What indeed ? That will be the youngest over whose right eye you espy a ladycow ; only look well—Adieu ! " On the morrow King Bony again summoned Prince Unexpected. The princesses stood in a row side by side, all dressed alike and with eyes cast down. The prince looked and marvelled how alike all the princesses were ; he went past them once, twice—he did not find the appointed token ; the third time he saw a ladycow over the eyebrow of

one and cried out—"This is the youngest princess!" "How the deuce have you guessed it?" said Bony angrily: "There must be some trickery here. I must deal with your lordship differently. In three hours you will come here again and will show your cleverness in my presence. I shall light a straw and you will stitch a pair of boots before it goes out, and if you don't do it you will perish."

The prince returned desponding and found the bee already in his apartment. "Why, pensive again, prince?" "How shouldn't I be pensive, when your father wants me to stitch him a pair of boots, for what sort of cobbler am I?" "What else will you do?" "What am I to do? I shan't stitch the boots, and I'm not afraid of death—one can but die once!" "No, prince, you shall not die! I will endeavour to rescue you, and we will either escape together or perish together! We must flee—there's nothing else to be done." Saying this the princess spat on one of the window-panes, and the spittle immediately froze. She then went out of the room with the prince, locked the door after her, and threw the key far away; then, taking each other by the hands, they ascended rapidly, and in a moment found themselves on the very spot whence they had descended into the subterranean realm; there was the self-same sea, the self-same shore overgrown with rushes and thornbushes, the self-same fresh meadow, and in the meadow cantered the prince's well-fed horse, who, as soon as he descried his rider, came galloping straight to him. The prince didn't stop long to think, but sprang on his horse, the princess seated herself behind him, and off they set as swift as an arrow.

King Bony at the appointed hour did not wait for Prince Unexpected, but sent to ask him why he did not appear. Finding the door locked, the servants knocked at it vigorously, and the spittle answered them from the middle of the room in the prince's voice, "Anon!" The servants carried this answer to the king; he waited, waited, no prince; he therefore again sent the same servants, who heard the same answer: "Anon!" and carried what they had heard to the king. "What's this? Does he mean to make fun of me?" shouted the king in wrath: "Go at once, break the door open and conduct him to me!" The servants hurried off, broke open the door, and rushed in—what indeed! there was nobody there, and the spittle on the pane of glass was

splitting with laughter at them. Bony all but burst with rage, and ordered them all to start off in pursuit of the prince, threatening them with death if they returned empty-handed. They sprang on horse-back and hastened away after the prince and princess.

Meanwhile Prince Unexpected and the princess, Bony's daughter, were hurrying away on their spirited horse, and amidst their rapid flight heard "tramp, tramp," behind them. The prince sprang from the horse, put his ear to the ground and said "They are pursuing us." "Then," said the princess, "we have no time to lose." Instantly she transformed herself into a river, changed the prince into a bridge, the horse into a raven, and the grand highway beyond the bridge divided into three roads. Swiftly on the fresh track hastened the pursuers, came on to the bridge, and stood stupified; they saw the track up to the bridge, but beyond it disappeared, and the highway divided into three roads. There was nothing to be done but to return, and they came with nought. Bony shouted with rage and cried out: "A bridge and a river: it was them, how was it that ye did not guess it? Back, and don't return without them!" The pursuers recommenced the pursuit.

"I hear tramp, tramp!" whispered the princess, Bony's daughter, affrightedly to Prince Unexpected, who sprang from the saddle, put his ear to the ground and replied: "They are making haste and are not far off." That instant the princess and prince and with them also their horse became a gloomy forest, in which were roads, bye-roads, and footpaths without number, and on one of them it seemed that two riders were hastening on a horse. Following the fresh track, the pursuers came up to the forest, and when they espied the fugitives in it they hastened speedily after them. On and on hurried the pursuers, seeing continually before them a thick forest, a wide road and the fugitives on it; now, now they thought to overtake them, when the fugitives and the thick forest suddenly vanished and they found themselves at the self-same place whence they had started in pursuit. They returned therefore again to Bony empty-handed. "A horse, a horse! I'll go myself! they won't escape out of *my* hands!" yelled Bony, foaming at the mouth, and started in pursuit.

Again the princess said to Prince Unexpected "Methinks they are pursuing us, and this time it is Bony, my father, himself, but the first

church is the boundary of his dominion, and he won't be able to pursue us further. Give me your golden cross." The prince took off his affectionate mother's gift and gave it to the princess, and in a moment she was transformed into a church, he into the priest, and the horse into the bell; and that instant up came Bony. "Monk!" Bony asked the priest, "hast thou not seen some travellers on horse-back?" "Only just now Prince Unexpected rode this way with the princess, Bony's daughter. They came into the church, performed their devotions, gave money for a mass for your good health, and ordered me to present their respects to you if you should ride this way." Bony, too, returned empty-handed. But Prince Unexpected rode on with the princess, Bony's daughter, in no further fear of pursuit.

They rode gently on when they saw before them a beautiful town, into which the prince felt an irresistible longing to go. "Prince," said the princess, "don't go; my heart forbodes misfortune there." "I'll only ride there for a short time, and look round the town, and we'll then proceed on our journey." "It's easy enough to ride thither, but will it be as easy to return? Nevertheless, as you absolutely desire it, go, and I will remain here in the form of a white stone till your return; be circumspect, my beloved; the king, the queen, and the princess, their daughter, will come out to meet you, and with them will be a beautiful little boy—don't kiss him, for, if you do, you will forget me at once, and will never set eyes on me more in the world—I shall die of despair. I will wait for you here on the road for three days, and if on the third day you don't return, remember that I perish, and perish all through you." The prince took leave and rode to the town, and the princess transformed herself into a white stone and remained on the road.

One day passed, a second passed, the third also passed, and nothing was seen of the prince. Poor princess! He had not obeyed her counsel; in the town, the king, the queen, and the princess their daughter, had come out to meet him, and with them walked a little boy, a curly-headed chatterbox, with eyes as bright as stars. The child rushed straight into the prince's arms, who was so captivated by the beauty of the lad that he forgot everything, and kissed the

child affectionately. That moment his memory was darkened, and he utterly forgot the princess, Bony's daughter.

The princess lay as a white stone by the way-side, one day, two days, and when the third day passed, and the prince did not return from the town, she transformed herself into a corn-flower and sprang in among the rye by the roadside. "There I shall stay by the roadside; maybe some passer-by will pull me up or trample me into the ground," said she, and tears like dew-drops glittered on the azure petals. Just then an old man came along the road, espied the corn-flower in the rye by the wayside, was captivated by its beauty, extracted it carefully from the ground, carried it into his dwelling, set it in a flower-pot, watered it, and began to tend it attentively. But—O marvel!—ever since the time that the cornflower was brought into his dwelling, all kind of wonders began to happen in it. Scarcely was the old man awake, when every thing in the house was already set in order, nowhere was the least atom of dust remaining. At noon he came home—dinner was all ready, the table set, he had but to sit down and eat as much as he wanted. The old man wondered and wondered, till at last terror took possession of him, and he betook himself for advice to an old witch of his acquaintance in the neighbourhood. "Do this," the witch advised him: "get up before the first morning dawn, before the cocks crow to announce daylight, and notice diligently what begins to stir first in the house, and that which does stir, cover with this napkin: what will happen further, you will see."

The old man didn't close his eyes the whole night, and as soon as the first gleam appeared and things began to be visible in the house he saw how the cornflower suddenly moved in the flower-pot, sprang out, and began to stir about the room; when simultaneously everything began to put itself in its place; the dust began to sweep itself clean away, and the fire kindled itself in the stove. The old man sprang cleverly out of his bed and placed the cloth on the flower as it endeavoured to escape, when lo! the flower became a beautiful damsel—the princess, Bony's daughter. "What have you done?" cried the princess. "Why have you brought life back again to me? My betrothed, Prince Unexpected, has forgotten me, and therefore life has become distasteful to me." "Your betrothed, Prince Unexpected, is

going to be married to-day; the wedding feast is ready and the guests are beginning to assemble."

The princess wept, but after awhile dried her tears, dressed herself in frieze, and went into the town like a village girl. She came to the royal kitchen; there, there was great noise and bustle. She went up to the clerk of the kitchen with humble and attractive grace, and said in a sweet voice—"Dear sir, do me one favour; allow me to make a wedding-cake for Prince Unexpected." Occupied with work, the first impulse of the clerk of the kitchen was to give the girl a rebuff, but when he looked at her the words died on his lips and he answered kindly—"Ah, my beauty of beauties! do what you will; I will hand the prince your cake myself." The cake was soon baked, and all the invited guests were sitting at table. The clerk of the kitchen himself placed a huge cake on a silver dish before the prince; but scarce had the prince made a cut in the side of it when lo! an unheard-of marvel displayed itself in presence of all. A grey tom-pigeon and a white hen-pigeon came out of the cake; the tom-pigeon walked along the table, and the hen-pigeon walked after him, cooing:—

"Stay, stay, my pigeonet, O stay!
 Don't from thy true love flee away;
 My faithless lover I pursue,
 Prince Unexpected like unto,
 Who Bony's daughter did betray."

Scarcely had Prince Unexpected heard this cooing of the pigeon, when he regained his lost recollection, bounced from the table, rushed to the door, and behind the door the princess, Bony's daughter, took him by the hand; they went together down the corridor, and before them stood a horse saddled and bridled.

Why delay? Prince Unexpected and the princess, Bony's daughter, sprang on the horse, started on the road, and at last arrived happily in the realm of Prince Unexpected's father. The king and queen received them with joy and merriment, and didn't wait long before they prepared them a magnificent wedding, the like of which eye never saw and ear never heard of.

A. H. WRATISLAW.

IMPOUNDING WILD BIRDS.

THE following legend, copied from the *Parochial History of Saint Neots in Cornwall*, by James Michell, 1833, pp. 137-138, seems a fitting pendant to those mentioned by Mr. Peacock in the last number of the *Folk-Lore Journal* (i. 379):—

“The saint [Neotus] observing that the inhabitants of Guerryer Stoke [now St. Neots] paid little or no regard to their religious duties, and seldom attended divine worship on the sabbath day, remonstrated with them on such a serious breach of the law of God delivered to them in the fourth commandment, and exhorted them in the most earnest manner to amendment of life, in order to obtain eternal salvation. They at once acknowledged the justice of the saint’s remonstrance, but palliated it by averring that the crows, and other birds of prey, committed such depredations on their property, and in their corn-fields, on the Sunday, that it required their continued attention to drive them away and disperse them ; and, but for this circumstance, they would not have neglected to attend and receive his instructions every returning Sabbath. The saint having considered the matter, peremptorily directed all his parishioners duly to attend divine service in his church, and promised, on their compliance with his commands, to prevent those voracious birds from injuring their property by any future depredations during such their attendance. The parishioners complied with the saint’s injunction, and became exceedingly regular in the performance of their sacred duties on the sabbath day, when, lo ! a miracle was effected : the saint caused the whole of those feathered plunderers to come to an enclosure, which he formed on the common near the village, every Sunday, and made them continue there *impounded* during the whole time of the church service, even from morn till eve. The enclosure

formed by the saint for their confinement is still shown on the common west of the village, and bears the denomination of the 'Crow Pound' to this day: it contains about a quarter of an acre of land surrounded by a mound of earth."

I learn from the Vicar of St. Neots, who has kindly written me on the subject during the present month, that the enclosure known as the "Crow Pound" is still discernible, and that the older inhabitants still call it by that name.

WM. PENGELLY.

Torquay, 10th December, 1883.

TWO FOLK-TALES,

TOLD BY A HEREFORDSHIRE SQUIRE, 1845-6.



WHEN I was a child," writes his daughter (27 June, 1882), "my father used to tell me the stories of Kentsham Bell and the King of the Cats, as they were told him by his nurse, who is now living near Ross, and is upwards of ninety years of age."

KENTSHAM BELL.

Great Tom of Kentsham was the greatest bell ever brought to England, but it never reached Kentsham safely, nor hung in any English tower. Where Kentsham is I cannot tell you, but long, long ago the good folk of the place determined to have a larger and finer bell in their steeple than any other parish could boast. At that time there was a famous bell-foundry abroad, where all the greatest bells were cast, and thither the Kentsham people sent to order their famous bell, and thither too sent many others who wanted greater bells than could be cast in England. And so it came to pass at length that

Great Tom of Lincoln, and Great Tom of York, and Great Tom of Christchurch, and Great Tom of Kentsham, were all founded at the same time, and all embarked on board the same vessel, and carried safely to the shore of dear old England. Then they set about landing them, and this was anxious work, but little by little it was done, and Tom of Lincoln, Tom of York, Tom of Christchurch, were safely laid on English ground. And then came the turn of Tom of Kentsham, which was the greatest Tom of all. Little by little they raised him, and prepared to draw him to the shore ; but just in the midst of the work the captain grew so anxious and excited that he swore an oath. That very moment the ropes which held the bell snapped in two, and Great Tom of Kentsham slid over the ship's side into the water, and rolled away to the bottom of the sea.

Then the people went to the cunning man and asked him what they should do. And he said, "Take six yoke of white milch-kine, which have never borne the yoke, and take fresh withy bands which have never been used before, and let no man speak a word either good or bad till the bell is at the top of the hill."

So they took six yoke of white milch-kine, which had never borne the yoke, and harnessed them with fresh withy-bands which had never been used, and bound these to the bell as it lay in the shallow water, and long it was ere they could move it. But still the kine struggled and pulled, and the withy-bands held firm, and at last the bell was on dry ground. Slowly, slowly they drew it up the hill, moaning and groaning with unearthly sounds as it went ; slowly, slowly, and no one spoke, and they nearly reached the top of the hill. Now the captain had been wild with grief when he saw that he had caused his precious freight to be lost in the waters just as they had reached the shore ; and, when he beheld it recovered again and so nearly placed in safety, he could not contain his joy, but sang out merrily,

" In spite of all the devils in hell
We have got to land old Kentsham Bell."

Instantly the withy bands broke in the midst, and the bell bounded back again down the sloping hillside, rolling over and over, faster and faster, with unearthly clanging, till it sank far away in the very

depths of the sea. And no man has ever seen it since, but many have heard it tolling beneath the waves, and if you go there you may hear it too.*

THE KING OF THE CATS.

Many years ago, long before shooting in Scotland was a fashion as it is now, two young men spent the autumn in the very far north, living in a lodge far from other houses, with an old woman to cook for them. Her cat and their own dogs formed all the rest of the household.

One afternoon the elder of the two young men said he would not go out, and the younger one went alone, to follow the path of the previous day's sport looking for missing birds, and intending to return home before the early sunset. However, he did not do so, and the elder man became very uneasy as he watched and waited in vain till long after their usual supper-time. At last the young man returned, wet and exhausted, nor did he explain his unusual lateness until, after supper, they were seated by the fire with their pipes, the dogs lying at their feet, and the old woman's black cat sitting gravely with half-shut eyes on the hearth between them. Then the young man began as follows:—

“You must be wondering what made me so late. I have had a curious adventure to-day. I hardly know what to say about it. I went, as I told you I should, along our yesterday's route. A mountain fog came on just as I was about to turn homewards, and I completely lost my way. I wandered about for a long time, not knowing where I was, till at last I saw a light, and made for it, hoping to get help. As I came near it, it disappeared, and I found myself close to a large old oak-tree. I climbed into the branches the better to look for the light, and, behold! it was beneath me, inside the hollow trunk of the tree. I seemed to be looking down into a church, where a funeral was in the act of taking place. I heard

* Parallel stories in *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, pp. 67, 68, 74. Both this and the following legend bear, as might be expected, the impress of the educated minds through which they have reached us.

singing, and saw a coffin, surrounded by torches, all carried by —
But I know you won't believe me if I tell you!"

His friend eagerly begged him to go on, and laid down his pipe to listen. The dogs were sleeping quietly, but the cat was sitting up apparently listening as attentively as the man, and both young men involuntarily turned their eyes towards him. "Yes," proceeded the absentee, "it is perfectly true. The coffin and the torches were both borne by cats, and upon the coffin were marked a crown and sceptre!" He got no further; the cat started up shrieking, "By Jove! old Peter's dead! and I'm the King o' the Cats!" rushed up the chimney and was seen no more.*

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

All Hallow Een.—In Dugdale's *Diary*, p. 104, 1658 (at end of book), is the following:—"On All Hallow Even the master of the family antiently used to carry a bunch of straw, fired, about his corne, saying,—

'Fire and red low
Light on my teen low.'"

J. H. ROUND.

Why the Cliffs of England are White.—"Once upon a time a great ship from Norway came down into these seas, and she was so big that she could not get through the Straits, but stuck quite fast. The captain then said to the crew, 'Soap her sides, my men!' and they soaped, and soaped, until she could slip through quite easily; but she left the soap upon the cliffs, and ever since they have been white as snow."—I quote this from *Her Majesty's Bem*, by Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell, 1884 (1883). Is it a genuine piece of folk-lore?

JAMES BRITTEN.

New England Superstitions.—Superstitions die slowly, and even after they have lost all real vitality they linger like haunting shades

* References to parallel stories in *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 52, note.

around the scenes of their former activities. Go into the distant hamlets and bye-places among the hills, and you will still find people who quote, even if they do not really credit, such omens as these: White specks on the nails are lucky. Whosoever reads epitaphs loses his memory. To rock the cradle when empty is injurious to the child. To eat while a bell is tolling for a funeral causes tooth-ache. The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster. When a mouse gnaws a gown some misfortune may be apprehended. He who has teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in some distant land. If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar he becomes fearful for life. When children play soldier on the hillside it forbodes the approach of war. A child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old. He who proposes moving into a new house must send in beforehand bread and a new broom. Whoever sneezes at an early hour either hears some news or receives some presents the same day. The first tooth cast by the child should be swallowed by the mother to ensure a new growth of teeth. Buttoning the coat awry, or drawing on stockings inside out, causes matters to go wrong during the day. By bending the head to the hollow of the arm the initial letter of the name of one's future spouse is represented. When women are stuffing beds the men should not remain in the house, otherwise the feathers will come through the ticks. When a stranger enters a room he should be obliged to seat himself, if only for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the children's sleep with him. A dog scratching on the floor or howling in a particular manner and owls hooting in the neighbourhood of the house indicate an approaching death.—*The Weekly Free Press*, Sept. 9, 1882.

Signs and Prognostics.—

“ Wise Gosling, did but heare the scrich-owle crye,
 And told his wife, and straight a pigge did dye.
 Another time, (after that scurvy Owle)
 When Ball his Dogge, at twelue a clocke did howle,
 He iogd his wife, and ill lucke Madge did say,
 And Fox by morning stole a Goose away.
 Besides he knowes fowle weather, raine or haile,
 Euen by the wagging of his dun Cowes tayle.

When any Theeves, his Hens and Duckes pursewe,
 He knowes it by the Candles burning blew.
 Or if a Rauen cry, iust or'e his head,
 Some in the Towne have lost their mayden head.
 For losse of Cattell, and for fugitines,
 Heele find out with a Siue, and rusty Kniues.
 His good dayes are, when's Chaffer is well sold,
 And bad dayes, when his wife doth brall and scold."

—Rowlands' *More Knaues Yet?* (c. 1613), p. 20, of Hunterian Club's Reprint.

Isle of Wight Custom.—There is a custom still retained here [Yarmouth, Isle of Wight] (peculiar to this place only and not common in other parts of the kingdom) of the children's singing on New Year's Day, wassal, or wassail, from the Saxon, "Health to you":

"Wassal, wassal, to our town!
 The cup is white, and the ale is brown,
 The cup is made of the ashen tree,
 And so is the ale of good barley:
 Little maid, little maid, turn the pin,
 Open the door and let me come in;
 God be here, and God be there!
 I wish you all a happy New Year."

—The foregoing is quoted from Lake Allen's *History of the Isle of Wight*, p. 251.

The Yorkshire Name for Wakes.—In the West Riding, particularly about Halifax and Huddersfield, the annual carnival which we call "Wakes" in Lancashire goes by the name of "Thump," and it appears to be so called because all who on entering an ale-house refuse to pay for liquor for the jollification of the company are soundly thumped. Last Halifax Thump, a teetotaller, having business in the Ovenden Cross Inn, refused and resisted the levy of black mail upon him for drinking purposes, and he was punished, according to custom, by the company laying him face downwards and beating him on the back of the body with a heated fire-shovel. The ringleader of the frolic being summoned by the indignant teetotaller was sentenced by the magistrates to a month's imprisonment, but on appeal the sentence was commuted to a fine of five pounds, with the costs of the appeal.—*Oldham Chronicle*.

A Dead Hare's Scut, co. Donegal.—I observed that every hare I shot, the boy that might be with me immediately pulled the "scut"

out of it. At first I could not understand what it was done for, or what they did with the scut, because in general I find it hard to understand the natives or they to understand me; but at last I found out from one of them that if a woman that is *enciente* sees a dead hare that has its scut her offspring will have a hare-lip. This is a superstition I have not heard elsewhere in Ireland. G. H. K.

Superstition in the Black Country.—At Brierly Hill (King's Winford), during the last Petty Sessions, Jane Wooton, a brick-maker, was charged with assaulting Ann Lowe, a married woman. The complainant said the defendant met her, and, after pinching her ear, scratched her face with a needle. The defendant replied that the complainant had bewitched her, and a "wise woman" had recommended the drawing of blood. The Bench discharged the defendant with a caution. G.

Blackberries.—Here, as elsewhere in Ireland, the phoca is said to blight the blackberries on Michaelmas Day by putting a worm in it; consequently after that day in general they are not gathered or eaten. The last two years they have not been ripe till after Michaelmas; and as there is a considerable trade in them, I hear, for the manufacture of claret and port wines, they were gathered after that date, but the gatherers would not eat one of them. G. H. K.

White-footed Horses.—"If we believe the following old adage, still retained in some parts of Lanarkshire, it would appear that white-footed horses are more tender or delicate than horses of another colour in the feet:—

‘ If he has one white foot buy him,
If he has two you may try him,
If he has three look shy at him,
But if he has four go by him.’ ”

This is from Ure's *Agriculture of Kinross*, 1797, p. 34. G.

Proverbs.—*The Urdu Instructor*, a small periodical published monthly at Bombay (Education Society's Press), contains in every number a number of Hindostani proverbs well translated. The originals are given in the Roman character. A similar periodical, called *The Persian Teacher*, contains in each number a similar quantity of Persian proverbs. R. C. TEMPLE.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Panjáb Notes and Queries, Nos. 1 and 2, October and November, 1883.

4to. Pp. 1-24. Edited by Captain R. C. Temple. Allahabad and London (Trübner and Co.)

Knowing how zealous our own English *Notes and Queries* has been in the cause of folk-lore we can readily understand what might be expected from Captain Temple's Panjáb offshoot. Nobody, we think, will be disappointed. Captain Temple, one of our most active members, understands and values Hindu archaic lore, and he knows where to look for his information. Scraps that do not find their way into the Asiatic Society Journals or into the *Indian Antiquary* will be duly registered in these pages; and, judging from the specimens before us, there will be many contributions from books almost inaccessible to the ordinary student of Indian matters. Captain Temple has adopted a very good plan of classifying the contributions of his various correspondents under, at all events, some kind of general grouping; and we venture to suggest that this excellent plan might with advantage be further developed. We confine our attention to general remarks in this opening notice, as it will be our object to give a summary of the folk-lore contents of each number as it appears, and we sincerely hope that Captain Temple's efforts will be warmly supported in this country.

The Gentleman's Magazine Library: being a classified collection of the chief contents of the "Gentleman's Magazine" from 1731 to 1868. Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. Manners and Customs. London (Elliot Stock), 1883. 8vo. pp. xiv. 302.

This handsome volume is most welcome to all students of folk-lore. They have long known the stores of curious information contained in the two hundred and twenty-four volumes of the original series of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. But the information was practically inaccessible. One had to be content with second-hand references,—of all references the most unsatisfactory in a subject where every detail is

of importance,—or, at best, with verifying a quotation now and again when a great library afforded facilities for personal inquiry. *Now* we have in two hundred and eighty clearly-printed pages all the information regarding “Manners and Customs” which generations of the friends of Sylvanus Urban sent to that respected shadow. The entries are clearly arranged, with bold headings; they contain the very words of the original, with year and page reference at the head of each quotation. Further, there is an excellent index. It is needless to say that the subjects embraced under the general head of “Manners and Customs” are very various. Thus we have notes on customs in 1697, and again on “Modern Manners” (viz., those of 1812, by “A Constant Reader”); on harvest customs, marriage customs, funeral customs, games, hunting, stage plays in churches, burlesque festivals of former ages, school barring-outs, and so on. Mr. Nichol’s papers on London Pageants are a distinct addition to municipal history which must be comparatively unknown to many. Most members of the Folk-Lore Society will find some flowers to their fancy in this garden of old-fashioned plants.

The newly-established Historical and Ethnological Society of Greece, the main object of which is the promotion of the study of the mediæval and modern history of that country, together with kindred subjects, has lately issued the first number of its *Journal*. This comprises a variety of hitherto unpublished documents relating to different periods; and, among other contributions, a paper by M. Polites on “Diseases as found in the Myths of the Greek People,” an essay in comparative mythology containing much information; an account of local Greek marriage customs; and collections of popular songs from Northern Eubœa and popular tales from Athens.

Bishop Callaway has sent off two boxes of MSS. and printed matter on South African folk-lore, and Mr. Gomme hopes by next month to report as to their contents.

Subscriptions are due on 1st January, and Members would greatly facilitate the Society’s business if they paid promptly.

Professor Rhys Davids has promised to read a paper in January,

and the Council hope that Members will do their best to hear this distinguished scholar.

At a meeting of the Society on 14th December, at 22, Albemarle Street, Mr. Edward Clodd read a paper on the "Philosophy of Punchkin." After remarks on the more serious meaning now sought for within the folk-tale, sober treatment of which was impossible while it was looked upon only as the vagrant of fancy, an abstract of the more important variants of the Punchkin group of stories was given. The central idea common to these tales, whether found among Aryan, Semitic, Finno-Ugrian, &c. races, however much obscured by local detail, is the dwelling apart of the soul or heart, as the seat of life, from the body; and its deposit in some animate or inanimate thing, chiefly animate, an egg or a bird being the frequent hiding-place, and the fate of the soul determining the fate of the body. This central idea, it was sought to show, was the belief, thus preserved in more or less dramatic form, of the barbaric mind in one or more entities in the body, yet not of it, and endowed with power to leave it at will and control its destiny; whilst the passage of the life-principle from princess or demon into bird or necklace was an easy assumption of the imagination which created its rude analogies between man and brutes and lifeless objects.

A little book treating chiefly of the Orkney Islands will be issued by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., in a few weeks. It is entitled *Rambling Sketches in the Far North*, and is written by Mr. R. Menzies Ferguson. Besides containing chapters upon historical and archæological subjects, with descriptions of the principal isles, it will treat of the customs and superstitions of Orkney, land tenure, farming, folk-lore, and fairy tales.

The Rev. John M'Gavin Boyd delivered a lecture at Airdrie, on Dec. 10, the subject being "Scotch Proverbs." Mr. Boyd, at the outset of his lecture, inquired as to what was a proverb, and how this peculiar form of expression arose. There was no want of definitions, but he did not think a proverb was capable of direct definition. He quoted several classical definitions showing that brevity and point were the distinguishing features of the proverb, such as that by Cervantes, who called them "short sentences drawn from long experience," and Lord Bacon who said they "embodied the wit, genius,

and wisdom of a nation." The lecturer then showed that it was in the more ancient proverbs that were to be found the first germs of religious science and philosophy, as well as of political economy. He also pointed out that every nation had its own proverbs, which often corresponded to those of other nations, although different in words, such as the English one "carrying coals to Newcastle," which in Scotland was rendered "carrying salt to Dysart." In Scotland, up to a recent date, proverbs had been very common in conversation, but an abundant education had now turned them into the lumber-room of the past for the study of the antiquary and the investigation of the curious. Mr. Boyd then proceeded to give a number of illustrations of proverbs applied to different classes in Scotland, many of them highly amusing by their quaint drollery. He stated that, notwithstanding the characteristic religious sentiment of Scotland, there were comparatively few of her proverbs that touched on sacred things, this being accounted for by two reasons (1) the profound reverence with which the Scotch have always regarded things pertaining to religion; and (2) the doctrinal form in which we received our religion under the Reformation *régime*. The reverend gentleman quoted several Scottish proverbs in illustration of this and other points as he proceeded, and went on to say that there was no class of people with whom the proverbs of Scotland dealt more largely than with the clergy. For instance, "Maiden's stockins and ministers' stipends are aye less than they're ca'd," and "Corbies and clergy are little shot," and one, exceedingly good in its way, though rather libellous in its nature—

"The Deil and the Dean begin wi' ae letter;
When the Deil kills the Dean the kirk 'll be better."

His "gruesome majesty," it was stated, seemed rather a favourite with the Scottish people, for the purpose of "pointing a moral and adorning a tale," as appeared from many other proverbs (quoted by the lecturer), as, for instance, "The Deil is a busy bishop in his ain diocese," "He needs a lang-shankit spoon that sups kail wi' the Deil," and "The Deil's aye guid tae his ain." Several very humorous proverbs concerning lawyers were also quoted, and reference was made to the numerous proverbs relating to and arising out of the excesses

and debauchery of a past age, this being the most melancholy feature in connection with the proverbial philosophy of Scotland. In these days of greater self-control and wiser social intercourse, the lecturer said it was with feelings of amazement that he looked back on days gone by upon customs that disgraced society. Those excesses had left sad havoc on our national proverbs. The lecturer also referred to proverbs on marriage, and concluded with a beautiful and appropriate peroration on the exclusively Scotch proverb—"The e'ning brings a' hame," and said that if the Scotch proverbs taught no more than that implied they would have taught much that was worth learning and a great deal that was worth remembering.

At a recent meeting of the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society the Rev. G. Rundle read a paper called "Some Facts connected with old Cornish History." He began with a few words on charms. For a child who has thrush, say in the morning thrice the second verse of the eighth psalm. For tooth-ache.—Begin every morning the act of dressing by putting the stocking on the left foot. For a bad eye.—Pierce the shell of a living snail, and let the exuding liquid fall on the eye. For warts.—Cut a stalk of corn at one of the knots, cross it seven times over the wart, then bury it. Take a piece of meat, cross it seven times over the warts, then hang it on a thorn-tree to rot. The power of the seventh son of a seventh son is very interesting to us, as being quoted by Cornelius à Lapide as existing in Flanders in his day, some two hundred years ago. Mundic as a charm.—Mundic being applied to a wound immediately cures it, which the workmen are so sure of that they use no other remedy than washing in the water that runs from the mundic-ore. Old customs.—1st of May.—On that day it was the custom in Landrake to give the person who plucked a fern as much cream as would cover it. On Shrove Tuesday.—It is the custom to unhang gates, as well as to eat pork-chops and eggs, besides customary pan-cake. On May-day, in Landrake, it was customary to chastise with stinging-nettles any one found in bed after six a.m. For epilepsy, to walk round the church altar thrice. On St. Stephen's Day.—Every youth and boy who can beg, borrow, or steal a gun on that day goes out to shoot birds. On New Year's Eve.—It is the custom to place a piece of silver on the

window-sill. This is said to bring good luck. A piece of flea-bane used to be placed in harvest-time in the first "arish mow" that was made. Blowing horns before the house of a newly married couple.—An amusing reason has been assigned for this custom in the parish of St. Breage. It is said the inhabitants, finding it impossible to make sufficient noise with the one bell hung in the tower, and not liking to be outdone by other parishes, hit upon the happy expedient of making good the deficiency by using horns. Col-Perra.—John mentions the custom of persons going from house to house, begging a Col-Perra tabban (morsel) on Shrove Tuesday. He does not, however, give the rhyme which is in use on that occasion. It begins Han-cock, Han-cock. On Christmas Eve children demand, and are never refused, from shop-keepers a couple of pins. With this they play at a singular game thus : A cup is placed on the table, round which the children gather. They drop pins over the cup; the child whose pin crosses another wins the game and receives all the pins as a forfeit. Superstitions.—St. Veryan.—There is a belief that if the clock in the church gallery strikes during the time of service a member of the congregation will die during a short period. This is said to have happened in the case of a recent vicar.

The following are the titles of folk-lore notes in *Pánjab Notes and Queries*:—*October* : Marriage customs, glow-worm, lucky days, house building, well finding, the goat as a peace-offering, black a protection against the evil eye, omens, quarters of the compass, jackals, evil-eye, proverbs, bears, wild-dogs, passing holy places, death customs, praying machines, curing maggots in sheep, horns on temples, unicorn, tombs and gravestones, objection to taking life, interment customs, spirits of the hills, fortune-telling, priest-making. *November* : Birth customs, first-born children, evil spirits, well finding, donkeys, charms against snakes, omens, village boundaries, burning houses to secure male issue, unlucky name, lucky numbers, children clapping hands, proverbs, sacred places, marriage customs, gold finding, ears of grain suspended, annual dance to the gods, plant-lore, votive pillars, votive flowers, votive rags, altar horns, going with the sun, praying machines, pashas of three tails, porcupine unlawful food, wild ass, sheep, cairns, salute on bringing in candles, confusion of creeds.

IRISH STORIES AND CHARMS.

BY THE HONOURABLE J. ABERCROMBY.



IN the course of the summer I took down in Irish a few stories, one of which is given below, and also three charms. They were dictated to me by an old man of the name of Clifford, a native of Cahirciveen, county Kerry. In his younger days he was a great story-teller, and possessed a large stock-in-trade. Now, through want of practice, not having repeated any for the last eighteen years, they are passing out of his memory, and he finds it somewhat difficult to recall them. The charms he learnt from an old Irish manuscript. Long ago he knew a great many; but now, with the exception of the three below, they are entirely effaced from his memory. The first is interesting from being almost identical with the Lancashire one, including the Orkney amplification, given by Mr. Black in his new book on *Folk-Medicine*, p. 77. The translations are very literal.

CHARM FOR THE TEETH.

St. Peter sat on a marble stone at the gate of Jerusalem. As Jesus passed by, he said to him, "Peter, what is the matter with thee?" Peter answered and said to him, "Lord, I have the tooth-ache." "I heal thee, Peter, and every one else that will carry these words about him. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

CHARM FOR WHOOPING-COUGH.

The charm which Mary sent to her son, which Christ received in his hand. Peter said, Paul said, John said that it was good. Columcille applied it to his heart, his side, and his chest, driving away the severe whooping-cough. In the name, &c.

CHARM FOR BUTTER.

To be repeated during the operation of washing it,—

“The water of three boundaries,
Before rising of the sun,
On the morning of Beltaine.”

WITCHCRAFT.

One day a housewife was making butter and a tailor working at the door. The housewife went outside on business, and a neighbour woman came in and carried away with her a live coal. The tailor saw her, and got up, and put a live coal into the milk-vessel. The neighbour came in a second time, and carried away another live coal. But the tailor likewise put another into the vessel. The neighbour came in a third time, and took a third live coal. The tailor got up, and put a third one likewise into the vessel. About the same time the housewife came in, and set to work to take the butter from the milk; but, alas! she did not find a scrap of butter there. She screeched, and screamed, and said, “Where has my butter gone?” “Hast thou not it there?” said the tailor. “There is not a particle,” said she. “Look in that vessel yonder,” said he. She looked in it, and there it was quite full of her butter. For that reason the sorcery went against the woman neighbour, as she was very covetous.

The narrator explained the belief existed that the neighbour could cause the transfer of the housewife’s butter to her own butter-tub, through sorcery or witchcraft, by means of carrying away a live coal from her hearth. The only way to traverse such a manœuvre was to act as the tailor did.

THE GENTLEMAN TRAVELLER.

Once a gentleman was on a journey through this country, visiting places in order to see the ways and habits of mankind. One day he happened to be out late, without prospect of a lodging. At last he walked up speedily to a big house. He went in there, and made his case known. The gentleman of the house came down, and welcomed him without delay. He told him entirely from his heart that there was board and lodging for the night, and for longer if he wished to stay. But just this—though it was grief to him to mention it—the lady of the house is about to be confined, and I am greatly afraid on

her account. The traveller thanked him for his civility, and told him not to be vexed, for his wife would be well before the morrow, with the help of God. The traveller sat down in the parlour, and began to read his book to while away the night. During this interval the mistress was sickly, faint, and in great pain. When the traveller took his supper, which he greatly needed after the journey during the day, the master of the house excused himself, saying, "Were it not for the trouble which is over us, we should have a pleasant night." "Don't take that amiss on my account, but, believe me, improvement will take place in her before long." They were conversing in this way together till the girl came to them into the parlour. She said, "The mistress will be well directly." The traveller told her to go back, and give notice to delay the confinement for half-an-hour. The girl did that, and came back again, and told them it was impossible to make the delay. The traveller sent her back the second time with an order to make a delay of ten minutes. The girl did as she was bid, but the order was impossible. A boy-child was born, and immediately the woman in child-bed recovered. The master was full of mirth and pleasure till daylight. He served and waited on the traveller full worthily. In the morning of the morrow the traveller prepared for the road; but before he started he wrote an amulet (lit., John's book), and tied it under the neck of the child. He was obliged to wait there till the infant was baptized, and he was himself its god-father. Before departing, he ordered them not to remove the amulet from its neck till it should be able to read. Then he went his way.

Don't be afraid but that he got good heeding till he grew up to be a young man. He got schooling and reading without doubt. But one day as he was coming home from school his eye caught the amulet, and he wondered what virtue it had. He opened and read it, but what was written in it but that he should be hanged at the gate of his own father.

Great terror seized him at seeing what was to befall him. He came home and he was not cheerful nor himself. His mother noticed him, and asked him if he had anything disagreeable. He told her he had no trouble in the world upon him, but she did not believe him. He hid his secret from her, and yet she was urging him to state his

difficulty. At last he related how it happened. "Mother," said he, "make ready for my departure; before I am hanged at this gate outside. I will leave the country rather than bring shame on my father. I vow, as long as I live, I will not take a wife in this world." This mother was sorrowful, grieved, disquieted about her only son, who was going away without being settled in life. For his sake she did not refuse him. She made preparations for his departure, and did not let herself be annoyed in his presence.

He took a melancholy farewell of his people and went on his travels full of despair.

The first day he went a long way, and when night came he took up his lodging in the house of a gentleman to pass the night with them there. The gentleman had a young woman of a daughter. She felt affection and love for the stranger. She asked him privately if he would marry her. He answered her tenderly, if he could do that he would obediently submit himself to a meeting with her, but that it was impossible for him ever to take a wife in this life. Anger seized her on account of getting a refusal, and she reflected that the man she could not gain she would destroy.

Thereupon she put valuables into his travelling-wallet without his knowledge. He took leave of them in the morning, and started on his journey. He had not gone far before she said to her father the traveller had stolen such and such things from her. The father sent a guard after him with orders to bring him back. They searched him well and found on him the very things. He was put on his trial, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at his own gate.

They hanged him, and in that position he was talking to them throughout the day. "Thou art a marvellous man," said the father of the young woman. "There is something wonderful that concerns thee, seeing thou dost not die."

The traveller related to him his career from beginning to end. He listened to him to the end of his story. At that moment he let him down from the gallows, and he knew directly that it was a false lie the daughter had told him. He caught him by the hand and shook it heartily, and said to him, "I am thy god-father." Without any delay he hanged the daughter, and put her to death without reprieve.

The traveller took leave of him and went on his journey, and was making the best of his way that day till night came. He took up his lodging likewise at a gentleman's house, and it was an agreeable lovely place to be in. He went to sleep early, for he was tired from the journey. He did not rise in the morning till the sun had thrown its shadows clearly on the bed. Who came to him opposite the bed but a young woman, very beautiful of figure and appearance. She spoke to him with clever words full of much love. Modestly and gently she asked him if it was his pleasure to take her to himself as wife. From the great pleasure caused by her appearance he said to her that it was his will to take her for ever, although he did not remember at the time the spells which were on him since he left home. She wrote out articles of agreement that moment and told him to sign his name below. He said to her, "I have no ink." "Take a drop of blood from the tip of thy finger, and put it on the pen and write, then the business will be legal." He did as she told him, and that finished the bargain between them. She put up the writing, binding him to her, speedily, and said to him this: "Which dost thou prefer, to consent to marry me this morning, or to be married with me in hell to-morrow morning?" He shook with fear from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and said to her, "Woman, I have nothing to do with thee. There shall be no dealing between me and thee. Give me my writing." "Thou art afraid," said she; "thou art too late, and the time is not far from thee in which thou wilt be with me as husband, enduring the pains of hell." She went off like an arrow. He rose from the bed and asked mercy of God to deliver him from the desperate scrape in which he was.

He was in that state till he had taken his breakfast. He did not know what he should do. He thought over it a long time within himself what he could do to defend himself against her. Finally, he remembered it would be a good thing to go to Rome, tell his tale to the Pope, and get profitable advice from him.

Thereupon he set his face towards Rome, and in time found a place for conversation with the Pope. He narrated everything that had happened to him, and the hard circumstances in which he now was.

The Pope said it was not in his power to do him any service what-

ever but this: "I will write a letter for thee to the priest of the parish in which thy people are, and unless that does thee service I cannot help thee." He wrote the letter for him. When he had got it he departed as fast as his legs would take him, without making any delay, till he came to his father's house. He did not stay long there before he went to the priest, and gave him the Pope's letter. The priest read it, and was greatly astonished. He said, "How is it possible for me to rescue when the Pope has not done so? Does he suppose my power to be greater than his own? For his sake I will do for thee as much as I can. I have a brother, Mathew by name, living half-way between the kingdom of God and hell, and his perpetual occupation is playing cards night and day. He is there now with a table and a pack of cards. His last end after death was to go to hell, as he was a man of very bad life, and it is right his dwelling should be there."

The priest showed him the road to find Mathew. "When thou approachest him, put this letter at the end of a stick, else he will pelt thee with stones. Then he will understand thou wilt play a game with him."

The youth went on his way with the priest's letter along every path as he had been directed, till he came within sight of Mathew. When Mathew saw him he picked up stones to pelt him. Then he put the letter at the end of the stick and stretched it out before him. When Mathew saw that he sat down waiting for him. He took the letter and read it, and was greatly astonished at it. He said, "How was it possible for my brother to think that it was in my power to do thee a service, for I spent my former life very ill, and now there will soon be an end to my evil deeds? I understand that too late," said he. "There is nothing at all for me to do for thee but write to the Arch-Devil in hell. If he does not take an interest in thy scrape, pitiable indeed is thy tale."

Mathew instructed him as to the road as well as he could. He went along with a heavy heart. Whether long or short the journey he made, at last he reached the gate of hell. He knocked outside, and a messenger came out, to whom he gave the letter. The messenger took it in with him. Presently the big man himself came and ques-

tioned him without advantage. He called out for Anna. Presently she came. "Give the articles of agreement to this man," said the big man. "I have not thought about it," said she. "Give them up," said the big man, "or I will put thee for three hours under the iron flails." He put her for that period under the flails, and gave her plenty of it. After that she got up again quite sound. He said to her the second time, "Give them up now or I will put thee for three hours in the boilers that are boiling before thee." She refused him the second time, and said she would not give them. He put her into the boiler for a space of three hours. Finally, she rose up as well as ever she was. The big man said to her the third time, "Give up the articles of agreement now or I will put thee out into Mathew's chamber for a space of three hours more." "I will give them up now, rather than go into Mathew's chamber." She gave them up on the spot. The big man reached them over to the poor traveller, who immediately set off. He did not take leave of them or halt till he came where Mathew was. Mathew saluted him, and asked if he had good news. He related his story to him from beginning to end as it had happened. When Mathew had heard the story he was filled with sorrow of heart and horror of mind, and said "Alas! melancholy is my condition after death, and, in truth, it is what I have earned from my manner of living. But, alas! there is no remedy for it now, for the last bit of my life is at hand. Now, since I have done thee a service, it is right thou should'st do me one likewise."

"Don't be afraid," said the traveller; "if I must wait with thee to the end of my life I will do for thee everything that lies in my power." "I will not ask thee to do too much for me," said Mathew. "Gather materials for a fire, and make it up, and, when it is quite red, catch hold of me and put me right into the middle of the fire, and keep me there till I am burnt. Then pick up every grain of ashes, and take them home in thy handkerchief, and tell my brother, the priest, to read three masses over them; and after that my soul will be safe." The traveller did everything he had been ordered. Nothing is narrated of his journey till he came home. The priest did as he was directed, and that put an end to his troubles, and an end besides to my story.

VARIANT OF THE THREE NOODLES.

Told in 1862 (and afterwards) by a nursemaid then aged sixteen, a native of Houghton, near Stafford.



ONCE upon a time there was a farmer and his wife who had one only daughter, and she was courted by a gentleman. Every evening he used to come and see her, and stop to supper at the farmhouse, and the daughter used to be sent down into the cellar to draw the beer for supper. So one evening she was gone down to draw the beer, and she happened to look up at the ceiling while she was drawing, and she saw an axe stuck into one of the beams.* It must have been there a long, long time, but somehow or other she had never noticed it before, and she began a-thinking. And she thought it was very dangerous to have that axe there, for she said to herself, "Suppose him and me was to be married, and we was to have a son, and he was to grow up to be a man, and come down into the cellar to draw the beer, like as I'm doing now, and the axe was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" And she put down the candle and the jug, and sat herself down and began a-crying.

Well, they began to wonder upstairs how it was that she was so long drawing the beer, and her mother went down to see after her, and she found her sitting on the setluss crying, and the beer running over the floor. "Why, whatever is the matter?" said her mother. "Oh, mother!" says she, "look at that horrid axe! Suppose we was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the axe

* I cannot feel certain whether it was not a hammer or some other tool in my nurse's story, and whether I may not have unconsciously borrowed the axe from Grimm's *Kluge Else*.

was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear! what a dreadful thing it would be!" said the mother, and she sat her down a-side of the daughter and started a-crying too.

Then, after a bit, the father began to wonder that they didn't come back, and he went down into the cellar to look after them himself, and there they two sat a-crying, and the beer running all over the floor. "Whatever is the matter?" says he. "Why," says the mother, "look at that horrid axe. Just suppose, if our daughter and her sweetheart was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the axe was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear, dear! so it would!" said the father, and he sat himself down aside of the other two, and started a-crying.

Now the gentleman got tired of stopping up in the kitchen by himself, and at last he went down into the cellar too to see what they were after; and there they three sat a-crying side by side, and the beer running all over the floor. And he ran straight and turned the tap. Then he said, "Whatever are you three doing, sitting there crying, and letting the beer run all over the floor?" "Oh!" says the father, "look at that horrid axe! Suppose you and our daughter was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the axe was to fall on his head and kill him!" And then they all started a-crying worse than before. But the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and reached up and pulled out the axe, and then he said, "I've travelled many miles, and I never met three such big sillies as you three before; and now I shall start out on my travels again, and when I can find three bigger sillies than you three then I'll come back and marry your daughter." So he wished them good-bye, and started off on his travels, and left them all crying because the girl had lost her sweetheart.

Well, he set out, and he travelled a long way, and at last he came to an old woman's cottage that had some grass growing on the roof. And the old woman was trying to get her cow to go up a ladder to the grass, and the poor thing durstn't go. So the gentleman asked

the old woman what she was doing. "Why, lookye," she said, "look at all that beautiful grass. I'm going to get the cow on to the roof to eat it. She'll be quite safe, for I shall tie a string round her neck, and pass it down the chimney, and tie it to my wrist as I go about the house, so she can't fall off without my knowing it." "Oh, you poor old silly!" said the gentleman, "you should cut the grass and throw it down to the cow!" But the old woman thought it was easier to get the cow up the ladder than to get the grass down, so she pushed her and coaxed her and got her up, and tied a string round her neck, and passed it down the chimney, and fastened it to her own wrist. And the gentleman went on his way, but he hadn't gone far when the cow tumbled off the roof, and hung by the string tied round her neck, and it strangled her. And the weight of the cow tied to her wrist pulled the old woman up the chimney, and she stuck fast half-way and was smothered in the soot.

Well, that was one big silly.

And the gentleman went on and on, and he went to an inn to stop the night, and they were so full at the inn that they had to put him in a double-bedded room, and another traveller was to sleep in the other bed. The other man was a very pleasant fellow, and they got very friendly together; but in the morning, when they were both getting up, the gentleman was surprised to see the other hang his trousers on the knobs of the chest of drawers* and run across the room and try to jump into them, and he tried over and over again and couldn't manage it, and the gentleman wondered whatever he was doing it for. At last he stopped and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "Oh dear!" he says, "I do think trousers are the most awkwardest kind of clothes that ever were. I can't think who could have invented such things. It takes me the best part of an hour to get into mine every morning, and I get so hot! How do you manage yours?" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and showed him how to put them on, and he was very much obliged to him, and said he never should have thought of doing it that way.

So that was another big silly.

* Chests of drawers with knobbed handles are an invention of this century, so this must be a very recent variation of the story.

Then the gentleman went on his travels again: and he came to a village, and outside the village there was a pond, and round the pond was a crowd of people. And they had got rakes, and brooms, and pickels [= pitchforks] reaching into the pond, and the gentleman asked what was the matter. "Why," they says, "matter enough! moon's tumbled into the pond, and we can't get her out anyhow!" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and told them to look up into the sky, and that it was only the shadow in the water. But they wouldn't listen to him, and abused him shamefully, and he got away as quick as he could.

So there was a whole lot of sillies bigger than them all, and the gentleman turned back home again and married the farmer's daughter.*

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

TURCOMAN FOLK-LORE.

CHARMS.



WITHIN the roof [of the *ev* = wicker hut], and near its top, hung a couple of lamb or goat-skins, turned inside out, and smoke-dried. The neck-aperture is kept widely open by four crossed sticks. These skins swing to and fro in the air current produced by the fire, and are termed *toonik*. I have repeatedly questioned the Turcomans as to the meaning of this. They evidently attached some mysterious importance to it, but were loth to explain. Near the doorway, against the felt wall-lining, is sewn a piece of linen or calico, four or five inches square, forming a pocket for the reception of the bounties of wandering spirits. This they call the *tarum*. A horse-shoe, too, is occasionally to be found

* References to parallel stories in *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iii. p. 156. See also the "Three Goodies," in *Popular Tales from the Norse*, and another parallel in Campbell's *Tales of the Western Highlands*, vol. ii. No. xlvi. Cf. No. xx.

nailed upon the threshold. These are the principal superstitious usages of the Turcomans. I was surprised to find how few they were."—*Merv; a Story of Adventures and Captivity* (epitomised from *The Merv Oasis*), by Edmund O'Donovan. London, 1883, p. 192. "Tooniks" mentioned also p. 284.

WHISTLING.

"Supper cleared away, we sat in the gloaming looking out over the dimly-lit plain, listening to the lowing and bleating of the homeward-driven flocks and herds as they entered the various walled enclosures where they were placed for safety during the night. A curious Turcoman superstition here came under my notice. As, lost in reverie, I sat by the window, half-unconsciously I commenced whistling softly some snatches of tunes. I noticed a general movement of dissatisfaction among my companions. They shifted in their seats, looked uneasily at each other and at me. At length Makdum Kuli touched me on the shoulder and said, 'For God's sake, Sahib, don't whistle any more.' I feared that I had unwittingly committed some great breach of decorum, and, accordingly, excusing myself, relapsed into silence. After a while I whispered to the moullah beside me, and asked why Makdum Kuli objected to my whistling. 'Is it possible you don't know,' returned the priest, 'that at this hour the ghouls and gins are abroad, and are wandering to and fro? If they hear you whistle, they will suppose you are calling them; and, Bismallah, we have no desire for their company.' I afterwards learned that to whistle in the day-time is a token of defiance, and not considered proper when others are by."—*Ibid.* pp. 255-256.

FOLK MEDICINE.

"Before starting the next morning some Turcomans applied to me for medical advice and assistance, as was generally the case whenever I appeared at any of the outlying villages. One brought with him his son, whose hand was badly inflamed. I prescribed a poultice of bread and milk, and gave detailed instructions as to how it was to be made. The man listened with attention, and, thanking me, took his leave. When he had gone half a mile, he came back again to say

that I had omitted to tell him what should be *the colour* of the *cow* whose milk was to be used. He had, he said, a brown cow and a black one. A woman, too, whose daughter was suffering from *fever*, brought me a handful of *camel's hair*, and asked me to manufacture from it a charm for the cure of her daughter's illness. As I had not the slightest notion of what the nature of the charm might be, I addressed myself to Aman Niaz Khan, who immediately undertook to instruct me. By means of a spindle the camel's hair was spun into a stout thread, the Khan all the time droning some verses from the Koran, or some necromantic chant. When the thread was finished it was of considerable length, and, folding it *three* times upon itself, he re-spun it. Then he proceeded to tie *seven* knots upon the string. Before drawing each knot hard he blew upon it. This, tied into the form of a bracelet, was to be worn on the wrist of the patient. Each day one of the knots was to be untied, and blown upon, and when the seventh knot had been undone the whole of the thread was to be made into a ball, and thrown into the river, carrying, as was supposed, the illness with it."—*Ibid.* pp. 290-291.

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

MALAGASY FOLK-TALES.

BY THE REV. JAMES SIBREE, JUNIOR.

ANDRIAMATÒA AND ANDRIANJÀBOKÉLY.



ANDRIAMATÒA,* it is said, went to obtain for his wife, Ramitòviàmindréniny ("Equal-with-her-Mother"), and set off to ask her from her parents.

So away he went, and passed a wild-hog, who said to him, "Just dig up this fern-root for me, Andriamatòà." But he

* This word is strictly not a proper name, but a complimentary term given to the eldest son of a family, and sometimes loosely given in politeness to others.

said, "My good fellow, my fine clothes are enough for me to be troubled with."

Then he passed a crow, who said to him, "Just peel this raw earth-nut for me, Andriamatòà." But he said, "My good fellow, my fine clothes are enough for me to be troubled with."

Then he passed a wasp, who said to him, "Just make me a little ball of clay, Andriamatòà." But he said, "My good fellow, my fine clothes are enough for me to be troubled with."

Then he passed a crocodile, who said to him, "Just kill an ox for me, Andriamatòà." But he said, "My good fellow, my fine clothes are enough for me to be troubled with."

So he came to the house of Ramitòviàmindréniny's father and mother, and told them that he desired their daughter for a wife. But they said to him, "If you desire Ramitovy for a wife, go and dig yonder field of ours east of the village, and finish it all to-day." Then Andriamatòà went and worked, but hardly accomplished anything, and was weary, and so went home.

And they said again, "If you desire Ramitovy for a wife, go and gather up all those three measures of white rice lost yonder in the sand west of the house, and if you get it all we will give her to you for your wife." Then Andriamatòà went to gather up the rice, but did not get a single handful until it was evening, and he went home.

Then again said Ramitovy's parents, "If you would really have her for a wife, go and fetch the ox called Sambilo from the forest; for, if you can bring him here, Ramitovy shall be your wife." So Andriamatòà went to fetch the ox, and endeavoured to drive him, but without success, for he was exceedingly fierce; so he returned without bringing the ox.

Then again said Ramitovy's father and mother, "If you wish to marry her, Andriamatòà, go and fetch those two eggs in yonder lake east of the village, for if you can obtain them we will give you Ramitovy for a wife." So he went to fetch the two eggs in the lake, but when he came to the water-side and saw the numerous crocodiles basking in the sun he was afraid and returned.

Then said Ramitovy's father and mother to him, "You shall not have her, for you have accomplished nothing at all." So Andriamatòà

returned home sorrowfully, for he had not got Ramitovy for his wife. And when he came into the house his younger brother (Andrianjåbokély) said, "Well, have you obtained Ramitøviamindrényiny?" "No," he replied. Then said Andrianjåbokély, "Come then, I'll get her, if you can't." But Andriamatòà said, "Why, if I grandly dressed can't get her, how can such a shabby fellow as you obtain her?" "I'll get her" (or, "I have it"), said Andrianjåbokély.*

So Andrianjåbokély set off to Ramitovy's father and mother to beg her for his wife. And as he went he passed a wild-hog, who said to him, "Just dig me this fern-root, Andrianjåbo." So he dug up the fern-root and gave it to the wild-hog.

Then he went on again and passed by a crow, who said to him, "Just peel me some raw earth-nuts, Andrianjåbo." So he peeled some raw earth-nuts for the crow and gave them to him.

Then he went on again and passed by a wasp, who said to him, "Just make me a little ball of clay, Andrianjåbo." So he made him a little ball of clay and gave it to him.

Then he went on again and passed by a crocodile, who said to him, "Just kill an ox for me, Andrianjåbo." So he killed an ox and gave it to him.

Then he came to the father and mother of Ramitøviamindrényiny. So he spoke and said, "I wish to take Ramitovy for my wife." Then said her parents, "If you would have her for your wife, go and dig up yonder field of ours east of the village; take care and finish it to-day." So he went to work, and when he came there he called the wild-hogs and said, "Since I have done good to you, come and help me to finish this work, for this only prevents me having Ramitovy for a wife." So the wild-hogs agreed to dig up the rice-field, and rooted it up with their tusks, so that it was finished in a very short time; so Andrianjåbokély went to the young woman's parents and said, "The work is finished, sir and madam."

Then again said her parents to him, "If you would take her for a wife, go and pick up all those three measures of white rice scattered yonder west of the compound amongst the sand; for if you can

* *Jåbo* is the Hova name of the coarse *rofia* palm cloth, worn only by slaves and poor people.

accomplish that we will give you Ramitovy to wife." So Andrianjàbokély went again to collect the rice west of the compound, and called to him the crows, saying, "Since I have done good to you, come and help me, and please collect up that white rice, for that only prevents me having Ramitovy to wife." So the crows agreed to collect the white rice, and they all took an oath not to swallow what they gathered, but every one put it into the basket. Then they all gathered and collected the whole, which Andrianjàbokély took to Ramitovy's father and mother, and they were amazed.

Then said her parents to him, "You shall have your wife, but go and fetch yonder ox called Sambilo in the woods away there, and bring him here." So Andrianjàbokély went away to fetch the ox, but he saw that it was both fierce and stubborn, so he said, "Since I have done good to you wasps, come drive me this ox, for if I bring him I shall get Ramitovy for my wife." Then the wasps came and settled upon the ox, biting him on the forehead, so that he rushed off until he came to the girl's parents. So again they were astonished when they saw Andrianjàbokély coming with the ox.

Then said they again to him, "This is the last of all, and if you accomplish it Ramitovy shall surely be your wife. Go and fetch those two eggs in the lake east of the village, for if you get them then she shall be your wife." So off he went again to fetch the eggs. And coming to the water-side he called out, "Since I have done good to you crocodiles, just bring me here the two eggs in the lake, for that is the only other thing to be done before I get Ramitovy for a wife." Then the crocodiles brought him the two eggs, and away went Andrianjàbokély with them to Ramitovy's father and mother. They were astonished, and said to him, "You shall surely have our child, for all you have done is thoroughly completed."

So Ramitoviànindrény became Andrianjàbokély's wife, and astonished was Andriamatòà when he saw it.

Stories! stories! Legends! legends! This, they say, is the origin of the old proverb, "Let not the rich be proud, and let not the poor be disheartened, for riches are not (equally) divided."—Translated from a contribution by the Rev. W. Montgomery to the *Publications of the Malagasy Folk-Lore Society*.

IBONIA.

(*This Story comes from Vàkinankàratra.*)

Once upon a time there were two sisters who had no children, and so they went to work the divination (*sikidy*) at the house of Ratobòboka. As soon as they came in she asked, "Why have you come here?" The sisters replied, "We are childless, and so have come to inquire by divination here of you." Then said Ratobòboka, "Look into my hair." So the elder one looked and saw only a bit of grass; then she said, "I saw nothing, mother, but this bit of grass." Ratobòboka replied, "Give it me, for that is it." Then the younger girl searched, and saw only a little bit of broken charm, red in colour; so she said, "I saw nothing, mother, but this little bit of a red charm." Ratobòboka replied, "Give it me, for that is it." And upon this, Ratobòboka said, "Go alone to yonder forest to the east; and when you have arrived there the trees will all speak and say, 'I am the sacred child-charm'; but do not you speak for all that, but take the single tree which does not speak there, last of all, and take its root which lies to the east." So the two girls went away. And when they came to the forest each of the trees said, "I am the sacred child-charm" (*i.e.* which causes the barren to bring forth). Nevertheless the sisters passed them all by. And when they came to the single one which did not speak, they dug round the tree, and saw one of the roots which struck eastwards, which they thereupon took away.

And when they were on the road the sisters vowed, saying, "If we should bear boy and girl (*i.e.* if one have a boy and the other a girl), they shall marry each other." And when they came home they each drank (of the charm). Accordingly the elder one became pregnant; and after a half-year had passed the younger also was with child. And when the time came for her to be delivered the elder sister bore a daughter, and she called its name Rasòamànànòro (or Rampélasòamànànòro). In due time came the day for her younger sister to be delivered, so she went to the south of the hearth to bring forth her child. But the child in her womb, they say, spoke and said, "I am not a slave, to be taken here south of the hearth"; so his mother went north of the hearth. But it spoke again, "I am not a prince, to be taken north of the hearth." Then his mother took him to the box,

but it said, "I do not like to be smoked." After some time, it said, "Make a big fire of wood." So they made it. Then it said again, "Swallow a knife for me, and take me west of the hearth." So he was taken there. And having come there, with the knife his mother had swallowed he ripped up his mother's womb, and then leaped into the fire which burned brightly there, after having patted the wound which he had made by ripping up his mother, so that it was healed. Then his father and mother endeavoured to save him, lest he should be killed through going into the fire; but when they thrust out their hands to take him they were broken and unable to take hold of him; and so it happened with their feet as well.

And after a while the child spoke thus: "Give me a name." Then said his mother, "Perhaps you should be called Fòzanatokòndrilàhy, for I hear that he was a strong man." But the child did not like it; so his mother mentioned another name, and said, "Perhaps Ravàto-vòlovoày then, for he, I understand, was famous for his strength." But he did not like that either. So the child gave himself a name, and said, "I am Iboniamàsy, Iboniamanòro: breaking in pieces (*manòro*) the earth and the kingdom; at the point of its horns, not gored; beneath its hoofs, not trampled on; on its molar teeth, not crushed. Rising up, I break the heavens; and when I bow down the earth yawns open. My robe, when folded up, is but a span long; but when spread out it covers the heavens, and when it is shaken it is like the lightning. My loin-cloth, when rolled together, is but the size of a fist, but when unfolded it surrounds the ocean; its tongue (when girded) causes the dew to descend, and its tail sweeps away the rocks. Ah! I am indeed Iboniamàsy, Iboniamanòro." And having spoken thus he came out from the fire and went upon his mother's lap.

And after he had grown up he had a dog called Rampélamàhavàtra. One day while he was hunting in the fields, there came that famous man called Fòzanatokòndrilàhy to seek for Ibonia, and inquired of his parents, "Where is Ibonia?" They replied, "He has gone for pleasure into the forest." So he took Ibonia's dog, for the parents could not prevent it. And as soon as Ibonia returned from hunting he asked his parents, "Where has my dog gone?" They replied, "Fòzanatokòndrilàhy has taken him." So he said, "I am going to fetch my dog, father." But his father would not let him, for he said, "Why, child, even the crocodiles in the water are sought by Fòzana-

tokòndrilàhy, and found, and how can you fight with him without coming to harm?" But his father, seeing that he would not be warned, made him fetch a great stone, in order to see the strength of his son; then he said, "Since I can't persuade you, fetch me yonder big stone to make me a seat." So he went and fetched it. Then his father let him go. So off he went and came up with Fòzanatokòndrilàhy. And when the latter saw him he said, "What are you seeking for here?" Ibonia replied, "I want my dog." So he asked him, "Are you strong?" "Yes," replied Ibonia, "I am strong." And no sooner had he said so than Fòzanatokòndrilàhy seized him, and threw him more than the length of a house. Then Ibonia seized him in his turn, and threw him also as far as the length of a house. And so they went on, first one and then the other, until each had thrown his opponent as far as ten house lengths. Then said Fòzanatokòndrilàhy, "Don't let us throw each other any more, but cast each other down" (a descent). So he lifted Ibonia up and cast him down, but he did not fall, but stuck in the ground as far as his ancles; then he, in turn, cast down Fòzanatokòndrilàhy, who descended as far as his knees. And so they went on with each other until Fòzanatokòndrilàhy was forced completely into the ground, that is, the rock on which they were contending, and Ibonia pressed down the stones upon him so that he was quite covered up.

Then Ibonia called together Fòzanatokòndrilàhy's subjects and asked them, "Will you obey the living, or the dead?" So his wife and people replied, "We will obey the living, sir." So they became Ibonia's subjects, and he departed with all his spoil.

And on his way back a number of people met him who were each skilled in various ways. Some were swimmers in deep waters, others were able to tie firmly, others again were able to see at great distances, others were able to make alive; and all these Ibonia showed kindness to, and gave them a share of the spoil which he had obtained. So he went on his way back and came to his village. Arriving there he could not find Rampélasdamànàndro, his betrothed wife, for she had been taken by Ravàtovòlovoày. So he asked his parents, "Where has my wife gone?" They replied, "She has been taken by Ravàtovòlovoày." So he said, "I am going to fetch my wife." When they heard that, his parents they warned him, saying, "Don't do that, child, for Ravàtovòlovoày is extremely powerful." But he would not stay. So at last his father got angry and took gun

and spear to kill him, but he could do nothing to harm him, for the spear bent double when he hurled it. Upon that, Ibonia planted some arums and plantain-trees, and said to his parents, "If these grow withered, then I am ill; and if they die, that is a sign that I also am dead." That being done, he went away and came to an old man who took care of Ravàtovòlovoà's plantain-trees, and asked him, "What is it you take with you, when you go to visit your master?"* The old man replied, "A few plantains, and some rice with honey, my lad." So in the morning—for he slept there that night—he plucked off the old man's hair from his head so that the whole skin from his body came away with it. Then Ibonia covered himself with it, while he fetched some plantains and prepared rice and honey to take to Ravàtovòlovoà. So he came presently to his village; and when the people there saw him they said, "The old man's come," for they did not know Ibonia, because he was covered with the old man's skin. Then he said, "I am come, children, to visit you." So they took the plantains and the rice which he had brought to the prince, for Ravàtovòlovoà was a prince. And they cooked rice for the old man (Ibonia) and gave it to him in the servants' plate, but he would not eat from that, but said, "Fetch me a plantain-leaf on which to eat.† You know well enough how well my wife and I live, so why do you give me such a plate as that?" On the day following his arrival, it was announced that the chief would have sport with throwing at a mark with a cross-piece of wood, and so the old man went with the rest. When they came to the place where the mark was set up, the chief aimed at it, but not one of the people could hit it. Then said the old man, "Just give me a cord that I may catch hold of it." So they gave him one, and he was successful with the one the chief had missed. Then the chief said, "This is not the old man, but some one altogether different, so give a spear and gun that I may attack him." But the old man said, "Why, who else is it but me, my son, for I am only showing the strength I used to possess?" So the chief let him off, and went on playing with the cross-piece of wood. And as they went on with the game the old man pressed in with the rest, but did

* A Malagasy seldom visits a superior without taking some present or offering.

† Fresh plantain leaves, or the leaves of the traveller's tree, were the original plates and dishes of the Malagasy; and are still used as such by the coast tribes and forest people. Even where the people have plates, leaves are often placed upon them to receive rice and other food.

not obtain what he aimed at, for the cross-piece went into the earth and brought up a hedgehog, and dipped into the water and brought out a crocodile. Then Ravàtovòlovoàÿ said again, "Did I not tell you that this is not the old man, but some one else?" And again he sought to kill him; but the old man spake as before, and so Ravàtovòlovoàÿ again refrained.

On the day following after that again, the chief's orders came saying, "To day we will try the tempers of the oxen,* therefore make ropes to catch the stubborn ones." And when they began the game very many of the stronger oxen could not be caught. Then said the old man (Ibonia), "Just give me a rope." So they gave him one, and he caught the strong oxen and held them; and the people wondered when they saw it. And when the chief saw it, he said again, "This cannot be the old man, but some one else." But the people replied, "But who else can it be?" Then the old man answered again as he had done before, viz. that he was no one else, but was merely showing his strength. So the players dispersed.

And upon the following night, Ravàtovòlovoàÿ went to his other wife; and upon that the old man (Ibonia) went to the house where Rampélasòamànandro was, and said, "Let me lie here by the side of your feet." But she replied, "Why, what a wretch you must be, old man, to say such a thing to me, and speak of lying at my side." But when the people were fast asleep, Ibonia took off the skin of the old man with which he had covered himself, and there was a blaze of light in the house because of the shining of the skin of Ibonia. Then his wife knew him, and said, "Is it you who have come?" "Yes," said he, "I have come to fetch you." So he bade the people go out of the house. And when they had gone out he bolted and barred the doors, and sat down to wait for the morning, that he might show some marvellous things to the people of the village. Then said Rampéla to Ibonia, "How shall we get free from here?" He replied, "Don't be afraid, for we shall get out all right; but take heed what I say: do not speak to me or beckon to me, for if you do

* The literal translation of the original here is, "Let us catch the ticks [of the oxen]," an operation which could only be performed with very gentle animals. Games with oxen were formerly favourite amusements of the Hova, and are still so with other Malagasy tribes. Bull-fighting was a favourite pastime of the chiefs, and wrestling with oxen, and bringing them down by sheer strength is also practised at funerals among the Bétsiléo, and is also as common among the Sihànaka, and probably with other tribes as well.

either they will kill me." So in the morning, when Ravàtovòlovoày awoke, he found that the door of the house where Rampéla was was locked. Then he said to the people, "Isn't it just as I told you, that this is not the old man, but another person?" So he tried to break open the door; but the door became like a rock, and he could not force it. Then he set fire to the thatch of the roof; but it would not burn, but rather dropped down water. Then he dug round the foundation of the house; but that also became as rock.

And so, all his attempts being unavailing, at last Ibonia and Rampéla prepared to go out, and Ibonia caused a profound sleep to fall upon all the people outside the house, so that every one slept. Then he said to her, "Let us go, but do not speak to me or beckon to me." So they went out, and stepped over all the people who slept along the road they travelled. And when they came to the gateway, he beckoned to a lad and bade him awake the people. So the lad awoke and roused up all the people, and Ravàtovòlovoày as well. Then said he, "Bring quickly guns and spears; and come, let us pursue them!" So away they went, and shot at them with their guns; but when the smoke rolled away there was the pair going along without any harm. And so they went on without any mischance, until they came to the water-side; but when they got there the wife beckoned to him to ask him where to ford. But the moment she did so he was struck by a bullet, and fell back into the water and was dead. Then came up Ravàtovòlovoày to Rampéla and asked what she wished to do, to follow the living or the dead? She replied, "I will follow the living, sir," at the same time excusing herself to him.

And so Ibonia met his death, and his parents looked upon the arums and the plaintain-trees which he had left with them as a token; and when they saw them dried up they lamented him, because the things were dead which he had given them as a sign about himself. However, his friends to whom he had made presents when he came from conquering Fòzanatokòndrilàhy had by no means forgotten him, and one day Joiner-together and his companions said to the Far-off-seer, "Look out for Ibonia, lest some harm should have befallen him." So he looked and said "Ibonia is dead; and behold, yonder stream is carrying away his bones." Then said they all (Far-off-seer and Joiner-together and Life-giver) to Strong-swimmer: "Do you go and gather together those bones." So he went and gathered all the bones. Then Joiner-together united them, so that they all came

together again, and Life-giver made them live. And they continued invoking blessings until flesh grew and a little breath came, and until he could eat a little rice, and so on, until at length he could eat as he had formerly been used to do. And when he was alive again he prepared to go and fetch his wife away from Ravàtovòlovoày. So he went off, and when he came to his village there was the chief playing the game called *fanòrona* (something like "fox and geese") above the gateway. When he saw Ibonia he asked him, "Where are you going?" Said Ibonia, "To get my wife"; and, having thus answered each other, Ibonia struck him with the palm of his hand, and he became as grease in his hand; so Ibonia got everything that had belonged to Ravàtovòlovoày.

A concise outline of another variant of the story of Ibonia is given by the Rev. J. Richardson in the third number of the *Antanànarivo Annual*, pp. 102-104; and, as this differs in several respects from the foregoing, I shall venture to quote it here in full. Mr. Richardson entitles it

The History of Andriàrisainaboniamàsoboniamanòro.

A prince who lived in the centre of the land had long been married, but no child had been born to him. He and his wife, anxious to become parents, sought out an old woman who could work an oracle, and she told them what to do to bring about the gratification of their wishes. They carried out her instructions by going into the forest and seeking out a suitable tree, and before it offered as a sacrifice a sheep and a goat. In due time a son was born in a most wonderful manner. They gave him the name of Bonia; and he appropriated to himself a razor his mother had swallowed, and used it ever afterwards as a wonder-working staff.

Another prince and his wife were also childless. They too sought out the old woman; and by carrying out her instructions obtained a daughter; but she was a cripple and deformed. They called her Rakétabòlaména, or, as I will render it, "The Golden Beauty." This girl, ashamed of her lot, threatened to destroy herself if her father and mother would not station her on an island at some distance from their home. The poor father and mother were constrained sorrowfully to carry out her wish. To this lake the sons of several other princes resorted for wild-bird shooting, and were attracted to the house in

which Golden Beauty dwelt by seeing her scarlet umbrella;* but her servant so effectually hid herself and her mistress that the young fellows betook themselves off in fright. In the course of time Bonia came to the lake; and, having been foiled in his first attempt to find her, he made a second excursion, and his visit ended in his taking Beauty home as his wife, to the delight of all concerned.

Somewhere across the waters to the west there lived a monster of a man called Raivàto, who had the power of instantly transporting himself to any part of the world. Hearing of Bonia's beautiful wife, he determines to carry her off, and, taking advantage of Bonia's absence, he accomplished his purpose. Bonia set out after him; and in his travels he met with three men "in the shape of God," called respectively, Prince Bone-setter, Prince Flesh-and-muscle-producer, and Prince Life-giver. He gave them food, and each adopted him as his child.

He again set out on his search. The sea was no obstacle to him, for he planted his staff in the ground, uttered his talismanic phrase, and walked over as on dry land. The crocodiles too came to his help, the eels and whales, &c. carried him; and when safely over, determined to test the reality of the powers of Bone-setter, Muscle-producer, and Life-giver, he uttered his talismanic phrase, thrust his staff into the ground, and lo! he dies, only to be brought to life again by their aid after three days.

Off he set again, and presently came up with Raivàto's gardener. His spear caused the man to shed his skin; and, having clothed himself in that, he gained admission into Raivàto's strongly fortified town, and revealed himself to his long-lost wife. Raivàto's gods informed him of Bonia's arrival and a terrible fight ensued; but Bonia's staff gives him the victory. He kills the monster and takes his wife home; not only so, but, to the joy of all people, he restored to her lawful husband each and every woman whom Raivàto had carried off!

Such, leaving out the genealogy of each person concerned, the conversations, &c., all of which are given with the greatest minuteness, is the wonderful history of Bonia.

As already remarked, other versions of this story of Ibonia would require a separate book devoted to them were they given in full.

* This is one of the insignia of royalty and chieftainship in Madagascar.

Mr. Dahle's longest variant of the story occupies forty-six pages of type, and includes a great number of incidents not contained in either of the foregoing, and a good deal more of the marvellous. In this variant a locust comes out of the fire, settles on the head of Ibonia's mother, sinks into her body, and so becomes the origin of the wonderful child. A long conversation is held between the child and its mother before its birth as to where he should be brought forth, a great number of places being proposed, but successively rejected for various reasons, until at length he is born while his mother sits in a golden chair of immense size. Wonderful portents accompany his birth; for he announces that he is "God upon earth," and that a thousand canoes could not bear him over the water, &c. All living things are broken, the rocks and the heavens resound, the earth turns upside down; and this, they say, was the origin of earthquakes. But it would be tedious to go more into detail. It must suffice to say that in this tale in its varying forms the native imagination has run riot in its love of the marvellous, and strange distortions of certain grand truths appear here and there in its wordy minuteness of detail. It is to be hoped that a complete version and translation of this exuberant product of Malagasy fancy will some day be published with full illustrative notes, so that English readers may judge of the merits of this Ramayana of Madagascar, describing the extraordinary adventures of its hero, Andrianarisainaboniamasoboniamanôro.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Some Games played by modern Greeks.—(*Reprinted from the Athenæum, Dec. 29, 1883.*)—Whilst travelling in the Greek islands I came across several curious games played by the boys on level spaces outside the villages. Samos was especially conspicuous for the vigour of its young athletes, for the Samiotes are by nature a wild, independent race, making terrible brigands, when from home the dread of the Asiatic coast. So effectual has been their resistance to the Turks that they have gained for themselves a prince of their own, and only pay a small tribute to the Porte. When Crete revolts

Samiotes go over to assist, yet at home they are a law-abiding and vigorous race. Their games, in short, illustrate their character.

First I will mention the game of *πόσα*; "How many?" a curious rough species of *morra*. Four, six, or more lads divide themselves into sides, choosing two leaders. One leader takes up a stone, the other guesses in which hand it is, and if he is wrong he and his party turn their backs to be mounted by their opponents. The leader, as soon as he has jumped on the back of the opponent leader, puts one hand over the eyes of his *ζῶον*, or beast of burden, as he is termed, and with the other catches him a smart cuff on the head as a sign of subjection. After that he holds up as many fingers in the air as he likes, crying *πόσα*; and the *ζῶον* has to guess. One after the other they receive a cuff on the head, and have to guess, until at length a happy *ζῶον* is right, and the riders become the beasts of burden.

This game often degenerates into the Samiote leapfrog, "olive, first olive, second olive," &c., as it is there called. There exists too a more intricate and quite an acrobatical form of leapfrog in Samos, called *ἄγριος προσκεφαλᾶδος*, which is played thus. A boy, chosen for the purpose, kneels on two shoes, presumably to preserve the knees of his trousers, thereby showing a thoughtfulness not usually evinced by English boys on like occasions; two others lean against him to support him, one on either side, and then the fun begins. The "first olive," or player, comes up, places his head on the head of the kneeling boy, his hands on his shoulders, and turns a somersault. This goes on in rapid succession, and strikes a casual observer as a game which must result in frequent disasters.

But nothing I ever saw played can equal in roughness *γλυκὴ κρασί*, "sweet wine," as they euphoniously name it. A boy sits in the middle with one end of a long rope in his hand; another boy takes the rope after the fashion of a whip. The object is for the boys around to belabour the boy in the middle without getting hit with the rope. Whilst playing this game I have seen many ugly blows given and received, but, I am bound to say, with the greatest good nature.

'Ο *παπᾶς*, "the father," is another rough game of the same nature. Four boys stand linked together with their arms round each other's shoulders and their faces inwards; in this position they move round

and round, whilst the others take it in turn to try and jump on their backs; those who succeed are all right, but those who do not have to receive a cut on their backs from a rope which δ παπᾶς, a boy deputed to the office, holds in his hands.

Finally we have the σφαῖρα, or game of ball, so closely resembling our game of cricket in many of its points that my curiosity was excited. Was it only a base imitation of our noble game, or was ours but an improvement on it? It is played in this wise: there are five usually on each side; there is a stone for a wicket, but instead of a bat only the hand is used; the ball is simply thrown at the stone by the bowler, and if the player hits the ball to a certain distance he counts one, but there is no running; if the stone is hit or the ball is caught his innings is over. Old men I asked said they had known σφαῖρα played in exactly the same way when they were young, and had heard their fathers make the same remark. In short, they were indignant at the very notion of its being a game borrowed from elsewhere, and claimed for it the greatest antiquity. J. THEODORE BENT.

Nursery Rhymes and Proverbs.—From *Aberdeen and its Folk*, published Aberdeen, 1868, I extract the following nursery rhymes which are not in Mr. Gregor's *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*:

“Tam o’ the lynn, wi’s wife an’s mither,
They gaed a’ to the kirk thegither.”

“Peter, my neeper,
Had a wife,
And he couldna’ keep her,
He pat her i’ the wa’,
And lat a’ the mice eat her.”

There are also given some Scotch proverbs, some of them peculiar to the granite city or the district around.

“Saut! quo’ the Sutor, when he ate the coo and worried on the tail.”

“When your head’s fite (white), ye wad hae ’t curlin.” This refers to the custom of wearing powder, and is intended as a reproof of unreasonable expectations.

“Ye’ve neither been biggin’ kirks nor placin’ ministers.” You have been engaged in some questionable occupation.

“Spit upon ’t and ca ’t thegither wi’ a stane.” Said when too much ado is made about a trifling scratch or cut.

“When that fa’s oot we’ll see twa meens (moons) i’ the lift an’ anither i’ the aiss midden.” Said to express forcibly the improbability of better conduct in the future.

“Sell your pig (jar or dith) and buy a can.” A punning reproof of the excuse “I canna’.”

“Ye may say the grace o’ Cooperhill.” To reprove gluttony. The grace is, “Deil reive the ruggest (hungriest), and cleave the clungest (emptiest).”

“I doubt ye’ve been at the kirk o’ crack-about, faar (where) the kail-pot’s the minister.” In reproof of non church-going.

“Garr’d girss is ill to grow, and chappit stanes is ill to chow.”

“Ye’re as min as a May puddock.” Spoken of a mincing, ultra, modesty-affecting manner in a woman.

“Gerini-gath, the laird’s piper!” Said to a whimpering child.

“Ye’ve the conscience (greed) of a coal-horse.” Spoken in reproof of greed, horses owned by coal-carters in Aberdeen being generally half-starved.

These two sayings are current in Aberdeenshire as being difficult to enunciate with rapidity: “A peacock pykit a peck o’ paper oot o’ a paper pyock. Pyke paper, peacock.” “I snuff shop snuff. Dae ye snuff shop snuff?”

ISABEL RUSSELL.

The Legend of Knockmaun.—The following tradition, preserved in the parish of Kilgobinet, and which we have heard from a very old man, named Michael Quarry, still living at Kilnafrehan, would seem to point to the former existence on the Comeragh mountains of red deer:

“In the days of Cromwell there lived at Knockmaun, near Mount Odell, a woman called The *Mawn*, who was the terror of her neighbours for miles around. She had a sister named The *Ille Ruadh*, who resided at a place called *Tgeach na Condavise*, or Bush of the Countess, in the county of Kilkenny. The latter had eight sons, and was the owner of considerable property at Deelis, Kilnafrehan, Coolnasmeat, &c. She was accustomed to visit her estates annually, residing during her sojourn at her castle in Deelis, the ruins of which are still to be seen there. On these occasions she visited every part of her

property, remaining a day in every townland, where she was entertained by her tenantry, who were obliged to provide a red deer for the feast. On her arrival at Ballyknock, she and her eight sons were entertained by Thomas Towhill, who, either for want of the means or inclination to procure venison, had a *black sheep* from his little flock slaughtered, and its flesh prepared for the occasion. The sons, not aware of the trick honest Towhill had played, were loud in praise of the 'venison'; but their sturdy mother, who had seen a little more of the world, undeceived them in the following terms:—

“ ‘Woe to him who gathereth not sense,
 And who doth not bridle his tongue:
 Since we cannot to-day on venison feast,
 The *black sheep's* flesh is not to be despised.’

“ The *Ille Ruadh*, who, like her sister, The *Maun* or *Mawn*, carried matters with a high hand against her weaker neighbours, was besieged in her castle, at Deelis, by Cromwell, and lost her life there. The *Maun* shared a like fate, as the shattered fragments of her keep at Knockmaun testify.”

The tomb of the former is said to have been removed to Cappagh, but this we doubt, as what is referred to as a portion of a tomb is evidently part of an altar.—Reprinted from *Dungarvan Journal*, March, 1883.

Aughisky, or Water Horse.—The Irish aughisky seems to be very similar to the Scotch kelpie. In Munster and Connaught in most lakes there is a presiding aughisky, but especially on those where the wind gust can come down on and cast up fantastic waves that have a weird appearance in the gloaming. The stories are all very much alike. In Lough Mask, co. Mayo, there was an aughisky that used to frequent the Tieve Mackevvy, now called Toormakeady, shore: it used to go on shore and eat up the pregnant cattle and women, but was destroyed about twenty years ago by a monk. In Connemara, about three miles south of the little shebeen called the Garibaldi, on the road from Oughtnard to Clifden, there is a lake called Lettercraffroe. The mountain hereabouts belonged to a boy of the Coneelly's, and early one morning he spotted a magnificent colt feeding in the meadow alongside the lake; he stole down and got between it and the lake, threw a cloth over its head, put a halter on it, and brought

it home. For years it worked for him until he thought he had quite tamed it, when one unfortunate day he let it see the lake; when it flew like lightning into it, tore its rider to pieces, and disappeared in the water, never to be seen again. A very amusing incident happened while I was in that neighbourhood. Tom had a "lock" of malt on one of the islands in Inver lake, and he went to turn it in the gloaming. Just as he had done so, and raised himself up, he saw an aughisky making straight for him; he was into his boat in an instant, and made for the shore; when he reached it he was saluted with, "Mr. Connelly, will you lend me the boat to go across the lake, as that blackguard old mare of mine has swam across and brought her foal with her." In Lough Treagh, Connemara, there was a famous aughisky that beat people. I have seen more than one who said they were beaten by it, and who stated, "I had not a drop in me, your honour, but I saw a mare with an elegant foal, and I stopped to look at it, and it turned on me and nearly killed me." I offered a man half-a-sovereign to go past this lake one evening with a message and he refused, although he was sure of lots of eating and drinking, and another half-a-sovereign if he went. My son, a lad of about twelve years old, and man was driving home that way one night, and they saw a mare and foal. The man immediately wanted to turn back, but the boy would not let him. When telling me he said he distinctly saw the mare and foal cross the road and go up the sand-hill, but when they came to the place he could see no track or any trace of the mare between the road and the lake. I was so curious that I went there the next day, but could see no tracks in the place he saw the mare go over. On this lake and also Garomna I have seen the aughisky on wild gusty nights when there were bursts of moonlight—on the latter you will see it to the east of the barrow called the "Fairy Mount," plunging up and down on the surface of the water. It seems due to the colliding of the blast round the barrow; but the waves at such times have such a weird appearance that it is not surprising that they are taken for something supernatural. All the stories of the different lakes are so similar that when you have heard one you have heard all; and in the wild mountainous portions of Munster and Connaught no one found dead in the hills died naturally:

if his body is found near a lake he fell a victim to an aughisky, and if on the wild mountain to a phooka. G. H. KINAHAN.

Donegal Reds.—Red-headed, that is fiery red girls, seem to be a speciality of the Co. Donegal. Of these they say "they were born with a pig under the bed." This is on account of their peculiar odour at times. G. H. KINAHAN.

Kissing the Bible.—What is the origin of *kissing* the Bible in oath-taking? I have noted Dr. Tylor's explanation in his *Anthropology*, but this does not seem quite complete. L. C.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Raccolta di Proverbi e Dittati ippici di N. Mantica. Pp. 110. Udine, Tipografia del Patronato, 1883.

Count Mantica has done excellent service in the cause of folk-lore and folk-wisdom in this work. The work is a collection of all the proverbs regarding the horse in Italian, and is divided into ten sections. Each section is devoted to a particular subject about the horse, such as "Colours and particular marks," "Food," "Management," "Horse and rider," "The ladies and horses," "Metaphorical proverbs." Under each subject the proverbs are arranged in alphabetical order and are numbered from 1 consecutively. They amount to the goodly number of 563, without taking into account those in the Venetian and Frioulan dialects, which bring the number up to 741. The Count intends to carry out the same plan with the proverbs of other nations.

Tradições populares de Portugal. Colligidas e annotadas por J. Leite de Vasconcellos. Pp. xvi. 320. Porto: Livraria Portuense de Clavel & C^a, Editores, 119, Rua do Almada, 1882.

This is the first volume of *Bibliotheca Ethnographica Portugueza*. The work contains eleven chapters: "Os astros," "Fogo, luz e sombra," "A atmosphaera," "A agua," "A terra," "As pedras," "Os metaes," "Os vegetaes," "Os animaes," with an appendix, "O homem e a mulher," with an appendix, and "Seres sobrenaturaes." In each

chapter are given all the ideas, superstitions, rhymes, riddles, &c. on the subject of the chapter. They are numbered, and are thus easily referred to. The book contains a pleasantly written Introduction showing the uses of folk-lore. It is a perfect mine of Portuguese folk-lore, and deserves a hearty welcome.

Mr. A. Granger Hutt has joined Mr. Gomme in the duties of Honorary Secretary to the Society. Mr. Hutt will undertake all the financial business of the Society, and Members will kindly forward their Subscriptions to him in future.

The Rev. Walter Gregor is collecting for Count Mantica the Scottish and English proverbs on the horse. Mr. Gregor is desirous of entering into communication with Members of the Society or others who would furnish any such proverbs, or otherwise assist in the work. The Proverbs Committee will shortly hold a meeting to see if something cannot be done in this important branch of folk-lore.

The following are the titles of folk-lore notes in Panjâb Notes and Queries, *December*: Bhairon (Worship of), Touching the Ground, Kali (Goddess) in Garhwal, Clearing Village Ponds, Opprobrious Names, Months in which Hindu Marriage is Forbidden, Nim Leaves at Funerals, Marriage Ceremony, Evil Eye, Goitre, Cattle Disease, Hairy Spine—Girls, Signs of Boys or Girls before Birth, Luck Omens, Ferns, Crow's Brains, Proverbs, Folk-lore from difficult sources.

The Rev. J. Long has reprinted a paper read by him at the Oriental Congress, Leyden, September 14, 1883, on "The importance and best mode of making a collection of Oriental Proverbs."

Mr. Clouston is engaged upon another valuable piece of editorial work—*The Book of the Seven Viziers*, so well known to readers of Professor Comparetti's *Sindibad*. Dr. Rost has lent Mr. Clouston the unique Persian MS. poem, the *Sindibad Nama*, belonging to the Library of the India Office, from which it appears that, owing perhaps to *lacunæ* and misplaced leaves, Falconer in his translation has overlooked one story and the remains of two others. His analysis will be carefully compared with the MS. before reprinting, and the omitted stories translated.

IRISH BIRD-LORE.



FRAGMENT of mediæval Irish bird-lore has been preserved for us in a vellum MS. of the fifteenth century, now in the library of Trin. Coll. Dublin, marked H. 3, 17, col. 893. Unfortunately the transcriber has not thought it worth while to copy the whole, and has left off with a tantalising *et cætera*.

OMENS FROM THE RAVEN.

If the raven croaks above the bed framed together (*com-dlutha*) in the middle of the house, an eminent hoary visitor or cleric is coming to thee. But there is a difference between them. If it be a lay clerk the raven says "*bacach*." If it be a man in orders (*fer graidh*) it cries "*gradh, gradh*," and "*fo do do ló*." If the visitor be a youth or a satirist it cries "*gracc, gracc*," or "*grob, grob*," and the side behind where it cries is the quarter whence the visitors are coming. If it cries "*gracc, gracc*," the young people to whom it cries are assisted (?) (*fordhightir*). If a woman is coming it cries "*foda*." If it cries from the north-west quarter of the house, thieves are coming to steal the horses. If it cries at the door of the house, strangers or hireling-soldiers are coming. If it cries above the door, satirists or visitors belonging to the king's retinue are coming. If it cries above the bed of the good man, the place where his weapons are, and he is going on an expedition, he will not return safe; and, if this is not the case, he will become unwell. If the wife is to die, it cries above the pillow. If it cries at the feet of the husband's bed, a son, or brother, or son-in-law, will come to the house. If it cries on the threshold of the kitchen-closet, the place where the food is, there will be increase of victuals, such as flesh or the first milking of the cows, in the quarter from

which it cries. If its face be between the kitchen-closet and the fire, a mutually agreeable guest is coming to the house. If the place where it is perched be nearer the wife of the house, the visitors are a son-in-law or a friend. If it cries to the south of the kitchen-closet, a foster-father or visitors from a distance are coming to the house. If it speaks with a small voice "*err, err,*" or "*ár, ár,*" sickness for some one in the house or for some of the cattle. If dogs are coming among the sheep it cries from the sheepfold, or opposite the goodwife, and says, "*carna, carna, grob, grob, coin, coin.*" If it cries from the rail of the house when they are eating, they waste that meal. If it cries from off a stone, that is news of a boor. If it cries from a tall tree, that is news of a young lord. If from off the branch of a tree, news of a king or son of noble lineage. If it goes with thee on an expedition or in front of thee, and if it is cheerful, the journey will be propitious and a great deal of flesh-meat will be given thee. If thou go left-hand-wise (*i.e.* against the course of the sun), and it cries in front of thee, woe on whom it so cries or great shame to some of the party. If in front of thee going to a public meeting, it means associates. If thou hast come left-hand-wise, some of the associates will be killed. If it cries from the horses' corner, thieves will come. If it turn itself once, and if it says "*grob, grob,*" some horses are stolen and will not be found, &c.

OMENS FROM WRENS.

If the little bold face cries to thee from the east, a pilgrimage of religious people are coming to thee, inflicting their roughness upon thee. If the wren cries from the south-east, vain-glorious fools are to arrive. If from the west, they are strangers to you. If it cries from the north-east, people with whom are knowing companions or women are coming. If from the north, he that is coming is dear to thee. If from the north-west, religious people are coming. If it cries from the south, if not between thee and the sun, a delightful pilgrimage is coming to you. If between thee and the sun, the wounding of a man dear to thee or a horn upon thyself. If at thy left ear, an encounter with youths from a distance, or sleeping with a young woman. If it calls behind thee, thy wife intreating another man in preference to thee.

If down on the ground behind thee, thy wife is taken from thee by force. If the wren calls from the east, poets are coming to thee or news from them. If it calls from the south behind thee, thou wilt see good chiefs of the clergy, or thou wilt hear the report of a noble ex-hero. If it cries from the south-west, thieves and bad clerics and bad women are coming to thee. If from the west, evil fighting-men are coming. If it calls from the north-west, a fine, well-born hero and noble hospitallers and good women are coming. If it calls from the north, evil men are coming, whether youths or clerics, whether bad women and malicious youths, who are to arrive. If it calls from the south, disease or wolves among the cattle. If it calls from off the ground, or a stone, a cross, it means news of a great man for thee. If it calls at the feet of the bed, that is against people, and the number of times it alights on the ground indicates the number of dead, and the side towards which its face is, from that it reveals the dead (*is as dlomus na mairb*).

This last passage is obscure. I think it means, if the wren's head is turned to a lucky quarter the dead will be in a happy state, and *vice versá*. Some of the meanings given to the croak of the raven are mere puns. *Gradh gradh* is a pun on the Irish *grádh*, derived from the Latin *gradus*. *Bacach* means "lame, crippled," *bacc*, "a shepherd's crook," *bachall*, "a pastoral staff," *carna*, "flesh," *coín*, "dogs." The words for east and west also mean front and rear. To fall westwards means to fall backwards, so that north-east, south-east, may be taken to mean left front, right front, respectively; north-west, south-west, left rear, right rear. In Mr. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the Western Highlands*, vol. i. p. 275, will be found further illustrations of crow language.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

5 Feb. 1884.

THREE FOLK-TALES FROM OLD MEL- DRUM, ABERDEENSHIRE.



THE following folk-tales have been communicated to me by Mr. Moir, Rector of the Grammar School, Aberdeen. He had them from his mother, who kindly wrote out "Mally Whuppie" and "The Red Calf" at my request.

MALLY WHUPPIE.

Once upon a time there was a man and a wife had too many children, and they could not get meat for them, so they took the three youngest and left them in a wood. They travelled and travelled and could see never a house. It began to be dark, and they were hungry. At last they saw a light and made for it; it turned out to be a house. They knocked at the door, and a woman came to it, who asked what they wanted. They said if she would let them in and gee them a piece. The woman said she could not do that, as her man was a giant, and he would fell them if he came home. They priggitt that she would let them stop for a little whilie, and they would go away before he came. So she took them in, and set them doon afore the fire, and gave them milk and bread; but just as they had begun to eat a great knock came to the door, and a dreadful voice said:—

"Fee, fie, fo, fum,

I smell the blood of some earthly one.

Who have you there, wife?" "Eh," said the wife, "it's three peer lassies caul' an hungry, an they will go away. Ye winna touch them, man." He said nothing, but eat up a great big supper, and ordered them to stay all night. Now he had three lassies of his own, and they were to sleep in the same bed with the three strangers. The youngest of the three strange lassies was called Mally Whuppie, and she

was very clever. She noticed that before they went to bed the giant put straw rapes round her neck and her sisters', and round his ain lassies' necks he put gold chains. So Mally took care and did not fall asleep, but waited till she was sure every one was sleeping sound. Then she slippit out of the bed, and took the straw rapes off her own and her sisters' necks, and took the gold chains off the giant's lassies. She then put the straw rapes on the giant's lassies and the gold on herself and her sisters, and lay down. And in the middle of the night up rose the giant, armed with a great club, and felt for the necks with the straw. It was dark. He took his own lassies out on the floor, and laid upon them until they were dead, and then lay down again, thinking he had managed fine.* Mally thought it time she and her sisters were out of that, so she wakened them and told them to be quiet, and they slippit out of the house. They all got out safe, and they ran and ran, and never stoppit until morning, when they saw a grand house before them. It turned out to be the king's house; so Mally went in, and told her story to the king. He said, "Well, Mally, you are a clever cutty, and you have managed well; but, if you would manage better, and go back, and steal the giant's sword that hangs on the back of his bed, I would give your eldest sister my eldest son to marry." Mally said she would try. So she went back, and managed to slip into the giant's house, and crept in below the bed. The giant came home, and ate up a great supper, and went to bed. Mally waited until he was snoring, and she crept out, and raxed in ower the giant and got doon the sword; but just as she got it oot ower the bed it gave a rattle, and up jumped the giant, and Mally oot at the door and the sword with her; and she ran, and he ran, till they cam to the "Brig o' ae hair"; and she wan ower, but he cuddna, and he says, "Wae worth ye, Mally Whuppie! lat ye never come again." And she says, "Twice yet, carle," quo she, "I'll come to Spain." So Mally took the sword to the king, and her sister was married to his son.

"Well," the king he says:—"Ye've managed well, Mally; but if

* J. Leite de Vasconcellos, in *Tradições populares de Portugal* (pp. 264, 265), gives a version of this part of the story, but it is a *lobis-homem*, or werewolf, that figures in the place of the giant.

ye would manage better, and steal the purse that lies below the giant's pillow, I would marry your second sister to my second son." And Mally said she would try. So she set out for the giant's house, and slippit in, and hid again below the bed, and waited till the giant had eaten his supper, and was snoring sound asleep. She slippit out, and slippit her hand below the pillow, and got out the purse; but just as she was going out the giant wakened, and after her; and she ran, and he ran, till they came to the "Brig o' ae hair," and she wan ower, but he cuddna, and he said, "Wae worth you, Mally Whuppie! lat you never come again." "Ance yet, carle," quo she, "I'll come to Spain." So Mally took the purse to the king, and her second sister was married to the king's second son.

After that the king says to Mally, "Mally, you are a clever cutty, but if you would dee better yet, and steal the giant's ring that he wears on his finger, I will give you my youngest son to yoursel." Mally said she would try. So back she goes to the giant's house, and hides herself below the bed. The giant wizna lang ere he came hame, and, after he had eaten a great big supper, he went to his bed, and shortly was snoring loud. Mally crept out, and raxed in ower the bed, and got hold of the giant's hand, and she pirlt and pirlt until she got off the ring; but just as she got it off the giant got up, and grippit her by the hand, and he says, "Now I hae catcht you, Mally Whuppie, and, if I had deen as muckle ill to you as ye hae deen to me, what wad ye dee to me?"

Mally considered what plan she would fall upon to escape, and she says, "I wad pit you into a pyock, and I wad pit the cat inside wi' you and the dog aside you, and a needle and thread and a shears, and I wad hang you up upon the wa', and I wad gang to the wood, and wile the thickest stick I could get, and I would come hame, and take you down, and lay upon you till you were dead."

"Well, Mally," says the giant, "I'll just do that to you."

So he gets a pyock, and puts Mally into it, and the cat and the dog beside her, and a needle and thread and shears, and hings her up upon the wa', and goes to the wood to choose a stick.

Mally she sings, "Oh, gin ye saw faht I see."

"Oh," says the giant's wife, "faht divv ye see, Mally?"

But Mally never said a word but, "Oh, gin ye saw faht I see!" The giant's wife pleaded that Mally would take her up into the pyock till she would see what Mally saw. So Mally took the shears and cut a hole in the pyock, and took out the needle and thread with her, and jumpt down, and helpit the giant's wife up into the pyock, and sewed up the hole.

The giant's wife saw nothing, and began to ask to get down again; but Mally never minded, but hid herself at the back of the door. Home came the giant, and a great big tree in his hand, and he took down the pyock, and began to lay upon it. His wife cried, "It's me, man;" but the dog barkit and the cat mewt, and he did not know his wife's voice. But Mally did not want her to be killed, so she came out from the back of the door, and the giant saw her, and he after her; and he ran, and she ran, till they came to the "Brig o' ae hair," and she wan ower, but he cuddna; and he said, "Wae worth you, Mally Whuppie! lat you never come again." "Never mair, carle," quo she, "will I come again to Spain."

So Mally took the ring to the king, and she was married to his youngest son, and she never saw the giant again.

THE BANNOCKIE.

There was a little wee mannie an a far less wife, and they bakit a bannockie and set it oot t' queel. An it geed rockie for rowie an ower the mill-knowie, till it cam t' twa wall-washers hungry enough, an they said, "Ye're welcum, bonnie bannockie, and fae fahr come ye?" "Oh," says the bannockie, "I cam fae a little mannie an a far less wife, an I think I'll win fae you yet." An they flang their queeds (tubs) at the bannockie, but missed it. An it geed rockie for rowie an ower the mill-knowie till it cam t' twa barn-thrashers, hungry enough. "Ye're welcum, bonnie bannockie, an fae fahr come ye?" "Oh," says the bannockie, "I come fae a little wee mannie an a far less wife, an fae twa wall-washers, an I think I'll win fae you yet." So they flang their flails at it, but misst it; an it geed rockie for rowie ower the mill-knowie till it cam to the tod's hole, hungry enough. An it said, "Ye're welcum, bonnie bannockie, and fae

fah come ye ? ” “ Oh,” says the bannockie, “ I cam fae a little wee mannie an a far less wifie, an fae twa wall-washers, an fae twa barn-thrashers, an I think I’ll win fae you yet.” “ Come nearer me a bittie, bonnie bannockie,” said the tod ; “ I dinna hear verra weel, an tell me that again.” “ Oh,” says the bannockie, eomin nearer an speakin looder, “ I cam fae a little wee mannie an a far less wifie, an fae twa wall-washers an fae twa barn-thrashers, an I think—— ” “ Grap,” says the tod, an ate her up.

At the word “ grap ” the story-teller suddenly seizes the child to whom the story is told.*

THE RED CALF.

Anee a long time ago there was a gentleman had two lassies. The oldest was ugly and ill-natured, but the youngest was a bonnie lassie and good ; but the ugly one was the favourite with her father and mother. So they ill used the youngest in every way, and they sent her into the woods to herd cattle, and all the food she got was a little porridge and whey.

Well, amongst the cattle was a red calf, and one day it said to the lassie, “ Gee that porridge and whey to the doggie, and come wi’ me.”

So the lassie followed the calf through the wood, and they came to a bonnie hoosie, where there was a nice dinner ready for them, and after they had feasted on everything nice they went back to the herding.

Every day the calf took the lassie away, and feasted her on dainties, and every day she grew bonnier. This disappointed the father and mother and the ugly sister. They expected that the rough usage she was getting would take away her beauty ; and they watched and watched until they saw the calf take the lassie away to the feast. So they resolved to kill the calf ; and not only that, but the lassie was to be compelled to kill him with an axe. Her ugly sister was to hold his head, and the lassie who loved him had to give the blow and kill him. She could do nothing but greet ; but the calf told her not to

* See also *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 82-87.

greet, but to do as he bade her ; and his plan was that instead of coming down on his head she was to come down on the lassie's head who was holding him, and then she was to jump on his back and they would run off. Well, the day came for the calf to be killed, and everything was ready—the ugly lassie holding his head, and the bonnie lassie armed with the axe. So she raised the axe, and came down on the ugly sister's head, and in the confusion that took place she got on the calf's back and they ran away, and they ran and better nor ran till they came to a meadow where grew a great lot of rashes ; and, as the lassie had not on many clothes, they pu'ed rashes, and made a coatie for her, and they set off again and travelled, and travelled, till they came to the king's house. They went in, and asked if they wanted a servant. The mistress said she wanted a kitchen lassie, and she would take Rashin-coatie. So Rashin-coatie said she would stop, if they keepit the calf too. They were willing to do that. So the lassie and the calf stoppit in the king's house, and every body was well pleased with her ; and when Yule came, they said she was to stop at home and make the dinner, while all the rest went to the kirk. After they were away the calf asked if she would like to go. She said she would, but she had no clothes, and she could not leave the dinner. The calf said he would give her clothes, and make the dinner too. He went out, and came back with a grand dress all silk and satin, and such a nice pair of slippers. The lassie put on the dress, and before she left she said :—

“ Ilka peat gar anither burn,
 An ilka spit gar anither turn,
 An ilka pot gar anither play,
 Till I come frae the kirk on gude Yule day.”

So she went to the kirk, and nobody kent it was Rashin-coatie. They wondered who the bonnie lady could be ; and, as soon as the young prince saw her, he fell in love with her, and resolved he would find out who she was, before she got home ; but Rashin-coatie left before the rest, so that she might get home in time to take off her dress, and look after the dinner.

When the prince saw her leaving, he made for the door to stop her ; but she jumped past him, and in the hurry lost one of her shoes. The

prince kept the shoe, and Rashin-coatie got home all right, and the folk said the dinner was very nice.

Now the prince was resolved to find out who the bonnie lady was, and he sent a servant through all the land with the shoe. Every lady was to try it on, and the prince promised to marry the one it would fit. That servant went to a great many houses, but could not find a lady that the shoe would go on, it was so little and neat. At last he came to a henwife's house, and her daughter had little feet. At first the shoe would not go on, but she paret her feet, and clippit her toes, until the shoe went on. Now the prince was very angry. He knew it was not the lady that he wanted; but, because he had promised to marry whoever the shoe fitted, he had to keep his promise.

The marriage day came, and, as they were all riding to the kirk, a little bird flew through the air, and it sang:—

“Clippit feet an paret taes is on the saidle set;
But bonnie feet an braw feet sits in the kitchen neuk.”

“What's that ye say?” said the prince. “Oh,” says the henwife, “would ye mind what a feel bird says?” But the prince said, “Sing that again, bonnie birdie.” So the bird sings:—

“Clippit feet an paret taes is on the saidle set;
But bonnie feet an braw feet sits in the kitchen neuk.”

The prince turned his horse and rode home, and went straight to his father's kitchen, and there sat Rashin-coatie. He kent her at once, she was so bonnie; and when she tried on the shoe it fitted her, and so the prince married Rashin-coatie, and they lived happy and built a house for the red calf, who had been so kind to her.*

* *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 66-70. A. Machado y Alvarez, in *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas* (pp. 114-120), gives a story containing several of the incidents of this version of Rashin-coatie. It comes from Santa Juana, in Chile.

MALAGASY FOLK-TALES.

BY THE REV. JAMES SIBREE, JUNIOR.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS THREE SONS.

(The following is from Ankàratra.)



CERTAIN elderly man, it is said, had three sons, and, as he was getting old and feeble, he began to give directions about the disposal of his property. So he said to his sons, "This, my lads, is what I declare to you, for old age and weakness overtakes me; so I will divide and arrange my possessions, lest you should disagree about it afterwards; so gather together all our family connections." So the three brothers called them together, and all were assembled, from the chiefs to the inferior people. Then the old man gave these directions, the following being his commands:

"To Andriamatòà (the eldest son) is given much, because of his seniority;

To Andrianàivo (the middle son) is given what is suitable to him;

To Rafàralàhy (the youngest son) is given little, because of his being the youngest."

And so he disposed of his property, whether in the country or in the village. Upon which, Rafàralàhy was greatly troubled, because his father had given him so little.

And so things went on for a long time with the three brothers, while the property still remained as before with their father. And after long continuing thus, Rafàralàhy began to consider how he could increase the small share he was promised by his father. And this was his plan, to ask of God that he might have great possessions. So he set off, they say, to find out the dwelling-place of the God. And after he had gone a little distance he met with some water-carriers.

So they asked him, "Where are you going?" Rafàralàhy replied, "I am in trouble, so I am beseeching the Creator to give me wealth." So they said, "Yes, that is right, for God is the helper of all who are in adversity; but this is our advice to you: If you meet with a deceiver, do not speak; and should you chance upon an evil person, do not reply (or revenge). And if you come across a harmful man (lit. 'killer'), steadfastly resist. And not only so, for there with God is a road both famous and wide and good, but the stranger and the passer-by wander about and are confounded, and there are many fierce dogs and ravenous beasts, which know the natives of the place and understand the strangers. But this is what you must do when the dogs bark, do not turn round, but go straight on; and when the wild beasts roar, do not turn back, but keep in the road. And also there is an old hag lying across the doorway and stopping it up, and those who enter she prevents, she at the same time neither going in or coming out; so when you see her, do not salute her, but go straight on your way; but still, do not step over her, for her knee will shrink up easily, although you say nothing. Upon that enter immediately, and say, 'Allow me, I pray you, my lady.'" So Rafàralàhy agreed to all that as being good advice.

On his arrival at the place, he acted accordingly; and the old woman's knee shrivelled up, she at the same time saying, "Proceed, child." And when Rafàralàhy had entered, God said, "Come forward, then!" bidding him to come on to the clean mat. But he would not sit down on the clean part, but away south of the hearth, in the place of the God's servants, he sat down. Then God said to his servants, "Bring to Rafàralàhy what is well cooked, and set apart the under-done." So they brought the rice in a silver dish, but again he would not eat, for it was God's dish, but ate together with the servants. And when he had eaten, God said, "What is it troubles and distresses you, that you have come here to me, Rafàralàhy?" He replied, "To ask for wealth, my lord; for my father has treated me unfairly." So he related to him the story of his father's commands as to his property. Then God said, "Sleep here meanwhile, for it is evening." So Rafàralàhy slept there.

And when it was morning, God said again, "Now Andriampàrany, take which you like: Tsipitipity (a plant) or money?" So Rafàralàhy said, "I choose the plant." Then said God, "Ah, you consider the end of things, Andriampàrany, so here are some young trees for you

to plant ; so make a country house* on a high hill, for the living creatures upon the earth will come to you." So the things spoken by God were fulfilled to Rafàralàhy, and he became very wealthy.†

So after some time had passed, his brothers perceived that Rafàralàhy had become rich. And they asked him, "Wherever have you got such a vast amount of property?" He replied, "From where do you suppose? for I obtained it from God." When they heard that they were eager to go too, and said, "Come, let us also get some there, for if he gave to Rafàralàhy much more will he give to us."

So off they set with haste over the hills, and after they had gone a little way they met some water-bearers, who asked, "Where are you going?" They replied, "We are going to God to get wealth." The water-bearers said, "Come, let us show you the road." But they refused, shaking their heads and saying, "Rafàralàhy got there without being directed, much more may we!" at the same time looking very supercilious and turning up their noses. After a little while again they came up with the stone-burners,‡ who inquired their errand in the same way, and whom they answered in the same manner as they had done the water-carriers.

And after some time they came to God. But when they saw the old woman and the dogs and ravenous beasts, they did not know about them as their brother did, for they shouted at the dogs and drove them and the beasts away, and brushed by the old woman and came trampling heavily to God's dwelling, and arriving at the door called out, "Haody, haody!"§ So God said, "Come forward here, north of the hearth." Then the impudent fellows pressed forward. So God said to his servants, "Get some food for the strangers." So the servants placed some on the silver dish, and the fellows ate away until they were gorged. Then God inquired of them, "Where are you from? and where are you going? and what is your errand?" The pair replied, "To seek wealth here from thee, for you have given Rafàralàhy abundance and to spare." So he replied, "Wait awhile

* The word so translated is literally "round-fosse," as the great majority of compounds are surrounded with a circular fosse. And old villages in Imérina and Bétsiléo are all on hills.

† Literally, "a thousander," as we say "a millionaire."

‡ Men procuring the large slabs of blue basalt rock which are used for Hova tombs, by means of burning small fires of cow-dung, by which the stone is heated and split off in the sizes required.

§ The usual phrase employed in asking permission to enter a friend's house.

until the morning, until I have thought over it." And he bade them sleep on the golden bedstead, and they slept. But when the night was half gone, lo and behold they had not slept at all, for they were thinking of the great wealth they were to have. So God inquired, "Why are Andriamatôa and Andrianàivo turning about so uneasily? is the mattress uncomfortable?" They replied, "No, sir, the bed is very good; but we were then desiring a long tail." He said, "Wait awhile, it is yet night." After a while God asked again, "Perhaps your pillow is uncomfortable? or it is the fleas make you roll about?" "No, sir," said they, "there are no fleas, and the pillow is all right, but we were then wishing for four feet." So he said, "Wait patiently." And after a little while again, God said, "Your bed must surely be uncomfortable, since you act so." "No, sir," said they, "but we were wishing for a large mouth." And after waiting a little while again, God said, "You are altogether too modest, for nothing at all is good!" "No, sir, but we were wishing for long tusks." And after a little while more God said, "Don't be too bashful, friends, for if anything is wrong, speak out." So they protested strongly, "Not at all, sir!" And when it was getting towards morning he said, "I fear there are vermin in the bed?" They replied, "There are none, sir; but we were wishing for long ears and much long hair." So after waiting a little longer day broke, and God said, "Come, wake up, for it is morning, and go out into the courtyard, for you shall have what you desired and sought for." But no sooner had they got there than they changed in an instant, and became long-tailed, and went on all-fours, and had long tusks and big mouths and ears, and abundant long hair.

So when those things came to pass which they had desired, they leaped about and jumped, and then went home to their dwellings. But when they got there the people and their relations said, "What has befallen them?" for one was speckled and the other black. So the people were afraid, and shouted and called out to keep them from coming up into the town, for the women and children were frightened. So the pair went leaping off towards the forest; and the people called them "*Ambôanàla!*" (This, they say, was the origin of the lemurs.)*

* The *Lemuridæ*, it is well known, are the most characteristic group of *mammalia* inhabiting Madagascar, and include nearly forty species, that is, more than half of the whole mammalian *fauna* of the island. Certain species are called by the people *Ambôanàla*, *i.e.* "forest dogs."

And the last thing they chatted of was about calling at each other's homes and entertaining one another.

Then said the wild-hog, "Now come, you shall visit me first, for I'm the senior." "Yes," said the frog, "that's all right, and not to be gainsaid, for you are acknowledged to be the elder, and father and mother." So away the pair went, and they came to the wild-hog's dwelling; the meal was ready, and they ate to repletion.

And after a while the time came to go to the frog's dwelling-place. But when they came there and the food was served, there was so little of it that the wild-hog was by no means satisfied. So he grumbled; and after a little while he was angry, for he could not support life with such a meal. Then he spoke thus: "You have been impertinent and insolent to me, you fellow; when you came to visit me I gave you to eat to repletion. But when I come to see you give me a dog's meal. You want to put me to the test and to defy me, you fellow; so come, let us fight, although we have agreed to share the difficult and the bitter" (for they had made a blood-covenant).

Then said the frog, "Well, if you so wish, it is all the same to me; I am not in the least afraid, and I will not ask for breathing-time, although I should feel hurt."

Then said the wild-hog, "Come then, let us make an appointment." The frog replied, "All right, just whenever you please, for nobody is to be backward about that." So the wild-hog said, "Come then, let us first try our wind, and strength, and endurance." "Agreed," said the frog.

So the two agreed together that they would race to the top of a high hill. But just as the wild-hog commenced to run, the frog leaped upon his neck; and the wild-hog knew nothing about it, for he did not feel him at all because he was big in the neck, while the frog was so light that his weight did not ruffle a hair. So the wild-hog ran, and raced, and galloped, and fumed; and just when he had arrived at the goal, the frog leaped off, but the wild-hog did not see him get off and come to the place, so he was forced to say, "Why, you fellow, you have done it."

Then he was obliged to say, "Come, let us try which can leap best." So the frog replied, "Just whatever will make moonlight in your belly (so, lit. trans.) Do your best, for if you don't exert yourself you will regret it, so don't have a stomach-ache for nothing."

So the two came to the water-side to try who could leap furthest. And when they came there and the wild-hog was just about to do his best, the frog jumped again upon his neck. And again the stupid fellow knew nothing about it, for what good is it to be big if one has no sense? And so when they were just at the goal the frog leaped off again, and so he was first, upon which the wild-hog foamed at the mouth, and his eyes turned red. And again he was astonished to see him take it so easily, and said, "There is no getting the better of you, you rascal."

Then he spoke again, and said, "Come, let us have one more trial." "Agreed," said the frog. The other said, "Let us both call together our friends, for this is the last trial, lest we should die without any relatives present, and so prove the proverb, 'Dying in silence, like embers.'" "Agreed," said the frog; so he went off and called together all the frogs of his tribe, and also the *tsintsina* (a bird, *Cisticola Madagascariensis*); and they assembled in great numbers.

But the wild-hog boasted so much that only two or three of his friends came. And when they were assembled the wild-hog began to eat, but the *tsintsinas* called out, "Tsintsino, tsintsino!" &c. and the frogs croaked, "Ireo, ireo!" &c.* And when the wild-hog heard that he could endure no longer, but fled. So the frogs and the birds cried out, "Curses on you, you stupid! there is nothing at all, and you flee without any one pursuing."

* Words which the natives fancy the birds and frogs say in their cries and croaking.

CHILDREN'S GAMES IN SICILY.*



THIS forms the thirteenth volume of that marvellous collection commenced not many years ago by Dr. Pitrè, and well-known to students of folk-lore under the title of "Biblioteca delle tradizioni popolari Siciliane." Of this collection the first three volumes contain popular songs and a study of popular poetry, with a glossary and grammar of the Sicilian dialect and its variations. The four following volumes are a gathering of folk-tales so novel and so interesting that the rest of Europe has as yet been able to furnish nothing in real rivalry to them. The next volumes are devoted to the proverbs of the island contrasted with those of the Italian peninsula. The twelfth volume treats of the public spectacles and festivals of Sicily. The thirteenth is the one now before us.

By this briefest of summaries, the non-Italian reader will see what Dr. Pitrè has been able to achieve in the course of a few revolving years, without effectual aid or suggestion from fellow-students or previous workers in the same field.

Knowing this preliminarily, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the present volume is a worthy pendant to its delightful predecessors. Like them, it is no pensive production of the study and the library; but its author has sought and found his subjects wherever very young, untrammelled Sicily exercises its sportive ingenuity and vents its animal spirits. And the results of these investigations of Dr. Pitrè are fresh as the games themselves and the boys that play them.

Dr. Pitrè insists preliminarily upon the important bearings of his

* *Giuochi faneiuleschi Siciliani, raccolti e descritti da Giuseppe Pitrè con dieci tavole a fototipia, quattro a litografia ed una a stampa. Palermo: Luigi Pedone Lauriel, editore. 1883.*

subject upon metaphysics, ethnology, and folk-lore. None at the present day will be inclined to dispute this postulate.

He remarks with feeling that children have a haunting idea that their happy, careless life will eventually change into something more fruitful and graver. In spite of the genial haze that surrounds them they play at games that reflect somewhat the thoughts and actions of their hardworked and responsible elders. Thus boys when they spin tops and play at marbles hope to win buttons or some other sorry representatives of value. They even, *proh pudor*, strain after the gain of the humblest coppers at "pitch and toss," "heads or tails." The little girls who keep proudly aloof from all such vulgarities as these equally, in their turn, desire to imitate their own natural leaders. They prettily copy *les petits soins* of their honoured mothers, and dress and nurse a mimic icon, mystically called a doll, but which in the days of their great-grandmothers was more simply and intelligibly styled a baby. Domestic duties in anticipation exercise their well-disposed minds to the same extent as a nascent *auri sacra fames* weighs upon the thoughts of their more restless brothers.

The sports of boys, as being ruder, more slovenly, and more boisterous, are naturally exclusively their own. No one has ever seen girls emulate the ruder sex at leap-frog.

But there is a class of intermediate pastimes, neither too rough nor too refined, at which both sexes can meet on even ground and animate each other by their natural sympathy. We mean "blind man's buff," "puss in the corner," &c.

To begin our task, we have first to remark that Sicilian boys have all the games known to our English boys, excepting, of course, cricket and rounders.

Their games are, perhaps, enacted with more spirit and liveliness, and have more spoken *formulae* and dialogue.

Sicilian boys also, with a truer feeling for what will ensure the success of their sports, in all cases that admit of it, choose a leader (*capegiucò*). This measure ensures not only order and good government but preserves that accuracy of tradition which a democratic administration would weaken or revolutionise.

Here are some of the Southern games.—A boy holds nuts or apricots

in one hand, while another boy guesses the number of them in answer to the question, "Quantu lanzi" (how many lances). If he guesses rightly he wins all that are held in the hand, but if he guesses less or more he pays the difference.

In Shakespeare's day this was called "Handy Dandy," and he alludes to it under that name in a well-known passage in King Lear.

There are two other games of this same family which merit notice, as breathing the air of the fruit-bearing island. A boy cuts open an orange, or a lemon, or a medlar, and another is invited to guess rightly the number of the pips or the stones.

A boy takes in one hand two straws, one longer than the other, another boy undertakes to guess which is which, and wins or loses according to the accuracy of his *clairvoyance*.

Some urchins play at an infantile roulette which they call by the innocent and unpretending name of *Firialoru*.

In the game called *acula e cruci* we have the English *heads or tails*, now confined to boys in whose vulgar faces the board school shuts its door. In Italy the title has varied according to the coin employed, "Head or cross" in Naples, "Lily or saint" in Florence.

In *L'aneddu* is disguised our old friend "Hot Cockles." Here a number of boys sit round on the ground and put their hands close together. The leader holds a stone, or a nut, or a lupin, a ring, a thimble, or a small key, and passes it on to the others in silence. Then he asks one of them who has this object. If the boy guesses rightly he becomes leader, but if not he opens his hand to receive a blow (*rume*) in forfeit.

In *A lu Spangu*, three or more boys go close to a wall or some other elevation or upright. Three yards or so from this is drawn a line to serve as the limit of the play, and a hole is scooped. Then one of the boys begins the play by striking the wall with a copper coin. This copper should rebound and cross the line, and so if possible go into the hole. Then another boy follows, and if he sends his coin into the hole after passing the line he wins double (*stravince*). If he fails by going beyond the line he loses and leaves his copper behind him.

A li Pisuli.—This is played with marbles (*pezzettini di mattone*

arrotondati), eighteen or sixteen in number, or with peach-stones. Two boys play. They first determine who is to take the *pisuli*, as they are called. The winner at this preliminary trial puts them all into the hollow of his hand and throws them into the air (*in alto*), catching them as they fall on the back of his hand. Again he throws them up and catches them in the hollow of his hand. These latter he wins.

A lu Struzzi.—Is played with hard-boiled eggs (*uova sode*). The eggs are tried thus: a boy with the end of his own egg beats upon an egg proffered by another boy; whichever egg is broken is forfeited.

A la Sciddicalura.—This little game breathes of country simplicity. Two boys select a spot of ground on an inclined plane. First a nut is started down the incline, and allowed to remain wherever it has stopped. Then the other boys each in turn set a nut or an almond rolling down the same descent, and hope it will strike the original nut.

A Murari.—In this a little more skill is evidenced. Upon a rising ground a row of nuts, apples, or apricot stones, contributed by all the players, is placed. The players, according to priority, and at a distance settled amongst themselves, pitch similar objects at this row, and what each knocks out he wins.

This is quite familiar to English boys, by whom it is played with marbles.

Sometimes the nuts to be struck out are put in a small heap, and then the game has a suspicion of *pyramids* (*a li casteddu*).

A lu Granu supra la nuci.—This is played as follows :

A boy who is to act as the bank places firmly and upright in the ground a walnut, and surmounts it with a piece of two *centesimi* (a diminutive coin which in our peregrinations in the Peninsula it has never been our great good fortune to have seen). Other boys fire away at this with their own walnuts from a fixed distance. If the standing walnut is fairly hit and the coin falls off the thrower wins it.

There is a variety of this game, the interest in which extends beyond Sicily. Sometimes the walnut is placed upright before a hole, and into this hole the coin must not fall. Here is *Aunt Sally* in a state of decent simplicity, devoid of its huge tropical fruit and its sometimes unsober boisterousness, acquired through becoming a pas-

time for adults. In *a lu Turnu* the circle or hole is larger, and the hitting is done with a ladle (*mestola*).

A la morti o a quartaccio.

This is by necessity played in towns. Some boys, undeterred by the sanitary scruples of the age, assemble round one of the large flat stones (*lastre*) which cover drains in a city. Such a stone is usually pierced with five round holes, or with three horizontal slits called by the boys *morti*. The first player, from a point agreed upon, pitches a ball (or an orange) at one of these holes. If it stops there the boy scores, and then tries for the other holes after the same fashion.

Sometimes the necessary holes are not found ready made, but have to be made in the ground (*a li caseddi*.)

A gnicchiu o palasu. This game has more interest for us, as we shall see. Two longitudinal lines are marked upon the ground, and are divided into transverse sections, so as to form from seven to nine compartments called *nicchie*. The first player drops a little disc (*palasu*) into the first niche, and then hops on one leg, holding the other leg well up, into the first niche, and kicks the *palasu* into the second and other niches. He must not touch the line or put down his foot except at the fourth niche, otherwise he is *out*.

At this part of his book Dr. Pitrè appends an interesting photo-type of boys, some playing, and others looking on at the game (our hopscotch).

A lu Balluni is our football.

A Manciuighia is something like the much-dreaded tipcat of our London streets.

A Bocci e a Ravighia is a rudimentary croquet.

A la Strummula is spinning-top playing in all its displays of dexterity.

A Cancara e bella and *a Gadduzza* are "Buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?"

A Bue is "Hide and seek."

Ad attuppa occhi, ad accetta canunce nuddu, a caca linusa, Pìunu russu, are "Blindman's buff" and "Puss in the corner."

A Setamuru, a Tintiriuti.

In these two games a boy mounts the back of another boy and

keeps him thus in penance whilst he counts a given number. If he fails to keep it up rightly he descends, and the other boy takes his place.

A Unnici e venti, a Travu longu, is a form of leapfrog.

A ca passa lu diavolo.—This is a piece of merry southern levity.

Two rows of boys standing opposite to each other join their arms so as to form a gallery. Then the leader takes a boy on his shoulders, letting his legs hang down on his chest, and passes under the gallery (or arch), saying, "St. John (or whatever else the boy's name) passes." The others, giving him a gentle knock in the ribs, say, "Let him pass." The leader repeats this proceeding with other boys, saying, "St. Joseph passes," and so on for seven or eight times. Then he essays with another, using the formula, *Ah ca passa lu diavolo* (Now comes the devil), and thereupon all the boys pitch into both, and the game ends in a romp. This is a very popular pastime.

A Tila, tila, tila.

This is our "Oranges and Lemons," so dear to both sexes in England. Several boys play. Two are chosen to be chief and under-chief. All take each other by the hand and form a long chain, the extremities of which are held by the two chiefs, the first of whom starts with the other the following dialogue: 1. "Tila, tila, tila." 2. "Half an ell of tila." 1. "What will you pay me for it?" 2. "Three tari and a half." 1. "I cannot give it you for that." 2. "What music do you wish, the violin or the big drum?"

If the under-chief says "Violin," the other holding his comrade by the hand says, "Zu, zu, zu" (in imitation of the instrument). If the boy says "Grancascia" (big drum), his companion says, "Buhm, buhm," and draws away the boy and those who are held by him, and passes with them under the arms of the first two at the other extremity, and so on with the others until they are all turned round.

A toccamuru.—This is our "touch." A boy must touch the wall or he is caught, and consequently "out."

A la tappina is hunt the slipper, and requires no further specification.

A lu Castellu is our simple romp, "I'm king of the castle." Dr. Pitre justly observes of it: "It is a game of strength, agility, and dexterity," viz. in storming and defending the "castle," which is

any little eminence of ground. This game forms an appropriate introduction to prisoner's bars (or base), played in Italy and Sicily under the name of *a li Palazzi*, and most closely resembling our own game.

With this we conclude our gleanings from Dr. Pitrè's charming *exegesis*. Our object has been throughout this notice, long as it may appear, not to exhaust his treasury, but only to intimate with something like sufficient particularity what are the contents of this very remarkable book. The games described by Dr. Pitrè, exceeding in number three hundred, and not confined to the Italian island only, have presented a task of some magnitude, and could not of course be given in their absolute integrity within our limited space.

The reader doubtless has seen that a very great number of the games so described by us do not admit of even the local restriction implied by Dr. Pitrè, large as that is, but have long ago passed the Alps and taken up their abode amongst us here. When and how did this emigration take place? We know for certain that children's games are not taught by books, they are only passed on from place to place by personal propaganda, the lively indoctrination of young professors into the ready minds of catechumens quite as youthful. Such also must have been the general method through which in its present and final result we find the boys of Surrey and Yorkshire practising a childish folk-lore common to them with their young contemporaries of Sicily and Italy. But under what conditions was this tradition formally initiated? There is no real difficulty, we think, in answering this question—we mean, of course, in a general way. Britain was for nearly four centuries a Latin country, and as we owe to this historical fact the explanation of many other Latin traditions which we have in our midst, we do not see that there need be much repugnance to refer our childish games, Latin as they betray themselves to be, to the same interesting category of cause and effect.

But however this be, we cannot close our notice of this admirable book without calling our readers' attention to an entirely novel and very interesting feature of it, the phototypes taken of boys as they stand engaged in the various games described in the text.

H. C. COOTE.

BURMESE ORDEALS.*

IN a lecture by Mr. R. H. Pilcher, C.S., before the Institute, I find the following about Burma. The oath ordeal is often proposed by one of the parties to a suit themselves.† The Burmese are a very religious people, and regard an oath with some dread. They are not litigious or quarrelsome, and thus A often says "If B will swear to his version of the story I will be satisfied."

There are three other forms of ordeal. In one, two candles, one for each party, of equal size, and with equally thick wicks, are solemnly burnt on an altar, or in a temple, and the party is worsted whose candle goes out first.

In another each man's forefinger is wrapped round with feathers, so as to leave the tip exposed. The forefingers are plunged into molten lead, and then tied up for a few days. If one party is injured and the other is not, the former loses. If there is difficulty in deciding which is the more hurt the fingers are pricked, and the flow of serum from the one finger and not from the other determines the point.

The third kind of ordeal is by water. The two parties go into sufficiently deep water, and their heads are pushed down with poles. He wins who can remain under longest.

It is in these days allowed to undergo this (and I suppose other ordeals) by deputy, a permission which seems to detract not a little from their value. But indeed they are not often resorted to.

* From the *Journal of the United Service Institution of India* for 1882, vol. xi. No. 53, pp. 310-312. Simla.

† In India, among the lowers, it is not at all uncommon for one of the parties to say that he will abide by the other's oath to the truth of a statement. The oath is then administered in the particular form the applicant desires, and he is obliged by law to abide by the result.

When Crawford visited Ava in 1826, however, this could hardly have been the case, for he even gives details of the various fees payable to those who assisted at the ordeals.

I may here remark that in Upper Burma oaths are not used as in our courts on ordinary occasions. They are regarded as a kind of ordeal themselves, and are only taken in the last resort by one of the parties, on the agreement of the other to be bound by the result. The oath is taken with great solemnity before the altar, and a sort of festival is held on the occasion, the parties and their friends going with a band in holiday attire to the temple.

After judgment is given, and if the parties agree to abide by it, they both eat tea, and the judgment then becomes final. If they do not so agree they may appeal to a higher court. Sometimes if the worsted party is considered unreasonable or contumacious he is imprisoned for a time, to compel him to eat tea and accept the court's decision.

R. C. TEMPLE.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Co. Donegal, May Eve.—In the neighbourhood of Lough Swilly and Letterkenny they light fires from three to six days before May Eve, while on the day the hills are in a blaze with fires. They also light fires on New Lammas day (August 1st), while only a few light on St. John's Eve (June 23), but in North and West Donegal they light extensively on the latter day.

On May Eve they pull bunches of the "May flower" (King cup, or Marsh Marigold, *Caltha palustris*), and put them over the doors of their houses. Also on May Eve the boys and girls cut out a square sod in which grows a "Yarrow" (Millfoil, *Achillea millefolium*), and put it under their pillow; if they have not spoken between the time of cutting the sod and going to sleep they will dream of their sweetheart. The sod ought to be of a certain size, but what that size should be seems

uncertain. This custom is said to have been introduced into the country by the Scotch settlers.

G. H. KINAHAN.

Proverbial Rhymes from the North of Fife:—

“ A reeky house,
An’ a gairnin man,
Are sure to mak’
A pair thing wan.”

The next was uttered, in the end of the last century, by a co-heiress when urged to sell her patrimonial property:—

“ Bawbees are round,
And rin away.
A grip o’ the grund
Is gude to hae.”

The following, which was told me by one still alive, embodies a proverb which I never heard before. “ I met —— . He came up smiling. As he usually passes without recognition I saw that ‘ he had an axe to grind.’ An operation that requires two. He had a favour to ask.”

ALEX. LAING.

Newburgh-on-Tay.

Changelings in Ireland.—I think the following extract from the *Irish Fireside* for January 7, 1884 (p. 464), is worth preserving in the *Folk-Lore Journal*:—“ On page 374, column 3, paragraph 8, of the *Fireside* for December 10, it is stated that the poor, dreadful banshee, to the philosophical mind, is a fraud. Are not the fairies some of the fallen angels, who, for consenting to take part with the rebel archangel, were cast out of heaven ; but not sent to hell as the more guilty of the rebel hosts were, but were permitted to alight and remain on earth ? Is it not they that sometimes seized and carried off, and detained for years, persons, sometimes children, sometimes adults ? I will narrate a case in point—a case which occurred about fifteen years ago in the parish of —— . A boy was taken away by the invisible beings, and one of themselves left instead. The late P. P. of —— (Father ——) came forward, and by the exercise of that power which Christ left to his apostles and their successors when He said, ‘ Those who believe in Me, those signs follow in My name. They shall speak with new tongues, they shall cast out devils, they shall lay hands upon the sick, and they shall be whole ; ’ not-

withstanding that many pretended reformers say miracles are false because they have never been able to do any in confirmation of their errors, as Moses and Joshua, and others mentioned in Holy Writ had done,—he caused the elf to disappear, and the boy to come forward, in order to know the conditions on which he was to be restored to his family. The conditions being told, the boy had to return to his invisible captivity, the elf again taking his place in his father's house until they would be fulfilled. The first condition was—To dip the elf three times in Lough Lane (a small lake in the eastern part of Westmeath), which being done, a curl came on the water, and up from the deep came the naked form of the boy, who walked on the water to his father on shore. The father wrapped his overcoat about his son, and commenced his homeward march, accompanied by a line of soldiers, who also came out of the lake. The boy's mother was enjoined not to speak until the rescuing party would reach home. She accidentally spoke, and immediately the son dropped a tear, and forced himself out of his father's arms, piteously exclaiming—'Father, father, my mother spoke. You cannot keep me. I must go.' He disappeared, and, reaching home, his father found the sprite again on the hearth. Father —— came again for the second time. The boy was brought forward for a similar purpose. Mostly the same performances were required, and the same phenomena occurred. But this time the mother kept a profound silence. At every stream crossed on the way home from Lough Lane, the car on which the boy was carried was upset, and himself fainted. He was safely restored to his family. He had during his few months of preternatural exile acquired some extraordinary knowledge of several things. He has since grown to manhood, and was, for delivering some Land League harangues, one of the suspects arrested under Mr. Forster's warrant."

JAMES BRITEN.

Sleeping North and South.—"A correspondent called attention in our last week's issue to the scientific confirmation that had been given to the custom mentioned in Jewish writings of sleeping north and south. This, or a similar custom, is, however, by no means so limited in area as our correspondent seems to think. The Hindoos believe that 'to sleep with the head to the north will cause one's

days to be shortened, to the south will bring longevity.' Notions of this character are spread over the folk-lore of many parts of England and Germany. A physician who died at Magdeburg, at the advanced age of 109, states in his will the manner in which he preserved his life. 'Assume,' he said, 'as often as convenient, and especially during the hours of sleep, the horizontal position: the head towards the North Pole, and the rest of the body in a direction as much as possible that of the meridian. By this means the magnetic currents which pervade the surface of the globe keep up a regular and normal kind of nutrition of the mass of iron contained in the economy; and hence arises the increase of vital principle which regulates all the organic phenomena having a direct action on the preservation of life.'—*Lancet*, March 3, 1866. *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 3, 1870. A quarter of a century before this date, however, a system of "Odylic Force," or the "Old Force," had been introduced by Dr. Reichenbach, the leading idea of which was identical with the foregoing. A Dr. Rogers asserts that "when he had failed by every other prescription to bring sleep to invalid children, he recommended their couches or little beds to be turned due north and south, the head of the child being placed towards the north. He had never failed by this process to induce sleep." These facts, whether scientifically accurate or not, will suffice to prove that this particular position in sleeping was commonly regarded as the most favourable one possible. We think that many customs of this kind, which are sometimes considered as mere superstitions, may be traced to some underlying truth which affords a more or less sufficient justification for them."—*Jewish Chronicle*, Sept. 28, 1883.

D'ARCY POWER.

Folk Tales.—In a very instructive and interesting little Roman Catholic book, entitled *Books for Children and Young Persons*, book x. "The Sight of Hell," by the Rev. J. J. Furniss, C.S.S.R. (p. 24), I find the following curious variant of a well-known folk tale:

"A MEASURE.—A BIRD.—We can measure almost anything. We can measure a field or a road. We can measure the earth. We can measure how far it is from the earth to the sun. Only one thing there is which never has and never will be measured, and that is Eternity—
for ever!

“Think of a great solid iron ball, larger than the heavens and the earth. A bird comes once in a hundred millions of years and just touches the great iron ball with a feather of its wing. Think that you have to burn in a fire till the bird has worn the great iron ball away with its feather. Is this Eternity? No.” JOHN FENTON.

A German Folk-lore Expression.—The following proverbial saying, the source of which puzzled even a Jacob Grimm, may claim your readers' attention: “*Jemanden in's Bockshorn jagen*”; lit., to drive some one into the he-goat's horn, *i.e.*, to intimidate him. Grimm thinks this phrase must have originated far more remotely than it has now been traced. He quotes the corresponding Russian phrase, “*Sogmst' kogo v' baranii rog,*” *i.e.*, to drive some one into the ram's-horn, which he suggests may have been borrowed (*v. Deutsches Wörterbuch*, ii. 208). Since I find, however, a peculiar superstition connected with this Slavonic expression, *viz.*, that wicked beings are conjured by it, as by a charm or incantation, to be transformed and to disappear (*v. Slavisches Archiv*, ed. Jagie, vii. 509), the Russian saying, it seems to me, must have an origin of its own, perhaps anterior to the German.

H. KREBS.

Oxford.

Roumanian Charms.—*Against Tooth-ache.*—Sit beside an ant-hill, masticate a crust of black bread, spit it out, and over the ant-hill; as the ants eat the bread, the tooth-ache will cease.—*Against Quinsy.*—At midnight, and when the moon is increasing, go out, put yourself to the left of the moon, gaze fully on it, and at the same time rub the throat sharply, and repeat three times, “In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen;” then go away in silence, and say nothing to any one.—*Speedy Cure for a Wound.*—Take the instrument which was the cause of the wound, plunge it into a piece of bacon, and let it remain there until the wound is healed, which will come to pass very shortly.

E. B. MAWER.

Charm for Toothache.—The following is a variant of the Irish charm for toothache given in vol. ii. p. 33:

Upwards of sixty years ago a woman, at Looe, in south-east Cornwall, complained to a neighbouring woman that she was suffering from toothache, on which the neighbour remarked that she could give a

charm of undoubted efficacy. It was to be in writing, and worn constantly about the person; but, unfortunately, it would be valueless if the giver and receiver were of the same sex. This difficulty was obviated by calling in my services, and requesting me to write from dictation the following words:—

“Peter sat in the gate of Jerusalem. Jesus cometh unto him and saith, ‘Peter, what aileth thee?’ He saith, ‘Lord, I am grievously tormented with the toothache.’ He saith, ‘Arise, Peter, and follow me.’ He did so, and immediately the toothache left him; and he followed him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

The charm, being found to be correctly written, was held to have been presented to me by the dictator. I at once gave it to the sufferer, who placed it in a small bag and wore it round her neck.

WM. PENGELLY.

Torquay, Feb. 1, 1884.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

In the last session of the fifth section of the Congress of Orientalists, held at Leyden in Holland in September last, the subject of the best mode of preserving and publishing the proverbial literature and folklore of the East was brought before the members by the Reverend James Long, a Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, formerly Clergyman at Calcutta, now residing in London. At his proposal the following resolution was passed:—“That the collection, interpretation, and publication of the proverbial literature, songs, and folk-lore of the East is urgent at the present time, when Oriental society is in a transition state. This proverbial literature, handed down from remote ages through the memory of the people, elucidates in many points the social conditions, feelings, and opinions of the masses, besides throwing light on various questions of philology, archæology, and history. The rescuing from oblivion of those Eastern traditions can best be carried

out by a Committee drawing up a circular on the above basis, to be transmitted to learned Societies in Holland, England, France and Russia, in order that they may refer them in the East to Oriental societies, schoolmasters, editors of newspapers and periodicals, and Christian missionaries." The Royal Colonial Institute of the Hague has resolved to carry out the plan with respect to the Dutch colonies in the East by forwarding the above resolution, with a request that replies be sent to the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences at Batavia.

The Sixth Report of the Committee on Devonshire Folk-Lore has just reached us. It contains among other items cure for red milk in cows, cure for warts, cure for udder-ill, cure for sty-in-the-eye, erysipelas charm, cure for whooping-cough, cure for bites of snakes, witchcraft, Millbrook May-day ship, popular beliefs and sayings, waning of the moon.

The Countess Martinengo Cesaresco has forwarded for distribution a few copies of a paper she has reprinted, "La Canzonetta della Sumaca." Mr. Gomme will be glad to forward one to any member desiring it.

Mr. Kaarle Krohn, the son of Dr. Krohn, of Wasa, is now travelling in the Baltic provinces of Russia, collecting the folk-lore of the Esthonian and Lettish population.

The firm of Henninger, of Heilbronn, announce a second series of *Κρυπτάδια*, to be issued by subscription in an edition of only 135 copies, at the price of twenty marks.

Dr. Ludwig-Fritze, of Drossen, has published, with Schulze, of Leipzig, a new translation into German of *Pantschatantra*, which has, says the *Academy*, at least the merit of being written in a most polished literary style. We believe that Benfey's version (1859) has now become quite a rare book.

A meeting of the Society was held at the rooms of the Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street, on January 25, Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Rhys Davids gave a paper on "The oldest collection of folk-lore extant"—the Buddhist Jatakas. As Mr. Davids kindly promises to send a transcript of his communication for publication, we shall not give here the usual summary.

SZÉKELY FOLK-MEDICINE,

[Founded upon F. Kozma's Inaugural Address, given before the Hungarian Academy of Science (May 8, 1882), entitled, "Mythological Elements in Székely Folk-Lore and Folk-Life."]



HERE are about forty different diseases which are known by their popular names among the people. Any other disease, the name of which is not known, is simply called "a heavy illness" or "a great illness" (*nyavalya* in Hungarian).

According to their origin, the diseases may be grouped under two heads, viz. those which are contracted in a natural way, and those the origin of which is attributed to some superstitious cause. To the latter group belong, for instance, madness and its various symptoms (the patient is said to have been "deceived" or "tempted by the spirits"), and the illness is brought on by the evil spirit having possessed the patient; lunacy (= somnambulism under the influence of the moon), the patient is carried off by goblins or "white women," who make him dance every night; convulsions are also the doings of the evil spirit; some boils originate by the person stepping on to a place where a horse has been lying, or also by his walking into "out-pourings" (where a liquid or some decoction of seeds has been poured out amidst witchcraft ceremonies);* wens are caused by trying to count the number of the stars, &c.†

* See description of cure by pouring out water.

† One day as I (translator) was travelling on the Northern Railway in Hungary, I noticed a woman who had cancer in the face. On mentioning this fact later on to an elderly lady, I indicated the spot on my own face, and drew an outline of the shape of the cancer. The old lady was very much shocked, and informed me that it was an exceedingly unlucky thing to do, as by so doing I myself ran the risk of being similarly affected in exactly the same spot.—(L.L.K.)

In treating the different diseases either natural means are employed or charms are resorted to. Among the former the most prominent place is occupied by the deadly nightshade (*atropa belladonna*), which being a very powerful drug naturally commends itself to general use. The other drugs most frequently used are: lovage (*ligusticum*), common birthwort (*aristolochia clematitis*), henbane seed (*hyosciamus*), root of adder's tongue (*ophioglossum*), thorn-apple (*datura*), goose-foot (*chenopodium hybridum*), flixweed* (*sisymbrium sophia*), celandine (*chelidonium majus*), bear's-foot (*helleborus*), yarrow (*achillea millefolium*), plantain or rib-grass (*plantago*), fruit of dwarf-elder (*sambucus ebulus*), burdock (the kind known as *lappa major*); also, linseed, the bark or blossom of various trees, horse-radish, capsicum, † pepper, "spice," cloves, aniseed, onion, garlic, &c., from among the products of the vegetable kingdom.

These drugs are used in preparing the various ointments, lotions, or baths, or are taken internally according to the nature of the complaint; when taken internally they are invariably, or with very few exceptions, administered in wine or spirits. Our "doctors" very seldom prescribe anything made up of purely mineral ingredients. Their pharmacopœia, however, includes incense, "almanach-tincture," "nothing," tar, gunpowder, ‡ brimstone, vinegar, and ashes, § all of which are used in small doses, in making up the different kinds of ointments. The only medicaments taken from the animal kingdom are, perhaps: wolf's flesh, fowl's eggs, the outer skin of the hen's gizzard, the white fœces of the dog, the black excrements of the pig, and the ears of the rat. || These are taken internally, as a rule.

Some of these medicaments are quite harmless, but when the

* The Magyar name means "wound-healing leaf," in all probability the same as the "wound-healing grass" in popular tales. See "Knight Rose" in Kriza's Collection.

† Capsicum powder (*paprika*) figures on every dinner-table in Hungary instead of pepper, and also plays the same part in Hungarian cookery as curry does in India.

‡ A mixture of gunpowder and spirits is also prescribed internally for ague.

§ The kinds of fuel mostly used are wood, turf, moss, and, on the Hungarian lowlands, cow-dung.

|| Live guinea-pigs are said to abstract rheumatism if kept in the same room with the sufferer.—(Budapest.)

prescription runs as follows: "take 9 half-prunes and in each 9 capsicum seeds, 99 (*sic*) capsicum seeds in all"; or, "9 peppercorns, some spice and cloves, all pounded together, and mixed with half a quart of spirits," or, "a corresponding quantity of capsicum powder and white pepper in a quart of wine, and drink the lot, when the intermittent fever begins to torment you";—one cannot help shuddering when contemplating the overpowering effect which the above compounds must produce, and may feel inclined to "prefer the evil to the cure." And what must we think of the use of poisonous plants? There is one recipe which is as follows:—"Put a spoonful of hyosciamus seed into boiling water, cover your head with a table-cloth, and inhale the vapour on to your aching tooth."* Or, "make the insane person take in wine a mixture composed of atropa belladonna, ligusticum root, garlic and black excrementa of a pig, for nine consecutive days, bathing the patient in a bath prepared with the same mixture, and fumigate him after each bath with the fumes of the same ingredients!" You will agree with me when I maintain that all these cures are as many attempts against human life!

The number of these "doctors"—"doctoring men or women" or "learned men or women," as they are called—is very considerable per county or even per village.

One of their number is, perhaps, famous for his or her treatment of a certain disease, while another may have a reputation for curing another kind of ailment. Such a qualification constitutes a never-failing source of revenue, and sometimes an heirloom in the family, who naturally keep their knowledge the greatest secret. This very secrecy forms a most serious impediment to the student of folk-medicine. In order to lessen the danger of losing such revenue by the secret being found out, the real fact of the matter is often enveloped in meaningless ceremonies. For instance, the gathering of the roots of the highly-valued atropa belladonna is not of everyday importance. The digging for these roots can only be carried on between the two St. George's days, and then only by the person who does the collecting stripping himself of all his clothes and by using certain charms and mumbling some

* I have seen this done in Yorkshire.—(W.H.J.)

mysterious words. Woe to him who undertakes the task without such preparation, because either the devils will carry him off, or the trees of the forest will fall on him and kill him. I have been fortunate enough to find out one of these secrets. A peppercorn, some spice, and a little salt, have to be put into a small piece of bread-crumbs, all kneaded together and buried in the hole from which the root has been extracted, in order to satisfy the devil; and at the same time the Lord's Prayer and the Creed must be mumbled over once. It is not allowed to speak a single word to anybody on the way there or back or during the gathering itself. This, of course, is a precaution against eventual molestation or inconvenient questioning by troublesome inquirers.

In many cases the preparation of the drug is also carried out amidst similar mysterious and inexplicable magic words and the application tied to strict outer formalities. For instance, if the medicine is a liquid the doctor makes with his hand the sign of the cross over the vessel containing the healing fluid; and, dipping his fingers into it, sprinkles some of it on the ground, in order to let the devil, too, have his share. The water in which a patient has been bathed is to be poured into a running stream, before sunrise, in the direction of the flow of the water, and nobody must be spoken to on the road; nor is it allowed to look back.

To the natural medicaments belong also the local medicinal waters that are used by the people and some fresh-water springs, the latter being used for diseases of the eye. The affected eye is to be bathed with these waters, always before sunrise. The water drawn from a well on the first day of March before sunrise is said to possess universal healing power; many people, therefore, keep a supply of it, as much as will last them a whole year, in a closed vessel in the house.* Our popular tales, too, mention the miraculous spring which makes hands, that have been cut off, grow again. And if cripples roll in the dewy grass of the meadow on a Friday night which coincides with the new moon, or if the blind wash their eyes with the dew, the maimed limbs of the former and the eye-sight of the latter will be

* The water obtained by melting snow collected in the month of March is said to have a beautifying effect on the skin, and is largely used for freckles.—(Budapest.)

restored again. (See "The Journey of Truth and Falsehood" and "The Envious Sisters" in Kriza's Collection.)

All these outer formalities which accompany such magic cures show an uninterrupted connection with religion. The performance begins in the name of the Deity, and while it lasts it is strictly forbidden to utter a single word of blasphemy; on the contrary, prayers have to be murmured, and the adverse influence of the devil has to be counteracted by some adequate means. All these facts clearly point to that epoch of our old heathen religion when the cure of the sick was the sacred occupation of our *tátos** priests.

The people, not being able to explain the origin of some diseases, or ascribing them directly to some superstitious cause, as a matter of course resort to a treatment which is similarly based on superstition,† and thus we have arrived at the second group of cures, viz. charms.

There are several kinds of these, of which the following may be enumerated here:—

Lead-casting.—This cure is used for frenzy. A dish full of water is placed on the patient's back and a piece of molten lead of about the size of an egg is poured into the water, a short prayer being recited, which may run as follows: "My Lord, my God, take the frenzy out of this person's heart!" If the disease be of a graver character, the casting of the lead is repeated nine times; if less serious, five times only, and the dish with the water therein placed each time on a different part of the body. The various forms which the lead takes as it solidifies will indicate whether a man, a dog, or a creature having wings has caused the fright. When the final cast takes place they draw a cross ‡ on the ground, and placing the dish on this sign they

* Name of the heathen priests of the old Magyars.

† It has been mentioned how wens or warts originate. They are cured by touching them with a piece of raw meat, which afterwards is to be tied up in a rag and buried in the gutter formed by the water dropping from the eaves. As the meat rots the warts gradually disappear.—(Budapest.)

‡ "The popular superstition holds that the witches, or any evil spirit in general, have no power on a cross-road. The case hence has occurred that patients who have succumbed to the torments of the evil spirit have been buried in graves dug at the meeting of two cross-roads in order to deliver them of their persecu-

profess to pour the molten lead on those who are *impure*, saying the words, "This is not thine, this is somebody else's."

Pouring out water.—This cure is used against enchantment. The sign of the cross is made by hand, and a tumbler full of water is placed thereon; a glowing cinder, broken into three pieces, is thrown into the water with some such formulæ as this: "Blue eyes, black eyes. I will wash it with water by hand. If the cause of the spell be a man, may his buttock burst; if it be a woman, then may her breast break out." Then they blow three times the sign of the cross over the tumbler, and make the patient drink some of the water, also three times; they then wash with the water his spine, forehead, nose, the soles of his feet, and the palms of his hands; and if in the daytime the remainder of the water is thrown on the eaves, if at night on to a broom standing behind the house-door, in order that nobody shall step into it, because if anybody stepped into such "out-pourings" he would be afflicted with some skin disease. People are particularly careful to guard little children from enchantment, and it is customary in order to counteract the spell to spit* on the child. ("Fie! fie! ugly one!") The power of enchantment is specially attributed to gipsy-women and men whose eyebrows are grown together. If, when throwing the glowing cinders into the water, two pieces sink to the bottom, the spell comes from a man; if only one, the patient has been bewitched by a woman.

The enchantment is supposed to have power even over animals or flowers (Proverb: "May enchantment seize you!") It is against the effects of such a spell that they tie a red ribbon on to a foal's or calf's neck, and for the same purpose that they draw red tassels through a lamb's or kid's ears; this also explains why the sprays of flowers are hung with pieces of red cloth in every Székely house. The red colour is generally considered a preventive against enchantment.

tors, at least after death. I am of opinion that the sign of the cross, so generally used at cures by means of charms, have no reference whatever to the sign of Christianity, but refer to the cross-road of mythology."—F. Kozma, at another place in his Inaugural Address.

* To spit into a person's face is considered a cure for stye in the eye.—(Budapest.)

Incantation is specially used as a cure for maggots* in animals. There are several formulæ, of which the following may be mentioned here:—The “doctor” starts off with a hair of the diseased animal, and walks along until he comes to a dwarf-elder (*sambucus ebulus*) bush, from which he cuts a twig; he splits this crossways, places the hair he brought with him into the split, and facing the east he begins thus: “10 are not 10, 9 are not 9, 8 are not 8, . . .” and so on down to 1. Then he plants the twig into the ground and says, “May John Smith’s two-year old white sow have the maggots again when I pull this twig out of the ground, fie! fie!” (spits on it). “May the maggots go while I am standing here, fie! fie! If she got them at sunrise, may sunset not find them here! If she got them at sunset, may they be gone by sunrise, fie! fie!”

The practice of splitting the elder-spray is also used for the cure of intermittent fever in man. The patient has to find a blackberry bush which has three branches shooting from the same root. He must then cut a twig from one of the branches and walk to the bank of a stream before sunrise, where he has to stand looking up stream and say the words, “May the fever seize me when I see this blackberry twig again!” whereupon he has to throw the twig over his head back into the water.

Another incantation formula is the following:—On five slips of paper write a formula mentioning the patient’s name, &c. as under: “John Smith, of Newport, who was born on January 10th, 1850, has the three-days’ fever. I ‘admonish’ you herewith that if by the eighth day you do not stop his fever, I will bind you, dry you, and put you in the oven, burn you, and let the winds blow you away.” These five slips of paper are to be thrown, one by one, towards the fire-place for five consecutive mornings, and to be burnt in the fire on the eighth day.

Cases of *sun-stroke* also occur sometimes, and it is then said that the patient “has a blind sun in the head.” The incantation in this case is carried out in the following manner: The enchanter takes a pot and fills it with water taken from a place where two streams meet and scooped in the direction of the flow. The water

* The larvæ of a fly which deposits its eggs in the skins of animals.

is taken home, and the pot placed over the fire, and nine balls of oakum, of about the size of hazel-nuts, and nine pieces of straw, with knots on them, thrown into the water. A dish is then placed on the patient's head, a needle thrown into it, the boiling-water poured into the dish, and the empty pot placed into it, bottom upwards, amidst words as the following: "White sun, red sun, green sun, blue sun, yellow sun, black sun! Blind sun! get out of this person's head, or the great sun will overtake you on the road!" These words have to be repeated nine times, and then the Lord's Prayer said. Thereupon the water is made boiling hot again, and the whole performance gone through nine times, the whole process occupying thus more than half of the day. Finally, the patient's head is washed in the water, and the water that remains is thrown into the stream—in the direction of the flow—so that the current may carry off the disease. The patient then has to get up every day before sunrise until he is recovered.

In the case of a person suffering from hot-fever, a cure known as "calling out the disease" is applied. Some person belonging to the patient has to strip quite naked, of an evening, and, wrapped into a bed-sheet, stand outside the gate, where he has to drop the sheet, and call out in a loud voice, "Let the whole village hear it; let it be heard! My son (or brother, father, &c.) is writhing with hot-fever. Whoever hears me, may he catch the disease!" This has to be repeated three times.* The calling-out may also be done standing under a flue or under the hood of a hearth.

I may also mention a few kinds of the lower class of charms, such as, for instance, protecting the cow's milk against wicked women or witches by fumigating the barn, or placing garlic and "Satan-shot grass" over the door or into a hole in the threshold, or by keeping a horse-shoe constantly in the fire, or by placing on one of the beams a piece of dough made with woman's milk and seven different kinds of spice mixed into it. Weasels are kept off by placing a distaff in the barn, &c.

* Influenza can be got rid of by rubbing the nose on a door-handle and calling out, "Whoever will be first to touch this door-handle may he get my cold."
—(Budapest.)

Formulae are used also in these cases; as, for instance, when they strew millet in front of a barn they say, "May my cow's milk be taken away when this millet is gathered up again." The passage of goblins can be stopped by besmearing the doors, windows, and key-holes with a mixture of garlic, incense, and pig's excrements. To guard against the influence of the fiend, garlic has to be constantly carried about in the pocket.* The first food given to young chickens has to be passed through a wolf's throat; and bees, when they leave their hives for the first time in the spring, have also to pass through a wolf's throat, in order that they may gain strength and gather much honey. On the morning of New Year's day the cattle must be watered from off a silver coin, so that they may be guarded against any mishap. When sowing hemp the stockings or breeches are to be fastened high, so that the plants may grow high. By walking backwards three times round a wheat-field at night-time naked the wheat will be protected against a plague of birds.

There are innumerable charms to be found for every condition in life. They begin with the children's play, as, for instance, in the case of a game similar to the one known in England as "egg in the hole": the child guards itself against its playmate's luck by making a cross in front of his hole, and saying, "Fie! roll into my hole."

It is my impression that in the case of all cures by charms the outer formalities, as they are used now-a-days, are simply the remnants of a more complicated procedure; in days gone by they constituted the outer cover, the purpose of which was to distract the attention from the real cure. I am confirmed in this view by the fact that some sorcerers apply quick-lime besides the blackberry-twig for the destruction of maggots in animals. Others, while curing intermittent fever by the aid of the five paper scraps recommend as an "auxiliary" measure that the patient should keep a strict diet during the eight days which are occupied by the cure.

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* Horse-chestnuts are carried about in the pocket as a preventive against dizziness in some parts of Austria.

HIPPIC FOLK-LORE FROM THE NORTH- EAST OF SCOTLAND.



THE following hippic folk-wisdom I have got from old people in the parish, and they tell me they had it from old folks, so that its age cannot be less than a century :—

“ Four fite fell 'im ;
Three fite sell 'im ;
Twa fite gee 'im t' your wife ;
Ae fite keep 'im a' his life.”

Another version is :—

“ Four fite fell 'im ;
Three fite sell 'im ;
Twa fite keep 'im for your wife ;
Ae fite keep 'im a' his life.”

A third version is :—

“ Four fite keep 'im not a day ;
Three fite sell 'im in (if) you may ;
Twa fite you may sell 'im t' your breather ;
Ae fite dinna sell 'im never.”

A fourth version is :—

“ One fite buy 't ;
Twa fite try 't ;
Three fite look weel about it ;
Four fite gang without it.”

There are nine points in a good horse. You will find three of them in a fox, three in a hare, and three in a woman. Like the fox he must be deep-ribbit, straight-backit, and bushy-tailt ; like the hare, clean-limbt, quick-eet, and prick-luggit ; and like a woman, weel-hippit, weel-breastit, and easy-mountit.

With regard to the management of the horse it is said :—

“ Up the hill trot me not ;
 Doon the hill gallop me not ;
 In the fair road spare me not ;
 In the stable forget me not.”

There is another and a somewhat contradictory version :—

“ Up hill drive me not ;
 Doon hill spare me not ;
 In the stable forget me not.”

With regard to shoeing it is said :—

“ Place a bit upo' the tae,
 T' help the horse t' climb the brae ;
 Raise the cawker i' the heel,
 T' gar the horsie trot weel.”

To this may be added the following proverbs, familiar to me from boyhood, and customs told me by Mr. Duncan, blacksmith, who has shared in the festivities.

He hiz nae mehr conscience nor a cadger's horse ; *i.e.*, he is greedy, or he is unscrupulous in asking or taking.

A'll gee you yer corn afore yer water ; spoken as a threat of doing some injury to one who has offended you.

I widd (would) raither be a back-chain wintin grease till a cadger's cairt.

I widd raither be a back-chain till a cairt, or a donkey to the cairds (tinkers).

I widd raither be a back-chain till a cairrier's cairt though it were aye gyain doon hill ; always used to express the most decided refusal amounting to disgust.

To eat like a horse ; said of one who eats more than usual.

To sweat like a horse ; *i.e.*, to perspire profusely.

As hungry's a horse ; spoken of one having a good appetite.

A's sicks a horse.

He (she) hiz the stamak o' a horse ; spoken of one who has a strong digestion.

He's (she) a perfect horse.

He's (she) as strong's a horse.

To work like a horse.

He's nae t' ride the water on; *i.e.*, he is not to be depended on.

It's time t' steek the stable-door fin the steed's stowen.

Like draws t' like'.

Like a scabbit horse till a fehl dyke.

Shank's mare, or marie.

Shank's naig or naigie; *i.e.*, the legs; spoken when one walks.

Short and sweet like a donkey's gallop.

That widd pooshion a horse; spoken of any disgusting piece of food, or disgusting conduct or speech in a person.

That widd kill a horse; spoken of any hard work done by a person, or used when one eats any indigestible kind of food.

Ticht graith; applied to one of doubtful or bad reputation.

To kick up the heels at a thing; *i.e.*, to reject a thing.

To nicker or snicker; *i.e.*, to giggle, to laugh in a silly fashion.

To find a mare's nest.

To ride ahin the tail; *i.e.*, to be thrown from a horse.

Corn him weel afore Candlemas'.

Kaim (comb) weel aifter.

Ca canny; a phrase spoken to enforce caution.

It's the hinmost strae it bracks the horse's back.

The horse 'ill recreet (recover) o' the new girs (grass); spoken ironically to signify that a thing will not take place.

The smith's mare's aye warst shod.

Drive on, the beast's borrowt.

There's muckle riding in a borrowt beast.

He's ridin as gehn (if) he were gyain for the howdie (midwife).

It's a gueed horse it never snappers.

It's easy t' traivel fin ye lead the beast b' the head.

To ride and tie; spoken of two riding and walking alternately on a journey.

To ride at laisure; applied to one in apparently good circumstances, but who lives in a way not warranted by his circumstances.

It's lang t' the saidlin o' a foal.

Some of the foregoing are but variants, and it is not claimed for them that they are not known otherwhere.

When a young horse received his first set of shoes there was always a merry-making. The owner went to the smithy with his pocket lined with a bottle of whisky. When the job was accomplished, the smith, with all in the workshop at the time, received "a dram," and sometimes two.

One old farmer there was in the parish of Aberdour, Aberdeenshire, who would not allow his young horses off the farm without their shoes. When one was to be shod, the blacksmith was sent for to measure the animal's feet. He returned to the smithy, and made the shoes according to measurement. He then went to the farm, carrying the shoes and the shoeing-tools, and shod the animal. A feast was then held, when the best produce of the farm was spread, as well as a fair quantity of whisky. The practice of partaking of whisky on the occasion of the shoeing of a horse for the first time still lingers.

WALTER GREGOR.

THE "WISE CHOICE."



WHATEVER may be the ultimate conclusion as to the homogeneity of classical and savage myths, it is unquestionable that in the living folk-lore of Aryan and non-Aryan populations there exist points of coincidence that are very well worth observing. The more we know, and especially the more methodical becomes our knowledge, the better shall we be able to estimate the precise value and significance of these resemblances; at present the best that can be done is to point them out when they occur, and to leave all inference to a time that shall possess fuller information.

I do not think that any folk-lore student can read the story of "The old man and his three sons," in the Rev. James Sibree's valuable collection of Malagasy Tales (*vide Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii. part iii.)

without being put in mind of a number of European analogues. The central idea of the story is that of a wise choice. A son, unjustly treated at home, arrives at the dwelling-place of God. He is offered a seat of honour and well-cooked food, but he seats himself among the servants, and eats of the servants' food. Then he is offered the choice between a plant and money; he chooses the plant, returns home, and becomes very rich. His more favoured brothers, envying his prosperity, go also to the dwelling-place of God, where they take the best seats and the best food, and ask for all manner of wealth and fine clothes, with the result that they go back with tails and tusks growing out of them.

Compare this with the story of "Lu Cusinille," in Signor Antonio de Nino's *Usi e Costumi Abruzzesi* (Florence, 1883). A daughter, ill-treated at home, arrives at the palace of the fairies (*fate*). She is asked if she will enter by a stair of gold or by one of wood? if she will go into a room gilded over, or into one which is all smoky? She chooses the wooden stairs and the smoky room; but the fairies lead her by the golden stair into the gilded room. Then the head-fairy offers her a shift of sackcloth or of fine linen, a petticoat of tow or of muslin, a bodice of common stuff or of silk, two sprigs of garlic or two pearl ear-rings, a dozen of onions or a gold chain? She chooses the inferior objects, saying that she is only a poor girl, but gets the more valuable. Then she goes home, and her stepmother and step-sister are envious of her good fortune. The mother, on hearing where she has been, tells her daughter to go and do likewise; but when the fairies make their offers, this girl always makes choice of the better things, with the result that she gets the worse, and, moreover, returns to her house with an ass's tail growing out of her forehead.

The *motif* of a "Wise Choice" is far-reaching, but I will not here attempt to further trace its ramifications. I may mention that another variant of the above Italian tale appears in *Tuscan Fairy Tales* (London, Satchell and Co.), where it is entitled "The little convent of cats."

EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

THE FOLK-LORE OF DRAYTON.

PART I.—DRAYTON'S ATTITUDE WITH REGARD TO FOLK-LORE ROMANCES—BALLADS—PLANTS—SPRINGS, &c.



F all the geniuses of the golden Elizabethan age, who had the gift of seeing fairy-folk, and of entering into the humours of fairy-land, none, Shakespeare alone excepted, has left more delightful record of his experience than Shakespeare's fellow-shireman, Michael Drayton. It was a happy influence that gave two such sons to Warwickshire within something like a twelvemonth of each other. One is apt to wonder, if, in the days when they were nurtured, the Heart of England * was supremely true to all traditions of the elders, and passing rich in store of old wives' tales of

“Goblins, fairies, bugs, night-mares,
Urchins and elves :”

it is certain that the Pierian spring at which both poets drank deep, though with differing capacity, had a virtue which could clear the eyes of mortals so as to make them perceptive of the elfin world. Never is Drayton more at home than when he is among the fairies. Shakespeare, with his unique power of assimilation, made all the knowledge that came to him his own, and used it as though it were innate; but Drayton was too often the bloated bookworm. His wort-cunning, his unnatural history, his mythical mineralogy, smell of the midnight oil; but his fairy-lore, wheresoever he picked it up, is well-nigh as pure, free, and unartificial as the very moonbeams themselves. It was not, however, until nearly the end of his career

* *Polyolbion*, xiii. [iii. 913]. Here and hereafter the figures within brackets refer to volume and page of the edition of *The Works of Michael Drayton, Esq.* published in 4 vols. in 1753.

that he made friends with Nymphidia ; and in this special sifting of his works we shall be so far regardful of chronology as to leave the consideration of airy nothings and their local habitation until after we have duly gathered out and examined the folk-lore of more palpable things, earlier brought under the notice of his Muse.

With regard to Shakespeare's scholastic acquirements, on the actual amount of his "small Latin and less Greek," there is much room for speculation, but I believe there is no reason to doubt that Drayton had "a good classical education," a gain which was in some degree our loss if I be right in thinking that his natural instinct towards poesie was oftentimes enfeebled by the weight of prestige and precedent which study of the poets of the elder world had brought upon him. The "woodnotes wild" of this English singer are sweeter far than the elaborated themes which came of eager listening to strains borne down from Greece and Rome. This poet born has left a pretty little picture of himself seeking to be a poet made. One immediate result of the process through which he went he tells us of : it is relevant to our present purpose. Hear him : *

"From my cradle (you must know that) I
Was still inclin'd to noble poesy,
And when that once pueriles I had read,
And newly had my Cato constraed,
In my small self I greatly marvell'd then,
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men
These poets were, and pleased with the name,
To my mild tutor merrily I came,
(For I was then a proper goodly page,
Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age),
Clasping my slender arms about his thigh.
'O my dear master ! cannot you (quoth I)
Make me a poet ? Do it if you can,
And you shall see, I'll quickly be a man.'
Who me thus answer'd smiling, 'Boy,' quoth he,
'If you'll not play the wag, but I may see
You ply your learning, I will shortly read
Some poets to you ;' Phœbus be my speed.
To't hard went I, when shortly he began,
And first read to me honest Mantuan,

* "To my dearly loved Friend, Henry Reynolds, Esq. *Of Poets and Poesy*"
[iv. 1254].

Then Virgil's *Elogues*; being enter'd thus
 Methought I straight had mounted Pegasus,
 And in his full career could make him stop,
 And bound upon Parnassus' by-clift top.
I scorned your ballad then, though it were done
 And had for Finis, William Elderton."

Happily the day did dawn when well-read Drayton became subject to the fascination of his country's poets; and when his intellectual palate no longer disdained the simple sweetness of a homely ballad. He found delight in those romances of chivalry which the English press—only a doubtful centenarian at the time of Drayton's birth—made it one of its earliest charges to disseminate; and he bade his Muse recount the deeds of Arthur the King,* of Merlin,† of Guy of Warwick,‡ of Bevis§ of Southampton, of "merry Robin Hood,|| that honest thief."¶ The *Elogues* were probably amongst the first secular poems that Drayton published, and in the fourth** of them we find this one-while scorner of a ballad indulging in something very like a ballad of his own:

"Far in the country of Arden,
 There won'd a knight, hight Cassamen,
 As bold as Isenbras,††

* *Pol.* iv. [ii. 733].

† *Eclogue*, iv. [iv. 1399]; *Pol.* iv. [ii. 735], v. [ii. 757], x. [iii. 842].

‡ *Pol.* xii. [iii. 895], xiii. [iii. 922].

§ *Pol.* ii. [ii. 691].

|| *Pol.* xxvi. [iii. 1174]. It is a significant fact that there is nothing relating to Robin Hood in the recently published *Records of the Borough of Nottingham from 1135 to 1399*.

¶ *Pol.* xxviii. [iii. 1194], where Drayton also refers to "the pindar of the town of Wakefield, George a Green," whose combat with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Little John, is the theme of a well-known ballad, printed in Ingledew's *Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire*. The editor notes (p. 47), "In 1557 certain 'ballets' are entered on the books of the Stationers' Company . . . one of which is entitled 'of wakefylde and a grene,' meaning, probably, this ballad."

** [iv. 1401].

†† The story of Syr Ysambræe, generally called "Isumbras," was very popular in this country in early times. It is included in *The Thornton Romances* (Camden Society), p. 88; and there is an abstract of it in Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, p. 479 (Bohn's edition).

Fell was he and eager bent,
 In a battle and in tournament,
 As was the good Sir Topas.*
 He had as antique stories tell,
 A daughter cleaped Dowsabel——”

and so forth. We cannot pass the sixth *Eclogue*† without feeling quite sure that Drayton's sympathies would be with Gorbo in the invitation to Winken :

“ Come, sit we down under this hawthorn tree,
 The morrow's light shall lend us day enough ;
 And let us tell of Gawin † or Sir Guy,
 Of Robin Hood, or of old Clem a Clough. §

 Or else, some romant unto us areed,
 By former shepherds taught thee in thy youth,
 Of noble lords and ladies gentle deed,
 Or, of thy love, or of thy lass's truth.”

So did a gracious nature assert itself, and Fashion, who may well dispute with Love the sovereignty of court, and camp, and grove, sided with that nature, and urged the poet now and then to write as

* Drayton had a soft place in his heart for “sir Topas”; he refers to him again in the opening of *Nymphidia* [ii. 451], as though he considered him an important character in literature. The influence of Chaucer's *Rime* is very apparent in *Dowsabel*; cf. the description of the shepherd's attire with that of the knight. In an address to the reader, prefixed to *Odes with other Lyrick Poesies*, Drayton half apologises for having called some of the most stirring lines he ever wrote a ballad, his *Ballad of Agincourt*. He says—and one soon learns to be thankful that he wrote more in poetry than in prose—[I] “would at this time also gladly let thee understand what I think above the rest of the last ode of this number, or, if thou wilt, ballad, in my book, for both the great master of Italian rhymes, Petrarch, and our Chaucer, and other of the upper house of the Muses, have thought their canzons honoured in the title of ballad; which for that I labour to meet truly therein with the old English garb, I hope as able to justify as the learned Colin Clout his *Roundelay*.” This *Ballad of Agincourt* gave our ancestors a fine foretaste of Tennyson, *vide The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

† [iv. 1412].

‡ In his *Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare* (p. 123), Hazlitt reprints an old chap-book, *The Singular Adventures of Sir Gawen*, which he takes to be a ramification of one of the histories concerning the Arthurian knight Gawain.

§ An outlaw as famous in Inglewood, near Carlisle, as Robin Hood subsequently became in Sherwood. See Percy's *Reliques* for “Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley.”

though "honest Mantuan" and his compatriot bards had never been. But Drayton was slow in fully realising the fact that he was not a Roman citizen. Shakespeare, by *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, made a new revelation of faerie in 1592 (?), and we can hardly believe that Drayton's fancy was not fertilised thereby; yet Shakespeare's pen was stayed for ever, before Drayton wrote the elfin poetry on which so much of his best fame depends. In 1592 his Pegasus had been stabled for about two years in London, and he must have been already in some sort notorious on account of his *Harmonie of the Church* (Scripture paraphrases of "linked sweetness long drawn out"), so discordant to some that the whole edition was by public order condemned to be destroyed; and it is only because forty copies were seized by the then Archbishop of Canterbury that we have a sole surviving specimen for bibliophilists to rejoice over, in George the Third's library in the British Museum.* It was wisely done of Drayton that when he next tried to charm the hearts of men he tuned his lyre to another pitch and was content to deal with lighter themes. He now "told his love," his hapless love, and, under the name of Rowland, posed amongst such Cotswold shepherds as do not seem to have been puzzled by an allusion to the phœnix; who were supposed to be able to appreciate a reference to the "fat olive tree," and to be as familiar with the deities of the heathen world as Lemprière himself.

"Shepherds of late are waxed wond'rous neat," †

was Moth's not uncalled-for criticism.

Without doubt it is necessary to go back to the days before Pan was dead in order to taste the sweetness of pastoral society; but we, my brethren, would willingly have foregone the pagan polish of these swains for rustic talk with a liberal seasoning of folk-lore. How disappointing it is when we hear from Perkin that

"Learned Colyn lays his pipes to gage,
And is to Fayrie gone to Pilgrimage," ‡

* See Hooper's, still incomplete, *Complete Works of Michael Drayton* (1876), vol. i. Introd. pp. xiv.-xvi.; also sub "Drayton," *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th edition.

† *Eclogue*, v. [iv. 1398].

‡ *Eclogue*, iii. [iv. 1393].

and are, perhaps, expecting another *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to find nothing whatsoever subsequently recorded respecting that pilgrim's progress; and to be obliged to believe that we have merely an allusion to Spenser and his *Faerie Queen*. How we long, and long in vain, to have some details of the experience of the "lowly sort" amongst whom Gorbo piped:

"Those silly herd-grooms who have laughed to see
When I by moon-light make the Fairies sport."*

It is really curious to remark that it was more than thirty years after this before Drayton treated his readers to anything more than most cursory glances at the elves with whom he ended by making them so well acquainted.

But return to the *Eclogues*. A folk-lore student pricks his ears when in the ninth,† and most English of them, the poet begins to speak of the significance of flowers. The time is June.

"Who now a posie pins not in his cap?
And not a garland baldrick-wise doth wear?
Some of such flowers as to his hand doth hap,
Others such as a secret meaning bear:

He, from his lass him lavender hath sent,
Showing her love, and doth requital crave;
Him rosemary, his sweetheart, whose intent
Is that he her should in remembrance have.

Roses, his youth and strong desire express;
Her sage, doth show his sov'reignty in all;
The July-flower declares his gentleness;
Thyme, truth, the pansie, heart's ease maidens call."

One of Drayton's contemporaries, whom he did not suffer gladly, wrote:‡ "Louers when they come into a Gardeine, some gather Nettles, some Roses, one Tyme, another Sage, and eueryone that for

* *Eclogue*, iv. [iv. 1398].

† [iv. 1430.] Here we are told that at shearing-time the father of the flock proudly bore a nosegay in his horns, the bell-wether going no less bravely. He was accounted King of the Shepherds whose charge had produced the earliest lamb; and, as we learn from *Polyolbion* (xiv. [iii. 937]), he wore a "gay bauldrick" when he sat down to the shearing-feast, spread "upon a green that curiously was squared," as the *Eclogue* says.

‡ See *Of Poets and Poesy* [iv. 1256], and *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), p. 224.

his Ladies fauour that he fauoureth : insomuch as there is no Weede almoste but it is worne."

Let us reason of the meaning of those that our flower-loving poet has named.

Lavender, "hot lavender," as Perdita * calls it, when she is busied as these shepherds were about the floral adjuncts of a sheep-shearing, has cordial properties which no doubt made our forefathers fancy that it was of use in other than mere physical disorders of the heart. Rosemary and rue were likewise given by the maiden to her guests : "these keep," she said—

"Seeming and savour all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be to you both."

There is not one of us who has not bethought himself of poor Ophelia's, † "There's rosemary : that's for remembrance, pray love remember." The peculiar and long-abiding scent of this plant has no doubt had much to do in determining its significance, for what revives an all-but dead memory more effectually than the breath of an odour which hung about us somewhile, long ago ? The present form of the name rosemary disguises the fact that its original meaning was seaweed. ‡ Dr. Brewer § states that it was believed to have sprung from the foam as Venus did, and to share her influence in amatory affairs, he cites Butler (*Hudibras*, part ii. c. i.):

"Hence some reverend men approve
Of rosemary in making love."

The Rose, *flos florum*, was, and is, most fittingly *flos Veneris* also. Story-tellers, pious and otherwise, of various nationalities, give as many differing accounts of its origin. Drayton has his own pretty fancy for the nonce. ¶ In the *Quest of Cynthia*, ¶ the seeker relates that he saw a beautiful bed of roses, and that, on asking who inspired them with their virtue, he was told—

* *The Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 4.

† *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

‡ Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*.

§ *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.

¶ In the ninth *Nymphal* [iv. 1515] he assents to Ovidean theories respecting the genesis of hyacinth, laurel, and sunflower. He says Daphne "scorns her father's thunder."

¶ [ii. 622.]

“As the base Hemlock were we such
 The poysoned’st weed that grows,
 Till Cynthia by her god-like touch
 Transform’d us to the Rose.”

It is possible that some confusion between the word sage=wise, good, which comes to us through the French from *sapius*, and sage, the aromatic plant, which is in Latin *salvia*, may have led to the latter being accepted as an emblem of wisdom and prudence. If so the giving of it by a lady to her love, “to show his sov’rignty in all,” certainly betokened her possession of the sageness and discernment which should characterise one who—

“If she rules him, never shows she rules.”

What Drayton meant when he wrote “July flower” I cannot pretend to decide: I incline to think that he meant what Shakespeare did by “gillyvors”;* and seeing that Warwickshire men and the folk of many other counties call wallflower (*Cheiranthus cheiri*) gilly-flower at this day, I thought, until not very long ago, that the inference was plain. But then the wallflower can hardly be called the blossom of July, and one ought to bow before the opinion expressed in the *Dictionary of English Plant-Names* (with which Messrs. Britten and Holland have enriched the English Dialect Society), that Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare’s gillyvors were a small kind of carnation, and that it was only later writers who transplanted the name to stocks and wallflowers. Drayton, himself, seems to confirm this by writing: †

“The curious clove July-flower,
 Whose kinds hight the carnation
 For sweetness of most sovereign power,
 Shall help my wreath to fashion.”

I know not whether he invented the name July-flower, but whether he did, or another did, it is a fine specimen of what the fashion of the day calls folk-etymology, being an attempt to make something

* *The Winter’s Tale*, act iv. sc. 3, “Our carnations and sweet gillyvors.”

† *Muses Elysium, Nymph.* v. [iv. 1487]; see also *Pol.* xv. [iii. 946]:

“The brave carnation then of sweet and sovereign power,
 So of his colour called although a July flower.”

“understanded of the people” out of gillyflower which comes from the ill-used Latin *caryophillum*, a clove. The soothing aromatic scent of the, say, July flower, be it *Cheiranthus*, *Dianthus*, or *Matthiola*, may have won for it its association with gentleness.

I confess I cannot see what thyme has to do with truth, unless we use the word to pun with, and agree with the Tyrwhitt and Trevelyan motto that “Thyme tryeth troth,” about which there can be no manner of doubt.*

Miss Rossetti † sings sweetly enough—

“The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweetpea a way,
And the heartsease a face;”

but I cannot accept Miss Yonge’s ‡ suggestion that it is probably to the very smiling face of this purple-capped gentleman that the flower owes its name of heartsease. I do not know why it was bestowed, unless from the supposed cardiac virtue of the plant; but it has a comfortable sound which might well commend the blossom to lovers if even they were unmindful of its significance as pansy—“that’s for thoughts.”§

Drayton has other plant-lore than that which is in the *Eclogue*, and I will make up a bouquet of it now.

To “wear the willow” is still an expression indicative of the condition of one who has, in any sense, lost the object of his (or her) heart’s best love. The fourth, *Nymphal*, || of the *Muses Elysium* opens with an inquiry referring to what was in earlier times no mere figure of speech—

“Why how now, Cloris, what thy head
Bound with forsaken willow.”

* There are lines beginning

“Eche thing I se hath time which time must trye my truth,”

in *Tottel’s Miscellany*, 1557 (Arber’s reprint), p. 168.

† *Sing-Song*, p. 74.

‡ *Herb of the Field*, p. 27.

§ *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

|| [iv. 1479.]

Benedick offers to accompany Claudio to the next willow, and asks him, "What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck like an usurer's chain? or under your arm like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero." *

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Notes from Weardale, Durham.

Frogs.—Boys were frightened from killing frogs by being told that they would be visited in bed by a form, that would cut a hole in their backs.

Toads.—These reptiles were looked upon as being so extremely vindictive that if their solitude was disturbed they would spit venom at the intruder.

Sty.—As in Ireland, touching with a wedding-ring was considered a good remedy.

Blackbirds were very unpopular with boys; a party of birds-nesters falling in with a "black-throstle's" nest would have no hesitation in taking it. If eggs were found, it was the custom to lay one upon the ground; a boy was then blindfolded, a stick put in his hand; and he had three "tries" to break it. Turns would be taken by the boys until all the eggs were broken. If newly-hatched birds, called "raw-gorlins," or unfeathered, were found, they were taken out of the nest, a piece of wood was placed upon a stone in "see-saw" fashion, with the young bird on one end, a heavy stick was then used to give a sharp blow on the other end, when the bird was jerked high in the air, generally falling quite dead. This was called "spang-hewing." The eggs or young of sparrows were served in the same manner. It was not customary to treat other birds so.

J. G. FENWICK.

* *Much Ado About Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1.

Lochcarron — Superstitions concerning Suicide. — An elderly woman, the wife of Donald M'Rae, crofter, township of Erbersay, parish of Lochalsh, committed suicide by hanging herself on Thursday last. Great difficulty was experienced in getting a tradesman to make the coffin, owing to the superstitious belief entertained by the natives that it is not "lucky" to make a coffin for a suicide. Any tradesman known to make a coffin for a suicide will get no employment from the natives afterwards.—*The Scotsman*, January 31, 1884.

Witchcraft in the North.—A curious instance of the survival of superstition was revealed on Monday at the Inverness police-court. An elderly Highland woman, named Isabella Macrae, or Stewart, residing at Muirtown Street, Inverness, was charged with assaulting a little girl. The evidence showed that the little girl had used insulting language to the prisoner, while the prisoner, on the other hand, had alluded to the little girl's grandmother as a witch. Towards the close of the case great amusement was caused in court by the accused producing a clay image, or *corp creagh*, which she believed was made by the so-called witch. The legs had been broken off the image, and since then the prisoner believed that her own legs were losing their strength. A gentleman who wished to purchase the image after the accused had left the court was promptly told that on no account would she part with it, for if anything happened to it in this gentleman's possession she might die, and she was not prepared to die yet. She therefore wished to keep the image in safety so long as it would hold together, for so long as the image lasted she believed its baneful influences upon her would be ineffectual. Her husband had died some time ago, and also three horses, and she grieved to think that all these calamities were attributable to witchcraft. The image was about four inches in length; green worsted threads containing the diabolic charm were wound around, while pins were pierced through the part where the heart should be. Bailie Mackay, notwithstanding the illustration of demonology which he witnessed, found the accused guilty, and passed sentence of fine or imprisonment. — *Macclesfield Courier*, December 22, 1883.

Couvade in Yorkshire.—We heard lately, from a source that is above suspicion, of the survival in a certain district of Yorkshire of a

practice bearing no little resemblance to the *couvade*. When an illegitimate child is born, it is a point of honour with the girl not to reveal the father; but the mother of the girl forthwith goes out to look for him, and the first man she finds keeping his bed is he.—*Academy*, 16th February, 1884.

Witchcraft.—I have just met with the following horrible bit of folk-lore in *Drakard's Stamford News* for October 15, 1833. A poor man residing at Woodhurst, Huntingdonshire, a short time since had a sow which brought a litter of pigs, and, as it not unfrequently does occur, a day or two afterwards the sow and pigs appeared to be very ill: his neighbours assured him that they were bewitched, and by their persuasion he was induced to the horrible act of actually roasting one of the little creatures to death, as the only means of saving the rest and finding out the *witch*, whom they asserted would be sure to appear during the ceremony. In this they were disappointed, of course, but the sow and the pigs recovered, as the poor little sufferer no doubt would have done had it not been so inhumanly destroyed.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Bottesford Manor, Brigg.

Ploughing Day at Mouldshaugh, Felton.—At this farm on Feb. 25th there was witnessed by a considerable number of agriculturists and others from the locality an interesting gathering of ploughmen on the occasion of a day's ploughing on the farm which has been let to Mr. Arthur S. Donkin, Bywell. The respect which the family of the entering tenant has gained throughout a wide circle naturally brought forward a very strong muster of ploughs, sent from far and near in strong and powerful teams.

Ploughing Day at Bartlehill.—Messrs. W. and J. Ormston, Smailholm Mains, who have recently taken a lease of the fine farms of Bartlehill and Kingsrigg, received from their friends and neighbours the compliment of a day's ploughing. At an early hour about seventy ploughs appeared on the ground, and succeeded in turning over nearly the whole of the stubble break.

Fasten E'en Ball.—The playing of a hand-ball in the streets of Duns, in observance of the ancient festival of Fasten E'en, took place on Tuesday. The weather was fine, and a large crowd gathered at

the Town Hall, at two o'clock in the afternoon, where the lord of the manor (Mr. Hay, of Duns Castle) threw off the first ball. Play was carried on with spirit, the married men striving to carry the ball to the kirk as their goal, and the unmarried men to one of the meal-mills in the parish as their goal. The first ball was "kirked" and the second "milled." Another ball was afterwards put up, and afforded amusement until dusk.—*Kelso Chronicle*, 29 Feb. 1884.

Football Day at Alnwick.—From time immemorial Shrove Tuesday at Alnwick has been dedicated to the ancient pastime of kicking the football, and this year there was no departure from the celebration of this time-honoured custom. Before the Alnwick Improvement Act came into operation, over fifty years ago, the game was played in the streets of the town, a custom which resulted in much damage to windows, &c., the reparation of which was defrayed by the lord of the manor. The magistrates, after the passing of the Act, prohibited the playing of the game in the streets, and in consequence the Duke of Northumberland instituted an annual match between the married and unmarried freemen, also a match for the townspeople, and this custom was carried on until 1847, when the Duke of Northumberland died at Alnwick Castle in the month of February, and no game was played the following year. Subsequently, however, the sport was resuscitated, the players to be the parishioners of St. Michael's *v.* the parishioners of St. Paul's. And so it has continued until now, on Shrove Tuesday, in the "Pasture," or north demesne, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. On Tuesday at half-past one, the committee assembled at the barbican of the castle, and received the ball at the hands of the porter, and immediately afterwards, headed by the duke's piper, playing various airs on the Northumberland pipes, proceeded to the north demesne, where the ball was kicked off from the centre of the goals, which were placed as near as convenient to the extreme ends of the demesne. After an arduous struggle, kept up with much of the old spirit, a goal was scored by St Michael's parish; and the other two goals were not played for. After the prizes had been paid the ball was thrown up, to become the property of any one who succeeded in carrying it away. This feat was performed by John Lundie, who got the ball up the river and under the bridge, and it

became his prize. The scholars of the duke's school also played a game on the ground. On the termination of the sport the committee adjourned to the guest hall at the castle, where they were entertained. —*Kelso Chronicle*, 29 Feb. 1884.

Football at Chester-le-Street.—The annual football match between the “up-street” and “down-street” inhabitants of Chester-le-Street took place on Shrove Tuesday. The “up-street” people, it need scarcely be said, live on the level, the “down-streeters” occupying the banks of the burn; and the struggle takes place in the street, the windows along the route being barricaded. At one o'clock Mr. Joseph Murray, in front of the Queen's Head Hotel, kicked off the ball, which was at once taken down the street, when it got into the burn; but the combatants rushed into the water, where a scrimmage took place, and the leather was soon taken on to the rising ground beyond, and thence to the residence of Mr. Marshall at Castle View. At this point a hare ran across the path, and was caught. Recrossing the burn, the ball, after a short deviation along Pelton Lane, was driven up the bank, and the “up-streeters” for the time were successful. The “down-streeters” soon brought back the ball to their own locality, however; and during the remainder of the day it did not reach the up-town territory more than two or three times. The advantage all day indeed, was with the “down-streeters.”

Football at Sedgefield.—It has been the custom from time immemorial for the Sedgefield church clerk and sexton to find a football to be played for by the tradesmen and countrymen of that village on Shrove Tuesday. This year the ball was provided by Mr. G. Robinson, who holds both offices. The tradesmen's goal is at the south end of the village, near Spring Lane; and the countrymen's a “pond” at the north end. The ball was put through the bull-ring in the middle of the village green exactly at 1 p.m. on Tuesday, by Mr. G. Robinson, and was then in for play. Both sides were determined to win or die, as it were; and more reckless play we have not witnessed. No rules were adhered to, and scraped shins became the order of the day. After play lasting three hours and fifteen minutes, the tradesmen were declared the victors, they having succeeded in passing the ball over the pond.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Ausführliches Lexikon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie im Verein mit den Namhaftesten Gelehrten herausgegeben von W. H. Roscher. Mit zahlreichen Abbildungen. Parts 1 and 2. 1884. Leipzig, B. G. Teubner. London, David Nutt.

The want of a systematic guide to the whole field of classical mythology has long been felt. Our existing text-books are almost entirely out of date, and the student who wishes to familiarise himself with the latest investigations must seek for information in the often almost inaccessible pages of German, Russian, and Italian periodicals, or from numberless privately printed dissertations and pamphlets. *Preller's* well-known handbooks, admirable as they are, do not represent the present state of opinion on many points; besides which, the *Griechischen Mythologie* is out of print. Indeed, the only comparatively recently published work dealing with the whole range of mythological subjects, as far as Greece is concerned, is Decharme's *Mythologie de la Grèce Antique*, a careful and well-meaning but assuredly not exhaustive work. All students will therefore welcome the new lexicon; they will find in it the minute and laborious accuracy, the fulness of bibliographical reference, the carefulness of quotation, the exhaustiveness of method which characterise so honourably modern German scholarship. Every help is afforded to the student engaged in independent and original investigation, and desirous of testing the conclusions of the author of each article; whilst at the same time the information is given in such a clear and definite form, and the various theories are so truly stated, as to make the work of great value to the scholar who, without being a specialist himself, wishes to keep *au courant* of the researches of specialists. As might be expected, the present is a lexicon almost as much of classical archaeology as of mythology in the usual sense. It is only within comparatively recent times that the importance of the plastic and figured side of mythology has been fully recognised, and most students will agree that this is the most promising and fruitful branch of mythological investigation. The present instalment carries the work down to "Anios." Of especial importance and fulness are the articles on

“Achilles” (52 pages), in which the author decides for the original river-god character of the hero; on “Æneas” (44 pages); on the “Amazons” (12 pages), in which the author comes to the conclusion that the various traditions cannot possibly be referred to one source, either mythic or historic, but are of different origins; on “Ammon,” which, like the remaining Egyptian and Eastern articles, is the work of Professor E. Meyer, the author of the excellent monograph recently published on the identity of the Gardharvas and the Centaurs, &c.

Flowers and Flower-Lore. By the Rev. Hilderic Friend. London, 1884. (Sonnenschein.) 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xvi. 352, 353-704.

The contents of these handsome volumes are as follows:—Bibliography—Introduction—cap. i. The Fairy Garland; ii. From Pixy to Puck; iii. The Virgins’ Bower; iv. Bridal Wreaths and Bouquets; v. Flowers for Heroes, Saints, and Gods; vi. Traditions about Flowers; vii. Proverbs of Flowers and Plants; viii. Flowers and the Seasons; ix. The Magic Wand; x. Superstitions about Flowers; xi. Flowers and Showers; xii. Curious Beliefs of Herbalists; xiii. Sprigs and Sprays in Heraldry; xiv. Strange Facts about Plants’ Names; xv. The Language of Flowers; xvi. Rustic Flower Names; xvii. Peculiar uses of Flowers and Plants; xviii. Witches and their Flower-Lore; xix. Flowers and the Dead; xx. Wreaths and Chaplets; Critical and Biographical Notes; Index to illustrations; Index to names and matter; additions and corrections.

Although Mr. Friend is careful to tell us that he does not pretend to be exhaustive, there can be no doubt that he has fulfilled his task well, and has produced a book which must for some time to come yet be the text-book on the subject. We know that Mr. Britten has worked long at this subject, and we may expect some day to see the result of his researches; but still Mr. Friend has proceeded along a path of his own, and has some considerable claims to be considered a pioneer. Flowers might be expected to produce a wonderful growth of superstitious fancy and belief, but perhaps few would have expected that there was so much to be said about them and so much still left unsaid. Mr. Friend’s travels in China and elsewhere have shown him personally how much is to be gained from comparative folk-lore, and he is not slow to utilise this experience, by which we have pre-

sented to us many curious examples of parallel beliefs between savage and civilised. There are some parts of the book which might with advantage have been extended, and we must confess to a little disappointment that Mr. Friend has not given something like a summary of his results—some key to the anthropological importance which flower-lore must undoubtedly possess. But perhaps this is expecting more than Mr. Friend intended in this first study of a very big subject. He seeks to be popular rather than exhaustive, and in this he has thoroughly succeeded. The reader has much to please him throughout the whole of these interesting pages, and also much to learn, for Mr. Friend's labours have been directed chiefly to the work of collecting materials both from literary sources and from the peasantry themselves. There can be no doubt of the great value of Mr. Friend's collection, many items of which are, we think, entirely new and have never yet been printed; but still the student will miss many things that are requisite in books of this sort, which must inevitably find their way to students' shelves. For instance, the quotations from authors are rarely accompanied by full references, although ample acknowledgment is given in the notes, and a very useful and tolerably complete bibliography is printed at the beginning. For all this extra care and labour on Mr. Friend's part we are most grateful, and if we have appeared somewhat to grumble it is that we have learnt just sufficient from this book to make us wish to learn more.

Spain bids fair to take the first rank in the study of folk-lore. On the 1st of February was held a meeting in Corunna, under the presidency of the celebrated novelist, Sra. Da. Emilia Pardo Bazan, to initiate the Gallician Folk-Lore Society. The lady president delivered an eloquent address on folk-lore, first showing what it is not, and then what it is, and then who can give a helping hand in the work.

Another society has been formed in Madrid for Castile, with Sr. Don Gaspar Nuñez de Arce as president, and a strong executive. There are eleven sections in the society, viz. the literary, law, fine arts, botany, zoology, geology, mathematics, education, physical and chemical, geographical and medical. There are now three societies in Spain, or rather three branches of one society, "El Folk-Lore

Español," in a great measure set on foot a few years ago by Sr. Don. A. Machado y Alvarez.

Shortly will be published *Greek Folk-Songs*, from the enslaved provinces of Greece. Literal and metrical translations, by Lucy M. J. Garnett; revised and edited, with an Introduction and Annotations, by John S. Stuart-Glennie, M.A. These translations by Miss Garnett, who has resided for many years in the Levant, are so selected and arranged as to give a comprehensive view of all classes of Greek folk-songs. These, like folk-songs generally, fall into three great natural divisions — (I.) Mythological, (II.) Domestic, and (III.) Historical, and, thus arranged, a systematic view is given of the whole life of the people, so far as it is expressed in their songs.

In the last number of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, just to hand, is a valuable article on "Panjabi Death Customs," by Sirdar Grudyal Singh.

Bible Folk-lore, by the author of *Rabbi Jeshua*, will presently be published. This work claims to be an original inquiry into the myths and miraculous stories of the Old and New Testament, which are compared throughout with their parallels in the literature of Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia, Persia, and India (Vedic and Buddhist).

There is in the press a volume of *Wide-awake Stories*, a collection of tales told by little children, between sunset and sunrise, in the Panjab and Kashmir, by F. A. Steel and R. C. Temple. In this book are collected together, in a literary form, adapted to the use of both adults and children, the folk-tales published by the authors from time to time during the last four or five years in the *Indian Antiquary*. An introduction will be given to the book explaining (*inter alia*) the method of collection pursued by the authors, and it will be published with explanatory notes and an index.

We are glad to see that *Mélusine* is to reappear, the first number of the second volume being announced for the 5th April next, to be followed by monthly issues on the first of each month. British subscribers are requested to remit their subscription by an international money order to Monsieur A. F. Staude, manager of *Mélusine*, 6, rue des Fossés-Saint-Bernard, Paris. They can also subscribe through a bookseller.

MALAGASY FOLK-TALES.

BY THE REV. JAMES SIBREE, JUNIOR.



THE preceding specimens of the Folk-Tales of the Malagasy have been all given in full, and probably are sufficient to show the general character of these productions. We shall only add two or three more to these examples, and, in order to economise space, shall give them in outline, as all the tales are more or less wordy and full of repetitions which add nothing to the main purport of the story.

The following tale, from the name of the hero, may be called *Isilakòlona*, although it is not so named in Mr. Dahle's collection. It will be seen that in some points it resembles the story of *Itrimobé* and *Rafàra* already given.

ISILAKÒLONA.

This is a story in which the hero is the youngest of four sons, and is only half a man, one side of him being of wood. The other sons propose to their father that this strange brother of theirs should be cast off and disinherited, to which he agreed; but the mother would not consent to be parted from her child, and said that he must divorce her if he persisted in his intentions. This the father does; and the youngest son goes away with his mother, and keeps a number of dogs.

Some time afterwards the three sons propose to the father that they should perform some difficult feat, and ask him what they should do. He replies that they had better do what no one else had been able to accomplish, viz. bring to him a white guinea-fowl, some red bees (or wasps), a bull named *Ilàisambilo*, and three mysterious creatures named *Iampélamànanòho*. They agree to this, thinking they will easily

accomplish the task. On their way to hunt the white guinea-fowl they pass by the hut of their brother, and fetch him out to go with them. He consents, and tells his mother not to allow his dogs to starve, but to kill a bullock for them every day. And he also points out a banana-tree, which is to be a sign of his condition; its withering being a proof that he would be ill, its dying away a sign that he would be dead. Off the four brothers go to hunt; but the bird flies far away into the forest. The three soon gave up the chase; but Isilakòlona, invoking his ancestors, caused the guinea-fowl to approach him. The bird obeyed; he secured it, and goes off home with his prize. On the way, however, his brothers threaten him with death if he does not give it up to them, which he is obliged to do, and he then goes home without anything to show for his pains.

The same kind of thing happens when they go to procure the red bees; the three brothers ask the youngest one to accompany them. Again he assents, but when the three hear the loud hum of the bees they run off. But Isilakòlona threw a large empty gourd into the midst of the bees, and, invoking his ancestors, commands the insects to enter peacefully into the gourd. This they do, and he thereupon takes them home. But again the three elder brothers threaten him with loss of life unless he gives up the bees to them. He is obliged to consent, and they take the gourd to their father.

After a time again the three go to hunt the bull *Ilàisambilo*. Again the younger brother is fetched, and goes, although against his mother's wish. This feat is a more difficult one to accomplish, but by getting up into a tree Isilakòlona succeeds in leaping upon the bull's back, and patting his head he binds him securely and brings him away. Again he is made to yield his spoils to his brothers by threats of their killing him, and for the third time he returns home empty.

At length, for the fourth time, the brothers go away to perform the last difficult task given them to do. They again fetch the youngest brother, and again the mother objects to his going. He tells her that it is the last time, and that he will take his chief dog, and that if the other dogs bark she is to let them go, as that will be a sign that he is in danger; and again he cautions her to look carefully at the banana-

tree. The brothers at last came to the dwelling-places of the three sisters (apparently witches), and looking into first one and then another they at last find one which is unoccupied, and sit down to cook their rice. After a little while the witches return, and cry out, "Here are strangers come, whom we will eat!" The three brothers ask Isilakòlona to get them out of their peril, promising to give him oxen and sheep when they get back home. So he asks one of the witches for water and it is brought to him. But he refuses to drink, saying that it is not the kind of vessel he is used to drink from. So they bring him different kinds of things, but still he refuses. After some time the witch asks, "What then do you drink from?" He replies that he only drinks out of a net. So the three witches go to fetch water in a net. Meanwhile the four brothers rise and go off home, taking with them a round pebble, a reed, a rush and an egg.

During this time the three witches are trying to draw water in a net, but as fast as they draw it it of course runs out again. At length they become angry as they find out the trick played upon them. They return to the house, but finding the brothers gone set off in pursuit, their coming being known by the storm which arose. To prevent being captured, Isilakòlona plants the reed, and, invoking his ancestors, commands the reed to become a great forest. This comes to pass, but the pursuers cut it down and pass onwards. Then the rush is planted, and commanded to become a dense thicket; this is also done, and stops the enemy for a while, but is at length also cleared away. Then the egg is thrown down and becomes a great lake, but the pursuers drink it up and soon pass on in pursuit. Then Isilakòlona puts down the pebble, and, standing upon it with his brothers, commands, and the stone rises up and becomes an immense rock. Then the sisters come up and beg to be taken upon the top, but are refused.

So the brothers wait there a long time and at length become very hungry. At that time the mother happened to look at the banana-tree, and saw that it was beginning to wither, and the dogs also began to growl. One after another the dogs were sent off, but as fast as they came up the witches destroyed them. Then the three brothers begged Isilakòlona to devise some new plan. He bids them make

ropes of their clothes,* and calls to the witches to fix some spears in the ground, and then to take hold of the ropes which he would let down. Two of them do this; but the brothers cut the ropes when their enemies have nearly reached the top, upon which they fall down and are killed.

Then Isilakòlona commands his dog to go down and lay hold of the remaining witch by the tail (*sic*); this he does, and waits for the arrival of the brothers. The rock is commanded to descend; the brothers leave it, and Isilakòlona binds the remaining witch, and takes her home. Again the three brothers threaten the youngest one, and demand that he would give up his prize to them, but he now refuses; so they go home to their father, telling him that the three first tasks are accomplished, but the fourth was impracticable, and in fact that they had barely escaped with their lives. The father then commands that the people be gathered together to rejoice with him; but at the same time asks the three brothers if any one went with them to help them. They deny this, protesting that they alone had done the work.

The people being assembled, the father presents the three brothers, asking if any one helped them to get the white guinea-fowl. So Isilakòlona rose and said that he alone caught the bird, which was taken by them from him by force. The same questions were put about the red bees and the bull, and the same answers returned; and then the father inquired about the witches, to which Isilakòlona replied that he had captured Iampélamànanòho, and had her then in his house. So he brought her to his father. Then Andrianjatòvo decided that the three brothers should be cast off and become the slaves of their youngest brother, because he had achieved great feats never before accomplished, while they had deceived the king. So Isilakòlona was exalted and became king, because of his patience in bearing the injuries done to him by his three brothers.

The last story of which we shall give an outline is entitled—

* The native loin-cloth is often of considerable length, and the *lamba* can easily be torn into long narrow strips.

RAFÀRANÒMBY.

The hero of this story, a chief named Andriamihàmina, is desirous of getting a third wife, and, being unsuccessful, goes for advice to an old man named Rangàhìbeatòdihào. The old man, in return for a small service (commonly enough rendered by one native to another, but needless to be particularised here), tells his visitor to go along the banks of a large river, and then go up to a town he will see, together with all kinds of musical instruments. There he will find two women who are mother and daughter, but who are so alike that it is impossible to tell which is the younger. But he gives him a wasp, which he is to let go; the daughter will cry out, "Oh dear! I'm killed, mother!" so that she will be immediately known.

Andriamihàmina accordingly goes off, rows down the river, comes to the town, and goes up to it with drums and music. Arrived at the gateway, he sends in word that a stranger is come to visit the chief. He is received with the usual native hospitality, an ox is killed for him and his followers, and he eats. After the meal, the chief, father of the girl his visitor wishes to marry, inquires the errand of his guest. The latter says that he has come to seek a wife, and inquires whether his host is willing to give him one. The chief replies that he is perfectly willing, but his wife and daughter are alike in appearance, and he must find out which is the daughter, and, if successful, he shall take her for his wife. Andriamihàmina tries to find out, but is unable; so he sets free the wasp, the daughter cries out as the old man had predicted, and he claims her for his wife, to which the father consents, and in due time he sets off to take her home. Before their departure, however, the mother warns the bridegroom that his wife is a girl who will not fetch fuel or pound rice, or collect manure or do work in the field, so that if he cannot put up with this he had better leave her. But he replies that if she will do none of these things he will do the work himself, and then she will surely join him. To this the mother agrees, and gives her daughter a slave-girl named Itambarira to attend her. So they went off home.

The journey back was made by canoe, and, as they came near to the old man's house, Itambarira proposed to Rafàra that they should

bathe as the day was hot. Rafàra refused at first, but as the slave-girl pressed her she at length consented, Andriamihàmina being asked to go on. As the girls bathed the slave proposed that they should dive, and that the one that did not go deep should be pinched. So Rafàra dived, but Itambarira immediately rose up and put on her mistress's clothes and ornaments, and followed Andriamihàmina, calling out to him to wait for her. This he did, but did not know her to be the slave, as the two were very much alike. And as they passed the old man's house he called out to him that he had obtained his desire.

After some time Rafàra emerged from the water, but could not find her slave-girl, nor her clothes and ornaments. But she went on her way, inquiring of the old man as she passed his house if he had seen her slave, and explaining how she had been deceived, and telling her perplexity. He advised her to follow, telling her she should overtake in the end. She accordingly did so, calling out to her husband that he had taken the evil and left the good. But, although Andriamihàmina heard her call, he took it to be the voice of a bird, and bid the rowers ply their paddles.

As soon as Rafàra perceived that, she invoked her ancestors, and commanded that there should appear many oranges growing in front of them. This came to pass, and Andriamihàmina wished to stop and pluck them, but Itambarira said she would not eat, but others could do as they liked. The husband, however, would not stay as his wife (as he supposed) did not care for the fruit. So they went on. In a little while Rafàra came up, but was astonished to find that the oranges were untouched, so she called again ; but again her husband thought it the voice of a bird, and bade them row faster.

Then Rafàra invoked her ancestors again, and willed that ripe and large sugar-canes should appear before the canoe. Again her husband wished to stay to get some ; again the slave girl refused to eat, and again they proceeded on their way. And again Rafàra came up, astonished to find her stratagem unsuccessful, and called to her husband to stop, but with the same result as before.

As they were now nearing home Rafàra again invoked her ancestors, and commanded that young and tender vegetables (*anamàmy*) should

grow up before the party ascending the hill. So it came to pass. Again Andriamihàmina wished to stay to gather some; again the slave-girl refused to eat any; and again they proceeded on their way.

The party now came near the town, messages were sent for food to be cooked, clean mats to be spread, and the people to make ready to receive their chief. All this was done and they entered, being received with honour. After a little while Rafàra arrived at the foot of the hill and sat down near the spring where water was drawn; going up presently into a tree near it, she invoked her ancestors again, and willed that as the party in the town ate there should be no water, not even any saliva; and also that the tree might become dense and thick. And so it came to pass.

Meanwhile they could not induce Itambarira to eat, but when at last pressed she said she liked grasshoppers. Andriamihàmina accordingly ordered some to be sought for, and when they were brought he inquired whether she liked them fried or stewed. But she replied that she wished every one to go outside while she ate. So every one was sent out except a little slave-girl, who was concealed under some firewood. Itambarira then broke off the tails of the grasshoppers, and ate them all in that fashion. And when the people were again admitted the child began to chatter, "Oh dear, the chief's wife has a tail!" upon which she was scolded by the people.

And as soon as Andriamihàmina entered, he called for water to wash out his mouth. So they looked for some in the water-pits, but there was none; then they sought in the neighbouring houses, but there was none there; so they sent a slave-girl to fetch water. But when she came she saw the reflection of Rafàra's face in the pool, and, thinking it her own shadow, said, "Such a handsome girl as I am not going to draw water"; so she threw down her water-pot and broke it. Then the chief sent his mother, but she was astonished at what she thought the reflection of her own face, and said, "What a handsome woman I am, although I am old!" and also broke the vessel. Then the chief's father was sent, but he was also deceived, and broke the water-pot. At last he determined to go himself, seeing he could get no water; and there he was called by Rafàra, who requested he would bring her her jewels. He accordingly returned and demanded

them of Itambaràra, and took them to Rafàra. He then claimed her as his wife, but she refused to be so unless he killed the slave-girl, and brought her blood as a proof of having done so. He consented, but attempted to deceive her, bringing successively the blood of a fowl, of an ox, and of a sheep; but could not deceive her. At length he drew some blood from the hand of the slave-girl, and Rafàra came at last into the town. They were received with feasting and rejoicing; but the mistress at length caused the slave-girl to be put to death, and then was married to Andriamihàmina, who thus obtained his desire and was glad.

The Malagasy folk-tales now given, both in full and in outline, must here suffice as specimens of this hitherto "unwritten literature" of the people of Madagascar. My knowledge of folk-lore literature is, I regret to say, far too limited for me to attempt to point out the points of resemblance or of contrast which these Malagasy stories present to the folk-tales of other parts of the world; and the completion of these translations in Mauritius, while waiting to return to Madagascar, has prevented me from making any reference to books on the subject, or from gaining the help of folk-lorists on this point. I hope, however, that, as Madagascar is on various grounds now exciting considerable attention in England, some students of comparative folk-lore may think these tales worth their study, and may, possibly in some future issues of the *Folk-Lore Journal*, give the members of the Society the benefit of their examination of them. My object in making these translations will have been accomplished if those now offered excite a greater interest in the people of Madagascar, and especially if they induce others to do in a more complete form what I have here attempted in a very imperfect fashion.

IBOTÏTY.

Although given in Mr. Dahle's collection among the folk-tales, one of these stories is so like our English children's play of "The House that Jack built," that it may be more appropriately given in this place. It is as follows:—

Once upon a time this IbotÏty went and climbed a tree; and when

the wind blew hard the tree was broken; whereupon Ibotity fell and broke his leg. So he said, "The tree indeed is strong, for it can break the leg of Ibotity."

Then said the tree, "I am not strong, for it is the wind that is strong." Then said Ibotity, "The wind it is which is strong! for the wind broke tree, and the tree broke the leg of Ibotity."

"I am not strong," said the wind, "for if I were strong should I be stopped by the hill?" "Ah, it is the hill which is strong!" said Ibotity, "for the hill stopped wind, wind broke tree, the tree broke the leg of Ibotity."

"Nay, I am not strong," said the hill, "for if I were strong I should not be burrowed by the mice." "Ah, it is the mouse which is strong!" said Ibotity, "for mouse burrowed into hill, hill stopped wind, wind broke tree, tree broke the leg of Ibotity."

"Nay, I am not strong," said the mouse, "for am I strong who can be killed by the cat?" "Ah, it is the cat which is strong!" said Ibotity, "for the cat killed mouse, mouse burrowed into hill, hill stopped wind, wind broke tree, tree broke the leg of Ibotity."

"Nay, I am not strong," said the cat, "for am I strong who am caught by the rope and cannot escape?" "Ah, it is the rope which is strong," said Ibotity, "for the rope caught the cat, cat killed mouse, mouse burrowed into hill, hill stopped wind, wind broke tree, tree broke the leg of Ibotity."

"Nay, I am not strong," said the rope, "for am I strong and am cut by the iron?" "Then it is the iron which is strong," said Ibotity, "for the iron cut rope, rope caught cat, cat killed mouse, mouse burrowed hill, hill stopped wind, wind broke tree, tree broke the leg of Ibotity."

"Nay, I am not strong," said the iron, "for am I strong which am softened by the fire." "Ah, it is the fire which is strong," said Ibotity.

"Nay, I am not strong," said the fire, "for am I strong and am put out by water?" "Ah, it is the water which is strong," said Ibotity, "for water quenched fire, fire softened iron, iron cut rope, rope caught cat, cat killed mouse, mouse burrowed hill, hill stopped wind, wind broke tree, tree broke the leg of Ibotity."

But it would be tedious to give every detail in full; suffice it to say that the greatest power is shifted successively from the water to the canoe, from the canoe to the rock, from the rock to mankind, from mankind to the sorcerer, from the sorcerer to the tangéna (poison ordeal), and from the tangéna to God. The last and complete paragraph reading thus:—

“Nay, I am not strong,” said the tangéna, “for God overcomes me.” “Ah, *it is God who is strong*,” said Ibotity, “for God overcame tangéna, tangéna killed sorcerer, sorcerer overcame man, man broke rock, rock broke canoe, canoe crossed water, water quenched fire, fire softened iron, iron cut rope, rope caught cat, cat killed mouse, mouse burrowed hill, hill stopped wind, wind broke tree, tree broke the leg of Ibotity.”

So Ibotity and all things agreed that God is the strongest of all, and governs all things in the world, whether in the heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or underneath the earth, or to the verge of the sky, for God will bear rule for ever and ever.

IRISH FOLK-LORE.

[Reprinted from *A Statistical Account or Parochial Survey of Ireland, drawn from the communications of the Clergy*, by William Shaw Mason. Dublin, London, and Edinburgh. 1814-1819. 8vo. 3 vols.]

1. *Parish of Aghaboe (Queen's County).*

St. Canice's Well was in my orchard in Aghaboe: there the pedlars laid down their packs and said their prayers. About a quarter of a mile distant from the town was a group of thorn-bushes, called after St. Canice, there likewise the poor people performed their devotions. —(Vol. i. p. 42.)

2. *Parish of Ardbraccan (Meath).*

At Telltown (Tailtean) games similar to the Olympian were held

for fifteen days before and fifteen days after the 1st of August, and young persons were given in marriage.—(Vol. i. p. 95.)

Multitudes of the pious assembled at St. Bridget's Cross, on the lands of Martry, on the 1st of February, to offer up their supplications to this holy personage. This custom has been for some years discontinued; however, a considerable number of the Popish clergy continue to assemble and to perform the rites of their religion on the saint's day (1st February) at a farmer's house near the place where the cross was situated.—(Vol. i. p. 96.)

3. *Parish of Ardstraw.*

The castle above Newtown Stewart belonged to Henry O'Neal, who, according to tradition, was King of Ulster in the fifth century; he had a sister who is represented as having an elegant person but the head of a swine: and hence called the female monster. Henry, anxious to get rid of an object that mortified his feelings and his pride, adopted the plan of offering her in marriage to any person who should seem inclined to propose for her, but on condition that after having seen her he should either marry or hang. Accordingly nineteen persons, among whom was a captive prince, who had agreed to the condition, were all executed on the platform before his castle; and tradition says the twentieth and last person who proposed for her was the son of his own cowherd, who was tempted by the magnitude of her dowry, but who on seeing her immediately exclaimed, "Cur sous me! cur sous me!"—that is, "Hang me! hang me!" The young man, however, was spared, and the unfortunate princess put to death.—(Vol. i. p. 116.)

With respect to customs, among the lower orders, the married women are generally called by their maiden names; strolling-beggars will enter the house of a farmer or gentleman with as much ease and freedom as if they were part of the family.—(Vol. i. p. 123.)

There are no patrons nor public sports except playing at *common*—this diversion resembles hurling in the south. The ball they play with is a small wooden one, which they strike with sticks inflected at one end. In the south of Ireland the curve of the hurl is broad, and the ball large and of a soft substance covered with leather.

Formerly they spent here eleven days successively at Christmas-time in this exercise, now they spend only one. Fires are lighted on Midsummer's Eve round which they drive their cattle to preserve them, as they believe it will, from accidents during the year; they believe also in the existence of fairies, and are very cautious not to say anything disrespectful of them. If any article of household furniture happens to be misplaced, they attribute it to the wee-people, as they call them, who stood in need of it at the time.

A friend of mine who lived a few years ago in a mountainy situation, assured me of the following fact: That his wife stepped quietly one day into a neighbouring house, when the family were out at work, and put an egg and an oaten-cake to the fire, inverting at the same time all the little furniture of the place. Soon after, conversing with the old woman of the family, she endeavoured in an indirect way to find out what impression the incident had made on her; but the woman, though communicative in other matters, kept this a profound secret, from which it was inferred that she was afraid to mention it lest her little friends might not pay her another kind visit.—(Vol. i. pp. 123-125.)

4. *Parish of Ballintog.*

There are no patrons nor patron days, nor any particular customs, except that on Christmas day and on the first of the year a great concourse of people assemble on the strand, at White Park, to play *common* or *shinny*.—(Vol. i. p. 157.)

5. *Parish of Clonmany.*

The titular saint, or, as some express it, the guardian saint of this parish, is Columbkil. The 9th June is his festival day, and is observed most ceremoniously by some of the old people in the parish: on that day they circumambulate certain places, repeating certain prayers, deified, as it were, by him. Men formerly drove down their cattle to the beach on that day, and swam them in that part of the sea into which runs the water of St. Columb's Well, which is thereby made holy water; but this custom of late has not been practised. There is also a traditional story told here, that the earth of a little hillock (*tempo desh*), on the right of the road leading from the chapel

to the church, formerly expelled all mice and rats, until the earth of it was vended, when its expelling power ceased; still, however, they carry all their dead around it, as being an ancient custom. There is a circular flat stone in the centre of the churchyard, about fourteen inches in diameter, on which are two round little hollow places, which they say are prints of St. Columb's knees.—(Vol. i. p. 185.)

6. *Parish of Dungiven.*

There is a curious fragment of an Irish poem preserved among the mountaineers respecting the name of the Roe (*Ahrain Ruabh*). According to this, it is derived from the name of a Saxon heroine, called Ruadh, who, having by her martial prowess carried terror and desolation through the adjoining counties, was at length drowned in crossing the Roe during a flood. The river is here celebrated for having overcome this terrible fair one, whom the Lagan and the mighty Bann had been unable to restrain. The most remarkable circumstance in the poem is a prophecy, in which it is foretold that this stream will be more destructive to the lives of men than the largest rivers in the North—a melancholy prediction, which the loss of above twenty valuable lives within the memory of persons now living has but too faithfully and fatally fulfilled.—(Vol. i. p. 285, *note.*)

The poems attributed to Ossian and other bardic remains are still repeated here by the old Senachies (as they are called) with visible exultation. Eight of them have been written down at my request by a young mountaineer named Bernard MacLoskie, from whose acquaintance with the native traditions, customs, and language, the writer derived much assistance in this Survey: he is himself a good Latin scholar, and possesses by every account a critical knowledge of the ancient Irish. These poetic records have been handed down from time immemorial by tradition alone, nor is it apparent whether they ever existed here in manuscript.

A curious evidence of the accuracy of tradition in preserving these remains may be noticed. Two of the poems transcribed, namely, Deirdri (the Darthula of Macpherson) and Tailc, had been already published from southern manuscripts in a volume entitled *Transactions of the Gaelic Society*. This book, which was accidentally in the writer's possession, afforded an opportunity of comparing the

poems taken from *vivâ voce* recitation with the printed copy; and, strange as it may seem, they were found to agree together word for word, with the exception however of a few lines in Deirdri and four entire stanzas in Tailé, which the written record has evidently lost and tradition preserved.

The manner of preserving the accuracy of tradition is singular and worthy of notice. In the winter evenings a number of Senachies frequently meet together and recite alternately their traditionary stories. If any one repeats a passage which appears to another to be incorrect he is immediately stopped, when each gives a reason for his way of reciting the passage. The dispute is then referred to a vote of the meeting, and the decision of the majority becomes imperative on the subject for the future.—(Vol. i. pp. 317-318.)

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOLK-LORE OF DRAYTON.

PART I.—DRAYTON'S ATTITUDE WITH REGARD TO FOLK-LORE
ROMANCES—BALLADS—PLANTS—SPRINGS, &c.—(*Continued*
from page 120.)



IN annotating Aubrey's *Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme*,* Dr. White Kennett bore testimony to the existence of the practice of wearing the willow in his time: "The young man, whose late sweetheart is married to some other person, does often in a frolique literally wear a willow garland, as I have seen in some parts of Oxfordshire." Centuries earlier the Jews of the Babylonish Captivity had hung their silenced harps on— if our translators were right—the willows,† which were by the rivers of their land of exile: may be because the bowed down or weeping

* See *Publications of the Folk-Lore Society*, No. iv. p. 75.

† *Psalm cxxxvii.* 2, Bible version.

habit of one variety causes it to look as though it had a special sympathy with sorrow. Love-lorn Ophelia met her end in an endeavour to place a garland of nettles and what-not on the boughs of a willow that grew aslant a brook.* Another reference, Drayton has, to what his friend Spencer † spoke of as

“The willow worne of forlone paramours,”

in what seems to me to be an interesting passage on the plants appropriate for chaplets ‡—

“The garland long ago was worn,
 As time pleased to bestow it,
 The laurel only to adorn
 The conqueror and the poet.
 The palm his due who uncontroul'd
 On danger looking gravely,
 When fate had done the worst it could,
 Who bore his fortunes bravely.
 Most worthy of the oaken-wreath
 The ancients him esteemed,
 Who in a battle had from death,
 Some man of worth redeemed.
 About his temples grass they tie
 Himself that so behaved,
 In some strong siege by th' enemy,
 A city that hath saved.
 A wreath of vervain heralds wear,
 Amongst our garlands named,
 Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
 Offensive war proclaimed.
 The sign of peace who first displays,
 The olive wreath possesses :
 The lover with the myrtle sprays
 Adorns his crisped tresses.
 In love the sad forsaken wight
 The willow garland weareth :
 The funeral man, befitting night,
 The baleful cypress beareth.
 To Pan we dedicate the pine,
 Whose slips the shepherd graceth :
 Again the ivy and the vine
 On his swol'n Bacchus placeth.”

* *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 7.

† *Faerie Queen*, book i. chap. i. v. 9.

‡ *Nymphal*, v. [iv. 1485].

In the sixth *Eclogue* * Winken speaks of the "mournful cypress" and "sad widowing yew;" widowing, I suppose, because of its presumed fatal effect on any shepherd who might be tempted to sleep in its shade. "Yew," wrote Dodoens, in his *Historie of Plants*,† "is not profitable for man's bodie, for it is so hurtfull and venemous that such as doe but only sleepe under the shadow thereof become sicke, and sometimes they die, especially when it bloweth: in Gascoigne it is most dangerous." The epithet "sad," applied to the cypress, has become proper from the association of the tree with oriental burial-places, and with our own cemeteries. Perhaps, originally, it may have been planted by graves as a type of immortality, for the wood is very long-lasting, and I have seen Theophrastus quoted to the effect that the roofs of some ancient temples became famous because they were made of it; the timbers of the rafters being everlasting, and free from rot and cobweb and other evils to which wood generally is liable.

Of bridal flowers we have a lengthy list in the stirring account of one of the many watery weddings in which the reader of the *Polyolbion* is supposed to interest himself, that of Tame and Isis.‡ For the adornment of the bridegroom, wild blossoms were chosen as being in keeping with his manly nature; but all the spoils of the garden were woven into the "anadems" § and other devices which were to do honour to the bride. I do not give the passage at length because, though there is no doubt one might distil significance from every bud that was pressed into the service of "the happy pair," Drayton does not give any hints to help one, and the nymphs and naiads seem to have used whatever came to hand, merely making the distinction I have named between wild and cultivated flowers. It may be well, however, to record the names of the herbs that were strewn about on the occasion by the bridesmaids as the poet tells us they were such "at bridals us'd that be." || I do not know that there

* [iv. 1415].

† P. 557 of the translation by Henry Lyte (1578).

‡ *Pol.* xv. [iii. 945, &c.]

§ Chaplets.

|| In the poem concerning the marriage of Tita and the Fay (*Nymphal*, viii. [iv. 1511-13]), mention is made of the customs of breaking cake over the bride's

is as complete a catalogue of wedding strewments to be found elsewhere in verse, but Tusser's * list of "Strowing herbes of all sorts" answers to the same end in prose.

"The healthful balm and mint from their full laps do fly,
The scentful camomile, the verd'rous costmary; †
They hot muscado ‡ oft with milder maudlin § cast;
Strong tansy, fennel cool, they prodigally waste:
Clear hysop, and therewith the comfortable thyme,
Germander || with the rest, each thing then in her prime;
As well of wholesome herbs as every pleasant flower,
Which nature here produc'd to fit this happy hour.
Amongst these strowing kinds some other wild that grow
As burnet ¶ all abroad, and meadow wort ** they throw."

Of wort-cunning Drayton has some store: let us hear what he has to tell us: ††—

"Of simples in these groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill,
The nature of each herb to know.
Which cures and which can kill."

How much of the knowledge imparted was picked up from old

head, drinking posset, catching points from the bridegroom, and scrambling for nuts. These observances seem to have been omitted at the otherwise well-appointed nuptial of Tame and Isis. Short-cake, or bride-cake, is still showered over the heads of some northerly brides (Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties* (F.L.S.), p. 36; Gregor's *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland* (F.L.S.), p. 99; Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's edition), vol. ii. pp. 101, 102).

* See *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie* (E.D.S.), p. 42.

† *Tanacetum balsamita*, or, as Gerarde says, *Balsamita mas*.

‡ Muscadine, or muscadel, wine was drunk in church at a wedding (see *The Taming of the Shrew*, act iii. sc. 2); but here, I think, we have reference to some herb; may be to *Erodium moschatum*. Lelipa, making a wreath in the fifth *Nymphal*, mixes muscado with lavender, bay, &c. amongst—

"Germander, marjoram, and thyme,
Which used are for strowing."

§ *Balsamita fem.* or *vulgaris*.

|| *Teucrium chamædrys*.

¶ *Sanguis orbia officinalis*.

** *Spirea ulmaria*.

†† *Quest of Cynthia* [ii. 626].

wives, and how much culled from books—from Gerarde and Dodoens to wit—we need hardly stay to inquire.*

The hermit of Arden, whose praise is in *Polyolbion*, sallies forth with a little maund to gather herbs which have sundry strange effects upon mankind.† He finds “on an oak, rheum-purging polypode” (*Polypodium vulgare*), which, according to Clarinax, another recluse herbalist, is also good “to purge old rotten humours.”‡ After remarking that the kind which grows on an oak is accounted best, though its rarity interferes with the common use of it, Culpepper quaintly exclaims,§ “And why, I pray you, must Polypodium of the oak only be used? Gentle Colledge of Physitians, can you give me but a glimpse of reason for it? Is it only because it is dearest? Will you never leave your Covetousness till your lives leave you? The truth is, That which grows on earth is best (’tis an Herb of Saturn, and he seldom climbs Trees) to purge Melancholy; if the humour be otherwise, choose your Polypodium accordingly.”

Keeping an interested eye on the selections of the hermit, and comparing them with the simples in favour with Clarinax, we learn that fumitory (*Fumaria officinalis*) and eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*) are good for the sight. Yarrow figures as a styptic, though curiously enough it has for centuries been popularly called nose-bleed, and it has the reputation of producing sanguinary results in any nostril into which it may be introduced. Its fame as a medicinal agent is of very ancient date: it actually owes its botanical name, *Achillea millefolium*, to the legend that Achilles discovered it, and applied it for the benefit of wounded men, who, to return to Drayton, may also be helped by centory (*Chlora perfoliata*). Tutsan (*Clymenon Italiorum*) is thought by Gerarde || to signify *Tout sain*,

* “Of these most helpful herbs yet tell we but a few
To those unnumb’red sorts of simples here that grew,
Which justly to set down even Dodon short doth fal,
Nor skilful Gerard yet shall ever find them all.”—*Pol.* xiii. [iii. 920].

† *Pol.* xiii. [iii. 919, &c.]

‡ *Nymph.* v. [iv. 1490].

§ *The English Physitian Enlarged* (1661), p. 193.

|| *The Theater of Plants, or an Universall and Compleat Herball* (1597), p. 435.

from the all-healing qualities which it shares with "blessed betony" (*Stachys betonica*)—

"Whose cures deserven writing."

An extraordinary number of virtues are attributed to it in one of the First-English MSS. translated by the late Rev. Oswald Cockayne: it is remarked, "it is good, whether for the man's soul or for his body."*

"Holy Vervain" (*Verbena sacra*) the hermit regarded as a specific for megrim or aching of one side of the head, if the sufferer bound it round his head as a coronal. It was also efficacious in cases of witchcraft, and so was "wonder-working dill" † (*Anethrum graveolens*),

"Which curious women use in many a nice disease."

Moly (*Allium moly*), called by Gerarde, sorcerer's garlic, lunary (*Lunaria biennis*, or *Botrychium lunaria*), and nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), were likewise valuable to produce enchantments, of which I shall have more to say presently. The effect of henbane (*Hyo-scymus niger*), poppy and hemlock (*Conium maculatum*), in "producing deadly sleeping," was not unknown to Clarinax. These he did—

"Minister with fear,
Not fit for each man's keeping,"

his cautious nature standing in the stead of a Sale of Poisons Act. Garlic (*Allium sativum*) by the way is called "the poor man's Mithridate," or preservative against poison, in the twentieth Song of *Polyolbion*.‡

Adder's tongue (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*) was created "its own like to cure": it was for the benefit of those "with newts, or snakes, or adders stung." Probably there is no belief which is more firmly held by country-folk than that here subscribed to by Drayton, that newts are poisonous. I well remember being awe-stricken as a child on being told that a woman had her arm "venomed" by a newt, although she never touched the reptile with anything more sensitive than the head of a mop, the stick, as far as it was given to me to understand the story, having acted as a conductor of the subtle bale. The Rev. J. G. Wood, in *Common Objects of the Country*,§ gives some amus-

* *Leechdoms, Wort cunning, and Star craft in Early England*, p. 71.

† See also *Nymphidia* [ii. 463].

‡ [iii. 1040.]

§ Pp. 49-52.

ing instances of the same kind of thing. Another medicament for serpent-stings was agrimony or egrimony (*Agrimonia Eupatoria*), which with saxifrage (*Saxifraga granulata*), hart's tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*), and "the herb we call St. John" (*Hypericum perforatum*), was given with hope of cure to those afflicted with calculous disease. Valerian (*Valeriana officinalis*) was cropped and duly bruised,

"T'apply unto the place that's haled with cramp."

Mugwort (*Artemesia vulgaris*) came into use both in magic and in the nursery; and humble chickweed (*Stellaria media*) was, for external application, accredited with the cooling property of Rowland's costly Kalydor; whilst sorrel (*Rumex acetosa*) assuaged internal heat. The power of mandrake (*Atropa mandragora*), in philtres, to procure love, and, worn about the body, to correct barrenness, was unduly recognised. The spleen and liver derived comfort from horehound (*Marrubium vulgare*), and so—at least mentally—did he who was bitten by a rabid dog. Dictam (*Dictamnium creticum*) had the power of expelling darts, &c.: "the Hart being pierced with the dart," says John Lyly* (who has a greater charm for the present writer than he had for Drayton), "runneth out of hand to the hearb Dictamnium, and is healed." Dodder (*Cusenta*) was a remedy for ague; mallow (*Malva sylvestris*) was applied to sudden tumours; whilst Mercury (*Chenopodium bonus Henricus*) and hellebore (*Helleborus niger*) mundified old ulcers, the latter having, as we shall hear directly, another virtue—

"To him that hath a flux of shepherd's purse † he gives,
And mouse ear ‡ unto him that some sharp rupture grieves;
And for the labouring wretch that's troubled with a cough,
Or stopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard and tough;
Campana § here he crops approved wondrous good,
As comfrey || unto him that's bruised, spitting blood,
And from the falling ill by five-leaf ¶ doth restore,
And melancholy cures by sovereign hellebore."

Culpepper** remarks of five-leaved grass, "Some hold that one leaf cures a Quotidian, three a Tertian, and four a Quartan Ague, and

* *Euphuus* (Arber's edition), p. 61.

‡ *Hieracium pilosella*.

|| *Symphytum officinale*.

** *The English Physitian Enlarged*, p. 69.

† *Pera pastoris*.

§ *Lychnis*.

¶ *Potentilla reptans*.

a hundred to one if it be not Dioscorides, for he is full of such whimsies: The truth is, I never stood so much upon the number of the leaves, nor whether I gave it in powder or decoction; if"—continues this common-sense Englishman—" *Jupiter* were strong, and the moon applying to him or his good Aspect at the gathering, I never knew it miss the desired effects." Jupiter and the moon; there was the rub! According to Drayton,* it was one of the privileges of the antediluvian age that—

" In med'cine simples had that power,
That none need then the planetary hour
To help them in their working."

Having completed our examination of the worthy hermit's maund of simples we may take leave of him and of Clarinax; but before turning from the subject of herbs altogether I must point out a passage † in which the use of them is referred to in the figurative manner which Drayton so much affected; it is that touching the long persevered-in treatment of "grim Goodwin" (sands), who, ever resentful of the Norman Conquest, foams and frets with hatred to France and strives to swallow up the sea-marks—

" The surgeons of the sea do all their skill apply
If possibly to cure his grievous malady :
As Amphitrite's nymphs their very utmost prove
By all the means they could his madness to remove.
From Greenwich to these sands some scurvy grass ‡ they bring,
That inwardly apply'd s a wond'rous sovereign thing.
From Shepey, sea-moss § some to cool his boiling blood ;
Some, his ill-seasoned mouth that wisely understood,
Rob Dover's neighbouring cleeves of samphyre, ¶ to excite
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite."

In this chapter of vegetable virtues it is right to mention the folklore of S. Winifred's Well, because the moss growing thereby was as Drayton relates accounted of value against infectious damp. ¶ It was worn as pomander, that is in a scented ball, compounded of various ingredients--apples frequently being one—which it was formerly the

* *Noah's Flood* [iv. 1526].

‡ *Cochlearia officinalis*.

¶ *Crithmum marinum*.

† *Pol.* xviii. [iii. 1021].

§ *Ulva latissima*.

¶ *Pol.* iv. [ii. 731].

fashion to carry about on the person. The poet gives the legend of chaste Winifred,* who, when endeavouring to evade the amatory attentions of Caradoc, a seventh-century Prince of Wales, was cruelly beheaded by him. Her tears into a fountain turned—

“The pure vermilion blood, that issued from her veins,
Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains.” †

and her hair was changed into the moss aforesaid. Whatever living thing may be thrown into this well will float, and with its waters diseases may be washed away. The, probably, real story of this lady, as given by Mr. Baring-Gould, ‡ is not quite as marvellous as the one just told; he says the so-called blood-streaks are caused by iron § in the stone, and declares that the moss has lost its savour. Moreover. “it is remarkable that in the Survey of Domesday Book which includes the county of Flint, neither church, chapel, nor well of S. Winifred is mentioned; affording the presumption that the story and celebrity of the saint are of later date than the Norman Conquest.” James the Second came on a pilgrimage to S. Winifred’s Well, and touched for the Evil on its steps, the curative power of regal hands, having been left, as Drayton chronicles, an heirloom to the English throne by Edward the Confessor. || An intermittent spring at Giggleswick, ¶ which sometimes falls and rises three times within an hour, and, though thirty miles from the sea, has a range of three-quarters of a yard between high and low water-mark, was, *teste* Drayton, originally a nymph, who, like S. Winifred, fled from a lover until being fairly out of breath she was pitied by “the topick gods” and turned into water, to ebb and flow—

“Even as the fearful nymph then thick and short did blow.”

* *Pol.* x. [iii. 846, 847].

† When wet the earth at Hastings is still red (*Pol.* xviii. [iii. 981]); and at Boroughbridge no grass grows where the Barons were defeated (*The Barons Wars*, book i. v. 51 [i. 120]). Nature has a good memory.

‡ *Lives of the Saints*, part i. pp. 69-72.

§ Mr. Askew Roberts, well-known as the author of *A Gossiping Guide to Wales*, attributes them to the growth of *Byssus lolithus*, and says the moss is *Jungermannia asplenium*.

|| *Pol.* xi. [iii. 870].

¶ *Pol.* xxviii. [iii. 1197].

The same authority would also have us believe that "the holy springs" of Harlweston,*—one salt, the other sweet, that good for dimness of sight, this for disorder of skin,—are the essences of two nymphs beloved of sylvan deities, who in fond remembrance of the fair ones bestowed on the waters the healing qualities for which they are still locally respected.

It would be *ultra crepidam* for me to inquire whether Drayton himself credited such tales as these and others that I might repeat † until time should fail; but I would that I knew which of them he made "out of his own head." The account of the parting of Marceley Hill, ‡ how that it burst asunder in vexation at not being invited to the wedding of Lug and Wye, was probably one of them; for the earthquake which happened at the same time as the landslide took place § in Drayton's day, and a tradition would hardly have rooted concerning it as early as 1612, when the first instalment of *Polyolbion* was printed. To the credit of this myth, then, I think Drayton may very fairly lay claim. What tale they tell in the West-Country about Marceley in this present year of grace I have no means of hearing; but I venture to assert that here was a germ of folk-lore which the more favourable conditions of earlier ages than those in which Drayton sang would not have permitted to perish.

* *Pol.* xxii. [iii. 1058, 9].

† *Exempli gratia*: the fourteen daughters of Breacan were turned into as many rivers, which, in all their maiden purity, fall into the Severn—

"And from the seas with fear they still do fly,

So much they yet delight in maiden company."—*Pol.* iv. [ii. 728].

Tenet (Thanet) was a daughter of Albion, and when he went to Gaul to fight with Alcides, of whose fame he was emulous, she was only kept from following by the widening of a channel which might before be crossed afoot.—[*Pol.* xviii. [iii. 1020]. Rolright Stones, near Towcester, are, Drayton says (*Pol.* xiii. [iii. 925]):

"A witness of the day we won upon the Danes."

On which Selden, annotating the *Polyolbion*, remarks somewhat contemptuously, methinks "He means Rollritch Stones . . . of which the vulgar there have a fabulous tradition that they are an army of men, and I know not what great general among them, converted into stone not having his superior in the ranks of untruths" [iii. 925].

‡ *Pol.* vii. [ii. 788; note, 794].

§ Selden's note says in 1575; another authority in 1571. In *Cider*, book i, Philips recommends apple-growers to distrust this "deceitful ground."

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—*La Houle de la Corbière.*

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Agnès Depais, (2) her husband,

(3) her child, (4) a fisherman, (5) fairy.

Thread of story.—Agnès Depais lives with husband on the road nearest to this fairies' cave, its mouth being towards the sea—she often hears noise of spinning-wheel, a crying child or the crowing of a cock, or sound of churning, apparently from underneath the hearthstone—has no fear—fairies considered benevolent. One night fisherman calls for her husband to join him—Agnès asks him if he knows the hour—he does not—a voice from beneath tells the hour—they laugh and cry "thanks." Some time after Agnès's child is ill, at death's door—Agnès bewails its fate—a voice summons her to the hearth—a stone is removed—a hand appears and gives her a bottle, the voice telling her to rub the child's throat and chest and preserve the bottle—the stone falls back to its place—Agnès rubs as told—the child is healed—she lends the bottle to neighbours—other children are cured. Long after her husband is very ill—she goes to a neighbour for the bottle, still containing a little liquid—neighbour drops the bottle, which is smashed. Agnès, in despair, sits by hearthstone, and appeals for help to her former succour—no answer—she removes the stone—fairy hands her another bottle with a caution that it is the last—she is neither to lend it nor speak of it to any one. Husband is healed. Some time after she hears subterranean music—she thinks of her cow and two sheep that have been stolen from her, and determines to ask the fairies about them. One night the voice asks her if she has a light—Agnès takes a brand to the hearthstone—the hand takes it—Agnès asks for help to recover the animals—the fairy gives her a box of salve

Thread of Story—continued.

with which to grease the ropes with which they had been fastened, and promises her their return. Next day Agnès applies the salve, and is in possession of a splendid cow and two sheep—she regrets she has not asked for fairies' bread. One night her child is crying with hunger—she tells him to strike the hearthstone with a hammer, and ask the fairy for bread—he does so—the hand gives him a loaf, telling him it will last his life if he preserves it, and gives none to any one but his parents. The bread remains entire, though constantly used, for ten years—but one night Agnès husband, intoxicated, brings home a friend—gives him a piece of the bread—it disappears—they often beg the fairies to return it. The fairies are deaf to all their entreaties.

Incidental circumstances.—Nil.

Where published.—*Littérature Orale de la Haute-Bretagne*, par Paul Sébillot. 1881. Paris. Pp. 5-12.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name:* Marie Chéhu, of Saint Cast, aged 80.
3. *Other particulars.* Story told in 1879.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above—

Cf. Sébillot's *Contes Populaires de la Haute-Bretagne*, xxii. iv. and xvii.; also, Sébillot's *Traditions, Superstitions, et Légende de la Haute-Bretagne*, pp. 8 and 9, Paris, 1880; and *Revue de Linguistique*, t. xiii. (Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON, Wimbledon.

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

Specific name.—La Houle de Pouliéc.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Two young men, (2) a married man, (3) his wife, (4) two ladies (fairies), (5) cock.

Thread of story.—The cave of Pouliéc is very lofty and very extensive—its extreme limit has never been reached—two young men attempt to explore it with a torch—torch goes out—they return frightened. Next day they try again and go further—hear voices—retreat frightened—next day (Friday) they take a cock into the cave and leave him at some distance from the entrance—Saturday they leave the cave unvisited—on Sunday cock-crowling is heard under the church-porch¹—in afternoon the two young men with others enter the cave—go further than before—hear a voice²—all retreat, frightened. These events become known—a large party enter—penetrate further than before—find a meal served on a stone table—two ladies appear—invite them to dine—they do so—ladies tell them to come back once more and they will learn what will be of use to them hereafter.³ The men revisit the cave—again see the ladies—who ask them questions⁴—then tell them useful things and give them bread and meat. One of the men declares himself a family man in great poverty—lady tells him to return when next his wife is pregnant, and gives him money—the man returns accordingly—lady asks to be the child's godmother—father and mother refuse—the ladies take away all the presents they had given them—or they become poor as before.

Incidental circumstances.

- (1) The church-door is more than a league from the entrance to the cavern.
- (2) The voice says "the dough must be placed in the oven."
- (3) The men come to the conclusion that the ladies are fairies.
- (4) Whether they were agriculturists or sailors, bachelors or married men.

Where published.—*Littérature Orale de la Haute-Bretagne*, par Paul Sébillot. 1881. Paris. Pp. 14-17.

Nature of collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name:* Scolastique Durand (aged 72), of Pîcvenon.
3. *Other particulars.* Story told in 1879.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—For the underground cock, see Habasque's *Notions historiques sur les Côtes-du-Nord*, t. iii. p. 127, and M. Dulaurens de la Barre's *Fantômes bretons*, p. 103.

Several stories speak of fairies' bread that never diminishes if not shared with any one.

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON, Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—La Houle Cossen.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Fisherman, (2) Fairies.

Thread of Story.—A fisherman of Saint Jacut, going home at night-fall, sees fairies in cave—they rub their eyes with salve and leave the cave like ordinary women, he being hidden behind a rock—he enters the cave—finds a little salve on a rock—rubs it round his left eye in the hope of discovering treasure. Some days afterwards a woman in rags begs bread in the village—the fisherman recognises her as one of the fairies—sees that she throws charms over certain houses. When he goes to sea he is able to tell the sea fairies from the fish that they resemble, and is able to escape from the tricks that they play with the fisherman's nets, baits, &c. He goes to the fair—recognises fairies as fortune-tellers, gaming-table keepers, &c.—he avoids them, but is able to see that they are uneasy, feeling vaguely that some one has recognised them—presently he perceives that the fairies have found him out—he wishes to escape, but one of the fairies digs out the offending eye, thus punishing him for wishing to know the secrets of the sea fairies.

Incidental circumstances.—Nil.

Where published.—*Littérature Orale de la Haute-Bretagne*, par Paul Scébillot. 1881. Paris. Pp. 24-27.

Nature of collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.* Doctor Carré, native of Saint Jacut.
3. *Other particulars.* Story told in 1866.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—The eye-salve figures in many stories. Cf. Bruyère, *Contes populaires de la Grande Bretagne*, conte 39. *Mélusine*, col. 84. Also the history of the blind Baba-Abdallah in the *Thousand and One Nights*. See also *Contes pop. de la Haute Bretagne*, conte xvii. and the "Witch and the New-born," in Webster's Basque stories.

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON, Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Three Marys.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Father, (2) son (hero), (3) a stranger (the Devil), (4) the three Marys, (5) St. Joseph, (6) a composite monster.

Thread of story.—Poverty-stricken father, about to have another addition to his family, meets a stranger,¹ who offers himself as god-father to son about to be born, on condition that when twenty years old he be given up to him.² This time comes.³ Stranger leads youth away to a castle. Youth finds three females clothed in white (the three Marys), who warn him of stranger's evil designs. Stranger sets him three tasks. Acting under advice of three Marys, he accomplishes first two⁴ with aid of St. Joseph.⁵ By their advice he also accomplishes third task—to ride a monstrous horse.⁶ He then takes leave of stranger,⁷ and goes home after giving thanks in a church⁸ for his merciful escape.

Incidental circumstances.

¹ Riding on horse-back. ² He gives a sum of money to father, and excuses himself from being present at baptism. ³ Son brought to original place of meeting. ⁴ First: to knead a bushel of flour without water; second: to find a bunch of grapes in January. ⁵ Who lives in a little cottage—he has to go straight forward to find it, and not look back when people call him. ⁶ Composed of the whole family, the man is the head; woman the tail; children the haunches. He quells it by striking the head with an iron club. ⁷ Who is sick after the mauling. ⁸ The church vanishes and he finds himself at home.

Where published.—*El Folk-Love Andaluz*, 1882-3, p. 457.

Contributed by D^a Cipriana Alvarez Duran.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Not given.
3. *Other particulars.*—Was part of the unpublished collection of Demofilo (Señor Machado y Alvarez).

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

The Rejuvenating Elixir.—Can any of your correspondents give me some information respecting the, probably French, source of the following fairy tale? A lady possessed an elixir, a few drops of which were sufficient to rejuvenate a person. Her maid found the potion and drank the whole of it; the consequence being that she became a little child, she having taken an over-dose. Where has this story first been told.

C. A. BUCHHEIM.

Magpies as a Cure for Epilepsy.—The following singular advertisement appears in the *Deutsch-Kroner Zeitung* of December 11th, 1883:—"Magpies shot between December 24th and January 6th are used as a remedy against epilepsy. The undersigned, with whom this medicine is prepared, will be greatly obliged to every one who will send him as many magpies as possible, provided they have been shot, and not killed by persons or caught in traps.—Castle Tutz, December 5th, 1883. (Signed) Theodore Count Stolberg."

ROBERT BROWN.

Bible and Key.—At the Thames Police Court, a woman named Lyons was charged with violently assaulting a woman named O'Brien, by striking her over the head with some heavy instrument, tearing out some of her hair, and knocking her down. The prisoner admitted the assault. The dispute, she explained, arose out of the loss of her shawl, which had disappeared in a mysterious way. She felt certain that it had been stolen, and she therefore made up her mind to find out the thief by means of the "Bible and key," a test which never failed. She accordingly invited several friends to her room. She got a key and a Bible, and, laying the Bible upon the table, she took the key, and, after tying a piece of string to it, placed it inside the Bible with the wards flat upon the leaves. She then closed the book, and, sitting so that those in the room could see her, she took in her

hand the part of the key which she had left projecting, and pronounced the names of the persons she was acquainted with, repeating after each name the words "Turn, Bible, turn, turn round the key; turn, key, turn, and show the name to me." She repeated several names, but no sign was given. At last she mentioned the name of Mrs. O'Brien, and then the key gave such a turn that it twisted itself out of her hand and fell on to the floor. She picked it up and replaced it, and then in the same way she got the name of the pawnbroker where her shawl was pledged, Ultimately the magistrate bound both the women over to keep the peace.—*St. James's Gazette*, April 16th, 1884.

ROBERT BROWN.

Early mention of traditional ballads.—"That which follows [about Athelstan] I have learned from old ballads popular through succeeding times."—*William of Malmesbury*, lib. ii. cap. vi. G.

Saint Patrick and the Devil.—Can any one give the legend about St. Patrick and the Devil? I used to hear it in the neighbourhood of the Shannon when a boy, but forget it. It was somewhat like the story of Andriamatoa in the *Journal* for January, page 45, being a trial of skill. All I remember is, the saint gave the devil a number of things to do, all of which he succeeded in, till at last he told him to make a rope of sand. This he failed in, and the remains of the devil's rope is the Eskers that stretch across Ireland from Dublin to Galway Bay.

I think one of the feats was to make in a day as many islands as there are days in the year—which he did in Clew Bay. And another to make in the same time as many lakes as there are days in the year, which he did in the plain of Connemara, between Clifden and Roundston.

G. H. KINAHAN.

A Universal Panacea.—The annexed extract is from a work by "William Cloues, Mayster in Chirurgery," and afterwards "one of her Maiesties Chirurgions," published in 1588. I am more than half inclined to believe that the "lewde woman" did not repeat the real charm, although straightly charged to do so:—

"I reade likewise of another lewde woman, which was accused of witchcraft; the cause was for that she did commonly take upon her

to cure men, women, children, and beasts by a certayne charme, the whiche they saye she would do onely for a penny in money and a loafe of bread. This was misliked of many good men in the countrey where she did dwell, and for that cause she was upon suspition of sorcery and witchcraft brought to the Assizes and there arrayned for it. The simplicity of the old woman was somewhat considered by the whole bench: then the judges and the justices graunted her this favour, that if she would surely declare unto them what manner of charm it was she used she should be deliuered: and beyng in greate feare and doubt of her life forthwithe in the presence of them all declared it to be as followeth:—

“First (sayd she) after I had receyued the penny in money and the loafe of bread, then my charme was this:—

The Charme.	}	1. My lofe in my lappe,
		2. My Penny in my pursse,
		3. Thou art never the better,
		4. Nor I am neuer the wurse.

“Immediately after the judges with the rest perceued it to be meere deceit and cosenage, then they did straightly charge her upon payne of great punishment to leave off her delusions and cosenage of the people and so she was discharged as is there said.” D’ARCY POWER.

Notes from Weardale, Durham.—*Cramp Bone.*—Children were very eager to obtain this charm from the head of a goose, when the dinner was a giblet-pie. It is the top of the neck column, and was carried in the pocket.

Fox and Geese.—This game was common to children of both sexes, and generally a night-game, when there was moonlight, or not very dark. A gathering of children would select a fox and a goose, then the fox would place himself in front of the geese. The leader of the geese would step forward, and address the fox in a loud voice.

Goose. Fox a fox, a fummelary, how many miles a mummelary?

Fox. Eight and eight, and other eight.

Goose. How shall I get home to-night?

Fox. Fly your stumps, and you’ll get home in candle-light.

The geese then would “fly” to reach the goal behind the fox; the

first goose caught joined the fox, changing sides, until all the geese were captured.

J. G. FENWICK.

Legend of Slain Warriors.—In which paper was there lately some correspondence about the rising of slain warriors in the evening to fight over again their battles? It is a northern legend occurring in the Edda; does it also occur in an English book? There is a legend about a Norman hero who had the gift of inheriting the talents, capacities, &c., of his antagonists whom he had slain in battle. What was his name? In which book is there an account of him?

C. A. BUCHHEIM.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Mélusine, revue de mythologie, littérature populaire, traditions et usages.

Dirigée par H. Gaidoz et E. Rolland. Paris, 1884. (Vol. ii. No. 1.)

It is a sign of the times that *Mélusine*, which had stopped for six years, has again commenced publication, and we are heartily glad to welcome this first number. It will be our duty to chronicle the contents of each number in these pages as it appears, and we hope our readers will render all the aid they can to our French contemporary. After a few words of introduction by the learned editors we have articles on "De l'importance des usages populaires juridiques," a particularly important subject, "L'origine des puces," "L'embrouillement des pieds," conte Basque, "L'arc-en-ciel," "La légende de Pontoise," "La femme au serpent," conte des sauvages de l'Amérique du Nord, "Un légende serbe sur les moustiques."

Señor Machado y Alvarez is contributing to the Madrid journal *el America* a series of articles upon Dr. Pittré's "Children's Games in Sicily." He identifies the games played by the *muchachos* of Spain with the pastimes familiar to the *ragazzi* of Italy, and these latter have been shown in our pages to be the same as the games of

English boys. To name one example only, Hop-Scotch is as much a favourite in Spain as it is in Italy and England, though of course its name varies with the meridian under which it is played.

A lecture on "Ballad Lore" was given by Mdme. Hoffman at Exeter Hall. Songs of the minstrels, quaint street cries, the Morris-dance, old tunes, and modern ballads, were commented upon and illustrated.

The following are the titles of folk-lore notes in *Panjab Notes and Queries* (*January*): Marriage ceremonies, birth customs, donkeys, donkey-ride punishment, well-finding by goats, omens (jackals, spiders), silk unlawful for Muhammadans, churel ghosts, Chank, cures for sore throat, recipes for fever, nazar (evil eye, cause and antidote, black, protection against nazar), seed-grain, birth custom, kana, one-eyed man unlucky, omens, dreams, folk-lore from difficult sources. (*February*): Marriage ceremonies, holy stones, nazar (women not subject), use of surma and kajal, nazar in parents, disgusting objects fatal to nazar, opprobrious names, a cure, birth custom, death customs (female infants), spilling salt, overturned shoes, horses shaking the head, dreams, omens, crows, earwigs, wagtail, snake brain oil, metamorphosis, pheasants, magic squares, storms, first-born children, Panjabi proverbs, folk-lore from difficult sources. (*March*): Maratta marriages, birth custom, new moon, hare-luck, cross beams, luck, Ri-thlen murders, Machhi Baon storm-raising fairy, burning houses to secure male issue, nazar, seven stones, cures, deformities, remedies in the case of personal beauty, cattle disease, fish feeding in illness, snakes, dogs, ants, magic squares, Shi'ahs bread, rain keeping off, customs of the Woddaru, nazar wattu, Panjabi proverbs, folk-lore from difficult sources.

In the *China Review* for March there is a paper on Hakka folk-lore and another on Hakka songs.

In the transactions of the Society of Cymmrodorion, vol. vi. part 11, there is a paper on Welsh fairy tales by Professor Rhys.

In the Montgomeryshire collection of the Powys-land School of Art (April 1884) is a paper by the Rev. Elias Owen, on "Folk-lore, Superstitions, or what not," in Montgomeryshire.

MALAGASY FOLK-TALES.

BY THE REV. JAMES SIBREE, JUNIOR.

RAMÀITSOANÀLA.



ONCE upon a time, 'tis said, Ravòrombé (that is, "Big-bird") arose and built a house in the midst of the water. And when she had finished the house she bought Ikétaka to be housekeeper. And after Ikétaka had remained long there, Ravòrombé went away to seek for prey; and, thus occupied, she swept up everything she saw belonging to men, and brought it to her dwelling. After some time she laid eggs and sat on them; and after sitting some time the eggs were hatched, and the young birds went off to fly; but one egg alone remained unhatched, so she thought it addled, and removed it, placing it in the cover of a basket. After she had forgotten where it was, Ikétaka said, "The addled egg is there in the basket, and we have forgotten to cook it." Ravòrombé replied, "Let it be until to-morrow, for this rice is all finished." So she stopped her. On the morrow they forgot it again; and the same on the following day. And after a little time longer she looked, and behold! it was hatched, and had produced a human creature! Then Ikétaka was astonished, and called to Ravòrombé, "Come quickly, for this egg is hatched, and has produced one of human kind!" So she came and looked, and saw that it was really so. Then she said, "This is my offspring; and her name shall be Ramàitsoanàla (that is, 'Green in the Forest'). But there is no one to give it suck; so I'll go and steal a cow for milking, that she may feed on milk." So she went and swept off a cow in milk, and got it for her child's sustenance; for she had no breasts, being a bird. Then she made a little box for the child and placed it there, bidding Ikétaka to mind it. Then she went away again seeking

for prey; and whenever she saw anything beautiful belonging to people she swept off with it and brought it to her child. And when she came to her house she cried out, "Ramàitsoanàla there! Ramàitsoanàla there! Why, say I, don't you peep out, and why don't you look about?" But there was no answer, for it was still an infant, and how could it speak and stand up?

So she came in, and spoke again, "I smell humankind, I smell humankind!" Then said Ikétaka, "Who has come in but we two, that you say, 'I smell humankind'?" The bird replied, "Did not I think that there was some one here, and that you had been taken away by them?" Then she spoke again and said, "But have you given the child its milk?" "Yes," replied Ikétaka. So she stopped there a while. But after a time she went away again to seek for prey; and brought again the precious things belonging to people, and gave them to her child. And, coming home, she called again, "Ramàitsoanàla there! Ramàitsoanàla there! Why, say I, don't you peep out, and why don't you look about?"

But again there was no reply, for the child was little, and how could it answer? So she came in and said, "I smell humankind, I smell humankind!" Then said Ikétaka, "Who has come in but we two, that you should talk thus?" The bird replied, "Did I not think there was some one come to fetch you away?" Then she stopped there, and said, "But how is my child? Is it getting big or not?" Then Ikétaka answered, "It is getting rather big now, and in a little time will be able to walk."

Then she went off again, and the child also began to learn to walk. And then she came again, and called according to her custom, but none answered, for the child was still little. And after a time there came Andrianabahòaka from the north, and looked from the water's edge, and said, "Oh dear! there seems to be something very wonderful yonder on that island; come, let us get a canoe, and go there, and see what kind of a thing it is." And on arriving there he asked Ikétaka, "Whose child is this, that I may take it for a wife?" Ikétaka replied, "This is Ravòrombé's child, for its mother is a bird, and it is still little. But, pray go away, Sir; for the day is windy, and its mother will be here directly; so pray go away for a time, for

she will devour you all ; pray begone, and come again another time, for the child is still little."

So Andriambahòaka arose ; and when he had only gone a little way, Ravòrombé came back, and called the child as she used to do ; but, as there was no reply, she said, " I smell humankind, I smell human-kind." And Ikétaka, coming in, said, " What person can have been here? for every time you come in you speak thus !" She replied, " Did I not think that some one had come in and taken you both away ?" at the same time opening the box, and looking at her child, whom she saw to be getting big. Then she said, " Do you stay here, for I will go and look for ornaments for Ramàitsoanàla, for she is growing up." So she went away.

And Andriambahòaka spoke to his two wives and to his people thus : " There is a beautiful young lass, and I am going to take her for a wife, for we are most unfortunate in having no children. And so after a fortnight I shall be back ; so bid the servants fatten fowls and pound rice in abundance, for when I return I shall marry her, therefore make all preparations." So he set off, and coming to the water's edge he sent for canoes and crossed over ; on arriving there he was welcomed by Ikétaka, and he spoke to Ramàitsoanàla thus : " What do you say, Miss ; if I take you for my wife, will you be willing, or how ?" She replied, " Nonsense, Sir ; you can't manage me ; so let it alone, Sir." He said, " Tell me why I could not manage you." She replied, " This is why you could not : my mother is a bird." Andriambahòaka replied again, " If that is all, Miss, I am equal to it ; so come now, let us go." Then said Ikétaka, " But if you marry her, Sir, will you not let her wait first for her mother ?" But he replied, " Let us go, for when she comes she can follow." So when the two could not resist him, Ramàitsoanàla went away, and Ikétaka was left to keep the house.

Then they went and took white rice and indian-corn and beans to deceive the mother on the road until Andriambahòaka should get home, lest the girl should be overtaken by her mother on the road and brought back. And after a while, back came the mother, and called again as she was used to do. Then Ikétaka replied from the house " Ramàitsoanàla is not here, but has been taken away by some one."

“Who has taken her, and where has she gone?” asked Ravòrombé. “Andriambahòaka from the north has taken her, and northwards has she gone.” So away went Ravòrombé to the north. And as she was getting near the child, Ramàitsoanàla said, “Here comes my mother, and so the day is stormy; just scatter some of the rice.” So they scattered it about, and went on their way. But when the mother came up, she said, “Dear me, here is rice she has scattered, and I am forsaken by her.” So she sat down to gather it up; and then returned to take it back to the house, and after that went back to follow her child. But again Ramàitsoanàla knew by the wind which blew that her mother was following her, and so the indian-corn was scattered on the road, and was also gathered up and taken back by Ravòrombé; and so again with the beans.

By this time her child had come near Andriambahòaka’s village; so he sent people forward, and said, “Bid the people make ready, for Andriambahòaka has come south of the village.” So the people made preparations, and the pair came up. And as the people sat there, Andriambahòaka’s wife would not look into the house, for she said, “How should a bird’s offspring come in?” And as the pair were sitting comfortably there, up came the mother, and said, “How is it, child, you have got a husband, and did not wait for me at all, and did not even consult me at all?” And her child made no answer. Then she rose, and took the child’s eyes, and stripped off her skin, and departed. But the child stood stripped there, and spoke to Andriambahòaka thus: “Is not this that I asked you, ‘Can you bear with me, whose mother was a bird?’” But Andriambahòaka replied, “Nevertheless, I can still bear with you.” So when his wives heard that they said, “Nonsense! what sort of a wife is this, with nothing but bones, and without eyes? We do not consent; but let the household property be divided.” Then they brought her some *hìsatra* (the strong, tough peel of the papyrus) to make a mat.

And so Ravòrombé’s child sat down; and when the mother was going to cook rice the eyes of her child dropped down tears from above the hearth; for it was there she had placed the eye-balls, and the mother could not by any means light the fire. And when she saw that she said, “Come, let me go; for indeed sore trouble has befallen my

child, because this falling down of her eyes is extraordinary!" So she went away; and, coming in, she said, "What is it has happened to you that I cannot light the fire?" Her child answered, "Why, mother, the people are dividing the household goods; but I have no eyes, and that is why I am weeping." So the mother said, "Where is it that I may do it?" Then she plaited the mat quickly, and it was finished, and she went away.

After that Andriambahòaka's wives said, "Come, work away, and give her some silk" (for spinning or weaving). But again Ramàitsoanàla wept, and her mother could not light the fire. So she came again, saying, "What is the matter with you now, child, that I cannot light the fire?" She answered, "Why, mother, they have brought me silk." Then her mother finished the silk for her; and when it was finished she went off again, and began to tend the fire on the hearth. And after a little while again Andriambahòaka's wives brought cloths and dresses for Ramàitsoanàla to sew, and said, "Will she be able to finish these; for if we bring many things afterwards, won't she run away?" But they thought that when she brought them they would not be finished. Then Ramàitsoanàla wept again and said, "Oh dear, but this is too difficult!" So her tears again flowed down upon the hearth, and again her mother rose up, saying, "What ever can this be again happening to my child?" and away she went; and on coming to her daughter and inquiring she showed her the clothes and the dresses, which the mother finished and went away as before.

And after waiting a little Andriambahòaka's wives said, "Come, let us three be compared together, for we two are put to shame by this child of a bird; for people called her very beautiful, although she had her eyes put out, and has only bones!" But Andriambahòaka said, "Enough of that, Ramatoa; for what will you do, say I, to shame her? Enough of that." But she would not be quiet, but spoke all the more. And as Andriambahòaka could not prevent the two women from speaking, he said, "When then will you be compared?" The two answered, "On Thursday"; and, going away to Ramàitsoanàla, he told her she should be compared with the other two on the Thursday. Then Ramàitsoanàla wept, and again her mother could not light any fire; upon which she rose up and came to her daughter;

and, on being informed about it all, she said, "If that is all, be not sorrowful, for I will go and fetch ornaments for you, and then you can stand comparison with the others." So she went away, and brought her daughter's eyes and skin, and coral beads, and gold and silks, and all kinds of beautiful ornaments she brought; and she also brought a golden chair for her to sit down upon. And when the appointed time arrived she adorned her daughter, putting in her eyes and replacing her skin, and allowed no person to see her.

And so the three women were fetched to go in the open space to be compared, for the people were gathered together. And the two wives did not adorn themselves at all, for they hoped thus: "This woman without eyes is coming; and what of her?" at the same time getting up and standing on the eastern side. Then came also Ramàitsoanàla and went to the northern side; but as soon as she showed her face the two women fled away, and ran off into the fosse, for they were ashamed, and died there. And so Andriambahòaka took Ramàitsoanàla home and wedded her.

And she bore a child and had a son, whose name they also called Andriambahòaka, for he succeeded his father at his death. But the father rejoiced, for he obtained what he had desired.

THE WILD HOG AND THE CHAMELEON.

One day as a wild-hog was setting off to hunt he met with a chameleon on the road by the side of a watercourse, and as he looked at the chameleon he exclaimed, "Dear me! what a strange way of walking you have, friend! Judging from the way you walk one would think you could never get enough food, friend, for you walk so slowly; so take good care lest some big furious beast comes by and tramples you suddenly to death, for you are both weak and very slow in moving about. So I think we two will separate here at this watercourse; and although I don't walk at all quickly, but go along quite gently, just look, for when I have crossed over this valley you will even not have crossed the bed of this little stream."

The chameleon replied in his turn, "True enough, friend, that I seem to you to be very weak and to go very gently indeed. At the

same time, remember that we each possess what is most fitting for us; and so you are able to get food to satisfy you, and I also obtain food to satisfy myself."

And then the chameleon spoke again, and said, "Excuse me, Sir, for while I am not a little one challenging a big one, yet, if it would not make you angry, let us two play a little along this watercourse."

The wild-hog replied, "But what sort of play would you like us to have?"

The chameleon said, "Although you are certainly swift of foot, and I go very slowly, come, let us make a bet about our racing, elder brother."

Then the wild-hog was inwardly angry, and said, "Come, then, let us two go up yonder a little higher to try our speed, for there is a spacious common, while it is boggy where we are just now; and if you should be struck even by the mud thrown up by my feet you will be hurt. So let us go yonder to that spacious ground, and if you overtake me, then take me and all my family for your servants."

Then the chameleon answered, "Why are you angry, elder brother? For you alone I cannot be a match, for you make me afraid; how much more, then, if I had all your family as my servants? But if it is only play we are to engage in, let us then go up yonder to try our speed."

So they went up to the wide common, and agreed together, saying, "At yonder tree-trunk, where the long *véro* grass is growing, let us make our goal, to see who comes in first." And that being settled, they both arranged themselves in good order, the wild-hog saying, "Now, shall we run off?"

Then said the chameleon, "Wait a little first, that I may look well at yonder stepping-place." But the chameleon was crafty, and climbed up the long grass close to the mane of the wild-hog. And when he was securely fixed in the mane, he said, "Now run, elder brother!" And as the wild-hog galloped away the chameleon kept fast hold of his mane and tail; and when he came yonder to the appointed place he leaped off on to the long grass. So, as the wild-hog stood looking behind him, the chameleon said, "Don't look behind for me, elder brother, for here I am in front of you"; so the

wild-hog was both astonished and angry, and ran off fast again. But again the chameleon held fast by his mane as before.

And so, after they had thus gone to and fro for a long time, the wild-hog was dead with fatigue, while the chameleon retained his shrewdness; for the wild-hog was "killed by his strength, like the axe," and did not think of the cunning of his companion, but only of his own size.—(Translated from a contribution to *Publications of the Malagasy Folk-Lore Society*, by Rev. W. C. Pickersgill.)

NOTES ON GREEK FOLK-LORE.

BURIAL CUSTOMS.



INTERMENTS in Greece must take place within twenty-four hours after decease, and therefore, as soon as possible after the event, printed placards are posted on the walls of the church in which the customary funeral-rites are to be performed, and in various parts of the city, town, or village, as also upon the door of the house in which the death has occurred, inviting all friends and relations in the names of the family of the departed (all the different members of which are specified) to assist at the ceremonial. The body of the deceased is always arrayed in the choicest garments he or she possessed, the greatest care being taken that it should present the best appearance possible. This is the more essential because the body is displayed in an open coffin, borne upon a low bier, and is therefore in its transit first to the church, and subsequently to the cemetery, exposed to the gaze of all.

In the chamber in which a death takes place candles or lamps are immediately lighted, and kept burning for three days and three nights afterwards, it being supposed that the spirit of the departed still lingers for that time in the precincts of its old abode, or may probably return there. In some parts, as in Crete not long since, in the outlying districts, food and drink was also placed near the body in the interval before the burial, lest the spirit, if it returned, might feel grieved at being neglected and forgotten.

In the country villages in Cyprus a small lozenge-shaped tile, upon which are inscribed the initial letters of Χριστὸς ἀνέστη, is placed between the teeth, which custom took the place of the coin which in heathen times occupied the same situation as payment to the ferryman Charon.

As the funeral procession leaves the house an earthen jar or vase is thrown from one of the windows as a preservative charm against death coming again to that home.

Ten or twelve years since it was the custom in Athens for all classes to engage a band of music to accompany the procession. Poor people clung to this expensive demonstration with tenacity, and thought it equal in importance to the priest and religious ceremonial, and often to secure it involved themselves in debt. This is however no longer allowed, and only the military, or those who have been decorated for any cause, are considered entitled to it.

The lid of the coffin is borne along in the procession, and when the grave is reached, the clothes, previously to placing on the lid, are entirely destroyed or rendered valueless by being snipped with scissors, or saturated with oil. This was formerly alleged as necessary in order to prevent the cupidity, or frustrate the malice of demons. The precaution however is salutary against cupidity other than that of demons, when, as in the case of wealthy ladies, they are clothed in rich satin with adornment of costly lace, as I have frequently seen.

In every cemetery and on every grave in most parts of Greece will be observed broken earthen-vases. That these are thrown down with the same intent as those from the windows above mentioned there can be no doubt, namely, to scare away evil spirits, or as a charm, but in Athens the custom has survived the meaning attached to it, at least many whom I asked professed to know of no meaning, only that *they always did it*. There is an allusion to this custom of breaking jars in one of their poets, Antoniadēs, who describes it in his *Creteid* as being done to frighten away the demons, "who are always hovering around a newly-departed spirit to bear it off to hell."*

Forty days after the interment there is a service held in the church,

* Κρητῆς Ἀντωνίου Ἀντωνιάδου.

called “*Μνημόσυνον*,” because until that time it is considered that the final place of habitation for the departed spirit has not been determined upon.

In Cyprus and in many of the islands they make funeral-cakes,* which are prepared from boiled corn, and which are ornamented upon the top with pomegranates, or other fruits where these are not obtainable, arranged in a kind of mosaic pattern, over which is sprinkled sesame seed. These cakes are placed on a salver near the altar to be consecrated. They are then cut up and distributed, not only to friends but to passers-by, the wealthy sending them through their servants, and for the poor, special ones are made and distributed to them also in the streets from baskets. This custom takes place on the 3rd, is repeated on the 9th and the 40th day after death, at the *Μνημόσυνον*,† on the anniversary, and upon All Souls Day. A Greek friend residing in Nicosia has but lately assisted in this commemoration, on occasion of his own father's anniversary. He considers it analogous to τὸ δειπνον τῆς Ἑκάτης in the festival of Hecate, where food was distributed in the streets, and to the poor.‡ The materials of which the *Κόλλυβα* is composed also bear a resemblance to the dishes of boiled pulse or beans, *πίανα*, during the festival of Apollo in October.

A letter from Angostoli, lately received, informs me that in an outlying district called Pillarnio they still employ hired weepers if no neighbours volunteer, and that in the same part they occasionally put a small copper coin (Charon's fee) into the coffin.

In Cyprus, after the funeral has passed out of the street they pour from a large vessel the water which it contains, and then throw down the vessel. This custom is referred to the basins of lustral water,

* *Κόλλυβα*. This custom of “*Κόλλυβα*” was introduced (according to the present Archbishop of Cyprus) not at first for the funeral service, but as a clean food (being simply boiled corn), during the times of fasting, by Theodore Tyro to evade the intentions of the Emperor Maximian, A.D. 297, who, being desirous to reintroduce paganism, ordered meat and butter to be mixed with all food sold, making it thus unclean. In order to defeat this, Theodore resorted to the plan of feeding the Christians *within* the churches upon boiled corn—“*Κόλλυβα*.” Afterwards it was retained as a pure food for funeral ceremonies only.

† *Μνημόσυνον*.—Requiem service.

‡ At the festival of *Πανάψια* and in commemoration of events under Theseus.

“*χίρνια*,”* which were placed at the doors of the house in which there was a deceased person, to be used by those who had touched the body, but with the Cypriotes it is thought to be for the refreshing of the soul that has left the body, or, according to another version, for the washing off the blood from the sword of the Archangel Michael, who is supposed to pass invisible after having taken the soul of the dead. The breaking of the vessel is there held symbolical, and means that thus should evil be broken and done away, and, by not using again a vessel used at a funeral, death removed. When a funeral passes along, people in Cyprus who happen to be at their doors will often hasten to break a vessel in like manner.

In Cyprus they do not cast vases on the graves, which custom seems to be more prevalent in Attica than elsewhere.

SOME GREEK FOLK-LORE.

There are just a few things which Mrs. Walker in her interesting paper, “Some Greek Folk-Lore,” has not touched upon. One in connection with belief in the evil eye, is the dislike to have any possession or belongings praised. The possible harm following such indiscretion is only to be averted by the gift of the article, which is often amusing or inconvenient to the receiver.

Country people still account some men amongst them to be endowed with powers of second-sight upon looking on the shoulder-bone of a black lamb. Black animals are not in favour in many cases.† On lonely, hilly places in Crete‡ demons hover about under the form of black donkeys; and, if any unwary or belated traveller is seduced by the apparent readiness of the animal to relieve his weariness and fatigue by offering a ready mount, it is only a pretext by which many people benighted on the hills have been carried off to hell.

All the hills are more fruitful in such like beliefs than the plains. The Nereids are still believed to inhabit the sides of streams among the hills of Crete, and are often said to decoy the shepherds tending

* Euripides.—“*Αλκ.*”

† It is interesting to note how in modern Greek the word “*μυνηρος*” is used quite as often to express misery and wretchedness as to denote anything *black*.

‡ “*Κρήτης.*”

their flocks near, when they are induced to follow whither the sound of music leads them, and to join in the dance with those beings who are always as beautiful as they are malicious.

What we call "Will o' the Wisps" or "St. Elmo's Fires" are considered to be the souls of unbaptised infants, who, dying in their birth, or untimely strangled by wicked mothers, are carried off immediately by demons who are waiting, all ready and on the look-out for such a possibility.

Healing waters are also widely believed by the peasantry to exist, if only their locality could be discovered. These healing waters will, if obtained, cure every malady and sorrow which has baffled the care and skill of the most experienced physician and of the most careful nursing.

E. M. EDMONDS.

A CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.



LEMENS ROMANUS,* speaking of the idolatry of the ancient Egyptians, states that "alii . . . *crepitus ventris* pro numinibus habendos esse docuerunt." Minucius Felix † also bears testimony to this, as well as Lactantius, Origenes, Hieronymus, ‡ and others. Cæsarius § attributes the same superstition to the Greeks: *παρ' Ἑλλησι . . . γαστρὸς πνεύματα μεμνηνότες ἐκθειάζονται*. Among the Romans such an occurrence during religious ceremonies was of evil omen. Cato in his "Oratio de Sacrilegio commisso" || lays down the etiquette of the subject minutely: "Domini cum auspicamus," he says, "servi, ancillae, si quis eorum sub centone crepuit, quod ego non sensi, nullum mihi vitium facit. Sicut ibidem servo aut ancillae dormienti evenit, quod comitia prohibere solet, ne is quidem mihi vitium facit." Martial in one of his Epi-

* *Recognitiones*, v. 20. Cf. also *Clementina Homilia*, x. 16.

† Octavius, cap. 28.

‡ Lactantius, v. 20. Origenes, *Contra Celsum*, tom. 5; Heiron. *Ad Esaias*, cap. 46.

§ Dialog. I. *Respons. ad Interog.* 19. Cf. Nicarchus, Epigram 20.

|| Cato, cited in Festus, s.v. *prohibere*.

grams * ridicules a certain Æthon, who, for committing this impropriety in the temple of Jove, was condemned to three days' humble fare (trinoctiali domicenio); and the same idea was likely present to Horace's mind in the concluding lines of Satire i. 8.

It would be interesting to know how far this superstition can be traced in more modern times. Some superstitious dread certainly was associated with this act by our English peasants at one time; for Horne Tooke † speaks of "the vulgar country custom of saying upon such occasions, 'And joy go with you!'" J. W. CROMBIE.

HOLY WELLS IN SCOTLAND.



THE new volume of *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* (1882-3, vol. v. New Series. Edinburgh, 1883) contains references to certain Holy Wells which I think may be fitly noted for future guidance.

In a paper on "Holy Island and the Runic Inscriptions of St. Molio's Cave, County of Bute," Dr. Daniel Wilson cites a passage, *inter alia*, from Professor Cosmo Innes's *Origines Parochiales Scotia*, (ii. 245), the "cave elevated about 25 feet above the present level of the sea, its inscription, a shelf of rock within it called the saint's bed, a large flat stone near it called his table, and his well—celebrated for its healing virtues—are still shown; while the Baul Muly (the stone globe of St. Molvingus), a smooth green stone about the size of a goose's egg, which was believed to have the virtue of causing diseases and of procuring victories for the Macdonalds (whose chaplain the saint is said to have been), has now disappeared." *Proceedings*, vol. v. p. 47. The well is sometimes called the "bath" of the saint; but Dr. Wilson says (p. 55), "as the well is close by the sea-shore its use as a bath was unnecessary, unless for the purpose of rendering its miraculous virtues available, and it may, therefore, be more correctly designated the well of St. Molio." Dr. Wilson mentions other holy

* Martial, Epigram xii. 78.

† *Diversions of Purley*, vol. ii. p. 67.

wells celebrated for curative powers, such as the Well of St. Wallack. "Both the bath and well of St. Wallack still remain near the ruined aisle of Wallakirk, parish of Glass, Aberdeenshire. The saint's bath is cut in the rock to a depth of nearly four feet, and supplied with water by a small spring which flows into it. The well was annually resorted to until a very recent date, on the saint's day, for the cure of diseased eyes, and weakly children dipped in the bath were believed to be restored to vigour" (p. 56).

Mr. J. Russel Walker, F.S.A.Scot., contributes to the same volume a very valuable paper on "Holy Waters in Scotland," but as it extends to sixty pages I cannot attempt to analyse it here. He records the reported medicinal value of many of these wells, and gives a modern instance of faith in the water of St. Anthony's Well, Edinburgh:—"To an incident which showed that the faith and belief in the healing virtues of the wells is still strong, the writer was but a few months ago an eye-witness. While walking in the Queen's Park about sunset I casually passed St. Anthony's Well, and had my attention attracted by the number of people about it, all simply quenching their thirst, some possibly with a dim idea that they would reap some benefit from the draught. Standing a little apart, however, and evidently patiently waiting a favourable moment to present itself for their purpose, was a group of four. Feeling somewhat curious as to their intentions, I quietly kept myself in the background, and by-and-by was rewarded. The crowd departed and the group came forward, consisting of two old women, a younger woman of about thirty, and a pale sickly-looking girl—a child of three or four years old. Producing cups from their pockets, the old women dipped them in the pool, filled them, and drank their contents. A full cup was then presented to the younger woman, and another to the child; then one of the old women produced a long linen bandage, dipped it in the water, wrung it, dipped it in again, and then wound it round the child's head, covering the eyes; the youngest woman, evidently the mother of the child, carefully observing the operation and weeping gently all the time. The other old woman not engaged in this work was carefully filling a clear flat glass bottle with the water, evidently for future use. Then after the principal operators had looked at each

other with an earnest and half-solemn sort of look, the party wended its way carefully down the hill" (pp. 163-164). Mr. Walker's paper is made especially useful by careful notes of the measurements of wells he has himself visited, and by many excellent illustrations. He appends an alphabetical list of Holy Wells in Scotland.

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

Glasgow.

IRISH MYTHOLOGY ACCORDING TO A RECENT WRITER.*

IRISH traditional and mythological literature has been singularly little studied in this country, where its richness, its antiquity, its fancy and beauty, have won for it few friends. But it cannot be too much insisted upon that the native Irish literature is not only by far the oldest, but is also by far the fullest and most valuable of all our sources of information concerning the beliefs and the customs of those Celtic races which form such an important element of our nationality. As a matter of fact the Irish Celts are, with the Greeks, the only European people of Aryan race of whom a considerable body of pre-Christian national epic poetry has come down to us. With the solitary exception of Beowulf, the Teutonic racial sagas did not assume epic form until the consciousness of the race had been profoundly modified by Christianity, the fragments which have been preserved to us from the heathen stage of development being in their essence dramatic rather than epical. But the *Tain bo Cuailgne* and its fellows are at once truly epical in character, and almost untouched by Christian thought.

Of the three great cycles of Irish romantic literature—the pseudo-historical pre-Christian annals, the Ulster cycle, of which *Cu-Chulainn* is the chief hero, and the Ossianic—the first has had the least

* H. d'Arbois de Jubainville, *Le cercle mythologique Irlandais et la mythologie Celtique*. 8vo. xiii. 411 pages. Paris, E. Thorin. London, D. Nutt.

attention vouchsafed it. The mingled dulness and absurdity of the euhemerising chroniclers of the eleventh and following centuries, with their portentous lists of kings stretching well-nigh up to the Flood, the obvious artificiality of the whole system, may explain why up to now this portion of Irish literature has escaped searching and critical study. The materials are plentiful, and as old, diplomatically, as any other branch of Irish literature. It is from the two great vellums, the *Leabhar na hUidhre* (L. n. H.), and the *Book of Leinster* (L. L.), written down, the one at the beginning, the other towards the middle of the twelfth century, that we derive our information. From the latter we get the fullest text of what seems to be the earliest systematic attempt to euhemerise the entire Irish mythology, and to present it in pseudo-historical shape, the *Leabar Gabhala*, or *Book of Invasions* (L. G.); in it, too, we chiefly find the poems of Eochaid hua Flainn (+ 984), representing an earlier stage in the development of the legends, and those of Flainn Manistrech (+ 1056), and of Gilla Coemain (+ 1072), which seem to be the foundation upon which the L. G. is built.

It has long been remarked, and by many writers, that the major portion of these elaborate annals must be simply rationalised mythology; the mythic character of the *Tuatha de Danann*, for instance, is apparent to every educated student. But M. d'Arbois de Jubainville has been the first to deal with this literature as a whole, and to attempt to resolve it in its entirety into mythological elements. I will try and state as concisely as possible the main points of his argument.

Irish mythology is, in its essence, dualistic. It conceives of a perpetually recurring strife between a good and an evil principle, the former of which proceeds from and is antagonistic to the latter. The father, god of night, and that counterpart of night, death, is overcome by the son, god of the bright day and the clear heaven, patron of art and poesy. But he retains his sway in the land of death, and the heroes who depart thither after this life dwell in his kingdom. Even so Hesiod represents Kronos, father of the sky-god Zeus, but dethroned by him, reigning over the happy shades of dead heroes in the isles of ocean. This kingdom of the dead, known to the Irish Celts as *Mag*

Mor, or Mag Meld, the great or the pleasant plain, was placed by them in the western ocean. Thence came the different races of men who conquered and dwelt in Ireland—life proceeds from death, the day from the night, Ireland is peopled from out the country of the dead. A later generation, bent on euhemerising their ancient traditions, substituted Spain for this mysterious land. From out the Great Plain three races came to colonise Ireland; that of Partholan, that of Nemedh, then the Tuatha de Danann. In the Greek fable, as set forth by Hesiod in the "Works and Days," three races had held possession of the earth prior to the arrival of man, one of gold, one of silver, one of brass; after which heroes and demigods occupy the earth and fit it for man. To the race of gold of the Greek correspond the Tuatha de Danann; to the race of silver, Partholan and his tribe; to the race of brass, that of Nemedh. The latter occupies the same position in both systems, but that of the other two is reversed. The Greek heroic race is represented in Irish mythology by Miledh and his sons.

The oldest mention of Partholan is that of Nennius, who speaks of him as coming from Spain with a thousand companions, who rapidly increase in numbers, but are carried off by an epidemic within one week. When he reached Ireland, according to Eochaid hua Flainn (L. L.), the country was composed of but three lakes, nine rivers, and a plain; during his time three plains were added to it. The earliest race of gods it is which shapes and fashions the earth. Partholan must fight against the Fomore, demons of death and night, monsters of gigantic size: these he overcomes, but succumbs in turn to pestilence. The second coloniser of Ireland, Nemedh, comes likewise from Spain, according to Nennius, and returns thither after a certain number of years. The oldest Irish form of the legend preserved in a poem of Eochaid hua Flainn (L. L.), makes him land in Ireland with his companions, all of whom, after a while die—*i.e.* they return to the land of spirits whence they came, or to Spain in the euhemeristic version of Nennius. The Lebar Gabhala, and other contemporary texts, relate at length the struggles of Nemedh with the Fomore. Victorious in four battles, his descendants are, after his death, overcome by them and cruelly oppressed. Two-thirds of their

children, two-thirds of their corn and milk, are exacted as tribute, payable on the 1st of November at the feast of Samain, the beginning of winter, the symbol of death. The stronghold of the Fomore is an island, Tor-inis, in the north-west of Ireland. They are described in an ancient tract preserved in the L. n. H. as *gobor-chind*, goat-headed; and they may be compared as personifications of darkness and death with the bull-headed Minotaur, who dwells likewise in an island, and to whom a tribute of youths and maidens is due each year by Athens. At length the race of Nemedh revolt, and under the leadership of Fergus attack Conann, chief of the Fomore, in his island stronghold, capture his tower-fortress, and slay him, but are in turn overcome by More, another Fomore chieftain. According to Nennius, who places the combat between the deities of life and light, and those of night and death after the arrival of the sons of Miledh, the tower was of glass, defended by *quasi homines*, who spake no word. This glass tower, with its silent indwelling shapes, is the impregnable fortress of the other world.* After the destruction of the race of Nemedh, one would expect to find in the Irish annals the history of the third of the three legendary races which preceded, according to Irish belief, the actual ancestors of the Irish nation, namely, the Tuatha de Danann, corresponding to Hesiod's race of gold. But curiously enough there is intercalated the story of the colonisation of the country by one of the two antagonistic races we find dividing Ireland between them in historic times. This race, that of the Firbolg, or Fer Domnann, is found at a later period representing the short, dark-haired aborigines dispossessed by the fair tall sons of Miledh. To the invading Celts the natives were of demoniac nature, and the strife between Milesian and Firbolg is essentially the same as that between Partholan or Nemedh and the Fomore, a strife between light and darkness. The later annalists, in their zeal for euhemerising the ancient national mythology, transferred the historic struggle between Celt and pre-Celt into what was really the region of pure mythology. In the same way the conquering Aryan, descending upon the plains of India, applied the word *Dasyu* indifferently to demons and to the native races.

* M. d'A. de J. might have compared the *Glasburg* in Teutonic folk-faith as a symbol of the other world. See Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 685.

The mythologic character of the Tuatha de Danann—in reality the third of the mythic races, although a semi-historic people, the Firbolgs, is intercalated between them and the race of Nemedh—has long been recognised. Eochaid hua Flainn (L. L.) is in doubt if they come from out the sky or from the earth. They overcome the Firbolgs, who take the place of the deities of death and night which they worship, and for a while rule over Ireland in undisturbed sway. “Folk of the God of Dana,” as their name implies, they descend from Dana, daughter of Dagde, or the “good god”; their chief warriors are Ogme, to whom is ascribed the invention of writing; Lug, to whom the first of August was sacred, in whose honour Lyons, and Leyden, and Laon were named; Dian Cecht, the god of medicine; Goibniu the smith, Mannanan Mac Lir, son of the sea, Nuadu of the silver hand. The chief incident in their history is the battle of Mag-Tured, in which they overcome the Firbolgs. At first they dwelt in peace with these older inhabitants of the island, and had accepted the overrule of the Fomore Bress, but the latter by his avarice and tyranny discontented the poets and artists of Ireland—ignorance is a type of night and death, and the Fomore king is a natural enemy of arts and sciences, children of light and life—who stir up the people against him, and he had to flee for aid to the other chiefs of the Fomore. Indech and Balor of the mighty blows answer his appeal: of the latter one eye is ever shut; when it opens, the look is death—symbol of the thunder-cloud which opens but to send forth the death-dealing lightning. In the battle which ensues the arms of the Tuatha de Danann are wrought by a trinity of skilful workmen, Luchtine, Creidne, Goibniu; in three strokes they turn out a lance—even so in the Greek myth the three Cyclops, Brontes, Steropes, and Arges forge the thunder-bolts which ensure the victory of Zeus over the Titans, Zeus being the Greek counterpart of the Tuatha de Danann, the Titans that of the Fomore-Firbolgs. Balor with his deadly glance wounds Nuada, the Tuatha de Danann king, but before he can raise his eyelid again is slain by a stone slung by Lug, even as Hermes (the Greek Lug) slays Argus the hundred-eyed, symbol of the starry night sky, with a stone. Lug may be compared again with Bellerophon, the bane of *Belleros*, the fire-breathing monster, whose name and attribute

recall *Balor*, the lightning-dealer, or to *Perseus*, slayer of *Medusa*, whose look, like *Balor's*, is death.

The victory of the *Tuatha de Danann* seems the final triumph of the light gods over those of darkness, but, as in Greek mythology, *Zeus*, overcomer of *Kronos*, is in turn assailed by *Prometheus* the Titan on behalf of the race of men, so *Miledh*, son of *Bile* (*i.e.* *Balor*, or the storm god), and his sons, dispossess the immortals. They too come from Spain, according to *Nennius*, *i.e.* from the land of death, and after a threefold invasion, thanks to the mighty charms of the *file* *Ámaigen*, who invokes and compels earth and ocean and all living beings to his service, overcome the *Tuatha de Danann* completely. But the latter, in the popular traditions, enjoy a mysterious and immortal existence, unheeded of by the senses of mortals. They are found at all stages of the legendary history, down even to the seventh century, playing the same part in the strife of the heroes as is played by the dwellers on *Olympus* in the struggle of Greek and Trojan, in the fortunes of *Jason* and *Odysseus*, in the labours of *Theseus* and *Herakles*. But although the chief personages in the Irish Pantheon, their worship did not kill out that of the gods of darkness and death any more than the Milesian Celts killed out the pre-Celtic *Firbolgs*. Such a god was worshipped in Ireland down to the days of *St. Patrick*, under the name of *Cenn Cruach* (Bloody Head) or *Cromm Cruach* (Bloody Bow).* The first-born children were sacrificed to it to obtain fine weather, milk, and corn (L. L.) This recalls the tribute of children made to the *Fomore* by the sons of *Nemedh* and the Gaulish sacrifices mentioned by *Lucan* and *Cæsar*.

Irish mythology may be described in brief as a series of variations upon the same theme: the struggle of the gods of light, life, and learning, against the gods of death, darkness, and storm, from whom they nevertheless proceed, and whom they never entirely overcome, as the latter retain their sway in that other world to which heroes go after their death, and to which they may sometimes penetrate in this

* *M. d'A. de J.* has not mentioned *O'Curry's* interpretation, *Cromm Cruach* (Bloody Maggot or Worm), though it would fit in well with his theory, the serpent being associated with the lightning and storm gods whom Irish mythology groups with the *Fomore*.

life. This mythological dualism is complicated by the historical dualism of Celt and pre-Celt, the latter of whom are assimilated to and sometimes confounded with the deities of death by their invading conquerors.

I have only been able to indicate the outlines of M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's argument. The book itself must be read to fully understand the nature and method of the euhemerising process by which eleventh and twelfth-century writers turned the mythology of their race into history with as minute and precise a chronology as that of the house of Hanover. This is indeed the most valuable portion of the work, and it would have been well if the author had devoted far more space to a critical sifting of his authorities. The process which went on in Ireland from the ninth to the twelfth centuries is paralleled by the contemporary transformation of Kymric legends into the pseudo-history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and, curiously enough, Nennius is our earliest authority for many of the initial stages in the development of both groups of traditions. There is a great deal of scattered and fragmentary criticism of sources in M. d'Arbois de Jubainville's work; but much remains to be done in this direction before the foundation can be said to be properly laid for such an elaborate superstructure as he has reared.

The author's main contention almost imposes itself—the pre-Milesian annals *are* rationalised mythology. But what about the Milesian or heroic period? A large part of the book is devoted to proving the mythic character of the Tuatha de Danann by showing how Irish folk-faith pictured them living through and taking part in the combats of the heroic age; but the author does not commit himself to the opinion that Cu-Chulainn and Connal Cearnach, Fionn and Oisín, are themselves as mythic as Lug or Balor. He will doubtless treat the subject in a subsequent volume, and will, I believe, be necessitated to adopt this conclusion. He will have against him Heinrich Zimmer, who in his last work says: "Für mich sind Ailill, Medb, Conchobar mac Nessa, Cuchulainn, Finn mac Cumail, eben solche *historische Persönlichkeiten* wie Arminius, Dietrich von Bern, und Etzel, und ihre Zeit ist eben so bestimmt wie die der genannten Helden und Könige" (*Celtische Studien*, ii. 189), and Professor Windisch, who in his recent

“ Summary of Celtic Language and Literature ” in Ersch and Gruber’s *Encyclopædia*, mentions with approval (p. 139) the tradition of the Spanish origin of the Milesians, and repeats the opinion he had previously expressed in 1878 as to the, in the main, historical character of the Irish heroic cycles. Nevertheless I believe that the latter are in reality as mythical as the mythological cycle properly so called. The personages may have lived, but the feats attributed to them are older, and in their origin mythical. I will cite one instance: the turning-point of the great epic, the *Tain bo Cuailgne*, is the fight at the ford between the Ulster hero Cu-Chulaind, the Celt *par excellence*, and the Firbolg Ferdiad. The two had been companions in arms, their friendship had been of the closest; opposed now to one another they are well nigh equally matched; it is only when Cu-Chulaind hurls the enchanted Ga-bolg at his foe that he overcomes him. What is this but a double of the fight between Lug, the Tuatha de Danann, and the Fomore Balor whose kinsman he is, and whom he slays with a stone?

M. d’Arbois de Jubainville treats at some length the Conception of Cu-Chulaind from the L. n. H., the translation of which I have printed, *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iv. pp. 22-25. I refer him to my comments upon the story as illustrating some points he has overlooked. I likewise refer him for a Cymric parallel to the tradition of Tuan mac Cairill, oldest of men, who had been first stag, then wild boar, then eagle, lastly salmon, and who has witnessed all the history of Ireland, to the Mabinogi of Killwech and Olwen, where the hero seeks counsel of the ousel of Cilgwri, and she refers him to the stag of Redynvre, and he to the owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, and he to the eagle of Gwern Abwy, and he to the salmon of Llyn Llyw, for the record of old events. Although neither the animals, nor the order in which they are placed, coincide, both traditions have, I believe, a common origin. Lastly, he should notice the reflex of the Irish invasion legends in the cauldron-*sage* found in the Mabinogi of Branwen, daughter of Llyr, which I have analysed and commented upon, *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. v.

ALFRED NUTT.

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

Specific name.—U Someamekuty.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) U Someamekuty, (2) his wife, (3) boy, (4) girl, (5) bird, (6) dead man, (7) child of the "fast-sticking people."

Thread of Story.—U. is tilling his garden—a bird twice interrupts him¹—he catches it—it pleads for life and says that it excretes sour milk—he tries it—finds it true—takes bird home—tells his wife—they keep bird in large pot—bird supplies them with milk. One day, boy, who has noticed the supply obtained from pot, calls other children—bird says, "Don't lick me behind, I might die,"—boy licks it—it dies. Boy and sister hide—parents return—search—U. finds girl—boy arrives in afternoon—father takes stick—boy runs away and saves the beating by killing a steinbock, which they skin, cook, and eat. Next day U. hunts a bnsbuck—sees a man standing grinning, but dead. U. strikes him—his teeth come out and attach themselves to U.'s face—he goes home—explains teeth to his wife—she asks him to give up hunting²—he refuses. He goes hunting next day—finds a child of the "fast-sticking people"—takes it up—but when he wishes to put it down it refuses to leave him³—U. goes home—wife asks whence the child?—he is silent—wife cooks fat and pours it on the child, who gets down. Next day he "puts child away"—returning, finds wife digging in garden a plant that looks eatable—wife forbids him to eat it. Afterwards he goes into garden to burn weeds—then roasts the forbidden plant and eats it—goes to river to drink—water disappears—tries again—water becomes sand—comes to large pool—dives—alights in sand. He goes home—wife at a loss to cure him as he disobeyed her—then squeezes out whey from the vessel—he drinks—she gives him water—he drinks, and it no longer disappears.

Incidental circumstances.

1. Saying, "It belongs to my father this ground, which he says that he will keep, and which you persisted [in] intruding into; O! that only grass may peep out from the ground, the small picks break and the little seed be spilt."
2. She cooks fat and pours it on his face.
3. He lays himself on his back—child moves over to his stomach—he takes a spear to stab it—it goes over to his back.

Where published.—Contributed by the Rev. O. Stavens to *South African Folk-Lore Journal* (1879. Cape Town), vol. i. part vi. pp. 126-133.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Zulu text, pp. 126, 128, 130, 132; English translation, pp. 127, 129, 131, 133.
2. *If by word of mouth state narrator's name.* Not given.
3. *Other particulars.* This story is No. iii. of a collection of six tales made by Mr. Stavens and sent to the Grey Library (Cape Town) in 1879. They were taken down direct from the mouth of a Zulu narrator.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—Of the story of bird that made milk, three other versions are known. One in Kafir with English translation contained in sample sheet and slip issued by Mr. G. M. Theal, at Lovedale, in 1877, and as same slip a Setsuana version in English only. The third is in Callaway's *Zulu Nursery Tales*, vol. i. part ii. pp. 99-104. "In both the Kafir and Setsuana version, many subsequent adventures of the children are narrated, which do not form part of the two Zulu stories."

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON, Wimbleton.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Story of Ngagezwe and Mnyamana.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Mnyamana, elder brother; (2) Ngagezwe, younger brother; (3) Mnyamana's mother; (4) King, their father; (5) dogs; (6) king of another country; (7) his daughter; (8) N.'s mother and sister.

Thread of story.—King has two sons, named as above—M. the elder, N. the younger—he loves N. very much, but M. little—mother of M. is jealous, fearing that N. will succeed to the kingdom. When M. and N. are going out with their people to herd cattle—M.'s mother gives him a medicated stone—they go out—M. and N. are left alone—M. pretends to play with stones—gives the prepared one to N. asking him to put it on his lip—he does so—it at once slides into the windpipe and refuses to be dislodged—his people come and mourn over him—they go home—king mourns, as N. is bound to die—they throw him, according to custom, into a hole to die, with his dogs, and all his property! M. goes home in great joy. In the hole, the dogs find water—bring some to N.—he drinks—the medicine melts and stone comes out. Dogs dig a path out—N. escapes—resolves not to go home²—takes service with king of another country—is advanced—marries king's daughter—becomes small king himself—thinks of and wishes to revisit his home—king refuses—at last consents. N. takes his wives and children, reaches the old country, and settles near his father's kraal, keeping his identity a secret. He finds his people still mourning for him—speaks kindly to his mother and sister—who have been badly treated by M.'s jealous mother. He gives them presents—they exchange visits. At last he declares himself—his people

rejoice greatly—his father unable to speak with joy. M. dreadfully frightened is reassured by N. King being old retires; N. becomes king, and M. his great headman—N.'s sister marries a great king of another country.

Incidental circumstances.

1. They all take snuff together—his property is thrown in first—he last of all.
2. He wanders for a month—the dogs hunting and supplying him with food.

Where published.—Contributed by Mrs. H. L. Carbutt to *South African Folk-Lore Journal* (1879 Cape Town), vol. i. part. iv. pp. 84-97.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.*—Zulu text, pp. 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96. English translation, pp. 85-7-9, 91-3, 95, 97.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—
3. *Other particulars.*—Taken down (circa 1869) from "a pure Zulu girl, who was the daughter of an old soldier of Mpande."

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

[(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON, Wimbleton.]

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

Generic name of story.—(Not to be filled up).
Specific name.—Barbe-Rouge.
Dramatis personæ.—(1) Red Beard, (2) his eighth wife, (3) dog, (4) the rescuers.

Thread of story.—Red-beard has had seven wives—with the eighth he had lived ten years in harmony¹—he now takes a hatred to her—resolves to kill her—One Sunday he tells her he shall kill her that day—she asks permission to put on the same clothes that she was married in—he agrees, and tells her to be quick—she goes-up stairs, and sends off her dog with a letter in his ear to her brothers a few leagues away—she prolongs her dressing—in answer to Red-beard's impatient summonses she has first a petticoat, then her stockings to put on, then her hair to comb, then her head-dress to arrange—from the windows she sees horsemen approaching. Red-beard, who has been sharpening his sword below²—tells her he is coming up—she says she has but to place a pin—then she says she is ready, and comes slowly down—as she reaches the bottom, there is a knocking at the door—Red-Beard hides himself, but is discovered and killed. His widow marries one of her deliverers.

Incidental circumstances.

1. By her has had two daughters and a son.
2. Repeating,
 " J'aiguise, j'aiguise mon coutean,
 Your teur ma femme qu'est en haut."

Where published.—*Littérature Orale de la Haute-Bretagne*, par Paul Sébillot. 1881. Paris. Pp. 41-43.

Nature of collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*—Jean Bouchery of Dourdain, farm-boy.
3. *Other particulars.* Told in 1878.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—Cf. No. ix. ("Géant aux sept femmes") des *Contes populaires de la Haute-Bretagne* and Webster's *Basque Legends*, London, 1877, p. 176.

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON, Wimbleton.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Three Cauliflowers.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Poor man, (2) first daughter, Luisa, (3) second, Teresina, (4) third, Francesca, (5) peasant, (6) magician, (7) dog, (8) king, (9) carpenter.

Thread of story.—Poor man has three beautiful daughters—he goes out begging—peasant gives him three heads of cauliflower—he takes them home—goes out to get oil and bread—meets a little fat old man, a magician, who declares his wish to marry eldest daughter—goes to the cottage—sees the three cooking the cauliflowers—again declares his wish¹—goes away with eldest daughter, Luisa, to his villa—gives her keys—shows key of little closet, and tells her not to open that—goes away. Little dog comes up and asks Luisa how she is—she sends dog into garden to pick flowers²—then opens forbidden closet—sees many dead women cut open and hung up!—she runs away. Magician returns—reads in his divining-book what has happened—kills Luisa—hangs her up in the closet, and makes candles of her fat. He returns to cottage, takes second sister, Teresina, professedly on visit to Luisa—takes her to villa—gives her keys as before—goes away—dog comes up—Teresina does as Luisa did—magician returns—kills her—hangs her up and makes candles of her. He goes to cottage—takes third daughter, Francesca—gives her keys as before—goes away. Little dog comes up—F. is shy—proposes to make polenta in kitchen—dog agrees—she tips dog into cauldron, and throws both down a well. She opens closet—weeps over sisters—sees bottles of elixir of long life—takes some—locks closet—goes to carpenter—gives him ten ducats to nail her up in a coffin—and throw her into the sea.³ He does so—she drifts to Paris—is taken out of water—through lid asks to be taken to the king—is

Thread of Story—continued.

obeyed—tells him the story. He marries her, because "she was so sly." Magician, on his return, finds what has happened—takes some of his candles—goes in pursuit—comes to king's palace—lights a candle which has power of sending to sleep all who smell it—all the people in the palace go to sleep except queen.⁴ Magician tells her she is to be drowned in a cauldron of wax—she blows out the magic candle⁵—cries for help—everybody wakes—magician is killed—she remains queen, "because she had been so sly."

Incidental circumstances.

1. Girls demur on score of poverty—Mago overrules objection.
2. Dog warns girl that the garden has been fatal to lots of women—that she only wants to open the closet—girl tells him to mind his own business and obey her.
3. Because she knew the magician would find her out if she remained on land.
4. He makes some passes over her head to prevent her going to sleep.
5. Magician tells her to undress—she tells him to do the same—while he is doing so, she blows the candle out.

Where published.—*Tuscan Fairy Tales*. London [1880]. No. 7. Pp. 63-74.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation*. Translation of original taken down from mouth of native narrator.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name*. Not given.
3. *Other particulars*. Story comes from Colle, Val d'Elsa.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.
A Tuscan version of "Blackbeard."

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON, Wimbledon.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Legend of Slain Warriors.—I would refer Dr. Buchheim to my paper in the *Folk-Lore Record*, volume v. on the Mabinogi of Branwen, more especially to pages 5, 23, 29, 30, 31, and the supplementary note, pages 149, 150. For fuller discussion of the legend Dr. Buchheim should turn to Symons's edition of *Gudrun*, published last year at Halle. All the examples of the legend known to me as occurring in these islands are Celtic, and the majority are noticed in my paper.

ALFRED NUTT.

Syrian and Arab Folk-Lore.—The valuable book of Captain C. R. Conder; R.E., on *Heth and Moab* (London: Bentley, 1883), contains two chapters (ix. and xi.) on "Syrian Superstitions" and "Arab Folk-Lore," respectively, with notes on the following heads:—

Jewish: "Nail Cutting," p. 274. "Sanctification of the Moon," p. 275. "Hand of Might" (painted on doors, &c. for good luck), p. 275. "Birth Ceremonies," p. 276.

Syrian: "Marriage Customs (Maronite), pelting bride," p. 285. "Lucky Days" (Maronite), p. 285. "The Evil Eye," charm for, in the East, p. 286. "Passing through" (cf. "New Birth," Mr. W. G. Black's *Folk Medicine*); "Pillars," p. 292; "Palms," p. 292; "Doorways," p. 293; "Dolmens," p. 293; "Treading on thresholds unlucky," pp. 293-4.

Arab: "Trial by Ordeal," still in use, p. 343. "Legends," p. 346, *et seq.* "Colour in Folk-lore," pp. 286, 360, and 409.

FREDERICK E. SAWYER.

Warwickshire Folk-Lore.—The following scrap of folk-lore is, I think, of interest, as it is recent, and I can vouch for its authenticity. A few months ago, in a village not far from Stratford-on-Avon, I noticed a quantity of chaff before a house door; on my return home I mentioned that I supposed so-and-so was moving, when I was at once met with the reply, "Because of the chaff at his door? Oh no, that is the way our people show their feelings for wife-beaters."

In the same village until the last few years the stocks were in constant requisition, but instead of being fixed they were placed on a trolley and were moved round to the more conspicuous and open places so that the neighbours might see the occupant to the greatest advantage with the least trouble to themselves. Also I have a proverb which may perhaps be of use to the Proverb Committee, viz. :—"What you gain by dancing you lose by turning round," that is to say, "More haste, less speed."

D'ARCY POWER.

'Nointer or 'Nainter.—A word used by natives of the town of Watlington (to which it seems to be strictly confined) to signify a troublesome person.

Instances:—(1.) David Loveday, Lord Macclesfield's shepherd at Shirburn Model Farm, names his dog "'Nainter," because it is troublesome as a sheep-dog, barking at the wrong time, and sometimes worrying the sheep. Loveday comes of an old Watlington family. On being asked the meaning of the name which he had given to the dog, he explained that it meant a "reg'lar Bedlam."

(2.) Mrs. Hoare, of Watlington, calls her grandchild a "'nointer" when she is troublesome and restless. Mrs. Hoare feared that a lady would have great trouble in painting the child because she is such a "'nointer."

Many people have wondered as to the real meaning of the word, and some have taken trouble to find it out. The word is not used by natives of Shirburn or Lewknor or other places near Watlington. The true explanation is at once apparent in the following quotation from Dr. Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire* (1677), page 204, paragraph 32. I was enabled to make out the explanation by reading this quotation to Miss Mary Watson, of Shirburn Model Farm. Miss Watson kindly gave me the above-mentioned instances, and had herself often wondered about the word :—

"Yet but a few miles off, at the *Town of Watlington*, I was told of a sort of *Sectaries*, perhaps never heard of in the *world* before; which, if so, is as strange as the thing itself, for *one* would have thought there could have nothing been so absurd in *Religion* but what must have needs been embraced already. These by the rest of the *people* are called *Anointers*, from the *ceremony* they use of *anointing* all

persons before they admit them into their *Church*, for which they allege the fifth of *St. James*, v. the 14 and 15. *Is there any sick among you* (which it seems they account all people to be but themselves), *let him call for the Elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oyl in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him: which Elders amongst them are some poor Tradesmen of the Town, and the oyl they use, that commonly sold in the shops, with which the Proselyte being smeared over, and fired with zeal, he presently becomes a new Light of this Church; which I could not but note, these people being as remarkably mad as those of Bright-well are good.*"

EDWARD B. POULTON.

Oxford.

Notes from Weardale.—Here are some variants from Gregor, *Folk Lore of North-East of Scotland*, p. 16 :

" John Smith, fellow fine,
Can ye shoe this horse of mine ?
Yes I can, and that I can,
As well as any other man.
There's a nail in his toe,
That's to make him trot and go.
There's another in his heel,
That's to make him gallop weel.
There's a nail, and there's a stob,
That horse is well shod."

This rhyme was generally repeated to children who resisted having their clogs put on.

On page 133 we find—

" Kettie Beardie had a cow ; "

the variant is—

" Willie Wylie had a cow,
And he had nought to give her.
He took his pipes and played a tune,
And bad the cow consider.
The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny
To play the same tune over again,
The ' Corn riggs are bonny. ' "

Here is a variant of "countings out" :—

"Yen tane, tether me, leather me, dick.
 Ceaser, lazy cat, or a horn, or a tick.
 Yen a tick, tane a tick, tether tick, mether tick, bub.
 Yen a bub, tane a bub, tether bub, mether bub, jiggett."

This was stated to be the way in which a Highlander counted a score of sheep.

On page 58 the story of working out tailors is told. Fifty years ago the perambulating tailor was in great request, and to see three or four of them marching out of Stanhope to some distant farmhouse was of common occurrence; their work might extend over several days, during which time they lived with the family. The following lines addressed to an applicant tells its own story :—

"The twenty-ninth of last September,
 Your letter came to hand as I remember,
 Desiring that I'd lend my aid,
 To make and mend as is my trade,
 All which I'll do without a failure
 Or else I am not Page the tailor.
 Anne Emmerson you will kindly tell,
 Shall have her coat made soon and well;
 And compliments to Master Beadle,
 Whom I will serve with my best needle."

Fixing the day on which his working party would begin their work, he finished thus :—

"And when that Monday does come in,
 We'll cut and stitch through thick and thin,
 Till all the jobs are duly mended,
 Then to return I must engage.

I am your servant,
 Corbet Page."

The newest fashions in dress and factory-made clothing have I expect extinguished the itinerating tailor.

J. G. FENWICK.

Moorlands, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Superstition in Ireland.—Ellen Cushion and Anastatia Rourke were arrested at Clonmel on Saturday charged with cruelly illtreating a child three years old, named Philip Dillon. The prisoners were taken before the Mayor, when evidence was given showing that the neighbours fancied that the boy, who had not the use of his limbs, was a changeling left by the fairies in exchange for the original child.

While the mother was absent the prisoners entered her house and placed the lad naked on a hot shovel under the impression that this would break the charm. The poor little thing was severely burned, and is in a precarious condition.—*Daily Telegraph*, 19th May, 1884.

Overlooking.—At Bridgwater, on Saturday, a woman named Thomas was fined 1*l.* for assaulting a man named Winter. She pleaded that she was “overlooked” by the complainant, and that “the only cure for that was to draw blood.”—*Echo*, 19th May, 1884.

The May-pole at Bream.—A new May-pole was erected on May-day. The sports which were to have taken place for the benefit of the juveniles of the village had to be abandoned owing to the late hour at which the proceedings came to an end.

May Dew.—The old custom of “Maying” was indulged in by a few of the young people of Hawick. Like the “May-pole Dance,” the idea of rubbing the face in the morning dew, whereby twelve months of rosy cheeks may be secured, is gradually dying out. Year by year the devotees of “May morning” are becoming less and less, and it may reasonably be predicted the next generation will know little of the secret of how rosy cheeks were sought for on early May mornings.—*Hawick Advertiser*, 3rd May.

May Queen at Chelsea.—The May Queen elected by the students of Whiteland’s College, Chelsea, received from Mr. Ruskin a gold cross and thirty-six volumes of his works.

May Queen at Knutsford.—The old custom of crowning the May Queen was performed at Knutsford, in the presence of some thousands of spectators. The picturesque ceremony was enhanced in interest by the circumstance that Lord Tennyson had written Mr. Lever, of Culcheth Hall, Cheshire, a warm, sympathetic letter, expressing his hope that the Knutsford people might long continue their time-honoured festival. The prettiest child in the village was crowned Queen of the May.

May Day in Shrewsbury.—Although the weather was hardly such as the poets universally associate with “blithe May-day,” still the annual festival was not passed by without some notice in this town. At three o’clock several members of the Corporation visited the Corporation yard in Coleham, and inspected “the live and dead stock,

and very shortly after the whole proceeded to the Square. Here also assembled the horses and drays of the railway companies and of different firms in the town, and a procession was made up. The procession proceeded up Pride-hill, along Castle-foregate, through Castle Fields, back up the Gates, and down Pride-hill, Mardol, and Frankwell, and then again back to the centre of the town. In several schools of the town "May Queens" were chosen and adorned with flowers.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

The ancient custom of singing an anthem on May morning from the top of Magdalen Tower, Oxford, was observed this year.

Mr. Charles Leland is carrying on his researches into Red Indian folk-lore. He has promised a book on the subject, in which he hopes to establish the influence exercised by early Scandinavian settlers on the traditions of the North American Indian tribes. Mr. Leland intends to pay a visit to England during the summer.

Prof. C. T. Newton commenced on May 2nd, at University College, a course of lectures on Greek myths as illustrated by vases.

English folk-lorists will be glad to learn that Italy now has a Folk-Lore Society. The name chosen is that of "Società per lo studio delle Tradizioni popolari in Italia," the seat of the Society being Palermo. An annual volume will be published, containing the transactions of the Society, a copy of which will be sent to every member paying five francs per annum; and other publications will appear, bearing on Italian traditions. The Committee consists of nine members, including Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè, whose well known and distinguished name is almost a guarantee for the success of the undertaking.

We are glad to hear that the London Library are collecting all their Folk-lore books into one room.

IRISH FOLK-TALES.

BY JAMES BRITTEN, F.L.S.

(Continued from FOLK-LORE JOURNAL, vol. i. p. 324.)

No. VI.—THE STORY OF JOHN AND THE AMULET.

[This story was written down, like the preceding, by John Hannen, at the dictation of his father.]



NOW there was once a Shoundree* travelling in Ireland, and one night, not knowing where to sleep, he went for a night's lodging to a house up in the mountains. They took him in and gave him food. Now that night there was a child born in the house, and the Shoundree went out and consulted the stars. He came in and said that the child was born under an unlucky planet, and he then wrote upon a slip of parchment the child's fate. It was that he would be devoured by a four-footed beast. "Now," said the Shoundree, "when the boy grows up, send him to school, and hang this parchment in a purse round his neck, and tell him on no account to open it."

The baby grew up and was called John, and he was sent to school with the amulet round his neck. One day he chanced to think of the purse round his neck and wondered what was in it. At last he got so curious that he opened it and read what was in it. That night when he went home his father noticed how sad he was looking, and said, "What ails you, John?" "Nothing, father," he replied. "Have you opened the purse, John?" said the father. "Yes, father," said he, "and I wish that whatever you have to give me as a legacy will be given to me now." His father gave him some money and he went off. In the evening, as he was wandering in the woods, he came across a little open plot of grass. "Here," he said, "I will lie, and

* Prophet, wise man.

then if the beast devours me in the night, passers-by will see my body." Just then he saw a light in the woods. "I will go there," said he, "and tell the people of the house where to find my body." He went there and the man of the house came out, and seeing John so sad made him tell him the reason for it. John told him that it was his fate to be torn to pieces by a four-footed beast. The man said, "Come in and I will try to protect you from the beast." John went in, and the man gave a good supper to John, and a bitch called Fiss.* Then he said to the bitch, "Fiss, go and guard this house to-night, and don't let any man or beast come near it." Fiss went, and in the night a great bull came, tearing up the ground, and roaring and snorting, bellowing and pawing with his foot, and when he came near the house he commanded John to be brought out, and said that all the world would tremble at the sight of what he would do to him. Fiss attacked him, and before morning the bull had to go away defeated. So for that night John was safe. In the morning, the man of the house said to him, "John, go to my brother's house now, but take my little bitch, Fiss, with you to protect you." John took the bitch and went to the brother's house. The brother asked him why he looked so sad, and John told him that it had been prophesied of him that he was to be killed by a four-footed beast. The man told him to come in and that he would protect him for the night. John went in, and the man said, "Whose dog is that? it looks like my brother's." John answered, "Oh, he gave it to me to guard me against the beast." The man said, "All right," and gave him and his bitch, and his own bitch, Lice, † a good supper. In the night the bull came roaring and bellowing, snorting and tearing up the ground ten times fiercer than before. He demanded John to be sent out, and he said that all the world would shake at the sight of what he was going to do to him. Then the two bitches, Fiss and Lice, who had been commanded to watch the house, flew at him, and a terrible battle was fought, so that the bull had to go away before morning, beaten. So John was again safe. "Now," said the man, next morning, "go to my brother's house, and since my brother has been so kind to you I will give you this bitch, Lice." So John travelled on till he came to the third brother's

* Knowledge.

† Cure.

house. He went in, and the man asked him why he looked so down in the mouth. He told him about the prophecy that "he was to be put to death by a four-footed beast." The man told him to come in, and then asked him whose bitches they were that he had, because they looked like his two brothers' bitches. John said that they had been given him by the two brothers. The man said "All right," and then gave John, and his two bitches, and a dog of his own, called Nart,* a good supper. Then he told the dogs to guard the house, and in the night the bull came, ten times fiercer than ever he had come before, and demanded John to be sent out, and then the dogs set on him, and such a terrible battle was fought that with their feet the hard ground was made soft, and the soft ground was made hard. But before the morning the bull had to go away defeated. "Now," said the man, "since my two brothers have been so kind to you, I will give you my dog, Nart." So they bade good-bye to one another, and John went off.

He had now three dogs—Fiss, Lice, and Nart—(knowledge, cure, and strength), and as he was walking along he met a gentleman who asked him if he wanted any employment. John said he did, and the gentleman asked him what he could do. John answered that he could mind cows. The gentleman said that he wanted a herd, so John engaged with the gentleman. Then Fiss, who knew everything, whispered to John, "Be careful of that man, for he is your enemy though he does not know that he is, because it is his daughter who sends the bull after you; so take my advice, never get drunk, make an agreement that we are to sleep in the same room always with you, and never lose your presence of mind or get off your guard, but always take us about with you. Another thing, when you go into the farm-yard with the gentleman to see his stock, be very careful of the bull, which is enchanted. The gentleman will tell you to take us away or else the bull will kill us. Do not, but tell him that if he likes you will set us at the bull. We will fly at him, and then when he sees his bull near killed he will ask you to call us off. Then call us off." John went the next morning to see his master's stock, and when the bull saw him it began roaring and pawing the ground. "Take your

* Strength.

dogs away," said the gentleman, "or it will kill them." "Never mind," said John; "if you like we will set the dogs on him and have some sport."

After some hesitation, the gentleman agreed, and Nart grabbed the bull and held him down by the nose, while Fiss and Lice tore at the different parts of his body. After a while the gentleman said, "Call off your dogs." John called them off, and they came and stood in a circle round John.

John went on with his work after this, and did all that the bitch had told him. Now, after a long time, it happened that John was going to get married to the gentleman's daughter. Before the marriage, Fiss again came up to warn him. She said, "Whatever you do, don't drink any of the wine they'll give you, and don't get drunk. Also notice the little lap-dog the lady will have in her arms. It is the bull changed into the shape of a dog. She will come up to you and show you the dog to admire. Admire it, but keep your eyes on the dog, which will stare you in the face. Presently you will see the princess loosen her arm and the dog preparing to fly at your throat; then with a sweep of your arm knock him under the table to us, and being a lap-dog he will only have the strength of a lap-dog, and we will soon manage him."

The next day John was married to the lady, and in the evening, at the marriage-feast, he didn't taste a drop of wine or other strong drink. Soon the princess came up with a handsome little dog in her arms. "Isn't he a pretty little dog?" said the princess. "Oh! very beautiful, very handsome dog," said John, as he saw the dog crouching for a spring at his throat. Then he saw the princess's arms loosen a bit, and with a backhand smack of his arm he sent the dog sprawling under the table. A few yells, and all was over. But Fiss, who knew everything, began to grind and destroy every little bit of the lap-dog, for she knew that so long as there was any particle, however small, left of him, he would still be alive. For all poor Fiss's trouble, however, there was a tiny splinter of bone left, and the princess put that in John's bed. In the night, when John went to bed, the splinter shot up through his body and poor John was dead—dead as a door-nail. The poor dogs could not help him now, because, thinking all danger

to have ended with the death of the bull, he had let them be locked up in another room. When the funeral had started, carrying poor John to his grave, Nart broke open the door where they were, and the three rushed out after the funeral. When they came up with it, the men who were carrying the coffin were so frightened that they dropped it. Nart tore off the lid and drew the splinter of bone. Then said he to Lice, "Lick the wound." Lice licked it and John sprang up, as well as ever. As soon as he stepped out of the coffin, Fiss and Lice changed into the most beautiful ladies that were ever seen, and Nart became a strong handsome young man and went and killed the princess. They had been enchanted by the bull, and, now that he was really dead, changed into their own shapes. Then John married Fiss, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

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(Continued from vol. i. p. 394.)

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[Same contents as above.]

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Popular tales from the Norse.

With an introductory essay on the origin and diffusion of popular tales. Edinburgh, 1879. 8vo. Pp. lxxxviii. 432.

CONTENTS: Introduction. True and untrue—Why the sea is salt—The old dame and her hen—Boots who ate a match with the troll—Hacon Grizzlebeard—Boots who made the princess say "That's a story!"—The giant who had no heart in his body—The fox as herdsman—The mastermaid—The cat on the Dovrefell—Princess on the glass hill—How one went out to woo—The cock and hen—The master smith—Buttercup—Taming the Shrew—Shortshanks—Gudbrand on the hill-side—The blue belt—Why the bear is stumpy-tailed—Not a pin to choose between them—One's own children are always prettiest—The three princesses of Whiteland—The lassie and her godmother—The three aunts—The cock, the cuckoo, and the blackcock—Rich Peter the pedlar—Gertrude's bird—Boots and the troll—Goosey Grizzel—The lad who went to the North Wind—The master thief—The best wish—The three billygoats—Gruff—Well done and ill paid—East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon—The husband who was to mind the house—Dapplegrim—Farmer Weathersky—The two step-sisters—Lord Peter—The seven foals—The widow's son—Bushy bride—Boots and his brother—The twelve wild ducks.

Davenport (John). The witches of Huntingdon, their examinations and confessions, exactly taken by his Majesties justices of peace for that county, whereby will appeare how craftily and dangerously the devill tempteth and seizeth on poor soules. London, 1646. 4to. A—c, 2 in fours.

[This is in the British Museum Library.]

Dauids (T. W. Rhys). Buddhist birth-stories, or Jātaka tales: the oldest collection of folk-lore extant: being the Jātakathavannanā, for the first time edited in the original Pāli by V. Fausböll, and translated by T. W. Rhys Dauids. London, 1880, pp. ciii. 388.

CONTENTS: Translator's Introduction. The book of birth-stories and their migration to the West. The birth-stories in India. Supplementary tables. The Ceylon compiler's introduction. The birth stories:—Holding to the truth—The sandy road—The merchant of Seri—The story of Chullaka the treasurer—The measure of rice—On true divinity—The story of Makhā Deva—The happy life—The story of beauty—The banyan deer—The dart of love—The greedy antelope—The deer who would not learn—The cunning deer—The wind—On offering food to the dead—On offering given under a vow—The monkeys and the demon—The wily antelope—The dog who turned preacher—The Bhoja thoroughbred—The thoroughbred war-horse—The horse at the ford—Evil communications corrupt good manners—The elephant and the dog—The bull who won the bet—The old woman's black bull—The ox who envied the pig—On mercy to animals—The dancing peacock—The sad quarrel of the quails—The fish and his wife—The holy quail—The wise bird and the fools—The partridge, monkey and elephant—The cruel crane outwitted—Nanda on the buried gold—The fiery furnace.

Davie (John Constance). Letters from Paraguay: describing the settlements of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres; the presidencies of Risja Minor, nombre de Dios, St. Mary and St. John, &c. with the manners, customs, religious ceremonies, &c., of the inhabitants. Written during a residence of seventeen months in that country. London, 1805. 8vo. pp. vii. 293.

[There is nothing of importance in this book.]

Davis (Sir John Francis). Chinese novels, translated from the originals; to which are added proverbs and moral maxims collected from their classical books, and other sources; the whole prefaced by observations on the language and literature of China. London, 1822. 8vo. pp. 250.

[The proverbs occupy pp. 225-250.]

Dawson (James). Australian aborigines; the languages and customs of several tribes of aborigines in the western district of Victoria, Australia. Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide, 1881. 4to. pp. viii. 110, and ciii.

CONTENTS: Cap. i. Tribes. ii. Population. iii. Chiefs. iv. Property v. Clothing. vi. Habitations. vii. Cleanliness. viii. Domestic furniture ix. Cooking and food. x. Tools. xi. Laws of marriage. xii. Children. xiii. Names of persons. xiv. Superstitions and diseases. xv. Death and burial. xvi. Avenging of death. xvii. Great meetings. xviii. Amuse-

ments. xix. Weapons. xx. Animals. xxi. Meteorology, astronomy, &c. xxii. Native mounds. xxiii. Anecdotes—Conveyance of 100,000 acres of land—Vocabularies—Notes to chapters xi. xii. xiii. and xiv.—Reports of Government inspectors of aboriginal schools.

Day (Rev. Lal Behari). Folk-tales of Bengal. London, 1883. Pp. xii. 284.

CONTENTS: Preface. Life's secret—Phakir Chand—The indigent Brahman—The story of the Rakshasas—The story of Swet-Basanta—The evil eye of Sani—The boy whom seven mothers suckled—The story of Prince Sobur—The origin of opium—Strike but hear—The adventures of two thieves and of their sons—The ghost Brahman—The man who wished to be perfect—A ghostly wife—The story of a Brahmadaitya—The story of a Hiraman—The origin of rubies—The match-making jackal—The boy with the moon on his forehead—The ghost who was afraid of being bagged—The field of bones—The bald wife.

Delamothe (G. N.) The French alphabet, teaching in a very short time by a most easie way to pronounce French naturally, to reade it perfectly, to write it truly, and to speake it accordingly; together with the treasure of the French tongue, containing the rarest sentences, proverbes, parables, similes, apothegmes and golden sayings of the most excellent French authors as well poets as orators, by G. D. L. M. N. London, 1631. 12mo. pp. 159.

De Loier (Peter). A treatise of specters, or straunge sights, visions, and apparitions appearing sensibly unto men. 1605. 4to.

[I have not seen this. A copy is in the Bodleian; see Hazlitt's *Handbook to Early English Literature*, p. 152; and recently a copy was offered for sale by Brown, of Edinburgh, at £1 15s.; there is not a copy in the British Museum.]

Dendy (Walter Cooper). The philosophy of mystery. London, 1841. 8vo. pp. xii. 443.

In the form of conversation under the following chapters: The challenge—Nature and motives of ghosts—Prophecy of spectres—Illusion of spectres—Phantasy from mental association—Phantasy from cerebral excitement—Phantasy from cerebral congestion—Poetic phantasy—Phantasy from sympathy with the brain—Mysterious forms and signs—Analysis and classification of spectral illusion—Illusions of art—Illustration of mysterious sounds—Fairy mythology—Demonology—Nature of soul and mind—Nature of sleep—Sublimity and imperfection of dreaming—Prophecy of dreams—Moral causes of dreaming—Anachronism and coincidence of dreams—Intense impression—Influence of dark blood on the brain—Incubus or nightmare—Somniloquence and somnambulism—Imitative monomania—Reverie—Abstraction of intellect—Somnolence, trance, and catalepsy—Premature interment—Transmigration—Mesmerism—Sibylline influence.

[There does not seem to be much of value in this volume.]

Denham (Michael Aislabie). A collection of proverbs and popular sayings relating to the seasons, the weather, and agricultural pursuits, gathered chiefly from oral tradition. London (Percy Society), 1856. 8vo. pp. iv. 73.

CONTENTS: Preface—General adages, proverbs, &c.—General proverbs in rhyme—Dayes of the weke moralysed—[months]—addenda: a song for Christmas day.

Denham (Michael Aislalie). Slogans of the North of England. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1851. 4to. pp. xxx. 32.

Folk-lore: or a collection of local rhymes, proverbs, sayings, prophecies, slogans, etc. relating to Northumberland, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Berwick-on-Tweed. Richmond, in com. Ebor. 1858. 8vo. pp. xii. 142 (last two not numbered).

[Only fifty copies printed of this. There is no name or nom de plume on this book.]

A revelation or charact. Durham, 1854. 8vo. pp. 3.

[A charm. This is signed M. A. D.]

A chapter of cuckoo cries endeavoured by M. A. D. Durham, 1854. 8vo. pp. 11.

To all and singular the ghosts, hobgoblins, and phantasms of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland these brief pages are fearlessly inscribed in utter defiance of their power and influence by their verie humble ser-vaunte to command M. A. D. [Durham, 1851.] 8vo. pp. 6.

Folk-lore, or manners and customs of the North of England. By M. A. D. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1850. 8vo. pp. 2 leaves, 22.

[Only fifty copies printed.]

Folk-lore, or manners, customs, weather proverbs, popular charms, juvenile rhymes, ballads, &c. in the North of England. By M. A. D. Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1851. 8vo. pp. 12.

Odd names of places in the North of England. By Autolyceus. Durham, 1856. 8vo. pp. 4.

"I'll Neville you," &c. [By M. A. D. Durham, 1851]. 8vo. pp. 4.

Supplement to the local rhymes, proverbs, sayings, &c. of the county of Durham. Durham, 1859. 8vo. pp. 8.

[Only fifty copies printed.]

Rhymes and proverbs relating to hawking and the chase. [By Autolyceus (no place), 1857.] 8vo. pp. 2. [Only fifty copies printed: there is no title-page.]

To Old Father Christmas and Janus the double-faced god, this tract of the rhymes and proverbs of Yule-tide and the New Year is right humbly inscribed. [Durham, 1853.] 8vo. pp. 12.

[There is no title-page.]

Denham (Michael Aislabie). A few popular rhymes, proverbs, and sayings relating to fairies, witches, and gipsies. [Durham, 1852.] 8vo. pp. 8.

[Only fifty copies printed : there is no title-page.]

A few fragments of fairyology, shewing its connection with natural history. Durham, 1859. 8vo. pp. 7.

[Only fifty copies printed : signed M. A. D.]

To Oberon and Titania, king and queen of fairies, and the whole fairy court, dwelling in the greater Mona, I dedicate this little tract on the popular rhymes, proverbs, sayings, &c. of their native ysl. [Durham, 1850.] 8vo. pp. 17.

[There is no title-page : signed M. A. D.]

Folk-lore, or manners, customs, weather proverbs, popular charms, juvenile rhymes, &c. of the North of England. By M. A. D. Durham, 1852. 8vo. pp. 21.

[Only fifty copies printed.]

English surnames obtained from matters of war and chivalry. By M. A. D. Durham, 1854. 1 slip.

Folk-lore, or manners, customs, weather proverbs, popular charms, juvenile rhymes, &c. in the North of England. [Richmond, in com. Ebor. 1858.] 8vo. pp. 31.

[Only fifty copies printed : there is no title-page.]

As an offering in honour of the manes of the families of Hylton and Conyers, I dedicate this tract on the feudal and border rhymes, proverbs, sayings, &c. &c. of the bishoprick of Durham. [Durham, 1850.] 8vo. pp. 12.

[Only fifty copies printed : there is no title-page.]

This littel tractate on ye rimes, pro-uerbes, sayings, &c. &c. of ye oulde aunciente city of Duresme is ryghyte hvmble wise dedicated to ye clargy, lawyers, and olde maids of ye afore-named cittie to whom respectively and respectfully he wishes golden prebends, fatt briefs, and good hvsbandes by their most hvmble bedesman and oratour the collector. [Durham, 1851.] 8vo. pp. 28.

[Only fifty copies printed : there is no title-page.]

In honour of Joseph Ritson, Esquire, the earliest collector and chronicler of our Palatine anthology, I dedicate this tract : Rare and popular rhymes, proverbs, sayings, characteristics, reproaches, &c. &c. relating to the inhabitants of certain towns and villages, and also to particular families and individuals in the bishoprick of Durham. [Durham, 1851.] 8vo. pp. 78.

[Only fifty copies printed : there is no title-page.]

Denniston (Captain James). Legends of Galloway; being a series of traditions illustrative of its ancient history, customs, manners and superstitions. Edinburgh, 1825. 8vo. pp. xiv. 294.

CONTENTS: The preface—The standard of Denmark; a tale of Cruggleton Castle—The miller of Eldrig—The battle of Cairnholy.

[The preface, p. xii. says: "It would be unworthy his [the author's] character to permit the following pages to go abroad into the world under the impression that they are literal transcriptions of the legends he has given. That their basis rests on popular tradition he avows to be true, but he begs leave at the same time to state that their getting up, or rather amplification, has been entirely his own."]

————— The battle of Craignilder, a very ancient Gallovidian ballad; arranged for publication with an introduction and notes. Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1832. 8vo. pp. l. 104.

CONTENTS: Preface. Introduction. Battle of Craignilder.

First line: O heard ye o' that gallant fray

* * *

Last line: To deek the deadly flail, man.

Notes.

• **Denton (Rev. W.),** see Mijatovics (Madam C.)

Devonshire Association, for the advancement of science, literature and art, report and transactions of, Plymouth, v. y. 8vo.

First report of committee on Devonshire folk-lore, vol. viii. (1876), pp. 49-58.

Disraeli (Isaac). Curiosities of literature: a new edition, edited with memoirs and notes by his son the Right Hon. B. Disraeli. London, 1867. 3 vols. 8vo.

These volumes contain the following articles on subjects relating to folk-lore: vol. i. legends, pp. 89-94; on the custom of saluting after sneezing, pp. 126-128; trials and proofs of guilt in superstitious ages, pp. 161-166; singularities observed by various nations in their repasts, pp. 170-173; English astrologers, 278-283; alchemy, 283-287; mysteries, moralities, farces and sotties, 352-362.

Vol. ii. modes of salutation and amicable ceremonies observed in various nations, pp. 12-15; drinking customs in England, 292-300.

Vol. iii. the philosophy of proverbs, 32-65.

Dodds (George). The translation of an ancient formula of magical exorcism written in cypher. *Reliquary*, vol. x. pp. 129-138.

Dorman (Rushton M.) The origin of primitive superstitions and their development into the worship of spirits, and the doctrine of spiritual agency among the aborigines of America. Philadelphia and London, 1881. 8vo. pp. 398.

CONTENTS: Cap. i. Introductory. ii. and iii. Doctrine of spirits. iv. Fetichistic superstitions. v. Rites and ceremonies connected with the dead. vi. Animal worship. vii. Worship of trees and plants. viii. Worship of remarkable natural objects. ix. Sabaism. x. Animistic theory of meteorology. xi. Priestcraft. xii. Conclusion. Index.

Douce (F.) The ceremony of the feast of fools. *Archaeologia*, vol. xv. pp. 225-233.

Douce (F.) Ancient marriage customs. *Archaeologia*, vol. xvii. pp. 124-127.

Drake (Samuel Adams). A book of New England legends and folklore in prose and poetry. Boston, 1884. 4to. pp. xviii. 461.

CONTENTS: Boston legends—Cambridge legends—Lynn and Nahant legends—Salem legends—Marblehead legends—Cape Ann legends—Ipswich and Newbury legends—Hampton and Portsmouth legends—York, Isle of Shoals, and Boor Island legends—Old Colony legends—Rhode Island legends—Connecticut legends—Nantucket and other legends.

Draxe (Thomas). Bibliotheca scholastica instructissima, or a treasury of ancient adagies and sententious proverbs, selected out of the English, Greeke, Latine, French, Italian, and Spanish, ranked in alphabeticall order, and suited to one and the same sense. Londini, 1654. Sm. 8vo. pp. 247.

Drummond (Robert). Illustrations of the grammatical parts of the Guzerattee, Mahratta and English languages. Bombay, 1808. Folio, pp. 134 [not paged in type.]

[A selection of Guzerattee proverbs extend from page 20 to page 36.]

Du Chaillu (Paul B.) Explorations and adventures in Equatorial Africa; with accounts of the manners and customs of the people London, 1861. 8vo. pp. x. 479.

[The customs are mentioned during the narrative of travel.]

The land of the midnight sun: summer and winter journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland and Northern Finland, with descriptions of the inner life of the people, their manners and customs, the primitive antiquities, &c. London, 1881. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xvi. 441; xvi. 474.

[The customs are mentioned during the narrative of travel.]

Dyer (T. F. Thiselton). British popular customs, present and past; illustrating the social and domestic manners of the people; arranged according to the calendar of the year. London, 1876. 8vo. pp. ii. 520.

English folk-lore. London, 1878. 8vo. pp. viii. 290.

CONTENTS: Cap. i. Plants. ii. The moon. iii. Birds. iv. Animals. v. Insects—reptiles. vi. Charms. vii. Birth—baptism. viii. Marriage. ix. Death. x. Days of the week. xi. The months and other weather-lore. xii. Bells. xiii. Miscellaneous folk-lore.

Domestic folk-lore. London, 1881. [Cassells shilling monthly library]. 12mo. pp. viii. 180.

CONTENTS: Birth and infancy—Childhood—Love and courtship—Marriage—Death and burial—The human body—Articles of dress—Table superstitions—Furniture omens—Household superstitions—Popular divinations—Common ailments—Miscellaneous household-lore.

Dyer (T. F. Thiselton). Folk-lore of Shakespeare. London [1883]. 8vo. pp. ix. 526.

CONTENTS: Cap. i. Fairies. ii. Witches. iii. Ghosts. iv. Demonology and devil-lore. v. Natural phenomena. vi. Birds. vii. Animals. viii. Plants. ix. Insects and reptiles. x. Folk-medicine. xi. Customs connected with the calendar. xii. Birth and baptism. xiii. Marriage. xiv. Death and burial. xv. Rings and precious stones. xvi. Sports and pastimes. xvii. Dances. xviii. Punishments. xix. Proverbs. xx. Human body. xxi. Fishes. xxii. Sundry superstitions. xxiii. Miscellaneous customs, &c.—Index.

Dykes (Oswald). Moral reflexions upon select English proverbs, familiarly accommodated to the honour and manners of the present age. London, 1708. 8vo. dedication, pp. xl. 280, and index.

[The preface is "An Essay upon the nature and use of proverbs." There are 52 proverbs, each forming the heading of a chapter of moral reflections.]

English proverbs, with moral reflexions, in imitation of Sir Roger L'Estrange's *Æsop*, familiarly accommodated to the humour and manners of the age. The second edition to which is added the union proverb, occasioned by the late French expedition to Scotland, and several other proverbs never before printed. London, 1709. 8vo. pp. xl. 312, and index, and separate pagination of 14 pages and preface.

[The preface is as before. There are 57 proverbs. The Union Proverb is a separate pamphlet, and is a dissertation on "When Skiddaw has a cap, Scruffell wots full well of that," applicable to the Union of Scotland and England, and is said to be by Defoe.]

The same. The third edition. London, 1713. 8vo.

[The same as the second edition, with a new title-page.]

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

BY EMMA S. BUCHHEIM.



T has of late become the fashion to celebrate the anniversary of any important historical or legendary event, and the people of Hamelin, not to be outdone, intend this year to celebrate the memory of one of the darkest days in their annals. On the 26th of June it will be six hundred years since, according to a legend made popular in England by Browning's well-known poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," the injured rat-catcher led away the children of the town, thereby causing much grief

to their parents and much perplexity to historians. As public attention is thus called to the legend it may not be uninteresting to English readers to learn the results of recent investigations undertaken in Germany by several scholars, more especially by Dr. Otto Meinardus, in a treatise entitled *Der historische Kern der Hameler Rattenfängersage*, and by Herr M. Busch in the *Grenzboten*, with a view to ascertaining whether or no the legend rests on an historical basis.

The Piper and the rats have always been considered an essential part of the story. It seems impossible that the man on whom we have always looked as the cause of the catastrophe should in reality be only a secondary personage; but on turning to what is considered the earliest record of the tragedy of Hamelin we find it is merely to the effect "that on the 26th of June, 1284, one hundred and thirty children vanished into Mount Calvary," afterwards called the "Koppelberg." There is no doubt whatever that the above record was made a long time after the occurrence of the event, for the mystical element has already made its appearance in the statement that the children disappeared *into* the mountain. The entries concerning the Piper do not occur till some years after the first record was made, and the rats are not mentioned at all in the archives of the town. We are then not unjustified in taking for granted that, if any part of the story is true, it is the disappearance of the children, and that the Piper, the scourge of the rats, and the broken treaty, were added to account for a fact whose real cause was long since forgotten.

We will first see whether any satisfactory explanation presents itself of that part of the story which we have already relegated to the rank of fable, and here we find that the Piper who by means of his music destroys obnoxious animals is not the sole property of the people of Hamelin. Like Wilhelm Tell he is common property in the realm of fiction. It is not only that the Piper recalls the malicious gnomes and elves who delight to steal children, or that his gay costume reminds us of the love these creatures have for bright-coloured cloth, he has his actual counterpart in the legends of other countries. In France there is a story of a monk who freed a town from a plague of rats. The people withheld the promised reward, and with the help of his horn the monk led away their cattle and their domestic animals. In

Ireland we actually meet with a legend of a bagpipe-player who decoyed a number of young people in the same manner that the ratcatcher of Hamelin led away the children. In many Teutonic myths we find that the soul leaves the body in the shape of a mouse, and it has occurred to one writer that the Piper is the god of death of the Aryan races, who is followed by the souls of the dead, represented in the legend as rats. Without going so far as to look upon the whole legend as a new form of the dance of death, we may consider that the musician whose magical attributes give him power over man and beast belongs to the same category as elves, gnomes, and other mythical creatures, who love to mislead human beings. We shall presently see how he came to be connected with our legend.

As regards the historical basis of the tale some historians endeavoured to bring it in connection with a battle fought in 1259 or 1260 between the Bishop of Minden and the people of Hamelin at Sedemunde. The latter were defeated, and a number of them having been taken prisoners they were led away, "disappearing behind the mountains," and returning after some time by the roundabout way of Transylvania. There are two objections to this explanation which has found very general acceptance. The dates of the two occurrences do not coincide, and the battle has been fully described in the chronicles. It is scarcely probable that an event so well remembered as the battle of Sedemunde should have given rise to a distinct legend. It seems therefore that we must seek for another interpretation of the legend, and this is to be found by connecting it with the strange psychological epidemic which prevailed to such an alarming extent in the Middle Ages, namely, the dancing mania. Men, women, and children, seized by this disease, danced till they fell down utterly exhausted. Then they slept, and awoke refreshed. The disease was epidemic; sometimes the crowd numbered from 500 to 1000 dancers who did not always remain in one place, but wandered dancing from town to town. They were much excited by music, and the authorities sometimes hired musicians in order that they might hasten the exhaustion which preceded the healing sleep. Though the disease did not attain its full height till some centuries after the date ascribed to the Hamelin incident, we know that it had already broken out. In 1237 the young

people of Erfurt were attacked, left their homes, and were found again at Arnstadt, where they had fallen down in the streets worn out by their exertions. May not a similar occurrence have led to the loss of the children of Hamelin? It seems that these dancers were called "Dancers of St. John" (Johannes tänzer). From the 24th to the 26th of June the Midsummer festivals were held, at which many of the ancient heathen customs were carried out. Wild dances formed an essential part of the festival, for whoever danced through a burning fire was free from illness for that year. Such occasions as these might easily give rise to the dreaded epidemic, and hence probably the name "Dancers of St. John." We must remember that it was on the 26th of June, the last day of the Midsummer festival, that the children of Hamelin vanished. Is it not probable that the youth of the town were celebrating the festival, and that musicians were among them? Whether the mania originally began at Hamelin, or whether dancers from other districts infected the people of that town, is difficult to decide. We will assume that they were infected, and that, headed by a musician wearing the gay dress of his class, the young inhabitants of Hamelin began their journey, and disappeared from sight behind the Koppelberg. The story of the Erfurt children leads us to think that the Hamelin children in their wanderings may have gone to a distant place fixed by popular fancy in Transylvania, and have been brought back from there. When the old chronicler subsequently wrote down the brief record of what had taken place the children were said to have disappeared not *behind* but *into* the mountain. Beside such a wonder other circumstances seemed trivial indeed in the eyes of the people; it was impossible that such a simple thing as dancing should lead to such a catastrophe. How was it brought about? The Piper who led the crowd became the cause of the tragedy, the vague memory of myths and traditions came to the aid of the people; the Piper became a man with magic powers who revenged himself on the people of Hamelin when they refused to give him his promised reward, and the legend assumed the shape in which it has come down to us.

June 20th, 1884.

IRISH FOLK-LORE.

[Reprinted from *A Statistical Account or Parochial Survey of Ireland, drawn from the communications of the Clergy*, by William Shaw Mason. Dublin, London, and Edinburgh, 1814-1819. 8vo. 3 vols.—Continued from page 142.]

Parish of Dungiven.

THE traditionary story of O'Cahan's possessions (a family who rose into consequence when the O'Connors became obscure) is this: The chief O'Neal granted to O'Cahan, as a reward for some important service (*Go rasir capell ciar*), "as far as your brown horse can run in one day." This he accepted, and took a direct line eastward from Burn Tollaght, in the parish of Comber, to the river Bann, including the whole of that fertile district which lies between the mountain and the sea. The fishery of the Bann was also a part of this possession; and to accommodate him in drawing his nets a certain tribute of salt for the use of the castle of Grianan Oiligh was taken in exchange for as much land as an oxhide would enclose; this, aided by the old Carthaginian device of cutting the hide into small thongs (an hereditary artifice, no doubt), extended his territory considerably beyond the river. In Camden's description of the county of Coleraine (Gibson's *Camden*, folio 1018) we have the following: "The Cahans were of greatest authority in these parts, the chief O'Cahan being the person who (in the barbarous election of O'Neal, performed with barbarous ceremony on a high hill in the open air) has the honourable office of throwing a shoe over the head of the O'Neal then chosen." Throwing a shoe after a person setting out on a journey or other enterprise is still considered by the common people as lucky and conducive to success.—(Vol. i. pp. 321-322.)

At the baptising of Ossian the office was performed by St. Patrick, who, being of a great age at the time, walked with a pole which had in the end a long sharp point of iron to secure his steps. Whilst in

the act of officiating, the saint inadvertently leaned his staff, without perceiving it, on Ossian's foot, so that the spike ran quite through it to the ground. When the service was finished, on turning away the holy man discovered the unlucky accident, and, being struck with the greatest concern and surprise, he hastily inquired of Ossian why he had not noticed it or shown any sign of uneasiness, "I thought, father," replied the chief with unvarying composure, "that this too had been part of the ceremony!"—(Vol. i. p. 327.)

Early almost every Sunday morning, from St. Patrick's day until about Michaelmas, a number of devotees surround the well called Tubber Patrick, and, after bowing towards it with great reverence, walk round it a certain number of times, repeating during their progress a stated measure of prayer. They then wash their hands and feet with the water and tear off a small rag from their clothes, which they tie on a bush overhanging the well. From thence they all proceed to a large stone in the river Roe, immediately below the old church; and, having performed an ablution, they walk round the stone, bowing to it and repeating prayers as at the well. Their next movement is to the old church, within which a similar ceremony goes on, and they finish this rite by a procession and prayer round the upright stone already described.—(Vol. i. p. 328.)

Parish of Kilmanaheen.

The last Sunday in July is a patron day, when a number of people assemble at Lahinchy. They amuse themselves with horse-racing on the strand, dancing, &c. near it. This Sunday is called Garlic Sunday, but for what reason is not known. On Saturday evening preceding this Sunday numbers of people, male and female, assemble at St. Bridget's well, and remain there the entire night. They first perform their rounds, and then spend a good part of the time in invoking this Saint Bridget over the well, repeating their prayers and adorations aloud and holding their conversations with the saint, &c. When this ceremony is over they amuse themselves until morning by dancing and singing. They then (on Sunday morning) repair to Lahinchy, distant from this well at least three miles, to conclude their merriment. This well is also resorted to on the 1st of February.—(Vol. i. p. 494.)

Parish of Maghera.

As to customs, we have no controversy here, about regaling ourselves with the juice of the barley on St. Patrick's day; eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday; a goose at Michaelmas, and nuts and apples on Hallow e'en; on the Sunday before Easter, palm twigs; on the 17th of March, a green shamrock; and on the 12th of July, orange-lilies are worn. On Shrove Tuesday, and a few days before it, the Roman Catholics usually marry, being prohibited to do so in Lent or Advent.

On the 1st of May from time immemorial, until the year 1798, a large pole was planted in the market-place at Maghera; and a procession of May-boys, headed by a mock king and queen, paraded the neighbourhood, dressed in shirts over their clothes, and ornamented with ribbons of various colours. This practice was revived last year, and the May-boys collected about seventeen pounds at the different places where they called: this defrayed the expense of a public dinner next day.

On the 23rd of June bonfires are kindled in all directions through the country. On the 24th June, being St. John's day, the Freemasons assemble, walk in their insignia, and dine together. On the 12th July, the anniversary of the battle of Aughrim, the Orangemen assemble, walk in their insignia, and dine together. On the 29th September, being Michaelmas day, the few hounds in the neighbourhood are collected, and there is a hunt; and on the 31st of October, being Holy Eve, or, as the Scotch call it, "Hallow e'en," various tricks are played by the young people, who are anxious to know what husbands or wives they are to get.

Entertainments are given by all descriptions of people here at christenings, weddings, wakes, and funerals; cheese and ale are the usual beverage at the Scotch christenings, cakes and whiskey at the Irish. The weddings are observed with considerable gaiety, and a dangerous compliment is paid to the bridal-party, at what is called the infair or bringing home. They are saluted with shots from muskets and pistols in every village, or cluster of houses, through which they pass. This joke often turns out a serious one, for it has been repeatedly the cause of unhorsing some of the joyful train, who

always ride at full gallop on these occasions, contending for the honour of arriving first at the bridegroom's house.

At the Irish wake here, the body of the deceased is laid on the earth, and covered with a sheet; two candles are placed near it, and the company is entertained with pipes, tobacco, and snuff.—(Vol. i. pp. 593-596.)

Parish of Annahilt.

One peculiar custom generally prevails: the giving a merry convoy home to the bride and groom after marriage, and the struggle is often great between the friends of the former and of the latter who shall first arrive at the destined goal.—(Vol. ii. p. 16.)

Parish of Ballymascanton.

There are two patrons, one on the first of February, in honour of St. Bridget, on Foughart Hill, and the other on the fifteenth of August, in honour of the Virgin Mary, at Piedmont. Near each patron place is what is called a holy well, named after the saint, at which the people do penance.—(Vol. ii. p. 72.)

Parish of Ballymoyer.

Some remains of Pagan superstition still exist, as also the belief in fairies, and in lucky and unlucky days. A girl chasing a butterfly was chid by her companions, saying, "That may be the soul of your grandfather." Upon inquiry it was found that a butterfly hovering near a corpse was regarded as a sign of its everlasting happiness.—(Vol. ii. p. 83.)

Parish of Cahircorney.

In this parish assemblages are held on the tops of the highest hills on every St. John's Eve, when they light up clears, which are bundles of straw tied to long poles, and as all the most elevated places for forty miles around appear one blaze of fire the effect is very brilliant. It is a Pagan custom, and is conjectured to be a mode of worship paid to the heathen deity Baal, as the Irish at this day call the first of May "La Baal tine," that is, "The day of Baal's fire."—(Vol. ii. p. 98.)

(*To be continued.*)

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Pet Serpent.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Mariquita (= heroine), (2) her two brothers, (3) king, (4) Mariquita's nurse, (5) her foster-sister Estefania, (6) an old woman, (7) pet serpent.

Thread of story.—Mariquita possesses three magical powers: the water she washes her hands in turns to silver; combings of her hair to gold; and pearls fall from her lips when she laughs. Her two brothers tell the king this, and he sends for her to wed her. Her nurse and foster-sister, Estefania, accompany her to the palace. On the way they pluck out Mariquita's eyes, and leave her in a wood; proceeding themselves to the palace with Mariquita's eyes in a bottle, Estefania impersonates Mariquita, and weds the king. After wedding, king finds his bride does not possess qualities represented by Mariquita's brothers, and beheads them.

Old woman finds Mariquita in the wood and gives her a home¹—a serpent whom she had once made a pet of² visits her and aids her. It sends the old woman to the palace to tempt Estefania to buy a bouquet of flowers in exchange for a pair of eyes—Mariquita's eyes are thus recovered,³ and serpent restores them to their place.⁴ Serpent and Mariquita go to palace, gain admission to king,⁵ prove the authenticity of Mariquita.⁶ King burns Estefania and her mother, and weds Mariquita. The serpent restores Mariquita's brothers to life.⁷

Incidental circumstances.—(1) The old woman has a family of children, who grumble at Mariquita being brought amongst them, till she manifests her powers and enriches them. (2) She had found it when young, brought it up, and fed it with part of her own food till it grew big. Then her father discovered it, and made her put it away. (3) The first time Estefania gives a dog's eyes for the bouquet, and the second time a cat's eyes, but the third time, not having others, she bethinks herself of Mariquita's. (4) By licking them. (5) They throw money to the soldiers on guard, and while they are picking it up sing a verse telling how the king has been duped—the third time they do this the king comes out himself and catches Mariquita. (6) By actual trial of her powers. (7) He feigns that they will have to sacrifice the life of their twin children to effect this, but ultimately restores the brothers and leaves the twins alive.

Where published.—*Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Espanoles*, p. 137.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.* Collected by Senor Don Th. H. Moore, of Santa Juana, in Chile.

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Mariquilla the Attendant (Mariquilla la Ministra).

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Merchant, (2) his daughter, (3) Mariquilla (= heroine), (4) ten other of her companions, (5) robber chief [(6) old man, servant to robbers, (7) other robbers].

Thread of Story.—Merchant has to go from home and leaves his daughter shut up in a strong castle with eleven companions, among whom is Mariquilla. They discover a robber's cave in the vicinity of the castle,¹ which they visit twice with impunity,² but the third time the robbers catch them and retain them to supper, insisting too that they must sleep there. Mariquilla feigns consent to this proposal, obtaining leave to retire and wash themselves preparatory to going to bed. In this way they escape.³ Robber captain comes to castle disguised as beggar-woman and obtains admission. He gives drugged figs to all the girls,⁴ who fall asleep at once. Mariquilla does not eat hers, but pretends she has, and feigns to fall asleep⁵ from the effects. Then, when robber-chief is leaning over the balcony, she steals up behind him and throws him over. He is picked up by his band, badly hurt, and taken to cave. Mariquilla goes to cave disguised as a doctor, and, pretending to cure the chief, tortures him.⁶ Robber chief recovers, and vows vengeance. Disguised as a gallant, he courts Mariquilla, who recognises him, but consents to marry him. On nuptial night she hides, and puts a doll⁷ in bed in her place. Captain stabs the doll for her; but afterwards repents⁸ and mourns her—she emerges from her hiding-place—they are reconciled, and live happily.

Incidental circumstances.—(1) They see a light and wonder what it is. (2) The first visit they found only an old man cooking—they knock over his pot, which contains a child's foot and hand, and run off. The second time also they only find the old man—but the third time robbers have left a sentry, who retains them till the rest return. (3) Mariquilla splashes the water till all have escaped, saying to each "It is your turn now," which the robbers believed referred to the washing—then she ties a cock's legs and puts it into the basin; while it splashes the water with its wings she escapes. (4) They ask for them, and at first he pretends to be unwilling as they were intended as a present for the priest; but at last gives them two each. (5) Robber chief drops a drop of hot wax on each, to see that they are sound asleep. (6) Cuts him and puts salt into the wounds. (7) Made of sugar, life-size, and stuffed with honey; head pulls with a string. (8) Honey spurts up into his lips, and he reflects how sweet Mariquilla's blood is.

Where published.—*Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Espanoles*, tom. i. p. 149.

Nature of collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.* Collected by Senor Don Alejandro Guichot y Sierra, in Seville.

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Les Trois Frères.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) King, (2) eldest son, (3) second son, (4) youngest son, (5) priest, (6) bone (which speaks) of youngest son.

Thread of story.—King sends out his three sons—promises the crown to him who brings back the finest nosegay—youngest son finds the best—eldest demands it of him, threatening death if refused—youngest refuses—eldest tells second brother to fetch a spade to dig a grave for the little one—second brother refuses, is threatened with death—then complies—eldest digs the grave and buries the youngest alive—then takes the nosegay to the king as found by himself. King says he must await the return of the other brothers—eldest demurs, but is sent to seek his brothers—king goes also and meets the second brother, weeping, who, questioned, reveals the tragedy and place where committed¹—they go to the place and find a hollow bone in the shape of a whistle—king puts it to his mouth—the bone relates the murder²—priest passing is summoned—the bone again relates the deed³—father collects wood and burns his eldest son.

Incidental circumstances.

1. In the Forest of Ardennes.
2. Saying, "Mon frère m'a tué Dans la forêt d'Ardennes."
3. Saying, "O mon curé, C'est mon frère aimé, Qui m'a tué dans la forêt d'Ardennes."

Where published.—*Littérature Orale de la Haute-Bretagne*, par Paul Sébillot. 1881. Paris. Pp. 220-222.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.* Pierre Ménard, of Saint-Cast, cabin-boy, aged 13.
3. *Other particulars.* Story told in 1879.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—The whistling bone revealing the assassin's name is often found in popular tales: see as instances the stories *Les Petits Souliers Rouges* and *Le Sifflet qui parle* in the same vol. as above (pp. 223-229).

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON, 25, Homefield Road, Wimbledon.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Les Petits Souliers Rouges.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Mother, (2) son, (3) daughter, (4) father, (5) bird, (6) the Blessed Virgin.

Thread of story.—Mother has two children, boy and girl—sends them to gather fagots—promises the pair of little red slippers to the one that returns first. The forest reached, boy ties his sister to a tree—gathers wood—unites her, and then reaches home first and demands the slippers—they are granted—as he stoops to take them, mother lets saucapan-lid fall and cut his head off—she puts him in the pot to make soup. Sister returns—asks for her brother¹—is told he is in the garden—vainly seeks him—is set to blow the fire to make the soup boil—she hears a voice from the pot²—a bird on branch at the door tells her she is cooking her brother—she asks her mother for explanation, and is told to silence the bird with the broom—bird flies away. Soup being made, girl is sent with some to father in the forest—she meets the Blessed Virgin and is told to collect all the bones that her father throws from his soup³—girl does so⁴—takes them to B. V. who puts them together, and remakes the little brother.

Incidental circumstances.

1. That she may see him with the slippers on.
2. Saying twice, "Petit fen, ma petite sœur."
3. And if any go into the river, she is to go in after them.
4. Those in the river she collects without being drowned.

Where published.—*Littérature Orale de la Haute-Bretagne*, par Paul Sébillot. 1881. Paris. Pp. 223-225.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.* Jeanne Bazul, of Trélivan.
3. *Other particulars.*

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—See another version in Sébillot's *Contes populaires de la Haute-Bretagne*, No. 1x. Cf. Husson, *Chaîne traditionnelle*, p. 19. There are other versions in French and German known.

(Signed) GEO. L. APPERSON, 25, Homefield Road, Wimbledon.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Superstitions from Corea.—In spite of the early civilisation of the country, the only subject of historical interest which we saw in our travels was a curious structure resembling a rude altar, consisting of one massive slab, placed horizontally on small blocks of granite, which supported it on three sides, leaving the other side open and a hollow space some sixteen feet by ten feet beneath. Of these quasi-altars several were standing in the valleys; but, though it must have cost immense labour to place these stones in position, no legend was current to account for their existence, except one which connected them with the Japanese invasion at the end of the sixteenth century, when the invaders were said to have erected them to suppress the influences of the earth (*ti chi*). Whatever their origin, they have been left undisturbed.

Of the influence of superstition over the people constant evidence is seen, in offerings to the spirits of the mountains in the shape of rags tied to branches of shrubs, heaps of stones at the top of mountain ridges, long ropes hanging from trees, shrines two or three feet high placed by the roadside, and, most quaint of all, in thick planks set in the ground, with one face rudely hewn and painted to represent a human head, with teeth fiercely prominent. These figures are said to be intended to keep foxes out of the villages, and thus protect the people from their spells and witchery. Beyond these few objects and a Buddhist temple, near a fine figure of Buddha cut in the rock not far from the north gate of Söul, there was no trace of any religious feeling having any hold upon the people. Had we gone a few miles farther north we were assured we should have found at Chin Kang Shan not only the most beautiful scenery in Corea, but mountains thickly studded with temples, to which pilgrims throng in summer; but we neither saw any such nor any trace of religious observances among the people even at the new or full moon. We were told, however, of sacrifices being offered to the mountain spirits

before a mine was opened. Graves as a rule are placed close together on the slope of a hill, without any stone or mark to identify them; but occasionally a horse-shoe clearing is seen in the woods, where some distinguished person lies buried, whose name and birthplace are given on a rough slab of stone. The funerals that we met were of the simplest character, and at one village the remains of the body of an old woman, who had been eaten by a tiger, were being burnt on a fire of brushwood, lighted on the spot.—*Report by Mr. Carles on a Journey in two of the Central Provinces of Corea in October 1883.*

Roumanian Customs, Charms, Remedies.—At a marriage or any other festival a Roumanian peasant will always pour out some wine, and spill it on the ground, before giving to his guests, or himself drinking. Is this an offering to the gods? When asked why they do this, the answer is, "So it must be."

If you say that a baby is pretty, you must spit on the ground immediately, or you will give it the evil eye.

To stop bleeding from the nose: Hold to the nose a living spider twisted up in a linen cloth.

For swelling of the stomach: Gather black snails in a forest, and place them on the stomach; this remedy must be renewed several times.

To bring back a husband's love for his wife: Take the heart of a partridge and a piece of the root of a wallflower; make into a small ball, and let it be eaten by the offender; he will never again either scold or beat his wife.

To make a child's second teeth come straight and well: Bury its first teeth, as they fall, at the foot of a straight oak-tree.

E. B. MAWR,

Witchcraft in Scotland.—In illustration of the gross ignorance and superstitious beliefs of the smuggling fraternity, it may be stated that, on account of his success in unearthing smugglers, the official who discovered the worm which had been so ingeniously secreted had made himself so obnoxious to that class that a few years ago an attempt was actually made to *remove* him by means of the occult and mysterious agency of witchcraft. The means adopted in order to compass the death of this obnoxious official was the well-known *corp creadh*, or clay image,

the efficacy of which, when properly gone about, to destroy life, is still implicitly believed in by the bulk of the population in the more rustic parts of the Highlands. The *modus operandi* consists in the operator modelling an image in clay of the person whose death is desired, and, having muttered the appropriate incantation over it, placing it in water running towards the east, the idea being that the body of the victim wastes away in exact proportion as the water wears away the clay of the image. When a sudden death is desired the image is placed in a rapidly-running stream. If, on the other hand, a long lingering and painful illness should be desired, a number of pins and rusty nails are struck in the chest and other vital parts of the image, which is then deposited in comparatively still waters. Should, however, the *corp creadh* happen to be discovered in the water before the thread of life is severed, it at once loses its efficacy; and not only does the victim recover, but, so long as the image is kept intact, he is ever after proof against the professors of the black art. That the attempt had miscarried in the case of the officer in question is attributed by the believers in witchcraft to the fact that a pearl-fisher, in the course of his legitimate calling, happened to discover the image before it had been many days in the water.—*Glasgow Herald*, May 12, 1884.

J. G. FENWICK.

Notes on some Customs of the Aborigines of the Albert District, New South Wales.—By C. S. WILKINSON, F.G.S., F.L.S.—Mr. W. H. J. Slee, the Government Inspector of Mines, has given me the following particulars regarding a singular ceremony which the aboriginal tribes of the Mount Poole district perform, when, as is often the case in that arid region, they need rain.

In many parts of that country gypsum occurs abundantly in the soil, but the fibrous variety known as *Satin Spar* is comparatively rare. The latter is highly prized by the natives, and is called by them "rain-stone," for they believe that the Great Spirit uses it in making rain, and probably also because they regard it as solidified rain on account of the resemblance of its fibrous or striated structure to heavy rain; the more pronounced are the striations the more the stone is valued.

About two years ago, Mr. Slee, when warden of the Mount Poole

goldfield, was specially invited by the principal chiefs of the Mount Poole and Mokely tribes to attend a ceremony of "making rain." On the day appointed the natives, with the exception of the females, who are not allowed to see either the rain-stone or the ceremony, assembled and formed in a circle, in the centre of which stood the oldest chief and Mr. Slee, no other person being permitted to enter the circle. After a great deal of talking, dancing, singing, and mystical performances had been gone through by all the natives, the old chief produced the "rain-stone," which had been carefully kept wrapped up in leaves and a piece of rag, and showed it to Mr. Slee, but would not let him touch it. He then buried it in the sand.

On one of the creeks near the diggings are some marks of a high flood, which the natives said took place after they had performed the above-mentioned ceremony over an unusually large rain-stone.—From *Proceedings of the Linnean Society of New South Wales*, vol. viii. pp. 436-437. (Feb. 21, 1884.)

JAMES BRITTEN.

Jottings from Bliss's Reliquiæ Hearnianæ.—Great Marlow, in Bucks, tho' a poor market and but a poor town, is yet very pleasantly situated upon the Thames. There is plenty of fish, corn, and wood there, whence the people there commonly say: *Here is fish for catching, corn for snatching, and wood for fetching.*—Vol. ii. p. 154.

[Feb. 27, 1722-3.] It hath been an old custom in Oxford for the scholars of all houses, on Shrove Tuesday, to go to dinner at ten o'clock (at which time the little bell, called pancake bell, rings, or at least should ring, at St. Maries), and at four in the afternoon; and it was always followed in Edmund Hall, as long as I have been in Oxford, till yesterday, when they went to dinner at twelve, and to supper at six, nor were there any fritters at dinner, as there used always to be. When laudable old customs alter 'tis a sign learning dwindles.—Vol. ii. p. 156.

They have a custom at Northmore, near Witney, in Oxfordshire, for men and women, every Easter Sunday, after evening service, to throw in the churchyard great quantities of apples, and those that have been married that year are to throw three times as many as any of the rest. After which all go to the minister's house, and eat bread and cheese (he is obliged to have the best cheese he can get) and drink ale.

(*Note.* This custom still prevails, and my good friend, the present professor of Anglo-Saxon, who is vicar of Northmore, tells me that on Easter Sunday last (1822), being ignorant of the usual warfare, and so neglecting to make good his retreat after evening service, he came in contact with a stray shot or two, much to the entertainment of his parishioners, all of whom, old as well as young, religiously take part in the contest.)—Vol. ii. p. 215.

At Sunningwell, near Abbington, in Berks, they have a custom (which I suppose was formerly in other places, tho' I do not know of any else where it is now) every Shrove Tuesday, at night, in the dusk of the evening, for the boys and girls to say these verses about the village :

Beef and bacon's
Out of season,
I want a pan
To parch my peason ;

which they repeat several times, and then throw stones at all people's doors, which makes the people generally to shut up their doors that evening, the custom beginning much about the dusk thereof.—Vol. ii. p. 218.

What we commonly say as merry as a grig, perhaps should be as merry as a Greek. "Levium Græcorum mentio apud antiquos scriptores, et quidem ipse Tullius in oratione pro L. Flacco levitatem Græcorum propriam esse monuit.—Vol. iii. p. 122.

ALICE B. GOMME.

Gipsy Burial Custom.—In accordance with a gipsy custom, all the property belonging to the dead queen of a gipsy band encamping near Elizabeth, N.J. was burnt a few days ago. It comprised silk and satin dresses, jewellery, lace, a valuable waggon, &c. valued in all at nearly 2,500 dols.—*Yorkshire Gazette*, 21 June, 1884.

Superstition at Chio.—Chio, which is still suffering from the effects of the earthquakes, is now visited by another calamity. A large number of lemon and orange trees, which form one of the chief resources of the island, are attacked by an unknown disease, and specialists are being sent by the Minister of Commerce to make investigations into the matter. Meanwhile, the pious inhabitants

are having recourse to supernatural remedies. Having chartered a special steamer, they have brought from one of the monasteries of Mount Athos a miracle-working girdle of the Virgin, and a grand procession, headed by the Orthodox Metropolitan, is bearing the sacred relic through the orchards.—*Yorkshire Gazette*, 14 June, 1884.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Folk-lore of Modern Greece: the Tales of the People. Edited by the Rev. E. M. Geldart. London, 1884. (Sonnenschein.)

Mr. Geldart presents the lover of fairy tales with a very acceptable book; and if the publishers could have been induced to put it into suitable covers we should have been all the better pleased. But if the covers please the children the stories will be acceptable to many who have long passed the stage of childhood. They are translations from the Greek text of Von Hahn's collections. Modern Greek folk-lore is interesting and valuable in many ways. Primarily it would show us the relics of old classical beliefs and be of infinite service in elucidating the popular life of *märchen*. Secondly it would show signs of the non-Greek element which has absorbed so much of later Greek life. In this last subject it appears to us that these Greek stories are particularly valuable. Several story-incidents unmistakably belong to some other origin than the classical sources with which most of us are familiar. One or two are identical with incidents in the mediæval collection of stories known as the *Seven Wise Masters*, the literary history of which has been so thoroughly traced. But beyond these accidental parallels, if we may thus qualify them, there are also plain indications of that wide-spread class of belief in Rackshasis, the cannibal demons, which takes us back to pre-Aryan life, and which abounds so greatly in Hindu folk-tales. Altogether we should think few more generally interesting collections of tales have been issued for some considerable time. One question we would ask Mr. Geldart is, Whether the word "dragon" is the correct translation of the Greek original; should it not rather be "ogre"? The story list is as follows:

The Two Brothers and the Forty-nine Dragons ; the Nine Doves ; my Lady Sea ; Little Saddleslut (Cinderella) ; Starbright and Birdie ; the Golden Wand ; the Snake, the Dog, and the Cat ; Sir Lazarus and the Dragons ; the Lion, the Tiger, and the Eagle ; the Little Brother who saved his Sister from the Dragon ; the Bet with the Beardless ; the Knife of Slaughter, the Whetstone of Patience and the Unmelting Candle ; the Fox on Pilgrimage ; the Husbandman, the Snake, and the Fox ; the Princess who went to the Wars ; the Twins ; the Goat-Girl ; the Bayberry ; the Prince and the Fairy ; the Golden Stud ; the Golden Casket ; the Cunning Old Man ; the Shoemaker and the Princess ; the Tale of the Dragon ; Little John, the Widow's Son ; the Scab-pate ; Constantes and the Dragon ; the Crazy Priestess with her Crazy Daughters ; the Man without a Beard.

Mélusine for May contains the following articles : Popular superstitions in the *Liber Scarapsus* (a treatise attributed to S. Pirmin, who died in 753), by M. S. Berger ; notes on popular melodies ; on the great bear ; on the rainbow ; the magician, a song from Côtes du Nord ; Germaine, a song from Loiret ; a Greek tale from Asia Minor, a tale "L'embrouillement des Pieds." The June number contains : Contes Nagos, by M. l'Abbé P. Bouche ; notes on popular melodies ; "les védas réduits à leur juste valeur" ; folk-lore of Finland ; the great bear ; and the rainbow.

The Council in their Annual Report state that the Right Reverend the Bishop of St. John's Kaffraria (Dr. Henry Callaway) has very kindly presented to the Society about eighty copies of his very valuable *Zulu Nursery Literature*, and about five hundred copies of his *Religious System of the Amazulu*. This most generous and acceptable gift will enable the Council to send a copy of the latter work to each member of the Society ; and, with reference to the *Zulu Nursery Literature*, the Council propose to offer it for sale to members of the Society at half-a-guinea, any copies that may remain being offered to the general public at one guinea net. As this book is exceedingly scarce and valuable, members who wish to purchase a copy should send in their names at once.

THE FOLK-LORE OF DRAYTON.

PART II.—MINERALS—ANIMALS—PORTENTS.—(Continued from page 151.)

BELIEF in the esoteric properties of stones and gems is now, I think, but very loosely held in England. Here and there we may have it somewhat incredulously hinted that good or bad fortune is connected with this or that particular specimen of precious crystal (the *Koh-i-nûr* for instance), and that opals are *pierres de malheur* is a fancy that not infrequently crops up; but it is certain that cost and beauty are with most people the only attributes of gems; and it may be suspected that the most superstitious of fair ones would rather “witch the world” in opals than suffer any eclipse for lack of them. One reason, I suppose, why the folk-lore of gems has lost its vigour is that it probably never gained good root-hold in the soil that would best have fostered it. Supposed influence of diamonds or of rubies had but little to do with the every-day experiences of men and women of the class which down to this age of universal schooling has unlearned even less than it has learned. It is there that the natural life of folk-lore is sustained—folk-lore which exists in independence of it is like a gathered flower which, at best, soon becomes nought “to the general,” but a curiosity in a *hortus siccus*.

Drayton has considerably embalmed much of the creed of his time concerning gems as a curative, prophylactic, and talismanic agents. Verily, as Dr. Thomas Browne * remarks, “he must have more heads than Rome had hills that makes out half of those virtues ascribed unto stones.”

The nymphs of the *Muses Elysium* † are our poet’s mouth-pieces, and they hymn the results of his reading to Apollo:—

“No gems from rocks, seas, running streams
(Their numbers let us muster),

* *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, book ii. ch. 5, p. 73.

† *Nymphal*, ix. [iv. 1516-18].

But hath from thy most perfect beams
 The virtue and the lustre;
 The diamond the king of gems
 The first is to be placed,
 That glory is of diadems,
 Them gracing, by them graced;
 In whom thy power the most is seen
 The raging fire refelling."

If I may interrupt Drayton I should like to remark that the combustibility of this glorified piece of carbon is no longer questioned. "It burns," writes Madame de Barrera,* "with an undulating bluish flame; it will evaporate entirely in a coppel with a less degree of heat than is necessary to fuse silver, and leave no residue."

"The emerald then most deeply green,
 For beauty most excelling,
 Resisting poison often prov'd
 By those about that wear it."

—a property which I may say, by the way, was attributed to most of the precious stones.

"The cheerful ruby then much lov'd,
 That doth revive the spirit,
 Whose kind to large extensure grown,
 The colour so enflamed,
 Is that admired mighty stone
 The carbuncle † that's named,
 Which from it sueh a flaming light,
 And radiency ejeeteth,
 That in the very darkest night
 The eye to it thirecteth."

Even Dr. Thomas Browne ‡ did not dispute the possibility of the carbuncle's shining in the dark, though he suspected a metaphor was involved in the assertion that it did. In many tales of enchantment we find ourselves in apartments which are illuminated by these precious stones, and Madame de Barrera § remarks that the "splendour of the ruby in the absence of light is, up to a certain point, confirmed

* *Gems and Jewels*, p. 176.

† Carbuncles now-a-days are garnets, cut with a concave lower, and convex upper side.

‡ *Pseud. Epid.* book ii. ch. 5, p. 73.

§ *Gems and Jewels*, pp. 243-244.

by modern writers. A recent traveller tells us that at a Siamese court where only a subdued light was admitted the diamonds and carbuncles on the king's person glittered and flashed like miniature lightning." I believe that Science herself admits that the diamond has the power of, as it were, meshing sunlight, and of keeping it for some appreciable time in its toils, amidst surrounding darkness.

"The yellow jacynth strengthening sense,
Of which who hath the keeping,
No thunder hurts nor pestilence,
And much provoketh sleeping.
The crysolite that doth resist
Thirst, proved never failing,
The purple-coloured amethyst
'Gainst strength of wine prevailing ;"

it being the outcome of a metamorphosed nymph successful in resisting the seductions of Bacchus, whose purple grapes, observe, are reflected in the gem.

"The verdant gay green smaragdus,
Most sovereign over passion.
The sardonix, approved by us
To master incantation.
Then that celestial colour'd stone
The saphyr, heavenly wholly,
Which worn, there weariness is none,
And cureth melancholy."

It was perhaps in mercy to his muse, if we can suspect Drayton of such tenderness, that he forbore to dwell on the mystic attributes of lazulus, jaspis (*sic*), onyx, topaz, beryl, opal, pearls and agate,* which he enumerates as being worthy to adorn a priceless shrine to Apollo ; its

"base is the carnelian,
Strong bleeding often stopping ;"

and there, too, should be found the turquoise † or

* Onyx and cornelian are, strictly speaking, agates.

† As "true as turquoise" is an expression in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, act i. In reference to this passage Gifford quotes Swan's *Speculum Mundi* :—"Turcois is a compassionate stone : if the wearer of it be not well it changeth colour and looketh pale and dim, but encreaseth to his perfectnesse as the wearer recovereth to his health."

“turkesse, which who haps to bear
 Is often kept from peril.
 The selenite of Cynthia's light,
 So named with her still ranging,
 Which as she wanes or waxeth light
 Its colours so are changing.”

Of the selenite I shall have something more to say anon; let us now revert to pearls which Drayton tells us elsewhere * may be found by the river Irt, in Westmoreland. He calls them “orient pearls,” and would have us believe that they are made of dew (deaw, as our text-book has it) sucked in by shining shells, an origin almost as fanciful as that ascribed to the Austurian steeds, which, in consequence of their swiftness,

“Some have held to be begotten of the wind.” †

Drayton seems to have shared the belief of his age about the origin of crystal, which was seriously accepted as ice, as its name denotes. He refers to it in that one of the *Heroical Epistles* ‡ he penned in the character of Edward the Fourth to Mrs. Shore :—

“How silly is the Polander and Dane
 To bring us crystal from the frozen main
 When thy clear skin's transparence doth surpass
 Their crystal as the diamond doth glass.”

“Whether crystal be ice or some other liquor I omit to dispute,” says the cautious and learned Selden, § commenting hereupon “yet by the example of amber and coral there may be such an induration, for Solinus out of Pliny mentioneth that in the northerly region a yellow gelly is taken up out of the sea at low tides which he calls Succinum, we amber. So likewise out of the Ligustick deep, a part of the Mediterranean sea, a greenish stalk is gathered which, hardened in the air, comes to be coral, either white or red. Amber, notwithstanding, is thought to drop out of trees,” &c. Drayton || speaks of a “bastard coral,” that belongs to the vegetable world, and “breeds on the moisted skirt with sea-weed fringed about.” When

“drawn out of the brack
 A brittle-stalk becomes from greenish turned to black,”

* *Pol.* xxx. [iii. 1224].

† *Pol.* vi. [ii. 776, note 782].

‡ [i. 329].

§ [i. 333].

|| *Pol.* ii. [ii. 686].

and this the ancients, for the love they bare to Isis, called her hair.
Of it, as our poet fancies—

“ the Naiads and the blue Nereids make
Them taudries for their necks.”

Now return we to the Selenite which is so ruled by Cynthia.

Cynthia herself—all one with Selene the moon—in conversing with Endymion,* refers to the sympathy that gems have with her phases, and makes special mention of this her namesake, now called *adularia* by mineralogists, from *Adula*, a mountain-peak near *St. Gotthard*, where it is to be found. It is a kind of *feldspar*; and it reflects and refracts light with much the same effect as an *opal*. The lady furthermore asserts that the palm and olive shoot forth new branches with her increase and declare her power; and claims that she, like her brother *Apollo*, has a flower (*Selenotropium*) whose opening and closing correspond with her rising and setting. “A Louer,” writes *Lyly*,† “is like ye hearb *Heliotropium*, which alwaies enclyneth to that place where the Sunne shineth, and being deprived of the Sunne dieth; for as *Lunaris* hearbe as long as the Moone waxeth bringeth forth leaues and in the waning shaketh them off: so a Louer, whilst he is in the company of his Lady, wher al joyes encrease, vttereth manye pleasaunt conceites, but, banyshed from the sight of his Mistris, wher all mirth decreaseth, eyther lyueth in *Melancholie* or dieth with desperation.” As examples of her influence on the animal kingdom Cynthia declares :

“ The cruel panther on his shoulder bears
A spot that daily changeth as I do.”

Whilst,

“ The nimble babion,‡ mourning all the time,
Nor eats between my waning and my prime.
The spotted cat, whose sharp and subtil sight,
Pierceth the vapour of the blackest night,
My want and fulness in her eye doth find,
So great am I and powerful in that kind.

* *The Man in the Moon* [iv. 1334].
Euphues (Arber's edition), p. 412.

‡ Baboon.

As those great burghers of the forest wild,
 The hart, the goat, and he that slew the child *
 Of wanton Mirrah, in their strength do know
 The due observance nature doth me owe."

That the panther had a spot on his hide which bore the form of the moon, and that, like her, it regularly increased to full and then diminished to a crescent, was an error at least as old as Pliny,† who likewise tells us of a species of ape that became quite melancholy when the moon was on the wane, and leapt for joy at the time of new moon, and adored it. That the domestic cat and other *felidæ* have pupils which are but narrow lines in sunshine and are at night dilated is a fact which Science recognises. It was mainly on account of this peculiarity, as I believe, that cats were chosen for the steeds of the Teutonic goddess Freyja,‡ who ruled the night, as her brother Frô or Freyr, in some sort, ruled the day.§ So Pussy was a kind of symbol of lunar influence; and, as that influence is great on tides, seafaring men pay great respect to cats.||

Another bit of folk-lore about the panther is to be found in *Noah's Flood*; ¶ it is referred to as an animal

" whose delicious scent
 Oft causeth beasts his harbour to frequent;
 But having got them once into his power,
 Sucketh their blood and doth their flesh devour."

* The boar, which slew Adonis.

† *Natural History* (Bohn's edition), vol. ii. pp. 274 and 348.

‡ Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*. (Stallybrass's translation), vol. i. p. 305. For the way in which fairies utilised cats' eyes see *Nymphidia* [ii. 452]. I shall discuss the passage later on.

§ " Snorri says rain and sunshine are in the gift of Freyr (as elsewhere of Wuotan and Donar)." A boar was one of his attributes, and the animal was sacrificed both in his worship and in that of Freyja.—See *Teutonic Mythology*, vol. i. pp. 212-213, and 304.

|| This is only a theory of my own. Another is broached by Mr. Karl Blind in "New Finds in Shetland and Welsh Folk-Lore" (*Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1882, p. 356). He points out that in Shetland the cat is called *vanega* = him or her that goes on the water; and that Germanic tales identify her with the sea. She who "goes on the water" is well represented by a cat if a cat symbolise the moon, for the moon goes on the sea just as a cat likes to do—high and dry above it!

¶ [iv. 1532].

This supposed fact was made use of by the Early Church "to point a moral." In a Bestiary* of the thirteenth century, founded on a Latin Physiologus of Theobaldus, we read that the beautiful panther, having eaten his fill, goes to sleep for three days in his cave:—

" than after the thridde dai
 he riseth and remeth lude so he mai
 ut of his throte cumeth a smel
 that ouer-cumeth haliweic
 with swetnesse ic gu feie
 and al that eure smelleth swete
 be it drie or be it wete."

This odour entices many animals to come to him; but the dragon lies trembling in his den. Thus manipulated, the story is made to teach that Our Lord, the fair Panther, came forth from the tomb, after lying there for three days. He drew men unto Him by the sweetness of His love, the dragon (Satan), meanwhile hiding himself for fear. Great use is made of this scent by Reynard the Fox in his figment concerning the treasures of which he pretended he had been robbed. † "I fonde . . . in my fadres tresour . . . a combe . . . this combe myght not be too moche preysed. Hit was made of the bone of a clene noble beest, named Panthera, whiche fedeth hym bytwene the grete Inde and erthly paradysse; he is so lusty fayr and of colour that ther is no colour vnder the heuen but somme lyknes is in hym therto; he smelleth so swete that the sauour of him boteth all syknessis, and for his beaute and swete smellyng all other beestis folowe hym, for by his swete sauour they ben heled of alle sykenessis. This panthera hath a fair boon brode and thynne; whan so is that this beeste is slayn al the swete odour restid in the bone, which can not be broken, ne shal never rote ne be destroyed by fyre, by water, ne by smityng, hit is so hardy, tyht, and faste, and yet it is lyght of weyght. The swete odour of it hath grete myght, that who that smelleth it sette nought by none other luste in the world, and is easyd and quyte of alle maner of diseases and Infirmytes." Reynard's report of the effect of the odour

* *An Old English Miscellany* (E. E. T. S.), pp. 24-25.

† *Reynard the Fox*, translated and printed by William Caxton (Arber's edition), p. 83.

is more in accordance with the Bestiary than is Drayton's, but Lyly* is with the latter in speaking of "a sweet panther with a devouring pouch," and they both foilow Pliny.† Spenser pens more scandal:—

"The panther knowing that his spotted hide
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray,
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze whylest he on them may pray."‡

If we remain standing by the door of Noah's Ark § we shall see other animals approach and hear instructive comments:—

"The unicorn || leaves off his pride and close
There sets him down by the rhinoceros,"

the pachyderm that has in these latter days usurped the name of the graceful creature which, since the time of James the First, has so well performed its part in supporting the royal arms of Great Britain and Ireland. Drayton was too much of a poet and too little of a naturalist to combine the two. He should have spoken of the cat that secreteth, not of "the cat that voideth civet"; and when he lets slip the expression, "th'uneven legged badger," we can only tell him that Dr. Browne ¶ finds the opinion that this creature "hath the legs of one side shorter than of the other . . . repugnant unto the three determinators of truth—authority, sense, and reason," and that modern zoologists do not note an inequality. Here comes "the iron-eating ostrich," ** here "the constant turtle," whose reputation has survived the ruthless scoff of Waterton: †† "The soot-black crow is just as

* *Euphues* (Arber's edition), p. 54.

† *Natural History* (Bohn's edition), vol. ii. p. 274.

‡ *Sonnet* liii. Observe that Spenser makes "whylest" = "until"—a dreadful solecism now-a-days.

§ See *Noah's Flood* [iv. 1533, &c.]

|| "Mertilla. O that the horns of all these herds we see
Were of fine gold, or else that every horn
Were like to that one of the unicorn,
And of all these not one but were thy fee"—

Nymphal, iv. [iv. 1482].

¶ *Pseud. Epid.* book iii. ch. 5, p. 94.

** There is no error in the belief that ostriches will swallow iron; but our forefathers thought they fed on it.

†† *Essays on Natural History* (1838), pp. 145-146.

chaste and affectionate and constant as the snow-white dove itself." Next have we

"The careful stork, since Adam wondered at
For thankfulness to those where he doth breed ;"

for—as Drayton explains to us in an aside—"the stork used to build on houses, leaveth ever one behind him for the owner." This is illustrated by a yet living creed.* In North Germany and in Swabia people sometimes prepare a nest for a stork by twisting boughs about the spokes of an old cart-wheel. It is said that when this is done the grateful bird gives a feather the first year of its tenancy, an egg the second, and a young stork the third, by way of rent ; it then repeats the series. Our attention is now called to—

"the loving pelican,
Whose young ones poison'd by the serpent's sting,
With her own blood to life again doth bring."

The bird likewise points a moral in *The Owl*. † "In her piety," or "vulning herself," as heralds have it, the pelican was much used in mediæval sculpture, &c., ‡ as a figure of Him who was pierced that His children might be saved, by His blood, from the power of the Serpent. That close observer to whom we have lately turned, Mr. Waterton, utterly discredits the idea of the young birds being nourished from their mother's veins, and the story referred to by Drayton deserves to be similarly treated by all who are of the Gradgrind way of thinking. "'Tis a wonder—a strange wonder,"—writes the naturalist, § "how such a tale as this could ever be believed. Still we see representations of it in pictures drawn by men of science. But enough of infant pelicans, sucking their mamma in the nursery. I consign them to the fostering care of my great-grandmothers."

"There came the halcyon whom the sea obeys,
When she her nest upon the water lays,"

a fiction, this, which took great hold on Drayton's fancy, and was

* "Bird Lore," *All the Year Round*, new series, vol. xx. p. 368.

† [iv. 1303-4].

‡ Sometimes the bird represented is like unto a vulture. Some interesting correspondence on this point may be read in *The Academy* of Feb. 9th, Feb. 16th, and April 5th, 1884.

§ *Essays on Natural History*, 3rd series, p. 26.

used by him several times* to ornament his verse. I suppose his belief † was the same as Montaigne's, "God has ordered that the whole ocean should be stayed, made stable, and smooth'd without waves, without winds or rain, whilst the Halcyon broods upon her young which is just about the solstice, the shortest day of the year, ‡ so that by her privilege we have seven days and seven nights in the very heart of winter when we may sayl without danger. Their females never have to do with any other male but their own, whom they always serve and assist without ever forsaking him all their lives: if he happen to be weak and broken with age they take him upon their shoulders and carry him from place to place and nurse him till death. But the most inquisitive into the secrets of nature could never yet arrive at the knowledge of the wonderful fabrick and architecture wherewith the Halcyon builds her nest for her little ones, nor guess at the matter. Plutarch, who has seen and handled many of them, thinks it is the bones of some fish which she joyns and binds together, interlacing them some lengthwise and others across, and adding ribs and hoops in such a manner that she forms at last a round vessel fit to launch; which being done, and the building finished, she carries it to the wash of the beach, where the sea, beating gently against it, shows her where she is to mend what is not well jointed and knit, and where better to fortify the seams that are leaky, and that open at the beating of the waves; and on the contrary what is well built and has had the due finishing, the beating of the waves does so close and

* *Noah's Flood* [iv. 1546]. "Elegy upon the noble Lady Aston's departure for Spain" [iv. 1251]. *England's Heroical Epistles*, "Mortimer to Queen Isabel" [i. 251]. *Pol.* xxiii. [iii. 1107]. *Pol.* xxvii. [iii. 1182].

† *Essay* lxviii. "Of Cruelty."

‡ Hence the propriety of Milton's celebrated lines in the *Hymn on Christ's Nativity* :—

"But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."

bind together that it is not to be broken or crack'd by blows either of stone or iron without very much ado. And that which is more to be admired is the proportion and figure of the cavity within, which is compos'd and proportioned after such a manner as not possible to receive or admit any other thing than the bird that built it : for to anything else it is so impenetrable, close and shut, that nothing can enter, not so much as the water of the sea." Can we wonder at a "pious opinion" being grounded on facts as circumstantially authenticated as these ?

"The charitable robinet in came,
Whose nature taught the others to be tame."

(*To be continued.*)

FOLK-LORE IN MODERN GREECE.*



HIS is in all respects a work which proclaims the age that has produced it. It is the production of a Society of erudite Athenians, who have shown that they in no respect fall short of other associations for corresponding pursuits, whether they be found in Paris or London, Berlin or Rome, and yet scarcely half a century intervenes between the actual Athens which has sent forth this learned and elegant book and the fallen city which Lord Byron saw and deplored—a city of rude huts and ruder *pallikaria*, governed by a low Turkish official, a Disdar who was to obtain a bad immortality little inferior to that of him "who fired the Ephesian dome," he being in fact the man whose potshots at the Theseus of the Parthenon were to inflict irreparable injuries upon that masterpiece of Pheidias, the dull times affording this too energetic administrator no other sufficient amusement or occupation.

* *Transactions of the Historical and Ethnological Society of Greece* (Δελτίον τῆς Ἱστορικῆς καὶ Ἐθνολογικῆς Ἑταιρίας τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς). Fasciculi 1 and 2. Published by Perrè Brothers. Athens, 1883.

M. Philemon, the editor of these Transactions, states in the *Prologos* that the object of the Society is to investigate Hellenic life in all its long ages. We are therefore not surprised to find, as we do, that folk-lore has taken its place among the contents of this volume. And as it is avowedly our own subject, we naturally turn more exclusively to the pages which the Transactions have devoted to it.

The first paper agreeably reminds us of our Mr. Black's learned and interesting work on "Folk Medicine," published by the Folk-Lore Society. This paper, written by the distinguished archæologist, M. Polites, treats of "illnesses according to the myths of the Greek people." A perusal of it shows that the resemblance between the curative theories of English bumpkins and Greek peasants is identity itself, due probably to the parent theories having existed at epochs of immeasurable antiquity in the great Aryan race, which was the progenitrix of the theorists as we now know them. There is the same fond conviction in Greece as in England that a disease can be induced, by processes far from difficult, to pass from the human subject into trees, or men, or animals, nay even into inanimate nature; the Greeks believing also that epidemics, like plague and cholera, may be conveniently relegated into desert places, there to explode their noxious activity without injury to the community.

M. Mariannes supplies a short collection of Athenian *Paramythia* (fairy tales), collected by himself. The first, entitled *Tolpetsa* (a proper name), is chiefly interesting for containing the western mediæval incident of an old king being treated for his leprosy by means of a bath of child's blood.

No. 2, entitled "The much exalted Ogre" (*ὁ πολυφουμισμένος Δράκος*), is interesting as being a rendering probably antique, and taking its origin in Byzantine times of the Homeric story of Polyphemus, whose name is played upon in the epithet given to him. He is not unnaturally represented as a drunken ogre (*dracos*) living with his sheep in a lonely cave.

No. 3, The Fay (*Ανεραίδα*), is an interesting narrative of a prince who refuses marriage, though the queen mother introduces into his chamber at separate times three beautiful damsels, whom however he

treats with an absolute indifference, explained afterwards by the simple fact of his being unable even to see them, from having been secretly married to a fay who has taken from him his power of seeing any other woman but herself. This enchantment is subsequently removed through the intrepidity of the youngest of the three damsels. The fay renounces all right to her husband, restores to him his true vision, and allows him to marry the mortal who has been instrumental in his disenchantment. The whole incident is quite unknown to western fairy-lore.

No. 4, The thrice noble Lady and the three Citrons. This is a very good tale, made up of the incidents of three popular Italian *fiabe*, the best known being of the same title.

Then follows an interesting paper by M. Kondylakes upon the "Neo-Hellenic Mythology of Crete." Besides the beliefs common to Greeks in general the Cretans claim the Hercules of the Middle Ages, Digenes, to be a native of their island. They represent him to have been a fighting giant, and affect to show his tomb.

They believe in the existence of *dracoi* (or ogres), and imagine that they live in caves like the Cyclopes. They are males and females. Man overcomes them by means of his superior intelligence. Their leading characteristic is their fondness for human flesh. The *dracos* in fact is the better known *orco* of Italy.

The Cretans believe in *Moirai* and *Nercides*, in fates and fays. They also imagine that there are *arapides*, monstrous blacks, who are man-eaters, live in mysterious towers or underground mansions, keeping talking-dogs and talking-horses, and they guard hidden treasures. They possess magic powers, and have a water that confers immortality.

M. Polites has a paper entitled "Hellenic folk-tales compared with those of other peoples." Its one subject, "The bald-headed boy," is a curious story of the Reynaert series, and is accompanied by a learned commentary.

Next we have the most interesting tales of the fasciculus, "Athenian folk-tales, collected by M. Kampourales." These have especial merit.

No. 1 is, The man made of Sugar.

A princess who has moulded the figure of a beautiful man out of

sugar obtains by her prayers the grace from the Almighty that it shall become a real man, and she is married to him. A neighbouring princess falls in love with him on hearsay and kidnaps him to her own palace, where he is married *de novo* to the new aspirant. The original princess, finding that her husband does not return, sets out in search of him, taking with her (*mirabile dictu*) exact counterparts of Peau d'Âne's three marvellous dresses. She reaches the city where her husband now lives, and is accepted into the service of the king and queen as goose-girl. There she eventually bribes the queen by means of the three dazzling dresses to let her sleep in the king's chamber on three successive nights, on the third of which she succeeds in making the king sensible of her presence, and the pair make their escape to their own kingdom.

This is a well-known Italian *fiaba*. It is curious also for its containing a reflection of Peau d'Âne and for its inversion of the antique myth of Pygmalion and Galatea.

No. 3, The thrice Accursed, *i.e.* the devil.

This is the same story as the various Italian versions of Blue Beard, wherein the objectionable husband is always a devil.

In this Greek tale Belzebub marries a princess who is too proud to accept any one else. He takes her off in a ship (a more Greekish conveyance than a coach and four) to his abode in a desolate mountain, and there shows her, by way of preliminary monition, to borrow Lord Penzance's phraseology, a woman hanging up. This was his former wife, another princess, to whom he had given a man's heart for a meal, and on her failing to eat it had killed her. He tries his new wife with a similar dainty, and then departs for the chase. When he returns she tells him that she has eaten the heart, but is contradicted by the heart itself who testifies against her.

On this evidence the new wife is hung up like her predecessor. The devil now marries successively his wife's two sisters; and the Greek story proceeds on the same lines as the Italian. The youngest wife outwits the devil, and escapes from his mountain abode. Her escape however is brought about not by her own subtilty, as in the Italian tale, but by the assistance of strangers, as in Perrot's French version.

No. 4, The Queen of the Gorgons. Though this title breathes the classic lore of old Greece, this tale is intrinsically Eastern.

An envious prince sets a vizier's son three tasks, apparently impossible, which, however, the other accomplishes. One of them is to abduct for the prince a lady who turns out to be the Queen of the Gorgons. In the result the queen gives herself in marriage to the vizier's son.

No. 5, The Princess who was a witch (or more properly a demon).

This is the same as a story in Ralston's *Russian Tales*, where a similar female demon in a family eats up every human being within her reach, her own family included. The Greek story is the better told of the two.

No. 6, The Black Man.

A poor old woman hands over to a mysterious black man her idle, good-for-nothing son. The latter is taken to his master's abode in the bowels of the earth, and there meets with a beautiful princess, by whose instructions he foils his master's attempts to destroy him. He eventually rescues the princess, and is married to her.

No. 7, King Sleep.

This is a strange story of a prince who refuses to marry, and is interesting only because it introduces one of the fates (*moirai*) as an actor in the drama. A curious reminiscence of antiquity.

No. 8, The Enchanted Lake.

Three princes are commanded by their father to mount the roof of the palace and shoot each an arrow into space. Wherever an arrow falls, the prince who has launched it will find his wife. The two elder princes succeed in getting wives in this way. The arrow of the youngest travels a great distance and enters a lake. When the prince comes up he finds that a frog has seized it. He takes up the frog and conveys it to his own room. The frog is really an enchanted princess. When the prince goes out in the day she appears as a beautiful girl, cleans the room, and cooks the produce of his last chase. The prince, being surprised at this, watches for her, and catches her in the act. She tells him her history—that her family is royal, but God has cursed them, and condemned them to live in the lake. The prince's eldest brother determines to give a dinner on his father's birthday and invites

his youngest brother. As the latter comes alone he is asked why he has not brought his wife, whereupon he runs home and tells her. She directs him to go to the lake and make a peculiar cry to which he will receive an answer. He must then say "Your daughter has sent me. Give me a gold rod and a silver one; a goose's egg, and two hen's eggs. Bring them home." He follows her directions, obtains all the enchanted objects, and returns home with them. She strikes the ground with the gold rod, and three female slaves appear. She strikes again, and another female slave appears with a basket full of magnificent clothes, and the prince and princess dress themselves in these. The princess then strikes the ground with the silver rod, and a coach with four white horses appears. In the meantime the sisters-in-law are laughing in expectation of the frog princess's coming, but they are to be disappointed. The carriage drives up to the door, the expected frog, now a brilliantly attired young princess, is handed out by her brothers-in-law, and is introduced to the king. She gives the eggs to them and they become presents of inestimable value. The marriage of the youngest prince and his bride is straightway celebrated, and the king and queen from the lake send their daughter a marriage portion (*προιζα*).

This is the same as a story in Imbriani's Florentine collection. We cannot overlook also the *riscontro* between Cinderella's coach and horses, produced so conveniently for the heroine in the Italian and French stories.

No. 9, The Cats.

A poor old beggar-woman goes home supperless one night to her little house, but, as there is nothing there for her to eat, hunger drives her out again into the street. After wandering about for some time she sees a light at a distance. She makes for it, thinking that there is some wedding festivity going on. She knocks at the door, and a great black cat opens it. She enters and goes up stairs, and in a beautifully furnished room sees two lady-cats, each sitting on her own sofa and smoking respectively a chibouque and a narghileh. The old woman apologizes, but the cats receive her kindly and tell her to fetch her sack. She goes out and borrows one of a friend, telling her that some one has given some flour. On her return with the sack

the cats fill it with gold pieces, and give it her back and dismiss her. As soon as she gets home she empties the sack as she thinks and returns it to the lender, who on searching it through finds that a gold piece has been left in it, whereupon she goes to the old woman and by threats of the police extorts from her an avowal of the truth. Upon this knowledge she goes herself to the house of the cats, and threatens to denounce them if they do not fill her sacks (she had brought two) with gold also. The cats order their servant to do so, and dismiss the woman, enjoining her not to open the sacks until she gets home. She follows the direction, and when she opens them, lo! snakes jump out of them and eat her up, leaving nothing of her but her skeleton. This story in its *motif* is the same as Imbriani's Tuscan *fiaba*—"Il convento dei gatti." The Greek fiction is, however, the more picturesque of the two.

No. 10, The King of the Birds.

A king who has three daughters promises them all something, as the other father does in the Italian version of "Beauty and the Beast," and on his return duly delivers his presents. The youngest daughter takes hers (a jonquil) to her chamber and places it in a pot. After a little while a golden eagle emerges from the flower. This straightway turns into a beautiful young man, who tells her that he is king of the birds and the reptiles. He offers her marriage, and is accepted. He then visits her every day, and explains to her how he may be summoned when she shall require him. The sisters discover the secret, and lay a snare for the prince, by which, when he is next summoned, he is cruelly cut with broken glass. The prince, being enraged at this strange treatment, tells his wife that he abandons her, and then disappears. She starts in search of him, and in the course of her wanderings she overhears some snakes talking together about what has befallen their king. They say that the remedy for his hurts would be obtained by some person killing one of them and taking out his fat. She goes further, and overhears some birds talking in the same way as the snakes. She accordingly kills one of the snakes and one of the birds, and takes out of each some of his fat, and then hastens on to the palace of the suffering king. There she is admitted, on her declaring that she can restore him to health, and she applies

the remedies. The king is cured, and the pair are re-united. This is a well-known Italian *fiaba*.

No. 11, The Sleeping Prince.

A king leaves his beautiful daughter in his palace while he is absent on a distant expedition. As she sits embroidering an eagle appears and carries her off to a beautiful palace. She enters a golden chamber where a prince lies dead asleep. On a table is a paper which says, "Whoever enters here and feels for the prince must sit by and watch over him for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours, without going to sleep." Night comes on, the palace lights up of itself and a table appears covered with viands, but nobody is seen. The princess resolves to watch by the prince for the appointed time. On the period passing away a little female slave appears, and the princess lays herself down on her knees, telling her to wake her as soon as the king sneezes. The king wakes up, and, seeing the slave-girl, asks her what has happened. She tells him that she has tended him during his sleep, and that the princess is her slave. The king believes the false story, and says that she shall be his wife. The princess is sent off to become a goose-girl. The king then prepares to depart on some expedition, but previously asks the goose-girl what present he shall bring her on his return. She names three things, one of them being a rope to hang herself with. The king on his return delivers this sorry present, and in the evening overhears the poor princess telling her sad story to it and asking its advice. The rope tells her unreservedly to hang herself, and while she is doing so the king bursts into the room and prevents her. They are of course married, and the slave-girl takes her turn at goose-keeping.

Besides what we have excerpted and referred to there are very many papers in this volume of exceeding merit and of deep interest to scholars and archæologists, but, as these are not within our more limited province, we content ourselves with this general reference only.

From our foregoing summaries the reader will have seen that the Neo-Hellenic *paramythia* and the Italian *fiaba* in many instances contain identical fictions. This identity is not confined to the examples given in these pages, but is discernible in a host of other stories common to both nationalities, that universal favourite of Europe, *la*

Cenerentola, which is both Greek and Italian, being one only of the more striking of these affinities. This general fact, once established, raises a question of some interest to folk-lorists, Of these and other sister tales which are the prototypes, the Greek or the Italian? Both cannot be original. The question has already been mooted in Dr. Pitré's *Archivio*, where it has attracted deserved attention, in the case more particularly of *La Cenerentola*, the Greek *Stachte*. The whole question deserves the best attention of our English folk-lorists also, the more especially as abundant material is now perfectly accessible to all of them who have mastered the modern idiom of Hellas, and the study of this really graceful language will probably, besides leading to a solution of an important literary *crux*, induce our countrymen to abandon in the pronunciation of ancient Greek the abhorrent superstition descended to our times from the day when Sir John Cheke initiated his audacious vocal reformation, which, like many other alterations, nobody asked for.

H. C. COOTE.

AMERICAN SONGS AND GAMES.*



HE "existence of any children's tradition in America, independently of print, has hitherto been scarcely noticed." This opening remark of the editor of the collection to which I wish to call attention has been fully confirmed by my own experience. Some years ago, when engaged in writing an article on "Folk-Lullabies" (*Fraser's Magazine*, No. 613), I asked many American friends if they could put me in the way of obtaining the inedited songs of American nurseries, but the answers were vague and inconclusive. The most interesting piece of information then received was from Mr. Bret Harte, who said that he had heard at Creffield on the Rhine a Dutch mother singing her child to sleep with a song that struck him as strangely familiar, and which after listening for a moment he recognized as one he had often heard sung amongst

* *Games and Songs of American Children*, collected and compared by William Wells Newell. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1884.

his own kindred of Dutch extraction in the United States. But the difficulty of getting news of songs did not persuade me that none such existed. The folk-lore student is accustomed to this kind of discouragement, and he may fairly trust his own intuitions rather than the statements, however positive, of unqualified persons. Now, though at first sight so young a country as America might be pronounced an unfruitful field, a little reflection suffices to show that in reality it ought to be the very reverse. America has been cut off in a great measure from the action of those disintegrating forces which have broken up so large a part of European, and especially of English, traditions. There are quiet nooks in New England where the English hamlet of two or three hundred years ago is not less perfectly represented than is old rural France in the neat homesteads of the *habitans* of Canada. What more admirable picture of antiquated village life could be desired than that given in what it is hardly rash to call the most memorable of recent fictions—"Cape Cod Folks"? Americans who are freshly come over to Europe—even those, sometimes, who imagine themselves the personification of the New Idea—are apt to strike one chiefly by a strange but charming archaism of speech, manner, and mode of thought. The reiterated "Sir" is only a relic of bygone courtesy; and, as has been proved over and over again, nine-tenths of "Americanisms" are to be found in Shakespeare. Thus we have a good right to expect, now that folk-lore is beginning to attract serious notice across the Atlantic, that our knowledge will be enriched by many valuable additions and corrections.

Mr. Newell's instalment is welcome, both on account of the matter contained and of the agreeable and conscientious way in which it is presented. Under the head of "Introductory" the editor writes of the characteristics of child-nature with an insight that shows him to have dived deep into its secrets. A child's imagination is, as he truly says, infinitely more on the alert than that of a grown-up person. Children, who are destined to become very ordinary and matter-of-fact men and women, are surrounded by a world of gracious unreality of which a few years are enough to efface even the memory. Only poets preserve through life somewhat of the enchanted castle of childhood. Then again, within certain bounds, children's powers of acquirement

are not inferior but superior to those of their elders. The rapidity with which they acquire languages is a case in point. There was probably nothing phenomenal in the fact of John Stuart Mill's reading Greek with facility when he was five years old, though, of course, the desirability of thus forcing the willing brain of infancy is another question. Mr. Newell mentions the elaborate and most difficult languages which children will sometimes make out of their own heads. The amusement is not unknown in England,—one instance of it has come under my personal notice; but it seems to be still more in favour in America, and the examples cited of the "cat" and other strange tongues are not a little curious. With all this astonishing mental activity how is it, asks our author, that nevertheless we see the same identical rhymes and games transmitted, with but few variations, from furthest antiquity, and diffused over the face of continents? The explanation he proposes seems to be a very just one. By the side of the inventiveness of children has to be reckoned their inherent conservatism. No new-fangled toy, for instance, however perfect in mechanical ingenuity, will ever give the amount of pleasure afforded by the immemorial doll. Mr. Newell calls to mind some early allusions to that indispensable adjunct to little-girl life: amongst others, the exquisite lines from the Greek anthology that refer to the custom which required of a little girl who had reached the years of discretion (seven years is said to have been the all too-early term) to offer her "maids," as her dolls were called, at the altar of her heavenly patroness, Athene or Artemis, Diana or Venus, as the case might be. Mr. Newell might have added to his citations what has always struck me as a rather pathetic reference to the antique doll, that, namely, of Plutarch, who says, in proof of the angelic goodness of his short-lived little daughter Timoxena, "when she was very young she would frequently beg of her nurse to give the breast not only to other children but to her babies or dolls, which she considered as her dependents and under her protection."

As with toys so with games. Children respect the ancient ritual out of an almost superstitious veneration. "The formulas of play are scripture, of which no jot or tittle is to be repealed." Thus it happens that there are incipient dramas which, like the first in Mr.

Newell's collection, "the Knights of Spain," are still acted, not only throughout England and the United States, but also in Spain and Sweden, in Italy and Ireland, among the Baltic Finns and the Moravian Slavs. The "Knights of Spain" was originally based on the idea of a courtship conducted in the strictly mercantile spirit which probably pervaded the next stage of marriage-making after the primitive carrying off of the bride. Of that earlier system there are also reminiscences in some surviving games and in many popular customs. At Bocking, in Essex, the parents of the bride keep studiously out of the way at the time of the marriage ceremony. I remember the surprise, not to say horror, of an old gardener, who was asked why he did not attend his daughter's wedding. "Such a thing was never heered of in this here parish!" said he; by which he meant among people of his own sort, for a little higher in the social scale there is no rule of parental abstention. A version of the "Knights of Spain" was included in the Bocking Singing Games which appeared in the *Folk-Lore Record* (iii. 169); and it is interesting to note that four other songs of that small collection figure in Mr. Newell's work. They are: "Nuts in May," "Thread the Tailor's Needle," "Milking Pails," and "Jenny Jones." It is more than hazardous to endeavour to fix the precise route followed by any particular song in the course of its migrations; still it may not be irrelevant to point out that the very steadily kept-up intercourse between the English eastern counties and America would lead us to expect the community of traditions which we thus find them to possess. In the village of Bocking, at the present time, there is hardly a poor family which has not kindred settled in the United States. Many went out from this part on the fall of the Commonwealth. A few years back a gentleman wrote from Rhode Island to ask after his ancestors who had lived in Bocking. A few facts were brought to light by diligent hunting in the old registers and parish books: one ancestor, charitably disposed, had given sixpence "To the rescue of Englyshe men out of Turkish slaverie." But the most important trace was not of a wholly satisfactory nature: a "corner" in the neighbourhood where three roads met was discovered to be popularly called by that gentleman's not common name, and report said that a man was once buried there with

a stave through his body, having committed suicide. It is not always good to investigate the past too closely.

“Jenny Jones” in America becomes Miss Jennia Jones, “Jennia” being understood to be a contraction of “Virginia”! Mr. Newell thinks that *Jones* was originally *Jo* (joy, “joie”), an old English word for sweetheart. He is further of the opinion that the song was in the first place a love-tale of the kind of the well-known Venetian *Rosetina*. Taking this view, there is another southern love-ballad which seems to have a sort of affinity with “Jenny,” the “Bela Sabè” or “Belle Isabelle” of the Mediterranean coast. It will be remembered that the symbolical sense of different colours plays a chief part in all versions of “Jenny Jones”; one colour after another is proposed but rejected as unsuitable; at last *black* is accepted in the English text and *white* in the American—white being “for death” or “for angels.” Subjoined is a literal transcript of “Bela Sabè”:

“*O Sabè, bela Sabè,*
 To my wedding come I pray!”
 “At your wedding I’ll not be
 But the dance I mean to see.”
 “If the dance you join to-night,
 Come attired all in white.”
 In a robe of charming hue
 The *bela* soon is drest;
 And if ’tis good the blue,
 For Hope the green is best.
 At the first note of the tambour,
 The *bela* joins the ball;
 At the next note of the tambour,
 In death they see her fall.
 “*O Sabè, bela Sabè,*
 Do you die by force, ah, say?”
 “It is not by force I go,
 Love of you has laid me low.”
 “If for my true love you die
 So for your true love will I.”
 Then out his knife he drew,
 And his heart he ran it through.

Playing at death and at mourning is a very old game, perhaps one of the oldest of all. I have no doubt that the little children of Judæa played at something like “Jenny Jones,” and that to this refers the

text "children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, 'We have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented.'" (Matthew xi.)

In connection with the mourning for Jenny (which in England is signified by a low wailing sound, a true keening) Mr. Newell mentions that "in a Flemish town, a generation since, when a young girl died, her body was carried to the church, and thence to the cemetery by her former companions." He is probably not aware that the same custom prevails to this day in several parts of Italy. The first time I witnessed the bearing of a bier by women was at Varese; on that occasion they were young married women, the body being that of a young mother who had died in childbirth. The shrill voices of the mourners as they chanted the litany for the dead, moving in slow procession from the lake-shore to the church of San Vittore, produced a strikingly touching effect. But it is stranger to see, as I have seen more recently at Spezia, the little coffin of a child carried to the grave entirely by children of from six to ten years old, and followed also exclusively by a string of little ones, dressed nicely in their best frocks, of whom one or two would carry a bright posy, or a wreath of flowers. I could never see any older person accompanying the *cortège*, except one man who walked at a certain distance, it may be to keep order; but his presence did not seem necessary, for the children appeared to know quite well what to do, and performed their office with great propriety, though without any affectation of particular sadness. When they came back they skipped over the strip of grass by the new sea-wall, seeing who could pick the most daisies.

In the *Games and Songs of American Children* there is so much of interest that I have been obliged to limit myself to the discussion of a very few points. I must however, in conclusion, allude to the especially suggestive remarks on the assignment of certain stated periods of the year to the playing of certain games. Climate or other circumstances may have originated the usage, but it is adhered to with automatic regularity where the cause has long since disappeared and been forgotten. It seems a case of "hereditary memory," not perhaps without its bearings on the migrations of birds and other instances of animal instinct.

EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Rose-Queen or Tomasito (La reina Rosa o Tomasito).

Dramatis personæ.—(1) King, (2) Queen, (3) Princess Tomasito (heroine), (4) the Rose-Queen, (5) old man (St. Joseph), (6) the Rose-Queen's two sisters.

Thread of story.—King, when out walking, pulls one of three white roses to give to the Queen. Queen puts it in a box. During the night the rose cries out demanding to be liberated. King rises and does so. A Rose-Queen emerges who insists on the real queen being killed and herself installed in her place.¹ King compromises matters by putting her eyes out and locking her up in a cellar. Tomasito, her daughter, discovers her prison and feeds her. Rose-Queen ill—uses Tomasito—sets her three dangerous tasks² which she accomplishes by advice³ of St. Joseph in form of an old man. Rose-Queen expels Tomasito from the Palace. Under St. Joseph's guidance she goes to the enchanted castle of the Rose-Queen's two sisters and gains admission to their secret chamber, where three candles burn, representing the lives of the three sisters. By extinguishing those⁴ she kills all three—returns to the palace, and her mother is liberated and restored.

Incidental circumstances.

1. Rose-Queen takes the queen's place in the king's bed—Tomasito remarks the change when she comes in to wish her parents good morning.
2. To fetch water, lemons, and oranges from a certain well.
3. To ride for them at full gallop, and never stop or look round, even if any one attempts to throw a rope round her neck.
4. She extinguishes the candles of the two sisters at once; but the candle of her step-mother she carries home to her father's palace, asks him to choose between her mother and the Rose-Queen, and, on his choosing the former, she bids him blow out the candle.

Where published.—*Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Espanolas*, p. 172.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.* Collected in Seville, by Senor Don Alejandro Guichot y Sierra.

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The gold, silver, and silken boats.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Eldest prince, (2) second prince, (3) youngest prince (hero), (4) king, (5) his daughter, (6) friendly old woman.

Thread of story.—The eldest of three princes sets out to seek his fortune in a golden boat—reaches a town¹ and learns that the king's daughter is hid in the palace, and that he who can find her may wed her; but if he fails he will be kept a prisoner. He tries, fails, and is made prisoner. The second son sets out in search of his brother in a silver boat, and meets the same fate. Youngest son follows in a silken boat, reaches same town, learns fate of his brothers, and resolves to try his luck—acting up to advice of a friendly old woman, he makes a large gold parrot² and conceals himself inside—king is so pleased with parrot he orders it to be carried into his daughter's retreat to show it her—prince thus discovers that she is hid in an inner court³ along with two maids indistinguishably like her; but he learns how to distinguish her by thread on her finger.⁴ Parrot removed—prince presents himself to king, and offers to try to find his daughter—he succeeds,⁵ weds her, and liberates his brothers.

Incidental circumstances.

1. Takes boat to the inn and leaves it, which affords a clue to the other brothers.
2. Parrot itself made of gold, its stand of silver—the gold and silver boats of the other two brothers being used for the purpose.
3. A tile has to be lifted showing an iron door—steps descend into a court in the middle of which is a well—the lid of the well is removed, and more steps lead down to another court, in which the princess is found.
4. Prince got out of the parrot to get a drink of water—princess found him and revealed the secret of her identification—the ribbon on her finger being red, those of the others blue.
5. Pretends he cannot find her till the third day.

Where published.—*Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Espanolas*, p. 178.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.* Collected at Huelva by Sra. Alvarez de Machado.

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Negress and the Turtle Dove (La Negra y la Tortola).

Dramatis personæ.—(1) King, (2) Queen (= heroine), (3) negress, (4) the king's gardener.

Thread of Story.—King who has beautiful wife, when he goes to the wars makes her live for safety up a thick branched tree. Here she is discovered by a negress,¹ who induces her to descend,² pushes three needles into her head, changing her into a turtle-dove. Negress then takes her place in tree. When king returns, negress taken home as his wife.³ Turtle dove appears several times in the palace garden and asks the gardener how the king is getting on with the negress.⁴ King overhears the turtle-dove, succeeds in catching it—finds the pins in its head, and removes them. Dove immediately resume her old form of the queen, is re-instated, and negress destroyed.

Incidental circumstances

- (1) She comes to draw water at a well beneath the tree, sees queen's face reflected in water and believes it to be her own. Her pitcher breaks, and the queen laughs, thus betraying herself.
- (2) On the pretext of examining her head for animals. The queen falls asleep during the process.
- (3) She explains that her blackness has been caused by the exposure.
- (4) *Dove.* What do the negress and the king? *Gardener.* Sometimes weep and sometimes sing. *Dove.* While I must fly alone, poor thing!

Where published.—*Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Espanolas*, tom. i. p. 109.

Nature of collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.* Collected by Senor Don Th. H. Moore, in Santa Juana, Chile.

Special points noted by the Editor of the above.—Nil. (Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Mary of the Cinders (Maria la Cenicienta).

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Mary (= heroine), (2) stepmother, (3) stepsister, (4) calf, (5) old woman, (6) prince, [(7) little dog].

Thread of story.—Mary has a stepmother,¹ who is jealous that Mary is prettier than her own daughter, and ill uses her. Stepmother orders Mary's favourite calf to be killed. Calf tells Mary she will find a magic wand in its entrails. Mary washes entrails at river-side, and finds wand; but entrails carried away down stream. While Mary weeps at this catastrophe old woman appears, sends her to sleep in her hut,² and presently restores tray with entrails. When Mary returns home a star is on her forehead which can't be removed.³ Mary's stepsister being envious of her fortune, goes and does intentionally exactly what Mary had done. Same thing happens to her,⁴ but on her return it is a turkeycock's crest that is on her forehead.

A ball is given at the palace—Mary by means of magic wand appears there with splendid dress and equipage—wins admiration of the prince—escapes from him during the evening—drops her slipper by means of which she is discovered,⁵ and made queen.

Incidental circumstances.

- (1) She persuaded her father to marry her because she used to be kind to her.
- (2) Mary tidies up the hut, and prepares the dinner.
- (3) Her stepmother covers it up with a rag.
- (4) She is disgusted at the squalor of the hut, and won't condescend to sleep in it.
- (5) Her mother covers it up with a silk pocket-handkerchief.
- (6) Stepmother tries to pass off her own daughter as the owner of the slipper, concealing Mary below the kneading-trough, but a little dog keeps on barking, "Bow, wow, wow! Turkey's-crest in the parlour; Star on the brow, below the kneading trough."

Where published.—*Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Espanolas*, tom. i. p. 114.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.* Collected by Senor Don Th. H. Moore, of Santa Juana, in Chile.

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Threading the Needle at Ripon Cathedral.—Where can I find an account of “the practice of ‘threading the needle’ in Ripon Cathedral,” mentioned in Captain Conder’s new book, *Heth and Moab?*

CHARLOTTE S. BURNE.

Laying a Ghost.—I shall be glad of information as to the procedure observed to successfully “lay a ghost.” What prayers (if any) were used, and was it indispensable to have a clergyman? I have come across one case, at Burwash, in Sussex, where four Puritan ministers held a fast, but the further procedure is not explained. (*Suss. Arch. Coll.* xviii. 111 to 113.) What is meant by “laying a ghost in the Red Sea”? This is said to have been done in the case of the ghost of Mrs. Segison, at Cuckfield Plate, Sussex.

Brighton.

FREDERICK E. SAWYER.

Folk-Medicine.—The following, recorded in the last issued part of the *Archaeologia*, is worth notice. In a paper by Mr. Edward Cunnington, of Dorchester, read March 30, 1882, an account is given of a hoard of bronze, iron, and other objects that have recently been discovered at Belbury Camp, in Dorsetshire. Two of the bronze objects represented animal forms, probably oxen. After they were found, as is but too common in such cases, they became dispersed. Mr. Cunnington says:—“Having heard of the discovery, I paid a visit to the old woman, who was reported to possess several of the objects. On inquiring of her for them, she told me that she ‘hadn’t a’ got ’em.’ On my asking what had become of them, she said ‘Well, there! I was obliged to send ’em to my poor boy, for he was ter’ble bad, and did sort o’ pine for ’em; and a’ thought if a’ could have thic there little dog, and nail un up over the door, a’ would be better.’ I then went to the son’s house, where I duly found the animal nailed over the door.”

—*Archaeologia*, vol. xlvi. p. 117.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Scottish Folk-lore.—In the recent book of Her Majesty, *More*

Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands, I find the following scraps of folk-lore:—

P. 197: “Brown . . . espied a piece of white heather, and jumped off to pick it. No Highlander would pass by it without picking it, for it is considered to bring good luck.”

P. 281: “Two little girls put down bunches of flax for me to walk upon, which it seems is an old Highland custom.”

On the latter subject I should be glad of some further information. What is the origin of the custom? FREDERICK E. SAWYER.

Brighton.

Superstition in Sicily.—A Naples correspondent writes: “In the province of Catania (Sicily), the festival of San Filippo, the patron saint of Calatabiano, is celebrated in a strangely superstitious manner. The ignorant population of that district believe that San Filippo had the power of restoring to health all those afflicted with epilepsy, insanity, or other nervous maladies. On the day of the festival such afflicted persons from all the country around are brought by their relations to be cured instantaneously at the church of Calatabiano. On arriving they are seized by robust peasants, who attempt to make them kiss the image of the saint, and cry “Viva San Filippo!” Some struggle furiously in the hands of their captors, who then resort to the most savage means of compulsion, tearing off their clothes, pulling their hair, and even biting them, continuing the torture throughout the day, until the victims pronounce the sacramental words. This year the same scene was repeated, but was soon put a stop to by a police-constable, who in the name of the law arrested all who refused to renounce the barbarous custom.—*Rotherham Advertiser*, 7 June, 1884.

Hearne's opinion of John Aubrey.—The late Mr. John Aubrey, who began the study of antiquities very early when he was gentleman commoner of Trinity College in Oxford, and had no inconsiderable skill in them; and the world might have expected other curious and useful notices of things from him had not he by his intimate acquaintance with Mr. Ashmole in his latter years too much indulged in fancy and wholly addicted himself to the whimsies and conceits of astrologers, soothsayers, and such like

ignorant and superstitious writers, which have no foundation in nature, philosophy, or reason.—Hearne in *Leland's Itinerary*, ii. 93.

Alice B. Gomme.

Witchcraft in France.—A woman of Thueyts, in the Ardèche, had taken in a child to wet nurse, when her milk suddenly failed her. She imagined that she had been bewitched by an old woman of eighty in the neighbourhood, and had her brought to the house by her husband. The man suspended the unfortunate creature by the pot-hook in the chimney, and roasted her feet, and as this treatment did not produce a fresh flow of milk for the child, the peasant and his wife put the old woman's feet into an iron pot filled with water which was made to boil.—*Sheffield Telegraph*, July 10th, 1884.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

In the Land of Marvels: Folk-Tales from Austria and Bohemia. By Theodor Vernaleken. With Preface by E. Johnson. London, 1884 (Swan Sonnenschein), 8vo. pp. 363.

There can be no question but that this collection of Folk-tales is a welcome and valuable volume, and the publishers are to be praised for the agreeable form in which this translation is presented. Mr. Johnson's preface, though travelling over ground well known to members of this Society, has something of value to say as to the origin of märchen, or folk-tales, and his brief summary of objections to the "sun and dawn" theory is admirable. The notes, too, at the end of the volume, though of course they could be easily amplified, are good and thoroughly to the point. The stories are variants of old favourites, but variants which we are glad to get because they contain their own local colouring which must lend its aid towards the elucidation of the history of folk-tales. The story list is as follows: Hondiddledo and his fiddle—Winterkolble—Kruzimügeli—The blackbird—The seven ravens—The dog and the yellowhammer—The three wondrous fishes—The marvellous white horse—The dog and the wolf—The nine birds—The wishing rag, the golden goat, and the hat soldiers—Martin's Eve—The little tailor—The tailor and the hunter—The

thirteen brothers—Stupid Peter—The magic pot and the magic ball—The shepherd and the dwarfs—How a shepherd became rich—The three boxes—For one kreuzer a hundred—The goat and the ant—The wild cat of the forest—The stolen princess—The wonderful deliverance—The outcast son—The two sisters—Moriandle and Sugarkandle—The three eggs—The wondrous tree—The seven roes—The dwarf delivered—Besom-east, Brush-east, Comb-east—The sounding tree—The cobbler's two sons—One strikes twelve, twelve strike nine-and-forty—Hans guesses riddles—The three millers—The three tasks—Piping Hans—Mr. Cluck—Hans with the goitre—The king does not believe everything—The present of the wind—The fisher's son—The Judas she-devil—The three white doves—The maiden of the crystal mountain—How Hans finds his wife—The drummer—The fairest bride—The accursed garden The enchanted sleep—The three princesses—The suitor—The mouth-cure—The bead-merchant—They dance to the pipe—The hopping night-cap—Sepple with the golden hair.

Captain R. C. Temple will publish shortly a Dictionary of Hindustani Proverbs, including many Marwari, Panjabi, Maggah, Bhojpuri, and Tirhuti Proverbs, by the late S. W. Fallon, Ph.D., Halle. "Dr. Fallon's collection of proverbs . . . will be of immense use to European officials, as teaching them the real people's speech and opening up to them the hitherto sealed book of the native mind. If a young civilian had such a collection put before him on his arrival here, instead of the nauseous rubbish of the Prem Sāgar and Bāg-o-Bahār, he would come to know as much about the language in a year as is now ordinarily known even by the best scholars in ten or fifteen years."—*John Beames*. It is expected that the work will be completed in five parts, to appear as nearly as possible at intervals of two months. Trübner & Co. are the London agents.

Mr. Swainson has sent in his MS. of the "Folk-lore and Provincial Names of British Birds."

A MS. collection of Herefordshire Folk-lore, by the late Reverend Mr. Kilveet, has just been sent to the Honorary Secretary through the kindness of Mr. William Henderson.

CONNEMARA FOLK-LORE.

CHILD-BIRTH.



WHILE the woman is sick no stranger must take anything out of the house, especially a coal of fire, or the woman will die or become a cripple, or meet with some other great affliction. Beggars and others coming to the house for anything are at once sent away: they would not have come to the place if they knew that a woman was sick. The child, the moment it is born, is spit on by the midwife. It should be christened the first mass after it is born, and should be called after the name of the saint whose day is nearest to its birth. As there are two Lady's days in the year, more girls are called Mary than any other name; while, as Michaels are so numerous, more boys seem to be born near his day than in any other time of the year. If boys are born near a double saint's day, such as St. Peter's and Saint Paul's, they should have both names, except in the case of twins, when one should be called Peter and the other Paul. I do not know how they manage in other cases of twins. If a child just born sneezes it will live; if it has a caul the latter is a charm against a number of diseases. Any one coming to see the child should bring a present, usually an egg or a pat of butter or some such trifle, and should say, "God save you!" and spit on it. Those who do not do so bring it bad luck. If born at midnight it ought to be sprinkled with holy water every night and watched for seven days, lest it may be changed by the "good people." If a child is an idiot, especially if a boy, it brings good luck. Many instances are given of people being quite poor before an idiot came, while afterwards they became suddenly rich. Three children at a birth bring luck.

CHURNING.

No stranger should take anything out of a house, but especially fire, while milk is being churned, as they will take away the butter.

Any stranger coming into the house while churning is going on should say, "Bless the work!" and take a few turns at the dash. If the butter will not come you should put a hot ploughshare or a hot tongs or a coal of fire under the churn. There seems sense in this, as the heat will help to make the butter come. Some people are able to take away your butter by churning water while you are churning your milk; also by carrying away fire out of the house or by certain charms. Different people are said to have charms for taking it away; but no one allows they know what they are; that they have charms is proved by their always having more butter than their neighbours, although they have fewer cows.

HARES.

When going out of a morning, if a hare is coming to meet you, turn back at once, as you will fail in what you were going to do. If he crosses your path from the right, you will have luck; if from the left, you will be neither lucky nor unlucky. If a hare scares an *enceinte* woman the child will have a hare-lip. Hares are often witches, and milk the cows and such like. A hare that is always about a house is sure to be a witch, and ought to be destroyed if possible. A dog cannot catch a witch hare, which is often a white one.

MAGPIE AND CUCKOO.

It is unlucky to kill a magpie or rob its nest: because if either are done they will kill all your chickens and geese. Magpies are useful in a wild country, as they give you warning when the fox is afoot after the lambs, kids, or fowl. I have seen people abused, and even pelted, for shooting a magpie at a village. The cuckoo is also a sacred bird, it is very unlucky to shoot one.

AN ANCIENT IRISH SAYING.

"Ireland was thrice beneath the ploughshare; thrice it was wood, and thrice it was bare" (O'Flaherty, *Yar Connaught*). Evidently it was twice under wood, as we have records in the bog of two distinct forests; while in history we read of later woods that were cut down after the time of James I. by the English adventurers.

KING OF THE OTTERS,

mentioned by O'Flaherty in his *History of Yar Connaught*, "of which kind the white-faced otter is very rare. It is never killed, they say, but with the loss of man or dog; and its skin is mighty precious." It is larger than ordinary, and has a white breast: it is called the king of the otters. A great virtue of its skin is that the owner is always fortunate in battles, and victory is always on his side.

FISH NOT FLESH.

The sea-birds, such as the guillemot, which never flies over the land, but lives altogether in the cliffs or on the sea, is considered to be a fish and not a fowl, and is eaten on fast days.

SEALS.

In very ancient times some of the Clan Coneely, one of the early septs of the county, were changed by "art magick" into seals; since then no Coneely can kill a seal without afterwards having bad luck. Seals are called Coneelys, and on this account many of the name changed it to Connelly.

RATS, CALLED FRENCH MICE.

It is said that at one time there were none in Ireland. O'Flaherty, in his *History of Yar Connaught*, written in 1684, says there are no rats in it.

CAPTIVE STONE.

On the shore of MacDara's island there is a stone called the "Captive's Stone," where, until very lately, women during low water gathered ililuk. This was supposed to gain the intercession of the saint for a friend in captivity. MacDara is the patron saint of the sailor, and sailors when passing the island always dip their sails thrice, if not they are sure to be shipwrecked.

St. MacDara's real name was Sinach, a fox. Of his name Hardiman thus writes:—"It is a curious coincidence that the name of this favourite saint of our western fishermen should be that of an animal which, of all others, they most abhor. So great is their aversion to a fox,

hare, or rabbit, that they never so much as mention their names themselves nor endure even to hear them named by others. If a fisherman of Claddagh happened to see one of these animals or hear its name mentioned he would not on that day venture to sea : and the cause of this strange superstition they neither know themselves nor can any one else account for it." A butcher of Galway is said to have taken advantage of it, and had a fox carried through Claddagh every Friday, thus preventing the men going to sea that day, and thereby kept up the price of meat on the Saturday market.

RAISING THE WIND.

If you want a fair wind bury a cat to its neck in the sand on the sea-shore, turning its face to the point from which the adverse wind blows, and leave it there to die. Or, erect a pile of stones on the shore, bearing a resemblance to one of the goblins, and expect a fair wind in return ; but this is a serious affair, and never can be done by the same individual twice.—Hardiman's *Notes to O'Flaherty's History*.

WELLS.

Wells dedicated to saints are held in great veneration, and patrons are held at them on their saint day. Some are good for the eyes, some for sores, and some for various ailments, even for sterile women and cattle. St. Patrick's Well, in Maumeen, cures murrain in cattle, while a well on Bendouglas or Benlettery makes a person's head hoar if they wash in it. Some are evidently pre-Christian : one on Cashla Bay has a large conical mound or kitchen-midden, over fifty feet high, made up of sea-shells ; as part of the obligation is to live on shell-fish while attending the patron—which are cooked on the top of the mound.

STONE CELTS,

called soigheds, or "fairy darts," are used by the "good people," and any one that is "fairy struck" has been hit with one of them. If you find one, either on the ground or in the tillage, you should not bring it into the house, or bury it, or throw it away, but you should

put it carefully in a hole in the field wall, or ditch, or in a tree, where it will not be easily found, otherwise something will happen to you. Aranmore is a great place for soigheds, and they are greatly venerated, although many of them apparently are of recent make. Seals, when they were plentiful along the west coast, were an article of food, as we learn from the *Book of Lismore*, and other authorities. The Aranites and inhabitants of some of the other Galway islands wear pampooters, which are slippers, now made of the raw hides of the ass, calf, and cow, but formerly of the seal skin; and the celts made on Aran, of a black silicious shale, were used for skinning them—even at the present day I have seen them used while skinning a calf. The Aranites very often carry a soighed with them when they are going to a patron on the mainland, and leave it behind them at the holy well as a votive offering. Pampootie, as a name for the slipper, is said to have been introduced some two or more hundred years ago by an East Indian ship-captain, who settled on the island—the old Irish name is brog-lē-har—*Anglice*, coarse shoe of fresh or untanned leather.

ST. FLANNING'S CHURCH.

In Errisflanning are the ruins of St. Flanning church and a graveyard—"This church admits of no burial within its walls"; that is, if any one is interred therein his body is found above ground next morning. This is also a common belief elsewhere. In the graveyard of Ballytober abbey, co. Mayo, there is a space no one would bury in, as "their body would be cast up."

LIZARD AND CRICKET.

The lizard is a vicious animal, always trying to get down people's throats; it will even try to steal into houses where children are that it may get down their throats. A cricket ought not to be disturbed or killed. If either is done, its fellows will come and eat the clothes, especially of the person who injured the cricket.

THE FAIRY MOUND, GLENDALOUGH.

On the south side of Gorumna Lough, Connemara, there is a large moat or barrow, said to be inhabited by the "good people." In the

centre of the top there is a green spot, said to be the entrance to it, on which the natives would be afraid to stand. About fifteen years ago there was a man in the village had a cow and a newly-born calf, and the cow died. But after it was dead, cut up, and salted, at night they used to hear a cow in the barn, while the calf thrived well, although it would take no food that was offered it. At first every one was afraid to go near the cowhouse at night to see what was going on; but at last the man took courage and went, and to his great astonishment he found his cow alive and suckling the calf. When it saw him it tried to rush out of the door; but as it passed he seized it by the tail, and was pulled by it to the fairy mound and into a brightly lit-up room, in which were assembled the queen and her court. The queen asked, "What do you want?" To which he answered, "In the name of God, my cow." To which she replied, "Take it," and the cow immediately went with him, the name of God destroying the spell. My informant, one of the innumerable Joyces, offered to swear he had seen the cow alive; afterwards dead, cut up, and salted, and had even eaten part of it, yet afterwards he saw it alive. A rag tied round the tail of a newly-calved cow keeps away the fairies.

On the east of Lough Corrib, near Castle Hackett, is Knockmaa, or the hill of the plain, which is a great fairy haunt; and at times of an evening great flights of the "good people" pass over Connemara to the gathering at it. When they are passing is easily known, as you feel a rush of warm wind passing you, accompanied by a rustling noise. Fairies should always be called "good people," as fairies is a term of disrespect. When throwing water out of a door you must say, "By your leave," lest one of the "good people" was outside, and you might chance to wet it. A lighted coal of turf, carried on a stick or in a tongs, after dark, keeps away the fairies.

GIANTS.

The highest group of hills in Connemara, or the Twelve Pins or Stacks, are called Bennabeola, after a giant of that name. Beola seems to have been a person of importance, as Great Man's Bay is said to be also called after him, and his cairn was at Toombeola, but was taken away by the monks to build an abbey; and the latter was

pulled down by the "cruelty to animal Martin" to build a salmon weir.

Beola had a great friend, a giant, on Aranmore, and every morning at sunrise they saluted one another. One morning, however, Beola overslept himself, and his friend threw a stone at him to wake him, which so enraged Beola that he hurled a shower of stones at him, which fully accounts for the number of large Connemara granite blocks on Aranmore. The Aranmore giant had a numerous family, who took to using these stones as seats, which fully accounts for the pedestal of limestone under each block, as their feet wore away the rock around each block.

About halfway between Corcogemore and Slieve Moidaun is a large long block of rock, standing on end, called Clogh-na-Curreel, or the stone of Curreel. Its size may be judged by its being easily mistaken for an old castle, until you are quite close to it. Curreel and Moidaun were great friends, but one day the latter, when on a visit to Curreel at Corcogemore, ran off with his wife. Curreel, who was asleep, woke up, and missed the wife and Moidaun; but, on looking across the plain, he saw them making off to Slieve Moidaun, whereupon he seized up the stone he used for his pillow and hurled it after them. The truth of the story is evident, as the marks of his five fingers and thumb can be seen under the south-east corner of the stone. It may here be observed that in the co. Donegal the giants are all said to have had five fingers besides the thumb; but on the three "giants' stones" that I have seen in that county there are seven impressions instead of six.

A giant whose name is now forgotten lived at Leam. He was famous for his great feats of strength. One day the devil came and challenged him to show his power. After various trials, in which they were both equal, the giant proposed that they should jump over a wide chasm with his pillow on his back, the pillow being a stone about six feet long. One side of the chasm was higher than the other, and both succeeded in jumping down; but after the giant had jumped up, just as the devil was springing off, the giant tripped him up, and he fell into the chasm, hurting his back. The stone stuck up in the bog, and was there until some years ago, when it was stolen by a mining captain who was working at the Glengoala mine. The place, after the

jumping feat, was called Leam (a leap); while it is said the marks of the giant's hands and the devil's paws were to be seen on one side of the stone, impressed while holding it on their backs.

ANCIENT IRISH GAMES.

There are old Irish games very like *σφαῖρα*, or game of ball, mentioned in the *Folk-Lore Journal* of February, 1884, page 59.

There are three or more players on each side, two stones or holes as stations, and one lobber. The lobber lobs either a stick about three inches long or a ball—(the ball seems to be a new institution, as a stick was always used when I was a boy)—while the batsman defends the stone or hole with either a short stick or his hand. Every time the stick or ball is hit, the boys defending the stones or holes must change places. Each one is out if the stick or ball lodges in the hole or hits the stone; or if the ball or stone is caught; or if it can be put in the hole or hits the stone while the boys are changing places. This game is also played with two lobbers, that lob alternately from each end. The game is won by a certain number of runs.

This game is sometimes called *cat*; but the regular *cat* is played with a stick four inches long, bevelled at each end, called the *cat*. This bevelled stick is laid on the ground, and one end hit with a stick to make it rise in the air, when it is hit by the player, who runs to a mark and back to his station. The game is made by a number of runs; while the hitter is out if he fails three times to hit the *cat*, or if he is hit by the *cat* while running.

Another form of the first game is a circle of stones, according to the number of players, generally five or seven each side. One of the out party stands in the centre of the circle, and lobs at the different stones in rotation; each hit a player gives all his side must change stations, in some places going round to the left and in others to the right. The stones are defended by the hand or a stick, according as a ball or stick is lobbed. All the players are out if the stone is hit, or the ball or stick caught, or one of the players is hit while running. In different counties or places these games are more or less modified.

These games I have seen played over half a century ago, with a lob-stick, but of later years with a ball, long before a cricket-club existed,

in Trinity College, Dublin, and when the game was quite unknown in a great part of Ireland. At the same time, they may have been introduced by some of the earlier settlers, and afterwards degenerated into the games mentioned above; but I would be inclined to suspect that the Irish are the primitive games, they having since been improved into cricket. At the present day these games nearly everywhere are succeeded by cricket, but often of a very primitive form, the wickets being stones set on end, or a pillar of stones; while the ball is often wooden, and very rudely formed.

An old game called *Crooky* was formerly played at Portarlington, Queen's co. and Kilkee, co. Clare. Fifty years ago it was played with wooden crooks and balls, but about twenty-five years ago, or a little more, mallets were introduced at Kilkee; while subsequently the name was changed to croquet. I have heard it stated that this game was introduced by the French refugees that settled at Portarlington.

Another old Irish game was *Duck-stone*. A number of stones, one less than the number of players, were placed close together in a row; one player was told off to guard the stones on which smaller stones were placed. All of the players, except the guard, stood in a place about twelve or fifteen feet from the row of stones, and with their duck (stones) tried to knock off the smaller stones, which the guard had to replace as fast as possible, because if any of the small stones were off the duck-holders could carry in their ducks; but if all the stones were on, if one of the duck-holders tried to carry in his duck and he was tipped by the guard, he had to take the guard's place, who joined the duck-holders.

Hurl was a very ancient Irish game, as we have many places called after it: such as, Killahurla, the hurlers' church; Gortnahurla, the field of the hurlers; Greenanahurla, the sunny place of the hurlers; this, however, is now generally corrupted into hurling-green. The hurling-green where the famous match was played by the people of Wexford against those of Cather (now divided into the counties of Carlow and Wicklow), and where the former got the name of yellow bellies from the colour of the scarfs they wore round their waist, is a sunny flat on the western side of North Wicklow Gap, on the road

from Gorey to Trinnahely. There are also many other different names that record the game.

Jack-stones, played with three or four small stones that are thrown up in the air and caught again, seems to have been a very ancient game, as the stones have been found in the crannogs or lake-dwellings in some hole near the fire-places, similar to where they are found in a cabin at the present day. An old woman, or other player, at the present time, puts them in a place near the hob, when they stop their game, and go to do something else.

G. H. KINAHAN.

THE FOLK-LORE OF DRAYTON.

PART II.—MINERALS—ANIMALS—PORTENTS.—(*Continued from page 235.*)

“The charitable robinet in came,
Whose nature taught the others to be tame.”

Its work of love, everybody knows, on the evidence of the *Babes in the Wood*, is that of burying the dead:

“Covering with moss the dead’s unclosed eye,
The little Redbreast teacheth charity,”

as Drayton says elsewhere.* I have a secondhand quotation † from a play of Webster, who was for some years his contemporary:

“Call for the robin and the wren,
Since o’er shady groves they hover,
And with dead leaves do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.”

* *The Owl* [iv. 1291].

† From “English Ballads,” an article in an *Aunt Judy’s Magazine* of unremembered date.

A few years later Robert Herrick wrote: *

“When I departed am ring thou my knell,
Thou pittifull and pretty Philomel;
And when I'm laid out for a corse, then be
Thou sexton, Red brest, for to cover me.”

I may be pardoned for repeating his prayer to Robin: †

“Laid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be
With leaves and mossc-work for to cover me;
And while the wood nimphs my cold corps inter,
Sing thou my dirge, sweet warbling chorister.
For epitaph in foliage, next write this,
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.”

In Webster's lines, and in many a popular rhyme, the robin and the wren are coupled as though they were natural helpmates; and with equal disregard of propriety Drayton ‡ talks of—

“The gaudy Goldfinch and his courtly mate,
My Madam Bunting;”

but here, I suspect, there is some political allusion. He does, however, make the Wren,

“Which simple people call Our Lady's hen,” §

confess that Robin is not her lawful mate; a state of things which never *used* to be suspected in the nursery, whatever may be the case in these enlightened days. She also tells her gossip, the Hedge-sparrow, that when the Eagle oils his feathers || and soars aloft to confer with Jove, he unwittingly bears, concealed among his down, her nimble Robinet, who thus hears the secrets of Olympus, which, with untired wings, he carries back to his paramour;

“And by this means we two will rule the state.”

Politics again, perhaps; but nevertheless there seems to be a savour of the old story of how the wren became king. ¶ If I may tell it as I

* *Poetical Works* (Pickering's edition, 1825), vol. i. p. 154.

† *Works*, vol. i. p. 24. ‡ *The Owl* [iv. 1299]. § *The Owl* [iv. 1308].

|| *The Owl* [iv. 1308-9]. Waterton flatly denies that birds do oil their feathers.—See *Essays on Natural History*, pp. 60-64; 2nd series, p. 130, &c.; 3rd series, pp. 268-269.

¶ The spider of Krilof's fable, “The Eagle and the Spider,” made use of the big bird in the same way as Drayton's robinet did, and as did the cunning wren of the story.—See Ralston's *Krilof and his Fables*, p. 107.

have told in print before, it runs :—The feathered sages assembled to choose a ruler, and they decided on accepting the candidate who should attain the highest flight. Off started the eagle and the wren, and up, up, up they went. At first the latter appeared to have the advantage because he rose in a straight line, while his antagonist, as his manner is, described great circles in his flight. After a time, however, the little wings grew weary, and the crafty wren, all unfelt, dropped down on the labouring eagle's back. When the huge bird was tired, he stopped. "Where art thou, wren?" he said. "Here, above thee!" was the answer, as the cunning tiny one spread his wings and made his last spurt. So the wren was king; and king he is called in most European languages.

When Drayton says that the Falcon "loved the Owl, and held him only dear,"* and refers to Pliny as his authority, I suppose he is thinking of what that authority sets down in his chapter † concerning the owl. When surrounded by more enemies than it can overcome, the owl "throws itself on its back, and so, resisting with feet and rolling up its body into a mass, defends itself with the beak and talons, until the hawk, attracted by a certain natural affinity, comes to his assistance and takes its share of the combat." ‡ Pleasant hours must Drayton have spent poring over Holland's translation of the credulous old naturalist, who, however, throws no light (as far as I can find) on the meaning of his disciple's assertion,—

"The hens (to women) sanctity express,
Hallowing their eggs."

* *The Owl* [iv. 1295].

† Book x. ch. 19. In the *Owl and the Nightingale*, pp. 4, 5 (Percy Society), the owl is reproached with having laid its "fole ey" in the "faukun's" nest, and with causing a domestic broil in consequence. The hen-falcon declares—

"I-wis it was ure ozer brother,
The zond that haved that grete heved."

The poem probably belongs to the latter end of the twelfth century.

‡ Although the action of *The Owl* takes place in May, the birds arrange for the consummation of their matrimonial designs at St. Valentine—rather a long engagement in such an unconventional society as theirs must be.—Cf. iv. 1289, 1291, &c.

Amongst creatures which come to Noah's assembly but have not the *entrée* of modern zoological society, we have "the huge ruck,"* progenitor, no doubt, of Sindbad's friends; also,

"The Salamander to the Ark retires,
To fly the flood it doth forsake the fires."

† "That a Salamander is able to live in flames, to endure and put out fire, is an assertion not only of great Antiquity, but confirmed by frequent and not contemptible testimony," says Dr. Thomas Browne. ". . . . All which, notwithstanding there is on the negative authority and experience." Neither did that astute gentleman give credit to the story of the cockatrice, the half-bird, half-serpent (now only legitimately hatched at Heralds' College), which like the fabled snake, called basilisk, ‡ had death in its glance; though in the Ark, as Drayton assures us, the power was most happily suspended. I may conclude what I have to say about Noah's live stock, by mentioning that that fearsome item of folk-lore, the dragon—the fabled guardian of so many hoards of fabulous treasure—

"The watchful dragon comes the ark to keep,"

precisely as if he were in the police force of patriarchal times; and

"Lulled with murmur gently falls asleep,"

just as naturally as if he belonged to that of the nineteenth century.

Drayton's faith in the phoenix was completely orthodox, but he did not put her in the ark, and one wonders what became of her during the Deluge. She was, said his Owl, § following Claudian de Phœnice, "parent and infant to herself alone," and it is well that she *was*

* See also *The Battle of Agincourt* [i. 13].

† *Pseud. Epid.* book iii. ch. 13, p. 113.

‡ In justice to Drayton I must remark that he was rather advanced in his knowledge of the slow-worm. He writes, "The small-eyed slow-worm, called of many blind."—*Noah's Flood* [iv. 1538]. As it is still sometimes called the blind-worm, I suppose its possession of the faculty of sight is yet doubted. The Rev. J. G. Wood states "it is anything but blind, and its eyes though small are brilliant."—*Common Objects of the Country*, p. 34. Poisonous, however, Drayton thought it was.

§ *The Owl* [iv. 1301]. The Parrot and the Vulture are gossips, and worse, in this satire of Drayton's.

solitary, or it is plain that the Parrot and the Vulture would have raised some scandal about her. King John* did not scruple to tell his wooed Matilda—

“The Arabian bird that never is but one,
Is only chaste because she is alone.”

The Earl of Surrey,† writing (by Drayton) to the Lady Geraldine, has a dainty reference to the bird which

“from her spiced flame
Renews herself in that she doth consume”;

and other allusions, are indicated below.‡

Drayton's idea of the *rara avis* was very much like that set forth by S. Clement of Rome, who introduces it into his first Epistle to the Corinthians§ as a type of the Resurrection. One wonders whether either or neither really credited its existence, or whether it was merely honoured as one of those things which, as Maundrell said of Dead Sea apples, serve for a good illusion and help the poet to a similitude.

Let us quote St. Clement :—

“1. Let us consider that wonderful type of the resurrection which is to be seen in the Eastern countries, that is to say, in Arabia.

“2. There is a certain bird called a phoenix; of this there is never but one at a time, and that lives five hundred years. And when the time of its dissolution draws near that it must die, it makes itself a nest of frankincense and myrrh, and other spices, into which, when its time is fulfilled, it enters and dies.

“3. But its flesh putrefying, breeds a certain worm, which, being nourished with the juice of the dead bird, brings forth feathers; and, when it is so grown to a perfect state, it takes up the nest in which the bones of its parent lie and carries it from Arabia into Egypt to a city called Heliopolis.

* *Eng. Heroic. Epis.* [i. 233].

† *Eng. Heroic. Epis.* [i. 360-361]. The date palm is also called phoenix, because when burned to the ground it has the power of springing up again. Perhaps Drayton may have been thinking of this at p. 361.

‡ *Ideas*, xvi. [iv. 1265]; *Eclogue* ii. [iv. 1388]; *Ec.* iii. [iv. 1394]; *Nymphal* iii. [iv. 1467]; *Nymph.* viii. [iv. 1506].

§ Chap. xii.

"4. And flying in open day in the sight of all men, lays it upon the altar of the sun, and so returns from whence it came.

"5. The priests then search into the records of the time and find that it returned precisely at the end of five hundred years.

"6. And shall we then think it to be any very great and strange thing for the Lord of all to raise up those that religiously serve Him in the assurance of a good faith when even by a bird He shows us the greatness of His power to fulfil His promise?"

Another bird which had (has?) ascribed to it an origin to the full as fabulous as that attributed to the phoenix is what naturalists now call the *Anser leucopsis*, or barnacle goose, and what Drayton spoke of as the tree goose, from its supposed vegetable inception. The history of the myth of these

"fowles from planchers sprung," *

placed by the poet of the *Polyolbion* amongst the wonders of our native isle, has been so fully and so recently set forth by Max Müller in *Lectures on the Science of Language*,† that it is unnecessary for me to do more than refer my readers to that work if they do not already know with whom Drayton shared his belief, and how that belief arose. About Furness ‡ he informs us are—

"scatter'd trees which naturally partake
The fatness of the soil (in many a shiny lake
Their roots so deeply soaked), send from their stocky bough
A soft and sappy gum from which those tree-geese grow,
Call'd barnacles by us, which like a jelly first
To the beholder seeme them like the fluxine nurst.
Still great and greater thrive until you well may see
Them turn'd to perfect fowles, when dropping from the tree
Into the merey pond which under them doth lie,
Wax ripe and taking wing away in flockes do fly,
Which well our ancients did among our wonders place."

Of this process Gerarde has a most sensational picture, which Drayton, no doubt, had seen; it has been very correctly copied for Max Müller's book. When I was sojourning at Bournemouth, during the

* *Pol.* iii. [ii. 711]; see also *Pol.* xxv. [iii. 1157].

† 8th ed. vol. ii. pp. 583-604. Baraacle is said to be a corruption of *Hibernicæ* or *Hiberniculæ*, *i. e.* Irish.

‡ *Pol.* xxvii. [iii. 1190].

autumn of 1874, a piece of timber literally alive with *Cirrhopodes lepadida* was cast ashore, and I viewed it with some sympathy for the popular error. Before leaving geese I will show how Drayton deals with superstitions, dealt with by Sir Walter Scott long afterwards in one of the best-known passages in *Marmion*,* I mean that in which the nuns of Whitby told—

“how of a thousand snakes each one
Was turned into a coil of stone.
When holy Hilda pray'd
Themselves within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told how sea-fowls' pinions fail
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And sinking down with flutterings faint
They do their homage to the saint.”

In the early part of the seventeenth century the same poetic material was thus employed, the proud North Riding being the speaker.†

“Like Whitby's self I think there's none can show but I
O'er whose attractive earth there may no wild geese fly,
For presently they fall from off their wings to ground.
If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder found?
And stones like serpents there, yet may ye more behold
That in their natural yres are up together roll'd.”

A rationalistic explanation of the check in the flight of the birds is that they are weary after a long journey over the sea, and glad to lower their sails on reaching Whitby scar. The snakes are fossil ammonites.

In the song of the dying swan, Drayton had the staunch belief that becomes a poet and his verse. “Let pyes and daws,” he said—

“sit dumb before their death,‡
Only the swan sings at the parting breath.”

There are other natural history specimens which we can hardly afford to miss. Perhaps the animal which we should least suspect of enjoying any special revelation as to the benefits of abstinence is the

* Canto ii. 14.

† *Pol.* xxviii. [iii. 1202].

‡ *Elegy to Mr. George Sandys* [iv. 1326]; see also *Eclogue*, vi. [iv. 1412]; *Eng. Heroic. Epis.* [i. 379]; *Pol.* xxv. [ii. 1157].

pig; yet in the account of the murrain * which came upon plague-stricken Egypt we are helped to realize the hapless strait to which domesticated animals were reduced when we read—

“The swine which nature secretly doth teach,
Only by fasting sicknesses to cure,
Now but in vain is to itself a leech.”

Early surgeons chose to perform many of their dissections on swine —

“As likest the human form divine,”

but I was not aware that pigs were ever held up by the faculty of any age as being examples of judicious temperance. Drayton seems to think, too, that the wit of mankind would never have devised a sledge had it not been for hints given by the habits of the beaver. † This remarkable beast submits to lie on his back and to have his upper surface laden with timber, kept from falling by means of his mighty tail, whilst he is dragged home by his comrades who haul at a stick which he grips enduringly between his jaws. Other creatures from which Drayton suspects man learned useful arts were the kite, whose guiding train “prescribes the helm”; the crane, who by burdening his craw with sand and gravel suggested ballast; the martin, whose mission was to recommend mud-dwellings; and the nightingale, who first taught music. ‡

That hart’s tears were held precious in medicine we learn from the thirteenth Polyolbionic song, § the difficulty of collecting being no doubt contributory to their virtue. We have only to consult Cockayne’s *Leechdoms*, || &c. to find out what an important factor the hart was in the pharmacopœia of long ago. Now-a-days, indeed, we still have great faith in hartshorn in domestic practice, but the drug has no more come from the hart than cheap sherry has from Xeres.

There is, as poor dear Mrs. Malaprop might say, a nice derangement of caparisons in a letter written by Drayton ¶ in the character of virtuous

* *Moses, his Birth and Miracles*, book ii. [iv. 1588]. Since writing the above I have seen this swinish temperance mentioned in a modern book without reference to our text.

† *Pol.* vi. [ii. 769].

‡ *The Owl* [iv. 1279].

§ [iii. 918.]

|| Vol. ii.

¶ *Eng. Heroic. Epis.* [i. 238].

Matilda Fitzwalter to the less admirable King John. The "allegory on the banks of the Nile" is the type of one who affects to regret that which his own evil passions have brought about.* I give the passage in full as it is rich in unnatural history—

"The dead man's grave with feigning tears to fill,
So the devouring crocodile doth kill.
To harbour hate in show of wholesome things,
So in the rose the poison'd serpent stings.
To lurk far off yet lodge destruction by,
The basilisk so poisons with its eye.
To call for aid and then to lie in wait,
So the hyæna murders by deceit.†
By sweet enticement sudden death to bring,
So from the rocks alluring mermaids sing."

The belief that the dove had no gall gave that bird an importance with sentimentalists which it has now lost. Lovers were formerly pleased to attribute the same physiological defect to their mistresses, and consequently Drayton did not neglect to credit his "Idea" therewith.‡

"A milk-white dove upon her hand she brought,
So tame t'would go, returning at her call,
About whose neck was in a collar wrought
'Only like me, my mistress hath no gall.'"

The Bestiaries made good use of this and of other idiosyncrasies of the dove in likening it to the Holy Spirit, of whom it may be accounted the self-chosen symbol. Raulin,§ an eccentric French preacher who died in 1514, gave many reasons why the bird was thus highly honoured; the first being, "A dove is without gall and is

* "The crocodile shrowdeth greatest treason under most pitiful teares: in a kissing mouth there lyeth a galling minde."—*Euphuus* (Arber's edition), p. 75.

† At the present day people in Palestine believe that this animal "posts itself near a road, and, by an irresistible power of fascination which it can exercise on human beings, it obliges a traveller to follow it, leading him through rough and thorny places that he may fall and bleed to death or be worn out by fatigue, and so become a defenceless prey." If the man at once cry out for help the beast runs off howling, for "its magnetic force has no power on the person."—Pierotti's *Customs and Traditions of Palestine*, p. 40.

‡ *Eclogue*, ix. [iv. 1435]; see also *The Owl* [iv. 1313].

§ *Post-Mediæval Preachers*, by S. Baring-Gould.

harmless, and therefore represents the character of those born of the Spirit."

The raven has long been looked upon as the antithesis of the dove, and has a wide reputation as being a bird of ill omen. Drayton* makes Noah's sooty messenger return to the Ark from its fruitless errand; Jewish tradition shows it remaining aloof to feed on carcases. Bishop Wordsworth† seems to favour the opinion that it did not re-enter the Ark, but merely hovered thereabout. Wodan,‡ the supreme deity of Teutonic mythology, had in his character of god of victory two ravens, Huginn and Muninn, who were brave, cunning, and wise, and who sat on his shoulders and whispered into his ears whatsoever they saw and heard. It is also said that they were heralds of death to heroes; and what with their black plumage, croaking voices, and uncanny ways, it is not surprising that their appearance was associated with misfortune. Darkness and cacophony may well fill the soul with a sense of coming horrors.

"The greedy raven that for death doth call,"§

says Drayton in *The Owl*, wherein we have likewise

"The shrieking litch-owl that doth never cry
But boding death."§

In the *Mooncalf*|| we are told that the night crow "boded great mortality to men"; and in the *Barons Wars*¶ we have, amongst the concatenation of portents which presented themselves to Edward II. in captivity,—

"The ominous raven often he doth hear,
Whose croaking, him of following horror tells,
Begetting strange imaginary fear
With heavy echoes like to passing-bells:
The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,
As though they chim'd his last sad burying knells.
Under his cave the buzzing scritch-owl sings,
Beating the windows with her fatal wings."

* *Noah's Flood* [iv. 1548].

† *Holy Bible, with Notes, sub Gen. viii. 9, &c.*

‡ Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology* (Stallybrass's translation), vol. i. p. 147.

§ [iv. 1297.]

|| [ii. 510.]

¶ Book v. v. 42 [i. 176].

On the morning of the day when Agincourt was fought * the game-some lark seemed as if she were singing with the double object of awaking the English and of making intercession at heaven's gate for their success. Flocks of ravens roused the drowsy Frenchmen by croaking in such wise that all the country-side could hear. By our foes this was taken as a sign, not that the birds would feast on their dead bodies, but that English flesh should be the prey. The poet was full of portents. Earthquakes, floods, storms, famines, plagues; monstrous births, comets, armies in the air, blood issuing from the ground: these are a few of the methods nature adopts to hint at what is coming. I append references, so that those who will may take their fill of such horrors.†

Concerning the minor portents, which come under the head of weather-lore, Drayton gives a few hints :

“The strutting peacock yawling 'gainst the rain,” ‡

made so much noise on entering the ark that the most unbelieving antediluvian must have felt sure that wet weather was imminent, particularly as the brawling of the carrion-crow supported the assurance of the peacock. We learn from *Polyolbion* § that when Pendle's head is free from clouds the people thereabout expect a halcyon day, and that those on the banks of the Can (or Kent?), in Westmoreland, can tell what weather to look for from the voice of its falls. ||

“For when they to the north the noise do eas'liest hear,
They constantly aver the weather will be clear;
And when they to the south, again they boldly say,
It will be clouds or rain the next approaching day.”

St. Swithin's reputation as a weather indicator is not forgotten in

* *The Battle of Agincourt* [i. 41].

† *The Barons Wars*, book i. v. 10 [i. 92]; book i. v. 33 [i. 97]; book ii. v. 15 [i. 111]; book iv. v. 41 [i. 158]; *Miseries of Queen Margaret* [ii. 389, 391]; *Eng. Heroic. Epis.* [i. 301]; *Pol.* ii. [ii. 689]; see, too, note, p. 701; *Pol.* xxii. [iii. 1066]; *Legend of T. Cromwell, Earl of Essex* [ii. 590]; the *Moon-Calf* [ii. 479].

‡ *Noah's Flood* [iv. 1536, 1537].

§ xxvii. [iii. 1182].

|| *Pol.* xxx. [iii. 1222].

the twenty-fourth song of *Polyolbion*,* where Drayton supplies a long catalogue of British—I use the word in its pre-Freemanic sense—worthies whose names are no longer within the ken of the Folk.

A FOLK-TALE FROM ABERDEENSHIRE.

THE WIFIE AN HER KIDIE.



THE following folk-tale has been communicated to me by Mr. James Moir, M.A. Rector of the Grammar School, Aberdeen. A form of it under the title of "The Wife and her Bush of Berries" is given in *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, pp. 57-59, by Robert Chambers (1870).

There wiz a wifie, an she sweipit her hoosie clean an fair, an she fan twal pennies. An she geed till the market, an she bocht a kid. An she said :—" Kid, kid, rin hame, leuk the hoose, an come again, till I gedder a puckle sticks to my fair frie."

" Niver a lenth," said the kid, " will I rin hame, leuk the hoose, an come again ; ye can dee't yersel."

An the wifie said to the dog :—" Dog, dog, bite kid ; kid winna rin hame, leuk the hoose, an come again till I gedder a puckle sticks to my fair frie."

" Niver a lenth," said the dog, " will I bite the kid ; the kid niver did me ony ill."

" Stick, stick, ding dog. Dog winna bite kid, kid winna rin hame," &c.

" Niver a lenth," said the stick, " will I ding dog ; dog niver did me ony ill."

" Fire, fire, burn stick ; stick winna ding dog, dog winna bite kid, kid winna rin," &c.

" Niver a lenth," said the fire, " will I burn the stick ; the stick niver did me ony ill."

" Watter, watter, quench fire ; fire winna burn stick, stick winna ding dog," &c.

* [iii. 1134, 1135.]

“Niver a lenth,” said the watter, “will I quench fire; fire niver did me ony ill.”

“Ox, ox, drink watter; watter winna quench fire; fire winna burn stick,” &c.

“Niver a lenth,” said the ox, “the watter niver did me ony ill.”

“Aix, aix, kill ox; ox winna drink watter; watter winna quench fire; fire,” &c.

“Niver a lenth,” said the aix, “the ox niver did me ony ill.”

“Smith, smith, smee aix; aix winna kill ox; ox,” &c.

“Niver a lenth,” said the smith, “the aix niver did me ony ill.”

“Rope, rope, hang smith; smith winna smee aix; aix winna,” &c.

“Niver a lenth,” said the rope, “the smith niver did me ony ill.”

“Moosie, moosie, gnaw rope; rope winna hang smith; smith,” &c.

Noo, a’ this time the cattie wiz sittin i’ the ingle-neuk singin a sang till hersel.

So the wifie said:—“Bonnie cattie, gin ye wud tak moosie, I wud gie you some fine milk an breed t’ yersel.”

So the cattie t’ the moosie, an the moosie t’ the rope, an the rope t’ the smith, an the smith t’ the aix, an the aix t’ the ox, and the ox t’ the watter, an the watter t’ the fire, an the fire t’ the stick, an the stick t’ the dog, an the dog t’ the kid, an the kid ran hame, leukit the hoose, an cam again till the wifie gedderit a puckle sticks till her fair firie.

Another version of the ending is:—An the kiddie ran ower the brig o’ the waulk-mill an broke her neck. WALTER GREGOR.

SOME DERBYSHIRE PROVERBS AND SAYINGS.

“If St. Paul be fine and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
But if that day it snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain.”

If the sun shines through the apple-trees on Christmas-day, the year following will be a productive one.

Alluding to the wet usually prevalent about the middle of July, the saying is—"St. Mary Magdalene is washing her handkerchief to go to her cousin St. James's fair."

"Between the sickle and the scythe
What is born will never thrive."

BEEES.

"A swarm in May
Worth a load of hay.
A swarm in June
Worth a silver spoon.
A swarm in July
Not worth a fly."

"Derbyshire born,
Derbyshire bred,
Strong i' the arm,
And thick i' the head."

"Rain before seven,
Fine before eleven."

At Codnor Park there is a large pond believed never to fail.

"When Codnor's Pond runs dry,
The Lords may say good-bye."

The outside of Hardwick Hall has so many windows that it looks like a lantern.

"Hardwick Hall,
More window than wall."

"Friday night's dreams, Sunday told,
Sure to come true however old."

The following Proverbs are common among the lower classes :—

Dirty grate makes dinner late.

Too much bed makes a dull head.

Watch pot never boils.

Experience makes fools wise.

A fool's money is soon parted.

A foolish man lights his candle at both ends.

You never miss the water, till the well runs dry.

A spark may raise an awful blaze.

Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you.

On seeing crows flying :—

“ One for sorrow,
 Two for mirth,
 Three for a wedding,
 Four for a birth,
 Five for a funeral,
 Six for a dance,
 Seven for old England,
 Eight for France.”

Said to be a very rare thing to see eight crows flying together.

Never pass under a ladder, if possible ; if obliged to do so, spit three times and wish.

Very unlucky to burn evergreens.

Never burn a tooth without covering it with salt.

If the first lamb you see in the spring has its head turned towards you, it forbodes good ; if its tail is towards you, evil.

Unlucky to spill salt, or to cross knives on the table.

“ Help to salt, help to sorrow.”

When any one sneezes, say God bless you.

Always spit on money when given to you.

When you see a crow flying, bow to it, or ill-luck is sure to follow.

If you kill a black beetle (out of doors) it is certain to rain.

The first time you see the new moon, bow to it three times, and turn over your money in your pocket, if you have any.

Always kill a devil's-head beetle, as one of them preceded Judas to the garden where Our Lord was, on the night before the crucifixion, and when near our Lord it turned up its tail, thus discovering him to the betrayer.

R. C. HOPE.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALE.

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

Specific name.—Moro's Ears.

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Pedro (= hero), (2) Robustiano (his father), (3) Don Toribio (the priest), (4) Moro (his ass), (5) the Bishop.

Thread of Story.—Pedro, son of Robustiano—a peasant persuades his father to allow him to study for the church.¹ This excites the jealousy of the parish priest, Don Toribio, who, conscious of his own ignorance, fears that Pedro will supplant him. Pretending to examine Pedro by way of testing his progress, he gives such a bad report of him to his father that Robustiano withdraws Pedro from his studies and puts him to work in the fields. Pedro continues studying Latin in his spare time. Meanwhile the Bishop intimates a pastoral visit to Don Toribio, mentioning in his letter that "as to meals *ovæis more parve.*" Don Toribio can't translate this, and has to appeal to Pedro,² who makes him believe it means "a pair of Moro's ears." Moro being the priest's ass.³ When the Bishop arrives, Pedro welcomes him in Latin, wins his favour, and is asked to join the party at dinner. Moro's ears are served up.⁴ Bishop demands an explanation. Pedro confesses the practical joke he has played. He is appointed priest in place of Don Toribio, who is sent to the seminary to learn Latin.

Incidental circumstances

(1) He had been sacristan and acolyte, but was growing too old for the latter.

(2) He brings the letter to show it to Robustiano, and pretends he has forgotten his spectacles, and asks Pedro to read it, and to translate the Latin for his father's benefit.

(3) Moro was no favourite of Pedro's, having once kicked him.

(4) Bishop tastes the dish and asks what food it is.

Where published.—Caballero's *Bird of Truth, and other Fairy Tales.* Trans. J. H. Ingram, pp. 209-250.

Nature of collection, whether :—

1. *Original or translation.* Translation.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—The Carlenco (first version).

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Carlenco (a mythical monster, a "bogie"), (2) goat, (3) three kids, (4) wasp.

Thread of story.—Goat has saved life of a wasp,¹ who promises to aid her at any time she requires it. Goat goes out for the day and leaves kids at home.² Carlenco comes and asks admission, which he finally effects.³ Kids take refuge on roof.⁴ Mother returns, finds the state of matters, and fetches wasps,⁵ who comes and stings Carlenco till he runs away.

Incidental circumstances.

- (1) An abbess of a convent of wasps.
- (2) With strict injunctions not to open door except at preconcerted signal.
- (3) Fails the first day, but finds out the goat's pass-word and thus gets in by strategy.
- (4) Pulling the ladder up after them.
- (5) She has some difficulty in getting access to abbess, but frightens the doorkeeper by threatening to fetch the bee-hunter.

Where published.—*Bird of Truth, and other Fairy Tales*, by F. Caballero. Trans. J. H. Ingram, p. 198.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Translation.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.*

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—Cinder-Mary (Maria la Cenicienta).

Dramatis personæ.—(1) Cinder-Mary (= heroine) (2) step-mother, (3) step-sister Mary, (4) old woman, (5) calf, (6) Prince, (7) Prince's messengers, [(8) dog].

Thread of story.—Cinder-Mary is illused by her step-mother, who has a daughter Mary of her own. Step-mother orders Cinder-Mary's pet calf to be killed. Acting on calf's instructions Cinder-Mary finds in its entrails a magic wand, but while washing entrails at river they are carried down stream. When crying over this misfortune an old woman appears and sends her to her hut while she recovers entrails. Cinder-Mary tidies hut, prepares dinner, &c. &c. On returning home Cinder-Mary has a star on her forehead, which step-mother tries to hide with a cloth. Step-mother makes her own daughter Mary do all the same things, and the same thing happens to her; but she is disgusted with old woman's hut, and on returning home has a turkey-cock's crest on her forehead.

A ball given at the Palace—Cinder-Mary by means of magic wand procures dress and equipage, and goes. Prince falls in love with her. She leaves ball early, but is identified by her slipper which she had dropped, and marries prince.

Incidental circumstances.

(1) She had persuaded her father to marry this woman because she had been their next neighbour and been kind to Cinder-Mary.

(2) Prince sends messengers round the town. When they come to step-mother's house she hides Cinder-Mary, and tries to pass off her own daughter; but Cinder-Mary's hiding-place is betrayed by the barking of a dog.

Where published.—*Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Espanolas*, tom. i. p. 114.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.* Collected by Mr. Th. H. Moore, in Santa Juana (Chile).

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgowrie, Aberdeen.

TABULATION OF FOLK-TALES.

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

Specific name.—John Bolondro (Dr. Juan Bolondron).

Dramatis personæ.—(1) John Bolondro (= hero), (2) king, (3) princess, (4) boar, (5) soldiers of the king's guard.

Thread of story.—A cobbler dubbed "John Bolondro, kill-seven-at-a-blow," attracts king's attention by his high-sounding name—king sends for him, and deposes him to kill a fierce boar that had been ravaging the city, promising him his daughter's hand if he succeeded, and death if he failed. John sets out, but at sight of boar takes to his heels, and, pursued by the boar, never stops till he reaches palace—king's guard kill the boar. John feigns indignation, and represents to king his object was to bring him his prey alive. He is married to princess. Talking in his sleep he refers to awls and lasts, &c. and rouses princess's suspicions he has been a cobbler. She complains to her father, but John explains he had been dreaming of the boar and was bantering him.

Incidental circumstances.

- (1) He once killed seven flies all at stroke, and hence forward changed his name from simple John Bolondro to Don John Bolondro, kill-seven-at-a-blow.

Where published.—*Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares Españolas*, tom. i. p. 121.

Nature of collection, whether:—

1. *Original or translation.* Original.
2. *If by word of mouth, state narrator's name.*
3. *Other particulars.* Collected by Mr. Th. H. Moore in Santa Juana (Chile).

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

(Signed) J. WILLIAM CROMBIE, Balgownie, Aberdeen.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Folk-lore Terminology.—In the August number of *Mélusine*, M. Gaidoz draws attention to the great importance of determining the terminology of the science of comparative mythology. There can be no doubt that this work is very much needed, but not more so, I would venture to suggest, than the determination of the terminology of the science of folk-lore. It will be gathered from this way of putting it that I claim for folk-lore a distinct and separate existence from "Comparative Mythology"; and though I know that in most minds, and I should judge in that of M. Gaidoz himself, the two terms are synonymous, or nearly so, yet I would urge that the settlement of this very question of terminology would set at rest all doubts about this primary question. It seems a little curious that after six years of existence for the Folk-Lore Society we should not yet have satisfactorily settled the proper meaning of the term "Folk-lore." Mr. Lang has over and over again protested against its misuse, but I think that even his definition of it as a study of survivals does not comprehend all the functions that the science of folk-lore properly includes. I have been studying this question for some time past with a view of writing *an introduction to the science of folk-lore*, which is now far advanced towards completion; but the many difficulties and the many differences of opinion on most subjects connected with the study of folk-lore have made me hesitate to promulgate my own opinion as one which should govern folk-lorists. Still there can be no doubt that the subject wants taking up in this way; and I shall be happy to lead off the discussion in these columns by printing my own definition of folk-lore, if by so doing I can obtain the opinions of other Members of the Society, and by this means thrash the question out.

Besides, however, the primary question as to the scope and meaning of the science of folk-lore, there are several subsidiary points in folk-lore terminology to settle. The Folk-Tale Committee was met at the very outset by the difficulty of a standard title for stories which belonged to one class—such as, we will say, the Cinderella class. All

stories being variants of the Cinderella story should be known by some standard title. Then again there is the terminology for incidents in folk-tales. The incidents in folk-tales have been neglected, while the form, plot, and construction have been studied for years. But we cannot study the incidents of folk-tales until we get a proper terminology. I should like to see compiled (and to get it done by co-operation with Members of the Society, just as the tabulation is being done) an index of folk-tale incidents; but such a task is hopeless unless first of all a common terminology is agreed upon.

I have just thrown these few thoughts together with the hope that by discussion we may arrive at something like a process of settlement; and if no one else comes forward with any definition I will gladly commence with mine.

G. L. GOMME.

Threading the Needle at Ripon Cathedral.—(*Ante*, p. 253.)—There is a crypt beneath Ripon Minster which is believed by those best competent to judge to be of early Saxon architecture. In this crypt, connecting one part with another in a way not easy to describe without a plan, is a passage raised above the ground. The late Mr. John Richard Walbran, in a paper which he read before the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire Architectural Societies on September 14, 1858, says that “the easternmost niche in the north wall has, at some period subsequent to its original construction, been perforated and enlarged through the wall to the passage behind, so as to form that renowned place of ordeal to which tradition tells us that those ladies who loved ‘not wisely but too well’ were occasionally subjected. The purposes to which this very singular place has been successively applied are not certainly ascertained, though there seems no doubt but that originally it was intended to serve as a place of retirement, humiliation, penance, and prayer. Camden was told, within memory of the Reformation, that women were drawn through ‘the Needle’ as an ordeal of their chastity—the culprit being ‘miraculously’ detained; or, as Fuller wittily observed, ‘they pricked their credits who could not thread the needle.’ As far, however, as the contraction of space was concerned, the frailest of the frail might have rioted in intrigue unconvicted. A conspicuous reluctance to assume the necessary prostrate position was, I apprehend, the real difficulty.”—*Reports of*

Associated Architec. Societies, 1859, pp. 82, 83. Cf. Walbran's *Guide to Ripon*, 12th ed. 1875, p. 67.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Flax in Folk-lore.—(*Ante*, p. 254).—Perhaps the following extract from my *Flowers and Flower-lore*, vol. i. p. 134, may throw light on the subject. "We are told that it is customary in one part of Germany for the bride to place flax in her shoes, that she may never come to want. In another place she will tie a string of flax around her left leg, in the belief that she will thereby enjoy the full blessing of the marriage state." See also page 180 for the association of this plant with other branches of folk-lore. From Liddell and Scott we learn that the word *λίνον* was used metaphorically to signify the thread spun by the Fates, so that flax has long had a mysterious association with the well-being of man. In fact, as Count A. de Gubernates says: "Le lin est symbole de vie de végétation facile et abondante." Vide *Mythologie des Plantes*, vol. ii. p. 199. It is one of the famous *springwurzeln*, whence we find it known in Württemberg as *springlein* and *schliesslein*, both interesting words in this connexion.

Workshop.

HILDERIC FRIEND.

Notes from Leland's Itinerary (Hearne).—At Kenchester Roman money found there "the people cawlleth Dwarfes mony."—Vol. v. p. 62. "The first river be side Tyue that I passid over was Clardue. I saw ii hilletes, thorough the wich Clarduy passith, wher they fable that a Gigant striding was wont to wasch his hondes, and that Arture killid hym. The Dwellers say also that the Gigant was buried therby, and shew the place."—Vol. v. p. 78. "To Borow Hilles [from Burton Lazar] more than ii miles [it] is duple dichid and conteinith within the Dishe to my estimation a iiii score Acres. To thes Borow Hilles every yere on Monday after Whitesonday cum people of the Contery therabowt, and shote, renne, wrastel, dawnce, and use like other Feates of exercyse."—Vol. v. p. 100. "Mougreve Castelle stondith on a Craggy Hille, and on each side of it is an Hille far higher then that whereon the Castelle stondith on. The North Hille on the Toppe of it hath certen stones comunely caullid *Waddes* Grave, whom the people there say to have bene a Gigant and Owner of Mougreve."—Vol. i. p. 60.

ALICE B. GOMME.

Revival of Witchcraft in Ross-shire.—A correspondent sends us the following:—The belief in witchcraft, which has never become quite extinct in the more remote parts of the Highlands, has recently been revived in a certain parish on the west coast of Ross-shire. Some time ago a party of gipsies, who had been encamped in the locality in question, took the liberty of grazing their horses on pasture belonging to a township of small tenants in the immediate neighbourhood of their camp. This unwarranted encroachment on their rights the tenants resented, and drove away the obnoxious intruders, bag and baggage, from the place. On taking their departure some of the gipsies were heard to remark that the tenants might not be quite so conservative of their pasture, which ere long they would have *no cattle* to consume. At the time no notice was taken of this implied threat. Soon after, however, three valuable cows belonging to one of the tenants died one after the other in quick succession, suddenly and under mysterious circumstances, while two of the other tenants lost a cow each under similar circumstances. A respectable farmer, noted in the district for uprightness and integrity of character, and who is considered an authority in veterinary matters, had been called to see one of the animals shortly before it died, and, having carefully examined the beast, at once pronounced it to have been “witched,” as the symptoms were those of no known disease. On the strength of this statement on the part of one who is looked on as an authority in such matters, coupled with the ominous language made use of by the gipsies, a considerable section of the community unhesitatingly attribute the death of the cattle to the agency of witchcraft! As a charm against the evil influences at work one of the tenants, acting on the advice of the initiated, had the door of his byre changed from one side of the house to the other, but with what result remains to be seen. Pending the efficacy of this charm a young man has proceeded to one of the western isles, with the view of consulting a famous witch-doctor said to be in practice there. As an indication of the prevalence of the belief in witchcraft it may be stated that in the district in question there are two witch-doctors residing within a distance of twenty miles of each other.—*Glasgow Herald*, 28 July, 1884.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PUNCHKIN.*

IN the first rule of this Society its object is defined as the preservation and publication of popular traditions, superstitions, old customs, and other allied matters. To such objects the work of this and kindred societies is necessarily limited. They can do but little in the way of collecting materials; they can do much in giving collectors encouragement, in securing a permanent place for their results, and in supplying means of intercourse between isolated workers in a common field. For the material which it is desired to preserve needs delicate handling. It eludes the grasp of those who seek it in official garb and magnify their office. A Royal Commission may be empowered to record the whereabouts of ancient monuments and to protect them from the hand of the restorer and the ploughshare of the peasant, but the immaterial and oftentimes more venerable relics of bygone customs, traditions, and beliefs, are not to be thus secured. The illiterate who are their custodians will show their treasures only where some common base of sympathy is established; and whilst there remains a story to be taken down, a superstition or outlying custom to be noted, we shall continue dependent upon the curiosity, the circumspection, and the enthusiasm, un-mixed with bias, of the individual. That the collectors of folk-lore have not always suspected the importance of the material which they gather with such zeal and patience is not without advantage. We are all too apt to see the thing for which we look; to find, like the Empress Helena in her search for the True Cross, that for which we seek. We may, with no intentional bias, pass the matter received through the prism of our preconceived notions or theories of mythology and history; so that when the collector is of the curious species only—

* A paper read before the Folk-Lore Society.

without passion, without prejudice—the material reaches us unrefracted; unaffected by what the astronomer calls “personal equation.”

In the publicity which its records secure to such results is the service of this Society best rendered. Now and again, working in the spirit of Old Mortality, it may recover some mildewed MS. or forgotten tome in which exist materials of priceless worth gathered from districts whence now the screech of the locomotive-whistle has driven the fairies; materials by the recovery of which some missing pages in the history of humanity's slow and toilsome upward career are replaced. Thus regained and classified in order, customs, phrases, “wise saws,” fireside tales, and nursery songs familiar to those of us whose childhood was passed in the country, come back with added and newer meanings, and that which terrified or amused our childhood becomes the serious study and fruitful instructor of our manhood in tracing the zigzag course of human progress. That for which it was most prized in the days of our fathers is now of no account; that within it which they passed by we secure as of permanent worth.

But whilst the Folk-Lore Society must be primarily a publishing society, it does not exceed its province in now and then pausing in front of the mass of material already gathered and asking what it all means. Can that material be dealt with as the geologist, who, detaching a fragment here and there from various strata, learns the story of their structure and the conditions which placed them in their several layers? or who, dealing with the rocks *en masse*, classifies the several formations, determines their order and succession, and their leading characteristics? I think this twofold method is applicable to the material of folk-lore; it is ample enough for classification upon some broad general principles, whilst its component parts are clear enough in their structure to show what crude philosophy, science, and theology are crystallised or fossilised within them.

To continue the parallel: as with the crust of the earth so with folk-lore. The rocks, infinitely varied as they are, are compounded of but few elementary substances; the mass of folk-tales is reducible in essential details to a few incidents. They are what the chemist terms allotropic, as in the case of the diamond and charcoal, built up of the same substances, but in such varying molecular arrangement that

whilst the one is a priceless gem the other is "trodden under foot of men." And in their identity of material a witness is brought to the like behaviour and attitude of the mind at corresponding planes of culture, to the like explanations of common phenomena which it then gives.

In this view we do well, I think, on occasions when the members assemble, to take stock, as it were, and inquire to what larger result the labours of the student of folk-lore tend—what generalisations may be deduced from the evidence which he has collected. An attitude like this is possible only when we regard our mission as a serious one; when we recognise that there is some larger meaning than lies on the surface of the material, some deeper thought at the heart of it. So long as the folk-tale was looked upon as the vagrant of fancy, sober treatment of it was not possible. But now that it, with its allied forms of legend and tradition, are seen to be necessary products of human imagination and speculation in their efforts towards certitude, the study and comparison of its varied, yet, at centre, related specimens, takes rank among the inquiries of our time to be prosecuted on strictly scientific lines.

Guided by this spirit I venture to ask you to consider with me what philosophy of man's in the past may possibly be extracted from a group of allied stories not unfamiliar to the student of folk-tales, and to which the name of Punchkin, as the title of one of the older specimens, may be generically given. It will be convenient to present an outline of the more prominent variants, and then, after indicating how widespread are the several members of the group, suggest those conclusions which it appears to me may legitimately be drawn from at least one incident common to the whole.

In the story of "Punchkin," given in Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, a Rajah has seven daughters, and, his wife dying when they were quite children, he married the widow of his prime minister. The children had treated her harshly in her time of need, and to escape her revenge they ran off to a jungle, where seven neighbouring princes who were out hunting found them, and each took one of them to wife. After a time the husbands again went hunting, and did not return. So when the son of the youngest princess, who had also been enchanted

away, grew up, he set out in search of his mother and father and uncles, and at last discovered that the seven princes had been turned into stone by the magician Punchkin, who had shut up the princess in a tower because she would not marry him. Recognising her son by a ring, she plotted with him to feign agreement to marry Punchkin if he would tell her where the secret of his life was hidden. Overjoyed at her yielding to his desire, the magician told her that it was true he was not as others. "Far, far away, hundreds of thousands of miles from this, there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm-trees, and in the centre of the circle stands six chattees full of water, piled one above another; below the sixth chattee is a small cage, which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die." But, he added, this was not possible, because thousands of genii "surround the palm-trees, and kill all who approach the place." The princess told her son this, and he set forth on his journey to the jungle. On the way he rescued some young eagles from a serpent, and the grateful birds carried him until they reached the jungle, where, the genii being overcome with sleep by the heat, the eagles swooped down. "Down jumped the prince; in an instant he had overthrown the chattees full of water, and seized the parrot, which he rolled up in his cloak," then mounted again into the air, and was carried back to Punchkin's palace. Punchkin was dismayed to see the parrot in the prince's hands, and asked him to name any price he would for it; whereupon the prince demanded the restoration of his father and uncles to life. This was done. Then he insisted on Punchkin doing the like to all whom he had thus imprisoned, when, at the raising of the magician's wand, the whole garden became suddenly alive.

"Give me my parrot!" cried Punchkin. Then the boy took hold of the bird and tore off one of its wings; and, as he did so, the magician's right arm fell off. He then pulled off the parrot's second wing, and Punchkin's left arm fell off: then he pulled off the legs, and down fell the magician's right leg and left leg. Nothing remained of him save the limbless body and the head; but still he rolled his eyes and cried "Give me my parrot!" "Take your parrot, then,"

cried the boy; and with that he wrung the bird's neck, and threw it at the magician, and, as he did so, Punchkin's head twisted round, and, with a fearful groan, he died. Of course all the other characters "lived very happily ever afterwards," as they do in the plays and the novels.

In the stories of "Chundun Rajah" and of "Sodewa Bai" (the latter corresponding to the Cinderella group), in the same collection, the dependence of life upon the retention or removal of a sacred necklace which holds the soul is a main incident. When the ranee, jealous of her husband's love for Sodewa Bai, asks her why she always wears the same golden beads, she replies,—“I was born with these beads round my neck, and the wise men told my father and mother that they contained my soul, and that if any one else wore them I should die.” The ranee instructs her servant to steal the beads from the princess while she sleeps; whereupon she dies, but her body does not decay, and in the end she is restored to life by the recovery of her necklace.

A not unlike idea occurs in the story of "Truth's Triumph." The children of a village beauty, whom the rajah had married, are changed into mango-trees, to save them from the fury of the jealous ranee, until the time of danger was passed.

In Miss Stokes's collection of *Indian Fairy Tales* we have variants corresponding more closely to Punchkin. In "Brave Hírálálbásá," a rakshas (the common name for demon, or ogre, but sometimes used as a euphemism for protection) is induced by female wiles, not unfamiliar to the daughters of Eve, to reveal the secret of his life. "Sixteen miles away from this place is a tree; round the tree are tigers and bears, and scorpions and snakes; on the top of the tree is a very great flat snake; on his head is a little cage; in that cage is a bird, and my soul is in that bird." By enchantment Hírálálbásá reaches the tree and "took the little cage, and came down again. Though the rakshas was far off he knew at once that something had happened to his bird. Hírálál pulled off the bird's right leg, and the rakshas's right leg fell off, but on he hopped on one leg. Then the rajah's son pulled off the bird's left leg, and off fell the rakshas's left leg, but still he went on towards his house on his

hands. Then Hírálál pulled off the bird's wings, and the rakshas's two arms fell off. And then, just as the rakshas reached the door of his house, Hírálál wrung the bird's neck, and the rakshas fell dead."

In the tale of "The Demon and the King's Son," also from Miss Stokes's collection, the prince falls in love with the monster's daughter, who is dead all day and alive all night through her father's magic power. The prince says to her,—“Suppose one day your father made you dead, as usual, and that he was killed before he had brought you to life, what would you do? You would always be dead then.” “Listen,” she said; “no one can kill my father.” “Why not?” said the boy. “Listen,” she answered. “On the other side of the sea there is a great tree; in that tree is a nest, in the nest is a *mainá* (or starling). If any one kills that *mainá*, then only will my father die. And if, when the *mainá* is killed, its blood falls to the ground, a hundred demons would be born from the blood. This is why my father cannot be killed.” By the aid of a fakir the prince crossed the sea, climbed the tree and took down the nest. “The demon, who was far away, knew it at once, and said to himself, ‘Some one has come to catch and kill me.’” He set out at once for the tree. The prince saw him coming, so he wrapped the *mainá* up in his handkerchief, that no blood should fall to the ground. Then he broke off one of its legs, and one of the demon's legs fell off. Still the demon came on. Then he broke off the other leg, but the demon walked on his hands. The boy saw him come nearer and nearer, so he wrung the bird's head off, and the demon fell dead.

In the Rev. Behari Day's recently issued *Bengali Folk-Tales* under the head of “Life's Secret,” a rajah's favourite wife gives birth, miraculously, to a boy, whose soul is bound up in a necklace in the stomach of a boal-fish. In this instance, as in that of Sodewa Bai, the jewel is stolen, and while worn by the thief the prince is lifeless, but he returns to consciousness with the recovery of his necklace.

Before passing from India one felt curious to know whether tales at all corresponding to these exist in the Buddhist birth-stories. My friend Dr. Rhys Davids informs me that they do not, because the idea of a soul, whether in the body or dwelling in something outside it, is

quite foreign to the philosophy which the *Játákás* teach. The nearest approach is when in one or two isolated cases the karma of a human being is spoken of as immediately transferred to an animal.

Turning to the Norseland tales, the one in most striking correspondence with the Punchkin group is that of "The Giant who had no heart in his body." This monster turns six princes and their wives into stone, whereupon the seventh and only surviving son, Boots, sets out to avenge their fate. On his journey he saves the lives of a raven, a salmon, and a wolf; and the wolf, having eaten his horse, compensates Boots by carrying him to the giant's castle, where the lovely princess who is to be his bride is confined. She promises to find out where the giant keeps his heart; and by blandishments and divers arts known to the fair sex both before and since the time of Delilah she worms out the secret. He tells her that "far, far away, in a lake lies an island, on that island stands a church, in that church is a well, in that well swims a duck, in that duck is an egg, and in that egg lies my heart, you darling!" Boots, taking fond farewell of the princess, rides on the wolf's back to the island. Then the raven he had befriended flies to the steeple and fetches the key of the church; the salmon, in like return for kindness, brings him the egg from the well where the duck had dropped it. Then the wolf told him to squeeze the egg, and as soon as ever he did so the giant screamed out. "Squeeze it again," said the wolf; and when the prince did so the giant screamed still more piteously, and begged and prayed so prettily to be spared, saying he would do all that the prince wished if he would only not squeeze his heart in two. "Tell him if he will restore to life again your six brothers and their brides you will spare his life," said the wolf. Yes, the giant was ready to do that, and he turned the six brothers into king's sons again and their brides into king's daughters. "Now squeeze the egg in two," said the wolf. With questionable morality, doing evil that good might come, Boots squeezed the egg to pieces, and the giant burst at once.

Asbjörnsen's "New Series" gives a variant in which a troll who has seized a princess tells her that he and all his companions will burst, as did the Heartless Giant, when there passes above them "the grain of sand that lies under the ninth tongue in the ninth head" of

a certain dead dragon. The grain of sand is found and passed over them, when the troll and all his brood are destroyed.

In the Gaelic stories, for which we are indebted to the skill of an early worker in this field, Mr. J. F. Campbell, that of the young King of Easaidh Ruadh, locates the secret thus: "There is a great flagstone under the threshold. There is a wether under the flag. There is a duck in the wether's belly and an egg in the belly of the duck, and it is in the egg that my soul is." In "the Sea Maiden" there is a "great beast with three heads" which cannot be killed until an egg is broken which is in the mouth of a trout, which springs out of a crow, which flies out of a hind, which lives on an island in the middle of the loch.

In his valuable collection of *Russian Folk-Tales*, which is enriched by comparative notes, Mr. Ralston supplies some interesting variants of Punchkin. Koshchei, called "the immortal or deathless," is merely one of the many incarnations of the dark spirit which takes so many monstrous shapes in folk-tales. Sometimes his death—that is, the object with which his life is indissolubly connected—does exist within his body. In one story he carries off a queen, of whom her three sons go in search one after the other. The elder two did not return, so that the father was reluctant to part with Prince Ivan, the youngest, but at last gave him his blessing, and sent him on his sad errand. He at last discovers the house where his mother dwells, and at the approach of Koshchei the mother hid away her son. With the acute sense of smell characteristic of the race the monster sniffs "the blood of a" Russian, and cries out, "Who has been with you? Wasn't it your son?" "What are you talking about? God bless you! You've been flying through Russia and got the Russian air up your nostrils, that's why you fancy it's here," answered Prince Ivan's mother, and then she drew nigh to Koshchei, addressed him in terms of affection, asked him about one thing and another, and at last said: "Whereabouts is your death, O Koshchei?" "My death," he replied, "is in such and such a place. There stands an oak, and under the oak is a casket, and in the casket is a hare, and in the hare is a duck, and in the duck is an egg, and in the egg is my death." After sundry adventures Prince Ivan gets hold of the egg, loses

it in the deep sea, recovers it, and takes it to his mother's. When he got there they greeted each other lovingly, and then she hid him again as before. Presently in flew Koshchei the deathless and said: "Phoo! phoo! No Russian bone can the ear hear or the eye see, but there's a smell of Russia here." "What are you talking about, Koshchei? There's no one with me," replied Prince Ivan's mother. A second time spake Koshchei and said, "I feel rather unwell." Then Prince Ivan began squeezing the egg, and therefore Koshchei the deathless bent double. At last Prince Ivan came out from his hiding-place, held up the egg and said, "There is your death, O Koshchei the deathless!" Then Koshchei fell on his knees before him, saying, "Don't kill me, Prince Ivan, let's be friends; all the world will lie at our feet." But these words had no weight with Prince Ivan; he smashed the egg and Koshchei the deathless died.

In another story Koshchei is killed by a blow on the forehead, inflicted "by the mysterious egg, that last link in the magic chain by which his life is darkly bound." While upon this subject Mr. Ralston quotes a Transylvanian-Saxon story concerning a witch's life, which is a light burning in an egg inside a duck, which swims on a pond inside a mountain, and she dies when it is put out. In the Bohemian story of "The Sun-horse," a warlock's strength lies in an egg which is within the duck, which is within a stag, which is under a tree. A seer finds the egg and sucks it. Then the warlock becomes as weak as a child, "for all his strength had passed into the seer."

In Serbian folk-tales the strength of a baleful being who had stolen a princess lies in a bird, which is inside the heart of a fox; and, when the bird was taken out of the heart and set on fire, that moment the wife-stealer falls down dead, and the prince regains his bride.

From the same source we have the story of "The golden-haired Twins," with an incident akin to that occurring in Punchkin. When the stepmother of the king buries the two twins whom she had stolen from their cradle there spring from the spot where they lie living trees with golden leaves and golden blossoms. The king's admiration of them aroused her jealousy, and she had them cut down; but in the long run his golden-haired princes are restored to him.

Thus far my illustrations, which could be multiplied largely, have been

drawn solely from the folk-tales of the wide-spread Indo-European races, and we may pause to note that the likeness running through these, as through other groups, is explicable on no theory of borrowing, and finds its sole and rational explanation in the possession of a common stock of folk-lore by the several ancestors of the Aryan race. After allowing for local colouring and for changes incident to the lapse of time, they are the variants of stories related to children in the Aryan fatherland at a period historically remote, and moreover are told in words which are phonetically akin.

Turning for a moment or two to non-Aryan sources, we have the Tatar story of the demon-giant who could not be slain, for he did not keep his soul in his body, but in a twelve-headed snake carried in a bag on his horse's back. The hero finds out the secret, kills the snake, and then the giant dies too. In one of the Samoyed tales a man had no heart in his body, and could recover it only on restoring to life the mother of him whom he had killed. Then the man said to his wife: "Go to the place where the dead lies; there you will find a purse, in that purse is her soul, shake the purse over her bones and she will come to life." The woman did as she was ordered, and the mother of the Samoyed revived; then he dashed the heart to the ground, and the man died.

More elaborate than these however are the stories from *The Thousand and One Nights*, as those of the Princess Parizade and of Seyf-el-Mulook and Bedua-el-Jemál. In this latter tale, when Seyf-el-Mulook would flee with Dolet-Khátoun, she replies, "By Allah! we cannot do that. If we fled to the distance of a year's journey this accursed wretch (speaking of Jinni) would bring us back immediately, and he would destroy us." So Seyf-el-Mulook said, "I will hide myself in a place, and when he passeth by me I will smite him with a sword and slay him." But she replied, "Thou canst not slay him unless thou kill his soul." "And in what place," said he, "is his soul?" She answered, "I asked him respecting it many times, but he would not confess to me its place. It happened however that I urged him one day, and he was enraged against me, and said to me, 'How often wilt thou ask me respecting my soul? What is the reason of thy question respecting my soul?' So I answered him,

‘O Hálím, there remaineth to me no one but thee, except God, and I as long as I live would not cease to hold thy soul in my embrace; and if I do not take care of thy soul and put it in the midst of my eye how can I live after thee? If I knew thy soul I would take care of it, as of my right eye.’ And thereupon he said to me, ‘When I was born the astrologers declared that the destruction of my soul would be effected by the hand of one of the sons of the human kings. I therefore took my soul and put it into the crop of a sparrow, and I imprisoned the sparrow in a little box, and put this into another small box, and this I put within seven chests, and the chests I put into a copper of marble within the verge of this circumambient ocean; for this part is remote from the countries of mankind, and none of mankind can gain access to it. Now I have told thee, and tell not thou any one of this, for it is a secret between me and thee.’” By the aid of Suleyman’s seal-ring Seyf-el-Mulook raised the coffer, and, taking forth the sparrow from the little box, strangles it and it dies, the body of the Jinni falling upon the ground a heap of black ashes. In some tales not included by Galland or Lane, which Mr. Kirby of the British Museum has translated and edited under the title of the *New Arabian Nights*, we have a variant of the above under the title of “Joadar of Cairo and Mahmood of Tunnis.” Joadar is bent on the release of his enchanted betrothed, and this he achieves by also strangling a sparrow, the ogre of the story being simultaneously dissolved into a heap of ashes.

But the most venerable illustration of the leading idea in the Punchkin group is found, although in more subtle form, in the Egyptian tale of “The Two Brothers.” This is contained in the papyrus known as the d’Orbiney, first described by the Vicomte de Rougé, and supposed to be of the fourteenth century B.C. Summaries of this are given by Mr. Goodwin in *Cambridge Essays* for 1858, and by Professor Mahaffy in his *Prolegomena to Ancient History*, pp. 331 ff. These summaries must, for the present purpose, be epitomised. There were two brothers, Anepou and Satou, joined as one in love and labour. One day Satou was sent to fetch seed-corn from Anepou’s house, when he found his brother’s wife adorning her hair. She urged him to stay with her, but he refused, promising however to keep her

wicked invitation secret. When Anepou returned at even, she, being afraid, made herself to seem as a woman that had suffered violence, and told her husband exactly the reverse of what had happened. His wrath was thereby kindled against Satou and he went out to slay him, but Satou called on Phra to save him, and the god placed a river between the brothers, so that when day dawned Anepou might hear the truth. At sunrise Satou tells his story, and, mutilating himself, he says that he will leave Anepou and go to the valley of the cedar, in the cones of which he will deposit his heart, "so that if the tree be cut his heart would fall to the earth and he must die." He then tells Anepou how to find and revivify his heart after seven years, and departs. Anepou going home slays his wife and casts her to the dogs.

In the second part of the story Satou marries a woman given him by the gods, but her beauty causes the king to covet and possess her, and she tries to get rid of Satou in vain. The king cuts the cedar down and Satou dies, but Anepou finds his heart under a pod or cone and revivifies it. Satou then assumes the form of the Apis bull and gets the chance of speaking to his wife. She, terrified, has the bull slain, and from two drops of his blood spring two fine persea-trees on the great staircase of the palace. One day one of the trees addresses her, and she persuades the king to cut it down, when a chip of it flies down her throat and she becomes the mother of a child who is really Satou in a new form. "In due time the king flew up to heaven"; then Satou, as his successor, executes the queen and lives happily with Anepou.

What, let us now ask, is the philosophy of Punchkin? These folk-tales, however romantic,—however, in their details, the product of imagination that ran riot when feeling was dominant and the judgment scarce awakened, when the first impressions of phenomena were unchallenged by the intellect,—are not primary. 'Tis a far cry from the primitive man to the first story-teller. And at the back of the world's folk-tales lie the relics of barbaric notions concerning the nature of man and his relation to external things which first supplied the *motif* or raw material of the fiction. They are therefore the dramatic presentment of that early groping when man was, as his savage representatives extant are, in a state of "fog" concerning the nature and

relation of what is in the mind to what is outside it; when he has nothing in his slender vocabulary corresponding to the terms "objective" and "subjective." Mr. Spencer aptly describes this low mental stage in his *Principles of Sociology*:—"He does not think about thought: neither his faculties nor his language suffice for this. During early stages he merely thinks without observing that he thinks; and therefore never asks how he thinks and what it is which thinks. His senses make him conversant only with things externally existing and with his own body; and he transcends his senses only far enough to draw concrete inferences respecting the actions of these things. An invisible, intangible entity, such as mind is inferred to be, is a high abstraction unthinkable by him, and inexpressible by his vocabulary." (P. 147.)

These tales thus embody that early system of thought, if system it can be called, which confuses ideas and objects, illusions and realities, substances and shadows; and which, often under the precarious life of the savage, induced by bodily ailment, indigestion born of gorging, or delirium born of starving, gives local habitation and a name to airy nothings, spectres of diseased or morbid imagination. Modern works on anthropology abound with illustrations of that confusion between things and their symbols which causes men at low levels of culture to regard the name as an integral part of oneself, so that it must not be told, lest it be stolen, or lest the adversary work evil charms through it. Still more noticeable is this confusion in the reluctance of barbarous folk to have their portraits taken, in the feeling that thereby part of a man's self has gone; the better the likeness the more has virtue gone out of him. Catlin relates that he caused great commotion among the Sioux by drawing one of their chiefs in profile. "Why was half his face left out?" they asked; "Mahtocheega was never ashamed to look a white man in the face." The chief himself did not take offence, but Shouka the Dog taunted him, saying,—“The Englishman knows that you are but half a man: he has painted but one-half of your face, and knows that the rest is good for nothing.” This led to a quarrel, and in the end Mahtocheega was shot, the fatal bullet tearing away just that part of the face which Catlin had not drawn! He had to make his escape, and the matter was not settled

till both Shouka and his brother had been killed in revenge for Mah-tocheega's death.

Such general statements as the foregoing concerning the low intellectual stage of the savage may clear the way in showing how he will interpret phenomena of a more complex order, and why he can interpret them only in one way. The central idea of the Punchkin group of stories is the dwelling apart of the soul or heart, as the seat of life, from the body, in some secret place in some animate or inanimate thing, often an egg or a bird, sometimes a tree, flower, or necklace, the fate of the one involving the fate of the other. Now, stripped of all local additions and detail, this notion of the soul existing apart from the body and determining its fortunes is the survival of primitive belief in one or more entities *in* the body, yet not *of* it, which may leave that body at will during life, and which perchance leaves it finally, to return not, at death.

It is now generally admitted that this belief is referable to the interpretation of dreams by the barbaric mind as real events. They are of the precise character to excite and sustain that feeling of mystery which attends every endeavour of man to interpret the meaning of his surroundings. Whilst for us they fill an empty moment in the telling, albeit now and again nourishing such remains of superstition as cling to the majority of us, they are to the savage as solid as the experiences of his waking moments, true not only "while they last," but for ever afterwards. The limits of his language only accentuate the confusion within him when he tries to tell what he has seen, and heard, and felt, and where he has been, for the speech cannot transcend the thought, and therefore can represent neither to himself nor to others the difference between the illusions of the night and the realities of the day. The dead relations and friends who appear in dreams and live their old life, with whom he joins in the battle or the chase, with whom, the toils over, he sits down to feast, not like the Psalmist in the presence of his enemies, but on succulent slices of the enemies themselves; the foes with whom he struggles; the wild beasts from whom he flees, or in whose grip he feels himself; the long distances he travels to dream-lands beyond and above—are all real, and no "baseless fabric of a vision." The inference drawn there-

from is clear. Besides that waking self of which the savage is hazily conscious there must be *another* self, which, roaming the world while the body moves not, sees the things that are dreamed. Daily experience, if indeed it has not created the belief in this phantom-self, this ghost-soul, is ever confirming it. There are the suspensions of consciousness witnessed in swoon, apoplexy, catalepsy, and other forms of insensibility; there are the phenomena of shadows, of reflection, of echoes; whilst the analogies noticed between men and animals enlarge the belief in another-self to a world-wide doctrine of souls in the lower animals, indeed, of souls vegetal as well.

This is the philosophy which, I believe, lies at the heart of the Punchkin tales. The passage of the life-principle from princess or ogre to casket or to parrot is easy where imagination creates fellowship not only between man and brute but between man and lifeless things; while in the crediting of these with life, with power to change their form and nature, lies the germ of those more elaborate theories of transmigration and metempsychosis which have been developed among more or less civilised peoples.

Whether one be right or wrong in this interpretation of what seems the central idea crystallised in Punchkin and its variants, one cannot be at fault in claiming serious treatment for the folk-tales of the world. In so far as they aid us in determining what was the intellectual stage of man in the childhood of the race, and how far it finds correspondences in the intellectual stage of existing barbaric races, they are to be included in that study of myth which is neither more nor less than the study of the mental and spiritual history of mankind.

EDWARD CLODD.

FOLK-TALES OF INDIA.

Translated from the *Pāli Jātaka, or Book of Birth-Stories*, edited by Prof. Fausböll, of Copenhagen.*

DHAMMADDHAJA JĀTAKA.†

The Holy Crow.

N days long gone by, when Brahmadata reign'd at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn among the bird kind. When he was grown up he had about him a retinue of birds, and lived on an island in the middle of the ocean. On a time some merchants, residents of the Kāsi country, were sailing over that ocean with a foreign crow on board, when their vessel was wrecked in mid-ocean. The foreign crow took refuge on the aforesaid island and thought to itself, "I'll act craftily towards this assemblage of birds, and so manage to eat both their eggs and young ones." Whereupon he flew down into the midst of the birds, and, with open mouth, stood on the ground on one leg. "Who are you, sir?" asked the birds. "I am a saint," replied the crow. "Why do you stand on one foot?" said they. The crow made answer, "Were I to put both feet down the earth (on account of my sanctity) would not be able to support me." "But why," asked the birds, "do you stand with your mouth wide open?" The crow replied, "Because I eat no

* The *Jātaka Book* is a very ancient collection of Buddhist fables, which, professing to have been told by Gotama Buddha, narrate his exploits in the 550 births through which he passed before attaining enlightenment or Buddhahood. For the relation of these tales to Indo-European folk-lore generally, consult Dr. Rhys Davids's *Buddhist Birth-Stories* (Trübner and Co.) and the translator's article on "The Book of Birth-Stories," *Contemporary Review*, May, 1881.

† *Jātaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 384, p. 267. The *Bilāra Jātaka* (to be given in the next part) contains a similar story of a "Jackal and Rats."

other food, but merely drink in air." When he had said this he thus addressed the birds: "I'll give you good advice, listen to me." By way of exhortation he spake the following *gâtha* :—

" O walk in virtue's ways, my friends,
 Would ye your highest good secure !
 Here may the virtuous happy be
 And bliss hereafter sure enjoy."

Then the birds, not aware that the crow said this only in order to deceive and eat them, praised him in the following *gâtha* :—

" O blessed bird is this indeed,
 Adorned with virtue's noblest gifts !
 On one foot stands he all the day,
 And teaches us the law divine."

The birds, having the fullest confidence in that wicked crow, before they went in search of food said to him, "Since, sir, you take no special food but only feed upon air, perhaps you'll be good enough to look after our eggs and young ones." "I'll do that," said he. As soon as they had gone the worthless crow ate his bellyful of eggs and young brood. Before they returned he put himself straight (as if nothing had happened), and, as before, stood on one leg with his mouth wide open. When the birds came back and saw not their young ones they made a great outcry. "Who on earth can have eaten them?" they wondered. Not for a moment did they suspect that this holy crow had done it. But one day the Bodhisat thought to himself, "Formerly we had no accidents here with regard to our eggs and young ones, but since this outlandish crow came here we have not been without some misfortune. I must endeavour to see if he is at the bottom of the mischief and expose him." The Bodhisat pretended to go with the other birds in search of food, but stayed behind and remained concealed. When the crow felt assured that the birds were all gone, he flew up and devoured both eggs and young ones. Returning to his former position he stood on one leg with his mouth open. When the birds came back, their leader called them together and said, "To-day I have found out the destroyer of your young ones. I actually saw that wicked crow eating them, therefore now seize him." Having brought up all the flock of birds and surrounded the crow, the chief

said, "If he tries to escape you must hold him firmly." Then he spake the following *gâtha* : —

"On trust ye took this crow's good deeds,
 Without due proof ye sang his praise.
 Good things the vile crow speaks with tongue,
 Yet do his deeds his words belie.
 The smooth in words, but hard in heart,
 Like snake in grass doth hidden lie ;
 Before men's eyes he virtue flaunts,
 And blinds the eyes of foolish folk.
 With beak and wings, and eke with feet,
 Come strike and slay this caitiff crow,
 As warning to all hypocrites,
 With us to live he is unfit."

Thus having spoken the old bird himself now sprang up and with his beak struck the crow on the head ; the rest with beak, feet, and wings beat him, and in that very place he came to an untimely end.

THE KACCÂNI JĀTAKA.*

*The sorrows of a Mother-in-law who thought that Justice was dead,
 and made Offerings to its Manes.*

In days gone by, when Brahmadata reigned at Benares, there lived a certain young man who came of a good family and was virtuously disposed. On the death of his father he became his mother's guardian angel ; he took the greatest care of her, attended to all her wants, performed for her the most menial offices, and provided her with suitable and nourishing food. "My dear," said his mother to him one day, "there are other duties pertaining to the master of the house (besides attending to me) ; pray get a wife of the same caste as yourself ; she'll take care of me, and you will then have time to attend to your own affairs." To which he replied, "Mother, dear, I am looking after my own interests and happiness in caring for you. Who else, think you, will have the same solicitude for you as I ?" "That's all very well, my son," said she, "but you ought to do something to promote the welfare and prosperity of your family." He

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 417, p. 422.

replied, "I want not to be troubled with family cares, so I'll e'en watch over you now, and after your death I'll turn monk." The mother did not make her son change his mind, nor gain his consent, without much importunity. At last her wish was gratified by her son's bringing home a wife, who, like himself, was respectably connected, and the old mother continued to live with her son and daughter-in-law. The young wife (not quite satisfied with this arrangement) bethought herself, "My spouse is very attentive to his mother, so (to humour him) I'll wait zealously upon her."

The husband was much pleased with his wife's behaviour and zealous attention to his mother, and brought her also numerous little dainties and delicacies as marks of his approval. Then she said to herself, "My husband keeps a good table both for me and his mother; I expect he finds this expensive and must be anxious indeed to get rid of the old dame; I'll devise some means to make her leave the house." Bent upon this she said to her spouse, "Husband, when you are away your mother abuses me." To this he made no reply. "I'll stir up this old woman," quoth she, "and make her disagreeable to her son." From that time forth when she fed her mother-in-law she gave her the gruel too hot or too cold, with too much salt or none at all in it. "My dear," said the old lady, "you've made it too hot and too salty." Then the other fills up the bowl with cold water. "Now it's too cold and not salt enough!" she cries. Again an alteration is made. "It's too hot and too salty now," says she. She made a great noise (about it when her son came home), saying, "Who on earth will have the patience to put up with such a careless creature?"

Another time the naughty young wife made the bath-water too hot, and poured it down the old mother's back. "You've scalded my back, child!" she cried. Then the other added cold water. "Now you've made it too cold," says she. "Oh, what are you about?" she cries; "it's too hot now." Again she shrieked out, "You nasty thing! now you've made it icy cold." Whereat she asks her neighbours whether any one but herself would put up with such disrespectful treatment.

On another occasion the mother-in-law complains that her bed swarms with fleas, whereupon the other brings out the bed and beats her own over it (and sends another lot of fleas into it, and so increases

the pest). The bed is put back into its proper place, and the old lady is informed that it has been well beaten; but on going to rest she soon found a worse state of things than before, and she passed the whole night sitting up, like an eminent devotee, almost eaten up by the double set of fleas. "O, my dear!" said she to her daughter-in-law, "all night long I was bitten by those fleas; not a wink of sleep did I get for them." "Well," replied the other, "I gave your bed a good beating yesterday, more than once too." Then she muttered to herself, "O that some one would relieve me of waiting upon this disagreeable old thing!" Then the naughty daughter-in-law determined to set the son against his mother, so she began to spit and do other nasty things about the place, and scatter grey hairs all over the house. The husband, on seeing this, wanted to know who had been guilty of such filthy tricks. "It's your mother," said the wife; "you must make her stop this." Talking in this way she soon brought about a quarrel. "I can't live in the same house with such an old hag," said she to her man; "you must keep either her or me, for only one of us can stop here." After listening to his wife's version of the affair he decides that his mother is at fault, so he says to her, "Mother, I find that you are continually stirring up strife in this house; you must go away, and choose some other place you please to live in." She took him at his word and left the house in tears. Hiring herself to a family kindly disposed towards her, she barely managed to get a living. After the departure of the old woman the daughter-in-law found herself likely to become a mother, and she goes about telling her husband and gossips, "When that witch was here there were no signs of my having a child, now it is otherwise." In the course of time she gave birth to a son, and said to her husband, "While your mother was living with us here I had no child, but now I have one. You may indeed know by this that she was a witch and brought us ill luck." When the old woman heard that her daughter-in-law had borne a son, shortly after she was turned out of house and home, she thought, "Surely in this world justice is dead; for, if justice be not dead, she who beat and cast out the old mother would neither have a son nor be living in ease and comfort, so I'll offer to Justice the food due to its departed shades."

One day she took tila-meal, rice, a small cooking-pot, and a spoon, and went to that part of the cemetery where the bodies are left to rot (uncremated), and there with three human skulls she made an oven and kindled a fire under it. Then she went to the tank, bathed her head, washed her clothes, and returned to the oven. There she let down her hair and began to wash the rice. At that time the Bodhisat was Indra, the king of the gods. He, at that moment, for Bodhisats are indeed ever on the alert, looking down on the world, saw that woe-begone woman, who thought that "Justice was dead," and was therefore desirous of presenting to it the food offered to the manes. "To-day I'll let her see my power," said he. Disguised as a brahman he appeared to her in the high road and stood before her as she was stepping aside to let him pass and said, "Surely, mother, you are not going to cook food in a cemetery. What will you do there with meal and boiled rice?" By way of beginning a conversation he uttered the following *gâtha* :—

"O clothed in white, with hair so dank and long,
O clean Kaccâni say what means this pot,
This meal so fine, and rice you wash with care ;
On whose account is all this food prepared ?"

Then she answers his question in the following *gâtha* :—

"This meal you see, well-cooked shall be I trow,
But not for my own use, O brahman learned.
Just law is dead, its ghost I'll now appease,
And offer here the food its shades demand."

Indra then replies :—

"Your duty do, when once what's right you've learnt.
Who says to thee, I pray, that 'Law' is dead ?
Of matchless might the 'Thousand-eyed' yet lives ;
He just and even-handed is forsooth."

On hearing this the other makes answer :—

"Full well I know, no doubts here trouble me,
The 'Law' is dead, O brahman wise and true.
The wicked live in peace and bliss on earth,
For she who barren was, and me expelled,
Is now the joyful mother of a child.
She lords it now o'er all the house I ween,
While I an outcast live and woman lone."

Then the god replies :—

“ In truth I live, who says I’m dead doth lie !
 On thy account I pay my visit here.
 She, that did bear a son, ill-treated thee ;
 Her with her bairn I’ll quick to ashes turn.”

The woman having heard this exclaims, “ For shame ! why speakest thou thus ? I would, were it possible, do my best to make my grandson live for ever.” Then she utters the following *gâtha* :—

“ If good it seems to thee, O lord of lords,
 On my behoof to come, then grant my wish.
 My son, his wife, and self, with grandson dear,
 In one house let us dwell at peace for aye.”

Then Indra makes answer :—

“ Have here thy wish, Kaccâni, fond and true ;
 No wrong thou’lt do, though others treat thee ill.
 Go join thy son at once and all thy kin,
 And live at home with those thou lov’st so well.”

And now having thus spoken, Indra, by his divine power, stood in the air arrayed in all his glory, and addressed the old wife: “ Kaccâni, fear not ! By the exercise of my mighty power I’ll cause thy son and his wife to meet thee on the road and to sue for thy forgiveness. They will receive it and go back in peace. Live vigilantly.” When he had thus spoken he returned to his own realms. Then the young couple, moved by Indra’s divine power, recollected the old mother’s good qualities. “ Where’s our mother ?” they inquired of the villagers. “ She’s gone in the direction of the cemetery,” said they. On hearing this they went in search of her, calling out “ Mother ! mother !” While on the way to the cemetery they espied her, forthwith fell at her feet, and propitiated her with these words: “ O mother, pardon our offence.” She forgave them, and moreover caught up her little grandson and embraced him. So they went home the best of friends, and from that time forward lived together in perfect harmony. The following is the Buddha’s verse :—

“ This old Kaccâni true and her son’s wife
 In perfect peace do dwell all in one house.
 Both son and grandson wait on her full well,
 By Indra’s will and by his power divine.”

(To be continued.)

FOLK-LORE TERMINOLOGY.



THE question raised in the last number of the *Journal* by Mr. Gomme is one of great importance. It is expedient that a precise and authoritative definition should be forthcoming both of the word folk-lore itself and of the chief terms usually employed by folk-lorists.

According to Rule No. 1 of our Society, our object is "the preservation and publication of popular traditions, legendary ballads, local proverbial sayings, superstitions and old customs, and all subjects relating to them." There would, therefore, be warrant in affirming that folk-lore is the study of popular traditions, &c. &c. But does the term as commonly employed bear such a wide signification? and should it, if strictly employed, bear such a narrow one? Both questions must, I think, be answered in the negative. Such a definition as I have indicated would, we instinctively feel, be wanting both in scope and precision. I would venture to define the term as follows:—"Folk-lore is anthropology dealing with primitive man." I do not include biology in anthropology. Biological phenomena are the same in man as in all other animals; psychological phenomena, on the other hand, are undoubtedly different. Anthropology, the science of man, confines itself legitimately to what is special to man. With this exclusion, however, I use the word anthropology in its widest sense. One other word in my formula requires itself to be defined—the word "primitive"; I use this somewhat loosely, not as designating rigidly and precisely the absolute first stage of culture, but nevertheless an essentially low stage, the dominant characteristic of which is that in it all knowledge is at once empirical and traditional. If we examine ourselves closely, we find that next to

nothing of our store of knowledge has been acquired either empirically or traditionally; on the contrary, the whole tendency of our education has been to replace in our minds the impressions derived from our senses and the facts gathered from folk-tradition, by conceptions due to the deliberate and trained exercise of reason. We are "civilised men"; the vast majority of our fellows are in this sense *not* civilised. Using the word very roughly, the Murri, the Maori, the Aztec, the Dorsetshire hind, may all be said to be in a "primitive" stage, and the study of man in such a stage is folk-lore.

If this is so, folk-lore must, if the study is to be rendered practicable, be split up into different branches, each of which will correspond to a section of anthropology dealing with civilised man. I would suggest some such division as follows :—

(1) *Folk-belief*, corresponding to the study of religion and philosophy, and embracing every form and manifestation of popular faith.

(2) *Folk-wont*, corresponding to the study of law and institutions.

(3) *Folk-leechdom*, corresponding to the study of medicine.

(4) *Folk-tradition*, corresponding to the study of history.

(5) *Folk-fancy*, the study of the folk-tale, the folk-song, the folk-play.

(6) *Folk-wit*, the study of proverbs, riddles, jests, local sayings, and quips.

These last two classes may be grouped together in one, and called *Folk-literature*.

(7) *Folk-craft*, corresponding to the study of art and industry.

(8) *Folk-speech*, corresponding to the study of philology, grammar, rhetoric, and metre.

I should prefer another term for No. 4, folk-tradition, but can think of no other.

It will be seen that I give a very much wider scope to the word folk-lore than is usual, and that I look upon as legitimately belonging to it subjects with which the Society has never dealt. I feel some doubt about my class 8. If the study of speech be really, as many philologists hold, a physiological rather than a psychological science, it should be excluded on the same ground upon which I have already excluded biology. In any case it may be practically excluded, as its

interests are already well cared for by active and capable workers. But the Society should, I maintain, look upon the other seven classes as its province. If mine, or any equally far-reaching definition, be adopted, an authoritative statement to that effect should be made, and the Society should press upon all Members the importance of only using the term in the sense stated, and should insist upon their doing so in all communications addressed to the Journal.

If my definition be good, it is, of course, absurd to speak of folk-lore and comparative mythology as being synonymous. At the most it can be urged that folk-belief and comparative mythology touch each other at a great many points, a fact which by no means necessitates the confounding together of the two studies. The relation between them may be stated thus: all, or nearly all, the facts of comparative mythology are to be found in folk-belief *in solution*; a great many facts of folk-belief are to be found in comparative mythology *crystallised*. The facts are essentially the same in both cases, but the one study deals with them at one, the other at another stage. It is when they have become at once rigid and systematised by passing through the hands of an hierarchical class, yet capable of development by falling under the artistic influence of the craftsman and the philosophic influence of the thinker, that comparative mythology has to do with them; before then they are but a portion of folk-belief. The two studies thus go hand-in-hand, and cannot be carried on at all without perpetual reference from one to the other.

With respect to terminology, I do not think I can do better than reprint the following notes, originally printed for use of Members of the Folk-Tale Committee alone:—

“ There is no exact English equivalent for the German word *Sage*; neither ‘myth’ nor ‘tradition’ conveys the full meaning. *Sage* enters in German into a number of compound words, such as *Sagform*, a term which comprehends every species of mythic expression; *Sagweisenschaft*, for which we only have in English the clumsy ‘comparative mythology’ or ‘storyology,’ neither of which is adequate; *Sagzug*, which takes in the idea of our ‘incident,’ and a great deal more, as it denotes not only separate parts of the action but also the pictorial features, *e.g.*, the hammer of Thor is a *Sagzug*, just as much as his

casting it at the Midgard snake. The *Sagzug* is the unit of a *Saggliederung*, and several *Sagzüge* combine into a *Sage* (in its more restricted sense), which may be defined as the story of the adventures of a god or hero. Many *Sagen* clustering around one person form a *Sagkette*, and the connection of several such *Sagketten* a *Sagkreis* (cycle). The *Sagschatz* (Sagtreasure) of a people comprehends the entirety of *Sagkreisen*, *Sagketten*, independent *Sagen*, and independent *Sagzüge*. Thus, the *Odysseus Sage*, viewed as a whole, is made up of: the *Sagkette* of Odysseus' adventures before Troy; the *Sagkette* of his wanderings; the *Sage* of the punishment of the wooers; whilst it is a member of the Trojan *Sagkreis*, and a portion of the Hellenic *Sagschatz*.

“ Other compounds of the *Sage* follow: *Sagbildung*, *Sagentwicklung*, *Sagverwandlung*, *Sagumgestaltung*, *Sagverwandtschaft*, *Saggattung*, *Sagstoff*, *Saggötter* or *-helden*, *Weltsage*, *Gottersage*, *Heldensage*, *Ortssage*, *Cultussage*, *Sagenmasse*, *Sagenhaft*—all of which have in German a definite and precise meaning, and to scarcely any of which is there an exact English equivalent. It is necessary, however, if folk-lore is to be treated scientifically, that the ideas contained in the German words given above should find expression in English. In some cases this can perhaps best be done by borrowing words from comparative philology or the natural sciences.

“ The precise equivalent of the German word *märchen* should be fixed. The English term ‘folk-tale’ has at once a wider and a more limited meaning, *e.g.*, it would be used of many *jest-tales* which the Germans would range under the heading ‘*Schwank*’ (another word for which there is no recognised English equivalent), and it would not be used of the *Odyssey* tales, many of which are genuine *märchen*. The German *Thiermärchen* (story in which the characters are animals) has likewise no English equivalent, our word ‘fable’ denoting quite a different species of composition. Another German word which calls for precise translation is the already mentioned ‘*Schwank*.’ This is the more necessary, as J. G. v. Hahn divides the whole of what we call folk-tales into ‘*Märchen*,’ and ‘*Schwänke*,’ a division corresponding in the main to Mr. Ralston’s ‘mythological’ and ‘non-mythological’ classes (a terminology which has the defect in my eyes

of begging the question whether any of these tales be 'mythological' in the strict sense of that word or no).

"J. G. v. Hahn looks upon *Märchen* and *Schwank* as organically different forms of expression, the first being a variety of the *Sagform*, the latter not; and conclusions drawn from a study of the one class being in no way applicable to the other. The main difference between the two classes is stated by him to be as follows: a *märchen* presents a complete action, and is an organic whole; its tendency is edifying, and the requirements of poetical justice are strictly preserved, whatever cause of offence may be given to modern ideas by the moral conduct of the actors. In the *Schwank*, on the other hand, the action is of secondary importance, the presentment of a comic *motif* being the main point. Its tendency is humorous, and poetical justice is disregarded. It is heard with pleasure by *men*, whilst the *märchen's* true home is where *women* and *children* assemble. It will be seen therefore that an exact definition of these two words will in itself be an important contribution to classification."

I would make one suggestion as far as the word myth is concerned. Among the Members of the Society workers on the New English Dictionary are doubtless to be found. Will not some of these come forward and work out in these pages an exhaustive lexicographical account of the word? This will show better than anything else the chaotic variety of meanings attached to the word, and will, at the same time, furnish materials for a fresh definition, which, it is to be hoped, may become the standard one. I hold by the definition I gave in the fourth volume of the *Folk-Lore Record*, p. 39: a myth embodies in human form primitive man's conception of a non-human action, until a better one is forthcoming, and I should never use the word save in that sense.

The above remarks will, I hope, serve as a starting-point for a fruitful discussion.

ALFRED NUTT.

As an instance of the necessity for some decision as to what folk-lore really aims at, I would refer to the following letter in the *Library Journal* of August 1884:—

“The Place of Folk-Lore in a Classification.—A Problem, by C. A. Cutter.—I have a division *Legends*, under *Literature*, and I had put in a division *Folk-lore* under *Religions*. It would be by no means easy to say of some books whether they should go in the one or the other. But I have long been dissatisfied with this classing, though I find others have adopted the same. Mr. Dewey, for instance, in his index, refers from *Folk-lore* to *Comparative mythology*, *Greek and Roman mythology*, *Norse mythology*; Mr. Perkins refers to *Mythology in general*, *Oriental*, *Classical*, *Scandinavian*, *German*, *blank*; Mr. Smith, to *Belles-lettres*, division *Fiction*, sub-division *Folk-lore*, *fairy tales*, *nursery rhymes*, &c., adding a reference to *Comparative mythology*. But there is much in folk-lore that is not religion or literature. There is much medicine and natural history, and a good deal that illustrates manners and customs and sports. Folk-lore is the philosophy, the religion, the science, and the literature of the people; of the uninstructed, the untrained, the blundering, the confused. It is unphilosophical philosophy, superstitious religion, unscientific science, and unwritten literature. Why should its science be put under religion, or its religion and science under literature, or its natural history under philosophy? Why should it be put in any class? Why should it not be a class by itself? And, if it is allowed an independent standing, it should come, since like Lord Bacon it takes all knowledge to be its province, not in any of the six great divisions, but in what I have called *Generals* and *Preliminaries*, where the *Encyclopædias* and books of “universal erudition” are to go. If it were to be put under one of the main classes, I might present the claims of *Primitive culture* as a division of *Anthropology*, itself a division of the compound class *Zoology*, or of *Antiquities*, and *Manners and Customs*, one of the side historical sciences. I think I have given a sufficient variety of choice; but perhaps the reader can add some other place.”

This, it appears to me, sets forth the practical inconvenience of the present uncertainty.

G. L. GOMME.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Round about our Coal Fire.—In a tract of 1740 recently reprinted by Messrs. Fisher Unwin, it is related how the judges and benchers on Candlemas Day performed a very curious ceremony, which included dancing round the fire and *singing an old song*. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1734, p. 103, calls it an "old French song." Wynne, in his *Eunomus: or Dialogues on Law, &c.* 1774, vol. iv. p. 107, says "the ancient song." Would any reader of the *Journal* tell me where I can find the words of this song, or where, other than the authorities I have quoted, I can find a description of the ceremony.

G. L. GOMME.

Mr. Nutt's Paper on Irish Mythology.—In the June number of the *Journal*, p. 180, Mr. Nutt remarks that M. de Jubainville has taken no notice of O'Curry's interpretation of *Cromm Cruach* (bloody worm or maggot). The word should be written *Cruim*, and is feminine. As the text in the *Book of Leinster* and elsewhere shows that *cromm* is used as a masculine word, the meaning of "worm" is untenable. He is also called *cromm crin*, "withered cromm."—L. L. 213^b.

In the next page Mr. Nutt expresses his doubts as to the historical existence, among others, of Fionn and Oisín. There is a passage in the *Book of Leinster*, though I have unfortunately lost the reference, which inferentially bears him out. It states that with one exception the Feini left no descendants. As they were considered to be a very numerous body, they could, therefore, hardly have been mortals.

J. ABERCROMBY.

Maypoles.—I was passing through the village of Wellow, Notts, a day or two ago, and was attracted by the appearance of a very tall pole in the centre of the village-green. It would appear to be sixty or more feet in height, and had cross-bars, three in number, at intervals near the top. I found it was a real Maypole, and that the present one, which had been standing about a quarter of a century,

replaced the old one which had become rotten and tottering. Thus it is in the old succession, and not merely a new whim. Many of the people remember the day when the old customs of dancing round the pole, climbing it when greased, and other games were in full vigour. Wellow and the neighbourhood is famous for the age which its inhabitants attain, as well as for the fact that it is in close proximity to Sherwood Forest, with its wealth of traditionary and historic lore. I am told that a Maypole also stood, not many years ago, at another village called Farnsfield, only a few miles distant, situated near the cathedral town of Southwell, but this had never been replaced. I should be glad to know if a list of standing village Maypoles has ever been drawn up, and, if not, whether Members would kindly supply reliable information on the subject.

HILDERIC FRIEND.

Worksop.

Some Chinese Superstitions. By the Rev. J. E. Walker, Shan-Wu, China.—In China every Foo city is supposed to have two pagodas. In the city of Foo-chow one of the pagodas is situated about a quarter of a mile to the north-east, and the other as far to the north-west, of the south gate. I once asked a coolie what these pagodas were for; he answered, "To pin down the *loong*. In the ground," he said, "is a *loong*, or dragon, and if he were not pinned down he might move about, and give rise to prodigies." I put the same question to a literary man, and he replied, "They are the homes of the *loong*; and," he continued, "the two wells just inside the south gate are his eyes, while the two moats outside the gate are his feelers or whiskers." The *loong*, or dragon, as it is commonly translated, is to the Chinese nation all that the eagle is to us, and a great deal more. It is a mysterious, fabulous creature—in many respects like the dragon of Western fables, but far surpassing it. Not only supernatural, but almost divine qualities are attributed to it. It is intimately associated with many of the most ancient superstitions of China; among these is the *foong-shooy* or *wind-water* superstition. *Foong-shooy* concerns the shape and location of cities, houses, roads, canals, groves, graves, &c., with a view to warding off evil and securing good fortune. In very ancient times it may have referred simply to a proper regard for wind and water in selecting sites, but at the present

time it is an unmitigated superstition. What is the connection that is supposed to exist between *foong-shooy* and the *loong* I do not know. The "pulse of the *loong*" is a very vital point in the *foong-shooy* of a city. All changes in the landscape must be made with caution, lest harmful modifications of the *foong-shooy* take place. Foreign buildings, constructed in utter disregard of it, are viewed with dislike; while there is no telling what confusion and disaster might arise from the making of a railroad through the country.—*The Missionary Herald* (quoted in *The Church of Scotland Home and Foreign Missionary Record*, 1 Sept. 1884).

Irish Games of Ball.—The Irish games of ball (or stick), described at p. 264 of the September number of the *Folk-Lore Journal*, will be found referred to in Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes*, under the names of "stool-ball" and "tip-cat." See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities* for a description of the game of *cat and dog*, as played in Angus and Lothian, extracted from Jamieson's *Etymological Dictionary*. The *cat* is well known in Yorkshire; and a form of *stool-ball*, under the name of *rounders*, is a sport common to both boys and girls in this district. *Duck-stone* also is played here. C. STANILAND WAKE.

The Wife and her Kidie.—I have met with another version of "The Wife and her Kidie," which varies slightly from the one given at pp. 277, 278, vol. ii. of the *Folk-Lore Journal*. It was communicated by Mrs. Walker, aged 76, Aberdeen. It begins thus:—

There wiz a wifie sweipit her hoosie clean, an she fan twal pennies, an she geed to the market an she bocht a kidie, an she said to the kidie: "Noo, kidie, ye'll rin hame, till I gaiter a puckle sticks to my ain fire-en."

"Niver a lenth," said the kidie. "I hiv as muckle need o' sticks to my ain fire-en."

Then the story goes on almost word for word till the wifie appeals to the cat:—"O cat, gin ye wid catch that moose, I wid gee you milk fin I milk the coo." So the cat to the mouse, &c. and the kidie ran hame till the wifie gaitert sticks till her ain fire-en.*

WALTER GREGOR.

* See for such cumulative folk-tales *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españoles*, vol. iv. pp. 123-126.

NOTICES.

Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españolas. Tom. ii. and iii.

Director: Antonio Machado y Alvarez. Madrid: Librería de Fernando Fé, Carrera San Jerónimo, 2. 1884.

The two volumes of this series now published are as valuable as the first. Vol. ii. contains three articles, "El Folk-lore de Madrid," por Eugenio de Olavarría y Huarte; "Juegos infantiles de Extremadura," recogidos y anotados por Sergio Hernández de Soto, to the number of sixty-one. This article is continued in vol. iii. to the number of eighty, including variants. The game-rhymes as well as the descriptions of the games are given. The third article is "De los maléficos y los demonios," de Fr. Juan Nyder, siglo XV. Obra vertida del latin al castellano, por J. M. Montoto, which is continued in vol. iii. Besides these two continuations, vol. iii. contains a valuable article, "El Mito del Basilisco," por Alejandro Guichot y Sierra, in which all that is known concerning this creature is collected, and arranged in a very interesting way. It is illustrated by a plate of the animal. It is hardly necessary to say that all folk-lorists should possess themselves of this series, both on account of the sterling worth of the books themselves, and for the purpose of helping the Spaniards in the good cause which they have taken up with such spirit, and which they are carrying out with such energy. Other volumes of the series, equally important, are in the press.

Jogos e Rimas, Bibliotheca d'educação nacional. Publicada por F.

Adolpho Coelho. Porto: Livraria Universal de Magalhães & Moniz, editores, 12, Largo dos Loyos.

This is an exceedingly interesting collection of Portuguese children's games and rhymes for the use of schools. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when folk-tales, children's games, and rhymes will be taken advantage of as a means of education to a far greater extent than they have hitherto been. Children delight in them. Why not use them, and turn them to the training of the young, and thus break, if nothing else is done, the monotony of the school-book and school-drill? A good beginning has been made in this little book.

“OLD CLEM” CELEBRATIONS AND BLACKSMITHS’ LORE.



THE ancient craft of a smith has had its heroes and legends from the days of Tubal Cain, “an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron,”* and Vulcan, down to S. Clement, who has been adopted by the smiths as their patron saint, and whose festival is annually celebrated on Nov. 23rd.

The well-known legend, of S. Dunstan seizing the devil by the nose, is generally connected with Glastonbury; and Bishop Stubbs observes,† that the story is so famous one can hardly doubt that it had some foundation; and it seems not unlikely that S. Dunstan may have taken some one by the nose, and the identification was an afterthought. In modern times, however, Mayfield, in Sussex, is assigned as the place of the occurrence, and the tongs are still shown there. As Mayfield was undoubtedly an archiepiscopal possession, and a residence of S. Dunstan, besides being the centre of the Sussex ironworks, it is possible the legend originated in some Sussex forge.

Saint Clement, whose name appears in the Calendar on Nov. 23rd, was the third Bishop of Rome, and is referred to by S. Paul.‡ He died in 100 A.D. and his emblem is an anchor, on account of his being drowned with one round his neck, and consequently an anchor forms the vane of the church of S. Clement Danes, London. This church is specially connected by English blacksmiths with their craft. The Rev. W. J. Loftie, in his *History of London*,§ states, this church was so called, either on account of the settlement here of a colony of

* Gen. iv. 22.

† *Memorials of S. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury* (Rolls Series), Introduction, p. lxxv.

‡ Phil. iii. 3.

§ 2nd edit. 1884, vol. ii. p. 71.

christianised invaders under Sweyn and Canute, or on account of the number of Danes, including Harold Harefoot, who were buried in it. Stow reports a tradition, that some marauders were slain here on their way home to Denmark with their booty.

The blacksmiths' legend is quite different. One version says: *
 " 'Old Clem' was a Dane by birth, and a blacksmith by profession, and very clever at his trade; he realised a fortune, and built that little church in the Strand, London, at his own expense. He also forged all the ironwork with his own hands; and afterwards went into the cloisters and devoted his life to God's service, having made over the church to the Pope. He died on 23rd November; about the year we are not quite sure. After his death the Pope placed him in the Calendar as S. Clement, and called the church S. Clement le Dane. Since that time 'Old Clem' has been honoured by the smiths meeting every year on his day."

Another legend is furnished by a Sussex blacksmith: † " On the 17th March, A.D. 871, when good King Alfred ruled this land, he called together all the trades (seven in number) and declared his intention of making that trades-man King over all the trades who could best get on without the help of all the others for the longest period. He proclaimed a banquet to which he invited a representative from each trade, and made it a condition that each should bring a specimen of his work, with the tools he used in working it.

1st. The blacksmith brought his *hammer* and a horseshoe.

2nd. The tailor brought his *shears* and a new coat.

3rd. The baker his *peel* and a loaf.

4th. The shoemaker his *awl* and a new pair of shoes.

5th. The carpenter brought his *saw* and a deal trunk.

6th. The butcher his *chopper* and a joint.

7th. The mason his *chisels* and a corner-stone.

" Now the tailor's coat was of such surpassing beauty of colour, and exquisite fashion, that all the guests, with one consent, declared it a

* The writer is indebted for this to Mr. D. Thomson, foreman, smiths' department. L.B.&S.C. Railway Co.'s Works, Brighton.

† This was kindly taken down in 1883 by Edmund Young, Esq. M.R.C.S. of Steyning, from the lips of a poor fellow in a deep decline.

marvel of workmanship, and entirely eclipsing the handicraft of all the others. Upon which the horseshoe, bread, shoes, trunk, meat, and corner-stone were all thrown on one side as unfit for competition. Upon this the tailor was unanimously pronounced by the good king, and the general company, the fittest to be king of the trades, and was duly installed. This decision made the blacksmith very jealous and angry, and he declared that he would do no more work whilst the tailor was King ; so he shut up his forge and 'sloped,'* no one knew whither.

"Now it came to pass that King Alfred was the first to need the services of a blacksmith, his horse having cast a shoe, but he could gain no admittance. Then came one trade, then another, in fact all the six, each having broken his tools, thereby preventing him from carrying on his business until he could get them mended. The last of the six who came to grief was the tailor, who had broken his shears and was compelled to stop working. This all happened on the 23rd November (S. Clement's day) in the same year.

"Now King Alfred and all the trades determined to break open the forge and do the work themselves. So the King began to shoe his horse. The tailor began to mend his shears, and each trade in succession essayed to repair his tools, but all failed. The horse kicked the king ; the tailor bruised his fingers. The fire would not burn, and everybody got into everybody's way. The butcher began to shove † the baker, he shoved the shoemaker, who in his turn shoved the carpenter, and the latter revenged himself by shoving the mason, who passed the compliment on to the tailor, until in the general confusion the anvil was knocked over and exploded.

"At this juncture in walked S. Clement, with the blacksmith on his arm, the latter looking very angry at the wreck of his once tidy forge.

"S. Clement said nothing, but seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of the King and his company.

"At length the King, making a humble bow to S. Clement and the blacksmith, said :—' I have made a great mistake in allowing my judgment in this important matter to be governed by the gaudy colour

* *i.e.* absconded or went away.

† push.

and stylish cut of the tailor's coat, and in justice to the blacksmith (without whom none of us can do) proclaim him King.'

"Immediately all the trades, except the tailor (deposed), begged the blacksmith to mend their tools. So he shod the King's horse, and obligingly mended the tools of all who asked him; but he made and presented to the tailor a *new pair of shears!* This presentation took place at a feast given by the King to celebrate the event, who, in a neat speech, admitted having been taken in by the tailor's beautiful coat, but now felt the greatest pleasure in announcing that for all time the blacksmith should be regarded as the King of all the trades. 'So let us all drink good health, and long life to the jolly blacksmith.'

"The King then proposed, that to restore the harmony each should sing a song, and called upon the blacksmith to make a beginning, who sang the following:—

THE JOLLY BLACKSMITH.*

1. Here's a health to the jolly Blacksmith,
The best † of all fellows,
Who works at his anvil
While the boy blows the bellows;
For it makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Says the Old Cole ‡ to the Young Cole and the Old Cole of all.
Chorus. Twankie dillo, twankie dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo.
With a roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow.
2. If a gentleman call his horse for to shoe
He makes no denial to one pot or two;
For it makes his bright hammer, &c. *Chorus.*
3. Here's a health to the pretty girl the one he loves best.
She kindles a fire § all in his own breast,
Which makes his bright hammer, &c. *Chorus.*
4. Here's a health to King George and likewise his Queen,
And all the Royal Family wherever they're seen,
Which makes, &c. *Chorus.*

* The words of this song have been supplied by several Sussex correspondents, and the version now given is corrected and collated from four versions slightly differing.

† "Prince" in one version.

‡ "Clem" in one version.

§ One version gives it, "carries a fire."

Here's a health to the jol-ly Blacksmith, the best of all fellows, Who

works at his anvil while the boy blows the bellows, For it makes his bright

hammer to rise and to fall, Says the Old Cole to the Young Cole, and the

Old Cole of all. Twankie dil-lo, twankie dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo,

dil-lo, With a roar-ing pair of bagpipes made of the green wil-low.

[The spirited music, which is traditional, and does not occur in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, was kindly written down by Mr. Samuel Willett, of Cuckfield, Sussex, and is confirmed by several Sussex people.]

"Whilst this song was being sung, the tailor crawled under the table and slit up the blacksmith's leather-apron with his new shears into a regular fringe, and from that day no blacksmith ever wears an apron which is not so ornamented or mutilated."

Two points in this interesting, and original legend, require special notice, viz. "the explosion of the anvil," and "the apron fringe." Mr. Young observes that there is in all anvils a deep depression, or hole, which on S. Clement's day is filled with gunpowder, and a plug of wood is driven in tightly; a hole is next bored through the plug, a little powder poured in, and it is then ignited. This is called "firing the anvil." As regards the slits in the apron, they are almost invariably to be seen in a blacksmith's apron, and most of them believe they originated as stated in the legend. One correspondent,* however, says: "You may probably notice at the present day blacksmiths' leather-aprons have five slits in the corner signifying the lion's paw. Having the lions on their smithy is said to constitute a freehold. In olden times many of the smithies were small erections put up on the waste by the roadside."

Another informant says: "When Solomon's Temple was built, all the trades met together at a supper, and everybody was asked to go except the smiths. The latter left off work in disgust, and when the other workmen wanted their tools mended the smiths refused, so Solomon gave a second supper, and had the tags (or fringe) cut in their aprons, which he gilded."

In Sussex on S. Clement's day (Nov. 23rd) there was an old custom of going round from house to house asking for apples and beer, and it was called *Clemmning*. The Rev. W. D. Parish observes: "The children in some parts of East Sussex still keep up the custom of *Catterning* and *Clemmning*, and the Sussex blacksmiths are particularly active in commemorating their patron saint; the anvils are

* Mr. Henry Colgate, of Fletching, Sussex.

fired with a loud explosion, and at least a half-holiday is kept. At Burwash, a few years ago, it was the custom to dress up a figure with a wig and beard and pipe in his mouth, and set it upon the door of the inn where the blacksmiths feasted on S. Clement's day. This figure was called *Old Clem.*"*

The rhyme sung on these occasions is thus quoted by Mr. Parish :

"Cattern' † and Clemen' be here, here, here,
Give us your apples and give us your beer.
One for Peter,
Two for Paul,
Three for him who made us all.
Clemen' was a good man,
Cattern' was his mother.‡
Gives us your best,
And not your worst,
And God will give your soul good rest."

In the Clog Almanacks a pot is marked against Nov. 23rd in allusion to this custom of going about to beg drink with which to make merry.

The following notes on the modern observance of the day are furnished by Mr. Thomson :—

"A supper takes place on the 23rd Nov. annually. I have made inquiries of the oldest smith in my shop. From him I gather that it is customary in some places to personate 'Old Clem,' particularly in the Government dockyards.§ In many private establishments it has also been the custom for the masters to give the smiths a way-goose,|| that is, a leg of pork with the bone drawn and the pork stuffed with sage and onions, and roasted. This has been the custom in Bristol, Liverpool, and even in Brighton. In all cases it is usual for the oldest blacksmith to take the chair, and the youngest the vice-chair.

* *Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect.*

† S. Catherine, whose day is Nov. 25th.

‡ This is of course erroneous. S. Catherine was a virgin saint, and died A.D. 307; S. Clement died A.D. 100.

§ Cf. Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (edit. Sir Henry Ellis), vol. i. pp. 408-409.

|| The word is thus spelt by Halliwell, who defines it as an entertainment given by an apprentice to his fellow-workmen. It is now generally spelt *wayz-goose*.

The first toast is :—

‘ Here’s to old Vulcan, as bold as a lion,
A large shop and no iron,
A big hearth and no coal,
And a large pair of bellowses full of holes.’

Then follows the song, ‘ Here’s to the Jolly Blacksmith.’

The next toast is :—

‘ True hearts and sound bottoms,
Checked shirts and leather aprons.’

This is followed by a song :—

‘ Tubal Cain our ancient father
Sought the earth for iron and ore,
More precious than the glittering gold,
Be it ever so great a store.’*

The chairman rising, says, ‘ Gentlemen, I invite you to drink with me the toast of the evening, ‘ To the memory of ‘ Old Clem ’ and prosperity to all his descendants.’ ”

These customs have been observed by the Brighton Railway Company’s smiths in recent years in celebrating the memory of ‘ Old Clem ’; but lately the dinner has been transferred to Jan. 25th (the birthday of the poet Robert Burns) “ out of compliment to their foreman, an Ayrshire man, whose birthday also occurs on that day.”

Another toast used on these occasions is, “ May the face of a bright hammer and anvil never rust for the want of a job.”

A London smith says: “ A supper is held at the White Horse, Castle Street, London (the latest in 1883), and one of the farriers is dressed in a new apron with gilt tags. The anvil is not now fired. There is a special drink at this supper, which is compounded of gin, eggs, ginger spices, &c. ‘ Old Clem ’ was the first man who ever shod a horse.”

Mr. E. Packham (Messrs. Packham and Son), Brighton, writes as follows :—“ About sixty years ago, when I was a child, I was present at one of the annual celebrations of the feast which was then held in our smiths’ shop in Church Street (now the Foundry), the place used

* The writer has not yet succeeded in obtaining the complete words of this song.

for shoeing horses being converted into a commodious supper-room. In Sussex, it appears, the day has been, or used to be, commemorated chiefly by the supper. I do not think that effigies have been used in our neighbourhood; but one of our men, who has worked for a dock-yard contractor at Woolwich, tells me that it was customary there to have 'Old Clem' dressed up, and carried in procession. The custom of firing the anvils with gunpowder was continued by our men on the saint's day, until forbidden by the authorities.'

FREDERICK E. SAWYER, F.R.Met.Soc.

SOME OLD FARMING CUSTOMS AND NOTIONS IN ABERDEENSHIRE.



ON the day the plough was first put into the soil—"streekit," or "strykit"* after harvest—a few cakes of oaten bread were baked. To make them a little more dainty, they were commonly rubbed with cream before they were placed on "the girdle" over the fire to be baked. Cream, which, if scarce, was saved up with much care, was churned, and made into butter. When the bread and the butter were ready, the guidwife took some of them, along with a "keback" and whisky, and went to the field to the ploughman,—commonly the guidman himself or a son, for in those old days in many districts each family tilled its own holding. He cut the cheese, and partook of the dainties carried to the field. A piece of the cakes was given to each horse, if the animal was accustomed to eat them. The whole household partook at supper of the bread, the butter, and the cheese.—(Told by one whose mother carried out the custom in Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire.)

2. Here is a somewhat different form of the ceremony, and it comes

* *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 181.

from the parish of Aboyne, in Aberdeenshire. Two brothers and a sister, all well stricken in years, and full of "frets," held a small farm. They required a man-servant. He entered their service at the Whitsunday term, and, therefore, had to begin the work of ploughing after harvest. When harvest was finished, he proposed about the beginning of the week to one of the brothers to begin ploughing. "Oh, na, ye needna be in sic a hurry; there's guid time yet." So the servant turned his attention to something else. Next day the same proposal was made by the servant, and with the same result. Next day leave was asked to begin the work. "Oh, aye, ye can begin on Saiterday." When Saturday came, the servant again asked if he would now yoke his horses. "Ye needna be in ony hurry. Jist step oot our, an begin about nine o'clock." The servant obeyed his orders, and, by the time he was at the end of the field with the first furrow, his master was beside him carrying bread, cheese, and a bottle of whisky. The servant partook of the bread and cheese, and then received a glass of the whisky. The old man drank a glass himself, then filled the glass again, and poured it over the bridle of the plough, and repeated the words, "Weel fah the lawbour." A piece of bread and cheese was then carefully wrapped up in paper, and firmly tied to the beam of the plough by the farmer, who, at the same time laid strict injunctions on the servant not to take it off. "It may fah aff o't sell, or the dogs may eht it. Nae maitter, but dinna ye touch it." When all this was done and said, the master added, "Noo, jist tak ye anither fur, an syne louse. Ye'll be ready for yir wark on Muninday's mornin."—(Told by Mr. Sim, farmer, Gateside, parish of Strachan, and he learned the story from the servant.)

3. In ploughing, a stone sometimes gets fixed between the coulter and the sock. Such a stone thrown over the dwelling-house prevents the cream when churned from becoming butter.—(Pitsligo.)

4. Besides putting fire and salt on the threshold of the byre-door before a cow the first time she left the byre after dropping her calf, some guidwives had the habit of cutting a little of the hair from the animal's tail, and placing it over the byre-door in the "eezin o' the wa."—(Pitsligo. Told by one who followed the custom, which she had received from her mother.)

5. A mare should be taken outside the stable to drop her foal.* The animal that was brought forth inside the stable would not cross a ford, or, if forced into it, would lie down in it. The quality of crossing a ford quietly was of much value in a horse at a time when there were few bridges. Hence comes the proverb about one who is too ready to desert his friends in the hour of need, "He's nae ta ride the water on."—(Pitsligo.)

6. All shepherds agree in saying that, before a storm comes, sheep become frisky, leap, and butt or "box" each other.

7. It was a not uncommon notion that chickens did not thrive to a woman during the year she had a child. Hence the saying, "Bairns an chuckens dinna thrive in ae yeer."—(Pitsligo.)

8. It is said that, if it thunders when chickens are within a short time of being hatched, they die in the egg.†

9. Among the poorer crofters and small farmers, when their meal fell short, as it sometimes did, and when they had not grain ready for grinding, it was quite common to borrow from a neighbour as much as would tide over the difficulty. The meal was willingly given, and most punctually returned, and not unfrequently with interest, in obedience to the pretty saying, "A borrow sud gang lauchin hame." Some there were, that, if they had just taken in meal—"gotten in a mailyar"—would not give any in loan till part of the newly-acquired meal had been used in the household.—(Pitsligo. Told by one whose mother followed the custom.)

10. Along the sea-board, in districts where sea-weed—"waar"—is used as manure, the farmers showed much anxiety on New-Year's morning to have the first load of weed that was taken from the shore. When the first load was carted home, a small quantity was laid down at each door of the farm-steading, and the remainder was cast into the fields—a portion into each field. This was supposed to bring good-fortune.—(Pitsligo. Told by one that followed the custom.)

11. On Christmas-eve all the dishes in the house must be left clean. Any food, therefore, that might have been left over at meals on the day before Christmas had to be carried forth, and given to the

* *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 131.

† J. Leite de Vasconcellos, *Tradições populares de Portugal*, p. 101, No. 224.

pigs or poultry. It must on no account remain in the house. Between twelve and one o'clock on Christmas morning the great dish of "Yeel Sones" was made ready. All of the household had to partake of it. If any remained unused it was re-cooked, and served up with milk, forming part of the Yeel (Yule) breakfast.—(Pitsligo. Told by one whose mother was in the habit of doing so.)

12. No bread was baked, and no clothes-washing was done, between Christmas and New-Year's day.—(Pitsligo.)

13. The dinner on New-Year's day was always more dainty than usual. At it was served up a hen or a duck killed that morning. Among the first acts of the guidwife on that morning was to go to the hen-house, select a victim, kill it, and make it ready for cooking for dinner. Blood had to be shed on the morning of the new year.*—(Pitsligo. Told by one who has seen her mother do it.)

14. On no account must the spinning-wheel be carried from one side of the house to the other during the time of Christmas.—(Pitsligo.)

WALTER GREGOR.

FOLK-TALES OF INDIA.

(Continued from page 310.)

THE KUKKUṬA JĀTAKA.†

The Wise Cock and the Artful Cat.



N former times, when Brahmadata reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn in the forest as a cock, and lived there with several hundred fowls. Not far off from him there also dwelt a she-cat, who by her cunning artifices ate up all the fowls except the Bodhisat. He was too wary to fall into her clutches. She thought to herself, "This cock is very

* *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 202.

† *Jātaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 383, p. 265.

artful, but he is not aware of our wiles and cleverness in plotting. I'll talk him over by telling him that I'll be his wife, and when I get him into my power I'll eat him." Then the cat went to the root of a tree on which the cock was sitting, and in coaxing terms spake this *gâtha* :—

"O lovely bird, with feathers bright of hue !
Thy crest is red and high, thou fowl of heaven !
From those tree-tops come down, my love, I pray,
I'll be thy wife, thou shalt have nought to pay."

After listening to her the cock thought, "This cat has eaten all my kith and kin, and now by cajoling intends to make a meal of me, but I'll send her packing." Then he replies in the following *gâtha* :—

"Four feet hast thou, my charmer sweet,
Two feet have I, thou seest, my dear !
We birds pair not with quadrupeds,
Go seek another mate elsewhere."

Then thought the cat, "This fellow is very sly, but I'll get over him somehow and eat him." Then she gave utterance to the following *gâtha* :—

"Oh ! thy chaste wife full true I'll be,
You'll find me kind in word and deed.
Me wed by holy Vedas' rites,
Thy will and every wish I'll do."

Then thought the cock, "I must rebuke this cat and cause her to go elsewhere." So he uttered the following *gâtha* :—

"O eater of birds and drinker of blood,
Foul thief art thou, O killer of cocks ;
Thou seek'st not me, sly one, to wed
By holy scripture's sacred rites."

On hearing this the cat made off, and did not again dare to look the cock in the face.

A *gâtha* of the Buddha says :—

"Many wiles have women clever, good men they will deceive
With soft and oily words, so cat would cheat the cock.
When danger does arise put all your wits to work,
Or else you'll come to grief and after dear it rue.
The wise will be aware, when ought that's harmful's near,
As cock did 'scape the cat, they will from foes get free."

THE DUMMEDHA JĀTAKA.*

How the Worship of Tree-Sprites, was put down.

In days gone by, when Brahmadata reign'd at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn as the son of Brahmadata, the principal queen being his mother. On the day appointed for naming him they call'd him Brahmadatakumâra. When he was sixteen years old he studied science in Takkasilâ, became versed in the three Vedas, and master'd the eighteen subjects of knowledge. Then (after a time) his father made him a viceroy. At that time the inhabitants of Benares were given over to the worship of tree-sprites; they paid reverence to them, and, having slaughtered many goats, cocks, and hogs, made offerings to them of the flesh and blood of the victims, together with various kinds of flowers and perfumes. The Bodhisat thought to himself, "Now beings that observe festivals in honour of tree-sprites destroy much life. The people, I see, are, for the most part, wedded to this bad custom; but when, after my father's death, I come to the throne, I will by some device (without injuring any one) not allow them to deprive anything of life."

One day, on going out of the city in his chariot, he saw the multitude assembled together at a certain large banyan-tree doing reverence to the "sprite" that had been reborn in that tree; and desiring to obtain (by means of offerings, &c.) sons and daughters, fame and wealth, or whatever else they had most set their hearts upon, he came down from his chariot, drew near the tree, honoured it with perfumes and flowers, made a libation of water, solemnly perambulated it, and worshipp'd the "tree-sprite" like one of its regular devotees. Then going up into his chariot he returned to the city. Henceforth in this way, at intervals, he used to visit that tree and there pay due reverence to it as if he were addicted to the worship of the sprites.

On another occasion (after the death of his father, when firmly seated on the throne, he had abandoned the four evil ways, and, keeping strictly the ten royal virtues, was ruling his subjects justly) he thought to himself, "My great wish has been accomplished, I am established on the throne; but a certain matter about which I was

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. i. No. 50, p. 259.

formerly very anxious I'll now caused to be carried out." Calling together his ministers, brâhmans, householders, and the rest, he thus addressed them : " Perhaps you are aware by what means I came to the throne ? " " No, sire ; we are not acquainted with the circumstances," said they. " Pray did you," he asked, " ever on any occasion see me honour a certain banyan tree with perfumes and the rest, saluting, and paying due reverence to it ? " " Yes, sire," they replied. " Well, at that time I made this vow, ' If I come to the throne I'll make offerings to thee, O sprite.' By the power of this sprite I became king, and now I'll present offerings to it ; so do ye quickly, without further delay, prepare suitable gifts for the sprite." " What shall we take, sire ? " they asked. He replied, " Oh ! when I petitioned the sprite I besought it thus, ' Whoever in my kingdom shall keep up and practice the taking away of life and the rest, together with the ' five immoral practices ' included in the ' ten sinful actions ' (akusalakammaphatha), them will I slay and make offerings of their hearts and blood.' Do ye then make proclamation by beat of drum to this effect, ' Our king, when he was even viceroy, made the following vow, ' If I gain the throne I'll put to death all my subjects who shall be immoral, and offer them up.' He now, taking a thousand wicked men constantly practising immoralities of the five and ten kinds, intends, after putting them to death, to cause offerings of their hearts and the rest to be presented to the tree-sprites. And let the people pay attention to this matter.' After you have proclaimed this edict, whoever henceforth shall practise such ill deeds (as have been already mentioned), I'll take a thousand of them and make a sacrifice, so shall I get released from my vow."

In explanation of the matter he spake the following *gâtha* :—

" Of fools a whole thousand I've promised to slay,
And offer to wood-sprites their hearts and dear blood.
Full many unjust I've here in my realms,
To be quit of my vow I'll sacrifice them."

When the ministers and the rest had heard the words of the Bodhisat they promised to carry out his injunctions. They made proclamation by beat of drum in the city of Benares for twelve *yojanas* round.

After this edict was issued in the manner enjoined, there remained not one individual addicted to immoral practices. Thus as long as Brahmadattakumâra continued to reign there was not to be found a single person doing even one (bad) deed included in the five and ten sinful actions.

So the Bodhisat, without even harming a single individual, made all the people in his realm observe the precepts. He himself, too, after giving meritorious gifts, passed away, at his death, along with his retinue, and filled the city of the devas.

THE SASA JĀTAKA.*

The Story of the Hare in the Moon.

In days long gone by, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was re-born among the hare-kind, and dwelt in the forest. On one side of that forest there was the foot of a mountain, on another side a river, and a border village on the other. The hare had three special friends—a monkey, a jackal, and an otter. These four wise creatures lived together, getting their food (during the day) each in his own respective haunt or hunting-ground, and meeting together in the evening. The wise hare, preaching the truth to these three individuals, said,—“You must give alms, keep the commandments, and observe the *uposatha*-fast.” They agreed to follow his instructions. Having entered their respective quarters in the jungle, there they lived together. While the time was thus passing away the Bodhisat, looking up to the sky, saw the moon, and knew that *uposatha*-day was on the morrow, so he said to his three companions,—“To-morrow is ‘fast-day’; do you therefore keep the precepts and observe the fast. Know, too, that for those well-established in the precepts, almsgiving is very meritorious. Therefore when a beggar comes to you give him of the food you’ve provided for your own repast, and then eat what is left.”

“Well, let it be so,” they agreed, and off they went each to his own dwelling-place. The next day, quite early in the morning, the otter

* *Jātaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 316, p. 51.

said, "I'll go in search of food"; so he departed, and made his way to the bank of the Ganges. At that time a certain fisherman had hooked seven red fish (*rohitas*), and when he had landed them he strung them through with a flexible twig (*withe*). Then he concealed them in the sand on the river-bank. Intent on catching fish, he wandered along the course of the lower Ganges (leaving his fish behind). The otter, getting scent of his prey, scratched up the sand, saw and took possession of the fish. Thrice he shouted out,—“Now does any one, I pray, lay claim to these fish?” Finding no owner for them he, with his teeth, laid hold of the *withe*, by which the fish were strung, and deposited them in his own jungle-retreat. “On a convenient opportunity I'll eat them.” Thus saying, he lay down pondering over his precepts.

The jackal, too, leaving his retreat in search of food, espied in a hut, belonging to the care-taker of an adjoining field, two spits,* a lizard, and a pot of curds. Thrice he shouted out,—“Is there now, I pray, any owner of these goods?” Not finding any one who claimed them, he hung the pot about his neck (by means of the string for lifting it up); between his teeth he carried the spits and the lizard, and placed them in the jungle where he slept, saying, “I'll eat them at the proper time.” Then he lay down and thought over his commandments.

The monkey also left his sleeping quarters to go into the wood in search of food. He carried off from thence bunches of mangoes, and placed them in his own abode in the forest, saying, “I'll eat them at the proper time.” He then lay down thinking over his precepts.

Just about that time also the hare left his quarters in search of his food, saying “I'll eat *kusa* grass.” But while he was even lying in retreat he thought to himself, “I can't give grass to those that come begging, so I'll give them the flesh of my own body.

By the power of his (the hare's) morality the white stone throne of Indra manifested signs of heat. On considering the matter he discovered the cause, and said, “I'll put the hare-king to the proof.”

First he went to the abode of the otter and stood before him, dis-

* The spits were for roasting the lizard.

guised as a brahman. "O brahman, what are you standing there for?" said the otter. "If I get any food now I mean to keep *uposatha* (to-morrow) and perform the duties of a *sramana*," replied the brahman. "Good!" said the other, "I'll give you food." While talking he gave utterance to the following *gâtha* :—

"Seven fish, all red of hue, from yonder stream,
I've got, O brahman skilled in sacred lore!
This take of fish unowned is mine, I trow,
Accept it all and in the forest dwell."

The brahman made answer, "It's early as yet, let it be for the present; I'll see about it bye-and-bye."

Then the brahman made his way to the jackal, who said, "Why are you standing there?" He gave the same reply as he did before to the otter.

The jackal said, "Good! I'll give you food." In the course of conversation with him he spoke the following *gâtha* :—

"From yonder field two spits away I brought,
A lizard broil'd and eke a pot of curds.
All these are mine to give, O brahman poor,
Enjoy thy fare and in this wood abide."

The brahman said, "It's very early as yet, let it be for the present; by-and-bye I'll think about it."

Then he went and paid a visit to the monkey, who said, "Why are you standing there?" The brahman made the same answer as before. "Good!" said the monkey, "I'll give you food." While talking with him he uttered the following *gâtha* :—

"Some mangoes ripe and water cold I've here,
Full pleasant is the grove and cool the shade.
They all are mine, I vow, O brahman dear;
Pray have them all, and here take up abode."

The brahman, making answer as before, went off to the retreat of the wise hare, who said, "Why are you standing there?" He replied: "If I get any food now I'll observe *uposatha* (to-morrow) and keep the precepts."

On hearing this the Bodhisat was struck with grief (because he had nothing but grass to give him), and said, "O brahman, you have

done well to come to me. To-day I will give such a gift as has never before been given. Since you are 'virtuous,' and will not destroy life (willingly or wittingly), go, father, collect wood, and when you've made a clear fire of them then come and tell me. I'll give myself away as a gift, and will fall into the midst of the glowing embers; and when my body is roasted thou shalt eat of my flesh and endeavour to walk in the path of righteousness." In the course of conversation he spake the following *gâtha* :—

" The hare is poor, no *sesamum* has he,
Nor beans nor rice; full bare the larder seems.
Myself I give thee then, me take and roast,
And eat thy fill and haunt the forest wild."

When Indra heard that speech of his, he created by his own divine power a heap of live coals and told the Bodhisat that all was ready. The hare raised itself from the grass, approached the fire, and said, "If there are any insects adhering to the tips of my fur let them not be killed." Thrice did he shake his limbs, and then he presented his whole body as an alms to the brahman. Springing upon the heap of wood like a flamingo, he fell with cheerful heart into the heap of glowing coals. But the fire was not able to make hot even a single hair on the body of the Bodhisat; he was as cool as if he had entered the regions of frost and snow. Then he addressed Indra, "O brahman, this fire you've made is very cool, and is not able to cause a single hair on my body to become hot. How's that?" "O wise hare, I am not a brahman, I am Indra, and have come here to put thy virtue to the test." "O Indra, do thou stand there awhile. Were all the world combined to test me by almsgiving, assuredly they would not find me unwilling to give." Thus saying, he uttered a mighty shout of exultation. Then spake Indra to him, "O wise hare, let thy good deed be made known during the whole *kalpa** (*i.e.* as long as the world lasts)." Then he squeezed the mountain, and with its essence he drew on the surface of the moon the figure of a hare. After addressing the Bodhisat he took the hare from the fire, and in that forest, even in the very thicket (where he used to pass the night), he set him (the hare)

* "The sign of the hare in the moon will last the whole *kalpa*."—*Jâtaka*, No. 20 (English translation, p. 235).

down on a bed of tender grass, and then he (Indra) departed to his own celestial abode. Moreover these four wise creatures continued to live together in perfect harmony ; they fulfilled the precepts and kept the *uposatha*-service. At their death they passed away to be rewarded according to their deeds.

RICHARD MORRIS.

(*To be continued.*)

FOLK-LORE TERMINOLOGY.

[See *ante*, pp. 285, 311.]



HE thanks of all members of the Society, and of all students of folk-lore, are due to Mr. Gomme for raising this question. It has probably occupied the thoughts of many of us at different times ; and an opportunity of public discussion, with a view to defining the scope of our investigations and settling our terms, is one that should be eagerly welcomed.

The definition proposed by Mr. Nutt in the October number of this Journal for the science of folk-lore is, with some slight qualification, excellent. Anthropology undoubtedly deals with the physical as well as the mental characteristics of mankind. We have, therefore, no right, in using the term Anthropology, to limit its meaning to psychological phenomena ; and if we do so we shall run the risk of being misunderstood. Accordingly, it is better, even at the sacrifice of neatness, to express what we really mean, and say "Folk-lore is Anthropology dealing with the psychological phenomena of uncivilised man." Mr. Nutt uses the term "primitive man" in his definition. The objections to "primitive" have perhaps no great weight, but I prefer the word "uncivilised": it conveys no notion of time-relation ; and its reach is a little more extensive than "primitive." Uncivilized man is ruled by his imagination and emotions rather than by his very limited stock of knowledge, "at once empirical and traditional"; and it is man so dominated, whether South Sea Islander, Negro, or Primitive Aryan, whether Hindu ascetic, mediæval monk, or even the English rustic of to-day, who forms the subject of our study. In

proportion as peoples escape from the dominion of imagination and emotion, and become guided by knowledge and the trained reason, they cease to be the subjects of folk-lore. This distinction is, I think, better expressed by "uncivilised" than "primitive."

It is most convenient next to define our terms: we shall then be in a position to classify the subjects of our study. It is perfectly true that we have not equivalents for all the German expressions cited by Mr. Nutt. But, let me ask, are all these technical words necessary? Doubtless they are highly convenient; but, unhappily, our tongue has lost the power of combination retained by the purer Teutonic spoken by the fellow-countrymen of Kuhn and Benfey; and unless these terms be absolutely necessary we must be content to do without them, as luxuries beyond our reach. If they are not luxuries we shall have to invent compound words of a more or less clumsy character to express them, or import foreign words. But let us see.

The word *sage* is ordinarily used as the correlative of *märchen*. The latter is a story the scene of which is laid at some undefined place and time; it is not believed as a fact by the teller, nor perhaps by the hearers, and it agrees in other respects with the definition of Von Hahn, quoted by Mr. Nutt. The former, on the other hand, is generally localised in the neighbourhood where it is told; and frequently consists of an adventure, or series of adventures, attributed to some well-known personage. One or the other condition it always fulfils; and, moreover, it is believed in as a fact by the teller, or related by him as something which he has heard from his elders who did believe it. May I add that a *märchen* is clearly mythical, a *sage* not invariably so? Now it is perfectly true that we have no native words to express these two distinct classes of folk-tales. *Nursery-tale* is the nearest approach we can make to *Märchen*, and we can only indicate a *Sage* under the general term *Tradition*. The word *Saga*, the Norse equivalent of *Sage*, has, however, been made so familiar to us by Longfellow, and other writers, that it has practically been adopted into the language, and there really seems no reason why it should not be used in the sense above indicated of *Sage*. Its previous literary use in a somewhat looser way need not prevent our adopting it, and giving it a more strictly defined scientific meaning.

Turning to the German compounds of *Sage* we must not expect to be able to manufacture phrases out of a foreign word like *Saga* quite so easily. Nor is it required that we should. We have an exact equivalent of *sag-kreis*; and when we speak of the Trojan *cycle*, or the Arthurian *cycle*, or the *cycle* of Charlemagne, we use a term which is perfectly intelligible and accurate. There is an ambiguity in the German *kreis* which compels definition by the prefix *sag*, but there is no such ambiguity in the English word; and every body knows that we mean the Trojan, or the Arthurian *legendary cycle*, or the *legendary cycle* of Charles the Great. Then, as to *sag-zug*, we have the word *incident*, which expresses one-half of the idea comprised in this compound; and, if we only had a word to indicate the pictorial features of a story, I am not at all sure that it would not be an advantage to us to express the incident and the pictorial feature by distinct terms. On the other hand, such compounds as *god-saga*, *hero-saga*, *elf-saga*, *ghost-saga*, and even *world-saga* (unless *theurgy*, or *theogony* were preferred), would present no difficulty.

With regard to *märchen*, however, I am somewhat at a loss. We must have a word to express this, and at present I can think of no better translation than *nursery-tale*. The chief objection to this is that as a descriptive title it applies equally to a cumulative tale like "The Wife and her Kidie," and perhaps to some other varieties of folk-tale. But with the exception of the cumulative tale these varieties are of little importance, and their existence ought not to hinder our deciding on the term suggested. The term *cumulative tale* itself, though open to some objection, may stand, in the absence of a better, to designate the class to which it relates. We shall not have to go very far for an equivalent for *schwank*, as *droll* expresses it exactly; while *beast-tale* may render *thiermärchen*. Thus we should, with a little ingenuity, and without much loss of elegance, find or make all the technical terms we want: some of those used by the Germans and given by Mr. Nutt I am inclined to think we should speedily discover to be unnecessary.

I cannot altogether accept Mr. Nutt's division of the subjects of folk-lore, though some of the terms he proposes for the classes are an addition to our technical vocabulary. I would rather divide the

science first into two departments, calling the one *folk-thought* and the other *folk-practice*, or, still better, *folk-wont*. Under the former head I reckon :—

1. *Tales* of all kinds, sagas (such as world-sagas, god-sagas, hero-sagas, elf-sagas, ghost-sagas, &c.), nursery-tales, drolls, cumulative-tales, and apologues.

2. *Folk-songs*, under their various heads.

3. *Weather-lore*.

4. *Proverbs*.

5. *Local and personal saws*, and *prophecies*.

6. *Riddles*.

The term *folk-wit*, suggested by Mr. Nutt to comprise the last three classes, is excellent.

7. *Folk-speech*. I think the inclusion of this study, as suggested by Mr. Nutt, may very well be defended, and at all events it would be wise to adopt it provisionally.

Under the head of *Folk-wont* I reckon :—

1. *Worship*, corresponding very nearly to the class of sagas in folk-thought, and including not only *god-worship* but *luck-worship*, and every practice the object of which is to propitiate the powers which are believed to influence man's fortunes or destiny.

2. *Folk-law*. Although the customs of savage and barbarous peoples do not generally come within the juridical definition of law, I prefer this term to that of *Folk-wont*, because the latter covers a larger ground, and will be more usefully as well as accurately employed to denote the whole range of folk-practice.

3. *Folk-leechcraft*, including so much of magic as is not included under the head of worship. *Leechcraft* is an established word, expressing exactly the thought, and is therefore better than *leechdom*.

4. *Games*, including dramatic representations, so far as they may not be found under any of the classes of folk-thought.

5. *Folk-craft*, including, in art and industry, the art and industry of warfare, hunting, and every other means by which uncivilized man supports himself.

Other classes will doubtless occur to students of folk-lore; but the above list, though imperfect, will afford sufficient indications of the lines of the scheme. As in the physical sciences, the different classes

frequently show a tendency to run into one another; and it is sometimes difficult to say to which class a given specimen may properly belong. This will be found particularly the case with the classes of Worship, Folk-law, and Folk-leechcraft; and even Folk-thought and Folk-wont will not always be distinguishable. This is, however, a difficulty inseparable from any mode of classification.

There is one other question of minor importance; yet one on which it is still desirable there should be an understanding for the avoidance of confusion in our metaphors, if not in the minds of our readers. How shall we distinguish the divisions corresponding to those in zoology and botany, known as *genera*, *species*, and *varieties*? The word *variant* has been used for some years by writers on folk-tales; and it has now obtained too firm a footing to be dislodged. But there is no need to dislodge it, as it is the very word we want. *Type* is, of course, its proper correlative, and may be used to express a *species*, of which the individual members are *variants*. In that case it would be convenient to call the species by the name of some well-known example, and to take that example as the type or standard to which the other specimens more or less nearly conform. Thus, applying this mode of classification to folk-tales, we may speak of the *Peau d'Âne type*, or the *King Lear type*. A number of types may be included together in a *group*; and the group may be named from the central idea which links the types together. Thus, we may have a group of stories known, say, as the *Rejected Child group*. This would include at least four types, viz., the *King Lear type*, in which the conduct of the elder children is strongly contrasted with that of the youngest; the *Joseph type*, in which the conduct of the elder children is contrasted, but the glory of the younger chiefly dwelt on; the *King of France type*, in which the story of the elder children is dropped; and the *Pope Innocent type*, the adventures of an only child who has fallen under his father's unjust anger.

I have spoken only of the application of this mode of classification to folk-tales. I am not qualified to speak definitely as to its applicability to other departments of the science. At present, however, I know of no reason why it should not apply equally well; but on this point I hope we shall have the opinions of other members of the Society who are better able to judge.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

As discussion is invited, I propose to make a few critical remarks on the earlier part of Mr. Nutt's letter. Mr. Nutt gives good reasons why folk-lore should have a wider scope than is given to it by some Folk-lorists. His suggestion that it should be split up into different branches, each corresponding to a section of Anthropology dealing with civilized man, is a valuable one. At the same time, the definition of folk-lore as "Anthropology dealing with primitive man" is not perfect. It leaves out of view the fact that Anthropology has physical as well as psychological phenomena to deal with. A more correct definition would be "that portion of Anthropology which deals with the psychological phenomena of primitive man." Folk-lore would thus be equivalent to primitive culture, which Mr. Cutter, in his letter to the *Library Journal*, quoted by Mr. Gomme, suggests the propriety of classing as a division of Anthropology. Mr. Nutt's use of the term "primitive" is unobjectionable. It is now generally employed as denoting *early* as distinguished from *first*, to denote which the term primeval is more generally used.

Whether folk-lore should, however, have so wide a definition as proposed, or whether, as Mr. Nutt remarks, the study of man in his primitive stage is folk-lore, is another question. What that would require may be seen by reference to Mr. E. B. Tylor's *Anthropology*, where thirteen out of sixteen chapters are devoted to the consideration of the psychological phenomena of man. It appears to me to be very undesirable that the scope of the Folk-Lore Society should be so extended as to take in so large a portion of the subjects embraced by Anthropology, especially as the Anthropological Institute is doing such good work in the same direction. I much doubt, moreover, whether Mr. Nutt's division (7, *Folk-craft*) belongs legitimately to folk-lore. Although art and industry may, as distinguished from physical phenomena, be described as psychological, yet as visible expressions of thought they should rather be classed as quasi-physical. I would substitute folk-*science* for folk-*craft*, which would considerably reduce the range of subject, while providing a place for *weather-lore* and other subjects not included in other divisions.

It is a question also whether Mr. Nutt's division (3) should stand. Much of leechdom is magic, which Mr. Tylor places with science; and even if magic were removed from science and relegated to *belief* (1),

the result would be merely that leechdom would come chiefly within this division. It has some science, but still more of it is either magic or faith. Division 8, *Folk-speech*, should certainly be excluded from folk-lore, the interests of which may be injuriously affected by too great an extension of its scope.

Let me add that the protest made by Mr. Nutt against folk-lore being confounded with comparative mythology cannot be too strongly supported.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

The time has certainly arrived when the common vagueness of ideas connected with the place of folk-lore in general classification and the arrangement of its various sections should come to an end. That the time is ripe for a thorough consideration of the subject is shown by the simultaneous discussion raised by Mr. Gomme in the *Folk-Lore Journal* and by Mr. Cutter in the *Library Journal*. I am glad to see that my friend Mr. Nutt has helped the matter on considerably by his interesting letter in the last number of the *Folk-Lore Journal*, but whoever attempts to bring the subject under regulation is sure to lay himself open to criticism; in fact, if a basis is arrived at, it can only be arrived at after a considerable amount of discussion.

It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Nutt considers folk-lore to be a branch of Anthropology, for if we agree to this and set aside the claims of comparative mythology the ground will be considerably cleared. We must first have a definition of the main subject before we can sub-divide, and this Mr. Nutt takes care to give us before proceeding further. Every one who attempts to define knows the difficulty he undertakes, and will not be surprised that others reject his definition. Still, though rejected, it may help us towards arriving at something more likely to be accepted. Mr. Nutt says, "Folk-lore is Anthropology dealing with primitive man." This definition is too comprehensive, in that it takes in all parts of Anthropology; and not comprehensive enough, in that it deals only with primitive man; and moreover it fails to give a reason for the *separate existence of folk-lore*. Certainly Mr. Nutt gives a special meaning to the vague term "primitive man," but then I think that as folk-lore can actually come into existence in this nineteenth century, so it may be found among the civilized as well as among the "not civilized." Little bits of senseless

superstition are not confined to Maori, Aztec, or Dorsetshire hind ; and it was to the men of Athens that St. Paul said, "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

Folk-lore must be content with a corner in the vast field of Anthropology, and the study will not be advanced by being made too wide. The cardinal idea which must not be lost sight of is the opposition of folk-lore to literature, or to written and systematized learning. Folk-lore is the unwritten learning of the people. This is well illustrated in the two familiar cases of ballads and proverbs. A popular ballad, which is sung in the country side in many versions, whose origin cannot be traced and whose author is unknown, belongs to folk-lore ; but the poem written by the poet at his study-table, although he may style it a ballad, belongs to literature. In the same way a proverb which is on a thousand lips belongs to folk-lore, while an apophthegm, although almost identical in form, belongs to literature. On these grounds I strongly object to any such term as folk-literature. With regard to the other terms I will not now remark further.

If Mr. Nutt will carry out the idea which he expresses in relation to comparative mythology, he will perhaps be nearer a satisfactory definition. He writes,—“All or nearly all the facts of comparative mythology are to be found in folk-belief *in solution* ; a great many facts of folk-belief are to be found in comparative mythology *crystallised*.” In point of fact, nothing comparative can really be folk-lore, and here I think it necessary to call attention to the title itself. Anthropology is the science which relates to man ; biology is the science which relates to life ; but folk-lore can scarcely be called a science at all, for it is the thing itself. One of the chief objects of the collection and arrangement of the facts of folk-lore is to generalise and philosophise, but the generalisations which we arrive at will not be folk-lore ; and it is a question whether we have not, in addition to defining folk-lore and naming its sub-divisions, to find a name for the science which is being formed by the many enthusiastic workers who are now banded together as folk-lorists. HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

As my letter in answer to Mr. Nutt must stand over for want of space, I would just observe that I cannot agree with him that folk-lore

should be defined as dealing with primitive man without some explanation as to how it so deals. Surely folk-lore deals primarily with the *survival* of primitive customs and beliefs among civilized races, and is comparable with, not identical with, the *living* primitive customs and beliefs of savage races. I hope to discuss this view of the case at greater length next month, but take this opportunity of throwing out my suggestion as it is in opposition to that of my friend Mr. Nutt. I strongly urge that Folk-lore is a science by itself, with distinct work of its own to accomplish, but I must protest against its being only another name for anthropology. The sanction at the back of folk-lore is *tradition*. Thus *traditional* custom, *traditional* belief, *traditional* stories—and no custom or belief originating now, whether in civilized or savage races—can be defined as folk-lore. There can be no modern folk-lore, whereas the psychological phenomena with which anthropology deals exist now, and new facts will present themselves as society progresses.

G. L. GOMME.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Confirmation Folk-lore.—I cited (p. 89) in *Folk Medicine* a passage from Mrs. Latham's *West Sussex Folk-Lore* as to sufferers from disease presenting themselves for repeated confirmation under the impression that the bishop's blessing would cure anything. I find a notice illustrative of this in Mrs. Martin's *Memories of Seventy Years*. When Gilbert Wakefield was curate at Stockport, in 1778, he relates an anecdote of a woman, old enough to be his grandmother, who was confirmed for the *fourth* time, "because she found herself strengthened so much by the bishop's hands."—*Memories of Seventy Years*, by One of a Literary Family. Edited by Mrs. Herbert Martin. 1883. P. 181. Glasgow.

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

St. John's Eve in Norway.—"There were curious aspects of human life too. One night, July 2—St. John's Day by the old reckoning—as we lay at anchor in a gorge, which from the land must have been inaccessible, we saw a large fire blazing and figures leaping through the flame. It was the relic of a custom once wide as the

northern hemisphere, on the festival of the summer solstice; old as the Israelitish Prophet who saw the children passed through the fire to Moloch. I observed the same thing forty-three years ago in the market-place at Killarney. Thousands of years it has survived down to these late times of ours, in which, like much besides, it will now end, dissolved in the revolutionary acids of scientific civilisation."—
 J. A. Froude, "Norway Once More," *Longman's Magazine*, No. xxiv. Oct. 1884, p. 592.

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

Glasgow.

Welsh Folk-lore Items.—At the Archæological Association Congress at Tenby some interesting notes were given. The party having halted at Gumfreyston church it was noted that on the hillside, below the church, there is one of the holy wells which are not infrequent in Wales. Some curious old customs connected with the parish were given in a paper prepared by Miss Bevan, from which it appears that within the last fifty years on Easter Day the villagers used to repair to a well called "the Pinwell," and throw a crooked pin into the water. This was called "throwing Lent away." The field in which this well is situated is called "Verwel," perhaps from *verwelen*, Flem., to vault; and it therefore seems probable that it was once covered by one of the barrel-vaulted roofs so common in Pembrokeshire. On Lammas Sunday little houses, called "Lammas Houses," were set up on "corse." They were made of sods, reeds, and sticks, and a fire was lighted inside them, and apples roasted, people paying a penny to go in and have a roasted apple. At the bottom of the street, near the brook, is a large upstanding stone with a small round hole in the top, and there is a saying that until you have put your finger in this hole you cannot say you have been in St. Florence church.

Witchcraft in Dorsetshire.—On Thursday the Sherborne magistrates heard the charge against Tamar Humphries, a married woman, for assaulting an old woman named Sarah Smith, on the 19th September. Complainant said she lived in Cold Harbour, was 83 years of age, and lived next door to the defendant. On the 19th she was digging potatoes in her garden when the defendant came to her, put her hands on her shoulders, and said, "Oh, you Sal Smith, what's thee done to my daughter? I'll draw the blood of thee," and further

said she would do this because "she should not bewitch her daughter." Defendant then repeatedly stabbed her with a stocking-needle about her arms and hands and made them bleed.—*Bristol Mercury*, 4 Oct. 1884.

The Divining Rod.—The Paris correspondent of *The Times* mentions the death of a Mdme. Cailhava. She may be remembered in connection with a search for hidden treasure in the cathedral of St. Denis, commenced by her with a divining rod, at first authorised, then owing to public remonstrance and ridicule, forbidden. Mdme. Cailhava has just died, in very straitened circumstances, but a believer to the last in the virtues of the divining rod.

Dream Superstition in Staffordshire.—A singular case of superstition came under the notice of the Walsall borough coroner on Thursday, whilst holding an inquest on the body of a little girl named Brown, who was found drowned in the canal near Platt's Bridge, on Wednesday. The child's mother said she had kept her little girl at home because she had "a dread" upon her in consequence of having three nights in succession dreamed of baking bread. She had lost other children, and on each occasion had similar dreams before the child died. Owing to her dream she had kept the girl away from school, and had refused to allow her to leave the house.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, 6 Sept. 1884.

Burial Superstition.—Great excitement has been caused by the mysterious disappearance from Kilmally burial-ground, near Ennis, of the coffins containing the remains of Mr. Marcus Deane, J.P., and Miss Barnes, an English governess in Mr. Deane's family. The general opinion is that the remains have been carried away and buried in some other spot to prevent their removal out of the parish to the new cemetery, which, according to a superstition, would entail famine and pestilence on the parishioners.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, 3 Oct. 1884.

Sailors' Superstitions in Shetland.—The following passages from a letter dated from Vaile, Shetland, October 12, 1884, and communicated by Mr. J. Sands to the *Glasgow Herald* of 20th October last, are worth quoting:—"In a sequestered island like Foula, situated in the midst of the open ocean, at a distance of fifteen miles from the nearest land, and that land of a wild and desolate appearance,

especially in the long winter, the instinctive belief in the supernatural is certain to be more active than in the minds of those who dwell in a crowd, and are immersed in business or occupied with frivolities. About fifty years ago a boat with six men, when sailing from Walls to Foula, was suddenly surrounded by an immense multitude of curious creatures, resembling, but with fishy modifications, men, women, horses, cattle, sheep, cats, dogs, and unicorns. The whole sea as far as the eye could reach was alive with them. Some just peeped above the surface, whilst others gambolled on it or stood on the waves and bent over the boat. Naturally the crew were much astonished; but they had the courage to steer through the marvellous throng, and arrived safely at Foula, where to the end of their lives they described the extraordinary spectacle to the present generation, who are as firm believers in its reality as the eye-witnesses were. They will not listen to the explanation that the apparition may have been merely what sailors call "a seal's wedding," assisted by imagination. They aver that every animal on the land has its duplicate in the sea; although these marine doubles seldom appear on the surface. Upon the keel of every Foula boat a copper coin is nailed to guard her from the attacks of a huge monster called the Brigdy, which, from the description, must belong to the Discoboli of the third order of fishes. It sticks by its sucker fins to the sides of a boat, and tries to capsize her, and nothing but copper will detach it. Where the precaution of nailing a penny on the keel had been neglected, a clog with copper tacks in it has been dragged in the wake of the boat, and found to be effective."

NOTICES AND NEWS.

The Book of Sindibād; or, the Story of the King, his Son, the Damsel, and the Seven Vazirs. From the Persian and Arabic, with Introduction and Appendix. By W. A. Clouston. Privately printed, 1884. 8vo. pp. lvi. 385.

The study of this collection of stories, on the deceits and tricks of women, has been made accessible by the publication of the Society's

volume by Professor Comparetti. That volume supplied the best textual study, and we may say that Mr. Clouston's volume may be considered almost as its companion, supplying, as it does, the best comparative study. With these two volumes before him the student has everything at hand for his use. Mr. Clouston is well known as an authority on Eastern literature, and his learned introduction to this book is of the greatest interest. The "Book of Sindibad" is first given, then follows "the Seven Vazirs" with an appendix of stories, "the Seven Wise Masters," and "Dolopathos." These collections, together with notes and index, make a volume worthy of the attention of all folk-lorists. Mr. Clouston supplies in his notes illustrations of most of the curious customs referred to in the texts of the stories, and he gives very ample reference to parallel stories to be found elsewhere, besides which there is valuable bibliographical information of the several editions of the works, and minute information as to where the rarest of these editions are to be found. It certainly is a remarkable fact in the history of fiction that this collection of stories should have had such a long and wide-spread popularity, descending ultimately in England into the penny chap-books which to our poorer classes answer for literature; and it presents us with a most remarkable instance of the literary migration of stories, a subject upon which Mr. Clouston has perhaps expended more study than any other student of folk-lore. Before concluding we cannot help adding one word of thanks for the handsome manner in which Mr. Clouston has got up his volume, and we trust that members of the Society will aid Mr. Clouston's labours by their support.

Herr Otto Harrassowitz, of Leipzig, has just issued a catalogue of books on the History of Civilization, containing a number of valuable works on the Culture, Folk-lore, Customs, and Traditions of Greece and Rome, the Hindus and other Oriental Peoples, with books on Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Medieval Mythology and Folk-lore. Copies of the catalogue may be obtained on application from Messrs. Farrar and Fenton, 8, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

FISHERMEN'S FOLK-LORE.

I.—SOME MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE FISHER-FOLK OF ROSEHEARTY, PITSLIGO, ABERDEENSHIRE.



ONE part of a bride's "plinisan" is a trunk, "the kist." When her property is to be taken to her future home this trunk is the first article taken from her father's house, and it is often sent unlocked. If it is locked it must be locked after being taken outside. The usual way of removing it is to carry it out, and, without letting it touch the ground, place it in the cart that is to convey it to the bride's own house, and then lock it, if it is to be locked. This custom of not locking inside the house a trunk that is to be taken away is carried out in the case of those who are leaving home to prosecute the fishing at other fishing stations. The trunks of the men and women are packed inside, then carried out, and locked.

The bride should not bake the bridal bread—the oatmeal cakes, neither ought she to do any errands, *i. e.* do any kind of shopping or go messages of any sort.

When the bride is dressed for the marriage she used to set out, and wait upon those whom she had called to the marriage, and tell them to make ready. In doing so she must on no account hold her dress in her hand, and, however wet the weather, she must not tuck it up. J—— R——'s marriage-day was a day of rain. Before setting out to give her friends their call to the marriage, she tucked up her dress. She entered the house of Widow R——. The good widow was amazed, at once took the bride outside, unloosed the tucking-up of her dress and let it fall.

When the bride set out to meet the bridegroom at the hall, or house, or church, in which the ceremony was to take place, great attention was, and still is, paid to the "first fit." A horse is looked upon as particularly lucky, hence the saying, "a hairy fit's a happy fit." The man or woman the bride first met had to give her a silver coin, and she made the person turn, and walk a short distance with her.

The bridal-dress must on no account be changed between the time of marriage and the time for retiring to bed.

The bridal-bed was, and is, usually made up by a woman "having milk in her breasts," helped by one that is looked upon as having a "guid fit" or "a lucky han'." The custom varies.

It is regarded as very unlucky if there is a burial in the village on the day of a marriage.

Sometimes the white bridal-petticoat was made into a dress for the first-born child. The bridal chemise and stockings were laid up to be put on at death.

The first clothes of the first-born were all given away to the nearest of kin for her first-born, beginning with a sister if she required them. So the clothes went from one to another, till they were worn out.

The mother had to go to church before she entered a neighbour's house.

I have been told by one that she has seen a mother, who went into a neighbour's house before going to church, put out.

Something borrowed must be put on the child at the time of baptism, often a shawl to roll the infant in. My informant says that she has given the loan of a shawl in accordance with this "fret." The baptismal dress of the first-born was kept for the eldest daughter's first-born.

2.—THE SEA IN ITS HEALTH-GIVING VIRTUES.

The sea is thought to have great health-giving powers, both in its air and waters. It is supposed to be most efficacious in cases of general debility, indigestion, weakness of the spine and limbs, inflam-

mation of the joints, contraction of the sinews, and rheumatism. Many from the inland, visit during the summer months certain of the sea-coast villages, some merely to breathe the air, others to enjoy bathing as well as to breathe the air. The air is believed to have most effect when the stomach is empty in the morning, and the health-seekers are early astir, and along the shore "to snuff the caller air."*

It was quite common, not many years ago, to use the water as a purgative. When the water was to be put to this purpose, it had to be drunk in the morning before taking any food. As large a draught as possible was drunk. This was followed by another of chalybeate water, if a spring of such was at hand, and, if such was not to be had, by one of spring water. A little "dulse" (*Rhodymenia palmata*) was eaten, and a walk taken. The effect was quick and wonderful, as those who have undergone the ordeal have assured me.

Bathing is most commonly done when the tide is "flouin'" (rising), from the belief that the water is strongest and has most effect at that time. Bathing, when the tide is at its lowest, or even when ebbing, is believed by some to be injurious to health, and a mother of a large family now well-stricken in years in Rosehearty told me that she laid strict orders on her boys never to bathe except in a "flouin'" tide.† It was thought to be safer to take the water head first with a dive, when the depth of water allowed, than to walk slowly into the water, as such an act caused the blood to flow too quickly to the head. If one had not the courage to dive, or if the water was too shallow for that purpose, it was considered wise to drench the head—at least to lave the forehead—before entering the water. When the bather left the water, he ran a distance along the beach, if the nature of it allowed him. Bathers often carried along with them a piece of oat-cakes—"the chatterin piece," "the shiverin piece"—which they ate during the time they were dressing. The early part of the day was regarded as the best time for bathing; and to bathe with a full stomach, or in a state of perspiration, was looked on as full of danger to health.

* Paul Sébillot, *L'Eau de Mer dans les Superstitions et les Croyances populaires*, p. 6. ("L'Homme," 1884, No. 13, 10 Juillet.)

† In Basse Bretagne the contrary opinion prevails. *Ibid.* p. 6.

With some (Macduff, Rosehearty), at least not many years ago, it was a custom to throw into the water before entering it three stones of different sizes, beginning with the largest. White stones, if they could be found, were preferred (Rosehearty). Others again threw in a few without regard to number. Words were repeated, as the stones were being pitched in, but my informants (Macduff, Rosehearty) could not recall them.*

Bathing in the sea is believed to be much more wholesome than in fresh water. Frequent bathing in fresh water, especially if done oftener than once a day, is looked upon as injurious to health.

Sea-water is much used as a lotion in cases of local inflammation, weakness or stiffness of a joint, and spine disease. The water must be drawn when the tide is "flouin," otherwise it is useless. If it is drawn during the waxing moon, so much the more powerful are its virtues. It is warmed, and the affected part is rubbed downwards as strongly as the patient is able to bear, generally in the morning and evening.

By some the same water is used again and again, from the belief that the oftener it is used the stronger grow its curative powers.

This health-giving power of the rising tide is not confined to human beings. Lugworms (*Arenicola piscatorum*, Lamk.) are much used as bait for fish. When they are not wanted immediately they must be kept alive. It is believed that this can be done only by keeping them among water drawn when the tide is rising. If the water is changed daily they may be preserved alive for eight days or more, whereas, if they are put into water taken from an ebbing or "back-gain" tide, they die within a short time.—(Told by two fishermen of Rosehearty.)

A sea-voyage is supposed to bring about a cure of any lingering disease, such as that arising from indigestion or the liver. Or if a voyage cannot be taken, a sail for a day or a few hours with a "guid twist o' sea-sickness and a guid clean-oot" works wonders. Sea-sickness is commonly believed to be healthful.

It is a common idea that a drenching with sea-water is followed by no such evil consequences as arise from a drenching with fresh

* J. Leite de Vasconcellos, *Tradicões populares de Portugal*, pp. 69, 70.

water; and one is always told that were the effects in the one case as dangerous as in the other, fishermen and sailors could not live.*

Such are, or have been, some of the beliefs about the sea among the folk of the north-east of Scotland with respect to its health-giving powers.

WALTER GREGOR.

THE FOLK-LORE OF DRAYTON.

PART III.—WITCHCRAFT AND OTHER THINGS PRETERNATURAL— ASTROLOGY, &c.

(Continued from page 277.)

FOR poetical purposes, at any rate, Drayton was true to the belief of his age, touching witchcraft, astrology, and other allied arts. It is observable that in his *Elegy* † on Lady Aston's departure for Spain, he ventures to rate the power of his own desire—psychic force, the spiritualists call it—respecting her good passage, as being equal in potency to the spells of Norwegian witches, who can sell winds that will steadily waft their sea-faring clients to a wished-for harbour. It may be, however, that this was but a temporary boldness, induced by hyperbole. Selden ‡ claims the same faculty for some “nuns” (as Drayton § terms them) who, of yore, dwelt in the Seams,

“Gave answers from their caves and took what shapes they please;”

and he refers to the wind-directing skill of Lapp and Finland witches in later times. “Mother Bumby,” in her contribution to the fire-side tales told in the *Mooncalf*, || enters into considerable detail as to the powers exercised by such weird women—

* Paul Sébillot, *L'Eau de Mer dans les Superstitions et les Croyances populaires*, pp. 5, 6.

† [iv. 1251.] An island off the coast of Brittany.

‡ [ii. 673.] § *Pol.* i. [ii. 657].

|| [ii. 499.] Who was the original Mother Bumby? Gerarde, writing years before the *Mooncalf* appeared, says, *sub Varvain*, “It is reported to be of singular force against the tertian and quartaine fevers; but you must observe Mother *Bumbie's* rules to take just so many knots or sprigs, no more, least it

" Out in the north tow'rds Groenland far away,
 There was a witch (as ancient stories say)
 As in those parts there many witches be;
 Yet in her craft above all others she
 Was most expert, dwelling in an isle
 Which was in compass scarce an English mile;
 Which by her cunning she could make to float *
 Whither she list as though it were a boat;
 And where again she meant to have it stay,
 There could she fix it in the deepest sea.
 She could sell winds to any one that would
 Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
 What time she listed, tie them in a thread,
 Which ever as the seafarer undid,
 They rose or scantled, as his sails would drive,
 To the same port whercas [at?] he would arrive.
 She by her spells could make the moon to stay, †
 And from the east she could keep back the day.
 Raise mists and fogs that could eclipse the night,
 And with the noonsted she could mix the night."

Even in these days of scientific meteorology there are spots where such heterodoxy still lingers. " I did hear of a witch in the Lewes fifteen years agone," said an old gillie to the author of " In Assynt," a paper published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1879. " She lived at Stornaway, and did sell winds to sailors. One of our Loch Inver boats did not get away that autumn for weeks. The wind was always dead against them. Well, they did go to her, and what they paid her I did not hear, but she gave them a black string tied with three knots, and said, ' Ye'll be getting awa' to-morrow. Now, if the wind is not strong enough loose one knot, if even then it is not enough loose the second, but on your life! on your life! dinna loose the third.' Well, fall out so that it do you no good, if you catch no harm by it." I suppose the name is used as a by-word for a credulous " old woman," masculine or feminine. Lyly had a play, *Mother Bombie*, in which, as I am told, the heroine, " the cunning woman of Rochester," was more knave than fool. Perhaps she was the original Mother Bumby.

* Drayton believed the assertion of Giraldus, cited by Camden (*Brit.* vol. ii. p. 795), that on the summits of the Snowdon range are two lakes, on one of which floats, Delos-like, an island, whilst the other abounds in one-eyed fish, eels, trout, and perch (*Pol.* ix. [iii. 830, note, 840]). Marshland also is said to float, and to rise and fall with the floods of the Don, &c. (*Pol.* xxviii. [iii. 1193]).

† Like tales were told of the Druids; see *post*.

they got off sure enough next morning with a fair breeze, and then the skipper loosed one knot. On the boat sprang and the wind rose. Soon he loosed the second, and they tore over the waves, and were very soon over the Murch near Loch Inver. They got to the entrance of the harbour near the new stone house—ye ken it?—on the right, and the skipper says, ‘We’re a’richt now; if the deil himself withstands me I will loose the third!’ He did loose it, and, though so near home, the boat only got ashore in little bits. She was altogether broken up. The men were all saved.”

Some of the minor arts wherein fully accomplished witches were expected to be proficient are enumerated in Elenor Cobham’s furious tirade* against Margaret of Anjou, who had called her “Beldam, Gib, Witch, Nightmare, Trot,” in the belief that she (at one time a dabbler in magic) had worked evil spells against Henry VI., who “in his cradle,” according to popular opinion, “had the curse, that where he was that side had still the worse.”† The “soft impeachment” of being a witch was, as we know, by no means rare. Piers Gaveston is made to complain that his mother was termed a witch, and condemned to suffer as one, merely because he was thought to have gained royal favour by *inherited* arts of sorcery.‡ Elenor Cobham was suspected of being in league with Margery Jordan, the Witch of Eye § and others, to melt a waxen image of the king with the view of ensuring the sympathetic dissolution of the unlucky monarch *in propria personâ*. She was also accused of being privy to the awful profanity of a Mass offered by a priest named Hun for the

* *Eng. Heroic Epis.* [i. 300].

† *Miseries of Queen Margaret* [ii. 433]. See also *Ibid.* [ii. 422]. At St. Albans—

“Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,
But that the king unto the field he brought;
For with the worse that side went still away,
Which had King Henry with them when they fought.
Upon his birth so sad a curse they lay
As that he never prospered in aught.
The queen wan two amongst the loss of many,
Her husband absent; present never any.”

‡ *Legend of Pierce Gaveston* [ii. 585].

§ *Eng. Heroic Epis.* [i. 306].

“intention”* of hallowing the magical instruments employed by Roger Bullenbrook, sorcerer, to forward this and the like diabolical devices.

“O, that I were a witch but for her sake,” raves Elenor.

“P’faith her queenship little rest should take :
I’d scratch that face that may not feel the air,
And knit whole ropes of witch-knots in her hair:
O, I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And like a fairy pinch that dainty skin
Her wanton blood is now so cocker’d in;
Or take me some such known familiar shape
As she my vengeance never should escape.”

That not being sufficient she goes on to wish that she knew the spells of the Druids by which they raised or calmed the sea and wind.—

“made the moon pause in her paled sphere ;
and envied

“Their hellish power to kill the ploughman’s seed,
Or to forespeak whole flocks as they did feed;
To nurse a damned spirit with human blood,
To carry them through earth, air, fire, and flood !
Had I this skill that time hath almost lost,
How like a goblin I would haunt her ghost.”

When Venus of the *Muses Elysium* † disguised herself as an old witch, she was a witch of milder type than those of literature are wont to be—in short, quite a domestic variety. She gave out that she had skill in telling fortunes :

“And that more neatly she might with them close,
She cut the corns of dainty ladies toes.
She gave them physick either to cool or move them,
And powders too, to make their sweethearts love them.
And her son Cupid as her zany went
Carrying her boxes.”

The preparation of philtres and potions was indeed a very important item in witchcraft. Misrepresented Elenor Cobham, who, although she resented the name of witch, had, as I have already said, a hankering after curious arts, felt it incumbent on her (*crede* Drayton) to assure Duke Humphrey her husband that, although she won him, she won him not as many thought,

* *Eng. Heroic. Epis.* [i. 302].

† *Nymphal*, vii. [iv. 1499, 1500].

“ With pois’ning philtres and bewitching drink,
 Nor on thy person did I ever prove
 Those wicked potions so procuring love.”*

Our poet who died a bachelor, and who, it must be confessed, is sometimes tedious and somniferous, is rather reticent as regards the composition of love-compelling draughts, though sufficiently communicative as regards a sleepy drench. The fleshy mandrake,† grown in the shade of the mystic mistletoe, and only to be uprooted with the certainty of the act producing weird vegetable groans,‡ was *par excellence* the love-compelling agent. Mandrake was also used for sleeping-draughts, and so were henbane, poppy, hemlock,§ and other plants still honoured by the pharmacopœia. When Queen Isabella wished to procure the escape of Mortimer from the Tower this is the conglomeration she stewed over a vestal fire to make a “night-cap” for the warders: ||

“ She plantane and cold lettuce had,
 The water-lilly from the marish ground,
 With the wan poppy, and the nightshade sad,
 And the short moss that on the trees is found,
 The pois’ning henbane, and the mandrake drad,
 With cypress flowers that with the rest were poun’d;
 The brain of cranes amongst the rest she takes,
 Mix’d with the blood of dormice and of snakes.”

And, according to *Heroical Epistles*,¶ that mess seemed to her to lack perfection from the absence of many strange ingredients which this moist and foggy clime denied.

It is hard to tell whether Drayton really believed in “the spirits who haunt the mines,”** and in those underground gnomes who, as he tells us in his 58th *Sonnet*,†† were formerly made guardians of treasure by those who went off to the wars, leaving behind them no better friends to confide in. Many a man, alas! never returned to claim his hoard,

* *Eng. Heroic. Epis.* [i. 298]. She was also accused of contriving his death [i. 313].

† *Mandragora officinalis*. *Nymphal*, iii. [iv. 1467].

‡ *Eng. Heroic Epis.* [i. 368]. *Nymphidia* [ii. 464].

§ *Nymphal*, v. [iv. 1489].

|| *The Barons’ Wars*, book iii. v. 7 [i. 128].

¶ [i. 243.]

** *Pol.* xxvi. [iii. 1176].

†† [iv. 1282.]

and the faithful spirits remain true to their trust, moving further and further away as covetous folk draw nearer and nearer to their charge. The miner spirits seem to work, yet all their work produces no result. There is a very curious representation of these busy gentry in a compartment of the frontispiece to the third impression (1688) of the *Golden Remains of the Ever Memorable Mr. John Hales*, who was a contemporary of Drayton's. Twelve spirits, overlooked by a winged creature—possibly draconian, but with no tail to swear by—are working diligently underground. The moral they are to suggest we may as well hear from the "Ever Memorable" himself.* "G. Agricola, writing *de Animantibus subterraneis*, reports of a certain kind of Spirits that converse in Minerals, and so much interest those that work in them ; and the manner of them when they come is, to seem to busie themselves according to all the custom of Workmen ; they will dig and cleanse and melt and sever Metals ; yet when they are gone the workmen do not find that there is anything done. So fares it with a great part of the multitude, who thrust themselves into the Controversies of the Times ; they write books, move questions, frame distinctions, give solutions, and seem sedulously to do whatsoever the nature of the business requires ; yet if any skilful workmen in the Lord's mines shall come and examine their work he shall find them to be but Spirits in the Minerals, and that with all this labour and stir there is nothing done."

The theory connected with Incubus made too great demands on Drayton's credulity, as he takes occasion to inform us when speaking of the parentage of Merlin,† and he should not be accused of inconsistency in that he makes Incubus responsible for that very unpleasant conception, the *Mooncalf*.‡ I think, too, that the existence of werewolves was not an article of faith with him ; but however that might be, English folk-lore is particularly indebted to him for the tale he puts into the mouth of Mother Owl,§ as it is "singularly barren," as Baring-Gould says, of such stories, "the reason being that wolves had been extirpated from England under the Anglo-Saxon kings,

* Page 45.

† [ii. 479.]

‡ *Pol.* v. [ii. 757].

§ *Mooncalf* [ii. 504, &c.]

and therefore ceased to be objects of dread to the people.”* That wolves were not unknown animals in this country centuries after anybody can have had the faintest claim to be called Anglo-Saxon is now admitted; † it was in Wales that the tribute of their heads came to an end through the lack of supply; but, be that as it may, I am not concerned to deny that stories of were-wolves are rare in England proper. The shepherds in the *Man in the Moon* ‡ thought it was expedient to “go about the field religiously,”

“ With hollowing charms the Warwolf thence to fray
That them and theirs awaited to betray.”

Had their opinion as to the etymology of the name been asked, it is probable that they would have gladly hailed the guess that “ware-wolves” are “wolves of which we ought to be aware,”§ but *we* are bound to accept the more learned notion that *wer* or *were* is equivalent to the Gothic *vair* and the Latin *vir*, and that a wer-wolf is in word, as well as in deed, a man-wolf; unless we should venture to hold with Mr. Baring-Gould || that *were* is the Norse *vargr*, a wolf, a godless man, and, in a cognate language, a fiend. If I read mine author rightly, he believes that were-wolf = demon-wolf.

Here is the sum of the tale that Mother Owl or Howlet told to her gossips, Gammers Bumby, Redcap, and Gurton. There was a man living but a short time before, she said, who had studied witchcraft and black sorcery, and who had learnt from the beldames at whose feet he sat that a particular herb, which opened at sunset and closed at sunrise, ¶ would, if gathered at a certain hour and taken with the accompaniment of a thrice-repeated spell, instantly change him into

* *The Book of Were-Wolves*, p. 100.

† “Edward I. issued his mandate for the destruction of wolves in several counties of England A.D. 1289.”—See Haydn’s *Dictionary of Dates*, sub “Wolves.”

‡ [iv. 1325.]

§ Buffon’s *Natural History Abridged* (Berwick, n.d.), vol. i. p. 139. It is only fair to say that no uncanny origin is attributed to these ware-wolves. They are mentioned merely as wolves that have learned to like human flesh, are “man-eaters,” as we should say of tigers.

|| *Book of Were-Wolves*, p. 48.

¶ See Part II. of this paper.

a "war-wolf."* He tried the experiment with success, much to his own delight. He fed on the daintiest human morsels; the fattest sheep, the tenderest lambs, the most succulent of pigs, were his by "hook or crook." So light and active was he that he distanced all pursuit, and the whole country-side went in dread of him. One day came by a silly ass, who, in an earlier state of existence, had been "a very perfect man in shape and skin." Witchcraft had wrought upon his externals, without diminishing the reason he had possessed as a biped. Him, the werwolf captured, and tugged towards its den, but, being just then without an appetite, the monster secured its prey in a natural meat-safe, a brake of briers and thorns, in which the poor brute's mane and tail soon became most satisfactorily tangled. Happy for him, at this juncture a bevy of men and women and "curs of various degree"—"Ball, Eatall, Cuttail, Blackfoot," and many more unnamed—came out with bills, bats, clubs, spits, fireforks, and much noise, to hunt for the terrible warwolf. He knowing what was happening, and "thinking this ass did nothing understand," went down into a spring hard by, and emerged therefrom in human form. He hid himself until part of the rabble had passed, and then contrived to join the crowd, assuming to be as anxious as anybody to find the enemy. The only game of moment that was discovered was the ass entangled in the briers, and entangled in so curious a manner that every one wondered how he came into such a plight. He could not speak, he could only kneel, cry, make inarticulate sounds and so forth to excite pity; and some of the spectators jumped to the conclusion that the animal had feeling and was longing to be set free. The first use he made of the liberty they gave him was to seek amongst the folk about him for the man who had been wolf, to fix his teeth in him when found, and to drag him to the magic spring. Then he pointed with his foot to it, and "with an ass-like noise" attempted to tell his

* The name of this simple is not given. Baring-Gould says the magical salves usually employed for the same purpose were made of "*Solanum somniferum*, aconite, hyoscyamus, belladonna, opium, *Acorus vulgaris*, *sium*. These were boiled down with oil and the fat of little children who were murdered for the purpose. The blood of a bat was added, but its effects could have been *nil*. To these may have been added other foreign narcotics, the names of which have not transpired."—*Book of Were-Wolves*, pp. 149-150.

story. This the listeners were slow to take in, and he, vexed at not being understood, jumped into the water, when wonderful to relate he became once more man, and could step forth and use his power of speech to reveal the truth about the warwolf. The erewhile ass was instantly a popular hero, the monster was dragged about on the ground by the indignant multitude, and "from his bones the flesh in collops cut."

"The subsequent proceedings interested him no more,"

but I may mention that the collops were carried in triumph on the points of the weapons, and that amidst a song of victory the ass-man was borne aloft.

Gammer Gurton * said she would moral the story, and so she did. The "war-wolf" was a cruel, blood-thirsty man; the spring, the manner in which such an one would contrive to evade the ill-repute attaching to his deeds; the ass, some poor despised soul who by the will of God brings all the evil practices to light.

"Quoth Mother Howlet, 'You have hit the white';"

indeed no Max Müller or Cox could explain away a tale of horror better. This is the more to the Gammer's credit, seeing that at the latter end of the sixteenth century lycanthropy, or what was called so, was especially rife in France, and there must have been much talk concerning the trials of the beings who were suspected of it. Drayton was, probably, with those who held that the bestial change of form was mere hallucination.

We are indebted to Mother Bumby † for a picture of the contemporary astronomer who was hardly of the same pattern as those of Greenwich. He was

"skilful in the planetary hours,
The working knew of their celestial powers;
And by their ill or by their good aspect,
Men in their actions wisely could direct;
And in the black and gloomy arts so skill'd
That he even Hell in his subjection held.

* Was she first heard of in Still's comedy?

† *The Mooncalf* [ii. 501].

He could command the spir'ts up from below,
 And bind them strongly till they let him know
 All the dread secrets that belong'd them to,
 And what they did with whom they had to do."

Drayton believed that in the starry heavens—

"as in an everlasting book
 Our ends are written"; *

and yet he not unnaturally asks,

"Why his true motion keepeth every star,
 Yet what they govern so irregular?" †

He makes Queen Isabella tell Mortimer ‡ that their birth-fixed stars so luckily agree that their "revolution seriously directs our like proceedings to the like effects." We learn that at Mortimer's "deliberate and unusual birth" the heavens were said to have retired in council, and to have endued him with a spirit of insatiable aspiration.§ Of the happy night when he escaped from the Tower his Love declared,

"Some gentle planet in that hour did reign,
 And shall be happy in the birth of men
 Which was chief lord of the ascendant then." ||

It may be new to some, who know well enough that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," that when the Creator had determined to destroy the elder world He made the stars His instruments:

"Venus and Mars God put this work upon,
 Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction,
 I th'tail of Cancer, inundations threat,
 Luna disposed generally to wet.
 The Hiades and Pleiades put too
 Their helps; Orion doth what he can do.
 No star so small, but some one drop let down,
 And all conspire the wicked world to drown:
 On the wide heaven there was not any sign,
 To watry Pisces but it doth incline." ¶

* *Elegy on the Three Sons of Lord Sheffield drowned in Humber* [iv. 1244].

† *The Barons' Wars*, book iv. v. 51 [i. 161]. Drayton knew of the saying that the sun dances on Easter morn, and, I think, did not believe in it.—*Pol.* xxii. [iii. 1091].

‡ *The Barons' Wars*, book iii. v. 53 [i. 139].

§ *Ibid.* book i. v. 2 [i. 94].

|| *Eng. Heroic. Epis.* [i. 243].

¶ *Noah's Flood* [iv. 1541, 1542].

There is some jargon about the mystery of numbers in the *Man in the Moon*.* Phœbe (moon) says,

“ by proportion certainly I move,
In rule of number, and the most I love
That which you call full, that most perfect seven
Of three and four made, which for odd and even
Are male and female, which by mixture frame,
It most mysterious that as mine I claim ;”

and she shows how her phases are regulated with respect to this wondrous numeral. Somewhat later we learn that Endymion sees how the signs in their triplicities sympathise with the elements from which our bodies take their “complexions,” natures, and numbers; so that what men on earth call fortune is really stellar influence for evil or for good. The treble Trine that makes up the holy theologic nine—the nine orders of angels—is referred to in the same poem,† as also in the very curious lines in which Drayton commended the *Polyolbion* of 1612 to his loyal countrymen by praising the rising hope of England. These are so little known‡ that I think I may give them at full length without apology, although they be but weak in yield of folk-lore.

“ *Britaine behold here portray'd to thy sight,
Henry thy best hope and the world's delight ;
Ordnained to make thy eight great Henries nine,
Who by that virtue in the trebble Trine
To his own goodnesse (in his Being) brings
These severall Glories of th'eight English Kings,
¹Deep Knowledge, ²Greatness, ³long Life, ⁴Policy,
⁵Courage, ⁶Zeale, ⁷Fortune, ⁸awfull Maiestic.
He like great Neptune on three Seas shall roue,
And rule three Realms with triple power, like Joue.
Thus in soft Peaee, thus in tempestuous Warres,
Till from his foote his Fame shall strike the Starres.”*

A sublunary mode of divination, osteomancy, which has already been discussed before the Folk-Lore Society by Mr. Thoms,§ is said by Drayton to be rife in that little England beyond Wales, the Flemish colony in Pembrokeshire. ||

* [iv. 1336.]

† [iv. 1339.]

‡ They are not to be found in the 1753 edition of Drayton. I take them from a print of the *Polyolbion* contemporary with him.

§ “Divination by the Blade-Bone,” *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. i. pp. 176-179.

|| *Pol.* v. [ii. 760].

“A divination strange the Dutch-made English have
 Appropriate to that place (as though some power it gave),
 By th’shoulder of a ram from off the right side par’d
 Which usually they boil, the spade-bone being bar’d ;
 Which when the wizard takes and gazing thereupon
 Things long to come fore-shows, as things done long ago
 Scapes secretly at home, as those abroad and far,
 Murthers, adulterous stealths, as the events of war.
 The reigns and death of kings they take on them to know,
 Which only to their skill the shoulder-blade doth show.”

“Take this,” says Selden,* commenting, “as a taste of their art in old time”; and he goes on to give an example from the *Itinerarium* of Giraldus (i. cap. 2) touching one William Mangunel, who, in Henry the Second’s time, resided in the district of which we are speaking, and was unhappy enough to have doubts as to the fidelity of his wife. He determined to resolve them, and dressing a shoulder-bone of one of his own rams for dinner, pretending the while that it came from his neighbour’s flock, he asked the lady to divine thereby. She examined the bone, and laughed heartily. Her husband inquired wherefore, and she answered that she had detected unfaithfulness on the part of the spouse of him from whose fold the ram had been taken. “But why she could not as well divine of whose flock it was as the other secret, when I have more skill in osteomancy I will tell you,” promises Selden.

In the infancy of *Notes and Queries*,† M. E. F. showed that Denbighshire had not altogether forgotten the virtue of a blade-bone in 1850. Some natural curiosity having arisen in a family as to the sex of an expected baby, an old woman asked permission to use a harmless charm to learn the secret. “Accordingly, she joined the servants at supper, where she assisted in clearing a shoulder of mutton of every particle of meat. She then held the blade-bone to the fire until it was scorched, so as to permit her to force her thumbs through the thin part. Through the holes thus made she passed a string, and, having knotted the ends together, she drove in a nail over the back-door, and left the house, giving strict injunctions to the servants to hang the bone up in that place the last thing at night. Then they

* [ii. 764.]

† 1st S. vol. ii. p. 20; or see *Choice Notes ; Folk-Lore*, pp. 20, 21.

were carefully to observe who should first enter that door on the following morning, exclusive of the members of the household, and the sex of the child would be that of the first-comer. This rather vexed some of the servants, who wished for a boy, as two or three women came regularly each morning to the house, and a man was scarcely ever seen there; but to their great delight the first-comer on this occasion proved to be a man, and in a few weeks the old woman's reputation was established throughout the neighbourhood by the birth of a boy."

Blade-bone divination however, as Mr. Thoms has shown, is practised by other than "Dutch-made" folk. A dark spot in that bone was formerly regarded by Irish seers as a prognostic of a funeral from the house in which they saw it.* To this day brigands in Macedonia have implicit faith in the prophetic power of the shoulder-blade of the sheep or goat on which they have dined. They carefully examine it, and says one who has knowledge of their method with a captive,† "should there be a small hole, it represents the grave of the prisoner and signifies that the ransom will not be paid; if there appear small lines running in the direction of the leg bone, it denotes that everything will go satisfactorily and the money be paid; but should the lines run at right angles, then pursuit and perhaps capture will be the result of their enterprise." In 1867 I heard of osteomancy, though not by means of the blade-bone, being resorted to in Lincolnshire. There was a person near Sleaford who could give in autumn information concerning the weather of the following spring, from observation of the breast-bones of geese, which if light prognosticated a genial season, and if dark the contrary. "Bar Point" told the readers of *Notes and Queries*, ‡ that in the country about Philadelphia the same breast-bones are thought to indicate the temperature of the coming winter. Dark-coloured marks portend cold. "Sometimes the breast-bone is divided into thirteen equal parts by perpendicular lines to point out the weather for each week."

(To be continued.)

* *Irish Folk-Lore*, by "Lageniensis," p. 248.

† "Brigandage in Macedonia," *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1881, p. 358; see also Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, p. 175 (F.L.S.)

‡ 4th S. vol. i. p. 234.

FOLK-TALES OF INDIA.

(Continued from page 340.)

 NOTES ON THE "SASA JĀTAKA."—(Ante, p. 336.)
1. "Then he *squeezed* the mountain."

Dr. Rhys Davids, in his *Buddhism*, p. 198, translates (with reference to this passage) the Pāli word *pīleti* by "to open." I have never come across the verb in this sense. The corresponding term in Sanskrit does not mean "to open," but to *squeeze*, press, &c.

I have intentionally used the term *squeezed* because the essence or *sap* (as Dr. Davids calls it) was pressed out of the mountain like milk out of a cow (to use the old Hindū simile).

The mountain here alluded to in this story is Himavat or Himālaya.

According to Hindū tradition it is recorded that when, in the reign of Prithu, gods, saints, &c. *milked* the earth of its various treasures, precious stones, herbs (with wonderful healing and renovating properties), &c. Himavat was selected as the *calf* or recipient of all these good things. (See *Kumāra-sambhava*, i. 2.)

In this way the mountain contained the essence of the earth's goodness, so that when Indra squeezed (*or milked*) the mountain he took from it the quintessence so to speak, the "cream of the cream" of the earth's produce. Nothing else, in fact, would have been good enough or enduring enough to draw an everlasting figure of the hare upon the moon.

It is worth noticing that the author of the *Kumāra-sambhava* mentions a *red mineral fluid* (*dhātu-rasa*) obtained from Himavat for writing letters on Bhurja-bark.

2. The moon is often called *hare-marked* in Hindū works. See *Kathā-Sarit-Sāgara*, bk. x. ch. lxii; *Hitopadesa* (Johnson's translation, p. 75); *Contemporary Review* (May, 1881, p. 731).

NOTE ON THE "KACCĀNI JĀTAKA."

Offerings to the manes might consist of—(1) water, (2) water and sesamum-seed (*tilañjalī*), (3) balls of food with water. The balls were chiefly composed of boiled rice, or rice and sesamum-seed.

"On the first day, or the third or seventh or ninth (after the death of a person), his kinsmen should change their raiment and bathe out-of-doors, and offer a libation of water with (*tila*) sesamum-seeds." (*Vishnu-Purāna*, bk. iii. ch. xiii.)

THE CULLADHANUGGAHA JĀTAKA.*

The Punishment of Lust.

In days long since past, when Brahmadata reign'd at Benares, the Bodhisat attained to the position of Indra, king of the gods. At that time a certain brâhman youth, a native of Benares, who was studying all sciences at Takkasilâ, became accomplished in the use of the bow, and was called LITTLE-BOWMAN.

It came to pass that his instructor gave him his daughter to wife because he thought him to be equal to himself in the acquisition of science. He accepted her and set out with the intention of going to Benares.

On the way he found that an elephant had rendered that district uninhabitable, and no one dared to go up that way. Although folks tried repeatedly to turn him from his purpose, nevertheless LITTLE-BOWMAN went up, along with his wife, right into the heart of that forest. But when he got into the middle of it the elephant started up. With an arrow he hit it on the temple; that arrow went right through it and came out behind, and the elephant forthwith fell down dead upon the ground.

After rendering that place safe for wayfarers LITTLE-BOWMAN came to another forest further on; and there fifty robbers obstructed the road. Up he went, too, into that forest, notwithstanding that folks tried all they could to dissuade him, and reached the place, near the

* *Jâtaka Book*, vol. iii. No. 374, p. 219.

road, where those robbers were eating the animals they had killed and cooked.

When they saw him coming along with his wife, who was tricked out in all her finery, they set about to seize them. The captain of the robbers, who had some skill in reading men's characters, after looking at him attentively, became aware that this was a first-rate man, and he would not allow any one to molest him.

LITTLE-BOWMAN sent his wife to the robbers and thus addressed her: "Go bring some meat, and say to them, 'Give us too a piece of meat.'" She went and said: "My man says, 'Give us a piece of meat.'" The robber-chief ordered a piece of meat to be given to her because he thought him to be an out-and-out good fellow. His men, however, gave her a piece of uncooked meat, saying, "Shall he eat the meat cooked for us?" Thereupon LITTLE-BOWMAN, out of a feeling of self-respect, grew angry with the robbers because they had given him uncooked meat. The robbers started up and in a threatening tone exclaimed, "How's this? This is only one man; are we women (to be afraid of him)?"

LITTLE-BOWMAN struck forty-nine men with as many arrows, and brought them to the ground; but there was no arrow with which he could hit the robber-chief. It is said that he had at first only fifty arrows; one of them he had used to strike the elephant, and with the remainder he had killed the robbers. He knocked down the robber-chief, sat on his breast with the intention of cutting off his head, and drew the sword from the hand of his wife. She, at that very instant, conceived a passion for the robber-chief, and placed the sword in the hand of the robber and the scabbard in the hand of her husband. The robber laid hold of the hilt, drew the sword, cut off LITTLE-BOWMAN'S head, and killed him. Then, as he was going off along with the wife, he made inquiries as to her birth. She replied, "I am the daughter of a celebrated teacher in Takkasilâ." "How came it about," he asked, "that this man got you for a wife?" "My father," she answered, "gave me to him, because he thought him to be quite equal to himself in acquiring science. But I, out of friendship to you, have caused the husband, provided with all due solemnity for me by my family, to be killed."

Now the robber-chief thought to himself, "This woman has murdered the husband to whom she was given with all due ceremony by her family; perhaps she may see another she prefers to me and serve me exactly the same, so I must get rid of her at oncè."

As he was going along he saw, in the course of his journey, a little shallow stream, which at that moment happened to be full of water. "There's a savage crocodile in this river," said he. "What had we better do?" "Master," she replied, "make a bundle of my ornaments with my upper garment; take it across the stream, leave it there, and then come and fetch me." "All right!" said he. Taking the bundle containing the ornaments he went across the stream, as if to return, but when he gained the further bank he proceeded on his way and left the woman behind. On perceiving this she exclaimed: "Master, you are going away as if you meant to abandon me. Why do you do so? Come take me and then depart." While thus talking with him she uttered the following verse:—

" My jewels of gold, O brâhman, you've got,
The stream you have crossed all safely, I ween;
Oh! quickly return, I pray thee, at once
And take me from here, far away o'er the stream."

On hearing this the robber, standing on the opposite bank, spake the following *gâtha*:—

" A man unknown I am, yet me you chose,
And off did cast your spouse, long known and tried;
The substance you have left, the shadow seized,
I trust you not, again you may do wrong,
And me exchange, perhaps, for some one else,
Far hence I'll go and ne'er return again.

Moreover the robber said: "I'll go very far away from this place, but do you remain where you are."

And e'en while she was crying he took and made off with her articles of jewelry and the rest. To such grief did this poor fool come through outrageous lust. Forlorn and destitute she drew near to an *Elagalâ* bush not far off, and there she sat weeping bitterly.

At that moment Indra, who was looking round the world, beheld that woman, afflicted with excessive lust, who had lost both husband

and lover, as she sat weeping and wailing, and he determined to come and reprove that woman and put her to shame.

Taking Mâtali (his charioteer) and Pañcasikha (one of his musicians) with him he proceeded to that place where the woman was, and, standing on the bank of the stream, gave them the following instructions:

“Do you, Mâtali, become a fish, and you, Pañcasikha, take the form of a bird; but I, under the guise of a jackal, with a piece of meat in my mouth, will go to the place exactly opposite to that woman. Do you, Mâtali, when I get there, dart out of the water and fall in front of me; then I, dropping the piece of meat that I’ve got in my mouth, will make a spring to catch the fish. At that instant do you, Pañcasikha, seize the piece of meat and fly up with it into the air; and do you, Mâtali, drop into the water.” “So be it, sire,” they replied. Mâtali turned into a fish, Pañcasikha became a bird, but Indra took the form of a jackal, with a lump of flesh in his mouth, and went to a spot exactly opposite to that woman.

The fish leapt out of the water, and alighted in front of the jackal, which thereupon dropped the piece of meat it had in its mouth, and bounded forward to seize the fish. The fish sprang up and fell into the water, and the bird seized the piece of meat and flew up into the air with it. The jackal, that had got neither the meat nor the fish, sat near the Elagalâ bush quite chap-fallen and sad. That woman saw it, and thought to herself—“Through its over-greediness it has got neither the meat nor fish.” Thereupon, she burst out in a roar of laughter; ’twas just as if she were crashing a jar.

On hearing that the jackal spake the following *gâtha*:—

“O pray who is this that sits by the bush,
And gave such a laugh that startled us all?
No music I hear, nor dancing, nor song;
No cause of great mirth do I find round about;
Oh! why, O Sussoni, so lovely and fair,
Pray why did you laugh when weeping you were?”

In reply, she spake the following *gâtha*:—

“O jackal so brown, most stupid are you,
No skill have you got, nor knowledge, nor wit.
Your fish have you lost, your meat is all gone,
And now you sit grieving, all poor and forlorn.”

Then the jackal spake the next *gâtha*:—

“The faults of others easy are to see,
But hard indeed our own are to behold.
Thy husband thou hast lost and lover eke,
And now, I ween, thou grievest o'er thy loss.”

On hearing these words she replied :—

“O king of beasts most true, in sooth, thy words,
I know full well they to my case apply ;
From hence I'll go to take another spouse,
His will I'll do and faithful be and kind.”

When Indra heard the speech of that dissolute woman he uttered the concluding *gâtha*:—

“He who an earthen pot would basely steal,
Will take, if chance arise, a golden bowl ;
So you, who now a wicked deed hath done,
Will sin again when moved by fleshly lust.”

After Indra had thus put this woman to shame, and caused her to feel remorse (for the wrong she had done), he went immediately to his own divine abode.

NOTE.—This story is perhaps the original of “The dog and the Shadow.”

See the story of SUSRONÎ in *Thibetan Tales*, pp. 232-234, and compare PANCATANTRA, iv. 9.

There is a Sinhalese version of the Pâli story, entitled KING MANAME, contained in the *Kolah-kavi-pota*. See *The Orientalist*, for August, 1884, pp. 184-186.

UBHATOBHATTHA JĀTAKA.*

The Covetous Fisherman.

In days long since past, when Brahmadatta reigned at Benares, the Bodhisat was reborn as a tree-sprite. At that time in a certain village there lived some fishermen. One day a certain fisherman took his hook, and, along with his little boy, he went and cast his hook into

* *Jātaka Book*, vol. i. No. 139, p. 482.

a pond, where fishermen were wont to go and catch fish. The hook got fixed in a stump hidden under the water. The fisherman, unable to drag it out, thought to himself, "There will be a big fish at the end of this hook; I'll send my little boy home with a message to his mother, and bid her pick a quarrel with her neighbours, so after that they will not expect a share of what I may have taken." He said to his son, "Go, my dear, and inform your mother that we have caught a tremendous big fish, and tell her to pick a quarrel with her neighbours." After he had sent off the child he was unable to get his hook out of the stump; for fear of breaking the lines he placed his upper garment upon the ground and went down into the water, and in searching for fish, through greed of fish, he struck himself against the snags and injured both his eyes.

To make matters worse a thief even carried off the garment he had placed on the ground. Suffering great pain and pressing his eyes with his hands he came trembling out of the water and began to look about for his cloak.

His wife, moreover, stirred up a quarrel, thinking to herself, "I'll manage so as no one will expect anything." So one ear she adorned with a palm-leaf and one eye she smeared with soot off the cooking-pot, and with a dog in her bosom she proceeded to the houses of her neighbours. Then a certain friend said to her, "In one ear you have actually got a palm-leaf as an ornament, one eye is smeared, and you are going about from house to house with a dog in your bosom as if it were a pet child. Why surely you have gone out of your senses."

"I have not gone out of my senses, but you abuse and revile me without any reason. I'll go at once to the village headman and have you fined eight *kahāpanas*." Having thus stirred up strife, both went before the village headman. When he had investigated the quarrel, punishment fell even upon the head of her who had commenced the disturbance. "Give her the stick," was the sentence, so they bound her and began to beat her.

A tree-sprite, who had witnessed this woman's conduct in the village and the injury to the husband in the forest, standing within the branches of a tree, said, "O man, your work both in the water and

on the land has turned out badly. In two ways you have come to grief." Then he spake the following *gátha* :—

"Twice hast thou missed the mark to-day,
Once in the pond, once on the land ;
Thine eyes are hurt, thy cloak is gone,
And strife with friends thy wife has raised."

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Unspoken Nettles.—Nettles in many parts of Scotland were till not very many years ago used as food, and were looked upon as a wholesome diet. The young and tender leaves were gathered, boiled, then mashed (*Scoticè*, chappit), mixed with a little oat-meal, and reboiled for a short time. They were cooked in the same way as "greens," which were and are still thought to possess medicinal virtues. In the north such a dish of nettles went by the name of "nettle kail," as the dish of "greens" went by that of "chappit kail." But the nettle, as in many other parts,* was used as a medicine, under the form of "nettle ale," for the cure of jaundice. The ale was prepared in the following manner: a quantity of nettle-roots was gathered, thoroughly washed, and then boiled for hours in water till a strong extract was got. This extract was then treated with yeast, "barm," fermented, "vrocht," and bottled. A man whose mother was in the habit of making this ale lately told me he had often drunk it, and found it quite palatable.

In one district at least the medicinal virtue of the nettle lay in its being "unspoken," *i.e.* no one must speak to the gatherer of it, and collected at the hour of midnight. The following story, communicated

* J. G. Dalyell, *Darker Superstitions of Scotland*, p. 28. W. G. Black, *Folk-Medicine*, pp. 194, 195.

to me by Mr. Alexander Walker, ex-dean of guild, Aberdeen, illustrates this notion. The scene of the story is in Kincardineshire.

“Geordie Tamson, who lived near Jollybrands on the south turnpike, not far from the toll-bar, lay sick. After weeks of treatment by the doctor, Geordie lay ill, without the least token of improvement. A “skeely woman” from the Dounies, a village not far off, was called in. She at once prescribed a supper of “nettle kail,” and added that the dish must be made of “unspoken nettles,” gathered at midnight. That very night by eleven o’clock three young men, friends of Geordie’s, from Cairngrassie, were on their way to the Red Kirkyard of Portlethen, where there was a fine bed of nettles. It was bright moonlight. It happened that during the previous week Jamie Leipar, from the Skatera, had been laid beside his fathers in the Red Kirkyard, and his body was being watched by his brothers, lest the body-snatchers, or “resurrectionists,” should carry it off for dissecting purposes. When the three young men were nearing the kirkyard yitt, they heard whisperings inside the wall. Up to this time they had met no one, had been spoken to by no one. Now, if they were challenged, before they reached the nettles in the corner of the yard next the sea, and filled their basket, their labour was lost, and the herb was useless as medicine. Calling to mind who the whisperers were, and trusting that they and their errand were known, they cried: “Dinna spyke, dinna spyke. Ye’re watchin Jamie Leipar. We’re nae resurrection fouk; we’re fae Cairngrassie, come tae gaiter ‘unspoken nettles’ tae mak Geordie Tamson better. Dinna spyke then: for God’s sake, dinna spyke, or ye’ll spilt a’.” In a moment the whispering ceased, not a word was spoken. To the sound of the waves breaking on the rocks behind the kirk the nettles were gathered, carefully taken to the sick man, cooked of course, and given him. A complete and speedy recovery followed.”

WALTER GREGOR.

Miscellaneous Superstitions in Foula.—Isle of Vaila, Shetland, October 30.—In my last letter I gave an account of the superstitious customs connected with farming and fishing, and I shall now exhibit a miscellaneous assortment of current beliefs that have no rational basis. A plague of moths will infest the house into which a woman

newly risen from childbed enters without being invited to eat and drink. A thread having nine knots upon it, is, when fastened round the joint, an effectual cure for a sprain. Some are of opinion that three threads of different colours will answer better. Three and three times three have been magic numbers from very ancient times. A drink of water in which a stone found in the stomach of a cod has been boiled is a preventive of sea-sickness. A generation or two ago a stitch in the side was cured by placing mould, taken from a grave and heated in a kettle, upon the place affected. It was essential that the earth should be taken from and returned to the grave after sunset, and thereby hangs a tale. On one occasion a man named Lawrence Robertson, who was celebrated for his skill in applying this remedy, forgot to return the ghastly poultice to the grave in due time, and a knock was heard at his door at midnight, when he exclaimed, "Oh! dat's Geordie Henry's ghost come for the mou' dat was ta'en frae his grave." The scum that rises from slugs kept in a bottle is a cure for rickets. When a he-cat is killed, misfortunes of all kinds may be anticipated—cattle, sheep, and poultry will die. When the milk of a cow has been bewitched, and all the profit or virtue taken out of it by some evil-disposed person acquainted with the black art, water should be taken from the suspected person's well, and some of it be given to the cow, and the rest be poured into a pail of her milk. If no one in particular be suspected, water from other wells must be tried until the well of the delinquent be detected, and the milk restored to a healthy state. About two years ago an Established Church minister in Tiree refused to baptise the children of a crofter (John MacKinnon by name) because the latter persisted in believing and declaring that a woman had taken the profit out of his cow's milk. Three children were left without names in consequence of their father's obstinacy. Some women in St. Kilda are in the habit of putting a small flower into the pail when they go to the glen to milk their cows and ewes, to keep the milk from being bewitched by an "evil eye." In Foula, when spotted lambs begin to be common it is a sign that the flock will decrease. It is wrong to mention a cat to a man who is baiting his lines; and if any malicious person cries to a fisherman bound for the haaf, "There's a cat in your buddie," no fish will be

got. When eating fish never toss the bones into the fire, or the same ill fortune will be the result. It was once the custom when a man returned with a poor catch for the wife to kick the buddie round the room and to scold the man, in the belief that it would occasion better luck in future. A drink of water taken from the tops of three waves is believed to cure the toothache. Water from the tops of nine waves and in which nine pebbles from the shore have been boiled is believed in Tiree to be a cure for the jaundice; but it is applied externally, the clothes of the patient being dipped in the magical broth and put on wet. I was acquainted with a man on whom this remedy was tried, but failed. He died a few months afterwards. When your tooth aches pick it with the nail of an old coffin. A drink from a knee-pan taken from a grave cures many diseases. When the wind blows against a funeral party it is an omen that another death will soon occur. When a grave is dug a spade is laid across it until the body can be interred, so as to prevent hooded crows and other carrion fowls from carrying off the bones, it being a common belief, not confined to Foula, that nothing evil can pass iron or steel. When a corpse is lifted the straw on which it lay is taken outside and burned, and it is believed that the footprint of the person who is fated to die next will be seen in the ashes. When a sick person talks about his ailments, the listener, to prevent the transference of the diseases to himself, keeps spitting in a covert way. If a man mentions any misfortune that has happened to himself or to others, the same precaution is used, with some such comment, if reference is made to a third party, as "His ain case be't." It is unlucky to give anything out of a house on a Monday, and none but a fool would marry on a Friday. When an infant is teething, live peats for kindling should not be given to a neighbour, else the child's teeth will stop growing. Burning peats should not be turned when lovers are in the house, otherwise the young man will become disenchanted and never call again. Cinders should not be piled on the top of the fire, or the rent will be raised. When a cat scratches the floor observe where she looks, for from that direction the wind will blow.—J. SANDS.—*Glasgow Herald*, 10th November, 1884.

Bible Divination.—A man named Noake has just been arrested at Sedgeley under extraordinary circumstances. A neighbour named

Griffiths lost some bed-linen, and, suspecting Noake of stealing it, she took a Bible and key to his house, and took her garter off her left leg and placed it around the Bible. A ceremony having been gone through, the Bible, it was alleged, turned round to defendant, and he was arrested on a warrant.—*Westmoreland Gazette*, November 8th.

Jan Dark.—A young servant of mine living in a small Cornish village near Penzance asked leave last Wednesday (5th November) to go home to see her mother. The weather suddenly changed, and it turned into a very wet, dark night. "It was so dark," she said, "that had she gone 'Jan Dark' would have carried her off." I asked her who "Jan Dark" was. "Oh, no one, Miss Courtney; it is only a saying in the country." Could this possibly be a survival of the days when Jeanne d'Arc was burnt for a witch? M. A. COURTNEY.

Lilias-day at Kilbarchan.—Yesterday was the anniversary of what was known as Lilias-day in Kilbarchan. For a period of nearly a hundred years it was customary on this day for the villagers to erect floral arches across the streets. These were very tastefully got up, and as they were kept untouched till the following Monday, they were the means of drawing a large number of strangers from the surrounding towns into Kilbarchan. It was found, however, to be very inconvenient to have a week's holiday at this time, because most of the inhabitants, being weavers, were again thrown idle during Paisley Fair season. Accordingly, Lilias-day has almost died out.—*Glasgow News*, 31st July, 1884.

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

Oak and Nettle Day in Nottinghamshire.—A custom now dying out existed in Nottinghamshire on the twenty-ninth of May, or "Oak and Nettle day," as it is termed in Nottinghamshire. The rising generation sally out in the morning, their caps and buttonholes adorned with sprigs of oak. They also provide themselves with a bunch of nettles. They request all persons whom they meet with "to show your oak." If a single leaf even is produced they are permitted to pass on unmolested, but supposing they are unprovided with the necessary sprig or leaf their face, neck, and hands are well "nettled." When punishment has been bestowed for disloyalty, a slip of oak is presented to the offending party, who is thus provided with protection from the next gang of youths and lads they meet. This nettling

business is only performed up to midday. It is not recognised as "lawful" to nettle afterwards. Some, who are unable to procure it, endeavour to avoid the penalty by wearing dog oak (maple), but the punishment is always more severe on the discovery of the imposition. A more unpleasant custom prevailed in the northern portion of the county about twenty years ago. Those who did not conform to the usages of the "Royal Oak day" were pelted with rotten eggs. In order to be well supplied with the "needful" for that day, the young men would hoard up hen eggs for about a couple of months before they would be brought into requisition, so that the eggs would become rotten before they were required. This custom was in time carried to such an extent that the "strong arm of the law" was often brought into requisition to suppress it, the rough young folk pelting persons indiscriminately. Smaller eggs are still used by the school-lads on "King Charles' day." E.

Folk-Lore Terminology.—(*Ante*, p. 348).—I have been prevented from completing my letter on this subject owing to pressure of work, but I hope to have it ready for the January issue. G. L. GOMMÉ.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

Custom and Myth. By Andrew Lang. London, 1884. (Longmans, Green & Co.) 8vo. pp. 312.

Folklorists have for some time past been expecting from Mr. Lang an exposition of his views on folk-lore; views which, having been often expressed in essays and controversial letters in the *Academy* and elsewhere, have proclaimed him as the chief champion of those students who think that folk-lore is something more than mythology, and that mythology is something more than diseased language. To many this book on custom and myth will be disappointing, because Mr. Lang does something more than hint that it is to take the place, at all events for the present, of a larger book and a more comprehensive study. Recognizing, as all must, that Mr. Lang has every right to expound his theory of folk-lore and its teaching, it must also be

admitted that in these fragments from his workshop he does not do full justice to his subject nor to his position as our most distinguished folklorist. A book from him, however, is sure to be welcome; and just now, we must admit, it is sorely needed, for the comparative mythologists have had it all their own way so far as books are concerned.

We shall be anxious to learn what the school of Mr. Max Müller and Mr. George Cox will say to the searching criticism, the cogent reasoning and the accumulation of evidence, which Mr. Lang has produced in this volume. Many of our members are no doubt followers of the mythological school; but the writer of this article, not being so, must be allowed to say that nothing that has yet appeared in print so worthily champions as this book does, those who believe that folk-lore and mythology are two different and distinct studies. Mr. Lang does not, it is true, attempt any detailed exposition of folk-lore; he does not define it; he even hesitates to accept its classification as a science; but he gives us a complete study of several very important folk-tales which makes the book serve as an admirable stepping-stone to those who are inclined to go into further detail and into further fields of research.

Mr. Lang examines the myths of the Bull-Roarer; Cronus; Cupid, Psyche, and the Sun Frog; the three tasks, as it may perhaps be called; Apollo and the Mouse; Star Myths; Moly and Mandragora; the "Kalevala"; Hottentot Mythology; besides which there are studies on the Divining Rod, Fetichism and the Infinite, the Early History of the Family and the Art of Savages. Throughout these chapters Mr. Lang explains myth by obsolete customs. He says, for instance, that if the ancient Greeks told a story to account for a mouse being the symbol of Apollo, they told it at a time when they had passed the stage when the mouse was a totem fetish of a tribe. He says that certain customs, marriage customs and clan customs, have existed among all types of savage society in much the same general fashion—the result of nearly the same causes; and that these customs survive in recollection and tradition long after the tribe or people have passed the savage stage. If we were to suggest one chapter more telling than another it would be that on Cupid, Psyche, and the Sun Frog. Com-

parative mythologists examine the names of the story-heroes, and come to several different conclusions, Mr. Max Müller, for instance, seeing a myth of sun and dawn, Kuhn a fire-myth. Mr. Lang takes for his text the incident in the story where in the Sanskrit version Urvasi says to her mortal husband, "Never let me see you without your royal garments, *for this is the custom of women.*" He then proceeds to examine this "custom of women" among savage people, and explains the story from the results hereby obtained. Of course, the answer of the comparative mythologists to this reasoning may be that they might explain the story by a totally different set of customs from those chosen by Mr. Lang, and that hence the same fatal objection will apply to this method as to theirs, namely, that scholars disagree even when using the same method of research; but we are content to leave this to them, and in the meantime to accept Mr. Lang's exposition of custom and myth as the ablest yet extant.

The Council have decided to issue the *Folk Lore Journal* quarterly instead of monthly. The days of issue will be January 1st, April 1st, July 1st, and October 1st. As the first number to be issued in January will give so little time for preparation, it is probable it may not be ready until about the 15th January. Members may have the Journal yearly by giving notice of such a wish to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Granger Hutt.

We have sincere pleasure in announcing that in consideration of his distinguished services on behalf of folk-lore, Dr. Pitre, of Palermo, has just been made a knight (cavaliere) by King Umberto. As the Doctor has so many admirers in England, this royal act cannot fail to give much satisfaction here as well as in Italy. It is certainly the first instance of a folk-lorist having been knighted for his special studies.

Some delay has unfortunately occurred in the issue of the Society's volume for 1884, *Magyar Tales*, by the Rev. W. H. Jones and Mr. Lewis Kropf. It is hoped, however, that the volume may now be in the hands of members shortly.

The Folk-Lore Society.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL,

14 JUNE, 1884.

THE publications for the year 1883 were Mr. William George Black's *Folk Medicine*, and the *Folk-Lore Journal* issued to the members in monthly parts. The first-mentioned volume is one of the most important yet published by the Society. With reference to the *Folk-Lore Journal* the Council are glad to report that the result, financially, has been successful. At the same time the Council have to repeat their expressions of regret conveyed in the Annual Report last year, that more active co-operation is not forthcoming among the members of the Society. The *Folk-Lore Journal* is an excellent medium of inter-communication, and the Council cannot but think that many members might be able to render important service if they would place themselves *en rapport* with the Council and with the Folk-Tale Committee. To the various contributors of papers to the *Folk-Lore Journal* the Society is much indebted.

The Folk-Tale Committee continue to receive most active assistance in the work of tabulation from Mr. William John Crombie, Mr. George L. Apperson, Mr. E. Sydney Hartland, and others. Some of these tabulations have been selected for printing in the *Folk-Lore Journal*. As a result of this experiment, the work of printing appeared to the Committee so important to the success of their labours that their recommendation to the Council to utilize the Journal for this purpose was

at once adopted. It is therefore hoped that in the future a greater amount of space may be obtained for printing these tabulations of Folk-Tales. In the meantime new workers are urgently needed to aid those already in the field, and thus help to bring the results of the Committee's plan more quickly before students of this important branch of Folk-Lore. The Committee cannot begin to classify and arrange until at all events all the principal collections of Folk-Tales are completely tabulated.

The bibliography of Folk-Lore has been printed in the Journal as far as the letter C (authors' names). Letter D is ready for press, and considerable progress has been made with the subsequent portions. The object of printing these sections in the Journal is to ensure correction of any errors, and the addition of titles not included by the Editor, and members may materially help the Society in this branch of its work. It is hoped that more rapid progress with this important compilation will be made this year.

The Council last year expressed an opinion that the time had not come for the appointment of Local Secretaries, and it is not yet prepared to arrange such a complete organisation as might be wished. As a first step, however, it is thought that some arrangement should be made for the appointment of Local Secretaries for the chief divisions of the British Isles and for India, and they accordingly have appointed the following gentlemen :—

Mr. William George Black for South Scotland.
 Rev. W. Gregor . . . ,, North Scotland.
 Mr. G. H. Kinahan . . . ,, Ireland.
 Mr. J. Fisher ,, Wales.
 Captain R. C. Temple . . . ,, India.

The Council have to report that the Right Reverend the Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria (Dr. Henry Callaway), has very kindly presented to the Society about eighty copies of his very valuable *Zulu Nursery Literature*, and about five hundred copies

of his *Religious System of the Amazulu*. This most generous and acceptable gift will enable the Council to send a copy of the latter work to each member of the Society; and with reference to the *Zulu Nursery Literature*, the Council propose to offer it for sale to members of the Society at half a guinea, any copies that may remain being offered to the general public at one guinea net.

The Council passed the following resolution and forwarded it to the Bishop:—"Resolved unanimously, That the Council desire to express their best thanks to the Right Reverend the Bishop of St. John's, Kaffraria, for his kind and valuable present, and to assure him that the members of the Society will be greatly pleased at being able to procure a copy of his important collection of Zulu Folk-lore."

The work selected for the 1884 issue, in addition to the *Folk-Lore Journal*, is a collection of Magyar Folk-tales, by the Reverend W. H. Jones and Mr. Lewis Kropf.

It frequently occurs that reference is made to Folk-Lore in the Reports of Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Agents abroad, and it has occurred to the Council that a representation might be made to the Government to urge upon them the advisability of asking their agents to notice matters likely to be of interest. If this can be done, the Council will formulate a code of questions which might be sent for the guidance of those who would be called upon to report.

At the last Annual Meeting the Council were empowered to appoint a second Honorary Secretary, to take charge of the financial business of the Society, and they are glad to report that Mr. A. Granger Hutt has kindly consented to take this office.

The work of the Society for the past year, though not so extensive as could have been wished, is in the opinion of the Council satisfactory. During the last year a great deal of encouragement has been given to the study of Folk-Lore in

foreign countries. In Spain, Portugal, Italy and France, either through the establishment of a Folk-Lore Society or the publication of a journal specially devoted to the study, the movement begun by this Society has been extended. A proposal has also been made to establish a Folk-Lore Society in the United States; and in India the publication of Captain Temple's *Panjab Notes and Queries* promises to be as useful to Hindu Folk-Lore as our own *Notes and Queries* has been in the past to English. Of private collectors it may be useful to note that Captain Conder has obtained a great quantity of Arab Folk-Lore; Sir Arthur Gordon has brought from Fiji some important materials; Mr. Karl Krohn is now travelling in the Baltic provinces of Russia collecting Esthonian and Lettish Folk-Lore; and the Royal Colonial Institute of the Hague has resolved to request replies to a code of questions on proverbs addressed to all the Dutch colonies.

In conclusion, the Council would observe that it behoves every member interested in the study and anxious to preserve the position which this Society has held up to the present time, to exert himself to the utmost to secure additional members. There is plenty of work to do, and it must be done quickly.

THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE for the year ending 31st December, 1883.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
1883.	£ s. d.	1883.	£ s. d.
To Balance brought from last account—		Printing Account (Messrs. Nichols) ...	295 12 0
At Bankers ...	£95 3 0	Paper Account (Messrs. Spalding and Hodge) ...	8 5 0
In hands of Hon. Sec. ...	5 4 8	Copying, MSS. ...	6 7 6
	<u>100 7 8</u>	Bankers Exchange Stamps ...	0 0 1
To Receipts, as per details supplied by the Hon. Secretary:—		Petty Cash Payments, per the Hon. Secretary:—	
On account of Subscriptions due—		Advertisements ...	£ s. d.
1st January, 1878 ...	6 7 0	Stationery ...	3 5 0
1st January, 1879 ...	8 6 0	Carriage, &c. ...	0 8 10
1st January, 1880 ...	11 9 0	Copying ...	1 9 7
1st January, 1881 ...	15 13 0	Postages, &c. ...	0 15 6
1st January, 1882 ...	28 5 0	Index to Folk-Lore Record ...	10 17 2
1st January, 1883 ...	219 2 7		2 2 0
Advertisements in Folk-Lore Journal ...	6 0 0		
Interest on Investment (£52 12s. 9d. New Three per Cents) ...	2 7 3		
	<u>£397 17 6</u>	Balance in hand:—	329 2 8
		At Bankers ...	66 15 2
		In hands of Honorary Secretary	1 19 8
1884.			<u>68 14 10</u>
Jan. 1st	Balance carried forward...		<u>£397 17 6</u>

Examined and found correct,
 (Signed) JOHN TOLHURST, } *Auditors.*
 J. S. UDAL, }

(Signed) W. R. DRAKE, *Treasurer.*

BALANCE SHEET UP TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1883.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To amount due to Printers
To Balance in favour of Society (exclusive of Publications in stock)
	245	0	6	48	4	8
By arrears of Subscriptions:—						
Received up to 30th April, 1884	...	22	1	0		
Outstanding but recoverable	...	32	11	0		
By amount of Compounding Fees invested in New Three per Cents.	54	12	0
By amount due for Sales of Books during 1882-1883 (not yet come to account), say	52	10	0
By amount paid on account of future publications	40	0	0
By value of MS. collection of Scotch Proverbs	25	0	0
By value of Dr. Callaway's Zulu Nursery Literature	12	12	0
By value of Books (not included in this account)	40	0	0
By Cash in hand (including £21 Compounding Fees)	68	14	10
	£293	8	10	£293	8	10

(Signed)

G. L. GOMME, }
A. GRANGER HUTT, } *Hon. Secretaries.*

STATEMENT OF THE AUDITORS.

26th May, 1884.

WE, the Auditors appointed to examine the Accounts of the Folk-Lore Society, hereby certify that the Treasurer has produced to us the Bankers' pass-book and the accounts and vouchers for the year ending 31st December, 1883, and we also certify that the above statement of Receipts and Expenditure is correct.

We have also had presented to us a Balance-sheet ; but without examining this in detail we are satisfied as to its correctness in principle and certify accordingly.

(Signed) JOHN TOLHURST.
J. S. UDAL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Folk-Lore Society was held on Saturday, 14 June, 1884, at the residence of the President, 13, Belgrave Square, at 4 o'clock p.m.

The Right Honourable Earl BEAUCHAMP, F.S.A., President, took the Chair.

The PRESIDENT moved the adoption of the Report of the Council, which was seconded, and carried unanimously.

The Honorary Secretary then read the Treasurers' Account and the Statement of the Auditors.

It was proposed, seconded, and resolved unanimously, "That the Account and Statement be approved and adopted, and that the thanks of the Meeting be given to the Auditors and Treasurer."

It was moved, seconded, and resolved unanimously, "That Mr. A. Lang, M.A., Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., and Dr. Edward B. Tylor, F.R.S., be the Vice-Presidents of the Society.

"That Mr. Edward Brabrook, Mr. James Britten, Mr. Edward Clodd, Sir W. R. Drake, Mr. G. L. Gomme, Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite, Mr. Alfred Nutt, Rev. Professor A. H. Sayce, Mr. Edward Solly, Mr. William J. Thoms, Mr. W. S. W. Vaux, and Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, be elected Members of the Council for the ensuing year."

It was moved, seconded, and resolved, "That Mr. John Tolhurst and Mr. G. L. Apperson be the Auditors of the Society for the ensuing year."

It was moved, seconded, and resolved unanimously, "That the thanks of the Society be given to Mr. W. J. Thoms for his services as Director."

It was proposed by Professor SAYCE, seconded, and carried unanimously, "That this Meeting desires to express its best thanks to Earl Beauchamp for his kind and valuable services as President of the Society."

Officers of the Folk-Lore Society, 1884-1885.

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